



# TH' INSIDE DOPE



Th' Inside Dope.....(th' inside, dope!).....

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## THE NOVELTY FANZINE

# CONFUSION

"Untouched by human hands"

CONFUSION is an amachoor publicashun (this, we gotta tell yuh?) put out from a multitude of places scattered over the County of Bay. Th' editorial address is 937 Florida Avenue, Lynn Haven, Fla. Sub rates are: 5¢ for one, 50¢ f'r a dozen issues. Turned out sometimes, on a veritable metal monster what disguises itself as a mimeo machine. Any resemblance between CONFUSION and any other fanzine is purely plagiarism. We ain't responsible f'r columnists' opinions, if any.

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# TRACINGS

by

Trace

So here we are; th' first ish of another zine. Mind?

Yuh know, a first zine is somewhat like a bride's first biscuits. You put in a little of everything 'nd hope. And you're ALWAYS sure the next will be better. It's simply gotta! It couldn't be worse!

Case yer wondering whut them lines are doing at the top of th' page, they have two meanings: Firstly, to fit the column title, it's traced; from a picture in a prozine. Secondly, it's part of a contest. If n one of you all can tell us what it's from, we'll give you a free sub to CONFUSION for twelve issues. (If we have to choke it down you.)

(One thing you can count on CONFUSION for: It'll come out often; pif'n' on, that is.)

Helped mother do the washing today. We know this ain't dignified work for a zine ed, but the butler wouldn't help, nor would Cook, and our personal servant was off f'r the day. It all made us think. Whut this swamp needs is a good five cent washing machine.

Or just a good five cents.

Oh, yah; mustn't forgit our price. Don't faint; we're really bodacious enough to charge for it. 5¢. That's f'r one issue, we mean; not by the year.

Editorial policy ('r lack of it) will be determined by our columnists.

'N' while on the subject of columnists: We thought you all might be interested in somethin' Vernon McCain said, in response to our request for a column. We quote:

"Gad!!! ~~He~~ limited to 400 words? This is McCain, remember? The guy who writes 8 page, single-spaced, both-sides-of-the-sheet letters when he really gets going.

(now hunt for page three)



I have been asked by Tommy Lee Tracy to do a column for CONFUSION. Although I have only a few things to say, and although this might be one of those three-in-one issues (first, last and only) I agreed. "And so I put my hand to pen again..."

Everyone take a deep breath. Smell the fragrance? Now hold the breath -- here comes the bouquet: One large order of American Beauty roses to Bob Johnson for his Nolacon issue of ORB and one tall order of gladiolas to Lee Hoffman for the QUANNish. ORB was the finest fanzine these palsied palms have ever clasped, and QUANDRY was the largest. The amount of work that went into the makeup of both I dare not think about, for fear of contagion. To two fine people from a fervent fan, thanks a million.

SAYINGS OF JOSEPH It's easy to believe in dianetics if you believe in dianetics. Once a king always a king, but once a knight is enough for any man.

We hear distressing things about the dianetics session at the con. It seems the only thing offered to the public was more wind. To me personally, dianetics is looking more and more like ye ancient Shaver mystery; impossible to disprove, but running low on active ammunition. C'mon, Ron; get the lead out. As the discoverer of dianetics, aren't you a clear? And if you're clear, why can't your extremely powerful mentality force dianetics down the hungry-for-just-such-stuff throat of the American public?

If dianetics is all its originator claims, I'm for him, despite the psychiatrists his wife hired who say he is a heavily burdened hickory tree. If dianetics is not worth the necessary effort, then let me return to my belief that the humans are hopeless cases, and go get drunk on pessimism and Venusian brew.



LOOK OUT! KEEP 'WAY! DON' WAVE THAT HAIRY TENTACLE AT ME!

(Here's Trace again!)

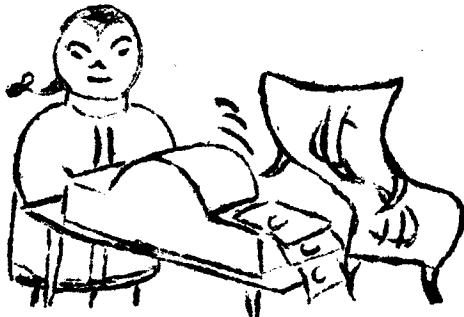
"McCain, the guy who never uses one word when ten would do as well. I weep."

Haw! You'll really cry, when yuh see whut's left of yer column, Vernon. We blew the head off the beer and churned most of th' buttermilk! Sorry, but it was a leetle long. Yah. A leetle.

Wonder whut you people think uv our improvised shading screen/plate? (Shhh -- 'sa secret. A strainer 'nd a file.)

Anybody out front there got ideas for a cover? Shelvick, the art editor, would like a better A-bomb blast. 'R mebbe you all have a different idear altogether. Send it to 'im.

WAW with the crew in fifty-two!



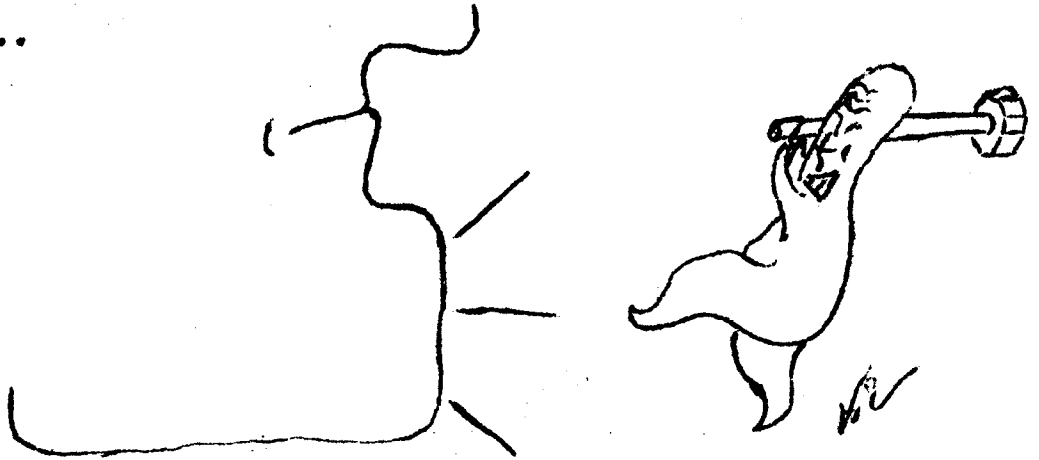
CONFUSION SEZ:

A fan and his money are soon printing a fanzine.

# JAWBREAKER

Humm...

Maybe they could be used for --oh--paper weights? Or perhaps they'd serve nicely as door stops ...



Surely there must be SOME use for those predominant square jaws!

They aren't as bad as they used to be, of course. Was the time when a story wasn't complete without at least one passage that went something like this:

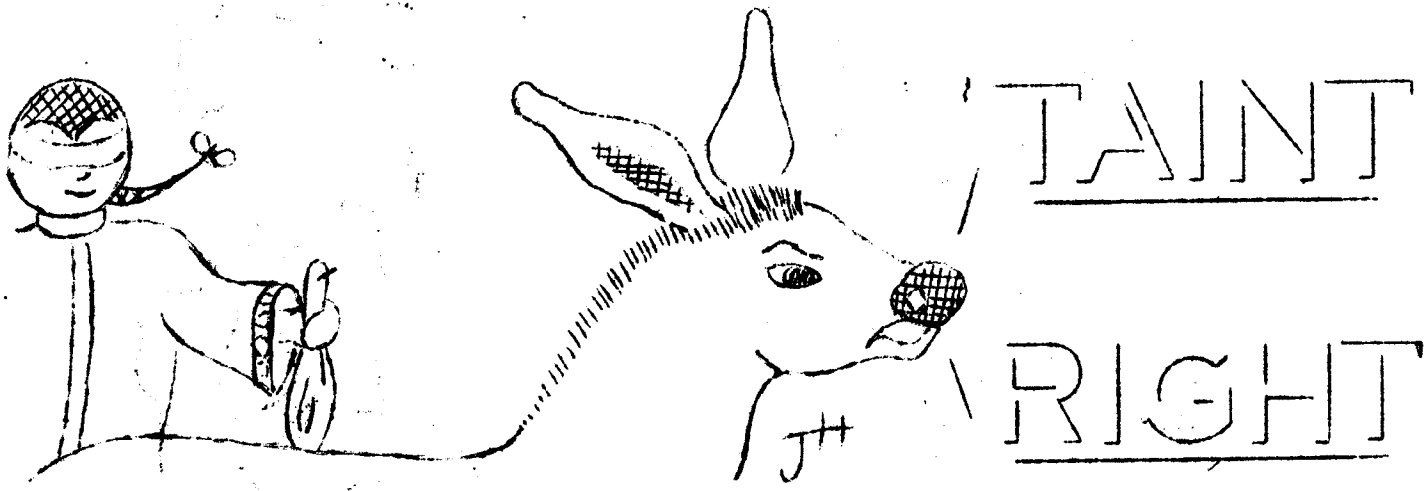
Captain G M I Heroic, his rugged, square jaw belligerently outthrust, hands resting on twin blasters at his side (a) calmly awaited the savage alien horde (b) with fire in his eyes, stared down the mutinous crew of ray-scarred spacemen (c) faced his mother-in-law.

Even artists are guilty. Way back in the beginning of Captain Future, the artist endeared himself to many by giving Cap a softly rounded chin reminiscent of Cary Grant. Cary must have sued. Came next issue, a jaw designed with a carpenter's level. Ah, yes...

Sure, stereotypes are handy; slap a square jaw on a character and he's immediately labeled as a dynamic hero. And as far as I'm concerned, the author simultaneously labels himself as too lazy to think up a better method of characterization that might take work. Maybe there's an explanation -- maybe they all have engrams about bulldogs.

But a prominent chin isn't a necessary accessory for a prominent man. The Rail Splitter, for instance -- Abraham Lincoln -- hid a receding chin beneath his beard. And remember Napoleon's chin?

Then there's final proof that the size or shape of a jawbone doesn't mean anything -- me. The chin on yours truly can out-jut MacArthur -- and I'm NO blessed hero!



That's right, that's what it says, "Fain't Right!" And from now on, whenever possible, we'll tell you what ain't right. Hope you like it because "Fain't Right" if you don't.

Throughout the country and the world, in the fan clubs and working on fanzines, these is a small number doing all of the work. Why? Personally, I refuse to believe it is because they want it all to themselves. The most logical and truthful idea is that the majority of 'em haven't the 'get-up-and-go' to do anything.

If there could be a poll taken on the fan clubs it would be found that one or two do all of the work. The latest and best example to be given is the Nolacon. To people being in close contact with said committee it was quite obvious that there were only a few good workers. So if you don't mind we shall stop here and now and thank one of the busiest, Harry B. Moore, of New Orleans, for the success of the Nolacon. Take a bow, Mr. Moore.

Nextly, why bother with a poll on the line of fanzines; they speak for themselves. For example, take a look at Orb, edited by Bob Johnson, or Quarary, edited by Lee Hoffman; and we certainly can't leave out Slant, edited by Walt Willis, or Wastebasket, edited by Vernon McCain. Fellow 'em, we all realize what downright good fanzines these are. Well, imagine how many more we could have, as good as these, if the majority of us weren't just stinking lazy. Or imagine how much help we could give those doing zines by themselves. Now is is a sure fact these—a-h-h-h—people would appreciate it. Right?

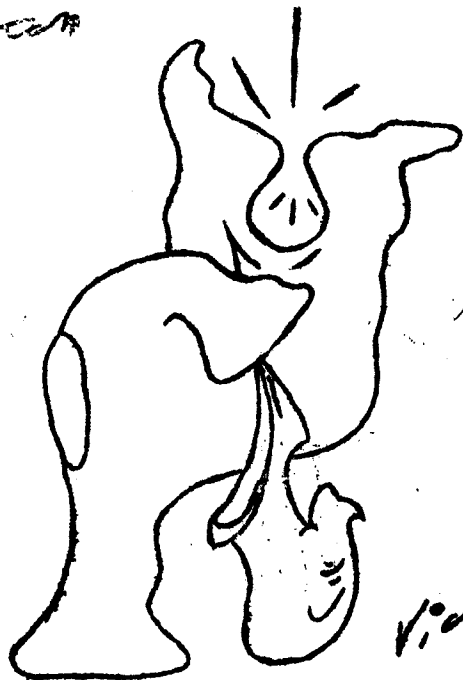
Seriously, though, don't yez characters think that if we, old things, would get together and maybe do a little work we could really put fandom on the map and probably get a little more fun out of it to boot! Oh, I know how the word work horrifies us but don't you think, if we did a little more of it, we might conquer our fear?

# Skullduggery

Richard Dugan

I, the teller of this tale, do hereby solemnly swear and affirm that it is utterly, utterly true, and may you who do not believe me curl up and die of malnutrition of the toenails.

Due to the fact that the episode herein related is slightly (about ten years' worth) against the law, I shall call the three characters involved Joe, Lilly, and Paul, not only because those are three very common, usable, hard-to-trace names, but also because those are the boys' actual names.



And the situation stood thusly: Joe was a fan. Joe was in the eleventh grade. Joe was in the Junior Class play. Joe (naturally, naturally) had the part of a gibbering maniac. And one of the props needed for Joe's part was a human skull.

Joe had a good buddy named Billy and Billy had a good buddy named Paul. All three left the plant where Joe worked after school, and Billy and Paul worked regularly, at 10 pm one Saturday night. Destination: One negro graveyard about two miles out of town, on a little used country road. Equipment: two shovels, two lights, gay hearts, cheerful knees (they were knocking together merrily) and heads full of determination. Or rather, the fan's head was; there was nothing in the heads of the other two, or they would not have been there.

The car left the highway and hit a rough clay road, headlights dim and heads dimmer. It was only a short drive, then, to the graveyard, which was set back from the road about a hundred feet and was screened from sight by a light growth of trees and bushes.

They wisely went on past the abode of the demised, turned the car around, and came back. This assured them that the territory ahead was clear and left the car pointed toward the highway and home sweet home. A most wise precaution, you must admit. After all, they might encounter some horrible ghoul in the loneliness of the graveyard.



The fan was a follower of Lovecraft, the two companions more lucky; they followed the ball games. The two companions were scared; concerning the fan's state of mind, I refuse to conjecture.

They reached the cemetery without mishap and the fan began to look for the grave he had previously selected; Billy and Paul looked for a fast path back to the car. The one they came in on had a slight curve in it.

They found the grave, unfortunately. The top concrete slab was broken in several places, and Joe tentatively tried lifting one. Paul was holding the light.

"Lilly, help me move this concrete, will you?" asked Joe.

"I ain't gettin' in that grave!"

"Hell! Hold the light then and let Paul help me."

The erstwhile silent Paul now spoke, in a most positive and assured manner: "Not me!"

"Well, I'll be damned! I got to do it all?" asked the exasperated fan.

"Damn right!" chorused the timid two.

Seeing that nothing could be done with them, the fan cursed vigorously and attacked the concrete by himself. He was a fairly athletic young jerk and, by dint of much heaving and swearing, got the concrete sections out of the way.

"Now have I gotta dig this whole damn coffin up by myself?" demanded the fan.

Two clear, distinct affirmatives came from his buddies.

"Well, then, hold the damn light steady," growled the fan and fell to with vigor and a shovel.



Paul was glum, silent. He fought mosquitoes, held the light, and cursed under his breath. What, or who, he cursed can only be imagined. Not so with Lilly! Stalwart Billy! He aided and encouraged his buddy Joe with a lively stream of chatter, the gist of which ran something like this:

"Joe, these damn mosquitoes are eatin' me up! Joe, some of



them niggers'll catch us! Joe, let's get out of here. Let's go home! Joe, I'm scared! Ain't you got no sense? Joe, these mosquitoes are eatin' me up! Joe, let's get out of here! We're gonna get caught! Let's go home! You can get a skull someplace else! Joe!!! I hear somebody! Let's get out of here! Joe!" and so on, without a let-up or noticeable change. Billy. . . was doing his share.

Paul told Billy later that Joe was the craziest fool he had ever seen, also that Paul had been too scared to talk, also that if he had unclamped his teeth they would have chattered themselves down to the gums. But not so Billy! The merry monologue of brave Billy ran out of that steady stalwart's mouth like maggots from a dead fat man's belly. To fan Joe, wielding his shovel like a madman (well?) there came a slight suspicion of his buddy Billy's entire willingness to fulfill the adventure so lightly began.

"Shut up, Billy! I got the car keys in my pocket an' you ain't leavin' till I do, and I ain't leavin' till I get my skull."

The shovel flew, Billy chattered--in more ways than one--and Paul held the light. And then there was a dull thunk! as the shovel hit something solid in the now fairly deep excavation.

"There's the coffin," said Joe.

Billy's exhortations grew louder.

Paul said nothing.

Neither did anything else.

Joe began to clear away the dirt on the top of the coffin. The pile of earth by the side of the grave grew larger and larger. The feelings of the three boys grew beyond sight of Mt. Palomar.

Joe Paused suddenly.

"Gimme that flashlight," he demanded, and knelt to inspect the top of the coffin.

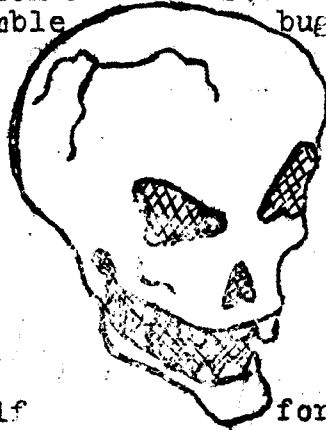
"Well, I'll be damned," muttered Joe, and doubtless he is.

"This is a concrete vault I've dug to," said fan Joe helplessly. "Of all the graves in here, I have to pick one that has a vault at the bottom. And there's no way in hell we can lift that top concrete slab on the vault to get to the coffin."

Billy's chatter abruptly stopped. Paul breathed a sigh of incredible relief. Joe cursed.

The gloom of fan Joe was totally lost in the happy enthusiasm that overcame his comrades in peril. Paul seized a shovel, Billy seized the light, and the speed with which Paul, with Joe helping him with the approximate enthusiasm of a werewolf eating lettuce, returned the dirt to its holy home made the fiendish fan seem as ineffective in his former efforts as a tumble bug boring his way into Ft. Knox.

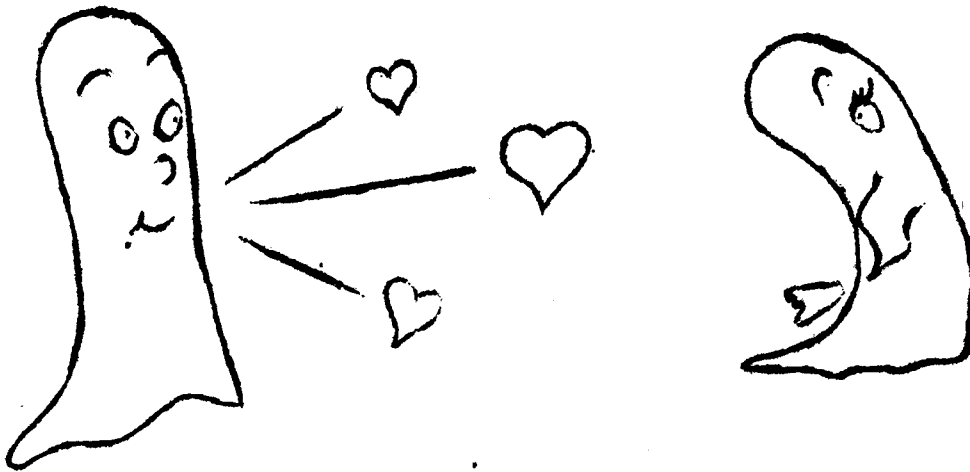
In virtually replaced, the ex about, the broken too great a rega of the pieces, and one fan were path back to the



no time the dirt was tra earth scattered slab reassembled with- rd for accurate fitting and two happy humans following the curved car.

Now I am sorry a vampire or werewolf devoured this little story word commonly associated with eating at just this moment?), or even a little bitty ghost, but I must be truthful, and the truth often turns out unsatisfactorily.

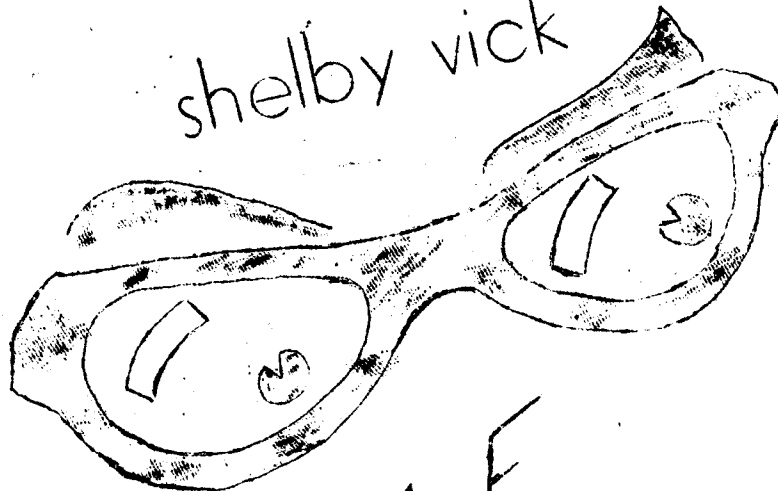
And so this tall tale ends, for Billy and Paul returned home with thankful hearts and loaded consciences, and fan Joe gloomily went in search of a suitable cowskull.



CONFUSION SEZ:  
It's always darkest before the ink runs dry



shelby vick



M E

Once, I met a fan who wasn't in fandom for the egoboo. He explained he was carrying that big sign with his name on it as a protection from falling mountain-climbers.

...

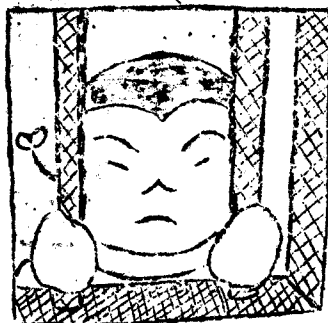
Seems they're working on a force-field to prevent auto collisions. 'Sa shame -- no more joyous sounds of rending metal or neighborly chit-chat with large, economy-sized truck drivers, to decide whose fault it was. Takes the fun out of things... Aweel -- there's always pedestrians.

...

At the Nolacon, I had a fan in my room. Electric, that is. 'Twas hard to tell it from the other type, as its main distinguishing characteristics were the ability to go on way up into the wee, small etc. -- and its continuous desire for oiling... The main contrast was that one of them gave out cool air.

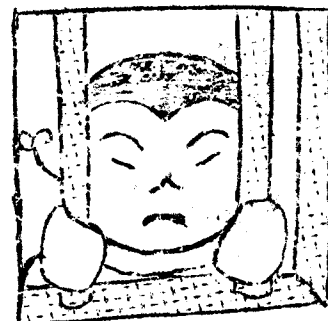
...

MORAL: Two wrongs don't make a right, especially when they're left turns.



CONFUSION SEZ:

Never make passes at girls who wear badges



# BEER AND BUTTERBREAD

V. O. MCCAIN

Have you ever tried to force a six-foot body into a five-foot coffin?

Neither have I. But I know how it feels to be in that predicament. As one of the most long-winded loquacious people in the windily talkative domain of fandom, I find myself endlessly frustrated when trying to force my natural inclinations toward writing 10,00 words at a time into the 400-word limit which has been established as the maximum I am allowed to occupy in this column.

Pass the corpse-hatchet and shears, Mitzi.

\* \* \*

The title for this column was arrived at by combining the names of the two foulest, vilest-tasting beverages ever concocted by a malevolent fate for the sole purpose of ruination of the digestion of poor, unsuspecting humans.

Having lived for some months in a residence with people addicted to both these nauseous concoctions, I have attempted in vain to persuade them to mis the two. I am fully convinced that any two liquids as revolting as these were born to be combined. So far, no one has taken up my suggestion.

\* \* \*

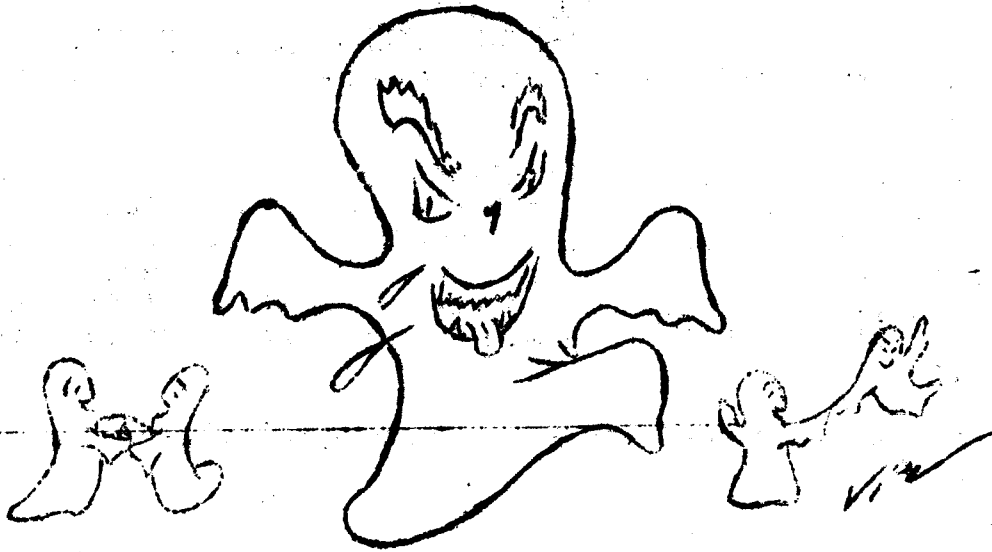
What is a column?

This particular columnist has always regarded it as a place in which some over-conceited and verbose person could let down his hair, gabbing on any item which struck his fancy at as great or little length as he pleased, gaily slashing reputations and pretensions to shreds, with nothing sacred except the columnist's own high opinion of himself.

But a glance at the daily newspaper (where columns originated,) shows that this is not so. Each columnist adheres to a rigid word limit, and usually sticks to one subject. Only in fandom has the column reached its full fine glory where it blossoms, unfettered and untrimmed, lushly strangling any weaker entities foolish enough to wander into its zone of influence. And even in fandom I notice that many of the lesser-known columns, and the newer ones, are tiny, anemic affairs unworthy for consideration with the fabulous output of a Boggs, a Laney or a Willis. Is this a trend? Or do only the prolific survive? Is it smothering the creative impulse to limit a column? Or does this keep them within their proper place, allowing the truly worthwhile items such as poetry, puffins and fiction to occupy their place in the sun?

But I'm already over my wordage limit. Au 'voir.

Vernon McCain



# Nightmare

Late at night, I rose up in my bed.  
Dancing on my counterpane were ghosts of the dead.  
"What do you here?"  
I asked, in fear.

They gibbered at me with ghastly mirth  
And one of them said I was the last man on Earth  
"Can this be so?"  
"How do you know?"

As I talked, I reached up for the light,  
Certain these were only dream creatures of the night.  
"It's true," they said.  
"Everyone's dead."

I turned on the light, feeling quite sure  
The phantasms would vanish, and I'd be secure.  
...but did they go?  
--No!

...shelby vick



# SILLY SALE



PLANETS!!!

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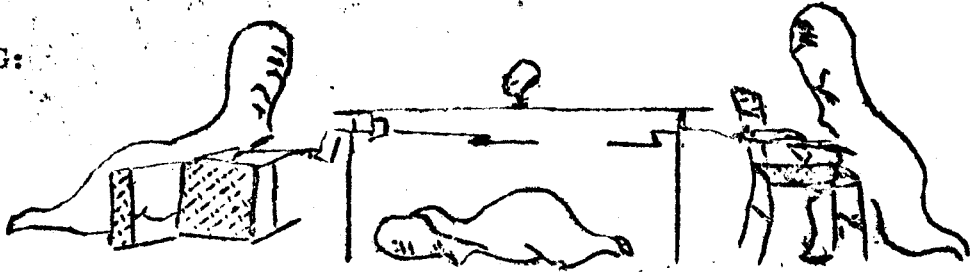
Itemized lists, with all magazines, giving lead story and autho, furnished on request.

As for prices; "Honest, boys, I'd give 'em away, but my wife won't let me!"  
Joe Green, 420 Luverne Avenue, Panama City, Fla

# A PUFFIN'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NOLA CON

REACTIONS  
UPON MEETING:

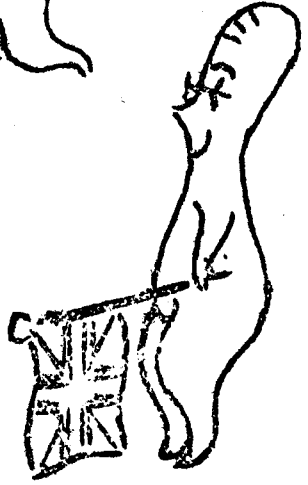
STILL MORE  
REACTIONS:



There was a quiet panel discussion...



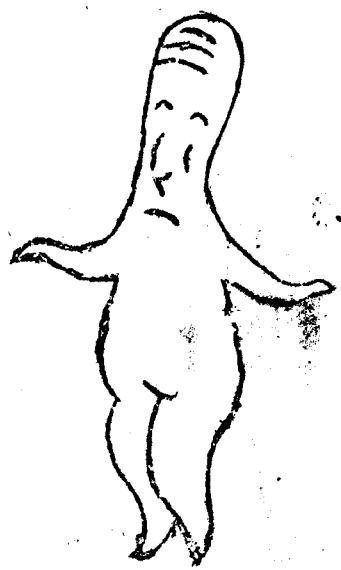
Bob  
John-  
sen



Bill Morse



Bob  
Bloch

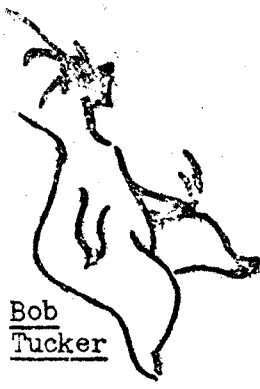


THE ULTIMATE QUESTION:

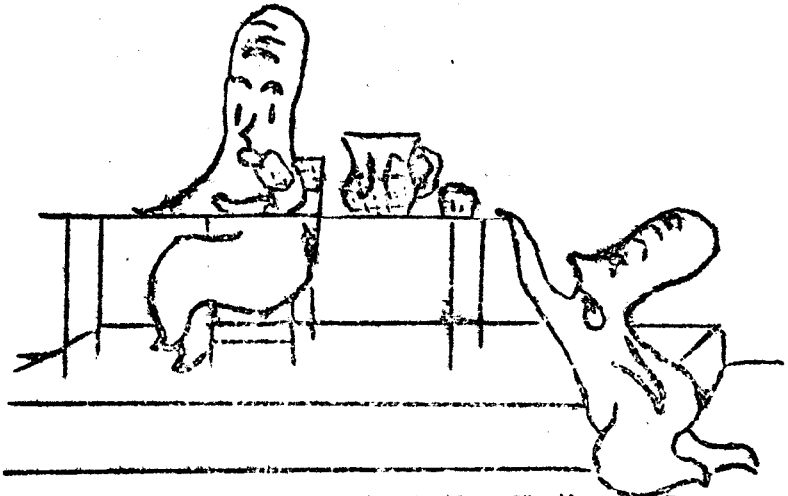
"But what does it push against?"



Fritz Lieber  
And, naturally —  
Bea Mahaffey



Bob  
Tucker



When the water gave out at the Claiborne Room

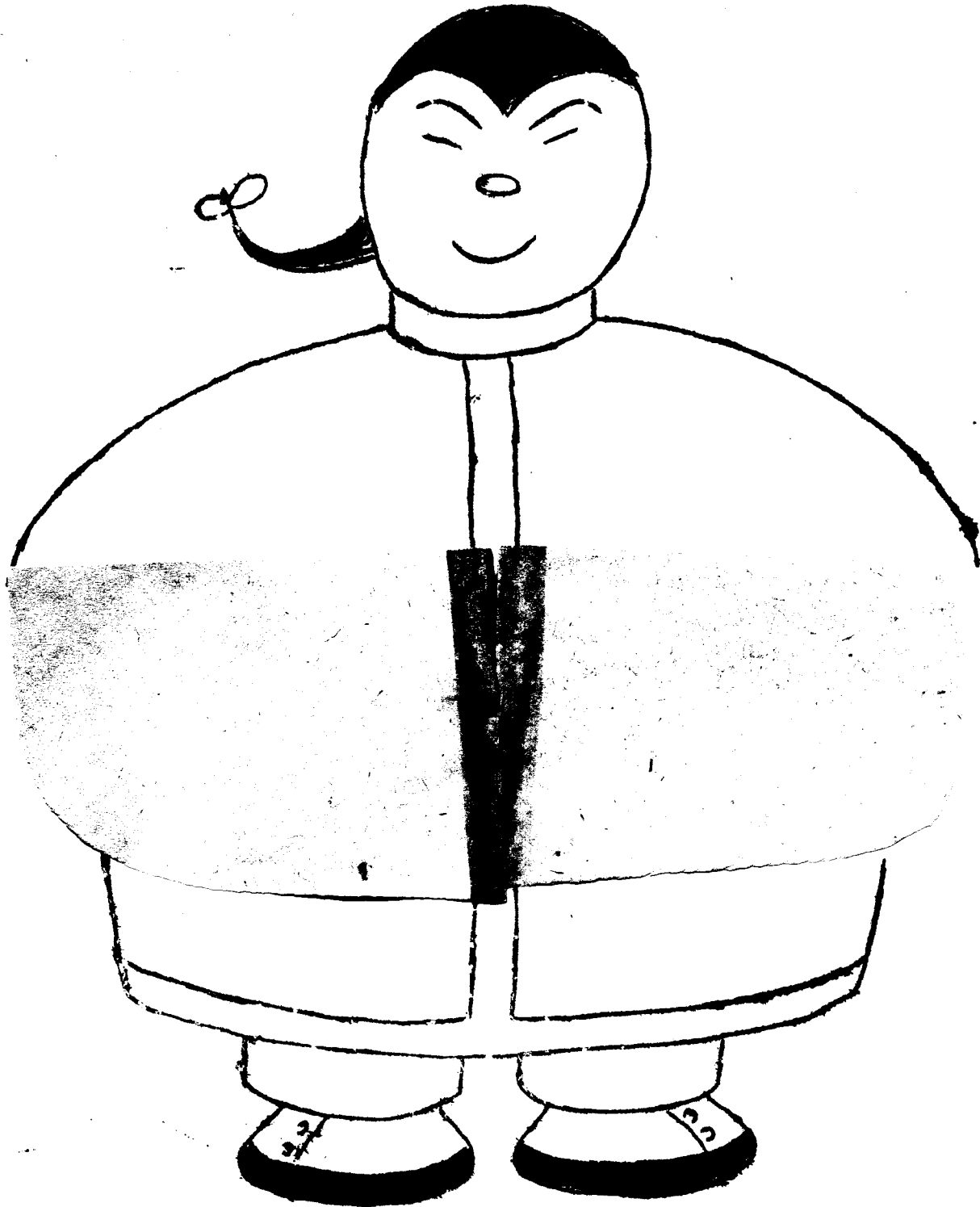


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# Something Up Our Sleeve



THE FIRST FAN



Firstly, we better thank the people kind enough to give us their -- uh -- 'best'. Anyway, thank you Johnny Henderson, Joe Green, Shelby Vick, Richard Logan, and real speshul thanks to Vernon McCain for respondin' so promptly to our pleas. Hope the people enjoy yer stuff.

Would like to say, also, that this fanzine is partial to nuts, so let us hear from all you fans. But really, tho, we're planning on a letter column, some time, an' if yer writing is the work of a genius, we can almost guarantee that we'll put it in.

Wonderful day; sun shining, th' breeze breezin', nobody moving. We think Florida is such a beautiful place to put a fanzine out from; such lazy weather. Or is it the people?

Along the advertisement line, oh boy! We really got the prices! An eighth of a page for 15 cents,  $\frac{1}{4}$  page for a two bit piece,  $\frac{1}{2}$  page for 45¢ AND a full page for seventy-five cents. (We ain't selling  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a page. Too durn much trouble figgerin' up th' price.) Now, isn't that a bargain or ain't it? (Pleeze, watch yer langwitch!)

Poetry editor J L Green is down on his knees begging for good poetry, and I do mean begging! Otherwise, he has nothing to put in but ugh!!! his own. He sez all unpublished poetry will be returned, if requested.

'Nd that seems to be 'bout all there is, 'cept for a final Confusion Sez:

If you want to write for CONFUSION, write to CONFUSION, State Psychiatric Association, 23456 Straight Flush Ave, New Deal, Florida.

*Trace*

# Something Up Our Sleeve



**THE FIRST FAN**