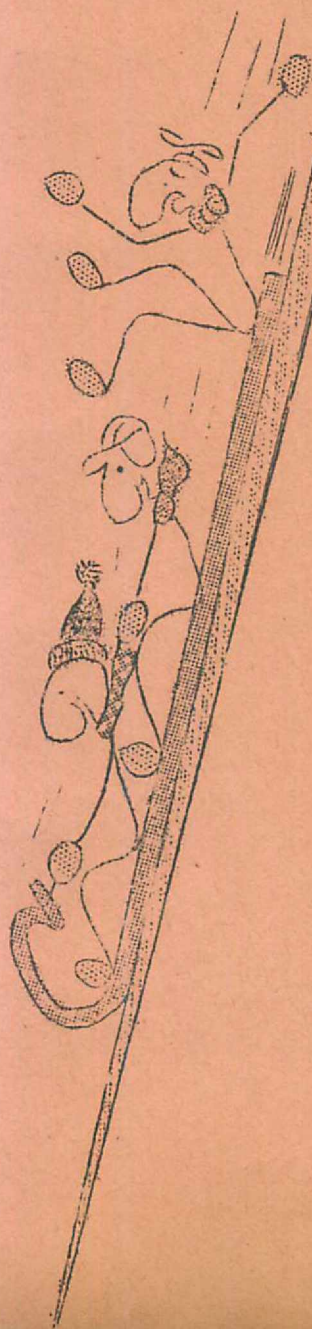


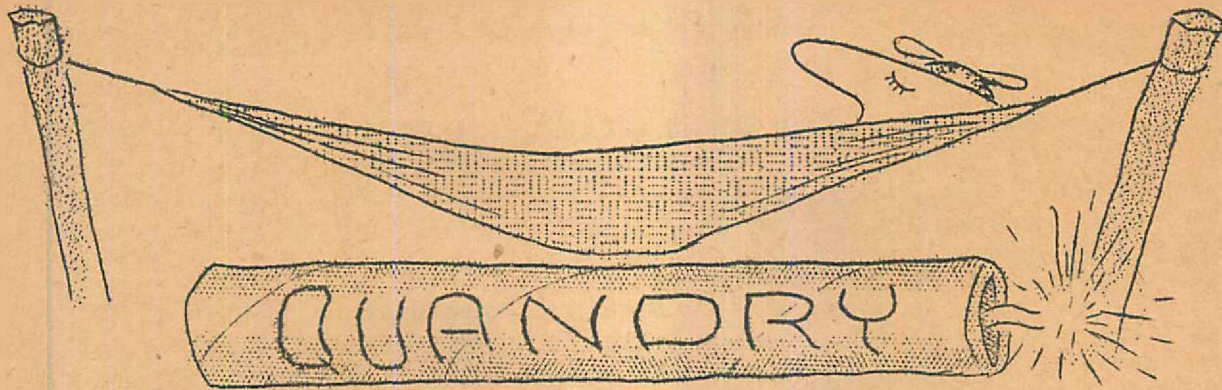
# Quandy

No. 18









#18

A Weekly Appearing Publication

March 195 & 2

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Li'l Peepul by Lee Hoffman  
Puffins by Shelby Vick

PJR-drawings by Peter Ridley  
File #13 by Redd Boggs

QUANDRY # 18 is published if you can call it that, monthly or so, mostly so, by Lee Hoffman under the sign of the Electric Harpsichord, for the sheer. If you. Then send a dollar. Otherwise send 40¢ for the next three issues. We will be glad to trade Q for other fanmags, but we don't promise to be happy about it. We would greatly appreciate your submitting material for our consideration, unless said material is fiction (except satire of fannish nature), poetry (except short humor), and serious artwork. Small, simple cartoon-type drawings appreciated. Return postage also appreciated. (( )) are the editor's. [ ] and ( ) are the writer's. All opinions are those of the writers. Don't blame them on the editor-publisher, or Roger Price. He and I would rather avoid the whole affair. The lack of originality and dearth of humor are through the courtesy of Hoffman Nothing, Inc. which can supply great quantities of both at very reasonable rates.

Editor-Lee Hoffman  
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In the beginning there was....

# CHAOS

Are you a member of the ARMED FORCES SCIENCE FICTION, INC. We are. Don't ask us how. Anyway these fellows, Jack Jardine, in particular, have a going organization (don't ask us where it's going) and they are preparing a fanmag titled CONFUSION. The address is Jack Jardine, 111 Lameuse St., Biloxi, Miss. Beautiful girl-type fans are requested (by Mr Rhodes) to write Bob Rhodes at the same address.

Rhodomagnetic Digest #17 harrived in an aura of splendor (these are a little more expensive and a little less durable than manila envelopes) with the very magnificent article How To Write A Science Fiction Serial by William F. Temple. We glee.

Artists take note. Roscoe Wright (146 E 12th-Ave. Eugene, Ore) is planning a printed s-f art zine. He wants good stuff, not the same old copies of FA interiors.

Stan Crouch tells us that Science & Culture Magazine is going all out to increase circulation. He wants to make S&CM one of the finest amateur mags being pubbed, and he needs support to do so.

Actual photograph of a  
real invisible space-  
ship...courtesy Tucker

Your editor offers thanks to George Foster, an angel in the theatrical tradition, and Bob Farnham, a swell fan. And apologies to Erle Korshak and the ConCommittee.

And a happy valentine's day to you all.

The following suggestion from Art Happ seems to us to be of vital importance. We suggest that the noble organization therein mentioned act upon this immediately:

"I have just been struck by a notion that is so revolutionary that it should have been thunk of long ago--and no doubt was. Look, if fandom would adopt this here now World Calender Association calender, not only would fannish reckoning be delightfully out of tune with mundane dates, but we'd have a brand new thirteenth month to name after some fannish hero. Think of the feuding which would arise as the NSF conducted a fanworld-wide referendum to determine whether it would be the month of Roscoe or perhaps Reddecember or even meinleintober ((or Hoffmanuary)). Then, too, there are five (I think) extra days that don't fall in any month, days on which publishers of monthly zines could put out oneshots for limited circulation. ((One of them could be donated to the Cutlanders to replace the lost Snick-Snack Day...))"

The next issue of Q should be out shortly before All Fool's Day but don't be utterly aghast if it isn't. You see, yed is gonna be out of town for a week or two between now and then. We are going to avoid dropping in on Bob Tucker while on this trip (just returning the "favor", Bob). In fact we are going to great lengths to avoid visiting Mr Tucker. To Cuba to be exact...in the opposite direction from Bloomington. It's your own fault, Bob. If you'd moved to Florida like you had planned we might have gotten to drop in on you. But at present it looks like the only possible way would be to move either you or Cuba. The choice is yours.

May 2, 3, and 4 are the days of the Bufflocon according to the Buffalo Fantasy League. Attendees at this meeting will have the opportunity to "see a Ganley and a Fillinger face to face." If you think you can stand the shock and would like further info write to J.M. Fillinger Jr., 148 Landon St., Buffalo 8, N.Y. Or write him about his new mag GUVNA, the first ish of which has 28 pages, a lithoed cover and a dandy assortment of contents, all for a dime.



## the armchair fortean looks at poltergeist

Supernormal phenomena just aren't the sensations they used to be. Why, that Fourth of July weekend in '47 when flying saucers first became a fad the whole country rolled back its convertible tops or rushed outdoors to goggle at the clouds and see if the headlines were telling the truth. And in '48 when a farmer near Macomb muttered peevishly that fires were popping out of his woodwork faster than he could extinguish them, the whole bureaucracy of the State of Illinois got in on the newspaper publicity while investigating the outlandish thing. It took a couple of weeks of building-up suspense before they decided it was time to solve the mystery and get back to their humdrum and neglected offices.

Maybe Kentuckians just don't know how to get publicity. At any rate, the recent fortean goings at Louisville (as reflected in the Stars & Stripes' Pacific Edition) broke into print one day and were "solved" the next. No feature writer ever hacked out a background article on Charles Fort to commemorate the occasion. It's enough to draw a sigh of regret from the Armchair Fortean.

The a.f. is hampered in his discussion of Mrs Henry Thacker and her bouncing household by two facts: (a) it was all settled so fast that there are only two brief clippings to dredge from; (b) he unwisely loaned his copy of The Books of Charles Fort to a non-fan several years ago with the inevitable result--no book. So goes the endless battle of Forteanism against oblivion.

Perchance times have changed since I was an actifan; perhaps today even a stfan is not as a matter of course as familiar with Fort as with Korzybski; maybe nowadays The Books do not rub shoulders with Dianetics as yesteryear they did with Science & Sanity on every wellstocked funshelf. For the benefit, hence, of Quandry readers who are whining into their beer, "Fort? Nevah hold uh duh joik!" I summarize:

Charles Fort was a character, now deceased, who spent most of his life consulting the files of newspapers and magazines, noting various bobbles of science: ignored phenomena; glib explanations which don't explain; pronouncements which laymen are expected to accept on the Authority of Science.

For example, there were discs which sailed thru the sky every so often. "Meteorites!" said the scientists coldly, and Fort proceeded to list occasions when the things circled, stopped, zipped and zoomed, or did other non-meteorish antics. What makes Fort's references remarkable is that he wrote during the 1920's and died in the early '30's.

Charles Fort devotes space in one of his books\* to dancing furniture and mysterious fires. He notes that invariably the authorities "discover" these things are rather dimwitted practical jokes on the part of youngsters in the afflicted households. Well, now, Fort reasons, if you are an investigator who has to "solve" one of these cases to sustain your reputation as an "expert" the simplest solution is to persuade some youngster to "confess", isn't it? The fact that a young girl, under pressure from the authorities, produced a 'confession' is quite equivalent to saying that an apple, under pressure, produces cider," is roughly Fort's expression.\*\*

Now, I want to make one simple assumption: If phenomena occur often enough, "coincidence" isn't a satisfactory explanation.

\* He wrote four: Lo! Wild Talents, Far Lands and The Book of the Unexplained, not necessarily in that order.

\*\* See "The Armchair Fortean Discusses Arson" in Spacewarp circa 1948 for the exact quotations and page references; better still, get Fort's books.

Rapp (2)

I have three cases to discuss. The first is mentioned by Fort. It concerns a house where furniture moved around, where mysterious fires broke out. The authorities were baffled for a time until they triumphantly announced that an orphan girl, employed as a servant, had admitted setting the fires by "flipping matches at the walls." As Fort says, besides his remarks anent apple cider, "I haven't experimented, but I am willing to bet I could flip lighted matches all day without setting a wall on fire." But the girl confessed. Case closed.

The second case is the mysterious fires at the farm near Maconb, Ill. This time the sheriff, the State Fire Marshal, insurance investigators and who knows what all were in on it. They even called in Army radar experts. The State Fire Marshal, at one point said, "It's the most fantastic thing you ever heard of. Fires leaped out of the walls like flames from a blowtorch." This sterling investigator eventually caught the criminal "red handed". As the Detroit News described it, "She was found in a room shortly after a fire broke out, and a box of matches in the table had been disturbed." If this is being caught red-handed at a place where "hundreds of fires break out every day" then I will joy-ride on a Horean honey wagon. "She" in this case was Womet McNeill, an orphan girl who lived on the farm. She confessed. Case closed.

Now we come to the Louisville story. Apparently objects began flying around Mrs Henry Thacker's house. "The heaviest object moved yet is a photograph album, weighing several pounds which she said moved under its own power apparently from the living room to the bedroom of the small farm home." (Stars & Stripes, 5 Jan 52)

But what have we here? Oh yes, the long arm of the law arrives, panting, in the person of Jefferson County patrolman. Now, I was stationed near Louisville for six months so I know Jefferson County and the city of Louisville is no backwoods area. In fact it's a reasonably rip-roaring town, with policemen who are apt to be reasonably level-headed, even hard-boiled. So what happen to these patrolmen?

"Within half an hour of their arrival to investigate, a coffee can fell off the kitchen shelf, a postcard flew off the dresser in the bedroom and a spool of string jumped off the dresser in the kitchen. They said they did not see any of the objects take off, but they did see the coffee can hit the floor four feet from where it was on the shelf." (same clipping).

The Kentucky press, however, blundered sadly by tipping off the climax: "Four orphan children board with the Thackers." Hastily the reporter tried to brush away suspicion: "They could not possibly be doing it for they are in bed a good part of the time when it happens," she said." (Ditto).

But you can't fool an old Fortean. We smirk with glee as the next day's paper confirms our deduction: "The ghost of Fern Creek Wednesday turned out to be 11-year old Joyce Saunders... The little orphan girl admitted to Jefferson County police that she was the 'spook' who had been lifting and throwing objects in the home of an elderly farm couple with whom she boards." S&S 7 Jan 52)

As the article so charmingly puts it: "The girl... broke down after an hour's questioning... Officers Russell McDaniel and Jack Fischer questioned Joyce in a locked bedroom and then both handed her a dollar after she admitted she was responsible.. (Same article) Quandry reader, you are possibly more than 11 years old, but could you undergo an hour's questioning by two policemen without "confessing" to something like this?

Funny thing, too--Joyce didn't explain how she managed to accomplish that hocus-focus with the coffee can, postcard, and spool of string all in a half hour, without being seen by the two policemen who were in the house. Oh well, the girl confessed. Case closed.

Fort suggests that this sort of thing might be telekinesis (tho that word hadn't been invented at the time he wrote). At the very least, I think some psychology



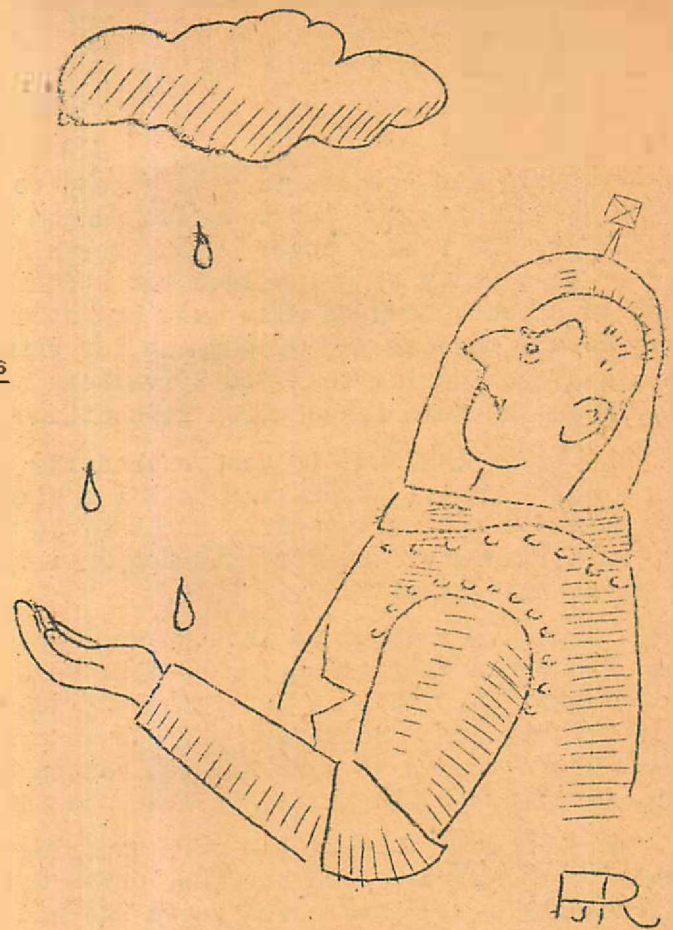
student has material for a wonderful PhD thesis on this strange compulsion neurosis which compels orphan girls to make like ghosts. Why does it affect only orphans? and why doesn't it affect orphan boys? Why don't members of the households involved ever solve the mystery before the cops do?

As the latter of the two Stars & Stripes clippings concludes: "Joyce admitted she hit one of the patrolmen with a box Wednesday night." I suggest she would have done better to bean him with that weighty Henry Holt & Co. volume, The Books of Charles Fort.

Skeptically yours,

THE ARMCHAIR PORTEAN

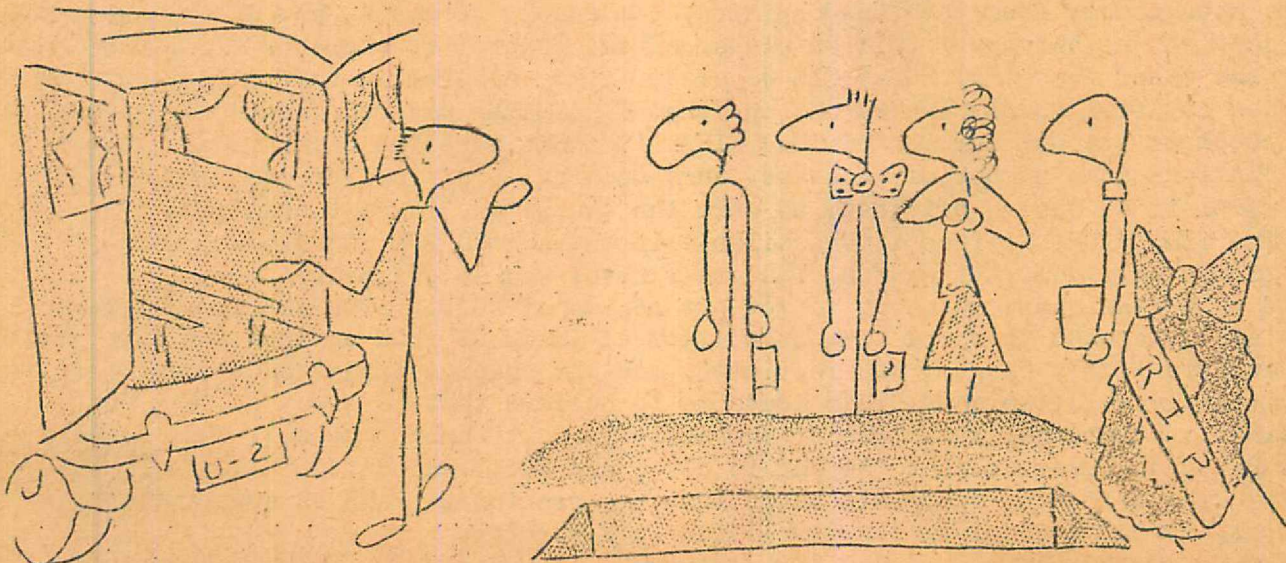
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"Poltergeists make up the principal type of spontaneous material manifestation."  
-----



A tisket, a tasket, I had a little casket,  
I had a coffin in my house,  
But somewhere I have lost it.

I lost it, I lost it, I lost my little casket.  
I had a body in a box,  
But somewhere I have lost it.

---Olde Stage-crew Ballade



# FROM DER WOODVORK OUT

I. Obviously Bob Lowmides is paying heed to the wishes of the fans these days, which seems to indicate how large active fandom has become. Note the new typeface and title of FUTURE, the Finlay cover on the March issue, and the all-round transition from a member of a chain of pulps into the slightly higher grade pulp which s-f readers have come to expect. Lowmides also made one other change in the March issue, which I didn't like at all, myself: the \$2 payment for printed letters is no more. This is most inconvenient, considering that Bob Silverberg had a letter printed for the first time in FUTURE in the same issue which discontinued payment. Damn.

II. The first issue of IF has reached the local stands. This is the first new promag since last April, I think, and that's a sign that the field is finally levelling off. But the most noteworthy thing about IF is that it contains stories by Howard Browne, Ray Palmer, Richard Shaver, and Rog Phillips. Apparently Fairman is doing the right thing by his old Ziff-Davis pals.

III. News has reached me that Russell Harold Woodman has been killed in Korea. Woodman, who was a well-known fan up till several years ago, is the first fan to die in the present conflict. He published the fansines THURTON and OPEN STRIKE with Ed Cox (also in the armed services) and was always on the lookout for controversial discussions, which tended to make his well-known but not too popular in fandom. Walter Sullivan, an airforce man killed in 1944 was the first fan to die in World War II.

IV. Abridgements: One of the more annoying features of the novel-reprint mags is the tendency to abridge long stories. Quite a furor was raised about this when someone checked FFM's reprints a few years ago and found that FFM had cut as much as 20,000 words from a single story with no mention of the fact, passing off the story as complete. The appearance of Two Complete Science-Adventure Books #5 with "The Humanoids" has stirred some interest in cutting again.

"The Humanoids" in the TCSAB edition runs to 62 pages of print. At an estimated 770 words per page this comes to approximately 48,000 words. The mag edition, "...and Searching Lind", came to 147 pages at 430 words per page or about 63,000 words. Now these figures may be all wrong, but even so it's apparent that enough was left out of the reprint to fill a good-sized novelet.

I don't have the book edition, bubbed by Simon & Schuster, but there is every indication that the book was expanded from the serial version, rather than cut, by 15,000 words as the figures indicate. Furthermore, the book reviews list "The Humanoid" as 239 pages long which is pretty big for a 48,000-word novel. Since the ASF version differs appreciably from the TCSAB edition, I'm unable to check, but will someone who has a copy of the hardcover edition please check, chapter by chapter and let me know? As for the other issues of TCSAB: In #1 editor Bixby assured me that only about 1000 words was cut from PEBBLE IN THE SKY and that KINGSLAYER was run complete. In #2 a quick check of the Amz edition of STAR KINGS (I don't have the book) shows no appreciable cutting: same number of chapters, same opening paragraph for each chapter. The other novel in #2 was an original, as were the two in #3. In #4 I didn't bother to check THE TIME MACHINE since it's available in the Aug '50 FFM and elsewhere but it looks fairly well complete as run. The other novel was an original.

Spurred on by the above research we got our copies of WONDER STORIES for Spet. through Dec '32 and proceeded to check the WSA edition of DEATH OF IRON against the original. To my surprise every chapter was reprinted, and the opening paragraph of each chapter in both editions is the same. This leads me to believe that no great cutting job was done since the internal structure of the story was not changed at all. This despite editor Bixby's statement that "we had to cut...and cut...and cut..." Maybe he was thinking of a different story. It seems that the reprinted DEATH is substantially identical, if not a complete reprint of the 1932 version.



V. Limited Editions: I have it on good authority that one of the first of Lloyd Eshbach's Limited Editions will be two Murray Leinster stories, "The Mad Planet" and "The Red Dust". Novelty is that neither of these stories contains a bit of spoken dialog, except for one paragraph at the close of the second story. Someone who ought to know thinks that Eshbach will lose his shirt on this book, which contains 40,000 words and will sell for \$3 with no trade discount. (Anyone wanting the source of these and the following facts will receive them in a sealed, unmarked envelope upon the receipt of \$5.)

VI. More Leinster News: From the same source, the inside straight on "Journey to Barkut". Back in 1947 or '48 Ackerman asked Leinster for a novel to be pubbed by the new firm of FPCI. Leinster sent him "Barkut". Time passed with no news of the story and then in 1949 FPCI asked for an extension of the contract which Leinster granted. Then Leinster found it possible to sell the story to a NY publishing house and since FPCI didn't seem to be using it, asked Ackerman to get the story back from them. This he did but the price he had to pay for it's return was the first serial rights to FPCI. FPCI had the story set up in type anyway and told Leinster they would use it in Fantasy Book. This was OK with Leinster who stood to make \$2000 on the book rights--but by the time he got the novel back, the New York publisher didn't want it. In 1951, Fantasy Book suddenly started serializing "Journey to Barkut" and just as suddenly stopped, never issuing after the first installment. Leinster, who had never received a cent from either FPCI or the subsidiary, Fantasy Book, considered the matter closed and sold the novel anew to Sam Mines who used it in the Jan '52 Startling. All is apparently settled now, since Leinster has his check from Standard, Standard has pubbed the yarn and the FPCI has made no protest. But nevertheless the first 12,000 words of "Journey to Barkut" comprise SS's first reprint, aside from the H of F.

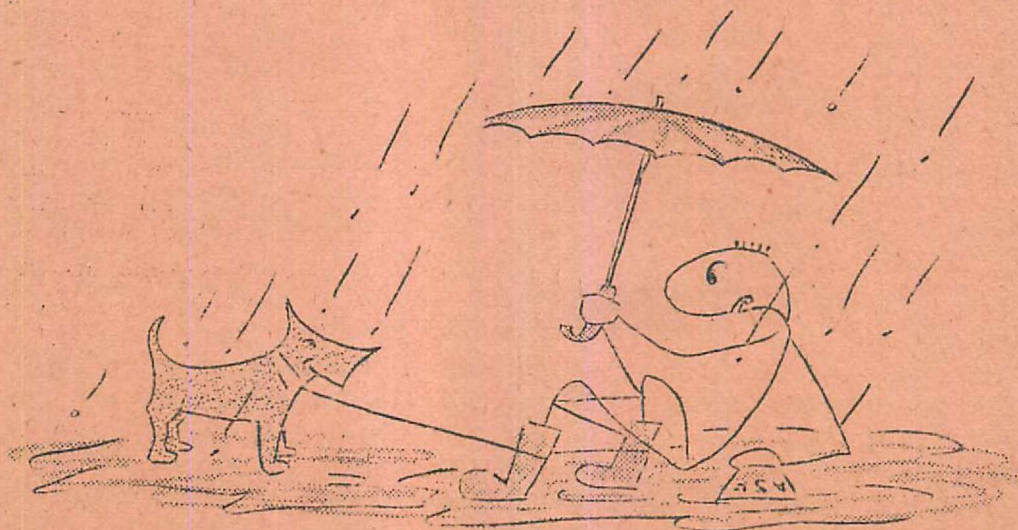
VII. John F. Carter, whose fantasy novel, "Rat Race" was brought out by FPCI under the byline of "Jay Franklin" is now on the NY State Republican payroll, writing publicity for Senator Ives. Oddly enough Carter wrote a number of campaign speeches for President Truman in '48 and was responsible in some measure for the Democratic upset.

VIII. Fanzines: Only new fanzine received of late is OOPSLA published six-weekly by Gregg Calkins, 930 Briarcliff Ave., Salt Lake City 16, Utah. Fair-to-middlin material with the best by Tom Covington. Extra added attraction: Lee Hoffman's FanFile Biog in OOPSLA #1. (10¢) # Also received and worthy of mention though not a fanzine: the Rhodomatic Digest Calendar for 1952 containing some good-to-excellent artwork patterned after Gnome's Fantasy Calendars, photolithed. (50¢ from The Garden Library, 2524 Telegraph, Berkeley 4, Calif.) # Also received: Wine of Wonder, by Lilith Lorraine (Book Craft, 622 Akard, Dallas, Texas, \$2. 58pp.) A hardcover anthology of Lilith Lorraine's best sf poetry. Top-flight stuff.

---Bob Silverberg

\*\*\*\*\*

SLUDGE



# WRITES BOB TUCKER...

After reading the mild-to-somewhat heated letters of Ford, Kennedy, Beale and Sneary in the 17th issue, my first temptation was to take typewriter firmly in hand and plunge into this growing Chicon dogfight myself. That temptation later faded away as, by going back to page one and reading the issue through in the proper manner, I discovered that Ed Wood had pretty well answered the more critical points in the final section of his article. But upon again reaching the end of the magazine and especially the letters of Beale and Sneary, I reversed myself and decided that Wood hadn't, after all, put in to words all my thoughts on the matter. So if this runs to more than five pages, bill me for advertising space.

I should make clear in the beginning that I am not defending Chicago by reason of favoritism, or because I'm on the "inside" jealously guarding a brainchild. My connection with the coming convention is a most unofficial one--they have asked for advice and received it, have asked for help in mailing out circulars and received that. But I do not belong to their local club, am not a member of the sponsoring committee, and most assuredly will not snare in the rich booty that some fans think Korshak and Co. will collect. My only connection then, is the dollar I mailed in for a membership, and the advice I've given to old friends on certain aspects of the affair. I have been three of those Chicago sponsors since the previous convention twelve years ago; the others are comparative newcomers I've met since then. And every fan who has helped stage a convention in the past will know why I am keeping my hands off this one--by choice.

Money: Since 1939, convention funds have steadily risen in one manner or another. A report published after that first convention in New York showed that expenses balanced the income right down to the literal penny; I have always been suspicious of that report because of the fine balance, but of course have no evidence that it is untrue and am not in any position to make charges. In 1940, the first Chicon reported a profit--after all expenses--of about \$150; and right there one of many precedents was set. Dues-paying members of the convention committee decided what to do about that profit by open vote, and voted it to the Chicago group who staged the affair. Denver, the following year, had a hard time of it because of poor attendance; Los Angeles swung up into the big money bracket again and any convention today that doesn't handle one or two thousand dollars is a comparative failure. So we may as well accept the hard fact that hard cash will be involved; the individual fan, by discussion and vote on the floor, should make known his wishes about the spending of that money. But I have no sympathy for the dreamer who complains that conventions and money are linked together, and that somehow the presence of one besmirches the other. Until the day arrives when convention expenses, all expenses, exactly match the dollars that fans pour into the event, there are going to be profits or even possibly losses. For a time, you may recall, Harry Moore feared a possible loss; a few of us agreed to chip in from our pockets if that possibility became an actuality. Due to lack of previous experience, he did not foresee the \$325 net profit.

Barring a catastrophe then, Chicago will make money, in all probability more money than has ever been realized. If Korshak and his dastardly crew succeed in packing some eight hundred people (!) into that convention hall, fandom can if it wishes, subsidize its pet projects in a style never before known. New Orleans, with a hundred and eighty three registered attendance, managed \$50 for a veterans' fund, \$150 for the next convention, and \$125 for themselves. If Korshak succeeds in attracting more than the three or four hundred people Don Day pulled into Portland, I'll be among the first to applaud the good turn he will have done amateur as well as professional science fiction. Meaning you, Joe Fann, as well as that dirty huckster sitting next to you.



Tucker (2)

People: Fans conceived and staged the first convention, relying on fans to attend and pay the bill, and on professionals to attend and attract attendance. Both did as expected, both have continued to perform in the following years.

A strictly fan convention without a single professional present will not necessarily be a flop because of that absence; as long as the 770 rooms exist, and all conventions will be a success to many. The absence of professionals may cut down the attendance, may cause a certain deadness in the program, but will not cut down any amount of fun and chinning, selling, trading, or what-have-you. The absence of professional assistance is something else again.

Fans could alone stage a convention without professional assistance, but only at this cost: There would be no originals to auction off in large quantities and thus pay the hall rent and other expenses. There would be no book and magazine advertising in the program booklet, cutting the size and upping the cost of that. There would be no advance publicity in the pro-magazines, cutting off whatever amount of good that does. There would be no publisher-displays in the convention hall, thus losing the rental charged for such space. There would be no special book and/or manuscript auctioning, hobbing collectors of those. There would be no more previews of coming pictures, losing for the fan whatever benefit he obtained from such. There would be no name-speakers to attract the hero-worshipper and the casual outsider who had heard of his name. There would be an absence of a great many things that make a successful convention today. So professional assistance is needed, and professional attendance comes right in the door with it.

Now comes a difficult idea to put across, without laying myself open to charge and counter-charge, brickbat and sneering remarks. What is a fan and what is a pro, and where is the dividing line? I recognize Rick Sneary as a fan, nothing else, and I recognize L. Ron Hubbard as a pro, nothing else. But all Science-fiction today is not composed exclusively of fish-and-fowl combinations, the so-called old guard, the so-called old-timers, the so-called hucksters and dirty professionals.

Consider these present day fish-and-fowls. Yesterday he was pure fan, attending and perhaps even staging conventions, all the while having a hell of a good time and doing his best to write saleable fiction. Today he is writing and selling fiction, but when he attends a convention he finds himself under a certain label, pinned on him by a new fan who has come up beneath him, a new fan who doesn't seem to understand that five or ten years ago that same man helped start the convention habit. What kind of sense does that make? Consider: Ackerman, Bradbury, Korshak, Reinsberg, Palmer, Tiger, Unger, Dikty, Hodgkins, Hamling, Madle, Lowndes, Wollheim, Wilson, Kornbluth, Bloch, Rothman, Evans, Pohl, Knight, Takacs, Myself and others---all closely connected with and sometimes sponsoring the first conventions of ten to thirteen years ago. Are these men allowed at conventions now only under a cloudy label, because they've been making money with science-fiction? And that new fan coming up and raising his voice---what happens to him when he begins selling stories or books?

quote: "The whole thing with the Chicon is that there aren't any really well-known fans there. A collection of old-timers and pros. No one will know how bad things are till it is too late." What this man should have said is that there are no well-known fans there of his approximate age-group, of his present fan circles, no names that appear in the fanzines currently read. I don't want to comment on his last sentence because I am not sure what he implies. Chicago now consists of one fan of the 1930 era, three fans of the 1940 era, a former Cincinnati fan of the 1949 era, two former Minneapolis fans of the 1930-50 era, an undetermined number of college fans of the present era; and another undetermined but small number of just plain fans: Judy May, Ed Wood, Ned Dolan, Mel Daskal. Call them old-timers if you wish but I will dispute the implication they are no longer fans.

quote: "Korshak's...excuse for having the con run by women, if you haven't heard it, is a dilly. It's so fan can bring their wives and sisters, he says." First, I

rather doubt that Korshak made such a statement in that manner, and second, I don't believe he offered the statement as an excuse. If he did say the above, he fully deserves the criticism it brings. If he did not, then his words should not be presented as excuses and perhaps twisted in meaning. Personally, I don't give a damn if he offers apologies for the women or not--I'm looking forward to the first fan convention in history piloted by two or more women. I'm going to compare it to the past. If they fail, the future course is plain; if they succeed, I hope more women in other cities try the same thing.

After the convention is over, a success or a failure, I'll be happy to tell this man the real reason two women were chosen to run it--if he hasn't already guessed by that time.

But what the hell, Les (I'm a trooper now) it's all a matter of conflicting personal opinions: yours, mine, Joe Fann's. Some of us will be proved right, some wrong. Think back a few years, do you remember the black predictions made about that upstart Don Day, out there in Portland? Now there is a convention doomed to dismal failure! Who in the hell (still a trooper) will go or wants to go up to that forsaken part of the country to attend a convention? If he has fifty fans, he'll be lucky.

Or consider New Orleans---a sad case, the twelve months preceeding the actual event. Go down there in that humid, sweltering rivertown? Who ever heard of any fans down there? The chairman himself, as the months grew shorter, displayed many signs of alarm and wrote many letters for aid, believing his ship was sinking.

Denver, 1941, came the nearest to disaster. I recall eastern fans at Chicago the year before, complaining of the tremendous distance involved to get there. But dammed (an old trooper now, ready for pension) if they didn't appear on schedule. So before writing off Chicago as a lost cause, let's just casually drop around on Labor Day and see what those stinking old hucksters have come to our fannish way of life.

-Bob Tucker

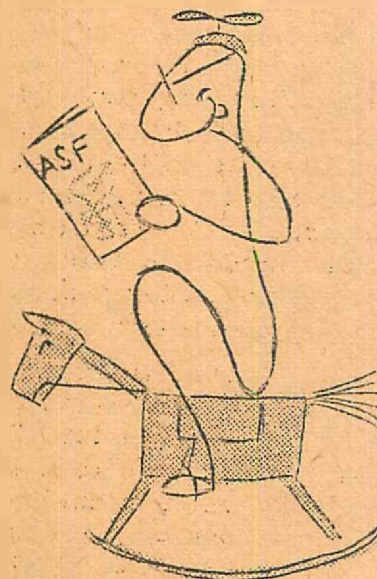
ADV

S-F CLUB DIRECTORY



THIS IS IT: The 1952 Science Fiction Club Directory is now out! Forty clubs reviewed ---A new kind of Li'l People; Flisbys---Plus an article, "Proxybog Ltd., Uncensored!" The astounding facts about Lee Hoffman, Walt Willis, Vernon McCain---The buy of a lifetime at only 10¢! B. Johnson 878 Oak Street, Winnetka, Ill.

(( Sounds like fun.....ed))





the harp that

once or twice

Apparently Hugo Gernsback solves the Christmas Card problem the same way I did --issues of a special Christmas zine. I suppose you could even call it a fanzine. It's C-SFD size and personal in tone. This year it's devoted to Hugo's ideas of what the next few years are likely to bring in the way of new inventions---like heat conditioned furniture (literally hot seats).

multiple-screen tv sets, automobiles fitted with radar which throws the brakes on automatically when within two feet of another car (awkward if the other car was coming up behind you)(or if you were trying to park)), portable corridor shelters for aeroplanes in wet weather, dust eliminators, etc. It's all dead serious, but the bit about "Telebiovision" fascinates me. Listen:

It is scientifically possible for the distant television transmitter to emit special signals which will operate the future bio-effects in such a manner that the receiver will respond to all of them.

Let us now view a future bio-presentation on our receiver. We are witnessing an actual distant city conflagration. We see and hear the fire, the building aflame, masonry falling, smoke pouring skyward. All this is reproduced faithfully by our receiver. Smoke pours from special openings above the picture screen. The odor-organ meanwhile puffs out an acrid but non-toxic odor to simulate the burning building. A small fan (recruited through the N3F I suppose) in the receiver wafts the odor through your living room to heighten the illusion.

Now the roof of the building collapses with a roar. At the same instant your floor shakes too! This effect is created by releasing heavy iron weights which drop two feet to a rubber mat. Chains will later hoist them up into the set again until required for another action.

There's a diagram of this remarkable set showing the weights, 'acrid odor machine', 'electronic taster'(which looks like a fork on the end of a piece of flex), infra red heaters for producing blasts of hot air (they'll never take the place of pro-editors), and perfume machine, but it seems to me that an even more realistic effect could be obtained by simply arranging for the machine to fling a couple of incendiary bombs into your room.

With all this trouble being taken to have you actually feel a mere burning building I am rather disappointed at the time way Hugo continues his article. "At a wedding we can give you a close-up of the bride and waft a whiff of her perfume towards you."

Is that all?

It is with Francis Towner Laney a  
Species of mania  
That the sex life of the fan bachelor  
Should be naturaler.

I remember one day a long time ago my mother mentioned casually that she had read something in the local paper about a group of people in Belfast who met regularly to talk about science-fiction. Just like that. She didn't think it was important. She couldn't even remember when she had read it, but under cross examination--well, wouldn't you have been cross?--she thought it was in a column by someone called The

Roamer. I couldn't find the item in any of the issues in the house so I rang up the editor and got into a furious argument because he wouldn't tell me The Roamer's real name. Finally I was forced to cough up the inspection fee and look through the paper's files. I went pretty far back but after a while I had to give up. I got tired lifting those stone slabs. I decided my mother must have been thinking of something else. She usually is.

But that sort of thing could easily happen you know. I fully expect one of these days to be buttonholed in a bookshop by some character who will ask me do I read much of this science fiction, and there's a few of them have a sort of club and would I like to join and maybe they'd let me help with their magazine and do I know there's people all over the world called fans who are interested in science fiction and they write to one another and everything. Fandom being a funny compartmentalised thing it is, you can fan furiously for months without ever hearing of other fans who are fanning equally hard in another corner. (Like when Bob Silverberg called me a nova, and me more or less active since the middle of 1948. It's just that he never happened to lift the particular stone I happened to be under.) Take the sad case of Vince Clarke who, after toiling 24 hours a year to keep the British Science Fantasy Society alive and finally giving it up, finds a letter from some unknown warrior in a national magazine styling himself the Organising Secretary of the British Science Fiction League.

Now it's happening again. A new and strange generation of British Fandom is springing up. We old stagers have been letting the corn grow under our feet. I never thought I'd see the day when a new British fanzine would reach its second issue before I heard about it, and yet here it is, the second issue of BEYOND, published by one Kenneth Potter of 5 Furness St., Marsh, Lancaster. Worse, there's another new fan in the same town, and he publishes a zine I haven't even seen yet. Worse still, BEYOND wasn't sent to me, but to Bob Shaw! (With a request for material.) And both fans belong to a new British teenage fan club I only heard of recently. What are things coming to? True, both these fms are handwritten jobs (with pen and ink all in capital letters), with a total circulation of one at a time, but they are fanzines in the genuine tradition. Look for instance at the editorial of "BEYOND, A Fanzine, formerly BEYOND THE BONDS OF EARTH."

"I HOPE YOU THINK THIS ISSUE IS AN IMPROVEMENT ON NO.1. I DO. NEW FORMAT NEW TITLE, NEW SERIAL. (Improvement? Why, it's like a different magazine!) I ALREADY HAVE IDEAS FOR AN EVEN CLASSIER FORMAT TO NO.3. IT WILL BE CALLED BEYOND. MY FOURTH IS LIKELY TO BE CALLED ANYTHING HOWEVER. (Now, there's an unusual name.) I MIGHT HAVE A LETTERS COLUMN IN THIS ISSUE, IF I GET A REPLY FROM MIKE ROSEBLOOM, WHO IS NOW READING NO.1, IN TIME."

True, enough, later on there is a page impressively headed "REACTION--READERS LETTERS but I'm sorry to report that there are no readers' letters and I always thing a Readers' Letters section is never just the same without them. There is, however, and explanation.

"MIKE HASN'T GOT MUCH TO SAY ABOUT THE ZINE, BUT HE LIKES IT. 'TRAINING FOR PUBLISHED MATTER AT LATER DATES' HE SAYS. HOPE SO."

Well, I suppose you could count that quote as one letter. Let us just say that it's the most singular letter column I have ever come across.

After the editorial comes the second installment of the first serial, in which the population of the Earth is apparently being wiped out by alien invaders. Next, the first installment of the second serial, in which the population of the Earth has been wiped out by alien invaders. There are two different lots of alien invaders of course. No one can accuse this lad of being stingy when it comes to alien invaders. This is the bit I like:

"THE SHIP LANDED, ABOUT A MILE FROM NEW YORK. THE BRAVE ADVENTURERS STEPPED OUT, AND WENT TO THE GREAT CITY. WHEN THEY HAD BEEN IN NEW YORK FOR ABOUT AN



1200, BLOOGS NOTICED SOMETHING WAS WRONG. HE COULDN'T QUITE DEFINE WHAT. THEN  
SUDDENLY HE LAD IT. THEY HAIN'T SEEN A LIVE PERSON OR A MOVING VEHICLE SINCE  
RENDER LANDING. THEY HAD SEEN ONE OR TWO PEOPLE LYING (sic) ON THE SIDEWALK,  
BET THEY HAD DISMISSED THEM AS DRUNK. THEY KNEW, BY SOME INNER INSTINCT, THAT THEY  
WERE THE LAST LIVING THINGS DEFT ON EARTH!!!!"

You can't keep much from that lad Bloggs. There's no use in Mr Impelliteri complaining about this insult because Kenneth has the following disarming note at the beginning of the serial:

I DO NOT WANT LETTERS ABOUT SCIENTIFIC INACCURACIES, OR QUESTIONS. THEY WILL NOT BE ANSWERED AS I DO NOT KNOW THE ANSWERS.

Fair enough. If only AMALING would say as much! After the serials we have BOOK REVIEWS where as you might expect from the letter section, there are no books reviewed. The editor reviews the latest NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY and passes on to the FANMAG REVIEWS, where is reviewed, of all things, a fanmag. The last SLANT to be exact, which seems to be the only fanmag he gets. Hey, Lee, comments on your WILLIS VISITS SAVANNAH that "LIKE NEW YORK LETTER IT'S NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY TO WILLIS. WILLIS IS EVIDENTLY NOT A LADIES MAN." (I must tell Potter that Lee once sent me a Valentine! So There.) ((Have you stopped beating Madeleine yet?)) Then we have a review of WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE and a back cover showing a short oblique line captioned as follows: BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE BACK COVER DEPICTING FLYING SAUCER, EDGE ON VIEW, BY THE GREATEST ARTIST IN THE WORLD KENTLEY POTTESTELL. NOTE BEAUTIFULLSIMPPLICITY."

Yes, this is a genuine fanzine all right, and unsophisticated though he may be, this lad Potter has possibilities. After all, SPACEWARP wann't much more when it started. Flash! I wrote him a long encourgging letter of comment, trying very hard not to be condescending and evidently succeeding because here's his reply by return of post. "I'd like you to write me a column, regular is possible...I have asked Clothier (of NEW WORLDS) to paint me a cover...BEYOND is extinct and STELLER is the current. I consider BEYOND so much waste paper compared to my latest STELLAR..."

Looks as if he is going to try to put us mass-produced fanzines to shame.

VICIOUS CIRCLE: After pulling the legs of the London Circle about their immortalisation in the Dec. ish of AUTHENTIC S-F I learn that the central figure in the Febryary number is somebody called Wallis. It was originally Willy Wallis but seemingly the publishers thought this was too like the name of some fan or other si they changed it to Bob Wallis. They hadn't heard of Bob Shaw and Campbell didn't break the news of his existence to them, confining himself to silently wishing they had managed to drag in James White too. The name of this novel is MINITURE CHAOS. I don't know what the plot is about exsept that I'm bound to be saying begorrah and shure all the time (what other way is there to pronounce 'sure'?) but I can imagine the London Circle will be able to get their own back. That's life for you---one minute you're handing out knock-out punches and the next minute your k.o.'s have come home to roost, like so many fowl blows.

ICHLBOD! While fandom is still reeling under the shock of the news about Box 260 there comes another dreadful blow. The Epicentre, 84 Drayton Part, London, residence of Vince Clarke & Ken Bulmer for many peaceful years, has followed the great addressed of the past into silence. Gettysburg, Sixel St., Grays Inn Rd., Box 260...the Roll of Honour grows. Let us all be thankful that Oblique House and 101 Wagner St (The Hovel), remain as beacon lights in the shifting sands of latterday fandom.

So we must say farevell to The Epicentre. I have spent many happy hours there with the Epicentrarians, and I have always thought of it in my simple way as a fan Heaven. I believed that when good fans died they went to The Epicentre, and two of them were already there.

It may have been the weight of the unanswered letters, or the decomposing deadlines but I think they were foolish to let Bob Shaw sleep there. Anyhow, the premises have

been condemned. This has happened to the occupants often enough, but I can assure fandom that they will not have to be pulled down. Vince Clarke has escaped to 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, from which address his SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS (sub rate 3 ishs for 1 promag and well worth it to anyone who wants to read the brightest and wittiest newszine ever published.) will continue to be turned out until he is, with no less regularity than before

This news comes to me in a postscript to a letter from Clarke himself, commenting on the appearance of a rival newszine in Britain. Maybe I should explain that occasionally in the past SFN may not have always appeared just as frequently as its subscribers would like--not that it ever could--and now Fred Robinson of Wales has come forward with a new newszine which talks very pointedly of coming out monthly and regularly, with the sort of averted glances that Gold and Campbell throw at one another. (Fred's new mag is called STRAIGHT UP for some obscure reason and his address is 37 Willows Ave.m Tremorfa, Cardiff, Wales. Send him a prozine too, and whatch the fireworks as these two wild characters get at one another's throats.) Fred's zine looks like being a good one, and a worthy rival to Clarke's, who writes:

Dear old pal Walt, /trying to enlist allies in the struggle, you note /

"Straight Up" arrived yesterday, and our little, gay world has crashed in ruins about our feet. The typewriter blurs before my trembling eyes as I think of the care, the patience and the loving kindness with which we built up a little magazine of our own...to have it taken from us with a gesture of a duplicator.

It wasn't much we asked. Just a simple six-pence in return for hours of toiling, back-breaking labbur. We were upheld by thoughts that were perhaps presumptuous, perhaps filled with worldly pride, but we did thing we had something that was our own, to care for and to see grow into a sturdy magazine before our eyes.

We will still keep in touch with fandom, the fandom that has thrown our humble offering back in our faces, but we see no reason for keepinh up what is now a useless monument to our infant aspirations. We are returning herewith the SF FIVE YEARLY and the FANZINE EDITOR which you lent us in the days of our hollow triumph. We need them no more.

Thank you for allowing us to correspond with you. In the next SFN we were going to quote you extensively, but alas!

Farewell, A.V. Clarke

P.S. On second thought, we can't see how "Straight Up" would get its news if SFN stopped, so we may continue.....

REVIEWS: SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST & COSMAG (Henry Burwell and Ian Macauley, 57 East Park Lane, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 25¢ per copy. Six copies for \$1.25 or 3/6--remit sterling to D. Pickles, 22 Marshfield Place, Bradford, England.) The only fanzine with two front covers and no back. This of S&D staggers off the mark with the second installment of my IMMORTAL TEACUP which is, fortunately, soon taken over by William F. Temple---a reprint of a defence of fandom that has impressed me so much that I felt like just presenting it quietly without any fuss. I think it's wonderful, and I hope you agree. Next a very notable article by William Young reviewing the first year of the Gold-Campbell war, followed by one of those unsurpassed (but I'm working at it) Tucker-LeZombie articles that neofans are always being told about---and no wonder. The last three pages are devoted to a survey of the first six issues of SLANT by Henry Burwell, one of the only two fen in America who has a complete file. (Ackerman is the other.) It's very entertaining---better than the original magazines---and apart from some egregious fattery the only faults I have to find with it are that he has diabolically quoted a particularly fuggheaded editorial I wrote, that it was ME\*((a subsidiary of Hoffman Nothing, Inc.)), not Lee Hoffman, who invented multi-coloured ink, and that I still need ASF for April 1943.

The obverse of the joint zine, COSMAG, contains an adequate story by Tom Coving-



ton, interesting articles about pro-writing and fan-dealing by Roger Dee and Ken Slater respectively, a fan review section by Jerry Burge (who also does some very fine artwork), a column by Peter Ridley, and a lively letter section. With this is the joint zine goes Fantasy ((now S&F)) Advertiser size and becomes one of the most attractive-looking mags in fandom. Highly recommended.

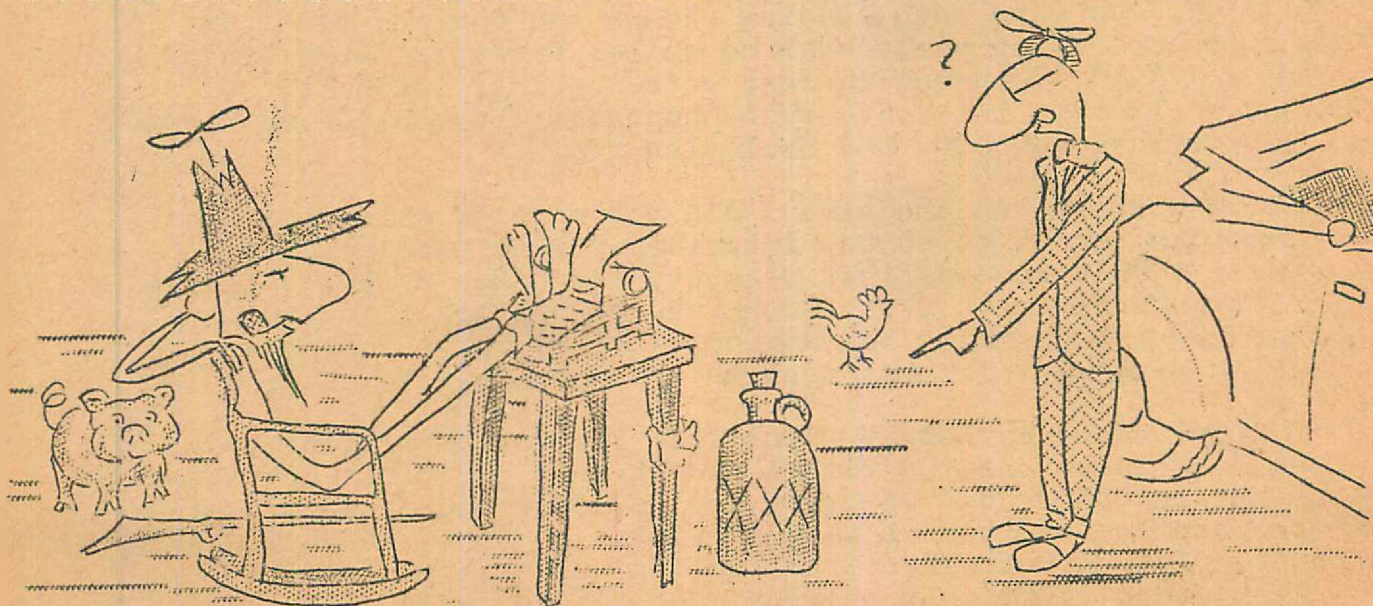
EUSIFANSO: (Roscoe Wright, 146 E. 12th, Eugene, Ore. Sub rate---free like the best things in life.) This and Vernon McCain's WASTEBASKET are the most elegant funzines in the world. Beautifully printed, good typography, and excellent artwork. This has a titillating time travel story by Marje Blood, book reviews, a scari-fying analysis of the average fan, a preview of Wright's new art magazine CONCEPT, an article by Marion Bradley about Merwin / Yah, you didn't get into THE FLYING FAN, and an extremely controversial article by Werner Craig (I think this is McCain again) about sf films. He infuriates me by calling THINGS TO COME one of Korda's mistakes. Listen Craig, come out from behind that pseudonym and I'll knock you down for saying that. TTC was a wonderful film. Not only that, it still is. I saw it the other day again and no matter what addlepated numskulls who can review films without seeing them may think I say that it is not only the best sf film ever made, it is the only sf film ever made. It is a true fans' film. And don't say it can't be any good because it doesn't make money. Look who's talking!

Oh, don't let the ravings of Craig stop you from asking Wright for a copy of Eusifanso. It's really very very good. And again, one of the best things in it are the editor's odd remarks. Like: "It takes six months to get out an issue of this magazine, which is one third faster than people."

ODDENDA: The saga of the Flying Enterprise was eagerly followed by British fans, who anxiously watched the fortunes of that gallant ship and her brave captain and those five tons of US mail. Commenting on the release of a film called THE CARLSEN STORY, Bob suggests the sequel will be called CARLSEN SINKS AGAIN.....Dimension X is now being heard by British fans over AFN stations in Germany. Some of them are beginning to feel better about missing 2000plus.....Derek Pickles plans an issue of Phantasmagoria for 1952, with margins.....Seems from December TNFF that election date was postponed to enable British members to get their votes in. Would have been a great idea, if someone had told the British members about it.

-----Walter A. Willis

-----  
 "Join the Lass Fags and see....."  
 -----



NOPE, IT'S CORRECTION FLUID.

## PROS WHO HAVE NOT KNOWN ME

Many a fan seeks to cement his position as a BNF by the process known in erudite circles as name-dropping. He mentions casually in his letters that he has an unanswered letter or so from Bradbury lying around, several unsolicited Bok illustrations for the next issue of his fanzine, a date with Bea Mahaffey set for the first night of next year's convention, and an urgent plea from Ackerman to let him agent the fan's mss. Or, if already known as a BNF, he may seek to prove himself a super-BNF by writing an article about his impressions of the many pros he has met at one time or another.

This gambit was effective at one time but is now overworked, stale and trite. However, I have devised a replacement for it which should sweep through fandom like wildfire. Naturally I shall use it to inflate my own reputation first. Let the Sneary's, the Elsberry's, and the Beale's modestly mention the resounding names of their intimates. Put all their professional acquaintances together end-to-end (that would look slightly peculiar, though.....maybe you'd better not) and they wouldn't begin to equal the number of professionals whom I have never met. In fact, the list is far too long to print in full and I must only touch a few of the high spots in my short and illustrious fan career, a career in which I think I can say, without bragging, I have compiled a list few fans can match of pros who have never met me.

For instance:

I will never forget the time I was not introduced to A.E. van Vogt. We were both munching cheese and caviare tidbits at a rather boring party when he smiled frostily in my direction and said, "Unusual weather we're having, isn't it?" Fortunately this incident never happened. It would have blasted all my illusions about the null-slan man.

Then there was the time I did not receive a request from Chesley Bonestell to do the interiors for my fanzine. It's lucky I didn't receive that request. It takes a skilled artisan to properly master the technique of putting illustrations on mimeograph stencils and somehow I can't quite feel that Chesley would do his best work in this medium.

Then there is Robert Heinlein. You've heard of him, I presume? There was the time I didn't drop in at his attractive home in Colorado. Since he was in Hollywood making "Destination Moon" at the time I felt it wisest to spend the evening at a hotel. I even refrained from calling on semi-pro fan Stanley Mullen, that night. No halfway measures for me!



And I mustn't forget Leigh Brackett. A really luscious hunk of femininity as you've no doubt heard. Did you know that when she married Edmond Hamilton it did not run my life utterly? I did not take to my bed for two weeks! I didn't even send her a bouquet of bleeding-hearts with an enclosed note saying 'My heart bleeds, too.' Which I think showed admirable restraint on my part. Especially since it was six months after the wedding before I learned she even knew Edmond Hamilton and at that time I was none too sure of just who Leigh Brackett was.

I could go on and on and on telling you all about Hubbard, Simak, Asimov, G.O.Smith.....not to mention Margaret St. Clair... But I'm sure these few examples have sufficed to show that the names which make up the list of pros I don't know far surpasses any other in fandom in quality, if not in quantity.

Does anyone know how I can avoid selling my latest story to H. L. Gold?

---Lemuel Craig

Gort -- Klaatu aaravade mikdu!

-mez

# WANTED

by DARREL C. RICHARDSON

6 SILVER AVENUE

COVINGTON, KY.

The following issues of QUANDRY  
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 11, 13, and 15

(Send for a big "For Sale" list of  
Science Fiction and Fantasy items.)

-adv.



# SOUTH GATE

you know when!

Sez You!

Sam Moskowitz

127 Shophord Ave.

Newark 8, N.J.

Dear Lee:

I haven't even had time to read your issue through, but I've come across an item by you in connection with the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society that precisely fits my case, and I hope you'll publish my letter as another plank in the campaign to awaken the rascallions who solicit funds with no more intention of filling their promises or any more responsibility and reliability than a second story man.

I have lost many, many dollars to conscienceless fans who have solicited my subscription and returned not even their thanks, let alone a fan magazine, but the case of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society is unique.

Sometime in 1950 they solicited and received my associate membership, possibly in 1949, but the date is not important. I received a few issues of Shangri-La, and then they stopped coming. Used to the customary conditions of fan publications I assumed they had run into difficulty and the publication schedule had been held up.

Eventually I received a letter from Al Lewis, Chairman of the Associate Membership Committee of the LASFS, virtually begging for associate memberships and pointing to the high points of Shangri-La which I would receive for my membership. Accompanying this was a mimeographed letter signed in red pencil by Walt Daugherty, listing the issues of Shangri-La I should have received for my past associate membership and offering to send along any missing issues I hadn't received. I was amazed to learn that four issues had not been sent to me, paradoxically the last four. I say paradoxically for they certainly must have me on their mailing list, for they got a few to me all right. Confident that so illustrious a fan as Walt Daugherty could be trusted I naively enclosed another dollar to continue my membership from where the old one left off. This was Oct. 2, 1951.

Since that time at least one, possibly more issues have appeared of Shangri-La. A good friend of mine who is not an associate member and who never subscribed has received at least one issue. I have received nothing!

Laney's sarcasm seems amply justified in this case!

Best wishes, [Sam]

P.S. The day will come when some nasty individual will investigate the laws for using the mails to defraud in cases like this, and they'll call him a rat for doing it. I'll send him a medal as Hero First Class.

Bob Johnson

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Lee:

This letter is being written mainly about the 10th ANNIVERSARY WORLD SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION. In answer to the comments made by Ken Beale and Joe Kennedy:

Ken mentions the dearth of real honest-to-goodness fans putting out effort on the convention. Sez Who! Edward Wood has devoted many evenings of valuable time helping compose bulletins, mail advertising, arrange for necessary contacts, urging fans to come to the con privately. And nobody can say Ed is a pro. I have done the cover for the first flyer advertisement, arranged for fancish entertainment, helped Judy May design the emblem for our impending convention, prepared the 1st Bulletins, and done make up work for them. Ray and Perdita Nelson have drawn maps, helped with make-up, offered the use of their nice new sans-serif typor, and helped in all the ways they could. ARE ANY OF THESE PEOPLE PROS?

As an additional note: Miss May, the "pro" who is running this convention has worked so hard and willingly, trying to make this convention a success, that she has done practically no writing recently. The convention has pretty well used up her



Johnson (2)

extra time.

Joe wants sky-larking. Migod, Joe, you'll have enough! The convention doesn't last all the time. Those bull sessions will be bigger and better than ever. And, I rather think it might be arranged for you to have access to the hotel roof. This of course does not provide immunity from the cops when they catch up with you for shooting those illegal fireworks. Seriously, you won't miss a thing that other conventions have had.

And lastly to friend Rick: Fans don't "make" the convention. They're wonderful to have milling around. They provide friendly atmosphere, and the committee, I'm sure, loves everyone of their gorgeously pointed little heads. BUT they don't pay for a convention. Sure, they help it break even by an auction. But what is auctioned? Material donated by pros. The pros don't make money directly from an s-f convention. It does give them good roundabout publicity; but, if they didn't get that publicity fans wouldn't get their good books, those little columns in the pro mags exclusively for us, the huge letter sections, and the generally better quality of material which we fan enjoy today.

If the pros want to hucksterize--what's wrong with it? As long as it isn't done on the convention program, as an attempt to advertise and sell some product or other, (and I credit the pros with the subtlety and decency that would prevent them from such a deed) what is wrong with them doing it after hours? We fan will be there with out convention-issue fanmags trying to break even for a change--I'll be hawking ORBs as spectacularly as possible--and Lee'll be there with her 2nd Quannish....If we can do that sort of thing after-hours (and we do have the hope that this time we may make a dime or two) what's wrong with a pro trying the same thing if it won't subject uninterested persons to endurance vile?

All this, actually, is trying to make one big point...YOU ALL SAW WHAT BAD PUBLICITY DID TO THE NOLA CON! Some of the same people who are saying snide things about the impending convention were saying snide things about the N.O. con. You saw the flop in New Orleans. AND IT CANNOT BE BLAMED ENTIRELY ON THE CONVENTION COMMITTEE! Many were maliciously terming that convention the "dianeticon." Almost everyone read something bad about it. Bad publicity wrecked the N.O. Convention. If you want, if you work hard enough and long enough, you can do the same thing to the Chicago affair. And if you do, this may be your last change to. Convention Committees are going to stop trying pretty soon if any plan of theirs is immediately torn down and stepped on. Conventions will degenerate into apathy if they can't be assured of lots of favorable publicity. This sort of dissension cannot exist among the devotees of escape literature, if you expect organized fandom to remain strong. Think carefully what you shoot your mouth off about. You may be cutting your collective throats...

Sincerely, [Red]

((Why not just vote the next convention over to the people who started this rumor campaign -which your editor ruefully admits she fell for from a correspondent who she has discovered since, is ridiculously biased- let them find out what the receiving end is like? Your editor apologizes for having been played for a sucker. ))

Heironymus Bosch

Milwaukee, Wis.

A Dr. Carl Gassoway has pointed out to me the next-to-the-last line on p.16 of the current Q. I hesitate to append his comment.

I assume this is a typo.

This, of course, is not true of the 4th line from the bottom of p.7 (NOTE TO CENSORS: Every page has a bottom, I can't help it. This was a wellknown fact in Renaissance Italy, ((Near Rome?)) too). But back to that 4th line, I am assuming that Willie is following the lead of his neighbors to the south and going in for original Gaelic. Here he is skating on thin ice. I cannot possibly imagine what "REALS" means ((very poor imagination. I can think of lots of possible meanings))--it's a very

(Bosch-3)

word, too, because the whole sentence seems to be built around it, and it's in CAPS, yet. Maybe it's Banks' fault; the guy WM is quoting. But what's the meaning? Lessee, what would a competent staff of reviewers do to a magazine they were going to review? Ignore it? Resell it to a news vendor? Prolly the latter. REAS and resell sound pretty close. Maybe that's what he meant. Another word on the same page throws me, too. In describing Tucker, Willis makes use of the term "hedeous". Is this Gaelic for "masculine"? Or is it merely a typo for the word anyone would normally use when describing Tucker? Or is it a leftover from p.18?

Enjoyed this issue no end (opps, there's that censor again!) and was considerably impressed by the speculation on the Chicon. I too feel that Don Ford has done a good job of summation...as for me, I wouldn't rear back and pass an opinion until the last day of the actual con. Praising or condemning it in advance is pretty much like criticising the October 1952 issue of QUANDRY today. It ain't practical and it ain't logical.

Hoping you are the same,

Heironymus Bosch

Bob Silverberg

760 Montgomery St

Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

Dear Lee:

...Thanks for the little plug for Sship, even if you did gum it up with another Hoffmanism, claiming that I give "as many pages of goof material for 10¢ as you do for 15." Okay I can forgive you Ghu-Ghu, but mebbe you like goof material...I prefer the straight stuff. ((That wasn't a Hoffmanism. We caught typeriter-fever from Max Keasler.))

My note that "Starmaker" is rumored to be coming from Avon turned out to be just that...a rumor. A second-hand one too, but I thought it came from a good source.

[Bob]

Donald Ford

129 Maple Ave.

Sharonville, Ohio

Dear Lee:

Ken Beale's letter in #17 issue of Quandry prompted me to write to your letter column in an attempt to clear up some of his questions and misconceptions, which, through your distribution, may also form misconceptions in the minds of some of your readers. ((If they are the same kind of sucker we've been.))

First of all, let's take the reference to: "The 'Procon'". What's wrong with the pros helping run a convention? Let's don't take fears and worries of what might happen; but let's instead take facts. Show me one thing that has happened with the Pros helping out on a Con that was wrong. For that matter, what's wrong with the Pros?

One thing has always bothered me.....just because a fan suddenly gets a story published in a professional magazine, he suddenly becomes a 'pro' and then, as suddenly, he no longer is fit to run a convention; or any other fan affair. Who says so? Maybe Ken Beale does; but I don't, and there are plenty of others who share the same thinking.

In the days of the first CHICON Korshak was one of the Officers and was a book-dealer. Was that affair a flop? Forrest Ackerman, who has certainly made his hobby a way of life, successfully managed the PACIFICON. E.E.Evans, another pro, helped out on that one too. Milton A. Rothman, who has had a number of stories published, ran the PHILCON. Charlie Tanner, an old time author, was the Chairman of the CINVENTION in 1949. Ralph Rayburn Phillips, and the DeCoursey's were on the staff of the NORWESCON. Now, we come to the CHICON II. From past records, it hardly seems likely that it will be the failure that Ken hopes; since none of the others were failures, either. The 1952 Con will be the most successful one to date.

Actually when you think about it, a 'Pro' is better equipt to handle an affair like a Con than the average fan. He has the contacts; and in the case of many, the



time on the job to take care of the work connected with it.

Judy May and Bea Mahaffey are the officers of THE 10th WORLD SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION. Kershak, and the others at Tharta are helping out; which is what they should do, and something that any other Convention Committee would welcome. Kershak, by the way, was instrumental in securing the initial showing of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL at the Nolacon. No yells were forthcoming then.

As for others in the Chicago area who are helping with this convention whose names have not as yet reached the ears of Ken Beale, here are a few: Mark Reinsberg, Bob Johnson, Elsie Janda, Ray & Perdita Nelson, Ed Wood, and the whole membership of the University of Chicago S-F Club. They are assisting in planning the Program, putting out the Bulletin, art and publicity work, etc.

Ken seems worried over the fact that the convention hall has a capacity of 800 people. He is worried that part of this capacity is to be used for a place for the fan's wives, friends, relatives, children; or horrors of all a person of what he terms "The general public" may creep in! It is quite obvious that Ken is thinking only of Ken. Since when has "fandom" been limited to 200? The fact that one does not publish a fanzine or write innumerable letters to the mags, etc. does not make that person any less a fan. The field of S-F is expanding and it's time a few wake up and realize that fact.

It would appear that Ken has either jumped to hasty conclusions, or else has been getting his information second hand. May I suggest to Ken and to all others who have doubts of any sort to go to the source...Judy or Bea for their information.

Sincerely yours, [Donald E. Ford]

-----  
Vernon McCain,

Publisher and Editor of WASTEBASKET "The Fmz You Can't Buy"

Dear Lee,

...my experience with LASFS duplicates yours exactly except I never have received any copies of SHANGRI LA.

Personally, I feel that any fan who submits duplicate copies of her material will soon find no editor will touch her stuff with a ten foot pole. I wouldn't anyway...

[Vernon]

-----  
Marion Bradley

Somewhere in Texas

Dear Lee,

First off the bat, this matter of duplicate submissions. No; I think it is definitely unethical except in the case of an "all-fanzines-please-copy" general notice presumably of interest to everyone. In that case one is justified in sending their pieces to any and all fanzines they think will print it.

But as for submitting stories, poetry, etc. to three or four different fmz at once --the gal or fellow who does that will find themselves in trouble. In a way it's just as bad as submitting the same story to several different promags. If a would-be pro does that, he may make one or two sales from competitive markets, but when they find it out, he'll never make another.

As for Ftl, I've been meaning to give you a word or two on his note in the former q where he says something about the CCF ignoring homosexuality in fandom and asking "Would you let your son go to a LASFS meeting with homosexuals----" or something like that. Frankly, yes. Sooner or later he will find out that there are such people and I'd prefer that he learn to accept them at face value and ignore their peculiarities. After all, if I wanted my son kept away from anything where homosexuals abound, I would have to keep him, not only away from the LASFS, but I would never let him attend a boy's boarding school, a Boy Scout Troop, and above all I must never let him join the US Army, Navy or Marine Corps because he just might run across a "queer". I've known homosexuals in all those kind of places I mentioned. Laney's an Army man; I never heard him running down the Army because of the percentage of odd characters one finds therein.

Bradley (2)

I wonder if he proposes to kick all characters with peculiar moral tendencies out of fandom. He pretends, in his articles, to be a "live and let live" character. But he is always the first to jump down the throat of anyone who offends his particular moral sense. I dislike effeminate as much as he does, I suppose, and although I've known some nice ones, I certainly go out of my way to avoid the "queer" of either sex, unless they have some characteristic which transcends their intersexuality. But I would never attempt to deny them the freedom to join fandom, participate, make friends... after all, fandom is not sex-based and the sex or lack of sex of a fan is x unimportant. You, Lee, have proved that by publishing the perfectly sexless fannag. Remark that everyone thought you masculine until you revealed yourself a female critter. ((Well, not everyone)) I wonder what Fran Laney would think of a male fan who passed himself off as a feminine character for the purpose of a hoax? ((It's been done.))

[Moz Bradley]

Arthur H. Happ

Dixie Feather Pillow Corp.

"Down With Dixie!" \*\*

Dear Lee:

Will you please inform Mr Watkins that "CCF" is an unpopular abbreviation around these parts? It stands for "Chinese Communist Forces" and Ed Cox, George Young, Fred Reich and myself are likely, upon our return to the States, to take violent action, purely by habit, against anyone who says he is a member of the CCF. Better he should name it the National Association of Zealous Improvers: the Organization for Getting Pornography Unpublished.

ahr

\*\* Them's shootin' words in these parts, suh!

Lee Hoffman

101 Rebel Street

Upper Swamp, Ga.

Dear Lee,

Since you have appropriated my customary backpage editorial space for an article, I'm writing a letter with my final comments. Because I want to tell you about an AMAZING thing which has happened. This morning I got 15¢ for a copy of Q from a Charles Wells at 405 E. 62nd St., in Savannah, Ga. I phoned this fellow up and found out that he's an enthusiastic reader who is just now writing for his first fannags. I warned him that one more step and he'd be too far gone to back out, but he decided to go onward, so don't blame me if he turns out to be a propeller-ed and zap-gunned figure at the Chicon.

Anyway, there's the address. He may be susceptible to fannags, so sample copies might be worth your trouble. Sorry that this stencil (the last of the lot) is going to press anon, so you'll have to wait til next ish for further data.

P.S. A big "X" on the contents page Hang by your thumbs:  
means that your sub is out.

[Yed]

DID YOU SEND  
A BUCK

TO SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION  
BOX 1422 CHICAGO 90, ILL.

for your own private crater  
on the moon?





## AN APOLOGY TO EDWARD WOOD

I bow to Edward Wood. I have been mistaken in my conception of his (and others) campaign to consolidate fanzines. And I feel that I must offer both the apology and my reasons in public so that one and all who fought under the banner of anti-consolidation with me, through the bloody siege of SFD and the Battle of Gettysburg, can understand my change of heart.

You see, I misunderstood. Here I thought that these fellows who advocated fanzine consolidation wanted fanzines to combine into a few semi-pro magazines with either one editor or a board of editors operating each magazine. I never realized that they simply wanted fanzines stapled together. It was that simple and I never realized it. I am ashamed of myself.

But the light finally dawned when I read Mr Wood's article in Q#17 wherein he said: "May this writer point out that consolidation seems to have had a beneficial effect upon Cosmag & Science Fiction Digest. The primary purpose of consolidation is to promote better fan magazines at less cost and labor. It is merely economy of effort." This statement astounded me. When I read Mr Wood's letter in the Jan '52 Cosmag I was aghast. I had made a horrible mistake. The letter read as follows:

"...The combination of Cosmag with SFD bears out my contention that consolidation will strengthen the fan field with magazines that will be easier (less labor) to put together and send out. It is not the format of many fan magazines that prevents their expansion but rather their neglect of going after subscribers. A most difficult and at times boring task but vital in any case. Fandom cannot rest and expect to remain strong. Only vigorous positive steps will make fandom and its magazines a topic of respect instead of the junkyard, most people consider it to be..."

Now I see the truth of the matter. Mr Wood merely advocates the stapling together of many mags. Not their actual combining. Lots of mags have combined in the past, to operate under one editor or co-editors as a single mag. The original SFD did this when it combined with Time Traveller. Fanvariety did it when it combined with Alph-Null to be a single mag under co-editors. Dawn and The Imaginative Collector, Space-ship and Wylde Star, and lots of other have done it. But since Mr Wood fails to mention any of these, including pro-consolidation mag, Dawn & TIC, it is obvious that this is not the type of "consolidation" he meant. He does not advocate the combining of several zines into one unit. He advocated a "combination" such as exists in the case of Cosmag-SFD, a stapling together of different fanmags, maintain each as a separate unit, run by its own editor in his own manner.

I am not at all opposed to this...as long as I don't have to pay for a mag I don't want to get a mag that I do want...in fact at the Nolacon Bob Tucker, a fan gifted with great foresight, suggested that he and I staple our FAPA Mags together, since they all go to the same FAPAns, and since I was mimeoing and assembling his mag for him. I agreed as this would save me a great deal of labor and money (just as Mr Wood has said). By stapling Bob's mag with mine I save the time and cost of putting in no less than 300 staples! This is a cash saving of around SEVEN cents! And Ghu knows how many seconds of precious time. Splitting the difference (I'll give Tucker his half of the saved time free) we save \$1 each.

But the really wonderful thing about this consolidation of our FAPA mags is that it will raise them both from the ranks of "junk" to "a topic of respect". Amazing how the position of a few staples can so effect the quality of a fanzine...

---Lee Hoffman

Fandom's leading "Monthly"

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