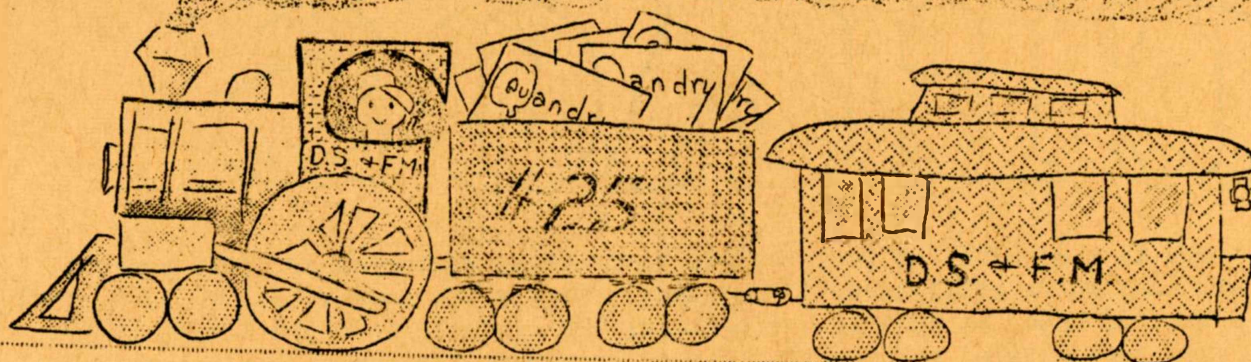


No. 25



HAPPY HALLOWEEN



#25

The Voice of Upper Fort Mudge and Environs

October 10

bill of lading

vital statistics.	1
Chaos.	2
First and Last Fans.	3
The Short Quiet Noise.	6
Through Fort Mudge with etc.	7
The Simple Life.	9
From Der Voodvork Out.	11
A Poem (of all things).	13
A ChicoNote.	14
An Advertisement.	14
Sez You (the letter section).	15
latter half of Chaos.	18

sheet-shuffler - Charles Wells

bartender - Robert Bloch

moth-keeper - H.J. Campbell

True Blue Foofooist - Rick Sneary

navigator - Bob Tucker

treasurer - Rich Eney (obsolete currency)

State Dept. Representative - Charles West

Agricultural Expert - Bill Morse

"Mind the lorry!"

QUANDRY #25, the third October issue in 1952, is published by the Southern Element every so often is not sooner (or otherwise, occasionally) under the sanction of the Epicentre. Subscription by invitation only. Renewals: 7 issues for \$1.00 or 6/-. Contributions (cash or even material) welcome, especially if accompanied by return postage. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of yed or Jim Harmon or anyone, living, dead, or otherwise, for that matter. Ad rates: \$1.50 for a full page, or 80¢ for a half page. All letters subject to consideration for publication unless the writer specifies clearly that he does not so desire and is violently opposed to the publication of his miserable scrawlings. Keasler for president of N3F!

this sheet edited and published by

Lee Hoffman

101 Wagner St

Savannah, Ga. USA

in association with

Walter W. Willis

170, Upper Newtownards Rd.,

BELFAST, Northern Ireland

"How do you spell rocketship?"

CHAOS

Once in a so often we feel obliged to write an editorial so as to prove to you all that we're still here. 'Sa funny thing, a few issues back we were moaning a lack of space to chat in our own mag; "By jinges!" we would exclaim, "Hew we misses just sitting and chatting with a triper to the happy laughing neophans who read their Quandry at the breakfast table."

By now, kind friends, we have room. But no inspiration. For the last month (almost) we have suffered from the consarndest attack of gafmot we've come across. At the Chicon we were bothered greatly by inability-to-spend-time-with-all-the-people-we-wanted-to-talk-with-because-there-are-only-366-days-in-a-year-at-the-most. After the Chicon some fellow named Tucker kept perstering us to review one of his books, so we finally got that over with last issue. Well, this Tucker guy had only been gone a short while when another faasaan shows up. He is a lad we met in Chicago. He claims to be Irish or something, but we immediately identify him by his failure to be concerned about Indian raids and the wild herds of buffalo, as a statesider; and since Tucker had just left, we realized there was only one other fan accustomed to travelling around the country in the guise of a star-begotten bumming off faaans. So we accused this fellow of being Degler. He never denied our accusation.

Well, we took him to the Great Land Of Trembling Earth (Okefenokee to you, kid) and tried to ditch him in the alligator pit. But by skillful trickery he was more successful and we escaped the gaping jaws of Death only by the skip of our I GO POGO button.

Finally we got this fake Irishman loaded onto a bus and aimed in the general direction of New York. Heh heh heh. But not before we'd gotten some work out of him. In fact he stapled his thumb to at least five copies of Q#23.

Then, ignoring a stack of mail this high we knocked out the most of Q#24. And a goodly portion of #25. With the energy and vigor of a Wheaties eater we lit in to the job of fanzine publishing, wallowing in the pleasures of cutting stencils, delighting in the mechanics of the things...and almost completely ignoring our kind correspondents. It's been an odd mood. We haven't felt like writing at all... not letters nor material nor anything. The mere thought of batting out a FAPA mag fills us with indescribable horror, the concept of having to conceive of a presidential message to that organization is ghastly. Even drawing the typer to us for these few words seemed an unpleasant task until we got started. Our morale seems to have borne up well enough under this onslaught of scribbling, but it has not inspired us to more.

So please forgive us our Long Loud Silence. It's not only a lack of postage, we are suffering from a prolonged attack of gafmot.

Because life is short and we haven't yet said what we started out this editorial to say how about turning to the back of the book and seeing what we've written all over the place there. Maybe we'll have broken the mood by then and
(to the back, men!)

First And Last Fans

by BOB SILVERBERG

It was in 1944 that Jack Speer's "Fancyclopedia" brought into prominence the theory of a number of succeeding "fandoms", each a different era with different leaders, different ideas and different accomplishments.

The "First Fandom" is generally considered the 1930-36 period, marked by interest in the science part of science-fiction. As Speer says, "Fanzine material consisted mainly of forecasts of lineups in the pros, fan fiction relating to the pros, interviews with prominent authors, fan science fiction, novelty fiction by groups of pro writers, new advances in science, discussions of why s-f is in a rut or sex in s-f or the relative importance of plausibility and good style."

I disagree with Speer on several grounds: his last two. Though less familiar, as an outsider, than Speer, with fandom of the First Era, it's my belief that ~~there~~ there were few discussions of sex in s-f for the simple reason that up through 1936 there was no sex in the s-f pulps. And if there were any discussions of good style, they certainly bore no fruit, as anyone who has read the 1930-36 prozines can tell.

The Second Fandom was a considerably more unified affair, with most every fan being aware, not only of the fan productions of every other fan, but of his private life, interests, appearance, and opinions. Speer says, "Fan feuds reached the proportions of fan wars." The Second Fandom, ~~is even more remote from present day fandom than First Fandom,~~ and in these days of s-f's popularity there can be no reversion to the phenomenon of the Second Fandom.

Speer's chronology ends with the Third Fandom, the 1940-43 period, which was characterized by the end of fan feuding, and the beginnings of a movement which was to result in 1952 Fandom, Speer says, "a broad balance was found between matters scientific and other things that fans were interested in. There was much talk of fandom growing up, becoming more mature, and seeing less of adolescent bickering and feuding for feuding's sake; at the same time there was a flood of digests and bibliographies and indexes of this and that, regarded as a summation and consolidation of past achievements in fandom. A general fan organization was once again much desired but ran into difficulties as war came to America."

And there Speer stopped. But let us continue this cyclic analysis, a la Stapledon, up to the present day:

The Third Fandom was succeeded, some time in 1944, by the Fourth. This was a reversion to the Second Fandom in many ways, probably the last such throwback. 1944 saw many of the old fans leave for armed service, and when they returned they could find no place in the younger fandom which had sprung up. Some, like Ackerman (a mainstay of the first two fandoms) maintained a nebulous fan career

Silverberg (2)

while entering the professional field; others remained dormant, ignoring the younger element which had supplanted them until the growing popularity of s-f in recent years enabled them to come back as professionals. Others, like Moskowitz, picked up right where they left off, as fans.

The Fourth Fandom, which began some time in 1944 and ended about 1947 left few remains of importance. The greatest increase in s-f publishing in 1941, 42 and 43 had all been lost, and fans were left with the original four prozines of the pre-boom days, *Amazing*, *Wonder*, *Weird*, and *Astounding*, plus a few newcomers which had been added in the 1939-41 expansion: *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, *Planet Stories*, and *Startling Stories*. Of these just one was monthly in 1944: *Astounding*. *Weird Tales* was bi-monthly, and all the others quarterly. The entire year of 1944 saw just 45 prozines issued, compared with 143 in 1952.

In terms of fandom, we can discount *Weird Tales*, *Astounding*, *Amazing* and *Fantastic Adventures*, all of which ignored fandom, and also *FFM*, which was and still is a reprint magazine. This, in effect, left just three markedly similiar magazines for fans to congregate in: *TWS*, *Startling*, and *Planet*.

Keynote fans of the Fourth Fandom are all letterhacks: such people as Chad Oliver and Joe Kennedy went on to become professionals but many merely dropped by the wayside. No outstanding fanzines were published through 1944, 45, 46 and 47 consistently in the manner in which *FANTASY MAGAZINE* had dominated the First Fandom, *SCIENCE FICTION FAN* the Second, and *SPACEWAYS* the Third. There were, it is true, a few fine efforts: *NOVE*, *ACOLYTE*, & *VAMPIRE*. But the symbol of Fourth Fandom, the person who represents the atmosphere, aims, and general attitude of Fourth Fandom is Sarge Saturn.

Fifth Fandom was short-lived. It began in the declining days of 1947 and lasted only until 1949. Dominant fans of this period are a different bunch: Art Rapp and his circle of admirers; Don Day; Redd Boggs; K. Martin Carlson. The fanzine which summed up Fifth Fandom is *SPACEWARP*, which lasted through the entire era. Fifth Fandom was a period of awakening, of escape from juvenility for the first time since First Fandom, of enlargement. Fans began to realize once again that the prozines were still being published, and fans took notice of them. Fifth Fandom marked the re-awakening of stfnal interest in Bob Tucker, who had played an important role in the first three fandoms. It saw an expansion of fanzine publishing far above the previous 1938-41 peak, chiefly due to the efforts of Rog Phillips' Club House. Just as Sarge Saturn led Fourth Fandom it was Phillips who proved the unifying force for Fifth Fandom, bringing about a boom in fandom and fan publishing which has not yet been checked.

Sixth Fandom is a horse of a different color. Just as Stapledon's Sixth Men branched off into all sorts of variants, so has Sixth Fandom. It is impossible to generalize about it, because it is still going on (although some have detected the identity of a Seventh, Eighth and even Ninth Fandom). But new names began to appear again, chiefly those who moved up from the lower ranks to take over the roles of leaders. Those who started at the bottom of Sixth Fandom or even at the tail end of Fifth Fandom and over a course of several years began to take the leadership of Fandom include such names as Hoffman, Elsberry, Keasler, Silverberg, McCain, Macauley, Burwell, Willis, and Vick; all unknowns before 1948, 1949 and some as late as 1950. Redd Boggs who entered fandom in the Second Fandom and vanished in the middle of the Third, had re-entered in the Fifth Fandom and has remained to be a mainstay of the Sixth. But in the main, it has been the new names, as always, who have sparked the era.

Silverberg (3)

The Sixth Fandom exists in a period when there is, oddly enough, too much s-f. After a period of years when hardly anyone outside the insular group of fandom had heard of it, now science-fiction is in every theater and splashed all over television; we have upwards of two dozen prozines and over a hundred s-f books are issued every year. The field no longer has an air of secrecy, of cultism.

Nevertheless, an "inner circle" has grown up, centering around Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY, forming the nucleus of Sixth Fandom. But again, Sixth Fandom, the biggest of all, is too diffuse to pin down exactly. Even as, in 1951 and here in 1952, it has finally reached the point where it is possible to assign it a place in fan history, there is a new crop of fans coming up, which will probably replace it in short order and set up Seventh Fandom. This vanguard of Seventh Fandom (which will probably be a going concern by the end of 1953) includes such names as Ish, Calkins, Hirschhorn, Ryan, Wells, Bergeron, Semenovich, Amderson, Schrieber and Rosen; with few exceptions all in their early teens, and just raring to go out and found Seventh Fandom in a year or two.

How will the cycle end? I can't say. Just as it was inconceivable to say in 1944 that in eight years there would be two dozen prozines, it is inconceivable to me what twists fandom will take in the next eight. Probably, as I re-read this in 1960, a greybeard remnant of Sixth Fandom, it will seem odd to me that I was unable in 1952 to forecast the nature of Seventh Fandom, and Eighth, and Ninth.

But, if we follow the Stapledonian scheme of things---and I hope we don't--- than we have twelve cycles left to us. Stapledon allowed two billion years for the Eighteenth Men to appear and be exterminated by a sun going nova. Following this chronology the Eighteenth Fandom should appear some time in 1997 and about 2004 fandom will come to a complete stop, reaching its end after 84 years of tumultuous existence.

But I'm not much good at being a prophet, anyway. I can't say for certain that that's the way it'll happen, but I'm pretty sure I won't be around to see it.

----Bob Silverberg

"Okay, so the current is dc, what I want to know is how many cycles it is." -

Only Fort Mudge Steam Calliopes
are made in Fort Mudge!

Quandary is proud to bring you readers the first
magazine publication of

THE SHORT QUIET NOVEL

a science-fiction novel

by

A. WILSON "BOB" YOUNGFAN

originally published in a \$2.50
hardcover edition by Simon & Schuster
Publishing Co., New York, N.Y., 1952

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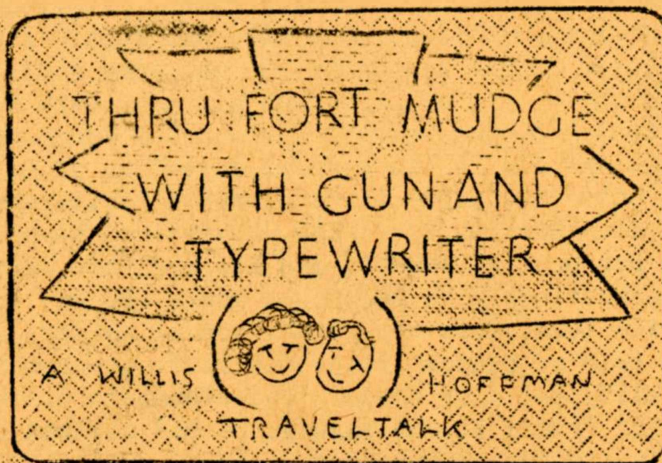
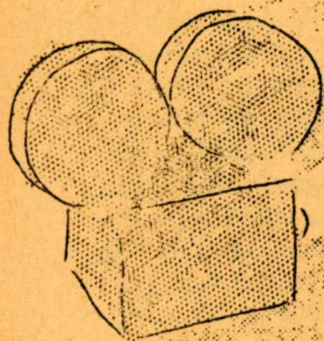
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Hoffman and Willis present
The Hoffman and Willis production of



by Hoffman and Willis

starring Hoffman and Willis in the roles of Hoffman and Willis
technical advisors: Hoffman and Willis

The part of Bob Tucker is taken by J.T. Oliver

Geneological research by the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co.

Lighting by Jim Webbert. Fire extinguishers by all exits.

Musical score by Andre Kostolanetz and his Whispering Steam Calliope
Gwosdorf Electrical Sound Recording

- - -

We greatly acknowledge the invaluable aid rendered during this production by Hoffman and Willis, without whom this would not have been possible.

---Hoffman and Willis

- - -

Produced in collaboration with the Department of the Interior.

All characters in this travelogue are imaginary
and vice versa

- - -

Come with us now to glamorous/glamorous Fort Mudge, city of magic and mystery, known far and wide as "The Unique Metropolis"----a name whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity but which many scholars believe stems from the Latin words "unus" meaning one and "equus" meaning horse. (Note: this parade of erudition is to show Vernon McCain -see Cf.- how much both of us, Lee and Walt, utterly despise fans --waw)((duubhh.yeah--leeh)). Observe as we stroll leisurely down the main thoroughfare the magnificent structure to our right--aw heck, you missed it. We'll take it again in slow motion--a splendid example of early American architecture, towering to a height of 15 feet above the business district. It is said that the roof of this building sways as much as twelve inches in a high wind or when leaned against. It was in the shadow of this colossal monument to the industry of the inhabitants of Fort Mudge that the recent First International Pogo and Steam Calliope Lovers Convention was held.

Previous to their departure from Savannah the delegates were regaled by a steam calliope recital on the city's main thoroughfare. Great crowds of townspeople foregathered for this momentous occasion, which proved to be a millstone in the cultural life of the old South. Many of the inhabitants were completely overwhelmed

by the powerful impact of this most moving of all instruments (especially when the ponies drawing the calliope went wild and rushed into the crowd) and for days afterwards were deaf to the sounds of the workaday world. Oldtimers present likened the occasion to the flight of Lindbergh and many were inspired to try to emulate his performance, though because of the shortage of aeroplanes some were reduced to merely rushing into the sea in the general direction of Europe, with their fingers in their ears. But some less hardy (or sanforised) souls shrunk from the thought of being reduced to such depths, even with pressurised heads. Encouraged by the tumult, the calliopist pursued the concert and his audience with renewed vigor/vigour, rendering classical selections with Aplomb--a youth who had worked for him for several years. as a juvenile lead. This boy is the son of Aplomb, Aplomb & Appleby, the well-known vaudeville team of Siamese twins and flute accompanist, from whom he inherited his musical ability and four hands. Unfortunately at the time of the concert the boy was suffering from a slight injury: he had severed several fingers at the knuckles and consequently was shorthanded.



WELL, I LIKE THE
STORIES I PUBLISH

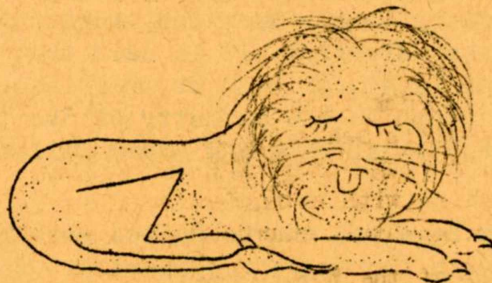
Before entering Fort Mudge the convention delegates called at the Okefenokee Swamp for an official tour of inspection. They arrived in two bodies escorted by the wellknown bullfancier Horrors Greeley, representing the cream of Fort Mudge Society. Special transportation had to be arranged since the bus company had proved incapable of coping with the influx of visitors from overseas, of whom a Mr Willis has been offered a position by the Trailways Company to travel the country on Greyhound Busses.

The delegate found that although the level of the water in the swamp was low, it came up to their expectations. During the tour they were entertained by a family of alligators who wanted to have them for dinner, but on account of other commitments they had to decline the invitation. They also had an interesting discussion with an elderly grey-bearded alligator hunter who complained of the scarcity of elderly grey-bearded alligators.

Leaving the swamp, slightly ahead of a posse, the delegates toured the environs of Fort Mudge, overlooking the city from many points of scenic grandeur. They found the city remarkably easy to overlook. Pausing for a moment at the site of the A. Wilson Tucker Memorial Birdbath, the happy group bade farewell to the busy metropolis of Fort Mudge.

And as our flatboat sinks slowly in the west, we too, must take leave of this picturesque city and its quaint inhabitant.

THE END



MEOW!

This has been a Hoffman-Willis production

"...let us treat Science Fiction with seriousness and with the dignity this great endeavor is everlastingly entitled to..." --Hugo Gernsback

...a rarity, fiction in Quandry...

THE SIMPLE LIFE

by J.T. Oliver

Martin Hall, insurance executive, age forty-three, briefcase bulging with homework, alighted from the 5:15 bus at the corner of Tenth and Hamilton, and stood patiently at the corner, waiting for it to pull off.

When the traffic at Hamilton broke, the bus moved away, with a slamming of doors and a clash of gears. Martin Hall glanced up and down Tenth, saw no cars close enough to bother him, and trotted across.

On the other side of the street he turned left and headed toward the bar. Hall wasn't much of a drinker--he just liked to stop in every day for a couple of quick ones, exchange a few minutes of small talk with the bartender and the boys and then go home.

It was an average gathering Hall found when he entered. Seated at the bar was Smith, the guy who worked at Sheldon's and got off an hour earlier than Hall; Roberts, the fellow who wrote murder mysteries and always griped about rental libraries; there was...the same old crowd. And, of course, the bartender --- the white rabbit.

The same old thing, thought Martin Hall, nothing new to upset his daily routine. He went up to the bar, took a seat next to the mystery writer, "Hi, Roberts, what's new?"

Roberts looked up from his drink and grinned. "Hiya, Mart. Same old stuff. Wrote a few pages on THE DEATHLESS MAN and got a miserly royalty check. If it wasn't for these damn rental libraries..."

The same old stuff.

Hall listened, murmured agreeably from time to time. Roberts was a nice guy and he wrote good books, but he would bore you with a lot of trade talk. When there was a break in Roberts' monologue, Hall turned and looked for the bartender. He caught a brief glimpse of the white rabbit going into the back room, his long pink ears laid back, so they wouldn't hit the top of the door frame. Probably going after a fresh supply of liquor, Hall decided.

He turned his attention to the man seated on his left. "Hello, Smitty. How's the world treating you?"

"Can't complain." said Smith, with his incongruous French accent. "The boss was in a good mood so I had a pretty easy day. If he keeps it up for another day or so I'm going to hit him for a raise."

Hall smiled. Smith was always having troubles with his boss but Hall suspected the guy actually liked his boss, as well as his job. He just didn't know anything else to talk about, it seemed.

Then the bartender came out of the back room with a bottle. He took it over to booth #2, said a few words to the customers seated there, picked up an empty tray and hopped over to the bar, his claws making sharp clickety-click noises on the floor. He wore dark blue pants and a white shirt with a black bow-tie. If you didn't look close you couldn't even tell he had on a shirt, because of its color.

The bartender went to the far end of the bar, lifted the hinged top and went behind the counter, letting the entrance flap crash down behind him. He always did that; it made you jump in alarm if you weren't expecting it. He put the tray out of sight under the counter and hopped down to where Hall was seated. "Good afternoon," he squeaked, "What'll you have --- the usual?"

"The usual," nodded Hall, wondering why the bartender bothered to ask. Such a dull character, he thought, but nice.

The white rabbit twitched his long whiskers in friendly assent, and in a couple of short clicking hops he reached the section of the bar where he did his mixing. With a few deft movements he prepared the drink and hopped back down the bar. He wiped off the bar in front of Hall, set the drink down, took the pay and then moved away.

Hall turned alternately to Smith and Roberts. "Well, another day gone by," he toasted, apropos of nothing.

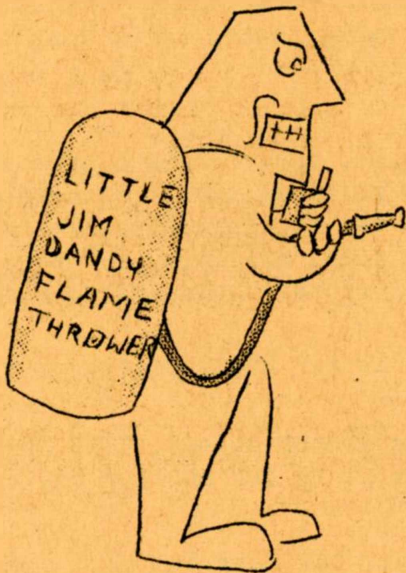
"Another day," they agreed, drinking.

Hall finished his drink and glanced at his watch. "Well, I've got to be going, boys," he said. He turned on the stool, reached down and picked up his briefcase.

"The wife's waiting supper for me. See you tomorrow."

"See you tomorrow," they echoed, as always.

"Hurry back, Mr Hall," called the white rabbit, hopping over to booth number three with a bottle of beer. He always said that, thought he knew damn well you'd be back the next day at 5:20, like you always did.



HONEST, WEBBERT! I HATE
CIGARETS! I LOATHE
THEM! I NEVER SMOKE - - -

Hall walked out, turned at the door and lifted his hand in a small gesture of farewell. Smith and Roberts responded boredly, then returned to their drinks.

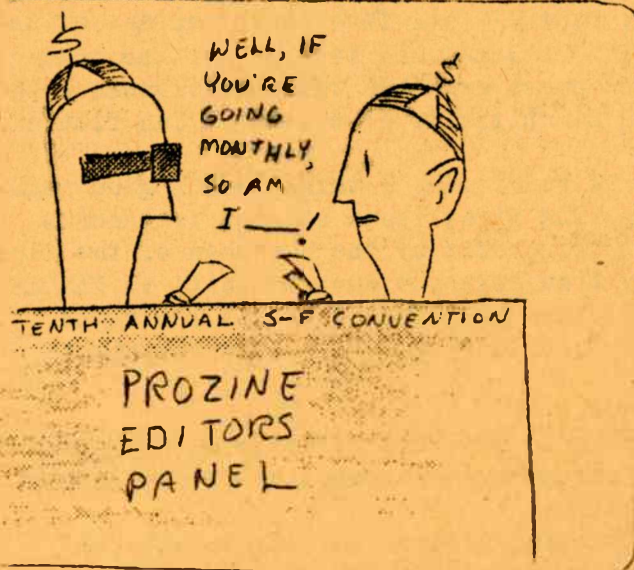
Hall got a paper from the box on the next corner and strode briskly down the street, trying to read as he walked. He felt contented. Another day's work done, a few minutes of cheerful relaxation with the boys, and his wife waiting for him at home.

The paper was full of exciting news about wars, strikes, plane crashes, and unusual happenings.

But those things always happened somewhere else; around here it was the same old routine.

Martin Hall liked it that way.

From Der Voodvork Out by Bob Silverberg



Pieces of science-fictional music are considerably uncommon. Until this summer, the only stefnal opus in the lp catalog was Leith Stevens' background music for "Destination Moon". Now, a second addition had been made, part of RCA Victor's fine HMV series--"The Planets" by Gustav Holst.

Written eleven years before the founding of AMAZING STORIES, "The Planets" consists of seven pieces of music, one for each planet (there is, of course, no Earth suite and Pluto was not discovered until 1930.) Purists may complain that the suites typify the qualities of the gods for whom

the planets are named, rather than the planets themselves, but it is particularly easy for the mind to adapt Holst's "Mars" suite to fit "War of the Worlds" or the "Venus" suite to match "Perelandra". "The Planets" is not great music, but most assuredly it's dramatic and entertaining music, and I have no compunctions about recommending this record to music-lovers and/or fans. Special treats are the "Jupiter" and "Neptune" pieces. (Victor LHMV-1002, \$5.95.)

Department of plucked empires: From "The Death of an Empire" a story by Steven R. Paul in Renaissance #4 "...let us make amends so that we will be unlike the past civilization and fall after a poultry hundred years of a golden ago."

The outstanding new fanzine of the summer period was, without much doubt, "Fantastic Worlds". The editors of this magazine (Ed Ludwig and Jan Romanoff) start off under a ghastly handicap--they began ballyhooing their mag as far back as 1950, I believe, and any mag which is awaited for two years is bound to start off with a resounding anticlimax.

FW was a dissapointment. Not that it was a bad issue--certainly not, bu anybody's standards. But it is not as good as "Science-Fiction Advertiser" or "Rhodomagnetic Digest" and its material is not as good as that in "Journal of Science Fiction". FW has a fine lineup in future issues (including, I blush to admit, two items by Bob Silverberg) but it chose some lemons to lead off with.

Five of forty pages are given to advertisements. Another is contents page, jammed to the gills with words. Two more pages go for editorials. Then comes the solid part of the issue, eight pages by August Derleth on Arkham House, including a picture of Mr Derleth's giancee. A page is wasted on one of Clark Ashton Smith's ubiquitous and wordy poems, defaced by a picture committed by Ralph Rayburn Phillips. Following this are two pages of fiction by FJackerman best left unmentioned. This is succeeded by a story of Michael Storm, against which I'm immediately prejudiced by the Phillips blotches scattered throughout.

Walt Willis follows with a magnificent bit of history from the annals of Irish fanedom concerning James White, certainly one of the best things the Belfast Bard has written. After this comes a book review which is little more than an unpaid blurb. Then we hit an article-biography H.S.Weatherby, filled with such typical biographical

Sliverberg (2)

cliches as "Although seen in occasional repose, Hunter's six-foot height speaks of decisive movement and swift, virile action" and "Gene relaxed his 141 pounds, the brown eyes shining with morthful reminiscence." Three pages are then wastedm followed by a fine story by Toby Duane (which bears as fine a punchline as I've seen in fan fiction.)

Now, don't get me wrong. Even though I've torn FW to shreds, I think it's a good magazine, one of the five best fanzines going today. The first issue shows a tremendous potentialities, and probably the second number will profit by the mistakes of the first and skyrocket FW right to the top--which is why I suggest you send two bits to FANTASTIC WORLDS, 1942 Telegraph Ave., Stockton, Calif., and see whether or not I'm right. I can't see how this job can miss the top, once it gets untracked and sets its sights properly.

* * *

My god, what are editors for? While trying to read the first issue of FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION, I hit the following monstrous sentence perpetrated by Litzka Raymond (wife of the editor) as part of a book review colum:

"Such answers as peek into the past and the hunting down of our descendants in the ruins of present-day cities, affords variety as well as creatures a mere 200 light years distant, so space, like time, has found its share in this representative collection."

So help me, that's verbatim!

* * *

From the same fine magazine, page 39: "Thornton studied the typography of the land around the woman, her jealous lover, and the little men."

Hmm...probably Rhodomagnetic Digest will be pleased to hear that an erudite prozine is studying its typography!

* * *

The trend toward digest-sized magazines with left-hand cover panels, 35¢ price, similiar titles, and bottom-of-the-page running heads will only reach its ultimate conclusion when two publishers come out with magazines on the same day, edited independently, with the same title, format, appearance, and contents.

* * * * *

On that interesting thought, I have better wrap up shop. Best wishes from der Woodvork.

--Bob Silverberg

"I'm Saari," said Alice.

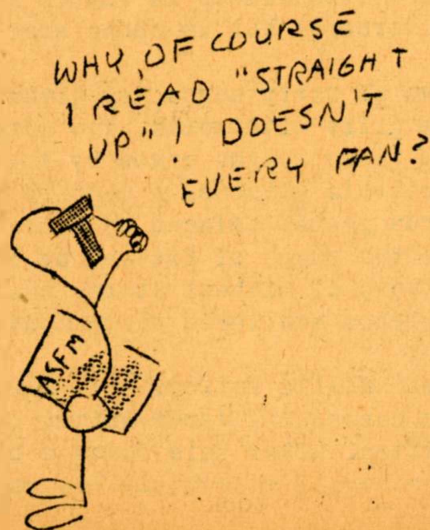
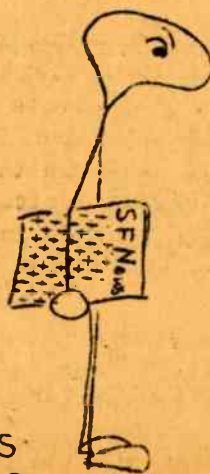
'Are you Sure That's What You Mean Dept.

"More Doctors interview LASFS Associate Members than any other brand..."

Shangri-La #32
Fall '52

THREE CHEERS AND A
TIGER FOR OLD
NASSAU!

fort mudge steam calliopes



a poem

I DON'T PARTICULARLY WANT TO READ IT, IT'S JUST FOR THE COLLECTION
Intorspection by A. Vincent Clarke

When people sneer at me and ask why I don't read good literature,
Pointing out that if I didn't spend cash on trash I'd get richer,
I would give a substantial prize,

Say a copy of "Galaxy" or two or more for adequate replies

A straightforward answer,

Instead of "Can't sir."

It isn't as if I were attracted by the semi-nude damsel on the cover,
She is definitely not the type that I would pick to be my childrens' muvver.

I may be old-fashioned, but I prefer lavender and frilly lace,

To the sort of girl who wears metal next to skin in the middle of space.

She would be not so much bold

As cold.

And as for these magazine titles that range from adjectival to the astronomical,
They say that familiarity breeds contempt, well you get better than half-aloof from
this breed because regarded objectively they are merely comical.

So perhaps it's the stories that I like, I admit that the soberer,

Sometimes have the hypnotic effect of a rattlesnake, rock-python or cobra.

But then we get the six-foot three hero, aided by Einstein and Arthur C. Clarke,

Ascending in a shower of formulae and a rocket from the local park,

Half-way to his destination he finds a lovely female hiding in his locker,

And if he had any feeling for his mass-ratio he would quietly socker,

But instead she tags along, and has to be rescued in every other paragraph,

Until in the last one where they face a glorious future together with a happy laugh.

Sometimes I, too, would laugh happily--if the hero was beaten

And the heroine eaten.

Then there's the modern product, the extrapolation of a sociological trend to the
extreme,

Producing a future that reads like a cheese-and-onion-for-supper dream.

The author has read that men are now beginning to wear their hair longer instead of
neat,

So in his next story of 2052 AD civilisation has slowed down because men are continually
getting their hair tangled in their feet.

Others include the type where the hero steps from a FTL spaceship and starts a rebell-
ion against a tyrant by means of his trusty sword.

And after hacking his way thru exotic verbiage for 15,000 words the author leaves both
you and the tyrant bored.

There are the friendly aliens,

And the tall, dark and scaly'uns.

The sort that you can't tell from your best friend unless he tells you,

And the tentacled BEM type that makes s-f reading resemble a continuous series of
deja vu.

No, it can't be the stories that attract me, I'm not that stupid.

And it's not the advertisements, I refuse to believe that buying Eveready blades will
invite the attentions of either Mammon or Cupid.

And if there's one thing I dislike more than the editorial that tells me how good the
stories are and who wrote them in the same magazine for which I've just paid
a price that is in itself fantastic.

It's the editorial that tells me it won't print readers letters because the letters it
gets are from fans and not representative but all the letters it gets are wildly
enthusiastic.

No, I can find no explanation,

For this peculiar aberration,

And it occurs to me that one thing holds for the collector-fan with the force of an
exact law

He or she may look human but he has all the finest instincts of a half-witted jackdaw.

A CHICONOTE

Time: 3 ayem

Place: A party somewhere in the Morrison

Speaker: George O. Smith (over a phone) "Mor Boucher?"

Tony Boucher (sleepily)

G.O.S.

T.B.

G.O.S.

T.B.

GOS

"Yes?"

"Mr. White?"

"Yes?"

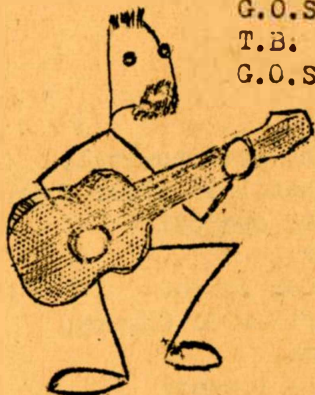
"Mr Holmes?"

"Yes?"

"This is

Mister Smith."

(click of phone receiver
being slammed in cradle.)



Ted Sturgeon



George O. Smith

AN INVITATION —



Yes, an invitation to get twelve months of the best fanzine reading you've ever cast your multi-faceted upon...

That's right. The fanmag that's been rising in popularity for over six months till it is now one of the best in the field...

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MARION BRADLEY...CHARLES TANNER...DAVID KYLE
...LEE HOFFMAN...RAY NELSON...HAL SHAPIRO...
and many others.....

Art work by: Ward...Nelson...Gibson...
Keasler...Dea.....

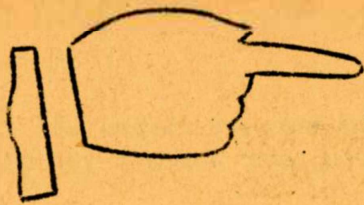
Try a sample for 15¢ worth of over 40 pages each ish or risk a \$1.50 and be settled back for 12 issues and an annual of the finest the fan and pro ranks can produce. Send your dough to the ed.

LL ETIN—

editor: HARLAN ELLISON

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---advt.



SEZ YOU

J.T. Oliver,
315 27th St
Columbus, Ga.

Dear Lee;

This was the best Q in some time. Liked everything in it. Elsberry was wrong though. Ulliver killed Lee, because Tucker snubbed him, and he got even by destroying Tucker's most valued possession --- a Tucker fan. That still does not explain Keasler...but who can explain Keasler?

bye bye you all
jaytee Ulliver

Blame this letter on Bloch

Dear Miss Hoffman;

For some days now I have been watching, with fear and misgivings, while the mailman staggered up the stairs. There were two reasons for this (1) I feel a natural concern for drunken mailmen and (2) I knew that sooner or later the mills of the gods would grind forth another issue of QUANDRY.

And I was worried, a bit, about Q's stand on the Convention. As we all know, Q is one of the leading organs (oops-pardon me!) of Fandom, and its initial reaction to the affair in Chicago might well determine the impression left on Fandom as a Hole...as Keasler might say and probably already has.

Now, thanks to you and antihistamine, I can breathe easier.

For Q has arrived at last, and I'm happy to see that you and your contributors apparently intend to present the Con in its proper light (10 watts, D.C. Only). ((Shall I ask the man how many cycles, Grandpappy?))

Instead of the usual gossip-ridden, scandal-mongering, rumor-insinuating Con report which has been all too typical in years past, I find a completely objective, detached, mature recital of events as they occurred. In the 10 lines you personally devote to the Con, I can find nothing objectionable or out of line, except perhaps that reference to "thremals" which was obviously written by the same gremlin who wrote about rumors proving "flase" on p.13. ((Foosh, blame it on Bloch.)) The same goes for your page of artwork.

And of course, Sweetheart and Willis have done jerkulanean work in clearing up ugly innuendos. ((There, Tucker, that's how you spell it!)) Fandom is the cleaner for their efforts...as well it might be, for these two guys have been systematically taking fandom to the cleaners for years.

As you know, I was not active at the Convention this year, and hence cannot contribute much by way of my own impressions. I believe I ran into you at the Girl Scout Lemonade Stand in the Morrison Lobby Thursday night, and we did manage to discuss nucleonics until I retired at 8 PM or thereabouts. Friday, of course, I rested all day in preparation for the opening of the Con itself, and hence did not have the opportunity to meet anyone.

I understand, however, that a large number of fans and pros arrived during the course of the day and presumably spend their time visiting the Zoo, the Planetarium, and the University of Chicago Campus. ((Thad and I went to Rosenwald Museum.))

I believe I next saw you Saturday evening at the taffy-pulling and apple-bobbing party held in the suite of the San Francisco Sewing Circle, where Theodore Sturgeon

Bloch yet.

and Dr Winters entertained us all with those delightful nursery rhymes set to music. ((Don't you remember that terrific party up in your room...or weren't you at that one?))

Sunday, of course, was the day of the auction, the banquet and the masquerade party. As I recall, it was completely uneventful in every respect except for moments of embarrassment at the masquerade--owing to the fact that it was so difficult to decide just who was wearing a costume and who was not. ((That was a beauty you were wearing. Ugliest false face I ever saw...)) There may have been a few flashes of old-time convention revelry during the evening--I wouldn't know, as I was attending the Salvation Army meeting (in which organization I hold the rank of honorary corporal).

Guess I did see you once again, on Monday. Again, it was in the penthouse suite, during Jerry Bixby's chamber music recital. An overdose of tea and crumpets forced me to retire early in the proceedings, however, and I never did get a chance to hear Sam Moskowitz recite THE RAVEN to his fellow ornithologists. ((And you missed S.J.Byrne singing THE MIKADO as the sun rose.)) And then, of course, it was all over.

Tuesday I left for home, satisfied that I had at last attended a truly adult and mature Convention gathering. On the way out I chatted briefly with the Assistant Manager of the Morrison Hotel, who assured me that the lobby, the penthouse, the 16th floor and the elevators would be completely rebuilt and redecorated within a few months' time. This delighted me, and I was able to please him also by passing along the news that the next Convention would be held in Philadelphia.

He seemed most interested in the future of science fiction fandom and made several helpful suggestions as to the site of future Conventions. He would like to see one held in Buenos Aires, in Tokyo, and even more remote places. His last suggestion I didn't even take seriously--but evidently, when we convene there he is interested enough to plan on being present. I gather that from his final remark, which was "I'll see you all in hell!"

Wholesomely,

Robert Bloch

Richard Bergeron
R.F.D. # 1
Newport, Vermont

Dear Dee,

Received QUANDRY today and feel that I must sit down and comment on it. It's nice to see that you're changing your editorial policy enough to let in good serious articles on fans like Speer's and Warner's. ((Not a change, it's just that that stuff is rare)) It definitely adds to the high reader interest that you have consistently maintained with the exception of the feuding daze. ((?))

I never knew Elsberry could be so funny. This is even better than the "Sportsman". You've got a gold mine sitting in your backyard in the form of Kessel. ((Haul out the pickaxes, men!)) The Warth pic was a beauty too. Tucker omitted to report that Mr Bloch is now on a slow boat to China evading bills incurred by having broken so much at the Morrison.

Best of all,

Rich

"WHAT'S UNTIED? WHITSUNTIDE? WHAT'S UNTIED
ON WHITSUNTIDE? RAH!"

-WK

Moldy Mort Morse
10, Sunnyside,
Edenbridge,
Kent, England.

Dear Churchy Ma'am,

I'll gladly trade the equivalent of a year's bub to the Mag of Fantasy and Science Fiction in local produced pocketbooks or full sized stuff. If you or anyone else is interested I'd like to hear about it. Don't want any free offers-- especially since I have now reached the dizzy heights of acting sergeant. There are actually three mags I am after, so I'd be delighted to hear of anyone looking for British books or mags, whether sf or otherwise.

Always thine, Ma'am,

Moldy Mort

(Taking my annual bath this week.)

Jim Harmon
427 East 8th St.,
Mt. Carmel, Ill.

Dear Lee,

I had thought you might end all this childish fanning after Edward Wood's excellent talk at the 10th Anniversary World Science Fiction Convention but after the latest Quandry I have given up hope. The least you could do is change that ridiculous misspelled name to something dignified like FANTASY COMMENTATOR or SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER. But of course the whole mag is ridiculous. ((You don't approve of misspelling, Mr Harmon??))

For instance, that repetitious fannish joke about Tucker's BIRDBATH. You know of course what a non-fan reading Q would think. ((That Tucker liked to bathe in birdbaths?)) He would think all fans were simply wild ~~me~~ to bathe birds. ((oh, birds')) And why do fans want to bathe birds so badly? Obviously because they think these poor harmless creatures, our feathered friends, stink! This may be the opinion of you urban sophisticated swamp-dwellers but I'll have you know the majority of fans are just plain honest ((well, plain...)) Ghod-fearing (('fraid of Tucker, eh?)) folk. And feet that do not trod the pathways of nature shall never touch ours. ((Look out there, you're standing on my toes.))

Mind you, I can stand Q being ridiculous but when it doesn't mention my name it becomes impossible. Only once am I mentioned and then by snide inuendo ((Look, grandpa, this 'un spells her with one 'n')) on the part of Wilson C. "Bob" Tucker behind an alias too ridiculous to mention ((and too long to spell?)) Why doesn't he come right out and say who it was who passed out in front of the elevators. ((Gad, you passed out in front of more than one?)) at the Morrison. Is he afraid of the Truth? Only The Guilty Need Fear The Truth. The Truth Shall Set You Free. ((You been readin' FACT again, boy?)) If anyone asked me who wrote THE POSTTIVE NOTHING IN THE BIRDBATH, I would tell The Truth. I don't have anything to hide. I didn't do it. Don't try to hang it onto me. Not content with trying to bring me down from my lofty preeminence, he gives me a moral. God knows, he doesn't have many to spare. Does he mean to suggest that he has to give me a moral because I have less than he? A bass canard! I am a reformist at heart. Put me in a Morrison Hotel room with a loose woman and a bottle of Gin and I'll have her tight in no time. ((Ah, so that's where you were during the official programme!)) This slanderous libel is ridiculous.

Walter A Willis also makes a few disparaging remarks about fans. He doesn't mention my name either but judging from Tucker he means me too. Well, I will not
(con't bottom of page 19)

Chaos cont.

have covered our pages to the brim with deathless witticisms. Hah. The last deathless witticism we put on paper was a quote from Walt Willis. But let us not change the subject in the middle of the horse. What we started a page or so ago to say was this: if anyone has Chicon photos for sale we'd be delighted to hear about same. We want in particular 1) ourself 2) Willis 3) Tucker 4) Bloch 5) Keasler 6) Calkins 7) other fake fans and hucksters 8) a good shot of Harlan Ellison in his costume 9) Forry Ackerman 10) any photos suitable for blackmail purposes ((Not necessarily in that order)).

So now we are stuck with almost a page to fill, eh wot!

We could tell you all about the 8x11 photo of Bert Campbell (or is it 8x10?) that WAW brought us. But we won't. Hah! Or we could inform you scoffers that the story of our trip to Fort Mudge is a longsite more fact than you think. Or we could congratulate Vince Clarke for his fine Con-coverage of the Loncon. We could inform you that the following list of British fanz is from that mag: OPERATION FANTAST - (stateside address not at hand unfortunately, sorry) - SLANT- Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., BELFAST Northern Ireland, - SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS (the fanmag out of the London Circle that no well-read fan does without) c/o Ving Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, Eng. - STRAIGHT UP Fred Robinson, 37 Willows Ave., Tremorfa, Cardiff, Glam, South Wales, G.B. - HYPHEN c/o Church Harris "Carolyn" Lake Ave., Rainham, Essex, Eng. - SLUDGE - Bob Foster, 2 Spring Gardens, Southwick, Brighton, Surry, England. PHANTASMAGORIA - Derek Pickles, 22 Marshfield Place, Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng. Ving fails to list SPACE DIVERSIONS which should be obtainable through N.L. Shorrocks, "Barholm" Mere Farm Rd., Noctorum Birkenhead, Cheshire, England (if that is actually an address and not just a poor translation of yed's handwriting) and SPACE TIMES from Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Woodmoor, Stockport, Cheshire, England. Or we could tell you all about Ted Tubb....

But why should we?

Let us talk instead about ourself. (ourselves? Ourself? Us'ns?) Right now we are sitting in front of the radio actively avoiding the Arthur Godfrey Show, by listening to records. The one playing now is Vernon Dalhart singing The Prisoner's Song. Before starting on this stencil we'd been reading VENGEANCE VALLEY by Luke Short. Immediately in front of us is the typer and across that for a distance of some four feet from us, is a huge stack of stencils, mostly cut for this. As we survey it, we doubt that the next ish'll be out soon. But our fanish instinct may be refired soon. We are expecting a fan-type visitor in the forthcoming few weeks, namely Russ Watkins, who is being stationed at a nearby air-force base. This will make Savannah disgustingly thick with fans: Wells, Kessel, and myself and now Watkins. Of course the overcrowded situation is somewhat relieved by the much mourned loss of Fred Warth to Athens, Ga. where he has gone to learn to draw pretty pictures, but since Fred was not so active so recently as Russ, there is an unbalancing of the stresses and strains around here.

Foocy, let's talk about Max Keasler. . . not that I know exactly what one can say about Keasler, especially in a family magazine...but he would make an interesting topic of conversation, wouldn't he? Did you get told that he is your editor's 16 year old twin brother. He and Willis and Vick (who is our 16-year-old twin brother what is 2 years older than the rest of us). Dave Kyle is our 16 year old twin father and Tucker is our old grandad. Somewhere we confirmed the rumor that Robert Bloch is Tucker's father which proved that he's our great grandpa. Evelyn Cold is our only aunt, and the rest of the identified family tree had the following swinging from it: cousins-Ray Nelson, Bob Johnson and Gregg Calkins, and great great grand father Rog Phillips.

More from the editor...

Oh, by the way, we should like to note that Richard Eney is the first fan to send us \$100.00 for a subscription to Quandry.

The latest AUTHENTIC in is #25. This features THE PLASTIC PERIL, a novel by Roy Sheldon. Other items in the mag are the editorial, a column by Forry Ackerman, a letter section, and an "s-f handbook". AUTHENTIC, in case you aren't up to date, is the newest title tacked on the mag that began as S-F FORTNIGHTLY. It now appears monthly. It can be had from HAMILTON & CO. - 1&2 Melville Court, Goldhawk Road., London W. 12., England. The price is 10/6 for six issues (\$1.50 to you statesiders). Stateside fans can easily obtain subs through Moldy Mort Morse, or WAW tho. Since neither of these fellows (nor any other British fans, for that matter) can send cash out, we advise getting your British mags through British fans, in trade for US stf. After all, why should Hamiltons get your buck fifty, when Moldy Mort so desires a few issues of F&SF? Besides, Boucher could use the money. So if you trade Mort a sub to F&SF for one to ASFM, look at all the people you make happy: Mort, yourself, Tony, and Bert Campbell. If you buy direct, only you and Bert get anything out of the deal.

Speaking of British paperbacks we would like to mention SPACE TREASON! from Hamilton's at the same address as above. This exciting space opera is by A. Vinç Clarke and Ken Bulmer. So even if you don't read s-f, you should have this one to round out your collection. Think what a collector's item it will be in a few years, when all the world realizes that in Vinç and Ken lies a great burning talent that will out, despite the temptations of money. Now, you the readers of Quandry, have the opportunity of obtaining this book. In a few years, book collectors (especially collectors of s-f) will be at each others throats for copies. All the great museums of the world will be begging for them. You'll be able to name your own price.

Do you want to retire when you're 65? Invest now in a copy of SPACE TREASON.

Which reminds us: keep your eyes open for a forthcoming NEW WORLDS. We mean the one which will have in her a story by no less a personage than James White. Few of you know or realize who James White is, and what is his vital role in fandom today. Few of you comprehend the magnificence of James White, and the honor he is bestowing upon the world by condescending to let ME Prossines publish his writing. Take our word, don't miss this opportunity!!

.....
Harmon (con't)

say anything about back country Irishman but Forry Ackerman writes me that he drove back to the coast with Walt and made frequent stops for Walt's benefit. Mind you, I'm not saying anything about back-country Irishmen, Walt, but over here we usually wait until we get to a filling station.

Speaking of filling things, the only thing that isn't ridiculous about Quandry is you and the way you fill a sweater. You really pull my eyes over the wool. BY GEORGE O. SMITH, THAT'S A THIGH-SLAPPER! Oh Goodness Me -- not that I meant to slap your... Oh goodness... Oh gracious... oh well, I guess I'll have to go back into the corner and hide behind the pile of empty Gin bottles.

Rediculously,

Jim

"As they say, all's well that ends in a hole in the ground....."

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TO *Richard Bergeron*

RED #1

Newport, Vermont

