



#23

"The Fanzine Containing Chlorophyll"

July '52

Other Ingredients

Contents page and likewise labelling.....
The Harp in England.....Walter A Willis.....
The Oppressed Minority...Jack Speer.....
An Interview With A Science Fiction Fan...Calkins.....
Advertisement for some magazines.....
Misplaced Chaos (thot we didn't have one, didncha?).....
Ses You...Bloch, A.Ving Clarke, and others.....
The Voice of the Editor.....
Other stuff in varied and assorted quantities and locations.....by various persons, mostly us.....

Artwork thish mostly by the editor.

QUANDRY #23 for July 1952 marks the second anniversary of this noble publication, fulfilling the predictions of many fans who ~~received~~ the first issue and assured their friends that there'd never be a second issue. In celebration, this issue is a complete mess, with pages all over the place, the contents page snorbed up, the gag lines for the masthead forgotten, and the editor inkstained. The mag will no longer be tagged as monthly, but irregular, although we will endeavor to publish is at about the same rate as at present. We hope to present varied and assorted material in the forthcoming year, and although we are less likely to accept fan-fiction and poetry than anything else, we'd like to see your masterpiece with an eye to publication, humor or otherwise. But please enclose return postage if you are financially able to, unless you are one of Q's regular contributors. All letters will be considered for publication, unless the writer makes it very clear that the letter isn't for publication. All opinions expressed by columnists should be blamed on them. The editor is not responsible, as any competent psychiatrist will gladly testify, and the opinions are not necessarily those of the editor of Wilson Tucker.

Edited and published by
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101 Wagner St
Savannah, Ga.

in association with
Walter A. Willis
170, Upper Newtownards Rd.,
Belfast, Northern Ireland

7 issues for \$1.00

6 issues for 4/-

assistant sheet shuffler - Charles Wells
head kibitzer - Robert Bloch
flying saucer spotter laureate - Bob Tucker

THE MAP IN ENGLAND

1952
YE OLDE CONVENTION
BY WALT WILLIS

Just to be awkward, my bus doesn't pull in where it's supposed to, but sneaks guiltily round the corner and deposits me in a side street, as if it was ashamed to let the other busses see what it was reduced to carrying. So I have to drag my suitcases along to the proper arrival platform, where Vince Clarke is patiently waiting. I catch sight of his head across a couple of acres of traffic and wave madly. He sees me and embarks on the perilous journey across. Every now and then I catch glimpses of him defying death under the wheels of some car, keeping his eyes averted from me in the way people do when they don't want to wear a fixed grin for several minutes. At last contact is established and we make for Victoria Station where I deposit the suitcase I won't be needing until the Convention. Just as we're moving away from the Left Luggage Office we notice the porter lift a woman's suitcase off the counter with the contemptuous ease of an Earthman on the moon and swing it stylishly onto the rack behind him all in one practised movement. The technique is graceful, but just a little ostentatious, so we pause for a moment to see how he gets on with my case, which is stuffed full of fanzines and prozines and is really pretty heavy. Tidal waves flooded three Irish coastal towns when I took it aboard the ship. The porter approaches it innocently, expecting just another few pounds of pyjamas and toothbrushes. He picks a spot on the shelf behind him, casually grabs the handle of the case, and goes into his act. The case grinds forward over the counter for about four inches, balances for one dreadful moment on the brink, and then plunges relentlessly downwards to embed the porter's foot in the floor. Satisfied, we resume our journey to Earls Court to meet James White who should have got in from Paris about half an hour ago.

True enough, he is waiting for us at the Tube exit, sunburned and with a sort of travelled, worldly look about him, which on James you notice. Maybe it's the open-necked shirt and the white shoes. He throws his arms around Vince and kisses him on both cheeks. I glance round nervously to make sure Lancy wasn't looking and then pin an imaginary ribbon of Honour on his chest and he starts to tell us about his adventures in Paris. I don't know where they're going to be published now that INCINERATIONS has folded. He goes on and has something to get at an Italian cafe, where I give James his water pistol which he had had me bring to London for him. He didn't want to have it take it with him to Paris because he thought he might have difficulty explaining it to the Customs Officials, who mightn't have heard of the feud between James and Chuck Harris.

Next stop is the White Horse. Compared to last year the place is as lively as New Orleans fandangos after the Nolacon. Nearly everyone has been to see a preview of THE KING. After a while they begin to drift back. Bill Temple is showing everyone a newspaper clipping about the filming of his FOUR SIDED TRIANGLE and looking for sympathy because the book, which took BILL several years to write (it's the one he mentions in that letter I quoted in Burwell's SF DIGEST as having been twice destroyed in the war) has been rewritten for the screen in nine days---and by somebody else for a fat fee. In consummate tact, I seize the opportunity to tell him about a mistake I found in the book, where on one page the heroine didn't know who her parents were and on the next she was worrying about her grandmother having committed suicide. He ponders for a moment and then announces gravely "Racial memory." I am satisfied. We turn our attention to one Dennis Gifford whose ceaseless effort to sell his production SPACE TROL HANDBOOK was quite a feature of the Convention. He even persuaded the redoubtable

as Tubb, prince of auctioneers, to accept a copy as part payment for a magazine he had bid for. But this night, flushed apparently with the success of having sold two copies in as many hours, he rashly tries Bill and me. We have him go through the whole thing on the grounds that we don't want to buy a pig in a poke, and after some twenty minutes of wisecracks about the contents gravely explain that we don't need to buy one now cos we've read it. However we do, because Gifford turns out to be a Pogo fan from way back and we Pogo fans must stick together--especially when there's a chance of borrowing some old issues of POGO AND ALBERT.

Meanwhile other important personages have begun to appear, including Bert Campbell, looking as if someone had run a lawn-mower over him since last year, Fred Robinson, taking compromising flashlight photos of everyone including one of James White holding a pair of glasses and making a spectacle of himself, Dave Cohen lobbying for the Manchester Con, Alan Hunter, Peter Ridley, Norman Ashfield, Ron Buckmaster, Jim Rattigan and many others. But the most distinguished of them all is the great Ken Bulmer himself, Editor of the almost legendary NIRVANA. He is accompanied by the remarkably attractive young lady with whom he has been sublimating his fen instincts, but my audience with him has not progressed far before I realise that this great brain has been far from idle. Besides his work on NIRVANA, which proceeds with undiminished force, he has been giving serious thought to the epochmaking concept which he advanced last year in our presence. You will remember from the last Quannish (I hope) how while waiting for our tea in The Picentre Bulmer's keen brain was inspired by the homely sight of the kettle boiling on the stove to speculate as to whether some use might not be made of this potent force. As if to show that he is no idle visionary, but a man whose piercing intelligence can penetrate the veil of the future and discern the practical aspects of these flashes of intuitive genius, Bulmer then and there confided in me his latest theories, which are so imaginative in concept, so breathtaking in scope, that I scarcely dare to divulge them here for fear of ridicule. Suffice it to say that Bulmer is convinced that it is possible to devise a simple means whereby the vast hidden power of this steam may yet be harnessed for the benefit of all mankind! He actually went on to suggest in all seriousness that by some system of wheels and pistons this mysterious energy could be used as a means of propulsion for land vehicles!! Fantastic, you may well say, but at the time Bulmer was so plausible that he convinced us that he was on the right lines. We told him so and at our words his mighty brain leaped on ahead of ours to yet another development connected with the surface on which this vehicle would move ---a development so incredible that I hesitate to describe it. Our imaginations boggled at the immensity of Bulmer's conceptions, with their vast potentialities for mankind, whether for good or ill, and James was so carried away as to make the foolish suggestion that one of these 'steam machines'--as we agreed tentatively to call them--might be attached to a floating mobile base and used to move ships across the sea. It should have been obvious to him that, as Bulmer tolerantly pointed out, the 'steam machine' would have to be fitted to an iron frame and that iron could not possibly float. But that is the trouble with these world-shaking conceptions---they attract a lunatic fringe of crackpots and impractical dreamers. We rashly took Derek Pickles into our confidence later during the convention and with typical extravagance he made some ridiculous suggestion about using those fireworks children set off on Guy Fawkes Day as a means of propulsion, proposing that several of them could be fitted into some sort of container like a thermos flask and ignited at once. We coldly pointed out that they would never work in a vacuum, but we adopted his suggested name, 'The Rocket', for our first 'locomotive,'--for no logical reason.

At about half ten the party broke up and I set off with Vince on the long and complicated journey to his home. Everyone sympathised me as if I were going to Devils Island. To wonder--we probably passed it on the way. What a journey! At one time I reflected that at least my descendants would probably get to our destination, provided there was no mutiny among the mutants. It started off like a pageant of transport through the ages. First a tube train, then an ordinary train, then a bus---after that there were probably carriages, dog sleighs, sedan chairs and mule trains, but I was too bewildered to notice. But after a few years subjective time we arrive, and to my amazement the people are still

speaking English. After supper Vince shows me up to my room. Actually it was really his room. I don't know where he slept while I was there, and I never liked to ask in case it was on the mat outside the door: this room, you see, houses The Collection. It consists of a bed entirely surrounded by science fiction. The walls are concealed by shelves containing virtually complete files of several prozines--though not of *asf*, the April 1943 issue being absent. I verified this carefully before I untied Vince and allowed him to show me the rest of the Collection. About 3am the more interesting items were exhausted and we went to bed likewise.

The Convention proper was supposed to start at 11am the next morning with "Informal Sessions and General Introductions". I collected my suitcase and a dirty look at Victoria Station and hurried to the Convention Hall to find that this was the Convention Committee's way of saying that us fans could come in the morning if we liked but as far as they were concerned the Convention wouldn't start until the afternoon. I took the opportunity to arrange my exhibit which consisted mainly of current issues of virtually every worthwhile fanzine in the world including (in no particular order) *SFN*, *SFNL*, *NEWSCOPE*, *STRAIGHT UP*, *QUANDRY*, *CONFUSION*, *UTOPIAN*, *RHODIGEST*, *STOP GAP*, *CIPHER-ATION FANTAST*, *SPACESHIP*, *WASTEBASKET*, *OPUS*, *JOURNAL OF SF*, *SHADOWLAND*, *FANTASIAS*, *LAD*, *OOPS!*, *TLMA*, *PHANTASAGORIA*, *SLUDGE*, *C/SFD*, *FANTASY ADVERTISER*, *SHANGRI LA*, *THE OUTLANDER*, *HYPHEN*, *PEON*, *STF TRADER*, *MIRVANA*, *GHUVNA*, *ASMODEUS*, *TNFF*, *FANTARE*, *SOL*, *EXPLORER*, and, just because I thought it was such a credit to fandom, Redd Boggs' beautiful *ASF STORY KEY*. I had all these bound in a huge folder and it collected quite a lot of attention. Some people were seen to sit down for several hours and read the whole thing, staggering away afterwards with a glazed look. I ought to say that more enquiries were made about *THE RAY BRADBURY REVIEW* than anything else. I forgot to list it above.

After lunch James was showing me the false board and dark glasses he had bought for his encounter with Chuck Harris but I hadn't time to slip them on before Ted Carnell spotted me. He took a load of my mind---my last Conreport had been on my conscience a little---by being as friendly and as pleasant as could be, and then put another one on by asking me if I'd mind saying a few words about *sf* activity in Ireland. I couldn't very well refuse but I wished to ghod I could have come to the Convention as an ordinary fan, which is all I want to be and all I would be if I hadn't happened to be born in a separate country and have to make like a delegate. Besides I didn't know what to say. We don't have organisations or publicity drives or do any of the exciting things that the Manchester group does such as going on conducted tours of gasworks and biscuit factories--all we do is fan. And I can't very well stand up and tell everyone how many pages of / or - we've done or how many articles we've written. Besides, here in Ireland we belong to American fandom more than English, and there were probably more people there that hadn't heard of me than at the Westercon. While I was racking my brains various people were making speeches about the site for next year's convention, the Northerners arguing that London was too expensive to get to and the Londoners pointing out how many other attractions London had to offer. I was listening vaguely to all this when Ted unexpectedly called on me. Since I couldn't care less where the next con was held as long as it wasn't in Belfast I couldn't think of anything but make a short speech on behalf of James suggesting that the next con be held in Paris, with the slogan 'Gay Paree in 53.' It is not true that this speech was delivered in French.

Quite demoralised by the fact that my little jokes had been received by resounding silence I returned to my seat and listened to all the old arguments being repeated, after which it was decided to have some more of them tomorrow and then hold a vote. Then Ted called for the reports from the regional centres and I said my little piece about *sf* activities in Ireland. It is not true that this speech was delivered in Irish. I sat down again and for the rest of the Convention imagined miserably that Ted Carnell was glaring at me. Where he sat on the dais the light caught his glasses and they seemed to beam at me fiercely like Gert's, or maybe Groucho Marx's, as if to say that here I go to all the trouble to arrange this brilliant meeting of minds and you stupid foreigners come to come and spoil it with unintelligible speeches. I was deeply sorry, but I had

done my best. Seemingly whenever I get near a microphone I trip over the threshold of of inaudibility and into a timewarp wherein my actions are speeded up beyond human comprehension. Worthy contributions to the symposium were however made by Dave Cohen, Fred Robinson, Tony Thorne, Les Johnson, Ken Potter, Frank Edward Arnold and others, and the convention adjourned for tea very little the worse.

After tea there was a recording of a speech by Arthur Clarke made for the Convention before he left for the US. It was very good indeed, and they'd have been better to let it go at that and perhaps have asked Bill Temple to do a series of footnotes---or even interruptions---rather than anti the climax with a recording of a talk Arthur had given on the radio about sf films. It was all very sensible but we'd heard it all before, and from Arthur. There followed a discussion on the subject "That science fiction is true to the facts of human experience", whatever that means. Contributions of great merit were no doubt made to this burning topic, but I didn't hear them because I'd been called out into the lobby to interview a reporter about fandom and brief him on fan jargon. The usual incredibly distorted version appeared in one of the London papers the next day.

The Convention had been pretty dull up to now, and it began to look as if the absence (enforced) of Forry Ackerman and Arthur Clarke and the non-participation (voluntary) of Bill Temple and Walter Gillings were going to kill it. I don't know why Bill Temple didn't speak, but at least he was there, whereas Gillings didn't appear at all. Evidently he had been dealt so many grievous blows by the god of sf that he had given it up as a bad job. Someone suggested that two minutes silence should be observed in his memory. He was missed, though, and we all hoped he'd be back next year to make his usual forecast of the death of science fiction and be chief mourner over the beer.

But the pessimists had reckoned without the ability of Ted Tubb to make the lowly auction the highspot of the Convention. He was utterly magnificent. An auction conducted by Ted Tubb is more than an auction--it is an artistic experience. Vince Clarke and I spent ~~several~~ hours on the fringes of the crowd nudging each other and trying to jot down the richest of his remarks before they were followed by others. The result of course is that I can't read half the screws I have here. I'll try to reconstruct some of his patter but of course it'll suffer by the absence of Tubb's terrific delivery and the disarming enthusiasm which he would lavish on some incredibly undistinguished paperback, like for instance the BRE of Farley's IMMORTALS....." A FIRST EDITION! THE PLATES HAVE BEEN SMASHED! ...REMEMBER, THIS BOOK WAS BANNED IN BOSTON. (At this point he would open the book at random and pretend to read a lascivious passage--he has a wonderful talent for improvising whole paragraphs in any particular style.) AN HOUR OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT. THIS SORT OF STUFF WILL MAKE YOU INDEPENDENT OF YOUR GIRL FRIEND. DID I HEAR A SHILLING? COME OUT FROM BELOW THAT CHAIR AND SAY 1/3. WE SOLD ONE OF THESE FOR TEN BOB AND IT WAS STOLEN FROM THE PURCHASER BY AN OUTRAGED FAN. THIS BOOK WAS BURNED IN EFFIGY IN FRANCE, SMUGGLED INTO THIS COUNTRY UNDER THE GUISE OF NYLONS. WHAT, ONLY 1/3 FOR THIS HIDEOUS TRAVESTY OF HUMAN DRAMA? (Tragically) THIS IS THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS. ALL RIGHT THEN, 1/3. I'LL TAKE YOUR TROUSERS FOR DEPOSIT. AND NOW... (He pauses dramatically, holding up a copy of AUTHENTIC with his own first novel, 'Alien Impact', in it. He waits statuesquely for utter silence. Then, solemnly--) THE GREATEST PIECE OF LITERATURE EVER WRITTEN.... I HEARD THAT!!! COME ON NOW. DO YOU WANT ME TO COMMIT SUICIDE RIGHT HERE ON THE FLOOR? I DIDN'T HEAR THAT BID. WHAT?? VERY WELL THEN, SOLD CURSE YOU. (Now, holding up some issues of FA and AMAZING and waiting for the jeers to die down--) NOW NOW, DON'T DERIDE THE LITERATURE YOU LIVE ON. WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS THICK WAD OF READING MATERIAL. GUARANTEED TO LAST AT LEAST THREE NIGHTS. IN PERFECT CONDITION. THEY'VE ONLY BEEN READ ONCE I ASSURE YOU. OLD COPIES OF THE BIBLE FETCH THOUSANDS OF POUNDS AND THIS IS A RELIGION. ALL RIGHT THEN, SOLD FOR 3 SHILLINGS....NOW, WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL PAINTING? PEOPLE HAVE OFFERED POUNDS FOR IT BUT WE JUST WOULDN'T SELL. WHY, THERE MUST BE FIVE SHILLINGS WORTH OF POSTER COLOUR ON IT. PUT IT BEHIND THE AQUARIUM OR OVER THAT SPOT ON THE WALL WHERE BABY FORGOT HIMSELF. HANG IT IN YOUR DEN IF YOU'VE GOT ONE. (MY DEN HAS A CHAIN HANGING DOWN THE SIDE).....WHAT OFFERS FOR THIS BOOK BY OLAF STAPLEDON? THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER OLAF STAPLEDON YOU KNOW--THERE WAS

ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY. LOOK AT IT. BEAUTIFULLY BOUND IN GUN METAL GREY, SHOWING UP FINGERPRINTS TO ADVANTAGE. OBSERVE THE NARROW MARGINS---NO HUNTING ALL OVER THE PAGE FOR THE PRINT. FOR ANOTHER SIXPENCE I'LL SIGN IT FOR YOU....." And so on, inexhaustibly. It was a tour de force. Audience participation at the beginning was on the level of those humorous bids of 'one Penny', or even more wittily, one halfpenny---on which incidentally George Charters comments in his report that "Although I have heard this hundreds of times, having worked as an auctioneers clerk for two years, I still do not think it is funny."---but it soon began to improve and for the first time the convention became a corporate entity, a happy state symbolised by the presence in the air of delta-wing paper darts.

There is nothing like a common affliction for drawing people even nearer together, and this was provided by the film show which followed. A member of the Committee was at pains to tell me it was all the fault of the fellow that owned the projector insisting on showing his own films, so they must have felt guilty about it. They should have. It was awful. First we sat through an interminable "interest" film about sheep dogs and snake bites and fencing and ghod knows what---all the worst afflictions of the supporting programme except talking animals and the royal family---just to see a few rocket shots that we'd seen before and didn't want to see again. Then there were more instructional films about aeroplanes and 'How Talkies Are Made' and 'How Television Works' and so on and on. As yet another of these oozed its way onto the screen Ken Potter shouted sarcastically 'How To Talk On The Telephone' and there were ugly murmurs of "Call this a Convention?" But with a tenacity worthy of a better cause the wretched projectionist stuck to his guns and the dreary parade continued. The only item that had any interest at all was a French film about astronomical phenomena, and that was only because some rash fan---not me, thank Roscoe---had undertaken to translate the captions as they were thrown on the screen. Since they were very long and full of technical terms he got into serious difficulties, which were greeted by snide comments by the frustrated audience. The commentary soon developed into a crosstalk exchange between the commentator and the fans. After all this the main film, THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES, seemed almost worth seeing. It wasn't though.

For some inadequate reason the Convention was to start next day with a repeat of the Arthur Clarke recording, so Vince and I dawdled over breakfast---I've seldom seen a meal more thoroughly dawdled over---and ambled down to the station at the crack of 11am. On the platform I opened my wallet to put away my ticket and noticed with a sinking feeling that yesterday's return half was still there, though I distinctly remembered having given up some ticket last night. This could mean only one thing: I had surrendered the return half of my ticket to Belfast. I shamefacedly explained the situation to Vince and we traced the ticket collector to his lair. For what seemed like hours we waded knee deep in tickets, looking for one which I vaguely remembered as having been green, but we finally had to give up. (In case you're worried the ticket collector found it himself a couple of days later and brought it round to Vince's house. I wish he had given it to me outside, because it turned out to be blue and Vince saw it and made some caustic comments about colourblind Irishmen.)

By the time we arrived at the Con we'd missed the pro-editors' session, which James tells me was the best thing at the Con. Ted Carnell and Bert Campbell were the speakers and someone had had the brilliant idea of getting them to answer questions on behalf of each other's magazines. It must have been rich. During the lunch interval, and later, members of the Con Committee kept coming to me one after another and saying they'd heard of me losing my return ticket and that the Committee would gladly advance me my fare home if I was stuck. I thought this was very nice of them---unless it was just that they wanted to make sure I did go home---and in fact everyone at the Con this year was very nice to everyone else. I'm not sure how much if anything I had to do with this---last year I wasn't above exaggerating some signs of dissension which, quite unexpectedly to me, caused some discord in the London Circle---but it makes it very difficult to write an interesting report. Apparently impossible, you will say.

After lunch there was another forum by various authors and artists, including Ted Tubb, Brian Berry, Dave McIlwain (author of an excellent sf play recently broadcast by the BBC), Dan Morgan, Bert Campbell, Alan Hunter, Sid Bounds, fluent Frank Edward Arnold, and other vile pros. I thought Bert Campbell made the best speech, but Bounds read a thoughtful and intelligent paper about where he thought the future of sf lay, throwing in a plot synopsis of 'The Green Hills Of Earth' only slightly longer than the story itself. After the invited pros had said their pieces John got up and came to the dais where, as Britain's most up and coming young author, he made a competent and interesting little speech. I envy him his self assurance: also the \$600 odd dollars he's just got for a 21000 word novelette sold to Astounding.

Next Les Flood introduced the International Fantasy Award, including among his descriptions of the judges one of me as the leader of 'articulate fandom.' This was the best joke of the Con, but nobody laughed. The elegant little table lighters cum spaceship ornaments were then presented to Ted Carnell on behalf of John Collier for FANCIES AND GOODNIGHTS and to Arthur Clarke's brother for THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE. This was followed by the second auction. Ably assisted by Fred Brown, Ted Tubb was again incomparable, but the real star this time was a stray cat that kept wandering over the glass roof and peering down at the auction through a missing pane. We onlookers at the back were vastly amused, but we never really hoped that anything would come of it, just as telephone linesmen never fall of their poles no matter how long you wait. But this was the day of days. Oh joy! To our incredulous delight the cat could finally contain himself no longer and, pausing over the broken pane, expressed his considered opinion of the FA then being auctioned. He passed on it from a height. Ted Tubb uttered a terrible roar and leapt dramatically backwards as if to say "Après moi, le deluge" but some of the fans who were clustered round him poring over the books weren't so lucky. They got poured over themselves. It was a glorious moment. I would like to nominate this cat for a special award for the most fluidly expressed contribution to the Convention.

As a matter of fact there was a special award later, to Ted Tubb for his 'Alien Impact.' Maybe I should explain that though Ted is, on the evidence of his really superb stories in recent NEW WORLDS, the best talent to appear in Britain since Arthur Clarke, his novel in AUTHENTIC was little more than a competent potboiler. Tony Thorne of Gillingham, one of the very brightest of the newer fans, had prepared a special International Fantasy Award for him, and this was now presented in a lovely parody of the official ceremony. The Award consisted of a whiskey bottle, symbolically emptied, to which had been glued a toy spaceship and a box of matches. This was received by Ted enthusiastically, and this little unrehearsed joke was one of the funniest things at the Con. Thanks Tony.

There followed more speeches about the site for the next Con, in which various rude remarks were made about Manchester's weather, where it is supposed to pour cats and dogs the whole time. This is most unfair because I know a man who passed through there in 1923 and there was only a thin drizzle--besides after what had just happened London was in no position to make cracks about rain and cats--but despite this and a drily humorous speech by Derek Pickles about White Horse beer (we knew he couldn't stand it) it was almost unanimously decided that the next Con would be held in London. The vote had been declared about 1½ seconds when Ken Bulmer referred to it as the Coronvention.

The final event was a showing of METROPOLIS, which was in a way the best part of the official programme. This was because there was no incidental music to drown fan comment on the action, some of which was brilliant. Dan Morgan shone especially. When the hero suddenly mimed exaggerated alarm they way they do in silent films and dashed madly for the door Dan remarked "FIRST ON THE RIGHT." That started it, and the whole worthy but rather dull film was enlivened by a ruining commentary from the audience which I wish I'd space to quote--like 'THE MANCHESTER CON' when the underground city was flooded by torrents of water. // There was no formal closing of the Con and people just stood around saying goodbye. The best parting shot was Bill Temple's account of how he was walking down the Strand one moonlit night with Arthur Clarke's brother, just after Ego had left for America. Bill stopped suddenly and pointed at the moon. "My God," he said, "Arthur's left it behind!" "It's all right," said the alter Ego, "He's got an American edition."

The last fan to leave the Convention was James White, of whom more was heard in the days which followed. // Stay tuned for the first instalment of THE HARP, STATESIDE.

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THE OPPRESSED MINORITY

Though it is possible to overdraw the picture, scientifantasy has now arrived. There may be some interest in looking at attitudes we had in earlier times when we were an oppressed minority.

An oppressed minority is usually much more conscious of being oppressed than the majority is of oppressing it. Indeed, the majority may not really be oppressing it, only ignoring it. Anyway, we had a lot of attitudes characteristic of our unaccepted position.

Since the mental states of fen herein described are going to be all mixed up with the outlook of Jack F. Speer, a little personal background may be in order: from 1920 to 1938 i was domiciled in Comanche Oklahoma, a town of less than 2,000 population, on the cultural frontier. This was a farming trade-center, and agriculture was in a depressed state even thru the prosperous 'twenties; so the town's physical equipment, except for some paving and cars, dated before the World War and its intellectual equipment came from somewhere back of that (There were still itinerant patent-medicine shows; minstrel shows and recitations from James Whitcomb Riley were popular entertainments, and teachers read the Elsie books to us in grade school.).

I like to think that i was exceptional in this milieu. At any rate i was a minority, and perhaps not inevitably, i rejected this environment and attached my loyalties to systems from afar, ultimately to science-fiction. Earlier i thot my loyalty was to science, and the general doctrine of brains over brawn; i fancied that science was an oppressed minority needing defence. When a booklet about the Britannica's 14th edition said, "Ushering in a new era of science", when an autogyro (for no reason i've ever been able to guess) performed over Comanche, when the American Weekly ran articles on the projected 200-inch, i felt lifted up, because science was receiving justification. The Chicago Century of Progress exposition was the grandest affirmation of faith in the world of tomorrow ever (far more than the New York World's Fair, at the end of the hopeful 'thirties), and i wanted to attend it as i wanted no thing else, save possibly to attend the scout jamboree in Washington, and for related reasons.

It was like coming unto my own for the first time, to discover fandom and its like-minded youths, and if a bibling or an acquaintance seemed to sneer at fen, fanzines, or science-fiction, i savagely resented it. When i could get together with a flesh-and-blood fantasite, usually Dan McPhail, it was wonderful. When i finally went to Washington DC and got up to Largeslum for a meeting of the Philadelphia SFS it was such a momentous event that, as John Baltadonis noticed but was kind enuf not to mention then, my hands were shaking and i concentrated on winding a watch to cover my confusion at first meeting the legendary Comet knights and seeing their little world of science-fiction back of the Baltadonis saloon. And when an actual s-f conference (and then a convention) occurred in my presence--well, it was out of this world. (But the world kept intruding. I remember feeling how incongruous the background of Largeslum and (in 1939) Bigslum was against the valiant little band of futuremen in the foreground.)

At the banquet which virtually closed the Nycon, when it came my turn to say something, i tried, very inadequately, to say that i felt that with the holding of this convention, we had emerged from the time when we were despised of men, and could proudly acknowledge our adherence to the holy faith.

To fen who had not been so isolated, this feeling of contradistinction to the mundane world probably wasn't as strong as with me, but that it was there is evidenced by the body of the characteristics summed up under the heading "fanationalism"; for

what is nationalism but a rejection of the larger world to seek security in a smaller framework?

Nevertheless we were hily pleased whenever the world gave us some attention. This was not a sign of enlightenment on the world's part, but of the power of the idea of science-fiction to beat thru the barriers of mass stupidity and enforce acceptance.

It was a great day for me when Buck Rogers began running in the Sunday paper we received; this was really a wonderful comic in those days and i became thoroly involved in the person of Buddy Deering. Great news between Wollheim and me when Flash Gordon appeared; and presently the little fandom of those days was all remarking off the other new fantasticomics, whose numbers were further augmented by established strips' dabbling in fantasy. During this decade, the 'thirties. comic magazines began and built up great momentum, and they made generoud use of stefnic material. With occasional attacks of indigestion, we ate it up.

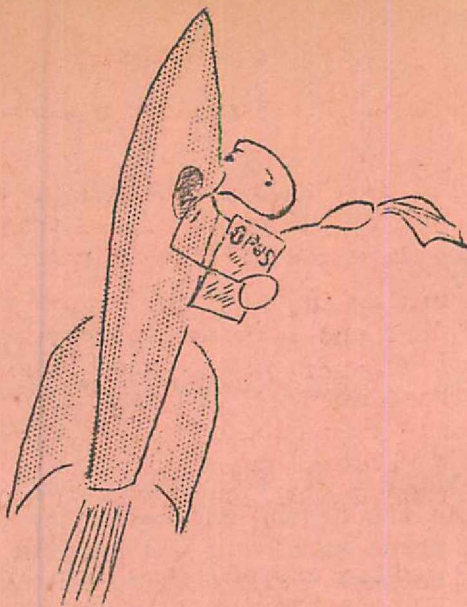
This desire to see fantasy assepected by the general public explains the mixed reaction to Times' misleading writeup on the Nycon (Joe Gilbert had a very significant article in a fanzine a while later, which accepted the principle that any publicity was good publicity), as well as the acclaim which which we greeted each of the flood of new pulps which came on the eve of the war. Oh, we griped about their pulpiness, but in unguarded moments showed our fundamental feeling that anything which increased the popularity of fantascience was good. We were proud of Jerome Siegel and Joe Schuster, to fan who made good with Superman, a comic we professed to detest; but i was somewhat irked when, on a radio interview, they explained themselves inthe language of the outside world instead of speaking like fans. When Short Stories came out with perhaps the first stefnic cover to appear on a normally mundane mag, we didn't know but what the millenium was rounding the corner. And when page 1 headlines on daily newspapers blared the story of the nation's reaction to Welles's War of the Worlds--we were delirious with joy. Scallions to Welis for the frown with which he greeted it--scientifiction had shown its power over the minds of men; let all the bells ring.

In the times of which i speak, any reference to atomic power, the Man from Mars, or Esperanto, in the mundane press, or an appearance of scientifictional toys on the market, was enuf of a rarity to be reported in Dick Wilson's Science Fiction News Letter or other reviews. At one time i hoped for a complete index of science-fiction and fantasy allusions, not to mention actual stories, whether in college weeklies, foriegn periodicals, the words of radio commentators, or anyplace else. Now, of course, the number has multiplied so many times that the job is unlikely to be done, even for the prewar period--at least in this century.

Sometimes i try to return on the time track, and look at my midcentury surroundings with the eyes of that teen-ager of fifteen years ago, and all the others like him. It doesn't work. I see through the slick modernistic surfaces that would have delighted him, and weep for a world which may accept science-fiction and still be damned, so backward in its thinking that it lives on borrowed time. Perhaps, the thought just occurred to me, i am still obeying an unconscious command to place myself in a rejected minority, this time the minority of the worried one-worlders.

However that may be, we veterans of the Punic Wars in fandom would probably have outgrown the attitude in respect to the microcosm which i have been describing, regardless of the course of world events with reference to science-fiction.

But the Second World War has made the attitude of the oppressed minority inappropriate even for the newest stefnist. With science-fiction fully justified in the A bomb, V-2, tv, radar, flying saucers, military satellite project, etc, and pouring upon the public in an increasing stream of mundane as well as stefnic magazines, books, movies, radio, and with respectable recognition coming to s-f conventions and personalities, the feeling of belonging to an oppressed minority no longer colors the stf fan's enjoyment of his hobby in the slightest degree--or does it?



THAT FRISCO FIASCO

a report of the San Francisco STTcon
by
Ian T. Youngfan

I arrived in San Francisco with a group of fans from my state. We had crossed the country by non-stop covered wagon and were quite tired when we arrived so we all retired early.

Friday morning I was awakened by explosions which I supposed to be firecrackers. I dressed swiftly and dashed downstairs. As I came into the lobby of the convention hotel, I came upon a large circle of fans surrounding a burned out patch of rug. At first I thought that Ned McKeown had dropped a lit cigaret in a trash can again, but by logical reasoning, I ruled out this possibility. The burned out area was over 50 feet in diameter and there was a hole Straight Up through the hotel. A publicity gag for Fred Robinson's fanzine, I wondered.

"What happened?" I asked a fellow wearing glasses, who I later learned was Forry Ackerman.

"The Elves, Gnomes and Little Men had a big model rocketship there," he replied, "He," he jerked a thumb toward a blond fellow who held a burnt out match, "put a lite to the fuse and it went off." I noticed that Forry spoke with a slight Ackermanese accent. I looked to the fellow with the burnt-out match. It was Jack Speer, who sobbed, "I thought it was a firework."

"Was anyone on board?" I asked.

"Max Keasler," Forry replied.

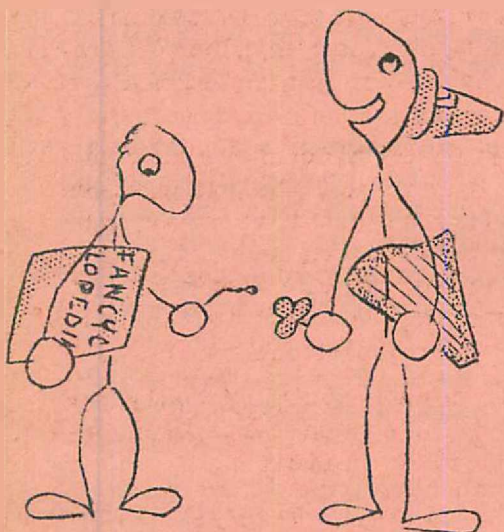
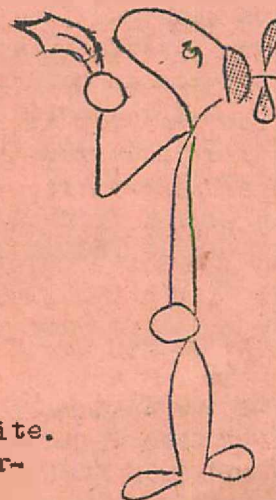
Behind me I heard someone laugh with a brogue and Speer shouted, "That's him! He's the guy who told me it was a firework." He pointed to a tall fellow wearing a green suit and carrying a Harp.

"My goodness," I muttered.

"Say there, have you seen a ten of clubs anywhere?" asked a man with a poodle hair-cut.

"No, I haven't."

"Well, I suppose we can get along without it," he said, "but I do miss it. She was my favorite. She's the one with the earmuffs, you know."



"That's a shame."

"You ever play poker?"

"No," I replied, "but I'm a whiz at Old Maid."

"Well, poker's more like Rook, or maybe Flinch."

"Sounds like fun," I said, gamely.

"Come on, I'll teach you to play it." He took my arm. "To make things interesting we have stakes. Just a little money."

He was a nice man and the game was lots of fun. I think I did something wrong tho. After a while I had all the money and this nice man was crying and muttering something about the profits of five Charles Hornes and three sf novels all gone in one evening. I gave him back the keys to his car, tho, because I can't drive anyway and he promised me a lifetime subscription to some fanzine he puts out. I never did find out his name or address so I don't know what one it is.

The next day Hull Teagarden and John W. Campbell Jr had assembled a radio out of an old tin can, some used razor blades and Ray "elson's zap-gun, and were in contact with Max Keasler in the rocketship. He reported that he had overshot the moon and was approaching Mars. Then we heard a crash and he said that he had landed.

Everybody in the lobby shouted with joy. Fandom had landed a rocketship on Mars! People were patting Mr Speer on the back and congratulating him. But that tall fellow in the green suit went off in a corner and sulked.

Then Max said that something was approaching the ship.

A Martian, we thought!

Suddenly a strange but yet familiar voice interrupted Max: "Are you there, Earth?" It said, "This is Arthur C. Clarke calling from Mars. To all you fans who've ordered Sands of Mars, I'll have several lots packaged and ready for shipment in a few days now."

Another shout went up from the crowd and a Mr Greenberg went running around the room with a pad and pencil taking orders. And some fellow wearing glasses and carrying an onion in one hand and a copy of "The Four-Sided Triangle" in the other went and sulked with the tall man in the green suit.

After that four men, Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans their names were, made a lot of speeches and then a Mr Dietz gave me a glass full of some pretty green drink. I swallowed it down in one gulp and after that a man called Mack who was followed by a couple of goats, gave me a drink out of a fancy bottle. It was something Mexican, he said. And a soldier or airman had a bottle of something pretty so I tasted it too. His name was Hal, I think. Some girl kept shaking hands with him and saying "Well, good-bye, Hal."

Then I took a drink out of a glass Hull Teagarden had. He said it was something he'd invented at Indian Lake and not to jar the glass or stand near a fire after I'd drunk out of it.

I don't remember what happened after that. I guess I must have gone to my room and gone to bed.

The next morning turned out to be Monday instead of Sunday, like I'd expected. I was very disappointed. We all left for home. Jimmy Streinz was driving out wagon. As we pulled away from the hotel I saw that nice man who taught me to play poker. He was smiling real big and waving a hacksaw. I waved back at him as the mules broke into a slow walk.

On the road home a hack came off the wagon and it went over a cliff so Jimmy and Hull and the others and I are all walking home to Chattanooga together. It's a long walk so I wish someone of you would write my mother and tell her not to wait supper for me.

--- T. Youngfan

AN INTERVIEW WITH

A SCIENCE FICTION FAN

by Gregg Calkins

"Good evening sir. I understand you're a science-fiction fan. I'm from the Minneapolis Daily Globe and I wonder if you'd care to give me a few hours of your time for an interview for our paper. You see, now that science-fiction and Pogo are taking the country by storm, everybody wants to know more about them. We've picked you as the best representative of your kind in this part of the United States. Would you care to answer a few questions?"

"Why I'd be happy to," said the small, redd-haired fan. "Just go ahead and ask--ask anything you like."

"Alright, sir. First off, is it true that you were the first real science-fiction fan?"

"Well, to be strictly truthful with you, yes. Hugo--that's Mr Gernsback, you know--was pretty close but not first. Why I remember the day I converted Hugo to s-f. I was telling him..."

"Uhum, yes. And now for the next question. We're all interested in these mountainous collections all fan are supposed to have. Is it also true that you have the largest single collection in the United States?"

"Of course. My collection is unparalleled anywhere, tho I assure you there have been attempts to steal my fame by certain unscrupulous characters. Notorious among these is a Mr Pritchardson. My zine collection, tho, is near 16,196.97 (one has a bcover partially gone) in my sorted library alone, and god knows how many others I have that I haven't had time to sort yet. And then there are my books. I have 2700 books now on s-f alone. Recently I've adopted this new fad, too, of collecting s-f prozines--I have 17 whole issues now and am quite proud of them. I don't know if this will last tho. After all, what value are old pulp magazines?"

"I'm sure there isn't any, sir. Now, I noticed you used a bit of esoteric terminology back there, and I wonder if you'd clear us laymen up a bit on it. Is it true you invented this language yourself?"

"Yes, it is. After fandom had had time to grow a bit, I decided I would coin a few words that only the fans would understand. I made a vocabulary and passed the news around. One of the common misconceptions unfortunately, is that it was invented by some upstart on the West Coast...Woody Hackerman, or somebody like that. It wasn't, of course, but I am so modest I never have let on that I really did it myself."

"I see. On this fan business--I understand you're the biggest name fan there is. Can you clear us up on this?"

Calkins (2)

"Certainly. I am, without a doubt and in all modesty, the funniest, cleverist, most prolific writer in fandom. Not only am I a big wheel in SAPA but my column 'Asp #17' is in demand by every fanzine in the country. My name is on the lips of every green-blooded fan everywhere!"

"Pardon me. You aren't Bob Tucker in disguise, are you?"

"I'll assume that was a joke and let it pass. Do you have some more questions?"

"Yes. I just happen to wonder if you received letters for wires often from certain 'non-fans'?"

"Let's say that it has happened before, tho I don't make a regular practice of it."

"Alright then. How about a word about this mysterious PROXYBOO, LTD. Is this a real corporation?"

"Well, I don't feel I can answer that last part one way or another. This Wilse fellow who claims to run it, however, is a rank imposter. You have to watch out for these people and false corporations, you know. For instance, there's the fabulous but phoney ~~TUCKER'S MARCH~~ which takes in literally thousands of fan each day. I know for a fact that Tucker died years ago--I saw it in a fanzine, so I know it's true. And these businesses of VERNON McCAIN INC., BOFFMAN NOTHING INC. and SHHHHH BOO INC are nothing but the hoaxiest of hoaxes. About PROXYBOO LTD, I will say this final thing as regards Mr Wilse's column in Dilemma #17, 'The Carp that Twice or Thrice'. He is highly in error when he says that Bloggs is not sure whether or not he can afford the fees: besides the fan polls were rather sloppily done, anyhow."

"About pulp magazines, now. They say they do play a part, however small, in the s-f word. Have you any particular favorites?"

"You're wrong on one score. The pulp magazines don't influence fandom in any way. Most faneditors find it too difficult to read them any more. As for my favorite--good old AMAZING TALES, of course. I prefer its slick, digest sized pages and pleasing contents over all others. And it's milder. I assure you these hacks like Bradberry and s-x zines like ASTOUNDED S-F and GALAXIES have no place in our s-f field!"

"You're so right. What will you say about comparative fanzines?"

"Well, I might mention that peer among fanzines, that Southern concoction, DILEMMA. Then there is the Irish printed mag, ANGLE which is pretty good. And other great names, some gone, some still with us, are those like SPACEWART, SHAGGY LAW AFFAIRS, and that peer among fanzines SKYHOOK! About SKYHOOK -- now there is a mag! It is...."

"Uh, I'm sure we'd love to hear about it, but it's a SAPAZine after all, and our time is short. We have time for a last question: what is your favorite s-f story of all time?"

"Well, uh.....that's a hard question to answer. You see--I've never actually read any. I'm a POGO fan, myself."

---Gregg Calkins

Independently-operated Mines: Among the most encouraging of recent developments is the way Sam Mines, with a generous assist from



the gifted Mr Bixby, has taken over from Sam Merwin. Merwin, we came to realize a few years back, has was one of the most capable editors the pulp field has known. And now Mines has picked up right where big Sam left off, and after a few opening fumbles, is now sailing along smoothly, filling Merwin's shoes (if not the rest of his expansive outfit.)

One thing we like: like most good editors, Mines is not afraid to make changes. It took Campbell to change "Astounding Stories" to "astounding Science-Fiction". Merwin had no qualms about embarking on a quantity-and-quality procedure, raising his price from the traditional pulp price of 15¢ to 25¢ and adding over eighty pages in the process. And now Mines has scrapped the last link with Standard's pulpy past by jettisoning the garish STARTLING logotype along with the downright unattractive one of TWS, and remodeling the frontispieces of his mags.

I prefer the boxed-paneling design of Startling to the new TWS affair (which resembles uncomfortably the final logo of Super Science.) The "panel" format is not exactly brand-new, first having been used in the stf field in 1929 (Science Wonder quarterly, so at least it stays in the family). Nevertheless, it is attractive, more so than the tired Galaxy format which is well on its way to adoption as the Universal Constant Format. My only kick is the use of the lemon yellow color on the panelling which is, I am forced to say, a lemon of an idea. Not only does it pick up the dirt like a seven-year-old (and I'm a collector who likes to keep clean mags) but it clashes with the other side of the panelling, detracting from a fine cover pic by the popular Alex Schomburg. (Schomburg, I think, is the is the closest approximation we have now to the 1940 Rogers, in terms of tone and style.)

Now the only remaining improvement will to dispose of the irksome "turn page" found at the bottom of all pages broken by ads. In the early days, the audience at which Standard Pubs aimed presumably did not know enough to turn the page without being asked to do so, but, then fandom has matures in the past decade, nov shmoe ka pop?

* * *

Speaking of Merwin: As we were, only a few hundred words ago: I noticed a new Gold Metal griginal detective pb novel by the selfsame Merwin entitled, of all things, "The Creeping Shadow"! Since Merwin entered the s-fantasy field only 15 years ago I suppose he hasn't heard of Merritt yet.

* * *

Even-Homer-Nods Department: From the NY Times, May 22:

"The Four Sided Triangle" a science-fiction melodrama based on a novel by William Campbell published in England, will be produced independently by Alexander Paal. Barbara Payton will be starred in the screen play, written by Paul Tabori, which deals with a group of scientists who invent a machine that in turn invents a woman. Terrence (sic) Fisher will be the director."

Along similiar lines was the attribution in the May 1952 Weird of "Who Goes There" to one Robert Campbell. These Campbell boys get around, don't they?

* * *

Two new fanzines recently arrived at 760 Montgomery are fine examples of opposite poles. The first is JOURNAL OF S-F#2, puzzlingly dated Fall 1952 altho it appeared, I think, in April.

This issue shows a considerable comedown from #1: a clumsy, sloppy attempt at justifying margins makes the format bad, despite lithoing. Material (be Editor Wood and Freudenthal, mostly, plus a strange item by Sam Moskowitz) is of high caliber but

Silverberg (2)

spoiled by poor proof reading and a strange reluctance to use the blue pencil. This is particularly evident in Editor Wood's well-written article, in which, however, every word must have been sacred. Someone should have attended to removing grammatical mistakes and such monstrous sentences as "The readability of these stories is still high." On the whole, tho, JSF is a neat, top-flight publication, certainly one of the best around. (25¢ per: Charles Freudenthal, 1231 W Newport Ave, Chicago 13, Ill.)

Then, at the other pole, is #1 of "Stfstuff" published "weakly" by Charles Wells, 405 E. 62 St, Savannah, Ga. and selling for 3¢ a copy. ((now either defunct or semi-defunct)) This is, it seems, a relic of a past age in fan publishing. It is hektoided, hand lettered, and not stapled but sewed, of all things! I am immensely pleased by this magazine, and while I don't hope for it to start a trend, I'd like it to remain itself (but a bit bigger, please). As it stands it comes right out of 1938 fandom, though I doubt its editor has ever seen a 1938 fanzine. Sam Moskowitz will probably find this a nostalgic item. In passing, let me note that editor Wells' handlettering is particularly attractive.

* * *

I'm willing to offer a lollipop and a free issue of SPACESHIP to the first member of the Galaxy staff who will stand up and tell me honestly that he actually read "Four Sided Triangle" prior to publication as a CSF novel. I am firmly convinced that the story was not only bought but set up, printed, and distributed, solely on the agent's recommendation, with perhaps nothing more than a plot synopsis to go by.

This occurred to me after reading the blurb, supposedly written by someone who had read the story: "An uproarious tale of a machine that solved a love affair...rollicking...real high water mark in s-f humor."

Who's kidding whom, Mr Gold? "Four Sided Triangle" is certainly a high-water mark in s-f, perhaps the best story of the last five years. It is not an uproarious, rollicking bit of humor, Mr Gold. There is not one belly laugh in it. How can you call a story in which two of the main characters die violently, one by suicide, a high-water mark in humor? I'm deadly serious in saying that whoever wrote that blurb never read the story.

* * *

From a Macy's ad in the NY Times: "Out of the rocket world--straight to your child: NEW SPACE PATROL BOOTS \$4.98 exclusively at Macy's. Your child has seen his dare-devil TV heroes wear space-patrol boots...has imagined zooming onto outer space with them. Now he can actually own them, show them off to his friends, be a regular 25th century dynamo in them. Made on a regular shoe last with pliable leather uppers, long-wearing composition soles. Black, and red with black cuffs or all-black with red cuffs."

* * *

As those of you who know me from past years are aware, I disappear into the wilds of West Copake, N.Y. during July and August of each year and manage quite a bit of gaffiating. Few fans have my summer address and none are asked to write to it--all letters mailed to my home address will reach me without much delay. I caution you tho, not to expect any replies for I will read your fanzines and letters and then mail them home for after-summer discussion. Fanzine editors are requested to keep sending me their stuff and would-be subbers to SPACESHIP should not be discouraged because copies will be mailed promptly as usual though I won't tend to the mailing myself.

There will be no Voodvork next month for this reason, but will be back after the summer. And so we wrap up FVVO for the first half of 1952. Here's wishing you folks the very best in the way of a summer, and I hope Q and I will both still be around come September.

---Bob Silverberg



MUSTA BIN
SOMETHIN
YOU ET



HOW'D I
KNOW IT
WAS CATCHING?

SEZ YOU



Robert Bloch

Convention City

Bel-ming-vannah, NoAtlantic

My Petite Patootie:

I am happy to announce the formation of the WWW -- an official committee whose purpose it will be to

WELCOME WALTER WILLIS
to America, and also to Chicago.

Tentative program as follows:

- (1) Willis arrives at airport in Chicago, where he is met by Mayor and alderman. Mayor presents him with a key to the washroom.
- (2) Official welcoming parade down Michigan Boulevard, marchers including detachment of National Guard, Campfire Girls, Chicago Bookies' Union, the entire 500 conventioners, and 20,000 snakes. (CIO)
- (3) Arrival at the Morrison Hotel. Salute of massed firecrackers and zap-guns, followed by christening ceremony with bag of hot water.
- (4) Autograph signing ceremony and distribution of tickets to Irish sweepstakes in hotel lobby.
- (5) Willis give his address to Convention. (This is optional - everybody knows his address by now. It's 170, Upper Newtownards Rd. Belfast, N.I.)
- (6) Passing out of Irish whiskey.
- (7) Passing out of Walt Willis.

There we have the whole deal in a nutshell (and if the Morrison Hotel isn't a nutshell, I've never seen one.) ((And you're an expert on nutshells, Bob.)) There is only one hitch to our program -- collecting the 20,000 snakes. If every fan would take upon himself or herself to donate just 50 snakes and send them in c/o Shelby Wick, we can give Willis a welcome he will long remember. Send in your snakes today for the Willis Campaign! Address Shelby Wick, "Operation Serpent", Lynn Haven, Fla.

[Bloch]

"Down the bloody 'atch!"

FANS!

Do you have that "left out" feeling? Have you failed to counter attack the Tucker Send-A-Brick hotel? Do you spend long tedious hours copying chain-letters with never a hint of remuneration, either cash or ego-boo? Has your postage fund dwindled away as you pass along the words of Tucker, Elsberry, Bloch, and Clarkson, without so much as a "thank you" from any of these chisellers?

DON'T BE PLAYED FOR A SUCKER!

What do you get out of it? Nothing but writers' cramp. A quick look at any reference book on fan mathematics will show you that the egoboo goes to the authors of these letters, not to you who do the dirty work.

GET YOUR SHARE OF EGOBOO!

Send a chain-letter of your own. Send copies to Tucker, Elsberry, Bloch and Clarkson. Let them do the dirty work of copying while you get the credit.

SEND NOW!

Yes, send now for your complete Chain-letter Kit. You, too, can have the egoboo of a chain-letter. Just send a postcard to Clank c/o this magazine and specify whether you want the regular or the deluxe chain-letter kit. And remember, don't enclose a brick! Don't enclose straw! Enclose money!

Sez A.Vincent Clarke 16,Wendover Way, Welling, Kent. England

Dear Lee,

THIS FAN IS DANGEROUS!

WAW has kept very quiet about the Chicago fund here; not so much from modesty as from fear that we'll start a fund to keep him there. British fans will rise and throw off the Irish yolk...and the White too! We've been overlaid by a fowl tyrant, but we'll roost the Rude Ireland hed yet!

But I'm only yolking...it doesn't pay to be anything else with a bloke who in four short years has risen from nonentity to obscurity by insulting all comers. Let me warn you about WAW.

His appearance is disarming, if mere height fails to impress you. You'll have difficulty in understanding him, because his accent is not so much pronounced as whispered. He sounds like two pieces of shemrock being rubbed together at high speed.

He pretends to be shy, diffident and easily embarrassed. Every time he says "I" he blushes. Beside him, Bambi would look like King Kong. He will not, if possible, speak in public.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED! He is liable to produce an outrageous pun at any time. You are listening closely, trying to hear what he is saying and before you know it...BLOOIE! Your ribs have ■ cracked.

Sales of Nothing are fine. We sold Nothing in large quantities through some sales promotion schemes..."It's a lucky man who wants Nothing" was a particularly fine slogan, but a scheme for opening gaming saloons on the principle of "Nothing Ventured, Nothing ~~WON~~ Won" broke down when people found they won Nothing. There is a steady sale to conjurers, who put it up their sleeves and to politicians who talk about it everywhere.

fairly sincerely,

/Vincent /

London and Vicinity Representative
Hoffman Nothing Inc.

Paul Enever 9 Chuchill Ave. HILLINGDON Middlesex England

Dear Ed,

How do you manage to take these mammoth Cons of yours so much in stride? I mean, the con is one week-end and before the following week is out, half the fanzines in America are filled with eyewitness accounts of it. Why, over here, when we have a con there is a long still silence ((you mean a Long Loud Silence, friend?)) for at least a month afterwards, while all the visitors recuperate. Personally I have to take a fortnight's vacation after attending a con to build up my strength again ((What do you British do at conventions, wrestle?)) and as for writing about it so soon afterwards - Ghu, no! Let the horror fade a little from my mind before I revive it all again in print.

Yours fraternally,

/Paul Enever/

"The first spaceship I ever rode in that stopped for railraod crossings."

The Voice of The Editor

Most regretablely in the past few issues the letter column has dwindled to almost Nothing, mainly due to the mismuddled system of letter filing that resulted from hauling correspondence to the shop to answer, etc. But if you'll write those letters, we'll do our best to revive the column in the next ish.

Do you know the results of Confusion? We find that the results of a minor ad-type comment in that mag really paid off in response. And do you know why ads in that mag pay off? Well, it's cos a lot of people read the mag; and do you know why they read it? Because it's one of the best non-professional fanzines being pubbed today. Why don't you try it and find out? Address Confusion, c/o Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla.

That's the address to which you should send contributions for WAW With The Crew. At last report the fund was quite capable of bringing Mr Willis over for the TASFIC, but Mr Willis has expressed some concern to the effect that, while he might be able to live without eating while stateside, he would most assuredly like to return to Ireland when his visit is over, and since there's a strong chance that he may not get to eat while he is here, he most probably won't have the ~~xxxx~~ strength to swim all the way back.

In other words, as things stand, we're slicing the salami mighty thin so why don't a few of you characters come on and chip in a couple of pesos? Any amount, large or small, will be appreciated. In fact to the first person who sends a check or money order for \$10 made out to Shelly Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla. to this fanzine (Quandry) c/o the editor, will go a lifetime subscription to Quandry. And the check or money order will be immediately forwarded to Shel. And by lifetime we don't merely mean your lifetime, but the lifetime of Quandry. If you pass on before Q, the subscription will go to whatever legal heir you should will it to, so don't hesitate!! This is a once-in-a-lifetime offer. Send that ten-spot note now!

But if you don't have a ten-spot, send whatever you can afford: a couple of bucks, a dime, a handful of useable postcards, the gold fillings out of your teeth, anything. Every little bit helps.

Oh, yes, if you send a \$10 contribution c/o Q as specified above, and you aren't first, you'll nonetheless get a 7 ish sub ~~to~~ to Q as a premium. In it you can read THE HARP STATESIDE, an account of Walt's adventures in the wilds of the colonies, his hairbreath escapes from scalp-hunting Indians, the bears and buffalo and how he deals with them, and how a Briton can survive in the outlying Colonies.

You'll note that we've made some slight changes in policy. We hesitate to discuss these, but will surprise you with them. The scope of our new plans is so vast that we are overwhelmed by it and we prefer to surprise you with them little by little than to spring the word on you suddenly.

Ever thins. *Leeh*

IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

What's just around the corner, you ask. Why, 1953, of course. What did you expect to be just around the corner? Prosperity?? Henry Lee?? Foosh, 1953 I'm talking about. I mean it's only five more months. And in these days of high taxes that's a lot less than it used to be when you were a young sprout.

You been putting your mind to 1953 yet? I mean, you decided how you're gonna tell when it gets here and when its over and when it's up to the point where they will be holding the 1953 conventions and all that? How you gonna know when each month is over so you'll know when your monthly fanzines are on time?

Friend, what you need is a calender. Not one of those miserable wrist calenders that you need a magnifying glass to see, but a big beautiful home calender to hang on your wall or somewhere.

Now, I happen to know where you can get just the calender you need, for 1953. THIS IS NOT THE OLD L(%) (oops!) 1952 MODEL WITH A NEW PAINT JOB! This is a genuine 1953 calender with all twelve months. Each month (except February) is guaranteed by the manufacturer to contain no less than 30 days, some have even more, for instance the first month, January, contains all of 31 days.

Now you know how most old calenders will have the weeks listed horizontally and the days vertically. NOT THIS ONE! No, you, being a science fiction fan, deserve something better than the common run. You want the best for yourself. You want this calender!

And in case you are one of the many Quandry subscribers who cannot read, THIS CALENDER HAS PICTURES. Yes, half a dozen beautiful lithographed pictures by six of Britain's finest artists, Wright, Ridley, Hunter, Quinn, Bowman, and BoSh. In case you can read and never look at pictures, each page has a quantity of writing, such as "Sunday, Monday, February," etc. And for the advanced reader, some pages contain words like "subconscious" and "machine".

Yes, indeed, this calender is the buy for 1953. Think of what a fine gift it would make for a fannish friend, give one to the boy (or girl as the case may be) friend. Give them to your parents for Christmas. Or better yet, give one to each of your correspondants as a reminder that he should answer your letters. Or if you feel so inclined, keep one for yourself.

Wouldn't you feel silly if someone came up to you on the street and ask the date and you didn't know? CARRY A SPARE CALENDER IN YOUR POCKET AT ALL TIMES!

Or if you are honest-to-goodness serious minded, and just want a fine fantasy-stf type calender so that you can tell what day it is, he's the one for you.

Copies are merely 35¢ each - special reduction of 20% for individuals or dealers taking orders of 20 or more copies.

Order from - Philip J. Rasch, 567 Erskine Drive, PACIFIC PALISADES, Calif.

All orders will be filled by direct dispatch from England.

This is the much talked about F.A.S. calender and is worth twice the price being asked. Besides, all profits will go back into more art projects.

---Lee Hoffman (-adv.)

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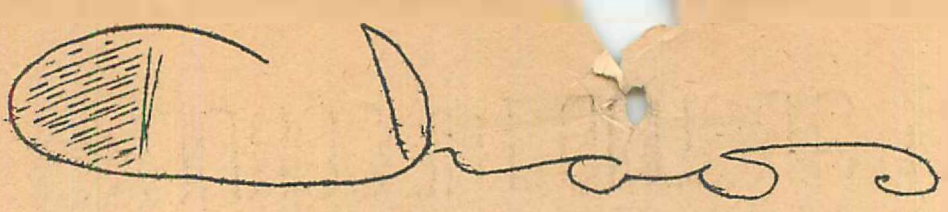
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Hi Fen,

But let up put aside the trivialleycats and get down to the dirty business at hand. The weather is hot and we are bothered. (Actually Ian Mac is Bothered, we are Bemildred, but that is neither hither nor yon.) Subsequently we have decided to go gafnot (a lesser form of gafia: Get Away From Most Of This) for a while. In other words (get out your Kleenex) this is the last Quandry (wait, don't shoot yourself! Let me finish the sentence!) As I was saying, this is the last Quandry until after the Chicon. The next ish'll be out late in September or early in October, depending on Walt Willis.

As you may have realized, this means that the whispered about Quish #2 that we had planned, will not materialize, so you may as well consider thish to be the second annish. After all, it was July of 1950 when Q#1 was posted.

Like we said, it is hot down here. The summer hours see a temperature of 95 plus over at the weather bureau (the coolest place in town) and evenings can be better spent than at mimeo cranking, so no August ish. But you anti-Q fans may as well put down your trumpets, this does not herald any lack of interest in Q on our part. As far as we are concerned, Q is good for several more years at the least. It may never again see a regular publication schedule, but then how many fanmags do...

Meanwhile, letters will be appreciated, material gladly considered, and all that.

But back to Hyphen, the punctuated fanzine: have you seen it? Try dropping a note (preferably a bank-note) to Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland for a copy. Walt now masterminds (if it can be called that) two fmz: "Q" and "H". These are both fine mags and worth consideration. On "H" he has the able assistance of Rainham's answer to the United Nations: Chuck Harris. It is hoped that some of the very magnificent Harris personality will get spread out in Q one of these days; those of you who've never met up with one of Chuck's notes don't know what you're missing. But in case we can't get something for Q from the Harris, try a copy of "H". The Aghast Editorial by Vince Clarke should be read by every prospective faned.

Another item from Great Britain is SPACE DIVERSION from the Space Dive, 13 A St Vincent St, Liverpool, 3, England. The first issue contains a report of the 2nd London and a whole mess of other stuff that's well worth the price: 15¢ American for 2 issues.

While on the subject of British mags we mustn't forget STRAIGHT UP, the level fanzine from Fred Robinson, 37 Willows Ave., Tremorfa, Cardiff, Glam, South Wales. This is a news mag for those of you who want to keep posted on what happens between issues of SFN. The price to you statesiders is one promag for 6 issues. And if you want to keep informed between issues of SU try SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS, c/o Vince Clarke at 16, Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, England. It is the opinion of your editor that the fan who is not up on these British mags is missing one of the most fascinating phases of fanac. Some of you fellows may not be conscious of the fanac in Britain. These guys; Willis, Clarke and Harris, are a lot of mad geniuses and their cohorts in crime are little better.

Have you read "I DROVE JAMES WHITE" in Nirvana?