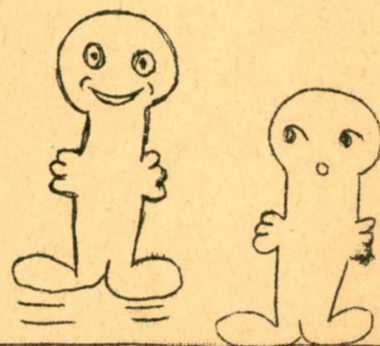


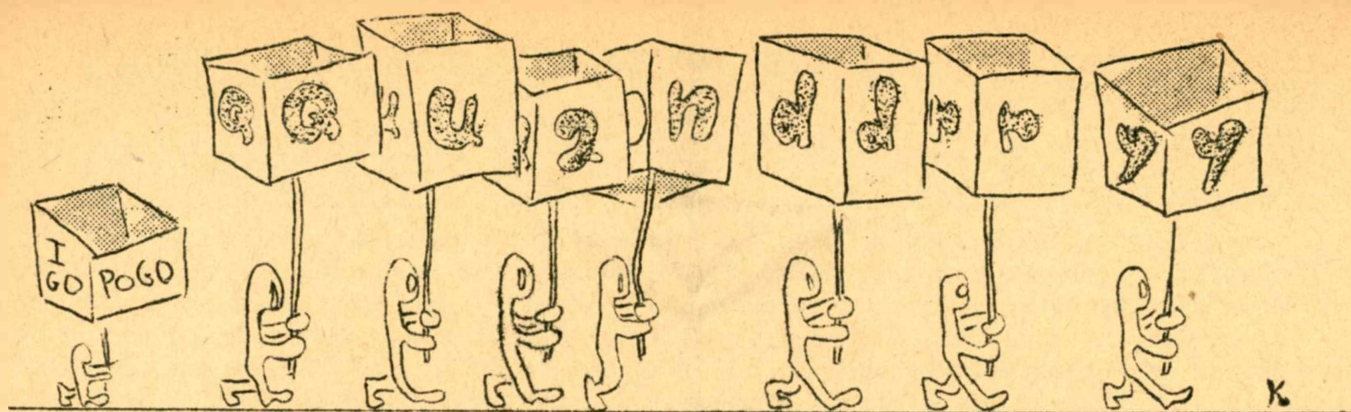
BEGINNING
CHICON
GOVERAGE

BEA MAHAFFEY
SPOKE TO ME!





Warth



#23 (again, this time for real)

October 1952

" The Birdbath-Lovers' Journal"

full of

contents.	1
Chaos yed	2
Harken a vital announcement.	3
Prelude to The Afternoon of a Con Elsberry.	4
O, Pioneers Harry Warner.	10
The Truth and the Consequences. Bob Tucker.	13
By Way of Review. . . about <u>Gunner Cade</u>	15
I Talked With God J.T. Oliver	16
Sez You Sam Moskowitz	18
Over At The Morrison (intorducing the Squidlies).	19

K-art by Kessel
Squidlies by Hoffman

"frontispiece" drawn and angeled by
FRED WARTH

Quandry #23 (last one was #22) is being published for the period of time beginning with October 1, 1952 and ending with the publication date of the next issue. Q will appear irregularly...as close to monthly as is conveniently possible. With this issue we begin many changes of policy which you will notice as you thumb through, if you will take time to read the portions that do not contain your name. Please enclose return postage when submitting material. All opinions are not necessarily those of the editor or William Hamling (who should be honored to find himself mentioned in a high class fanmag like this) or Jerry Bixby (who plays real mean piano). Ad rates are \$1.50 for a whole page or 80¢ for $\frac{1}{2}$ page.

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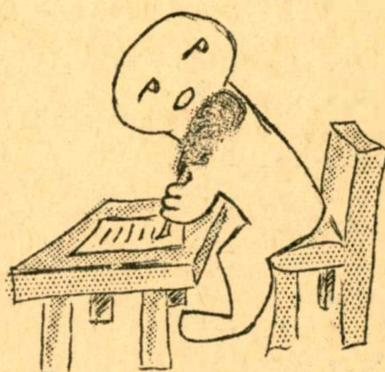
Lunar representative: Robert Bloch
Rainham's #1 Fan: Chuch Harris
Great great gran'paw: R.P. Graham
Chief card-marker: Wilson Tucker
Barefoot fan: W. Max Keasler
Silent partner: Redd Boggs

"You, too, can be drummed out of the N3F!"

MEMORANDUM

Lawdy,lawdy,lawdy, what a fortnite! We left merry olds Savannah on a Tuesday, by gosshawful Greyhound, and arrived around 30 hours later in Chicago. The next morn with Gran'paw Tucker we sojourned through the Rosenwald Institute, pushing push-buttons and peering at displays. Around 4:17 we went down to the bus station to wait for the arrival of Walter Willis, but the bus station was crowded and there was nowhere to sit so we went over to the train station and waited. Some 2 hours behind schedule,

IF YOU
MUST KNOW,
I'M WRITING A
NOVEL



Walt arrived. Soon thereafter fans began to arrive and clutter up the place. Somewhere in the basement of the Morrison somebody was holding a convention all about flying saucers and things. Up in the penthouse some huckster was playing a guitar and singing songs and things. Between the basement and the penthouse all number of things were happening, a great many of which will be reported in this and other fanmags, and a great number of which will never be reported. Heh. And I might ad that the thremals were perfect for flying paper planes off the 41 floor.

Well, some day or another the convention was over and Mr Tucker, who was going to New York to see his agent and editor, had picked up a carload of people and fans to be dropped off en route at such convenient points as Cincinnati, Ohio, and Columbus, Ga. Since there was no room for anyone else in the car and he was in a great hurry to get to N.Y., we invited ourselves and luggage along, and shortly arrived in Columbus, dropped the last other passenger, and stopped in at the home of Jay Oliver. A report of our visit, as recorded by Eagle-Eye Oliver will be found herein.

Leaving the Olivers, we made a quick jaunt over to Savannah where Tucker bummed bed and board at the Hoffman Hovel for long enough to have his tape recorder repaired, after a short incident with the dc current in the Morrison. Under whiplash, Mr Sweetbreath added his few words to the convention situation discussion and dropped a note to his patiently waiting agent. At last report, he was seen driving in the general direction of Bloomington, Ill. and muttering about his new book, THE BIRD-BATHNESS MAN.

So there's a thumbnail sketch of our adventures this past few days. Jay Oliver's covered our stay-over in Columbus, and Thad Sweetbreath has set aside the false rumors being circulated at present. In the next issue or so Walt Willis's report of his stateside adventures will begin. Meanwhile if you should want to know what happened in Chicago, sans the fannish trimming, try Science Fiction Newsletter, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill. And don't write and ask us what happened at the official program. That's Tucker's department.

Like we said last issue, this month we're gonna have a letter section in the old tradition of Q. So we got a nice take of letters for it, and even got one stencilled before we left for Chi. Now, if anyone can tell us what happened to the rest of the letters while ~~we~~ we were gone, we'll stencil them and run off a real old style Sez You. Or maybe you might send in some nice fresh letters for next month. We're willing to try again if you are.

"Mr Ziff thinks Mr (Edgar Allen) Poe is still writing good fiction."--Howard Browne

An announcement of earth-shattering import so

H A R K I E N

and take note 'cause this applies to you

No new subscriptions to Quendry will be taken after October 11, 1952, until further notice. Renewals will be accepted at the rates prevailing at time of renewal.

It is our intention to limit the circulation. We intend to drop it from the present 220-odd to 150 and to keep it to that figure. So if you want on the Ferris Wheel, climb on now before we start'er up again. It may be a while before we stop for more passengers.

If we feel that you're in danger of getting left off, say for instance you have three or less Q's coming on your present sub, there will be an "X" on this page in crayon. If this is the last issue due you, there is a warning slip somewhere stapled in. Otherwise fasten your safety belts for the take-off...

I'VE BEEN CALLED
UPON TO SAY A FEW
WORDS---



CHICAGO - 1952

Prelude To The Afternoon Of A Con

Blok came running into the bathroom. "Bob! Bob! Lee Hoffm&'s dead!"

Tucker had been soaking lazily in the bathub, reading the latest issue of FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION. For a moment he said nothing, then the magazine slipped slowly from his limp hand.

"How did it happen? When? Where? Why?"

Tucker lay back in the tub, a crushed and beaten man. "This is terrible. Who'll publish my convention report now?" He seemed bewildered.

"I'm not sure, Bob, but from what I hear it was murder. Some fans went looking for her and found her dead in her room. The house detective is up there now guarding the door. They aren't letting anyone in."

"What do they know about solving murders," said Tucker, his eyes taking on a gleam. "Those dumb cops will never find a clever fan. We'll have to solve this ourselves. Bob, go get McReynolds and Fred Brown. They're down in the bar. Tell them I want them. We'll apprehend this fellow before he knows what cavern to hide in!"

When Blok had left, Tucker took his head in his hands and let himself go. For countless minutes terrible sobs racked his body. He was a man who had lost much. He felt no need to hide his sorrow now.

"My poor convention report" he mumbled occasionally.

Tucker soon had the case outlined to McReynolds and Fred-Brown.

"And I won't leave this tub until we've got him," he said.

"How do you know it's a 'him'?" Fred-Brown's analytical mind was coming into play.

"I don't think it was a fan," piped in McReynolds. "It was a little green man."

"No, Mc, no little green men," said Tucker.

"I'm sure it was a little green man!" said McReynolds with finality and he sat down in a corner to sulk.

"You're making an ass of yourself!" said Tucker.

"I am not!" brayed McReynolds over his shoulder.

"I thought we might question a few people," said Blok. "I have them waiting in the hall." He let in the first one.

"I hear you had a little trouble with Lee, BurB." quiered fRed-Brown, when the first fan had been seated.

"Nothing big. She rejected a few of my articles. Said they were too dirty. I had Bog²s publish them."

"Well, just what do you know about Lee Hoffm&?" questioned Tucker.

"I knew Lee very well. She is Max Kessler's sixteen-year-old twin sister. "

"Huh?"

"Yes, Wayne told me. I trust him implicitly. It seems that their parents broke up while they were both quite young, one staying on in Savannah while the other moved to Missouri. This is the true story. I feel very sad for them."

"BurB, they're not brother and sister."

"Yes, they are. Sixteen-year-old twins."

"They're not related!"

"They are brother and sister!" BurB fairly shouted.

"I wish to confess," came a calm voice from the doorway.

"Bog²s! Not you. You're joking, surely?"

"I killed her." said Bog²s. "She asked me to do a convention report for Quandry. I told her no. I was too busy. The poor girl." Redd wiped a tear aside, "Her grief must have been so great that she went and shot herself. I feel that I am to blame. I'll go quietly."

"She...she...asked you to do a con report?" asked Tucker incredulously.

"Of course--who else is there?" Redd blew his nose briskly.

"We'll keep you in mind, Redd, if we run out of suspects." said fRed-Brown, "but right now I think you can go."

"I will wait in the hall until you realize your error," said Bog²s and stepped outside.

"This is getting us nowhere," said fRed-Brown, after BurB had left.

"You're right," agreed Tucker. He sloshed about in the tub for a moment.

"Blok. Get Kors Hack, Ish-back and 3E Vans, and see what clews you can dig up. Circulate. Be your inimitable charming selfs. I want news!"

"Can I go too, Bob?" asked Cal Kins who had been standing around, hoping to get a chance to towel Tucker off.

"By all means," said Tucker, "by all means!"

In the hall Cal Kins ran across Pal Raymer, the editor.

Elsberry (3)

"Deros" said Pal cryptically. "It was deros. They're down in the caves." He fixed a beady eye on Cal Kins. "Maybe you're next." A seedy looking character stood slightly behind Raymer, shaking his head in agreement. Cal Kins started to push past them. "Wait!" cried Raymer. "I hear voices." His eyes became glassy, dull and sightless. The change was hardly noticeable, yet Cal Kins waited.

After a minute of strained silence, Raymer cried out: "Yes! Yes! A brilliant idea. I'll use it for the lead story in the next issue. Come, Richard, we have work to do."

Cal Kins immediately went to the penthouse but found it in a state of near desertion. Only five or six fans sprawled dead drunk across and under the beds. One fan, lying right in front of the door, attracted Cal Kins attention for it looked as if he had been trying to leave the room. Cal knelt beside the prostrate form. A huge badge pinned to his lapel proclaimed him Chief Rump Inspector. A smaller pin said he was Hal Shapiro. Cal pried a mass of papers from his clenched fist, but found they were only membership blanks for the Invention II. Cal rolled him over, but found nothing. In fact the whole room looked fruitless.

Dejectedly Cal sat down on the edge of a large sandbox that the Little Men had provided for the juvenile fans, and began to poke listlessly around in it. His fingers felt something coldly metallic. He pulled it free. It was a gun.

The gun? thought Cal. Or just a relic of the old Capone days? Tucker would know. Brandishing it fearlessly, he started for Tucker's room.

"Well, what clues have you turned up?" asked Tucker dully.

"No clues." said Kors Hack.

"But another murder," said Ish-back.

"Cal Kins." said 3E Vans.

"Anything else happen." asked Tucker blandly, turning to Blok and giving the impression that Kors Hack, Ish-back and 3E Vans might be cigar store Indians for all he cared.

"But Bob, don't you care about Cal Kins? He was vice-president of the Tucker-Is-Our-Hero-Club." replied Blok.

"Never heard of him," said Tucker, peering at his big toe, which he had raised slightly above the water level.

"But the way he died..."

"Well?" Condescendingly.

"Someone crushed his skull with a copy of THE LONG LOUD BIRDBATH. The murder gun was found in his hand. He must have been onto something."

Tucker's eyes filled with rage, then slowly clouded over with tears.

"How...how's the book?" whimpered Tucker.

"Pretty bad, Bob." said Fred-Brown tenderly. "Binding's broken. Lots of blood-stains. And it was autographed too."

"I don't think I can look at it." Muffled sobs. "You fellas take care of it for me, will you?"

"Sure, Bob. We'll take care of it."

Lescole's penthouse was packed. Fannish entities and non-entities rubbed elbows in the midst of a crowd that milled about like bewildered herd of cattle. Lescole stood by the door, his eyes large and gleaming behind the thick rimmed glasses. He could see the ecstatic writeups forthcoming in Slant and other magazines, with his own name generously mentioned, of course. He was mentally congratulating himself when Bob Tucker entered with his stooge.

"Tucker! Glad to see you." enthused Lescole. "What are you doing out of the bathtub?"

Tucker smiled politely, and looked for the bar. "It wasn't a very soft tub," he said. His eyes roved over the room pausing momentarily at the sandbox and winding up at the bar. Blok was already descending on it like a big bird. He pushed forward through the crowd, amidst joyous cries of "Tucker! Tucker!"

"Yogurt on the rocks," said Blok, to the fan who was acting as bartender.

"Never heard of it. Here, have an Oppenheimer U-235," said Lea Jcubs, who busily tossed the necessary ingredients into a glass.

"Never drink out of a glass," said Tucker, "fulla germs. Streptococci, you know." He took a bottle from Jcubs' hand, read from the label: made fresh daily, and then drained the bottle. Blok glared at him, as Jcubs reached under the bar for a fresh bottle.

Someone gave Tucker a chair and he sat down. Fans crowded around, trying to catch a quick glimpse of him. Pawl Cox came up along with JT Ulliver and Ian Mac-Auley.

"Hi, Ian," said Tucker. Then added as an afterthought, "Hello, fellas."

"Well, how are you, Bob?" asked Ulliver. He waited for some sign of recognition.

Tucker smiled. "Just fine, fella."

Ulliver looked a little sad. "You remember me, Bob. JT Ulliver!"

Tucker smiled his smile. He began searching for some cigarettes.

"Quandry. I wrote some articles on your s-f books." began Ulliver, becoming flustered.

"Sure, kid," said Tucker. "How about getting me some cigarets. I seem to be out."

Ulliver scurried off like a huge pack rat to get Tucker's cigarettes.

Tucker's eyes roved the room. Possibly, someone in the midst of this mad gaiety was the murderer. Shelbe Veeck sat at a piano in the corner. He was idly beating the ivories and half-heartedly singing something called "The Girl With The Three Blue Eyes".

"You must feel pretty happy about getting Wilt Wallis over," said Bob Agberg.

"Yes," said Shelbe, rising to the occasion. "It was a struggle but we won. Many was the long night I stayed up counting the pennies as they rolled in. And even

when there were long stretches of several days with no contributions, I never gave up hope. I had made up my mind that Wallis would be here; and here he is." Shelbe's voice rose to a cathedral like tone. "Blood...sweat...tears..." said Veeck, in a soul-rending, heart-throbbing, passion-laden performance. Tucker could see a certain editor looking at the fan in a new light.

But great as Shelbe's performance was, it could not hold Tucker's agile mind for long. Into his vision crept the sight of Max Kessler, surrounded by a fawning, simpering hoard of admirers.

"I approve of sex!" said Kessler magnanimously. Dave Ish breathed a fervent sigh of relief.

Ken Bole was surrounded by a similiar group.

"Yes," he was saying, "I was one of the first to cry 'Huckster'. I could see this convention wouldn't be a success---too many old fans working on the committee and their only interest was money." He stopped to take a drink from his highball. "Sure, they've got a great program and a tremendous registration, but that's only to draw in more money. What do they take us for, a bunch of sheep! They don't pull the wool over my eyes. Bah!" He drained the glass. Someone handed him a full one, which he took without acknowledgement.

"You call this a party? Now in 770..."

3E Vans came in at that moment and approached Tucker.

"Turn up anything?"

"When I catch that (censored) I'll (censored)" said 3E heatedly.

"What's the matter?"

"Some (censored) lit my cigar when I wasn't looking!"

He stalked off, puffing furiously.

Ulliver came back with the cigarettes. Tucker never seemed to notice he'd been gone.

Through the open terrace doors, Tucker could see Wallis and Ackerm& standing at the edge of the roof, looking out at the city. He couldn't hear what they were saying at that distance, but he decided that it wasn't too important and turned his mind to other things.

"I feel awfully bad about Lee," said Wilt.

"Yes, yes." said Ackerm& impatiently, "it is terrible. Think of all the bad publicity the convention and science-fiction in general is getting. And me, the number one fan. Those newspapermen! Sensationalism--that's what they want. This could ruin all the good impressions that we've been trying to build up. The murderer had to be caught--and soon. Every hour hurts s-f more and more."

"But there are no suspects," Said Wallis sadly. "They very nature of a convention, with all the open rooms and running about, makes everyone suspect."

"Yes, yes, and that's why I don't think they'll find the killer." He paused a moment, then continued. "And that's why we'll have to fine one for them."

"What?"

"Anyone special you'd like to have put of the way?" asked Ackerm&, as if he hadn't heard Wallis's strangled voice. "Someone will have to be scapegoat. I was in favor of BurB but I don't think he'd be acceptable to Tucker."

"What about K@sler?" he asked, putting the decision on Wilt's shoulders.

"Max?" intoned Wallis, still not certain his ears were not playing tricks on him. "But...but Madeline likes Max."

"Yes, she does." said Ackerm& flatly.

Wallis hesitated a moment. "K@sler." he said, thurning the word over in his mind. "Why not?"

"Fine," beamed Ackerm&. "Excellent decision. Let's tell Tucker we've found his man."

K@sler sipped his Oppenheimer as Tucker outlined the evidence.

"And as Wilt pointed out, you had good reason to hate Lee. She did give you a bum rating in that poll she had in Q a while back. And we heard you were plenty sore about it."

"I didn't even place among the artists," said K@sler informatively.

"Sure, and that's why you killed her."

K@sler took a re-fill and deliberated a moment. "I thought about it," he admitted, "But I didn't do it. I'd almost made up my mind--but someone did a much better job than I could have ever hoped for."

"Whether you did it or not is immaterial," said Ackerm&.

K@sler's face took on a strange appearance.

"Max. Max!" K@sler pitched forward on the floor.

Blok knelt beside him and rolled him over. "Dead. Poisoned."

"Not another murder?" sounded Wallis.

"Maybe we can say he committed suicide. He do need a murderer so badly," contributed Ackerm&.

"Just a minute," said Tucker, a Charles Horne gleam in his eye, "Blok, how did you know he was poisoned?"

"How?" mimiced Blok. "Why...I..." he stumbled. "It must have been poison."

"And you were the forst one, I remember, to know that Lee was dead. You had a reason to kill her, too, now that I think of it." He looked at the group knowingly. "At the Midwescon she took over your identity as a joke. Only she played the part of Robert Blok so well that you were embarrassed. She made Blok the coldly calculating person you couldn't; you hated her for that. That's it, isn't it, Bob?"

"Yes," admitted Blok tiredly. He slumped into a chair.

"Well," began Ackerm& jovially, "We've got a murderer. Let's have a drink on that!"

"I wish to confess," came the voice of Redd Bog²s from the doorway. "I killed Max K@sler. He asked me to do a con report for Opus. I told him no. I was too busy. Poor boy! His grief must have been so great that he committed suicide..."

---Rich Elsberry

"The BEM Boats are a-comin'"

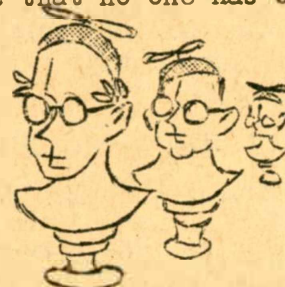
O PIONEERS

by
HARRY
WARNER

(this article, written especially for Quandry, is based upon the author's article of the same title in HORIZONS in the Spring '52 FAPA mailing.)

We've had fan histories, fancyclopedias, fan directories, fan dictionaries, even photo albums of fans. But the other day it occurred to me that no one has created the fannish equivalent of the baseball hall of fame. We've never tried to decide who our most important characters have been.

I'm referring now to the fans who have left the greatest influence on fandom. I'm not interested in the fans who did some particular thing first, or those who did that same thing in the most skillful fashion. The historian can dig out facts about the first group, and the polls take care of the latter category. The topic for today's sermon is the fellows whose activities in specific ways caused a lasting change in fandom, exerting an influence which is still felt today.

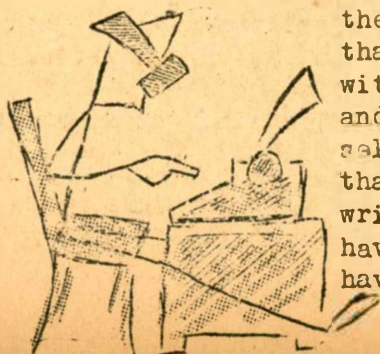


My list contains two extreme old-timers, one who is fairly recent in fan history, and the remainder are from fandom's middle ages. Originally I wanted to figure out the ten most important fan pioneers, but I couldn't recall anyone else of the same calibre as these eight.

The mastadons are Forrest J Ackerman and Jack Darrow. R.D. Swisher, Bob Tucker, Ray Bradbury, Claude Degler, and Jimmy Taurasi date from the middle ages. Francis T. Laney is the closest thing to a modern figure, for his fandom-shaking activities are centered around the last five or six years, despite his presence in fandom quite a bit earlier.

Ackerman isn't on this list simply because he was voted number one fan so often. His interest in Esperanto never acted contagiously on fandom, his collection wasn't unique for size, and for so famous a fan, he did remarkably little publishing and writing. But he's one of fandom's pioneers because he was the fellow who proved that you can make a full-time hobby out of science fiction without ending up in the booby hatch. You're liable to starve, your friends will think you've gone off the deep end, and you'll lose your sense of proportion, if you spend the time on fandom that Ackerman did, year after year. But no lasting harm will come to you, the police will let you alone and eventually you'll snap out of it. If Ackerman's reason had snapped at some dramatic moment, in the midst of a feud of convention, parents all over the nation would have snatched their adolescents away from hecko pads and staplers.

Jack Darrow is probably the least familiar name on the list to the current generation of fans. He was never an active fan, for that matter. He simply wrote letters to editors of the prozines with machine-gun regularity, letters that set down his likes and dislikes in non-spectacular fashion. Such letters would seldom be published by the prozines these days. But they proved that you can get a lot of ego-boo and fannish fame, simply by writing to the prozines. Ever since, the prozine letter columns have been the main recruiting ground for new fans. Jack didn't have anything remotely resembling a brain. He published no fan-



zines and has disappeared by now. He attended only one convention, the Chicon, I believe. There was quite a bit of preliminary publicity about the manner in which fandom's two elders, Ackerman and Darrow, would come face to face for the first time at this convention. When they did, they said: "Hello." History does not record that Darrow said anything else during the entire convention.

It's hard to put a finger on the single individual who is responsible for today's bibliography. Catalogues and listings had been published from time to time in the earliest fanzines. But I think R.D. Swisher is the important bibliophile. Before he came along, such work was tentative, clumsy and aimless. His checklists of fanzine titles was a model of accuracy and conciseness. He showed, too, that a really mature individual can do this sort of thing in spare time without alarming his whole community or alienating his wife. Furthermore, Swisher gave a graceful example of how to forget the whole thing when your research has become too much for you. I suspect that the monumental fan research projects of recent years were partly inspired by the huge pile of S-F Checklists: The Checklists showed that it can be done, even if it is a job.

Bob Tucker did the simplest, most obvious thing. He displayed a sense of humor in fandom. But that's enough to insert him into this hall of fame. Before he came along, no one had consistently kept an eye open for the ridiculous side of science fiction and fandom. Humorous articles in the fanzines were well compartmentalized; you didn't find bright remarks except in the items that were supposed to be funny from beginning to end. Tucker was older than the average fan, even fifteen years ago. He was more of a man of the world than most of us, and he realized that the average fan regarded himself and his hobby with too much intentness, too great a sense of mission. But it took real genius for Tucker to jab steadily at fandom's most sacred cows, without getting himself hated. He succeeded so well in injecting humor into fandom even the most serious young fans today lack the monumentally grim qualities of their ancestors.

This list must include Ray Bradbury. Other fans had sold stories to the prozines before he came along, usually because they were friendly with the prozine's editors. Ray, after a brief and undistinguished stretch of time as a fanzine publisher and dipper into Los Angeles fan politics, set a whole generation of fans to writing fiction persistently. He proved that even though you can't become number one fan, you might have talents in other respects. He wouldn't have made such an impression if he had been an obvious genius in his fanning, but he wasn't spectacular as a fanzine publisher or contributor to other fanzines. If he can become famous, I can, too, was the reaction that his success caused in the thoughts of a hundred or a thousand other obscure fans.

The list must include Francis T. Laney. He introduced realism into non-fiction fan writing. Before he came along, policy had been to hint darkly at scandals, drunken brawls, sexual deviations, and other unpleasant characteristics of fans. Laney made it a point to describe in detail these things. It made unpleasant reading for some. But it drove some of these unpleasant people away from fanning, it snapped some adolescents into a realization of how their actions seemed to others, and I think fandom is the better for it.

In a left-handed way, Claude Degler is among the most influential fans in history. He was the ideal horrible example who put fandom onto its guard against all-out screwballs. His sponging resulted in complete revision of the unwritten laws of fan hospitality. His Cosmic Circle was an unintentional parody on all fan organizations, showing by exaggeration the ways in which they are ridiculous. His insistence that fans are star-begotten and misunderstood but destined leaders of mankind was so startling that we no longer hear the old half-serious cry, "Fans are slans!"

Jimmy Taurasi is probably the fellow who has done the best work in liaison between fandom and the professional division of science-fiction. His knack of getting

FANFILE GREGG CALKINS

Somehow I wandered thru a stfless existance until I wandered from the land of Sunshine and multififerous newsstands into the dark and dreary lands of Utah. There I stumbled upon a new copy of Fantastic Novels one day in late '49 (not the gold rush year) and I didn't buy it. I later wished I had, because after that I had to buy it as a back issue. Nevertheless, in early '50 a copy of two of FN and FFM tempted me into the fold. From my first copy I started looking for back issues. In that search (through SSS and then AMF) I got tangled up with Vernell Coriell of the Burroughs Bulletin (long a friend of mine) (Burroughs, that is--I'd read his books since I was 11) and my first fanzine, altho I didn't know it at the time.

From collection to fandom is a short jump. Soon I gained a typer for my letters and any fan who has a typer puts out a fanzine, says Tucker. And I was no exception. About two years after my first copy of a prozine I put out OOPSLA!#1. More fun. Life since the first part of 52 has been one grand whirl of letters, fanzines, promags and egoboo.

But then there's the personal side of the matter. I prefer to consider myself "happy-go-lucky" rather than lazy, and "stocky" rather than hefty or chunky. Stand about 5'11" and weight on an average of 180-190 lbs--tho I must admit that most of the weight is turned off for feet, and if they were normal size I would be considerable taller. I'm blond (Dutch-German-English) and wear glasses, too. Likes: Q, SS, stuff by Tucker and/or Hoffman and/or Willis and/or Wick, Merritt's "Ship of Ishtar" and Heinlein's "Puppet Masters". Dislikes: people who like "serious" fanzines, and those uneducated lot who do not like science-fiction. FAPA forever!

-- Gregg Calkins

Who saved Courtney's boat?

Warner (3)

along well with almost all people came in very handy during the muckraking and all-out feuding in New York from ten to fifteen years ago. While mightier minds than his turned to childish mud-slinging, his journalism and reasonably calm conduct was a valuable force. Without his activities, I suspect that New York's professional editors and writers might have given up altogether on fandom and that would have been hard on conventions, municipal fan groups and recruiting. Fantasy News under Taurasi broke every rule of journalism, but it did give a fairly accurate picture of the day's fandom.

People like Wollheim and Lowndes completely upset fandom in the days of their activity. But they can't go onto the list. They were household names wherever fans lived at one time, but today's fandom is as if they had never touched a typewriter or said a nasty thing about Sykora. They didn't leave any lasting imprint. Fandom today ignores the implications of the vombis, and looks blank at the word "Futurian."

It's hard to be sure which of today's prominent fans will eventually end up in the hall of fannish fame. Retsler might, if he could convert fanzine editors to the principles of good makeup and unmuddled art. Lee Hoffman is the first all-out girl fan who isn't hanging onto the coattails of a brother, husband, or boy friend, and she might be the start of a matriarch fandom for the future. Unfortunately, hindsight is the only kind of 20-20 vision that does any good in viewing this type of a situation.

---Harry Warner

THE TRUTH AND THE CONSEQUENCES

BY THADDEUS F. SWEETBREATH

It is quite natural (if regrettable) that a mass of misinformation, misleading innuendo, veiled rumors and similar untruths should follow in the wake of a convention. Although Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans worked mightily to prevent dissemination of such false news, a certain amount of it did gain circulation -- to the detriment of science-fiction in general and fan conventions in particular. The purpose of this article is to throw the strong spotlight of truth on some of these shady reports, to erase base rumors from the minds of those who could not attend and must therefore rely on such slipshod newspapers as Science Fiction Newsletter for convention news.

1: "Reliable rumor" from "unimpeachable 'sources'" had it that four house detectives (not Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans) and an assistant manager descended en masse on room 1628 (said to be located on the sixteenth floor) and cleaned out a 'vipers' nest' there.

This is false, as the following exact details will reveal.

I am one of those who are very skeptical of all such reliable rumors coming from unimpeachable sources and so I made it my business to investigate this particularly vile report. After consulting a Chicago transit map and street guide (thoughtfully provided by the convention committee) I first discovered that room 1628 was indeed located on the sixteenth floor and that furthermore it ~~was~~ part of a suite of four rooms and a closet--the dry variety. These particular rooms had been rented by (and were sometimes occupied by) some gay young fellows up from Atlanta, popularly referred to as "the rebel element". These clean-cut American youths were of the traditional fun-loving variety and were definitely not a nest of vipers, so already much of the rumor has proven itself false. Investigating further I discovered that although four house dicks were involved (still not Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, and Evans), the hotel's ~~assistant manager~~ was not. Another part of the rumor proven false. The fifth man turned out to be some other hotel functionary and merely gave directions to the four house detectives.

Rather nasty whispers spoken from the corners of the mouth and behind palmed hands said that these five men had charged into room 1628 (on the sixteenth floor) and bodily ejected a hundred drunken fans, escorting them in groups to the elevators with strict orders to disperse.

This too is false.

There were not a hundred drunken fans in that suite of room; interested and impartial observers claim there could not have been more than ninety. It is true that these ninety fans were herded in groups into the elevators and ordered to disperse, but nothing was said about their not gathering again later. And besides, if one young fan had not passed out cold on the floor before the elevators, the vipers in 1628 (just about the fifteenth floor) would have not been discovered and raided.

The moral to this is that young fans should pass out in closets.

2: Another shady story making the rounds of jovial conventioners is that during the evening of the masquerade, a small group of costumed fans "stole" an elevator after shoving the operator out into the corridor, and proceeded to go joy-

riding up and down and across the shaft. This is blatantly false and based on mere wishful thinking plus fictional stories of New Orleans revelry.

During the evening of the masquerade only one fan seized the controls of an elevator (after the operator had stepped out into the corridor to watch the dancing and the "human fly" crawling along the ceiling). This single fan sent the machine scooting up to the ninth floor and retired to his room. Furthermore he was not costumed, it having been torn off him. It was said that he resorted to this act after becoming enraged by the poor elevator service and had no thought of actually "stealing" the machine for fun-loving purposes. When he found the machine handy, and empty, he did the only reasonable thing; being an honest fan he abandoned the machine at the ninth floor when he finished with it. The elevator was found there some hours later by the operator and the manager took proper steps to prevent a repetition and placed an armed guard in each machine to ride all trips. Elevator service did not improve, however.

3: It was whispered in the corridors on the thirteenth floor that George O. Smith had buttonholed John W. Campbell Jr and attempted to sell him fiction. This rumor is positively false and the name of the fan who started it is known. Smith never reached the thirteenth floor.

4: Many, many veiled and completely untrue stories are circulating about the science fiction bellboy who was known as "Loverboy". This young man, an honest and unright (sometimes) hotel employee was discovered, fetched ice and soda, procured entertainers, and generally enlivened any party to which he was invited. Plus some to which he was not. He serves the fans loyally and nobly, all for free, and in addition he encouraged his friends to do likewise. Some of us didn't discover this windfall until afterward.

5: It is untrue that the greater portion of the program was dull, or was slanted for a more mature audience. Despite the untiring efforts of Bloch, Korshak, Lshback and Evans, there were again present those habitual few who find fault with all programs. These four gentlemen worked from dawn until dark appeasing, placating and otherwise eliminating the critics, until finally the hotel janitor asked them to cease cluttering un the airshaft by throwing things from the windows. When some fans carped because the opening session started an hour and a half late, Mr Korshak thoughtfully postponed the proceedings another ten minutes to allow these fans time to climb upstairs and re-enter the hall. When Mr Ley complained that he had never seen a flying saucer, Mr Bloch thoughtfully accomodated him. It is not true that the hotel later submitted a bill for broken china.



HAVE YOU READ
THE LONG
LOUD BIRDBATH
THE ONLY FULL-LENGTH
NOVEL CONTAINING
LANOLIN-IMPREGNATED
CHLOROPHYLL !

BY WAY OF REVIEW

GUNNER CADE by CYRIL JUDD

Simor & Schuster; New York; 1952; \$2.75

This one is the story of a regimented mind confronted with problems that are not covered in the text books. The hero, Cade, is a Gunner, a sort of monk in an order devoted to Warfare. His Gun is his Crusifix, the symbol of all the things that he has been taught to look upon as almighty. He is happy and content in his way of life. Then, one day, he discovers himself to be an outlaw in a world that doesn't fit the maps of his training. And he, a Gunner sworn to be chaste, meets a woman. The woman inevitable to literature, as you might have assumed. And the Gunner follows through.

All in all, we enjoyed the book thoroughly. The plot was no Seventh Wonder of the Civilized World, but the writing and character work were well enough done to make up for plot deficiencies. Maybe you'd like it too.

"There's no doubt, fans will just have to be done away with." --Keasler

I used to like Lee Hoffman. But now, having lured me down to Savannah with a promise that she'd show me the swamp, she's forced me at the point of a stylus to sit down in cold blood and write something. I protest. I've only got one pair of pants with me and I can't afford to get them all covered with plasma. But if I don't I guess the plasma will be entirely mine, so I'll just give my first impressions of America.

1. America is very big. I thought this when I'd got as far as Chicago and then I learned there was some more of it behind the stockyards. This is quite true. It is called Los Angeles. The main peculiarity of Los Angeles --no matter what Laney says-- is that every part of it is exactly twenty minutes fast driving from any other part.

2. American fans are just like British fans, only more so.

3. American conventions are just like a Hoffman Conreport. The reason they are different from British conventions is that they are held in railroad stations.

4. There are at American conventions approximately ten times as many people as it is possible to talk to. I figure I left behind 47 unfinished conversations and about the same number that never got started, and yet I spent practically every minute I was conscious---not to mention many when I was not---peering at people's cards to see if they were somebody I knew.

5. The Morrison Hotel house detectives are the lowest form of low life. They prowl the hotel spoiling peoples' innocent pleasures and looking so sinister I was afraid we were all going to be murdered in other people's beds.

W.A. WILLIS

J T OLIVER

I TALKED WITH GOD

(sho nuff)

Thursday nite whan I got home from the dirty old cotton mill I found my mother in tears. I rushed in and asked, "What's the matter, Mommy?"

She couldn't answer. She just pointed toward my desk. I looked over and saw an opened telegram. Preparing myself for a shock I picked up the telegram and read the message: ARRIVING ABOUT NOON FRIDAY

BOB TUCKER

Then I knew why my mother was crying and carrying on so. More damn faaans! I sat down and cried, too.

We got up early the next day, had breakfast at the usual time, and then about thirty minutes later had dinner. We were taking no chances. We wanted to have all the food hidden away before any faaans arrived.

Then I sat around and worried. Twelve O'Clock came and no Tucker. I began to feel better. Maybe the telegram was a hoax; maybe Macauley or somebody else sent it.

Just as I was going out the door to go to work at 2 O'clock a green Stupidaker arrived. A faaan got out. "Are you Jay Oliver?" he drawled, in his Illinois accent.

"Nope, my name's Smith. Oliver moved this morning."

Tucker muttered something and started to leave, when he spotted my "I LIKE IKE" button which I had accidentally neglected to remove. His beady old eyes lit up with joy. "Aha," he sneered, triumphantly, "you can't fool me and Charles Horne (starring in RED BIRDBATH), because I know you're the only Republican in Georgia!"

What could I do? I had to admit it.

He came in and I sat and twiddled my fingers in boredom. Tucker plied me with questions about my fan activity, my short story writing, my private life, and tried to get the name and address of every girl who passed. I ignored him, as much as I could, but Tucker can ask more questions than any faaan I ever saw. Finally he brought out some of his own books, and started to tell me about them. I finally bought a couple, THE LONG LOUD BIRDBATH, and THE BIRDBATHLESS MAN, so he'd leave me alone. (I had been forced into buying a copy of THE CITY IN THE BIRDBATH some time earlier.)

Finally he stopped talking and posed like The Thinker. Thinking he might be sick, I asked what was the matter. "I think I forgot something," he said. Then, a moment later, he exclaimed, "Eureka!" and dashed out to the Stupidaker. He opened the luggage compartment and took out ---not a bottle, not a deck of cards, not even the ten of clubs, but -- A GIRL!

I was too shocked to speak. My tendrils quivered and I instantly recognized her as Lee Hoffman. I hastily ran out and welcomed her into mine humble house. We locked the door in time, and Tucker could only peer in. Then I sat down and stared at Lee Hoffman, Georgia's gift to fandom. She explained that she had started home on the bus but for some mysterious reason a wheel ran off and then the gay deceiver in faaan's clothing and his carload od happy tourists had just "happened" to come along and offer her a ride.

Finally I suggested that we go downtown for a milk-shake. On opening the door

Oliver (2)

we found Tucker still there and he insisted on tagging along. Even the DDT didn't help. When we were seated in the booth, the waitress came over and took our orders. "Gimme a chocolate," Tucker demanded, "and in it I want a raw penguin egg."

She went off with the order and Tucker sat there and snickered. I don't know why. When the order arrived Tucker tasted his and then exclaimed, "My god, she did put a raw penguin egg in it."

What did he expect, I wonder? Can't you get what you order in Illinois?

Well, finally it was time for Paul Cox to come home, and we went up there. He was not in the least bit surprised to see them, being a slan-type critter, too. Tucker kept asking me questions, complaining about rental libraries, the distribution and sale of his books, and other subjects of interest to him.

FLASHBACK: Sometime during the afternoon Tucker dragged us into a local book store, failed to find any copies of CITY IN THE BIRDBATH, and worried the poor woman to death (it was suicide, she stabbed herself to death with a sharp quill pen). I tried to drag him away, but he wouldn't leave, not until she would promise to stock several dozen copies of THE LONG LOUD BIRDBATH.

He got a haircut too, by pushing a small innocent boy out of the barber chair. The haircut only cost him 40¢, compared to \$1.25 in Illinois where they use scissors instead of sheep-shears. Now he plans to return to Columbus regularly every three months to get it cut again.

After leaving the barber shop we passed in front of the local Republican headquarters and Tucker fainted. It took two Democrats chanting, "We never had it so good!" to revive him.

FLASHBACK TO PRESENT: Tucker roamed around town, trying to local Junior Kelly, Robert Cox, David Johnson, and other Columbus fan-types, but they had received warning in time and were then in hiding.


Some time later we finally got rid of Mr Tucker. We were sorry to lose Lee Hoffman, but that's the price we had to pay.

Fandom is a sad way of life.

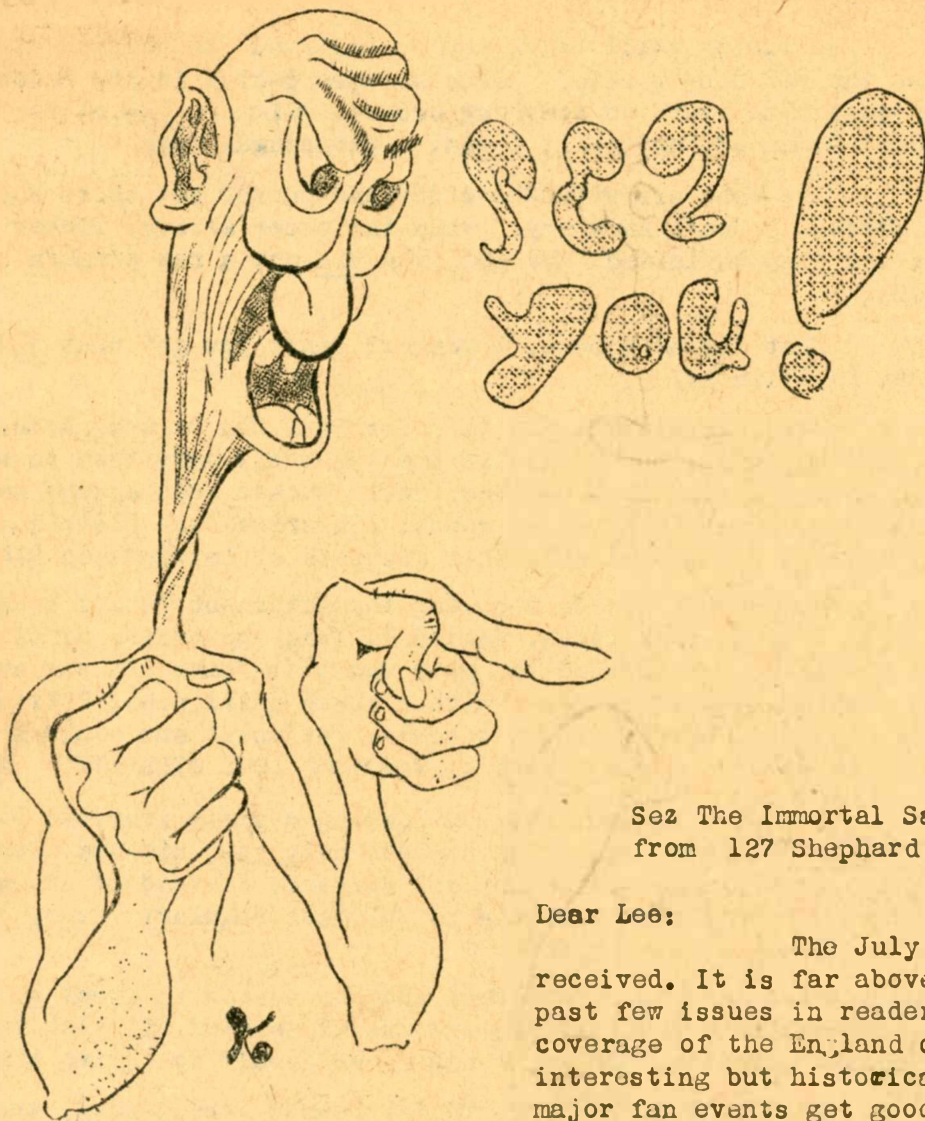
-- J.T. Oliver

"My mags are strictly for laughs"

...Sam Mines in Chicago



This man has just taken his army physical -- He is hoping desperately that he'll be declared 4F --- So is the Army.



Sez The Immortal Sam Moskowitz
from 127 Shephard Ave, Newark 8, N.J.

Dear Lee:

The July issue of Quandry received. It is far above the standard of the past few issues in readers interest. Willis's coverage of the England convention is not only interesting but historically valuable. Too few major fan events get good fan coverage any longer. Everyone assumes the other fellow going to do it. Astounded to see that old has-been Jack

Speer pop up off a sudden (I'm just trying to start a feud). He has a point. Silverberg always interesting but precisely what was "strange" about my article in the Journal of Science Fiction? I've been battling irrate editors and authors ever since it appeared. Truth hurts!

Best Wishes

[Sam Moskowitz]

"a feather"

HOW TO AVERT A BREAKDOWN

-advt.

It's eqsy Faneds! Just don't ask to read "Conquest by Frustration"

I decided to write a little fantale byt my hero (?) took the bit in his fangs and didn't stop galloping for 4,000 words! Obviously no Faned wants to fill his zine with that much guff so I didn't even send it out. In short--I'm stuck with it.

But--if you are strong of heart; pure of soul; and weak of mind--and if you have a giant upcoming annish to fill--drop me a card asking to see "Conquest by Frustration." You'll be amazed how fast it reaches you, art work and all. And be it on your own pointy head!

write: P.H.E. - P.O. Box 456 - Coconut Grove Sta. - Miami 33, Fla.

-advt.

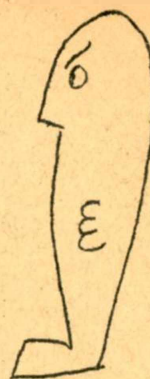
OVER AT THE MORRISON



OH, MR SMITH!
WHEN ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO SOME
MORE STORIES
FOR ASTOUNDING?



WHAT WAS
IN THAT
DRINK?



BUT I DON'T
WANT TO
BUY A COPY
OF THE
DON DAY
PROZINE
INDEX!



WHY,
MR
KEASLER!



WHY,
MR
TUCKER!

ARE
YOU
SURE
THAT'S
ROBERT BLOCH?



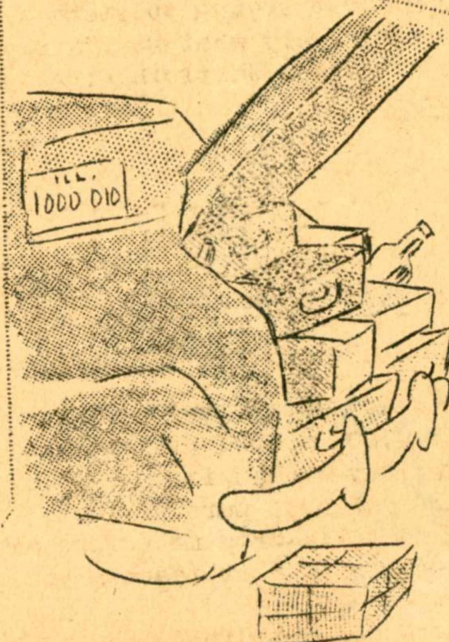
YOU MEAN
YOU FELLOWS
DRINK ALCOHOLIC
BEVERAGES?

GEE, MR
WILLIS, I
WISH I
COULD READ
YOUR WRITING.

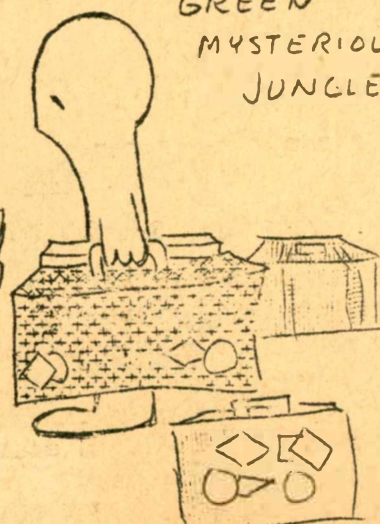


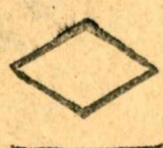
GAD, NO!
I ONLY WRITE
IT!

WHAT, YOU
READ SCIENCE
FICTION?



"INTO THE
GREEN
MYSTERIOUS
JUNGLE"





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