

Vol. I No. 5

A Wishtower-Ded Publication

December 1950

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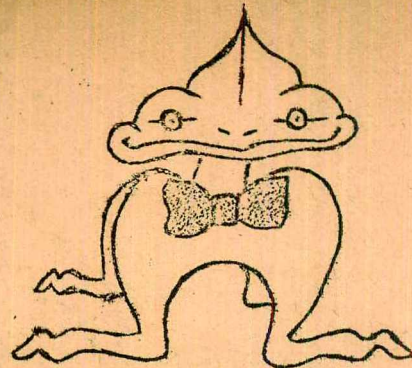
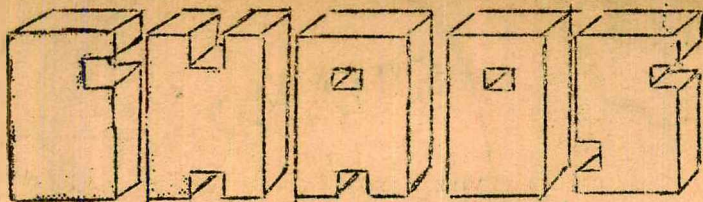
QUANDRY (Vol.I No.5) is dragged monthly from our cave in the hills at the Sign of the Bug-eyed Boll Weevil. It can be had at a mere dime a copy or a buck a year. Address communiques containing cash, complaints, and comments to 101 Wagner Street - Savannah, Georgia. All letters will be responded to and considered for Publication unless we are requested to do otherwise. QUANDRY will be gleefully traded for other zines. If you want to trade please let us know. If you wanna advertise in QUANDRY space is a dime an inch. Cheaper prices for bigger slices. Write for further info. And as long as you're writing how about writing something for publication? We can't pay cash, of course, but we'll give you our deepest thanks and a copy of the ish in which accepted material is used. Please let us know what you think of QUANDRY and offer any suggestions for improvement.

101 Wagner Street

Savannah, Georgia

\*\*\*\*\*





CUSTOMARY COMMENTARY from yed

Something new has been added! Yes, beginning with this issue QUANDRY will bring you Fanews of the South. Serving as O-O for AUSF will in no way limit QUANDRY's horizons, tho. It will remain the life-loving li'l fmz that it has been. Policy will continue as is...there will be no limiting of interests or contributors. A few pages each issue will be devoted to the official news. Otherwise QUANDRY will continue in its regular rut. And opinions held by members of AUSF are not necessarily those of the editor. It is common knowledge that the editor has few, if any, opinions anyway. We hasten again to assure you that AUSF is in opposition to no one and we hope that no one is in opposition with AUSF.

Wait, we do have an opinion. It was brought about by the column in this ish titled "Slurp". It is our opinion that fans who want to read fan fiction should read it, fans who want to write fiction should write it and fans who don't want to read it should skip over it. ~~in fmz~~. QUANDRY will print both fiction and non-fiction. Read whichever you want to.

Of course if you really like to read fan fiction of high quality or you just admire technical perfection in a fmz you should sub to NEKROMANTIKON. If you like to look at pictures you should sub to QUANDRY. If you like a life of surprise and adventure sub to QUANDRY. If you like QUANDRY let us know...we need the ego-boo.

Thumbing thru fmz received recently we find several new ones. Firstly BIZARRE, bi-monthly O-O of SFD, which sells for 15¢ a copy or 75¢ a year to non-members. Cheaper to members. It's edited by Tom Covington - 315 Dawson Street - Wilmington, NC. Secondly: Seetee, O-O of the TS. It is at present in an unsettled state. Information on it and its plans may be had from Wm. Knapheide - 3046 Jackson St. - San Francisco 15, Calif. Third: FANatic FANzine from Bobby Pope - SW Hill & Hanover Sts - Charleston, S.C. A quarterly which sells for 15¢ a copy FAN FAN is the O-O of no organization. Fourth; UNIVERSAL FAN VARIETY (not a floor show, a fmz) a monthly edited by Ray Nelson and Max Keasler. Address; Keasler - 420 South 11th St. - Poplar Bluff, Mo. UF sells for a dime an issue.

If you contemplate a fmz we will gladly announce its advent. All first issues received here will be announced too.

More old news: Grand Rapids, Mich. fen interested in a club are asked to get in touch with W.R. Clack at 811 Royal Oak, SW in that city. Texas fans interested in a state-wide club should write to Neil Wood, Route 2, Corsicana, Texas. Savannah fans are asked to get in touch with yed. All SOUTHERN fans should write to Bob Farnhan - 104 Mountain View Drive - Dalton, Georgia.

ALL FANS SHOULD JOIN THE NOLACON...THE FAN EVENT OF 1961 !!!

More over



Local Problem: Between hurricanes the other day the local court house was reported to be flying a distress signal.



Quote from Avon Fantasy Reader #14: " It is unusual for the ...Reader to buy an original these days, and even more unusual to buy an original by an author who, as far as we know, never made a sale before. We saw this little gem in a small privately printed fan magazine from Northern Ireland."

While on the subject of EGO-BOO, didja get your copy? Free for the asking from Manly Banister - 1905 Spruce Ave. - Kansas City 1, Mo.

Reminding you again that we will trade QUANDRY subs and/or ad space for old fmz, proz, what-have-you. Let us know what you have.

AND DON'T FORGET TO SEND YOUR BUCK TO THE NOLA CON!!!

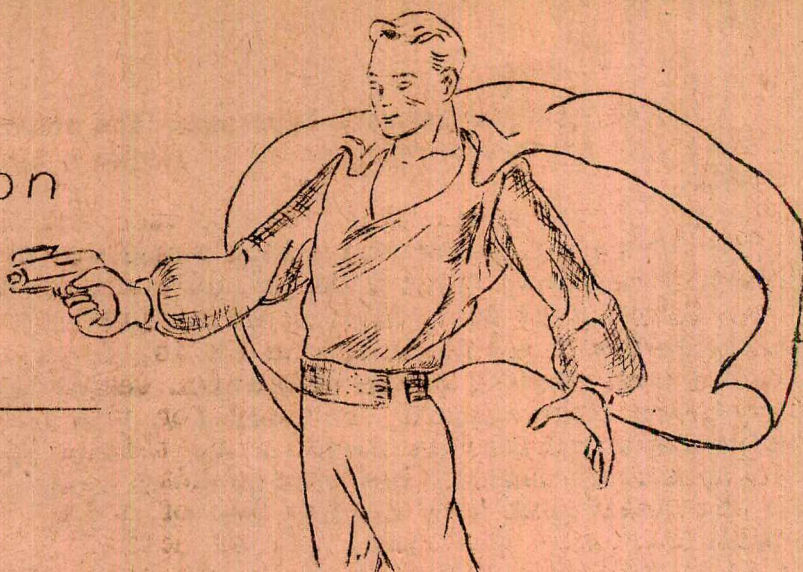
Seeya there...

+++++



southern  
fantasy  
association

NEWS



Firstly by way of explanation: at the time the editorial was cut yed was under the impression that this organization was still using its original operating name, Association for United Southern Fandom. Since, this title has been abandoned in favor of the one above since the latter serves our purpose better.

This issue of QUANDRY is reaching quite a number of fans in the southern states. All of you in these states are asked to respond to this news. If you are interested in SFA please write Bob. If you disapprove please give us your reasons. If you plan or hope to attend the NOLACON please let us know. Send the NOLACON info to yed.

The states encompassed by the SFA are those of the Confederacy, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Kentucky. If any of you know fans in any of these states please pass the word along to them.

Since the typing of Bob's stencil new members have come into SFA. Southern fans living in thinly populated sections of the country have found that they are not isolated from the rest of fandom. A major phase of fandom, as you know, is contact between fans. You, who live on the west coast where the percent of fans in the population is relatively high, and those of you living in or near cities such as New York are able to meet your fellows personally. You may not have thought of the plight of the small town fan who may live hundreds of miles from his nearest fellow. An organization such as SFA will give these fans a chance to get together and know each other better.

The address of Bobby Pope is now SW Hill & Hanover Sts - Charleston, S.C. All other addresses given are correct at present.

Thanking you for your kind attention....

Yed

The pic above is by Jim Bradley of Portland, Oregon



# FROM FARNHAM

104 Mountain View Drive.  
Dalton - Georgia.

Greetings!! I'm cutting this letter for Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY in the hope of reaching as many Southern Fans as possible, and to lay before them an idea that I have had running through what the scientists like to call my brains. In few words it's this -- with southern fandom as scattered and ineffective as it is, I propose to untie southern fans and fan clubs, under an organization temporarily known as the Southern Fantasy Association. SFA is solely for the purpose of bringing together Southern Fandom in order to do more things in a bigger and better way, get acquainted, and generally speaking, have a whale of a lot of fun in doing what all fans get a kick out of doing. Each club and individual fan will continue whatever line of activity they now follow and retain their Individual Identity.. only, in belonging to an Association, a club or fan, would be able to immediately contact other fans and clubs and obtain help in putting across a pet project... nearby clubs would and could make personal contacts and hold their own little meetings and while we are on that subject.. they can be just plain meetings and not necessarily Conventions. ... I have been cautioned to be careful that SAF does not oppose any other club.. SFA certainly will N-O-T go in for opposition to any person or organization.. How can it oppose any club when SFA would consist of an association of several clubs? Insofar as opposing any club goes, SFA will, to the contrary, endeavor to work in fullest co-operation. SFA is only for the purpose of enjoying the fullest the benefits of Fiction Fandom.. At present, we are concentrating on organizing. No dues will be asked for some time. The thing we want to do now, is organize.. obtain officers for the various offices line up sufficient members to make the Association possible. THEN.. in the Official Organ, which capacity Lee Hoffman has consented to fill with QUANDRY until we have our own, our members can be given suggested plans for voting on. A Constitution will be draw up and ratified by the membership, the dues set after a membership vote. Those who are interested in SFA.. especially Club Presidents--- can write me at the above address. The following is a listing of the membership in SFA and Ye Editor is asked to send each one a copy of QUANDRY that carries this letter. Thank You, Ed.....

Lee Hoffman      101 Wagner St      Savannah-Ga      Editor-Publisher.  
Paul D. Cox      .. 3401 6th Ave      Columbus-Ga      Publicity Agent.  
Harry B Moore      .. 2703 Camp Street      New Orleans      13-La.  
Bobby Pope..Box 181 .. Station A ..Charleston, S.C.  
Shelby Vick.. Box 493 .. Lynn Haven-Fla.  
Anna Lee McLeod .. Apartment 2 .. 213 South Union Ave. Havre-de-Grace  
Maryland.

IT'S NEW ORLEANS 'N FUN .. IN NINETEEN FIFTY ONE ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

-- Bob Farnham.



## moonlight soliloquy

I lay upon the cool green grass  
And watched the evening sky,  
The soft and violet sky,  
But touched in the West with a hint of Gold.  
From over the emerald sea  
Night was slowly creeping  
Bringing the sparks of light  
That hint of wonders beyond  
The Cape of Darkness.

And when the transformation was complete,  
When the rolling Earth had carried me  
Far from the Motherlight,  
I saw the silver disc of the Moon  
Hanging low and glowing on the horizon.

The wind plucked at the trees  
And played its melody\_\_\_\_  
The song of the wind  
And a moonlight night.  
The filmy slips of moonlight  
Danced across the trees  
And where their delicate glow touched  
The leaves were as pearl.

I lay in the grass and felt the touch  
Of the moonlight like a gentle hand  
Upon my cheek.

The Moon is a woman with silver hair  
Who knows the secrets of the Universe.  
Her azure eyes have seen all things.  
Behind her coral lips lie silent  
The tales of Past and Future.  
I crossed the Rivers of Time and Tomorrow  
And walked among dreams with the crystal woman.  
And she told me the secrets that I longed to know.

And then...

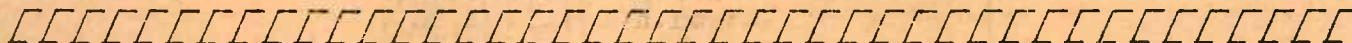
Why must I awake to this earth?  
Bound here by life and death\_\_\_\_?  
Why must the maiden fade from me  
And the glorious images grow faint...  
Disappear...?



Moonlight Soliloquy

What did she tell me in the land of Tomorrow?  
What things?  
Why can't I remember?

Oh, God, must I die  
And never know...?



*Here is a clever idea!*

GUMMED LABELS

When you read how handy these labels are--you will find it impossible to do without them. Read the suggested uses below, then drop your orders in the mail. I'll be happy to serve you.

Use them on stationery, envelopes, checks, luggage, eyeglass cases, books, wallets, purses, phonograph records, calling cards, brief cases, card tables, in your business, on children's school books, toys, pencil boxes, umbrellas, gift boxes, greeting cards, applications, manuscripts, lunch boxes, in fact you'll use them where ever you want your name to denote ownership.

You have a choice between two kinds of gummed labels. One has a colored border, the other does not have a border. You get 500 labels, of either kind, for only \$1.00. Use them anywhere you want your name to appear.

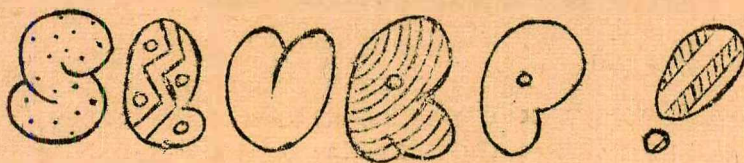
HOMESFUN labels can pay for themselves many times over by saving the loss of just one valuable article. They make ideal gifts that are different from anything else you can find. Order for your friends -- they'll be used and appreciated far beyond their small cost.

Send your orders to:

Robert D. Statton  
Box 520  
Beaver Falls, Pa.

-Adv.





BY R.J. BANKS

the ultimate column

This column is instigated at the request of the editor, and therefore all complaints, threats, and time-bombs should be addressed to him and not to your columnist. As long as this column continues (please don't laugh until I finish the sentence!) you will see in it a duke's mixture of news, impressions, tips on various aspects of fandom, and my own pet gripes.



One of these pet gripes is the most prevalent opening line of column first installments: "The editor of this fanmag has requested that I write a column." Nothing in the world could be more obvious. If the editor had not wanted the column there would be none! Just as bad is the hackneyed, "Well, here is the first installment of Burp, your new column." Any literate fan can see it is a new column, as well as the title; illiterate fan won't be reading it.

The new best seller, reprinted by Popular Library, "The Big Eye" by Max Ehrlich is a good story. In fact it is equal to "1984", that is until the story progresses to page 216. Even after that the story itself is all right, but on that page is a scientific mistake which reduces a classic to a mediocre yarn unworthy of the name of science fiction. Up to there a huge planet drawn by Sol is due to collide with the earth (said collision would have the obvious effects on our "beautiful" planet), but on the day the collision is scheduled it spins past earth and back into interstellar space ((like a yo-yo?)). All this is very fine until you consider the scientific implications. ((The wot??)) A huge planetary body is drawn inexorably toward a certain star. As it nears the star its velocity naturally increases due to the stronger gravity pull of the nearer star. But wait, instead of continuing on its course after swinging past the earth, and plunging into the sun the planet changes directions and speeds away from the sun. Even if it only passed the sun and streaked away (there is no mention of anything even remotely like this in the story, which states; "As the months passed into the year 1963 the Big Eye grew smaller and smaller."), it would have still been pulling against the supreme gravity of the sun. There are one or two other mistakes which are woven tightly into the story, but this "anti-grav planet" is the most damning error.

I also want to put in my two-cents-worth on the subject on fan-fiction. There has been a strong trend away from fiction in fanzines of late: SPACE-WARP stopped using fanfiction shortly before the end; ORB followed suit; WYLDE STAR will switch; most of the new mags are starting out with non-fiction plans. I think fiction is just as important (if not more so) in fmz as articles.

(more over)



While he hates fiction in general, the other Corsicana fan's private opinion seems to be: "If it's signed Wood, it's bound to be good!"

By the way, the reason for the name of this column being "Slurp" is certainly not that QAZ likes them between two slices of bread. The reason is that that is the first thing most fen say when they see a Bergey cover. Since someone would ultimately put this name forth as a column title the subtitle is, and shall remain "the ultimate column".

Now, having either bored or alienated the few readers I had at the beginning of the column I shall stop.

I have one last suggestion as to how you can enjoy fandom (particularly this zine) more. Sit down right now, while this atrocity is still fresh in your minds, and write Lee a letter telling him how much you dislike this column. Don't cancel your sub, just threaten to. After all every faned is entitled to one mistake.

30

[illegible]

CREPUSCULAR

SORCERY

by Orma McCormick

In the twilight domain of Uranus  
Is a Demi-world waiting the day  
When inhabitants there can enthrall you  
By a glimmering venture so fey  
To escape is impossible, ever;  
There is only one kind of advice --  
Do not visit this land of crepuscle  
Or you may be ensnared in a thrice!



# SHAKESPEARE AND THE OLD ONES

## Introduction

The third issue of NEKROMANTIKON, as you no doubt know, carried a report on the final days of Abdul Alhazred and the cause of his madness. Included in the article was a translation of the final chapter of the Necronomicon by D.S. Smith, reknown student of the occult. In this article Mr Smith hints at the fact that William Shakespeare had knowledge of the horrors of that forbidden worship. The authors of this article have done much research on this subject. Mr Torrie is an expert on the occult, having studied under Von Juntz at the time of the writing of Ungewissprellchen Kulten and your editor is an expert on Shakespeare, having spent many happy hours in the company of the great bard at the Mermaid Tavern.

\* \* \* \*

Foremost clue to the knowledge of the black arts by Shakespeare is the character Caliban in The Tempest. He is described as "A freckled whelp hag-born --- not honored with

A human shape."

"...poisonous slave, got by the Devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam..."

He says of himself, " ...Sometimes am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss..."

In the Necronomicon there is a chant, "Cthlolaham, Sothan, Caliban, Anatho..."

In the play, "A Mid Summer Night's Dream" fairies sing;

"You spotted snakes, with double tongue  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms do not wrong  
Come not near our fairy queen."

In the chapter of the "Hymn of The Days of The Black Sun" in the Necronomicon the prayer of Elathlak is given;

"Oh mighty serpent of speckled scales  
And forked tongues which cry to the Ones,  
Oh, sharply spined sons of the foul unnamed,  
And maggots that dwell within the hearts of thy followers,  
I beg ye harm not the chosen princess."

In Macbeth a formula (too long to quote here) is chanted by the tree witches. This formula is merely a re-statement of the central portion of Dho.

con't over



## Shakespeare and the Old Ones can't

And during the last war a manuscript was unearthed in an ancient cemetery in London that is believed to have been written by a youth called Ben who is known to have been one of a company of players with which Shakespeare at one time worked. In this manuscript is written: "He was found with his head severed from his body and from the throat flowed an ichor of colour unlike any of the known humours of the body. This fluid gave off a most horrid odour which gave life to all manner of flies, maggots, and worms. The corpse was discovered to be thickly grown with vile coloured hairs the breadth of a quill which waved themselves in rhythm like worms half out of the Earth on All-Saints' Eve. They did not cease this motion until the twelfth hour of his death. On the thirteenth hour he was interred at a fork in the Ashyre Pike with an oaken rod driven thru his liver. My master, William, attended the burial and cast the first clod with an oath. On the rise of the moon my master bade me attend him and we went again to the fork and there burned papers and books which had belonged to him, who was there buried. When these things were cast into the flames there arose from the very Earth beneath our feet a mighty and pained groan that climbed to the skies and was echoed from the clouds. And this was the sound of the cry, "Eh-ya-ya-ya-yakaah--o'yayayayaaaa...ngh'aaaaa...ngh'aaa...h'yuh..." Here ends the manuscript.

////////////////////

## PEACEFUL CONTACT

by  
Orma McCormick

Mars' chilly, threadbare atmosphere had quite  
Exhausted John's supply of packaged air;  
He shivered, gasped, and realized his plight.  
His lack of oxygen had no repair.  
His rocketship was miles from where he stood  
Across the orange plain of desert rust.  
He owned a fortune if he only could  
Reach safety over Mars' dead surface crust.

His face was blue, his limbs turned numb, before  
John saw the Martian with his curious hat.  
He led John down beneath the red rust floor  
And offered him his own respirostat.  
This friendly contact was the first to be  
Accepted by both races, peacefully.



Presenting QUANDRY's neo-fan of the month

# BOB HOSKINS

As he presents himself...

Born: May 26, 1933. About 7:45 ayem. (Really about 7:45 but this is close enuf.  
Weight: 217  
Height: 5'9"  
Hair & Eyes: Brown  
Species: Indeterminate. (Some say I am a Homo Sap. Others keep their traps shut.)  
Entered school back in 1938. Am now in the process of escaping from the final  
clutched of the same school, preparatory to being trapped by collitch.  
Have been reading stf since about 1940, when I used to spend muh allowance on WT  
and muh father used to occasionally buy AMAZING.  
I didn't start living 'til the fall of '49 when I first joined Young Fandom and  
the N3F. Other clubs quickly followed. Up until that time I had never saved a  
stf mag. In the past year or more I have collected about 250.  
Before becoming a fan I bought a mag, glanced at the contents page to see where  
the shorts were, read them and paid no attention to the authors. Now I look at  
the contents page to see who the authors are, read the shorts first, then the  
novels. Now I proceed to trace a new author down thru my pen-name list. Most  
recent discovery is that Jack Vance is HanKuttner. Mebbe other fen knew it but  
'tis new to me.

BOB HOSKINS

You, too, can gain the ego-boo of a biography within these pages. Just send it in.

## CHALLENGE

Editor: Lilith Lorraine

Associates: Stanton A. Coblentz and Evelyn Thorne

30¢ per copy

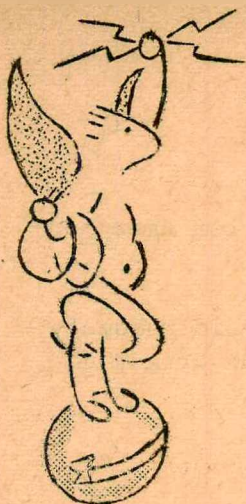
Rogers, Ark.

\$1.00 per year

The best in science-fiction poetry by the best poets in  
the field. And we're willing to help new poets to meet  
our standards. Please read before submitting and cut  
down on rejection slips. Write: Lilith Lorraine-Rogers, Ark.

\* \* \* \* \*  
While reading PLANET he thoughtlessly sat upon a cable carrying 25,000 volts.  
He was the first electric fan... Ye Olde Vampire





# THE SPIRIT OF COMMUNICATION

by

VERNON MCCAIN

"I tell you Joe, it's rough being a televue producer. Oh, I know, you guys on the outside look at the big money and think it's all 'cheer and vittles' but you'd be surprised what I have to put up with. Crackpots.....

"Like today, just before you came in.....Some ham actor was here. A complete unknown. Nobody'd ever heard of him before. And you know what he wanted? He wanted me to build a show around him--give him the starring role. Can you beat it? And you should have heard the crack-and-wool story he tried to hand me. It was a stunt, y'see? Fantastic stuff. Funny thing is he sorta acted like he believed it himself.

"I don't know why Francie let him in to see me. He was little and not much personality. Wouldn't scan worth a damn. But then I don't know why Francie let's half of those characters in. Characters all day long. I'd fire her if I could find another secretary with legs like that.

"Comes struttin' in here like he owns the joint. 'You the boss?' he wants to know.

"Course I'm the boss' say I. 'Do y' think anybody else gets to sit on this lambs-wool overstuffed furniture? What's on y'r mind?'

"Just then Francie buzzes me on the squawk-box and I take the call on the office phone. It was some two-bit agent and I brushed him off and turned back to this character.

"Now what's your tale of woe?" I asked him. I was wondering if maybe Francie would go out to dinner with me so I missed part of what he was saying. 'What did you say your name was again?' I asked.

"Bell, he replied, 'Alexander G. Bell. You've heard the name, no doubt. It's quite well known in the scientific field.'

"Yeh, maybe I have. Some guy named Bell wrote science-fiction under a pen-name, didn't he? John Wayne or Payne or something like that....'

"The little squirt heaves a sigh as if maybe his dinner wasn't exactly agreeing with him.

"No, no!" He says. "Not that kind of science. I'm an inventor. I invent things. What was that you just got thru talking on?'

"A telephone, naturally.'







# i fear

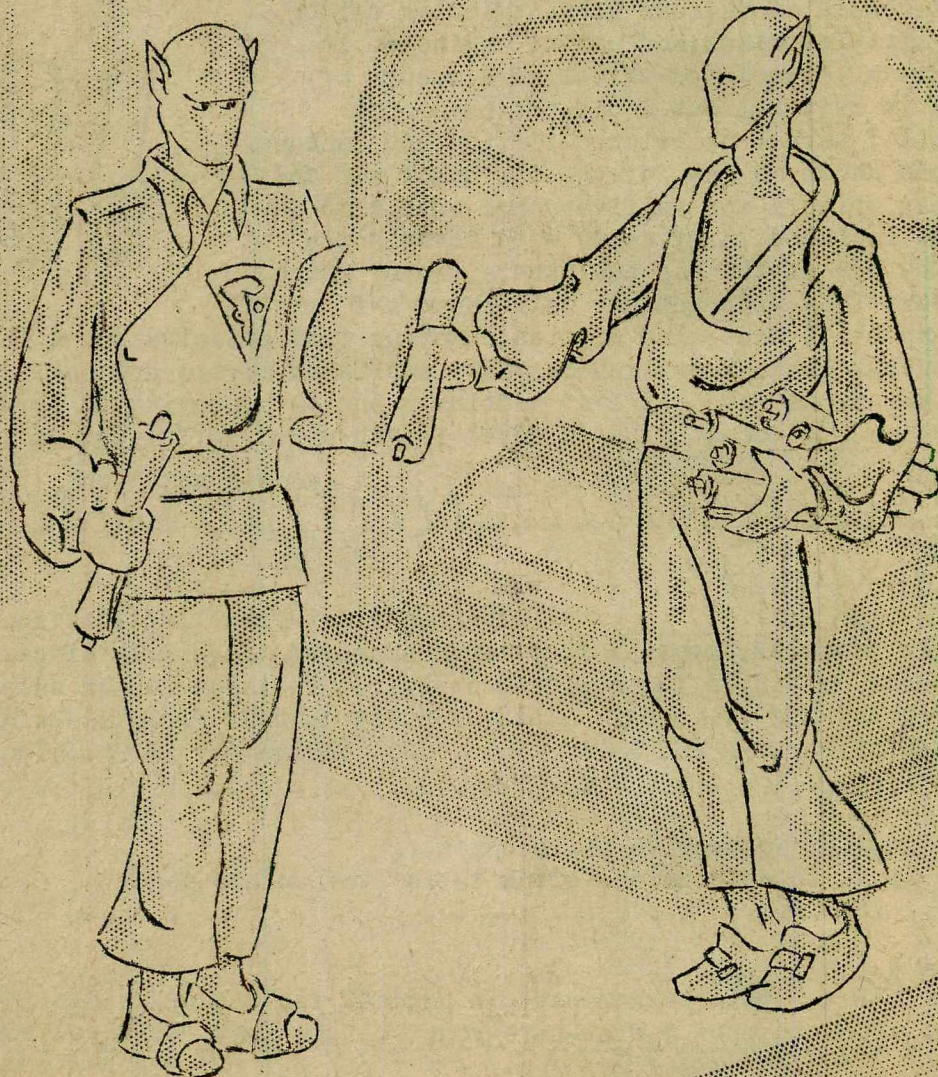
by Tom Covington

Van Vogt science and Bergay Bams,  
Cambells and Palmers and panning Lems,  
What an insane place this fandom be...  
So blissful and happy for such as me.

'Tis a continual daydream of other worlds;  
Of planets and comets and nebulous swirls,  
Of rockets and spaceships that streak thru space,  
Of curvacious maidens that monsters chase.

But, oh, how I love these fannish things.  
This world of fandom - the joy it brings.  
And it splits my heart - This coming raft  
By the sneaking, tenacious, mean old draft!

Bye









# ESCAPE

by J.T. OLIVER

Smith had been sitting at the bar, drinking steadily, for an hour when the first of the monsters began to crawl in at the door.

He stared blearily at them, half rising from his stool. When comprehension finally filtered through his alcoholic daze Smith realized they were nothing to get excited about. He was accustomed to seeing pink snakes and little winged horses with green polka-dots, so what difference did a little variation make? These monsters were nothing but overgrown spiders. Purple spiders, they were, with green stripes around their abdomens.

They calmly crawled in at the front door and deposited themselves in chairs at the tables, when they could find empty ones. Nobody seemed to mind them at all. Smith was glad he'd never been afraid of spiders, because one of the repulsive crustaceans, unable to find a chair at one of the tables, hopped up on the stool next to his.

Smith impulsively raised his glass in a "here's-to-you" gesture, and emptied the last swallow of the amber fluid into his cavernous mouth. He was only slightly surprised when the spider emulated his gesture, after borrowing a clean glass from the shelf across the bar and pouring it full from Smith's bottle.

This uninvited intrusion slightly peeved Smith. Not even those damn snakes which plagued him were that impudent! But the spider reached into a concealed pocket and came up with several coins; he inserted some of them in the automatic dispenser mounted on the bar and out came two bottles of first class scotch.

Somewhat mollified at this show of comradeship, Smith grinned lopsidedly at the monster. The spider smiled back and they both had another drink.

Several drinks later, Smith began to feel talkative. He leaned over and told the spider in a low confidential voice, "Ya know, you're the damnest lookin' thing I ever shaw, and I've seen some monstrossies in my day!" He looked at the spider a moment longer and then added: "Where'd you come from? I never shaw any of you before!"

The spider laughed a silky spider laugh and replied in a spiderish voice, "We're from the planet you call Mars. I thought everybody knew that, what with television and all---"

Smith lurched unsteadily to his feet. "You can't fool me, you ugly thing! I'm drunk, thass what! In a minute you'll go away and it'll be pink snakes again." Smith pointed triumphantly at the eight-foot reptile winding slowly up his leg. "See there, you're just like him. I got DT's, thass what! Now go away and make room for the little winged horshes." Smith sat

(con't over)



down and began to guzzle again.

Smith jumped angrily to his feet. "Yur durn right I'm drunk, but ain't no blamed spider gonna tell me whaz I am!" He sneered at the spider and then added smugly, "Speshly a spider what ain't real."

The other customers were horrified. Most of them ran out screaming. The spider's companions rushed up and began to spin a tough, sticky web around Smith, in spite of his frenzied denials of their existence.

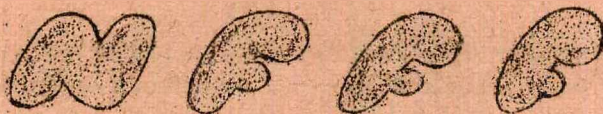
The spider on the floor regained consciousness and the manager of the Auto-Bar treated him to a free beer.

"Poor Smith," explained the manager, "He used to be a theology student and he just can't believe you Martians really exist. He's been drunk for six solid weeks---ever since you arrived in New York."

The purple spider smiled understandingly and drank his free beer while the manager droned on.

THE END

The



is the largest fan club in the world.

ARE YOU A MEMBER???

Write:

Roy and Deedee Lavender - Box 132 - Delaware, Ohio  
for information



# I like fandom because...

Ross Andley

This may look like it's going to be a humorous article...then again it may not. Anyway you've probably never heard of me and no doubt doubt my existence. Well, I am taking this opportunity to deny it! I hereby declare that I do exist! Notarized proof will be sent upon receipt of sufficient money to cover the notary's fee, mailing costs, and the last three checks I cashed. But back to the plot. If you are sufficiently convinced that I exist to believe that I am capable of writing an article then read on...

Fandom is more to me than just a word on paper --- much more. So much that it makes my head ache just to think about it. By the time you finish reading this thing you'll have a headache too. By the time I finish writing this thing --- but no --- I think I've developed this gag far enough.

Although I have been in fandom only a few months it frequently seems like years. And on certain days (usually Sunday, Monday Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday ) it feels like hundreds of years. Of course hundreds of years is ridiculous --- Fandom hasn't been here for hundreds of years.

This curious fact brings up a strange question: if fandom didn't get here until recently, WHERE HAD IT BEEN PRIOR TO THAT TIME? I CHALLENGE THE NEFF AND/OR FAPA TO ANSWER THAT ONE! Oh, but what's the use of asking them ---they won't talk. They're trying to cover up something ---something sinister. And it's this very furtive attitude that galls me. If Fandom was indiscreet, why not come right out with it? It's dangerous to hide the truth. This is a distortion of reality that leads one to draw false conclusions, and that's a waste of crayon.

I do not choose to dwell on this matter any-more as the purpose of this thing is to extol the virtues of Fandom, no matter what.

The people in Fandom are more than people. And as Fandom is peopled with a lot of people, one can hardly object to any lack of people. As a matter of fact the more individuals standing in a given area the more people there are in the given area. Taken areas do not interest me as it is much nicer to give than to take.

Now let's move on to the average fan. Ugh! Let's just move on.

The first thing about Fandom that struck me was a fireplace which a friend dropped on my head. THAT FRIEND WAS A FAN! From this meager beginning grew my knowledge of Fandom. Yes, had it not been for that fireplace I would not be writing this now.

Which brings me to... no, no, put down that fireplace! Don't! DON'T! NO!! Agggggghhhhhhhhh.....

---

Who took my fibula?

---



Sez You

Joe Kennedy  
84 Baker Ave.  
Dover, N.J.



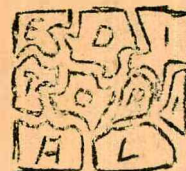
Dear Lee:

Lovely issue. Lovely duplication. The whole mag is reminiscent of the better issues of Cosmic Dust in format--- and orchids to those little Thurberish male-versus-female cartoons scattered throughout the pages. Material is still lightweight, but maybe that's good in these days when so many rival fan journals seem to be adopting pompous, dead-serious slants. Got a kick out of "How To Waterproof Your Fanzine"---and how about a sequel on how to make prozines fireproof or something? The possibilities are endless...It's good to see a veteran contributor like de la Ree present. "Lights...Camera..." reveals a fondness for the word "hell" I hadn't known I possessed. "Thru Charleston with Gun and Typewriter" is the most curiously restrained fan travelog I ever read, probably. It reads like Hemingway or something ((Ghod))---at least the last part of it. I like the little pics you sprinkle thru the letter section. Cute. Good issue.

Best regards,

[JoKe]

Gerry de la Ree  
277 Howland Ave.  
River Edge, N.J.



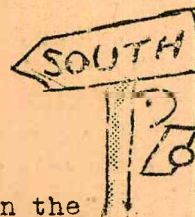
Dear Lee:

QUANDRY#4 in yesterday. You're getting there, chum; mag is improving with each issue. Your format is now quite readable and the illustrations pretty good. I don't like Phillips' pics, however. Try to keep your editorial a little more organized instead of sticking pieces of it in all over the place. Letter section interesting. Keep 'em coming.

Sincerely,

[Gerry]

Bobby Pope  
SW Hill & Hanover Sts  
Charleston, S.C.



Dear Lee,

Received this here thing, QUANDRY it sez on the cover, today and read it. I've seen better publications by Fiction House, when there's a Bradbury concerned... By far the best ish yet!

Editorial--good? Lights Camera--Okey-dokey. The Jaundiced Eye--Oh well, such things will slip by....RRP's pic--Why do you think!?? More From Me--Anudder editorial, yet? Phantasy of the Night--Good! How to Waterproof your Fmz--Pretty



Pope Sez More

good. Le's have more of them articles! Bohea--Vurry good. And such is The Kingdom --Pretty good. Pres. M.B.--So? What does that make her, left handed? Thru Charleston With G & T ---Ha Ha Ha, that's a good one.....Our Spacesuit Built For Two--Oke. Art on 17--Shlpendid. They--good'nuff. Sez You--Hummmmmmm. Ads--I intend to write RRP 'bout some pics.....

I'll send along some kind of material soon's I scrape the time to work on it. With fall migration on I've been as busy as a Tufted Titmouse trying to keep up with the changes...MY HEART KNOWS WHAT THE CANADA GOOSE KNOWS.....

By-yi for knoww....

[Bobby Pope]

Tom Covington  
315 Dawson St  
Wilmington, N.C.

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed the "light-and-crazy-vein" of your fanzine very much. I can't especially say that I like it, but it was a swell change from the general seriousness found in most fanzines today. I have a feeling that it could become very monotonous if one read more than a few fanzines possessing it but just one is okay. Keep it up.

You, as an editor, are perfectly prepared to give your zine the aforementioned quality. Without your illustrations the stories would be "out of place" and without the light-sided material you print, the illustrations would be lost. If you can get better material QUANDRY should go places.

QUANDRY four was a definite improvement over the third issue of your zine. I can't figure out what was good about most of the material with the exception of Kennedy's article which was interesting, but it was enjoyable. ((There's a law against that??)) Maybe I liked it because it was well-written. Who knows?

Sincerely

[Tom Covington]

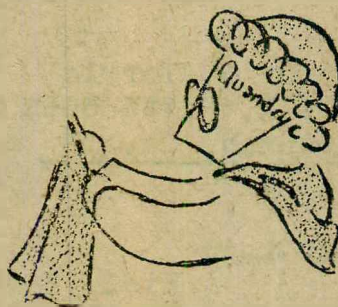
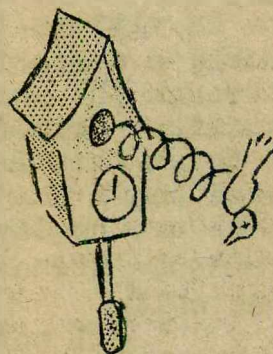
J.T. Oliver  
712 32St  
Columbus, Ga

Dear Lee,

Your fanzine is a neat thing, Lee. I like those little cartoons and illustrations you sprinkle thru the mag. I don't like the full page pics, tho. The contents were interested and well-written but most of it was too short. Fragments are a bit disconcerting; they get you interested and then stop. Letter section was interesting. Reminds me of an old fashioned fanzine, somehow. I assume all that unsigned work was done by you, right? How come you don't sign it? If you'll get some longer articles and some interesting fiction, you'll be okay. You've got the most legible mimeo'd job I've seen.

So long,

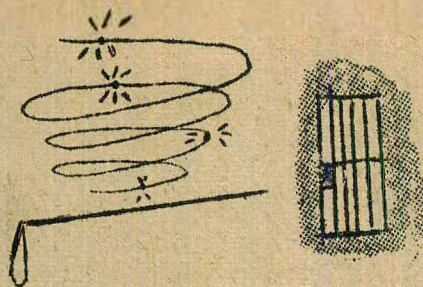
[Jay]



\* \* \* \* \*



Gilbert Cochrun  
Route 3 Box 51  
Claremore, Okla.



Dear Lee,

The queenly lady on page 17 seated herself in my mind and I knew that she was the goddess who has conducted me in visions through the lowest rooms under the floors of the world's deepest prisons. She has the power of engress and egress through the world's mightiest doors behind which are the world's heaviest criminals. She is the goddess of the overseers of prisons. I think that is why the picture in the upper right part of the page shows Lee's mother leading him away from danger. T'sh, t'sh, some are no doubt surprised. Perhaps one did not know that beauty commands madness and if one does know also that beauty commands one's self.

I note this M. Baxter... I wonder if she has noted those spiralling little flashing objects that bauche in a screw-like motion into one's magical charms. They come from a prison Head Screw's riding crop or cane. Hm-m- this would learn some one how to change one's luck.

Happy magic to the patrons and readers of Quandry,

Sincerely,

[Gilbert Cochrun]

Hector S. Torrie  
1414 E. North 36th St  
Savannah, Ga.



Dear Lee;

Hic! I'sha good zhine... Real purty. I mean the colored paper and the little folks running in and out. Invite them back, will ya?

Hurry up on the next ish.

Yours,

[Heck]



Vernon McCain  
c/o Western Union  
Ashland, Oregon

Dear Lee,

Thanks muchly for the sample copy of QUANDRY. Enclosed you'll find one buck for a sub. (Ah, an intelligent lad!)

Your zine is an intriguing thing. It has a definite personality and.... what's the word I want? Puckishness, maybe. Anyway I like.

How did you manage to revive Joe Kennedy? I thought he'd turned into a VAMPIRE long ago. The stuff in your zine and his article in the last SPACEWARP were the first I'd heard of the lad in over a year. I have fond memories of JoKe since he was riding high in the letter columns about six years ago when I first became a steady reader of stf and long before I entered fandom myself.

Your art-work is quite good for a mimeoed job.

Oh yes, I liked the edt. comments, both written and drawn.

Yerz

[Vernon L. McCain]

Shelby Vick  
Box 493  
Lynn Haven, Fla.

Dear Lee --

QUANDRY is a nice little zine and -- tho they don't have a gosh-darned thing to do with s-f -- I think your little 'characters' running thru the pages are a very enlivening element.

However only one thing places QUANDRY above any good, average fanzine -- that's the fact that it comes from Savannah which is in Georgia which -- and now we come to the important part -- is in the South. If I wasn't so daw-goned lazy I'd even try to put a zine out muhself...

Nawthin' -- other than yer sketches -- was particularly outstanding but (more important) neither did anything in the issue strike me as below the level. The whole thing was definitely good enough for me to want to see more 'n' more, however.

Luck!

[Shelby]

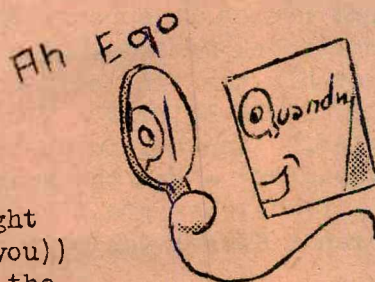
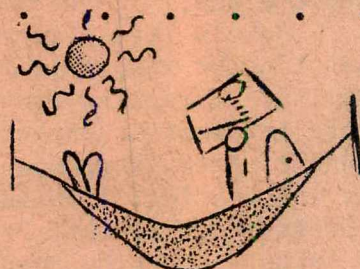
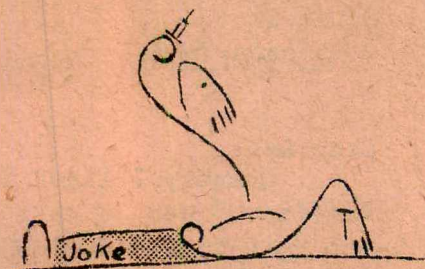
Ed Noble, Jr.  
Box 49  
Girard, Pa.

Br'er Lee, greetings---

Glad you like EXP --- Quandry ( I spelled it right despite the awful tendency to do otherwise) ((bless you)) arrived along with your card and I may reciprocate the compliments by sayin' it's a nice lookin' job --- I like the little characters wandering here'n'there about its pages --- you are doing them, yes? ((uh huh)) They remind me of Thurber, and Thurber is superb at times.

S-Fictionately,

[Ed]





Neil Wood  
Route 2  
Corsicana, Texas



Dear Lee,

Quandry I liked very much. Please keep featuring these covers. "Lights... Camera..." was a pretty good article but doesn't the author consider TV as the next medium with Buck Rogers and Captain Video already cluttering up the place? "How To Waterproof Your Fanzine" was the most interesting article in the zine. This should increase fanzine circulation for now mermaids can subscribe.

[Neil Wood]

Alfred Lane

Dear Lee,

Still improving. You need a few meaty items for the backbone of the zine. An article and a story or two, of decent length plus a regular column or two. Steady or semi-steady. You've made a start towards this I see. Hmmm, I may dig out some old fanzines toward a sub.

JoKe's little item was a nice bit of speculation. Johnny Blyer's bit was neat. I doubt muchly if it'll be tried very much though, if at all. And why not institute a regular feature of presenting autobiogs of your contributors? Should prove interesting. Especially to us older fans who don't know too many of the younger, newer group now coming to the fore. Your experience visiting Bobby Pope was interesting. I've had an experience or two like this myself. This "Hoff" is a pretty good artist. "Thay" could have been developed more. The letter section is an up and coming readers' column. A column such as this sure helps a zine... if it's good. I might add that those lil peepul all thru the mag are very enhancing to the general tone and format of the zine.

Yours,

[Alfred Lane]

William Rotsler  
Route 1 Box 638  
Camarillo, Calif.

Editor, QUANDRY

As a member of that GLORIOUS organization (devoted to literate self-expression and dog-copulation) I have not needed to subscribe to fanzines...and yours will not break my rule. Had a couple funny things in it tho, notably the tiny cartoons & two titles (but not the story: SPACESUIT BUILT FOR TWO and "How To Waterproof Your Fanzine." Another funny thing - one which keep me in a "Quandry" - was the nonmention of who the hell the editor & publisher are. I think it is Walt Kessel, but in case you aren't Kessel you better put your name in the next one.



[William Rotsler]

((The pic accompanying this letter is by Rotsler... and we swear we ain't Kessel