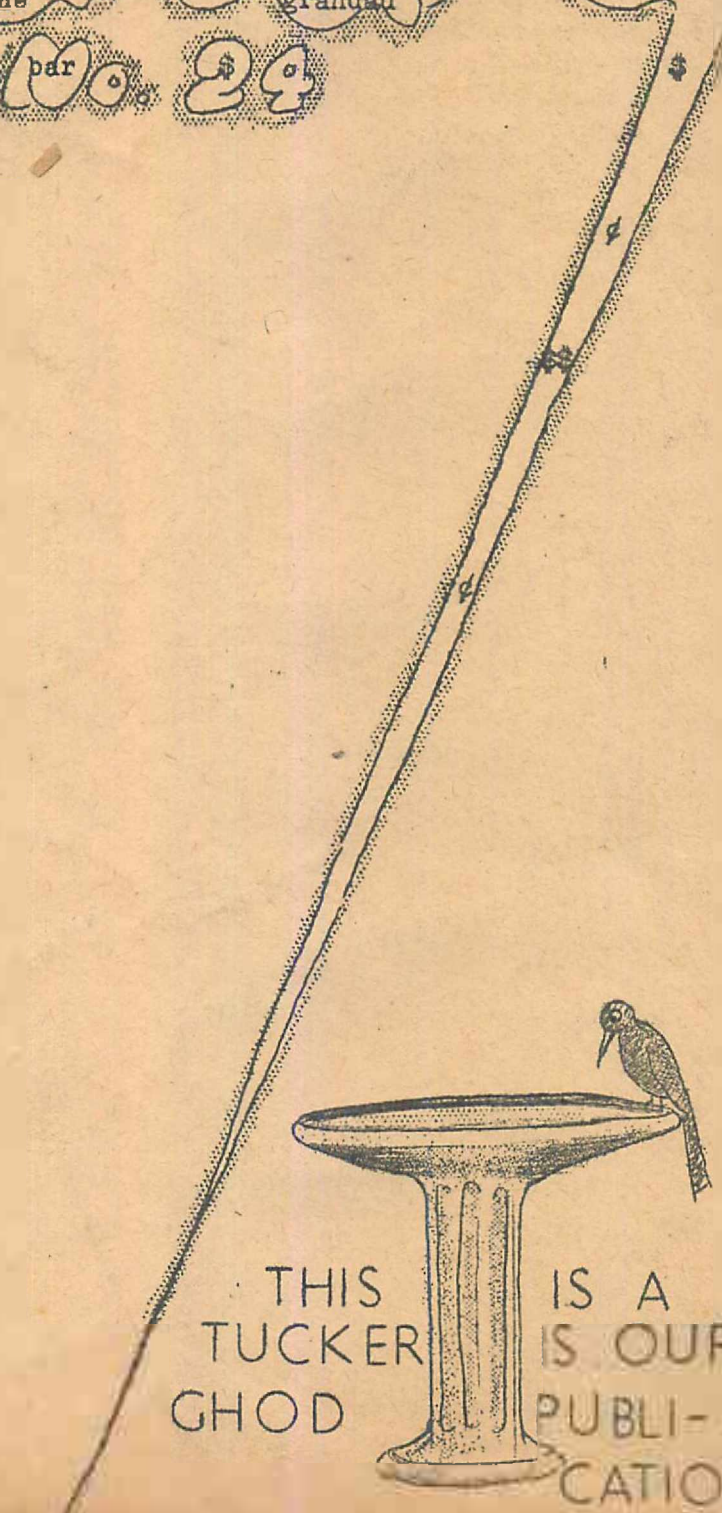
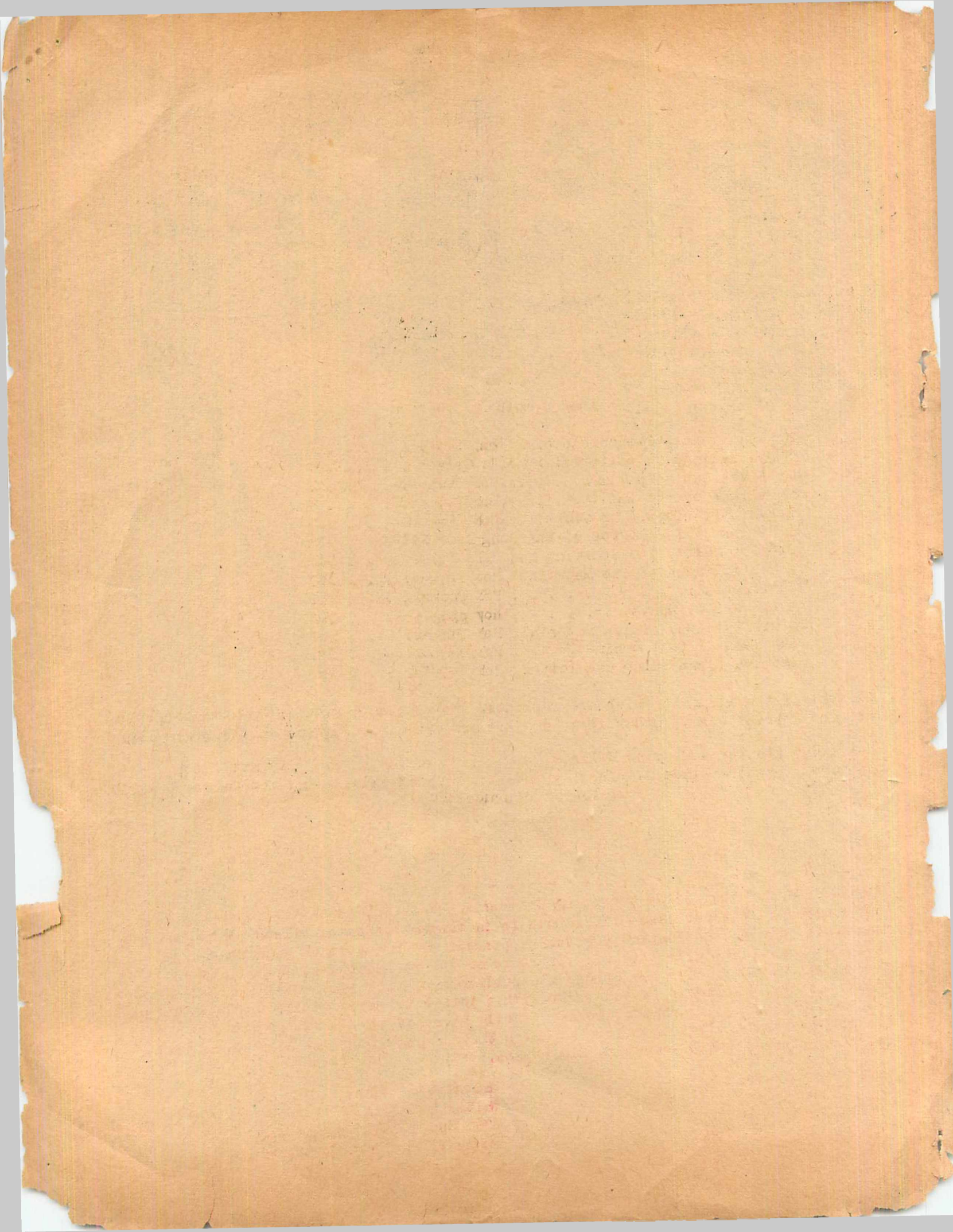


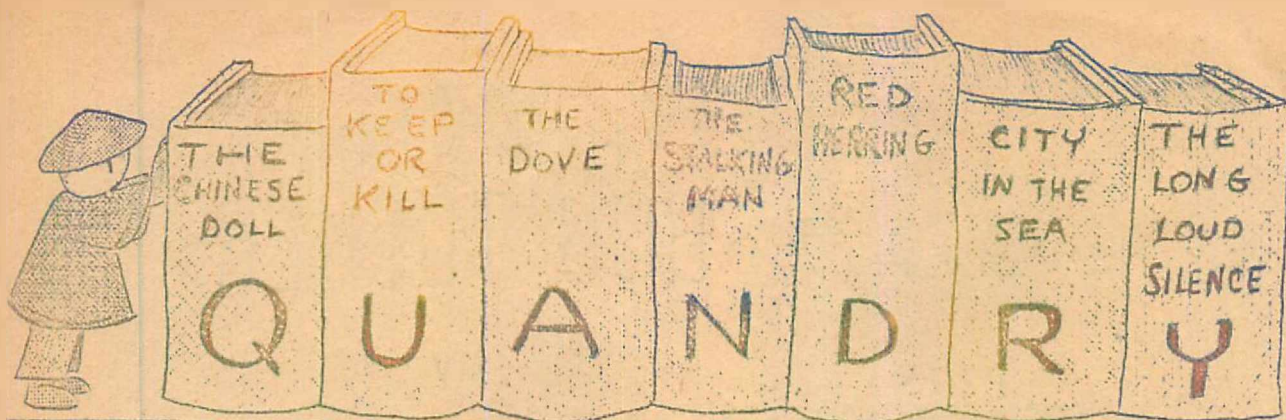
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 Wilson Tucker--HOT PING PONG--
 \$\$\$THE CHINESE POLICE\$\$\$THE DOVE
 CHARLES HORNE--BT
 LeZombie--
 To Keep Or Kill
 Bob Tucker-
 WILSON TUCKER-
 Grandpappy-
 THE DOVE--Boob--
 Rosebud-\$-Variety--D'Journal
 Charles Horne-\$\$\$-Chicon I--
 THE STALKING MAN--Tucker
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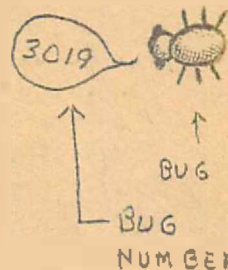
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#24

"The Fake Fans' Almanac"



loaded with

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several of the items in this are reprints. The source is credited at the beginning of each reprint item. Other items and art are original. Pigeons on the grass, alas.

Assistant stapler - Charles Wells
Undercover agent - Vince Clarke

Osculating fan - Robert Bloch
Chief bottle-emptier- George O Smith

Color by Technicolor

QUANDRY #24 for the period beginning October 9, 1952, mailed on that date and being the second October issue this month is in commemoration of Wilson (Bob) Tucker's twentieth year in the fanzine publishing cosmos, and his seventh published book, released coincident with this Q. There is no (or at least very little) truth to the rumor that Mr Tucker has bribed the publisher of this fanzine to publish a Tucker-issue. Mr Tucker is too tight with a dollar to bribe anyone to do anything. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or Charles Horne. Subscription by invitation only. Ad rates \$1.50 a page, 80¢ per half page. Circulation limited (this issue) to 215 copies.

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A SOMEWHAT different

CHAOS -

WHY I HATE BOB TUCKER

by

J.T. OLIVIER

.....
At the editorial typer-keys this issue :
we have a man most qualified to speak :
on the subject of Bob Tucker, namely :
J.T. Oliver. So...
.....

a guest editorial

This issue of QUANDRY, though published only a short time after the regular issue, is long overdue. After many specialized fanzines like the WILLISHES, BRADBURY REVIEWS, BURROUGHS BULLETINS, etc. someone has finally got around to honoring Bob Tucker, who is the spirit of fandom.

I first discovered Tucker when Dell reprinted THE CHINESE DOLL. After reading this book, which I considered to be one of the best mysteries ever written, I wrote Tucker a letter, we began corresponding, and I kept reading his books. After much reading I decided he was one of the best writers in the business.

Bob Tucker is perhaps best known in fandom for his humor. Who can pass up an opportunity to read a fanzine article by him? And how many fanzine editors have neglected to beg him for material? Bob has been called the man who gave fandom its sense of humor. But his humor isn't limited to fanzine work --- you will find it in his professional work too. Perhaps the best examples are THE TOUNIST TRADE and another short due soon from F&SF. These are what is referred to as "humorous stories", but even in his more serious work, such as RED HERRING and THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, there are humorous situations, and gags with double meanings, etc.

As an amateur writer, like many of you, I pay a lot of attention to the writing in a story. Over the years, since his original sf shorts, Tucker has developed into one of the slickest, most professional writers I have had the pleasure of reading. You won't find anything trite or pulpish in his work. (And Boucher says TO A RIPE OLD AGE is Tucker's best short yet!)

But no matter how busy, or how much money he makes, Bob is still a fan, like us. Having recently met Bob in person, I can tell you that he is really a fan, despite his self-voiced claim to the titles "dirty pro", "fake fan" and "huckster". So it is a great pleasure for me to be able to take part in this special issue, published in honor of Bob Tucker's twenty years in fandom, and the publication of his seventh book---one of the best damn books I ever read---THE LONG LOUD SILENCE.

-J.T. Oliver

So, friends, we bring you some selections from the works of Bob Tucker. We're sorry if your own favorite bit of Tuckerana is not included. Our sources of material are somewhat limited, as is our space. We hope you enjoy this writing as much as we have. But think, as you read and chuckle, how much fun we had, reading and hunting through old fanmags, for the material to fill this.

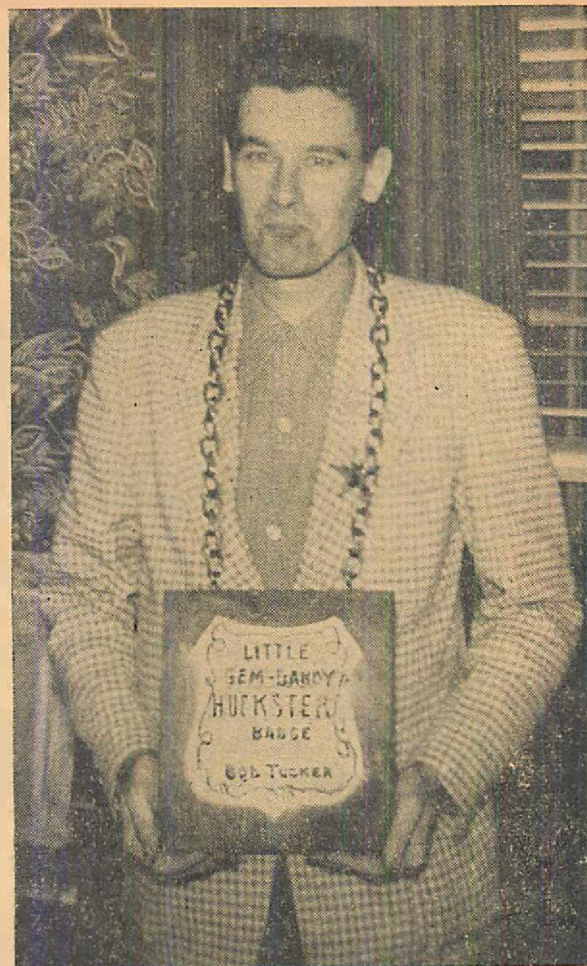
ever thine...leeh

autobiographical data

MY LIVES AND TIMES (UNCUT)

by BOB TUCKER

Arthur Wilson Robert Bob Tucker is seated glumly at his ancient desk, absently playing a tune on his new typewriter while awaiting an inspiration. The tune is unrecognizable and stridently off-key which is strictly in character. The house is quiet; the other occupants long since retired, the lights are low and the cat has been put out for the night. Suddenly there comes a timid knocking at the window. Enter Hoy Ping Pong, a wily Oriental.



(bug)

--Badge by Gregg Calkins--

Hoy: "Hoffman sent me."

AWRBT: "Why? I don't owe her any money. Just the opposite, in fact. She owes me about four dollars worth of grits. Do you have them there in your pocket?"

Hoy: "Please. I am on a serious mission. Let us not speak of dollars and grits. Hoffman sent me."

AWRBT: "You said that. Why?"

Hoy: "To interview you, to obtain your autobiography."

AWRBT: "My autobiography? Whatinthehell for?"

Hoy: "To print in her fanzine Quantum, of course. She has some crazy idea in her head to parade your vicious past before the tender eyes of her readers." He paused to laugh nastily. "She stressed the importance of obtaining a factual autobiography. That means you will have to omit the usual lies."

AWRBT: "I'm blamed if I understand this."

Hoy: "You and me both, chum. To think of all the decent fans she could immortalize in Quadrant!"

AWRBT: "Oh well, we BNFs in the public eye must submit to this torture. Our public must be served! Where shall I start?"

Hoy: "With your birth, of course. And please--! Let's not have that coy stuff about being born in a bed beside your mother. And I do not believe in storks, bull-

autobiography (2)

rushes and cabbage leaves."

AWRBT: "You're a hard man, HPP. I was born on a farm near Peoria. The structure didn't happen to be a log cabin so I suppose I can never be president. It was shortly after midnight on November 23, 1914. I happen to know those facts because Hannes Bok recently did my astrological chart. And do you want to know a funny thing?"

Hoy: "No, Hoffman said this has to be factual."

AWRBT: "This is factual, dammit! Until a few months ago I was never officially born at all. When I wrote to the county courthouse to get a copy of my birth certificate for Bok, I was only a blank space on the records. It seems the doctor forgot to send in his report of smething. The courthouse people made me fill out an affidavit testifying that I existed, and it had to be signed by a blood relative older than myself. I don't mind admitting the affair had me worried for a moment--I might not have existed, you know."

Hoy: "That, indeed, would be a terrible blow to fandom. What's all this business about the five names in your name?"

AWRBT: "Two of them are phonies. I'm not Robert nor Bob. Somewhere along the way I picked them up and they've stuck ever since. I suspect that my younger brother and sister began by calling me Bub, which was changed to Bob as they grew older. And I don't care much for Arthur, so use the the Wilson as a pen-name."

Hoy: "We'll get around to that in a moment. Hoffman said to dig out the facts on your fan career, to search the hoary records."

AWT: "Oh, come now, I'm not a grandfather yet, but I suppose I will be soon. I've got a sixteen year old daughter, you know."

Hoy (leering lecherously): "I know!"

AWT (gazing dreamily into space): "I started fanning in 1931. The year before that I had discovered a stack of the old Argosy magazines in somebody's closet, and began reading Ray Cummings' stories. "Brand New World" was my first science fiction serial, and converted me. About that same time, I was serving my apprenticeship as a stage-hand in the theatre and the actors were forever leaving old copies of Weird Tales lying around. That did it! By the summer of 1931 I had found the other magazines on the newsstand and was buying them fitfully. That year I sent my first letter to Astounding Stories and wound up with several pen-pals. I don't know who sent me my first fan magazine; I've forgotten what it was. But when Schwartz and Weisinger mailed out the announcements of the forthcoming The Time Traveller, I subscribed, and was stuck forevermore. The following year I issued my own first little effort."

Hoy: "I've heard about that! Quite a stinker, wasn't it?"

AWT: "In all candor, it was several degrees lower than the first issues of fan-zines today. I called it The Planetoid and dated the first issue December, 1932. It was received with such overwhelming silence that it died with the second issue. After that I confined my fanning to other people's magazines; the Science Fiction Digest, the Fantasy Fan, and so forth. That is -- for a few years. In the spring of 1935 I burst forth once more with The D'Journal, which was a club organ."

Hoy: "What club?"

AWT: "The Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Science Fiction Magazines." (Dryly) "You've heard of it, no doubt. Wollheim and I battled back and forth for several months; but the club and I both died a rather sudden death in 1936. . . Astounding Stories printed a letter (written by a Bloomington girl) that I had died after an operation. I'm fairly sure that I did no such thing, but have you ever tried to stop a snowball going downhill? Most of 1936 fandom had me dead, and that was that. My fan activity almost ceased; beyond a few letters to maintain contact I did nothing more until 1938 when I joined FAPA, and 1939 when I again issued a fan-

autobiography (3)

zine. It bore the same title, D'Journal, but was a humorous paper of a general nature."

Hoy: "I was born in there somewhere."

AWT: "You were born in 1934, in a letter to Wonder Stories. I wrote a 'funny' convention report and signed your name to it. The thing was printed and presto, you existed."

Hoy: "Thank you, kind sir."

AWT: "Don't mention it. You've served your purpose. Meanwhile D'Journal folded after the third issue, but I was already interested in other things. I published the 1938 and 1939 Yearbooks, which were indices to the science fiction magazines for those years."

Hoy: "Aren't you forgetting LeZombie?"

AWT: "Indeed I'm not! I merely postponed mention of it, to cause you to ask that question. You're still serving a purpose, Buster. LeZombie was my pride and joy. My little record breaker. It ran for ten years and received more "first-places" on polls than Tom Dewey. It began in December 1938, as a two-page supplement to Jimmy Taurasi's Fantasy News; at first it was an advertising sheet and then it became a "humorous" comment paper, poking fun and criticism at fellow fans and publishers. Soon it stepped out on its own as a subscription fanzine and ran the gamut--weekly, bimonthly, monthly, quarterly, and finally annually. The final issue was published in Canada, in July 1948, for the Toronto convention. That final issue was number 63, and I doubt if there are half-dozen complete sets of it in existence today. Right now I'm giving serious thought to bringing out an anthology of articles and stories from it--a sort of "The Best of LeZombie".

Hoy: "As your mouthpiece, what do I say next?"

AWT: "Nothing--I'm still talking. Shortly after LeZ came the Bloomington News letter; the name has been changed to Science Fiction News ditto. Currently enjoying its 27th issue. And that just about covers the high spots in the hoary career you mentioned."

Hoy: "Thank you, sir. Hoffman said, what about the dirty old huckster in you?"

AWT: "A mere sideline, I assure you. Cigaret money, really."

Hoy: "Some cigarettes!" He yawned, openly bored. "All right, you're fairly itching to yak some more. Let's have it."

AWT: "I bought a typewriter in 1931 and immediately wrote a story for Argosy. They immediately rejected it. That discouraging business continued for ten years until in 1941, Fred Pohl bought my first story for Super Science Novels."

Hoy: "Was it?"

AWT: "It was not! Neither super, nor scientific, nor a novel. It was pure old unvarnished space-opera, and a short story. It netted me ~~up~~ a word and I was a sudden millionaire. In the next four years I made magnificent strides--I sold four more stories, and finally said to hell with it. One sale a year was too little, so I turned to books. There wasn't much of a science fiction book market in 1946 (and I wasn't much of a science fiction writer), so I tried the mystery field. Sold five novels in a row and enjoyed very good sales for that medium; two were taken by book clubs, four were reprinted in pocketbooks, and four foreign countries have again reprinted them. Being something of a dope, I abandoned this happy state of affairs and took a flyer with a "science fiction" novel. It sold, bit not well. Two more similiar novels followed but sales reports are not in as this is written--I may find myself back in the mystery field very shortly."

Hoy: "Well, that just about winds it up. Where's the bibliography you were supposed to furnish?"

AWT: "The dirty pro stuff is on page 14 and the rest in the back of the mag. Now if you'll turn to the bottom pf page 17, we can finish off this autobiography."

MUMBLINGS

by
The Mumbler

Mr Palmer Gnashes His Teeth: Writing in the February 18th issue of Fantasy News under the title, "The New Fandom" the right honorable RHP, exalted bigwig of Amazing Tales and points west, clamps his molars down hard on our little antisocial body known as fandom. Of course, with some justification from his point of view.

Said Palmer: "The greatest thing ever to happen to science fiction has happened, and the "fans" have missed it entirely--because they did not read it!" This unduly surprises and chagrins him.

And forthwith RHP develops a hard-on at the "fans" expense. "After seven years," he continues, "I gave them something great--and learned it is actually true that they buy the magazine but do not read it." Aside, we can't help but wonder if it will take him seven more years to discover why "fans" do not read his magazines? He should also come to realize that after seven years the "fans" distrust the adjective 'great' when used by him. He's the boy who cried 'great' far too often.

However, he says later in the piece: "I am referring to Richard S. Shaver's "I Remember Lemuria," which is two things--1) the "new" science fiction; 2) bot fiction!" Let's skip the fine contradiction without comment and peruse the next bit of the letter:

"Fandom has an organization about which they have boasted. Here is something they could have pitched in and helped develop. Now they are too late. Overnight a new "fandom" has sprung up, with a powerful organization which will get all the credit. All the fans can do now is sit helplessly back and watch the fireworks. For a solid year I warned them of what was coming--but outside of those I told in person on their visits, the warning went unnoticed because it was not read."

Well, whaddya know about that? We sure missed the boat all right. To be sure, we didn't read the Lemuria story and so of course do not know what credit and what fireworks he is referring to, but it sounds mighty spectacular. We like a good show, and we are quite an enthusiastic fireworks-watcher when it comes down to that. But at the moment we must confess we are more interested in this "new fandom" that sprang up one surprising night.

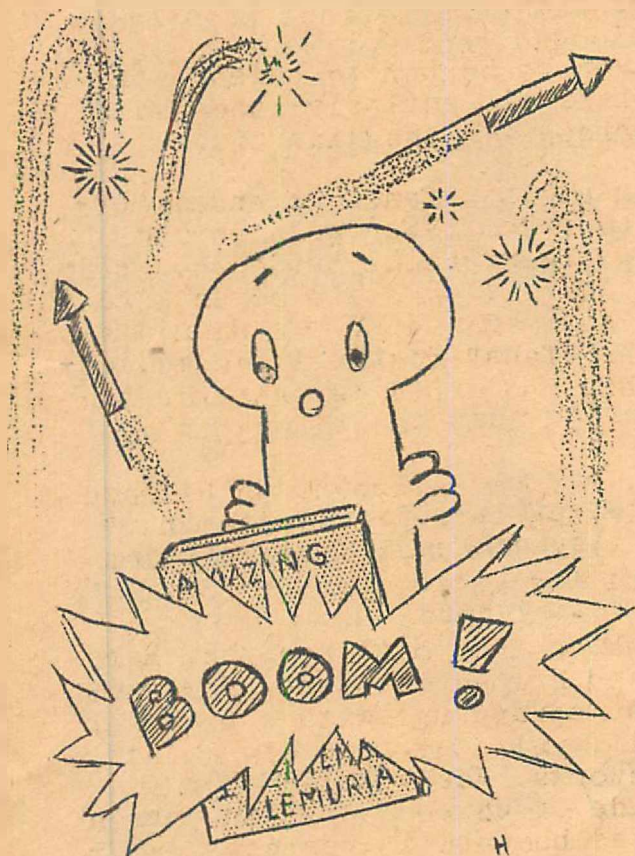
We suppose this means the dismal, unhappy end of our old and unresponsive fandom--lacking as we do a sensitive nose for great stories.

We can picture it now: our tottering, useless organizations such as the NFFF, the FAPA, the SASFA, the LASES, and yes, the Cosmic Circle falling by the wayside in pitiful, odorous decay. All because we will get no share of the credit. And there are the dingy fanzines: Acolyte,

Chenticleer, Shangri-L'Affaires, Vom, Fanewscard and even Rosebud, tumbling to the ground like dead autumn leaves. Shamelessly cheated of their fair share of the credit. Ah, what a sad, sad, fate--all because we cannot stomach great stories.

Alas, we are done. Sic transit--you know. A new fandom has sprung up around us, quietly and without warning, to take the credit and shoot us some fireworks. We had only baseball games, dollar benquets, exclusions and first-run-movies---they have fireworks.

Goodbye Ackerman, goodbye Ashley, goodbye Burbee, goodbye Laney, goodbye Sehnert, goodbye Dunk, goodbye Speer, goodbye Liebscher, goodbye Chauvenet, goodbye Gray, goodbye Watson, goodbye Swisher---you are but helpless bedreggled has-beens, too late to plunk down your quarter and purchase membership in the new fandom of Lemuria. The new fandom with fireworks.



Gone indeed are the wonderful days of old when we could gather at conventions and swill gin; gone are the poker games; the hotel-room hooliganism; the hot-air oratory; the money-making auctions; the romping days and nights of slens gone mad. The old fandom is dead. The new fandom has appeared and taken the credit. With fireworks.

Yes, you are done, done, done, because you are stupid, you out there. But not us--oh, no, not us. We're smart. We are going to dash out tomorrow and purchase a back-copy of the issue in question. Perhaps this new fandom publishes a fanzine or two--and we are completionists, you know. So long, helpless has-beens. We'll think of you now and then with a tear in our eye, when we are composing articles in the new fandom of Lemuria. Articles containing fireworks.

Mr Tucker Gnashes His Teeth: It's hard on our upper plate, but we do gnash them gnaw and then. We are currently gnashing them. We have to move; pack up and skedaddle. But not because we neglected to pay the rent or some trifle such as that. The house has been sold from under us as surely as the termites had eaten it away. Perhaps they have.

Not that all this means much to you, but it does to us. Because not many months ago we sunk a sizeable sum of our own dead money into redecorating our two-room upstairs den. Repainted everything, bought a new bookcase, and things like that. Now we have to move. We gnash.

Still Mumblings from ROSEBUD #4

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It has been said that some things are fit for neither man nor beast. Inasmuch as fen fall into neither group, we give them the above.

---from Mumblings by the Mumbler
ROSEBUD #4, April 1945

THE LEZ FICTION DEPT

Boob Tucker

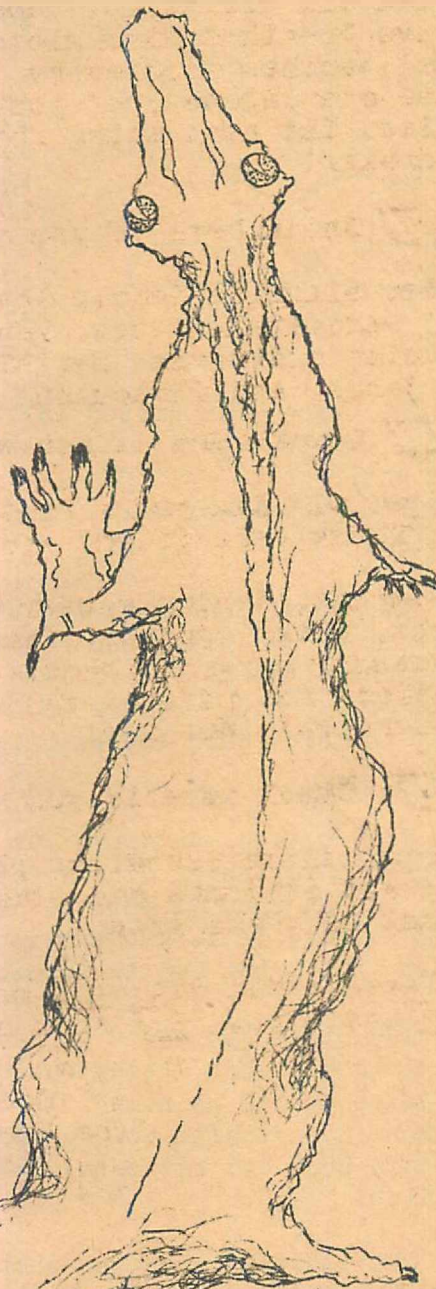
The Great Fan had signified his intention of attending the Banquet!

This electrifying news darted about the convention hall like wildfire. Speculation ran rife and petty politics instantaneously sprang into being, every attendee desiring the spectacular honor of being seated next to the Great Fan. The newer and younger fans harbored no hope of winning such seats, possessing neither sufficient prestige nor money to favorably influence the convention host. Instead, they swarmed about one or another of their favorite big fans, building up his visible following and eagerly chipping into the hat to help buy him a choice position.

Few there were present who had ever seen the Great Fan; he seldom attended fan affairs. Groups of admirers quickly formed about those old timers who remembered him and had associated with him in the old days. Everyone knew the Great Fan of course! Why, he held gratis lifetime subscriptions to every fanzine published, little tokens of respect tendered him by reverent editors. No one ever dreamed of usurping his position as the Number One Fan of All Time.

So great was his popularity, so immense was his prestige that poll takers never so much as asked voters to name a fan for first choice. The Great Fan's honored name was automatically printed in the top position on the ballot, while voters simply fill in their selections for the number two fan, and on down.

The convention host proudly exhibited the somewhat soiled postal card on which the startling news had arrived. Fabulous sums were offered for its



The Great Fan (2)

possession. Young fans timidly pressed forward to touch their fingers lightly to the communication. Visibly, their chests expanded in self-pride.



The Great Fan never wrote letters, never entered into correspondence with anyone. As a matter of courtesy and respect to his unquestioned position he was always tendered invitations to every fan affair. He usually ignored the invitation, thus simply letting it be known he would not be in attendance. When, upon rare occasions, such as this, he did accept, he merely sent a blank postcard in silent reply.

The host knew the Great Fan condescended to attend the Banquet, but not the convention proper, because the Great Fan had caused to be deposited on the back of the card a single, dried gravy spot.

As is usual and expected, the convention ran late. Thus it was that the auction was still in progress when the Great Fan arrived. Everything stopped like magic. Everyone stared covertly at him.

The Great Fan paused in the doorway, contemplating the assemblage, selecting a seat. The convention host stood still and quiet, knowing better than to offer him a chair on the platform---one didn't so openly use the Personage as a vehicle for building self-prestige. And then the die was cast, everyone saw him make up his mind.

The Great Fan sauntered slowly to an empty chair beside an outer-circle fan editor from New Jersey and sat down. The outer-circle fan glowed with unconcealed pride; and altho he didn't then realize it, he had instantly been admitted to inner-circle membership. Before he departed for home the next day he would receive from thirty to forty cash subscriptions to his little fanzine. Big shots would ask he write them.

The auction continued for nearly another hour. Once an electrifying thing happened. A ravishing Finlay cover original came up for sale. Bidding was spirited for it was an unusual work of cover art. Suddenly the Great Fan leaned forward! A dead silence fell. The auctioneer froze to attention, holding the original forward for the Great Fan to inspect. He was definitely interested.

The Great Fan stood up and adjusted his glasses. Out of sheer respect the fan editor from New Jersey beside him stood up also. Breathing ceased. The Great Fan peered at the painting. The auctioneer's arm cramped but he didn't dare move. The Great Fan jangled some change in his pocket, idly. Then he gave his glasses a desultory push and sat down, folding his arms. The fan editor from New Jersey sat down also.

The tense silence was shattered. Bidding for the painting became frenzied. Fantastic offers were made and topped. It was finally sold to a wealthy fan from Florida for one hundred and forty-two dollars and sixteen cents. The Florida fan whispered instructions to the auctioneer to deliver the original, anonymously, to the Great Fan's room after the festivities were completed for the evening.

The convention adjourned to the dining room for the gala Banquet. Everyone

The Great Fan (3)

waited for the Great Fan to enter first. He walked directly to the head of the huge table and sat down. The host then placed a distinguished British fan at his right and a menied California fan at his left. He himself too the opposing seat at the foot of the great table. The remaining conventioners scrambled for positions. Waiters were instructed to serve the Great Fan first.

He never spoke a word during the meal, sitting in his place in solitary splendor, preferring now and then to give his attention to the small conversations of this or that group. Plainly he was weighing and judging their various subjects and words. Across-the-table oratory sparkled. Someone was discussing the merits of the Tennessee fanzine, Scienti-Fan Fables, when suddenly the Great Fan drew out his handkerchief to blow his nose. The following week Scienti-Fan Fables would sink from sight and discontinue publication.

The bountiful meal came to a close. A hushed expectancy settled slowly over the diners. An Astounding author was slated as speaker of the evening, but everyone including the author realized that the first move or the first word was in the lap of the Great Fan, if he so chose.

The Great Fan put down his napkin and pushed back his chair a few inches. Two hundred pair of eyes turned and fastened on his face, irresistibly drawn by the magnetic power stamped there. The host surreptitiously made a little negative motion to the Astounding author. Everyone held their breath and waited in ecstatic suspense.

Then the Great Fan arose. He placed one hand on the table and the other in his coat pocket, unconsciously creating a pose that would be copied and recopied for years to come in the illustrated fanzines. The Great Fan looked down the length of the long table and allowed his gaze to fall upon the host. That man's throat tightened. This was it!

The Great Fan arose, as we have said, belched lustily, and sat.

Pandemonium reigned. Wave after wave of pealing applause swept the room like thunder. Cheers and shrill whistles from the younger element punctured the din. Awed waiters whispered to one another that it was the most deafening, enthusiastic ovation they had witnessed in their long careers. The window draperies vibrated to the rolling sound waves. The thoughtful management hurriedly threw open the windows to prevent their shattering. Elsewhere in the building, hotel guests paused to listen and wonder.

The host had fainted. But in that split instant between pronouncement and loss of consciousness, he realized that the Great Fan had chosen him to be the Number Two Fan Of The World!



a review of

WILSON TUCKER'S

The Long Loud Silence

This story begins with our hero, Russell Gary, lying in the bushes on the Eastern side of the Mississippi River, watching an old lady try to cross the bridge to the Western side. He is calmly speculating on how far she will get before the troops stationed on the West end of the bridge machine-gun her.

With this shocking opener, Bob Tucker goes on for 60,000 words, to tell the most realistic "end-of-civilization" story I have ever read. This is the real thing. Our hero does not run around the country organizing armies, rebuilding democracy, or rescuing beautiful ladies, to finally marry them at the end of the book. He doesn't even whip together a rocketship out of odds and ends and old flashlight batteries and take off, with an Eve, to found a new and better human race on Mars. When Gary wakes to find the Eastern third of the country virtually wiped out by enemy A-bombs, bacteriological warfare, and poison, he is a fairly decent sort of guy; a corporal in the US Army. Despite the description of him as a "professional heel", he is merely an opportunist. Before long he discovers that it's a matter of kill or be killed. He has to fight looters, surviving farmers, the army, women and everybody else, because in this new world, everybody is an enemy.

He tries to cross the Mississippi River, to go over to the Western part of the country, where the bombs and germs did not fall. But when he gets there, he finds the Army in charge. They can't let anybody from the contaminated area cross the river because, being "common carriers" they would spread the plague.

Discouraged, Gary turns back into the contaminated area. His adventures there make up the book. Some of them are tragic, some are humorous, all are exciting and realistic.

I found the characters quite interesting too. First, Gary meets a girl named Irma Sloane. She claims to be nineteen, but Gary doesn't believe her --- until one night in a deserted hotel.

The next person Gary meets is a former high-school science teacher named Jay Oliver. They decide to become partners, and share several chapters of adventures until...

And then there's Sally, a hill-billy gal, who agrees to be nice to messers Gary and Oliver on a 50-50 basis, in exchange for food and protection.

There is never a dull moment in this book. Something is always going on. The writing is the best Bob Tucker has ever done, and that's saying plenty. The plot is exciting and interesting and above all, it is realistic...terrifyingly realistic. This is Tucker's finest work, completely different from anything he has done before. You'll like it.

j.t. oliver

charles horne

THE STALKING MAN

Most of you know, of course, that Wilson (Bob) Tucker has written a couple of sf novels, *THE CITY IN THE SEA* and *THE LONG LOUD SILENCE*. (And a few of you may have heard about *THE TIMELESS MAN* - to be retitled before release - due some future date) but did you know that Tucker also created Charles Horne, the detective? You haven't been reading closely if you didn't. But in case someone has been asleep, here are details:

Horne first saw print back about 1946, in *THE CHINESE DOLL*, voted as one of the best mysteries of that year. Critics still mention it in reviews and articles. It was reprinted many times, both in the US and overseas.

Following this came *TO KEEP OR KILL*, *THE DOVE*, *THE STALKING MAN* and *RED HERRING*, all of which have been reprinted at least once, in pocketbooks, newspapers, etc. All of these were mysteries featuring Charles Horne.

Horne himself is a likeable young man, about thirty, and sometimes bears a striking resemblance to one Bob Tucker. He's an easygoing sort of guy; he seldom beats people up, and he has never shot a pretty gal in the belly. Even when kidnapped by a beautiful redhead he is a perfect gentleman (well, maybe not perfect, but how would you behave under such circumstances?) In the first book, Horne is writing a book himself, called *LOST ATLANTIS*. He promises a young fan name of Joe Kennedy the opportunity of pubbing it in a fanzine when it is completed, but apparently Horne loses interest in it, because it never shows up in later books.

By profession Horne is the type of private detective unromantically known as an insurance investigator. For personal reasons he has an aversion to working on divorce cases. Other forms of work of private detectives in the small town of Boone, Ill, are few and far between. Yet Horne has managed to become entangled with quite an assortment of bizarre, and occasionally dangerous, characters.

So far as I know, *THE CHINESE DOLL* was the first book to use fans as characters. In this series Tucker has used fans like Weidenbeck, Kennedy, Saari, Ackerman, etc. *THE CHINESE DOLL*'s plot revolved around fanzines, sf, etc. and in practically all the books af, fanzines, and fans are mentioned.

Tucker has a large following in the mystery field and no doubt many of them wish he'd quit sf and return to Charles Horne. I kinda miss Charles myself. He is one of my favorite people.

---J.T. Oliver

"Get out and feel for it!"

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF PRO MATERIAL - wilson tucker

Short stories:

Interstellar Way-station	Super Science Novels	May 1941
The Princess of Detroit	Future combined, etc.	June 1942
"Gentlemen-- the queen!"	Sci-Fic Quarterly	Fall 1942
Prison Planet	Planet Stories	Fall 1942
Exit	Astonishing Stories	Apr. 1943
The Job Is Ended	Other Worlds	Nov. 1950
The Tourist Trade	Worlds Beyond	Jan. 1951
My Brother's Wife	Fantasy & Sci-Fic	Feb. 1951
To a Ripe Old Age	Fantasy & Sci-Fic	Dec. 1952

Books:

The Chinese Doll	Kinehart, New York	1946
To Keep or Kill	" "	1947
The Dove	" "	1948
The Stalking Man	" "	1949
Red Herring	" "	1951
City in the Sea	" "	1951
The Loud Loud Silence	" "	1952
The Timeless Man	" scheduled	1953

Pocketbooks: (and magazine-novel reprints)

The Chinese Doll	Dell, New York	1949
To Keep or Kill	Lion, "	1950
The Stalking Man	Mercury "	1950
City in the Sea	Galaxy "	1952

Foreign books and pocketbooks:

The Chinese Doll	England, France, Argentina
To Keep or Kill	England, Norway
The Dove	England, Argentina
The Stalking Man	England
Red Herring	England

Anthologies:

The Tourist Trade	TOMORROW, THE STARS	Doubleday, 1952
" " "	BEST OF 1952	Fell, 1952

Book clubs:

The Chinese Doll	Detective Book Club, New York,	1947
The Stalking Man	" " " "	1949

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-adv.

OUR WAILING WALL DEPT: _____

Often, on sleepless nights while we were hovering on that foggy borderline between near-sleep and near-awake, we would contemplate old age. What would we be like, if and when we became a grandmaw? One night it occurred to us that we would never be a grandmaw, we would be a grandpaw. And hard on the heels of that earthquaking thought came the realization that we were already a grandpaw--to some sections of fandom!

We mean the small fry, outer-circle chaps who will become the name-fans of tomorrow. Unknown chaps who have been overlooked, gypped, cheated or otherwise tramped on by fandom--and who write to us for redress! That is an actual fact. Very, very often we get a letter from some one who never heard of before, asking us to right wrongs (real or fancied) that he has suffered from fandom! If that doesn't make a grandpappy of us, what does?

Mostly these wrongs are fanzines that never arrived. There is a great preponderance of these cases. It's not that I am an angel, it is just that I send an issue of LeZ almost immediately when receiving a request for the same, or reply with a postal to the effect the guy will have to wait until the next issue is published. According to the letter that is then usually forthcoming from this newcomer, very few other editors are as thoughtful or courteous.

The case usually unwinds like this: The chap has been reading promags for quite some time, is familiar with most of the standard names in fandom because of the letter sections. Of a sudden they decide to grasp life firmly by the horns. They lay out a dollar (an immense sum to one totally new to fanzines) and subscribe to about ten fanzines, five and ten centers. Now any intelligent and case-hardened fan can predict what will happen to that dollar. Usually, the list the newcomer chooses from isn't 100% reliable; and the fan-law of averages is at work too. Of the ten fanzines (let us say), 2 of them will have been discontinued; 2 more will be staggering or extremely unreliable as to publication dates; 4 will be bi-monthlies or quarterlies; and the remaining 2 will be weeklies or monthlies.

The newcomer will most likely receive a weekly and a monthly almost at once, 2 bi-monthlies will follow within two weeks. 4 fanzines out of 10. Perhaps one other editor will drop a line explaining why he can't send an issue right away. The other five editors ignore him entirely. Not that they are brutal about it, they assume the guy will have the patience to wait for the next issue alongside the rest of his subscribers...not realizing the chap is new and can't understand this. Of the 2 fanzines that folded up, perhaps one will return the money the same week, or he may wait until next year to do it. The other probably will never return it for a multitude of reasons. Maybe he moved and never received it.

So the chap stew. If he happened to receive LeZ pronto, he writes me and bewails loudly. Quite often he never subscribed to LeZ at all, but writes me anyway, asking me to get his money back for him from those other editors! Yes, that is brass, I'll admit. Those who I have helped by explaining, or postcarding the editors in question, have become firm friends. Those whom I told I could do nothing for promptly consigned me to that well-known corner in hell. But meanwhile, one and all, they turn to Grandpappy Tucker when fandom kicks them in the pants!

-B.T.

from NOVE #1 Nov.-Dec 1941

A FAN WRITES SANTA

-- the fan being HOY PING PONG

Dear Santa:

I am a science fiction fan. (Technically and scientifically you know, you don't exist. I merely humor the illusion here that you do in order to bolster sales of a magazine called Unknown Worlds, whose subject matter deals with implausibilities as the likes of you.)

I am not very hard to please, Santa; I want to ask you for a few things for Christmas. I realize this is rather early for that sort of thing, but then there is wisdom in getting one's order in early while the stockroom is still well supplied.

First, I want a new professional magazine. Oh, I know we have several such existing now, but Santa old chap ----- if you only knew the situation down here! We have scientification magazines for schoolboys, for high school lads, for college students, for weird enthusiasts, for retired scientists, for futurians, for ... oh, any number of scientifically inclined people.

But Santa -- there are none catering to me!

So please bring me a new science fiction magazine for Christmas. I want a large sized publication like Unknown Worlds, with of course the wordage of that magazine, having semi-slick paper and nice even edges like Astounding, (with, of course, no advertising on the picture like that publication), covers like the beautiful Boks on Future and Finlays on Famous Fantastic, varied material like Stirring Science & Fantasy, printing classics regularly like Famous Fantastic, with back covers like Amazing, and of course, selling for a dime like Astonishing

I want the editor to be an attractive person like Gnsedinger, having a literary background like Campbell, the editorial outlook of a fan like Lowndes, the business acumen of a circulation-grabber like Palmer, and the fan-favoring editorship of Wollheim.

This isn't asking for too much is it?

Second, after you have fulfilled that wish, I want a rocketship for Christmas. Your gnomes can easily make this for me. (Technically, scientifically, and according to the pro-scientists your gnomes don't exist you know; but as I mentioned in my opening paragraph, I will also further this illusion, inasmuch as gnomes are frequently a vital

Hoy Ping Pong (2)

part of Unknown Worlds).

It need not be a hard job to supply me this ship, for all I want is a small, on-man speedster of limited cruising range. I shall not want to go farther than Mars or Venus.

If you can find no suitable plans for spaceships in your workshop I suggest you consult our Mr. Paul of New York City, who will no doubt be glad to draw up a small ship for you (at current space rates of course). His ships are quite pretty as to line and color, and very speedy. But, I beg of you, do not allow him to foster off on you a suit of clothing to be worn by the pilot!

You see, he has quaint notions of what people who pilot spaceships are supposed to wear, and Santa ---- I don't like pantaloons.

And so Santa, I close my letter with these humble wishes for good cheer, not only for you and your gnomes, but also your reindeer. May they speed over the rooftops on Christmas Eve, bringing me a new magazine and a rocketship. (You understand of course, that reindeer speeding over rooftops is technically and scientifically unsound, probably impossible, but I am willing to further the illusion here in order to)

h.p. pong

"Honest, Grandpa, do you really remember Lindbergh!"

autobiography con't from page 5

Hoy: "Oh, yes, to be sure. And by the way, this is running overlong. I'm quite sure Hoffman will butcher it when it appears in Quapaw. Tough luck old boy--you're a bit too windy. Meanwhile, what is the present picture? How does 1952 find you?"

AWT: "Reasonably happy, reasonably content. I've been married and divorced, but haven't married a second time. I'm raising two children; the boy is twelve, the girl is sixteen. I'm still working at the same craft I started in 22 years ago, and still doing the occasional space-opera. I love fans but take a dim view of them. What the hell more can a man ask?"

Hoy: "What indeed?"

--Bob Tucker

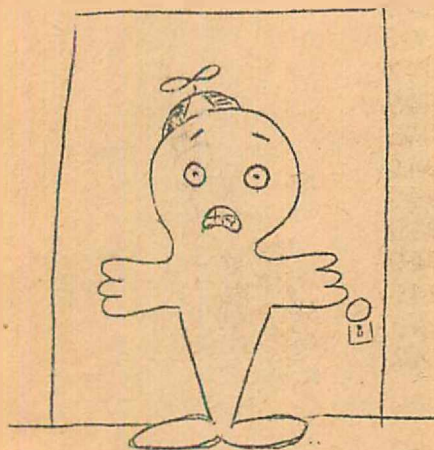
Lee: "Well, grandpappy, a few more details might have been in order. For instance you completely omitted any mention of your second death in 1949 when you were killed in a theater fire. Let me quote the "details" from the STF TRADER announcement: "Tucker received news Saturday that Rinehart Publishers had lost the manuscript of the psychological-love novel upon which he had been working for the past five months, and requested that he send a duplicate. They assured him publication of this novel and stated that they thought it would be a best seller. But one of the Tucker children had found the only duplicate of the mss. in the study a few days before, and thinking it was scrap paper, had taken it out to the alley and used it as fuel for a bonfire! Tucker drank his worries away all Saturday night, and according to his fellow theatre employees, was in a dazed condition when reporting for work Sunday. While the projector was running, it is surmised, Bob dozed off -- possibly with a burning cigarette in his hand..."

R.I.P.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FAN MATERIAL - bob tucker

THE PLANETOID	v.1, #1	December	1932	
	#2	January	1933	
THE D'JOURNAL	number 1	Spring	1935	
D'JOURNAL	v.1, #1	January	1939	
	#2	March	1939	
	#3	May	1939	
YEARBOOK of 1938. Science, Weird & Fantasy Fiction.				Spring 1939
		(second edition)		May, 1939
YEARBOOK of 1939. Science, Weird & Fantasy Fiction.				Spring 1940
NOVA	v.1, #1	May.	1939	
THE FANTASY FAN INDEX		July	1945	
Le ZOMBIE	number 1	December		1938
	2	January		1939
	3	March		
	4	April		
	5	first May issue		
	6	second May issue		
	7	third May issue		
	8	June		
	9	July		
	10	August 5		
	11	August 19		
	12	Sept. 2		
	13	Sept. 16		
	14	Sept. 30		
	15	Oct. 14		
	16	Oct. 28		
	17	Nov. 18		
	18	Dec. 2		
	19	Dec. 16		
	20	Dec. 30		
	21	Jan. 13		1940
	22	Jan. 27		
	23	Feb. 10		
	24	Feb. 24		
	25	Mar. 9		
	26	no date		
	27	no date		
	27½	no date		
	28	no date		
	29	June		
	30	July		
	31	August		
	32-33	Sept.		
	34	October		
	35	Nov.-Dec.		

IT'S CLAUDE!



Le2 continued

ALEXANDREW,
COME DOWN OFF
THE CEILING!
THIS MINUTE!



36	January	1941
37	March & May	
38	April	
39	June	
40	July	
41	August	
42	Sept.	
43	October	
44	Nov.-Dec.	
45	January	1942
46	April	
47	May-June	
48	July-August	
49	Sept.-Oct.	
50	Nov.-Dec.	
51	January	1943
52	March-April	
53	May-June	
54	September	
55	November	
56	January	1944
57	April	
58	July	
59	November	
60	September	1945
61	July	1946
62	(does not exist because of error in numbering.)	
63	July	1948

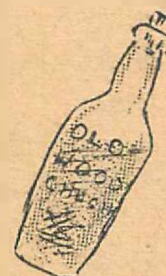
FANZINE INDEX	(for:)	1941	January	1942
		1942	January	1943
		1943	January	1944
		1944	no date	1945
		1945	no date	1946
		1946	February	1947

BLOOMINGTON NEWS LETTER	#1	Dec. 15	1945
	2	February	1946
	3	March	1946
	4	April	1946
	5	February	1947
	6	Sept. 1	1947
(duplicate number)	6	September	1948
	7	November	1948
	8	February	1949
	9	April	1949
	10	June	1949
	11	August	1949
	12	Sept	1949
	13	October	1949
	14	December	1949

name changed to:
SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER:

15	April	1950
16	July	
17	October	

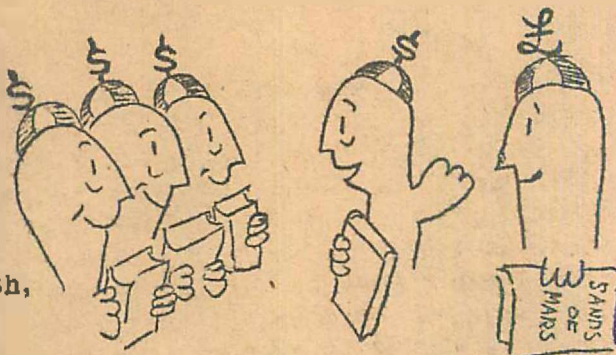
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THE WOMAN I LEFT BEHIND ME

from LeZ #63
July 1948

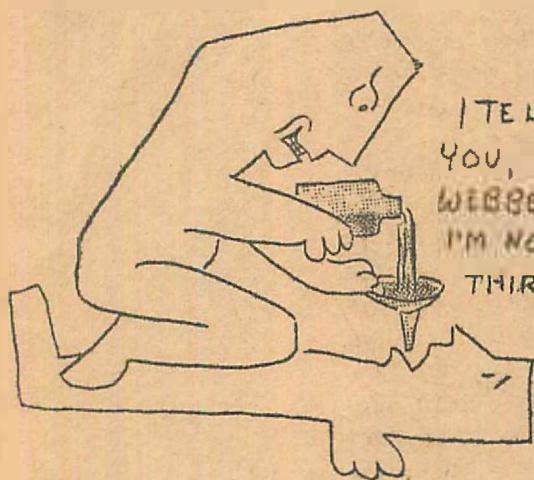
She was a lovely, sensuous thing of voluptuous curves; fragile moonlight gleamed enticingly on her bare, ivory shoulders, and cascaded down her body to the daringly low cut of her garment. I looked at the magnificent, tantalizing body of her and yearned to hold it in my two hands. It captured my breath, my admiration, my desire.



Some master craftsman had molded that beauti-

ful body, I thought, a creator who would never again produce its perfect twin. I wanted that body, those delightful curves, for my own fingers to caress.

FELLOW PROS,
MEET ARTHUR C
CLARKE FROM ENGLAND.



I TELL
YOU,
WIBBERT
I'M NOT
THIRSTY!

But I could never have it. The damned statue was too heavy to steal.

from LeZ #58
July 1944

MERELY A DABBLER Dept: John Cunningham in Vom #34: "I do not agree on mass nudism, but small groups must be a pleasant experience."

"Roadside picnic table - 500 feet"

SFNL (continued)	18	December	1950
	19	March	1951
	20	May	
	21	July	
	22	October	
	23	January	1952
	24	March	
	25	May	
	26	July	
	27	October	

also published: numerous FAPA publications, and one-shot minor magazines of which no records and no copies have been kept.

---compiled by Bob Tucker

"Remember! Steam calliopes are your best entertainment."

SEE YOU

a letter from
tuck about Q22

Dear editor I have just received three copies of Quandry number 22-23 and the last time this happened I made a funny joke about it because that time I only got two copies and so I said that's all right I can read them with both eyes but here now this time three copies come in and I know you are just tormenting me from meanness because I ain't got three eyes and you know it so this time I can't make no funny joke and will just pass on to say we sure enjoyed them except that I don't think it is fair of you & your assistants to make my long-term subscription expire sooner in that fashion after all when I sent you ten dollars for a ten thousand copy subscription I never dreamed you'd double up even triple up on a single issue to make the whole subscription fast expire I think that's mean of you and may do something about it to make you sorry like reporting you to the postoffice squad or the FBI in peace and war and then your picture would be mounted on post office walls and police station blackboards all over the country and you would be a wanted criminal all because you thot you could cheat me out of my long term subscription by cleverly mailing me three copies of the same issue and deducting the 15¢ three times well on to the balance of the issue(s) I thot Speer was pretty good this time and even wondered how you managed the gargantuan feat of promoting a piece of material from the great silent man of the wide open spaces of Washington let me tell ya that doesn't happen to every tom dick and harry fan editor so I presume you feel pretty good about it and also presume that any where from five to ten years will pass before we hear from that man again well now this chap Willis spins such a merry tale all the time that I'm half inclined to suspect he fudges some times and throws in a bit of merriment just for the hell of it to fix things like convention reports into lively things such as those London gatherings but I must confess I don't care if the report is doctored a bit when he slips in interludes about cats on the skylight making use of conveniently empty panes to pass a stern judgement on fan conventions in fact I liked that so well I may reprint the incident in my own little fan journal of which some people may have heard but of course I can't pay much for such a reprint because my publisher operates on a limited budget and I must help him make ends meet but Willis won't care because lots of egoboo is involved and that is pay enough don't you think we do around here and get away with murder under the excuse of ego boo most fans don't seem to mind and I hope they never waken up or I'd have to find a new job well that's about all this letter but my failure to comment on anything else does not mean a lack of interest oh no but a lack of courage to keep this up as well the terrific struggle of finding the right words to make a line come out even oh to hell with it well goodbye now and thank you for all three copies bob tucker box 702 bloomington illinois us

" I'll have you know I'm a clean huckster. " he said.

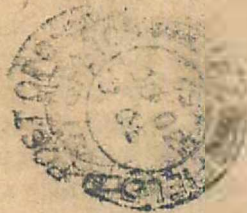
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