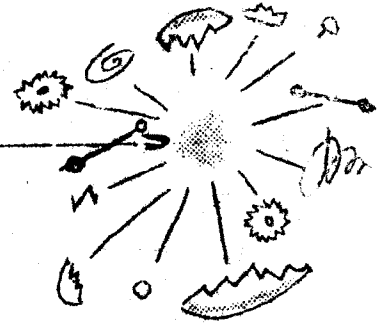




TH' WORKS!



v1

n3

CONFUSION

"99 44/100% pure"

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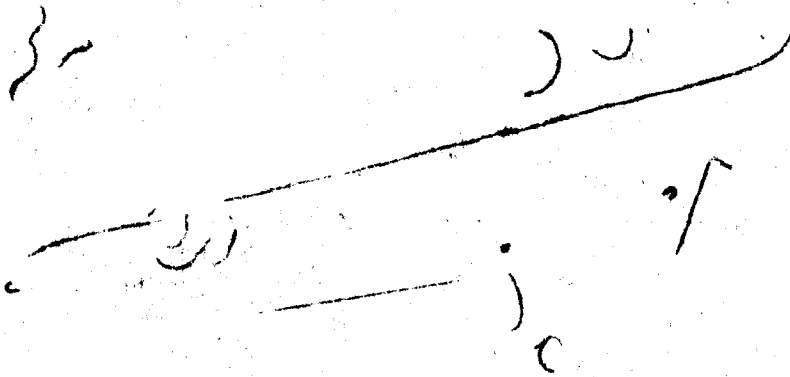
CONFUSION, 5¢ apiece, 50¢ per dozen. Put out by the firm of Dick 'n' Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven. Ad rates, a quarter for a quarter page, half a buck for half a page, and 75¢ for the full measure. Reduced rates on full pages if you run your ad three issues or more, providing, notcherly, that cf. runs 3 issues or more... Any resemblance between this and that is purely the other. Long live POGO! South Gate in '58!

Edditer
Tommy Lee Tracy
937 Florida Avenue
Lynn Haven, Fla.

Art Editor
Shelby Vick
Box 493
Lynn Haven, Fla

TRACINGS

by Trace



Howdy; we'ns'll start off #3 in a way appropriate to our title; real CONFUSION.

Firstly, let's go back to Thanksgiving and issue #1. We wuz in a hurry to get it out, but Shelvy's SOMETHING UP OUR SLEEVE was holding us back. So not only did all the staff pitch in, but a bunch of visiting kin-folk, too! The whole kit-n-kaboodle, and Sandy Land, who helped us on #2, also. 'ND, on #2, we also recieved assistance from Charles Heisner and Bobo. Bobo's our aunt's dog. He licked the stamps.

Nextly, more on #2. 'Fraid we did a poor job on mailing'er Publicity Issues. But a system has been devised. Yup. Thusly you'n will be sure to recieve the next PI. 'Nd th' next'n'll go to oodles more pipples than #1, 2 'r 3, or all of 'm put together.

Lastly, you oughta look into these fanzines: SOL, ed., David Ish sub rates 50¢ yearly. (This'n's ever-other-monthly.) A new'n, OOPSLA, Gregg Calkins edits this neaty. Pushed out ever six weeks, from a new address than that on #1. It's now 761 Oakly Street, Salt Lake City 16 in Utah. Ten cents per. 'Nd don't forget another new'n, FANTASIAS, edited by David English who's got some uv th' most fast-ernatin' doodlin' style of anyone ever. Don't 'spose he's giving 'em away, but we can't find no price on #1, and can't locate Shelvy's copy of #2. Wuth investigatin, tho. Send a line to: David English, 203 Robin Street in Dunkirk, N. Y.

FORECAST

The night was clear and cold.

John and Alice Bronson sat side by side in the old Chevy coupe as they rolled home from the late show.

Alice shivered and moved closer to her husband. "I hope we left enough cover on the children's beds," she said. "I had no idea it'd get THIS cold before we got back."

"They're all right," John reassured her. "Judy's a good babysitter. She probably tucked 'em in good." He added: "Saw Bill on the street. Said it was snowing, up-country."

Alice shivered again. "Well d-don't tell me about it," she chattered.

John grinned, and put one arm around her. Abruptly, he moved it and scratched his nose. "It's no time for you nose to start itching," Alice reproved him. "This is no kind of weather to go drumming up company."

* * *

It was early morning, in Bombay.

Meinheer Peter VonDermier cursed the slow, jogging coolie ahead of him, the hard, springless rickshaw beneath him, and his own excess poundage. Already, his fine white linen suit was steaming with perspiration. He ran a damp handkerchief around the inside of his expensive Panama. The coolie pulled the rickshaw across a bump in the muddy street and the Dutchman's curses rose in volume. These triple-damned heathens had no fit respect for their superiors, he thot. If he were in charge here --

Now what the devil was that?

Something had gone wrong; more so than usual. The steady stream of rickshaw traffic was some how disturbed. The Chinese runners that had been weaving back and forth along the smelly streets with their messages showed even more disorder than usual.

VonDermier ran his handkerchief around the inside of his collar again. He looked at his own coolie. Why even that devil was suddenly more incompetent! He was pulling the rickshaw with only one hand! He was using the other to do something to his face -- scratching his nose! That was it -- he was removing one hand from the rickshaw pole, endangering the Dutchman's safety merely to rub his nose! It was an occupation, VonDermier saw, that was presently shared by many others.

Most disgusting.

What they needed, he decided, was a good, firm hand over them. Well, he couldn't get even with all of them, but he'd surely take care of this scoundrel pulling him. He leaned forward -- ...Unfortunately it was at that moment that the itch became overpowering. The coolie felt impelled to use both hands to scratch. Both rickshaw poles dropped into the yellow mud, followed precipitiously by the Dutchman, who went down face first.

* * *

It was afternoon on the Thames.

Sir Hubert Altergarten and Lord Merriweather Clives were having tea at the club. Their window overlooked the sluggishly-moving river. "Inspiring, wot?" Sir Hubert remarked, motioning towards the window, with his teacup.

"Harrumph?" asked Lord Merriweather, his cup held precisely so in one hand, his saucer in the other.

Sir Hubert mentally cursed himself for such a flagrant disregard of etiquette. Pointing with a teacup, indeed! But perhaps Lord Merriweather wasn't displeased. His expression hadn't changed.

Of course, it never did...

"I was referring to the view, Lord M," Sir Hubert explained, and then bit his tongue in brief reproach. "Lord M" -- such familiarity! And he had only known the gentleman for twelve years! This was definitely not his day. "The sun on the old River, you know," he went on quickly. "Quite entrancing. One could wax poetic about it, I daresay."

"Wouldn't know," Lord Merriweather rumbled. "Never look at it, myself. Involve moving, you know."

Sir Hubert nodded and looked wise. "Quite right, Lord Merriweather. Quite right." And he changed his contemplation from the Thames to Lord Merriweather Clives' countenance. That famous, imperturbable face that had not betrayed a sign of emotion upon receipt of the news of Dunkirk, thru the entire blitz, not upon the announcement of D-Day; not even when the butler told him that his tea and crumpets, due to unfortunate circumstances, would be delayed.

--But wait! Surely he must be delirious -- he was seeing things. No! There it was again! There was a slight movement in the vicinity of Lord Merriweather's nose! Again -- it actually twitched! And his eyes were beginning to open. His hand was coming up to his face --

Quickly, Sir Hubert looked away, for fear of embarrassing Lord Merriweather by watching him at such an awkward moment -- and to his surprise, he saw that the other members of the club were beginning to scratch their noses! He started to consider the mystery behind this sudden outbreak, but took his thoughts only a short way, for suddenly he was overwhelmed by an irresistible urge to scratch his own nose...

*

*

*

Two children were tussling in a sandpile. Suddenly, one of them sat up and began rubbing his nose. The other looked at him for a moment, contemplating taking advantage of his defenseless position, but instead started scratching his own offending nasal passages. "My nose itches, I smell peaches, somebody's comin' with a hole in their britches!" the smallest piped.

*

*

*

Brilliant swords of light split Earth's stratosphere. A fleet of rocketships dispersed about the planet. Hundreds of one-man rocket-sleds were coughed forth from their separate tubes, and sped to their various destinations. The inhabitants wrapped their tails around their legs and smiled grimly...

IN THE MIDST OF CONFUSION

Surprise!

--This ISN'T by Trace.

Since I'm art editor, tho, it can still be technically dignified by the title, 'editorial'.

The actually, it comes under the heading of 'Explanation.'

Anywee, it goes like this: CONFUSION was intended to have been a bi-weekly, for the first few months. Or, rather, a monthly with Publicity Issues in between. We had several good causes lined up for Publicity, too. And intended to put out a few more directed towards the Willis Campaign. But now --

Well, cf. will not be bi-weekly.

Or anywheres near it.

(Thru fear of such unforeseen circumstances, we never made a public admission of the bi-weekly attempt.)

Now begin the explanations. I guess the best place to start would be with Tommy Lee Tracy. Before #3 of cf. got very far along, there came up some family trouble. Tommy Lee was broken up over it. And -- tentatively at least -- dropped work on cf. Joe Green dropped out because of financial difficulties; Johnny Henderson, due to physical difficulties; Richard Logan is of two minds as to what to do...

Which leaves me.

And Confusion.

And a multitude of puffins.

Yes.

So now what?



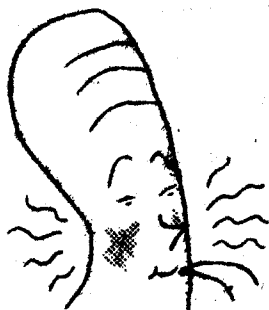
--So now, ABDick.



Luckily, before all this difficulty came to a head (my head) I had purchased a used model 78 ABDick machine in good condition. For only \$54. Plus a dollar and a few cents tax. I think the machine is one of

WAS MY FACE

RED!



Uh -- hello.

Here I am again. Altho I shouldn't be. It seems that some dope who lives at my house and draws puffins skipped a page when he was running this off. But it gives me a chance to try out my red ink, and to work in this ad below, which I previously couldn't run.

...oh, no.

No!

NO!

Wot a revoltin' development DIS is! I was supposed to run here a nice ad on the CAP -- Civil Air Patrol -- sent me by Felice Perew. But now, I can't find it. Gad! ...oh, well.

----- Join the CAP -----

Lotsa fun. Fly planes, an' all that kinda stuff. Take my word for it, you'd like it. I was a sort of instructor, me 'n' a puffin, for a while. You might consider it ground training, the first step for the BIGGEST step, Outer Space. (Send that ad again, huh, Felice?)

?

the first ones put out, back in the days when Edison was a partner, for it's known as an Edison-Dick machine. But it works; works quite well. I think I can freely say that any mimeo troubles you find in this issue of cf. are due solely to the fault of the stylus wielder.

Even then, it should be much better than cf. #s two and one.

Now, it would seem that such as this should lead to faster turn-out, since I now have my own machine, and -- instead of having to hitch-hike to my aunt's, where the Metal Monster that previously turned out cf. reposes -- all necessary now is to step out back to the storage room I have remodeled into a maelstrom reeking of mimeo ink and fresh reams of paper, and get to work.

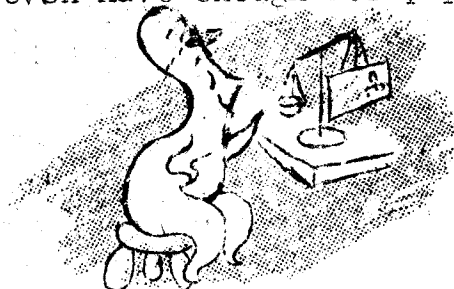
But it don't work that way. Y'see, after getting the machine, it took me some little time to get fully accustomed to it; learn how to operate it, and all that. And it took my savings, and also put me in debt. So I couldn't afford paper and stencils and ink. And, moreover, postage. In fact, I didn't even have enough for paper.

And now, comes Postage Change.

But our local Postmaster sez it won't effect cf. any.

Not unless it's size increases greatly.

RED
FLAG



--The forgoing is what is roughly classified as a Joke.

However, cf. WILL be bigger. (The next sound you hear will be a sigh of relief from certain Belfast & Eugene columnists.)

Anywee, we have finally found Cheap Paper. It isn't exactly right -- could be more coarse -- but it is sufficient, so long as I keep the heavy-line drawings down. In case any aspiring zine editor wonders, it's handbill stock, cut to size. I don't know what it might cost at your printer's, but BOYD'S PRINTING CO. (free plug) sells it to us at 90¢ per ream.

While speaking of Boyd's, there's a certain Trapper (name, not occupation) who is their Head Mechanic, Repairman, and So Forth, and who deserves to be awarded The Order of the Oily Mimeograph, for patience beyond the call of duty, or some-such.

I could go into detail... ...In fact, I think I will.

I went into Boyd's to ask for a used ABDick. I was sent to Trapper. He was busy. They had one, he said, but he was quite busy at the moment... I cheerfully told him I'd wait. He worked, whilst I pilfered 'mongst Copy Rite machines (sneering and muttering dire things under my breath about 'damned purple ink' in a superior tone.)

Finally, he finished. He took down his key ring. We threaded

our way thru devious back alleys. Finally, we approached a huge, rusty padlock. He selected the right key. The lock opened. With a creak of protest (this, from Trapper) the sliding door came open.

A shadowy interior, dark with oil and mimeo ink, leered at us.

We leered back.

With bravery worthy of commendation, Trapper stepped inside. Drawing my courage about me (it had fallen off and was scuttling away down the alley) I followed.

Indistinct machines loomed about us. (I had always thought 'indistinct' was a natural thing, not turned out by machines -- but there they were.) Overhead, heavy planks across the rafters had formed a sort of attic. A flight of wooden stairs led us into the murky Upper Regions, and then we were there -- where IT abode!

Black and heavy, it rested with a massive majesty upon the planks. The other machines had withdrawn a respective distance, and it sat there, alone, waiting to receive us.

Its challenge was there, implicit in every line: "Here I am! Take me -- conquer me if you can -- if you dare!"

Picking up the challenge, I put it in my pocket for future reference.

To Trapper: "Make it work."

There was something in the look that Trapper gave me that reminded me of the way fans feel when some bright young innocent pipes up with "But what does the rocket push against?"

"Well, it needs cleaning," he said. He sounded somewhat smug. "It's been setting here for some time with ink in the drum. Has an old stencil on it. Probably needs a new ink pad."

I was persistent. "What about the paper feed?"

With a sigh, he picked up the front and back paper guides and put them in place. And he showed me...

So I was sold on the machine. But it still had to be cleaned and readied.

Now, at the AEP I get a fifteen minute break in the am, ditto for the afternoon. So the next day I was back at Loyd's. Trapper only flinched slightly as I entered. I asked whether he'd be able to have the machine ready the next day. "Sorry. I'll be out of town all day tomorrow." There was something that sounded suspiciously like relief in his voice. "I won't be here at all. No need for you to come by," he finished, triumphantly.

"Well, maybe you can get something done on it today," I said.

His face fell.

6

Picking it up, I handed it back to him.

He looked at the work in front of him; a machine, half-dismantled. He looked at his greasy hands. He looked -- a speculative gleam in his eyes -- at a sharp screwdriver on the table. He shook his head regretfully, and looked back at me. He sighed.

It took only a few minutes to get the machine and lug it back. So disassembly began...

Next day, I went back to Boyd's. And there it was. A Dick. Nude. Its cover was gone; its drum was out (taking a bath, I later discovered.) So I experimented with the paper feed for the next half hour or so.

Came Thursday, my offday. Trapper was back. He was busy when I arrived, taking a couple of rats from a nearby cafe's cash register. (S'help me!) But eventually he finished, and we spent the morning and part of the pm wrestling with the machine. I became acquainted with each hole in its drum thru the simple expedient of taking a pick and poking the caked ink out of each one of them.

I wouldn't swear to it, but I think there are 8,694 holes in one of those things. The first 8,693 weren't so bad, but that 8,694th hole pooped me.

By the time we were thru, I figured I knew the machine well enough to call it by its given name, so from then on it was Dick'n' Vick.

...Trapper seemed rather glad to see us go.

--The next day, I went back to Boyd's.

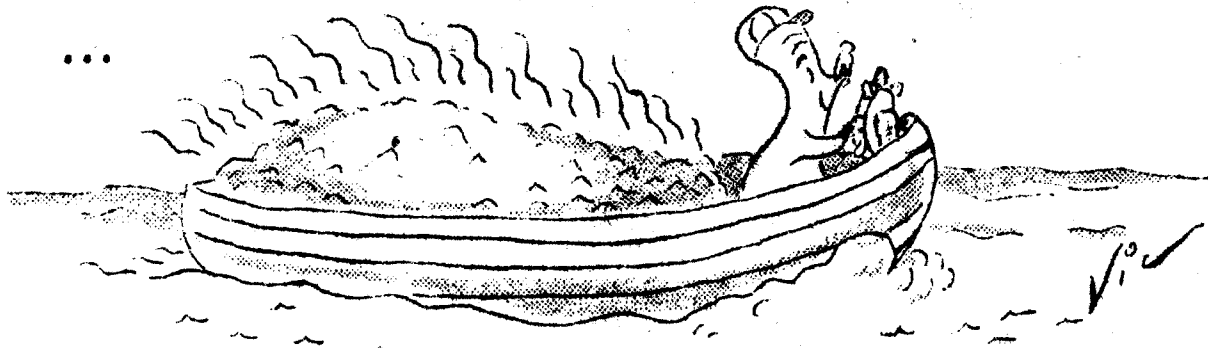
Trapper saw me.

After helping him down off the chandelier, I explained that something was still wrong; there were light spots on the paper. He said the drum might be bent. Or maybe the roller was worn. Said he'd be overjoyed to give me a new roller, if it was needed. I sorta gathered that, by that time, he was ready to give me the entire shop, if it'd get me out of his hair.

It WAS the roller.

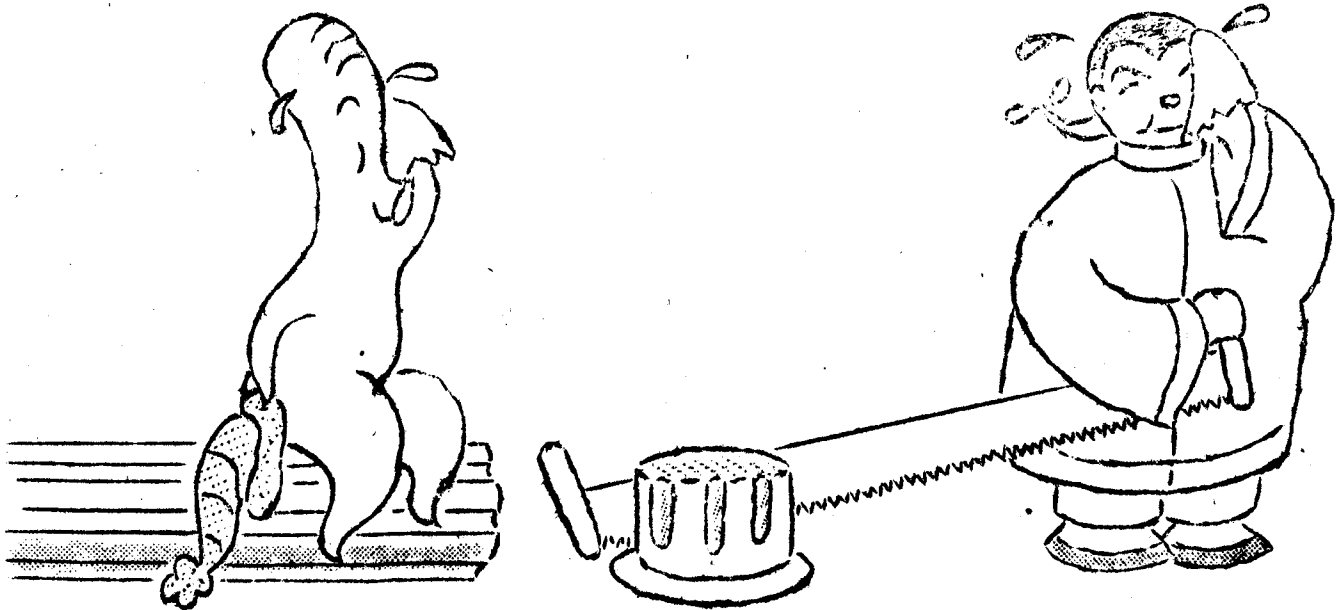
So I got the new one and installed it. And did a few adjustments to get it in perfect working order. And now --

You know that little bell that rings after you've run the set number of sheets? Now it plays "Shrimp Boats A-Comin'".



PLINTH

A Short Column by Matt Willis



HOW TO WRITE A COLUMN Writing a column is like throwing yourself over a cliff. The main difficulty is getting started. In a really well-ordered society columnists would be able to start with the second installment of their column, just as all fmsz would start with their second issue---instead of ending with it, as so many do. When you're writing for a new fanzine things are even more difficult. It's curious how much you unconsciously slant (oops!) your stuff, influenced by the tone of the magazine and the comments from readers.

However, if you're really stuck, one solution is to get out the dictionary, pick out a word at random, and see what your association centres can do. Now, for instance I open my eyes and find my pencil sticking into the word "foliar", meaning "of leaves." Hmm. A difficult word, decidedly. But it does pull a few chains of thought, one of which is decidedly flush-making. It's a rude joke about Oscar Wilde and brings me right up against this question of what sort of a mag this is going to be. Until I find out I think I had better let it go and see if my subconscious can think of anything suitable for the highminded readers of this mag.

...Confusion sez. Hmm. Gosh I should be able to think up things for this. I'll try. Trouble is, all the cracks I can think of need some sort of a build up. For instance suppose there is some suggestion that one of those firms selling photos from old films is infringing on copyright. Confusion sez: "Illicit stills," That sort of thing. Or

Prozine pornography
Is on the increase
WONDERS
Will never cease.

Poor Vernon. I sympathize with him, despite the hard things he says about us columnists. "Overconceited and verbose" indeed! However, I forgive him and agree with what he says about beer and butter milk. Does he know that there is a drink made of cider and buttermilk? It's called 'syllabub' ---what else? An inevitable name I would say. Reminds me of the story about Adam and Eve naming the animals. Adam would bring them one by one before Eve and she would give them names. At last they came to the hippopotamus. Eve thought for a moment. Then she said decisively: "Hippopotamus!" "Hippopotamus?" said Adam incredulously. "Why hippopotamus?" "Well," said Eve "doesn't it look like a hippopotamus?"

Which reminds me of the animals coming out of the Ark. As each of the pairs went past Noah would say, "Go forth and multiply." But finally there came a couple of snakes.

"Go forth and multiply," said Noah.

"Can't," said the snakes. "We're adders."

"Oh," said Noah, "that's awkward. Go over to the woodshed there and wait till we've finished and we'll see what can be done."

Later he goes over to the woodshed and it's full of snakes.

"Good show," said Noah. "How did you swing it?"

"Oh," said the adders, "nothing to it. We found some logs in the woodshed and now we can multiply like anything."

That's bad news about the postal rates. Our printed matter rate was increased, too, some time ago, which is one of the reasons for going up in price.

But we have a scheme for saving postage. PROXYBOO are marketing flat balloons. These are filled with helium or hydrogen and enclosed with everything you send in the post. They are made in handy minus-one-ounce ranges. For instance if you have written an airmail letter and find it weighs three ounces, you just slip two of these handy little balloons inside the envelope and reduce the weight to one ounce. Of course, me being the producer I can afford to use a lot of these with my correspondence. At the moment the Post Office owes me £567.

Do you think this is funny:

"Got any hot cakes?"

"Nah; no demand for 'em."

or

"Pleased to meet you."

"The pleasure is entirely mine."

"So I'm a liar am I!"

May I draw your attention to an interesting item in the December

OTHER WORLDS? The only interesting item in fact. It is that on the contents page the title of one of the stories is given as QUANDRY. No 'A' at the end, you notice. Fans will probably have forgotten that in the years BH (Before Hoffman) this word was spelled 'quandary'. In the world outside fandom---oh yes, there is one---this old form lingers on. Or did until recently, when the compositors of Better Publications changed over to 'quandry'. (See page 52 of the November STARTLING for instance.) Obviously after having set up the name of Lee Hoffman's rag in the review columns, they have realised that this form is the only possible one. I have no doubt that Shaver could prove it was the original form of the word in Mantong, or Mahjong, or whatever that phoney language of his was called. Now the OTHER WORLDS compositors have followed suit. I think we must all take off our hats to Lee Hoffman (as we should in any case in view of her...er...if Rog Phillips will pardon the expression....s-e-x.) Plenty of faneds have murdered the English language, but she has changed it. Only slightly of course, but I hope it will give fresh hope to Max Keasler in his valient attempt to alter its spelling entirely.

Walt

THE "I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUT --" DEPARTMENT Vick, here. I'm afraid
Walt's column is rather
chopped up, this time. Notice how the subject changes? A little of
this, and a little of that, and not enough of the other... Instead
of PLINTH, this issue we have more of an Irish stew.

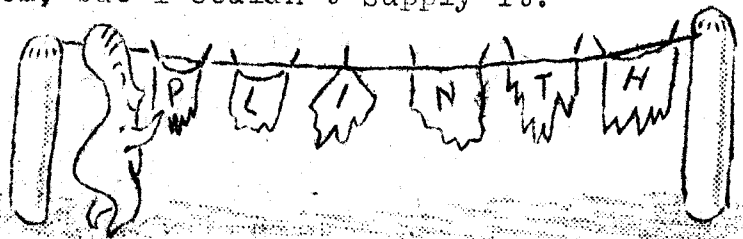
But it's all my fault.

Y'see, we're using a cheaper grade of paper, now. Can afford to
turn out more pages. So I'm giving the columnists some much-deserved
and much-called-for (especially by the columnists -- see BEER AND
BUTTERMILK, this issue) room. With Willis, it wasn't too hard, since
I had quite a few leftovers from previous columns, where I'd tailored
'em to fit. But the leftovers don't hang together very well; needed some
sort of a line running thru 'em, but I couldn't supply it.

Like I said, Sorry.

It won't happen again.

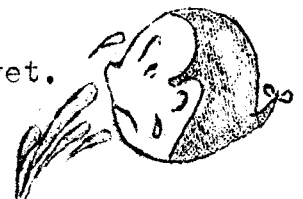
...I hope.

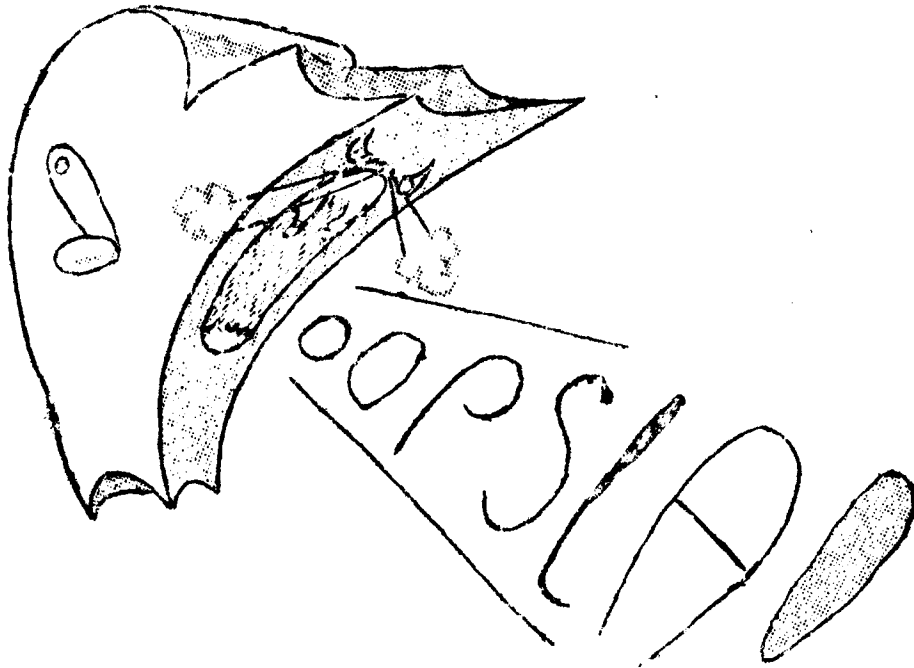


While I'm here, I might as well mention that this is one of the
last stencils to go into this issue, and that since the first ones
were cut, we lost an editor; not a Trace left... There was some fam-
ily trouble and Tommy Lee was all broken up over it; dropped pretty
well out of actifanning, after only a short dabbling at the edge of
the pool. Never even got in deep enough to make a real splash in
fandom. But don't worry, Trace -- remember

CONFUSION SEZ:

He who makes splash often gets wet.





(Thugged, in manner most vile, from -- COPSLA)

'Twas brillig 'n' the basmentrom
Dyd groandgrumbel on its baise
Foundashuns snook, smoke filled the gloome
A zine would soon be onitsways.

Beware the Mimeograph, my son
The Crankthatgrindes, the Wheelsthatcatche;
Beware the inkystencilsheet,
Your handstostain, your tietocatch;

He sneered and turned to the machine
That sat so proude uppone the table;
He pressed its drum close to his cheste
And carressed the ABDiek label.

He drew his stencil, drove it home;
The Mimeograph went snicker-sness --
A cloud of smoke then filled the room
And ~~COPIES~~ came hotte off the presse!
-- Gregg Calkins

BEER & BUTTERMILK

VL McCAIN

I've decided to write this column this time in the manner many fan columnists seem to use and which Redd Boggs has made famous.

Beside me I have a stack of fanzines and prozines of miscellaneous age and origin. I shall wander thru them seeing what I can find that is quotable, notable or blastable.

* * * *

I see where the last issue of THE BIG O contained an article by comedian Henry Morgan. I wonder if maybe I could get an article by my favorite comedienne, Eve Arden. One difference between Morgan and Arden (besides the obvious difference between banking and cosmetics) is that Miss Arden can write. I ran across a letter by her in VARIETY last summer which is one of the most hilarious things I've ever read. Fits her screen personality perfectly. And it couldn't have been written by her press agent. No press agent could possibly have understood the subtle barbs in some of those lines, much less have thot them up.

* * * *

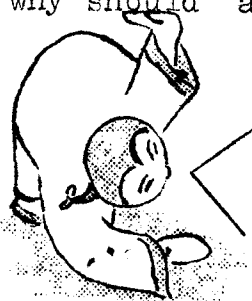
Quote from THE READERS FORUM, AMAZING, Nov. '51....

"P.S. I have ceased purchasing your magazines... I simply bought this copy so I could comment on that filler....."

McCain's comment: ???

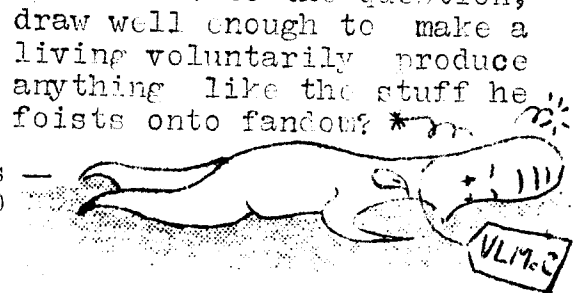
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Did you know that Ralph Rayburn Phillips makes his living in Portland in commercial art? Honest. Which leads to the question, why should anyone who can

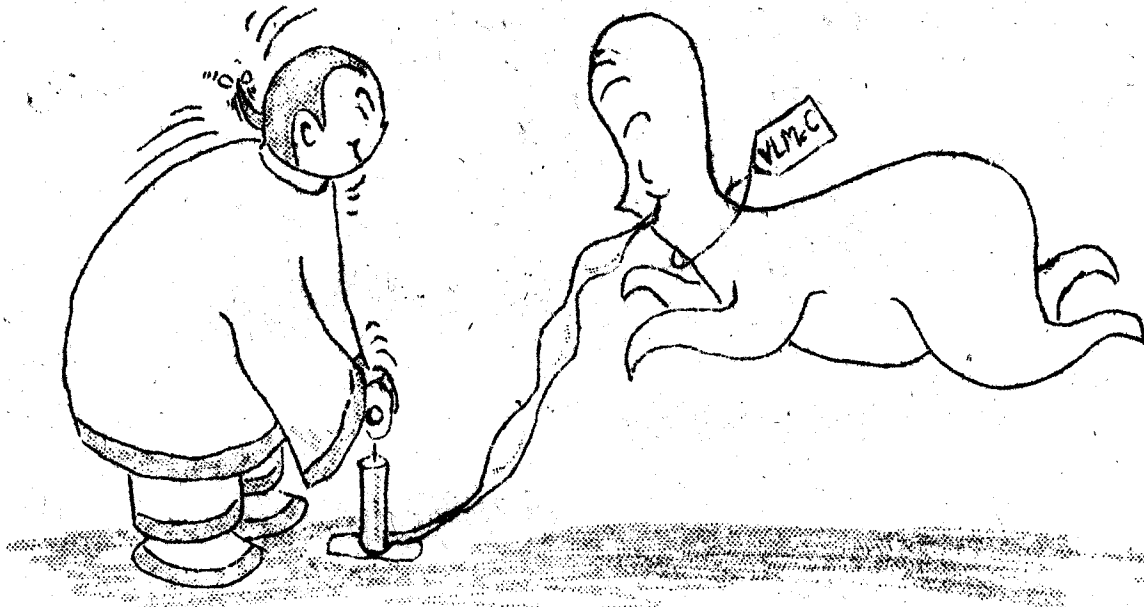


12

"Confusion sez -- It's easy to see that this poor chap suffers from 400 words-or-lessitis. Quick, Tommy -- the word-pump!"



Jack Vance is Henry Kuttner CM Kornbluth is Henry Kuttner Robert Heinlein is Henry Kuttner Lee Hoffman is a boy Yah Yah I know this is a hell of a poor column but I'm limited to 400 words Don't blame it's the editor's side not mine At least it gives me an excuse for turning out a poor column, doesn't it?



"I'd recommend a steady diet of a thousand words or more each month."

We're trying to raise funds to get Willis over to Chi in '52.

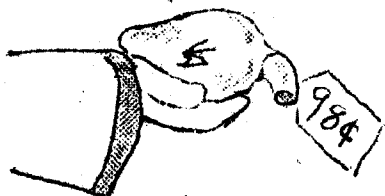
Anyone interested in helping, write: Willis Campaign, c/o cf.

Letters to friends, enemies, anyone who'll aid will help muchly.

Tell us how much YOU can do to help!

WAW with the crew in '52!

CONFUSION SEZ' --



A bird in the hand is worth 98¢ per lb.

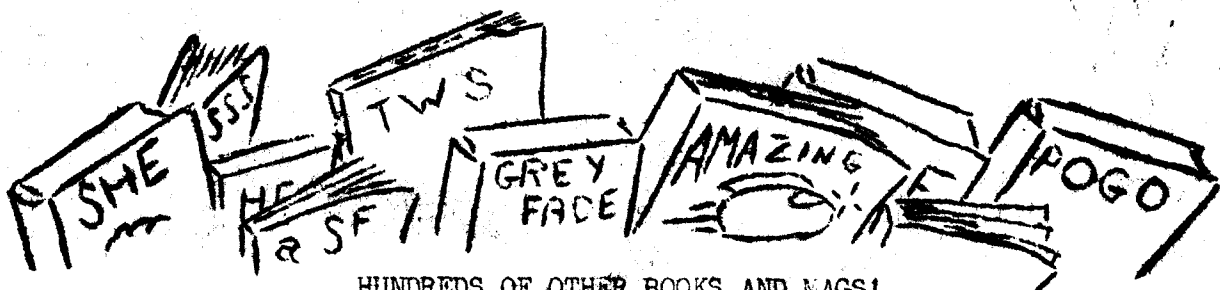


SILLY SALE



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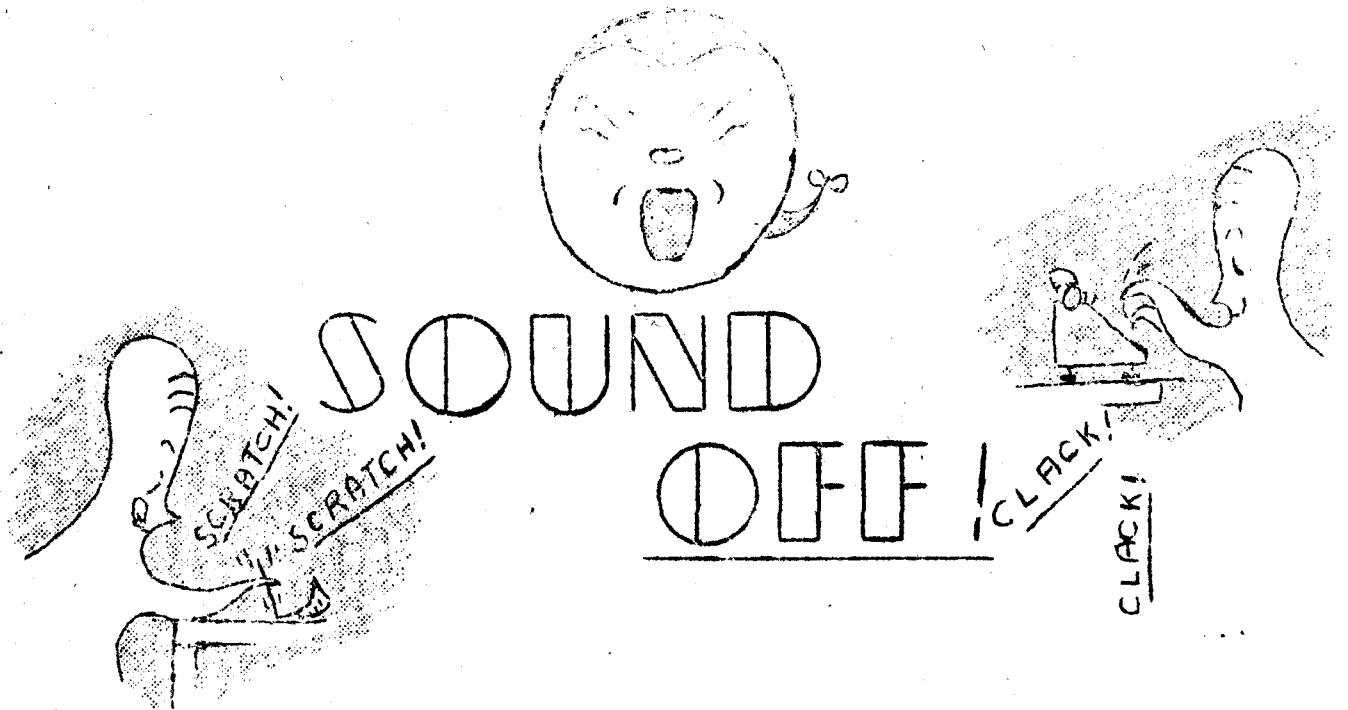
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As for prices; "Honest, boys, I'd give 'em away, but my wife won't let me!"
Joe Green, 420 Luverne Avenue, Panama City, Fla



MANLY BANISTER: 1905 Spruce Ave, Kansas City 1, Mo.

Dear Vick;

I have talked your proposition over with some non-fen friends of mine, and we are not only willing, but eager to chip in... Although none of us here, short of a miracle, expect to attend the con, we would be delighted to share in the expense of bringing half of Irish fandom to the United States, not only because we admire Walter, but also it is cheaper than sending half of America to Ireland... It would be a simple matter to promote the cause and raise the funds. The actual itinerary should be worked out and investigated--boat and plane fare, hotel accommodations, entertainment fund etc... It appears to me that those who contribute time and materials should contribute them without expectation of reimbursement from the funds collected, but that is a matter to be decided by whatever committee takes on the responsibility of disbursing the funds.

Depend on us to do everything possible to further your plan.

Cordially and sincerely,

Manly Banister

The data you mentioned, Manly, has been collected, and a statement will appear in cf. soon. For your interest and cooperation, we thank you.

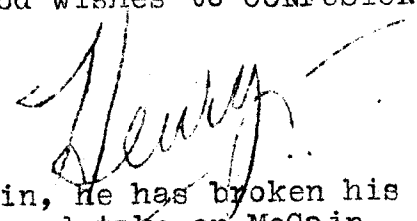
-- For you fen who did not receive our Publicity Issue, the above concerns the project of bringing Walt Willis over to attend the '52 con, a project which cf. endorses and sponsors.

HENEY BURWELL JR, 459 Sterling St NE, Atlanta, Ga

Dear Tommy;

Thank you very much for 1/#1 of CONFUSION. Pleased am I to see another fmz in the South. For a first issue, C. was quite good. The 'Something Up Our Sleeve' was the cleverest thing I've seen in a long time and cost somebody one helluva lot of work. You've got a little mimeo difficulty, I see, but experience will cure this... Glad to see Shelvy and McCain present, but next time have pity and let McCain ramble...it takes him about three pages to really get wound up. Please keep me on your list.

All good wishes to CONFUSION



'A little mimeo trouble' he says?!? As for McCain, He has broken his inky bondage. BEER AND BUTTERMILK will henceforward take on McCain-sized wordage. Thanks for your encouraging words, Suh. Fanmagishly speaking, The South Shall Rise Again, no doubt.

ROBERT BLOCH, Milwaukee, Wisc

Many thanks for the added CONFUSION, containing the Vicktimized illustrations and the Something Up Our Sleeve, which is a unique contribution (and took a lot of work too, I'd imagine.) All in all, helped to brighten my day considerably...us poor white trash up here are in the midst of winter, you know.

All best regards,

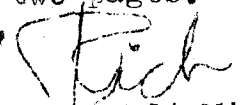
Something Up Our Sleeve? Well, yes, now that you mention it -- we did sweat a few pints of blood over that first one. And Colonel Robert, Suh, if you will leave that cold white country and come South, we will share our 'taters and corn-pone with you and see that you have light-ard knots enough to warm up yo' hallowed bones.

RICHARD ELSBERY, 413 E 18th St, Minneapolis, Minn

Dear Trace:

Here's two bits for some issues of Confusion. I hope you don't fold up on me like so many other fanzines. When the sub runs out, let me know... Keep Willis coming in nice large doses -- and take that silly 400 word limit off the fellow. He can hardly get started in less than two pages.

Yhos,



We have not only removed the silly word limit imposed on Walt Willis, Rich, we are now sponsoring a project to bring the lad over to the '52

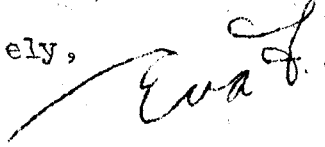
con, sort of a good will gesture to a nice guy who has provided fandom with a lot of entertaining reading. Your support is appreciated.

EVA FIRESTONE, Upton, Wyoming

Dear Tommy;

Thanks for sending fanzine CONFUSION. Enjoyed it and must have a subscription... Am predicting big success to this fanzine. Has personality. My preference for future contents would be little if any fiction, several columns, and MUCH fan news -- Amateur fandom, not professional.

Sincerely,

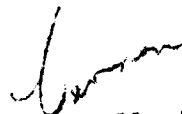


You should have seen us puffin' up, Eva, when we read your prediction for cf. As for the contents, we promise you columns (via the grace of PROXYBOO, LTD & VERNON MCCAIN, INC.) but our nose is slow about scenting out news. Perhaps some of our subscribers could help us out on that...?

VERNON MCCAIN, 146 E 4th Ave, Eugene, Oregon

Dear Shelby;

Sorry I waited so long to answer after you rushed CONFUSION to me. I've really had my hands full... Starting from front to back: Cover o.k. Nothing to rave about, but it's not in bad taste, as so many first issues are. Contents page --- Chinamen are nice touch (after you look at the rest of the ish,) and the punning is o.k... Puffins you got. Puffins are wunnerful. Puffins alone add class to your mag. Puffins you should keep. They get my 105% approval. But who stenciled them? You? If so, I'd advise getting better stylis, better stencils or practice awhile. The lines seem a bit uh---crude, shall we say. To give you an idea of the effect they produced, Rosco Wright, when he picked up the magazine and glanced thru it said, "I see that they are trying to imitate Shelby Vick's puffins here." ...The chinamen I didn't get at first, even after I'd read a few "Confusion Sez'es". Then everything clicked into place. They aren't as good as puffin but as a trademark they are cute and I am in favor of keeping them... Your mag is like a table piled high with varied appetizers, but WITH NO MAIN COURSE. A fanzine of this sort leaves me with a slightly cheated feeling, as if I'd been led to expect more than I got...



I liked the meaty way you summed up cf., Vernon... We like honest, constructive criticism. Really!

WALTER WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, N Ireland

Dear Shelby;

The way you have that title it looks like a plea for an amalgamation of conventions. Not a bad cover. Simple and unpretentious, which is more than can be said for most mimeoed covers... Liked the contents page, especially the bit about 'Untouched by human hands'. It gives you paws for thought.

I say, your sub rate is pretty low, isn't it? You will be a long time making a million at this rate. You wouldn't get a good fmz for much less. Still you will be able to bill yourself as THE FANZINE THAT'S WORTH THE PAPER IT'S PRINTED ON!

Did I not say that puffins were the best thing in CONFUSION? But that goes without saying. Would be the same in any zine.

I am in favor of puffins.

Walt

You were speculating about our title, Walt -- we'll have to admit it was a bit of deliberate deceit. We hoped that, like a girder's two-way stretch, it would work in both directions. If our efforts met with the reader's approval, he'd dismiss it as a novel fmz title, but if our own confusion showed thru, he'd consider it a forewarning.

We are in favor of fen who are in favor of puffins.



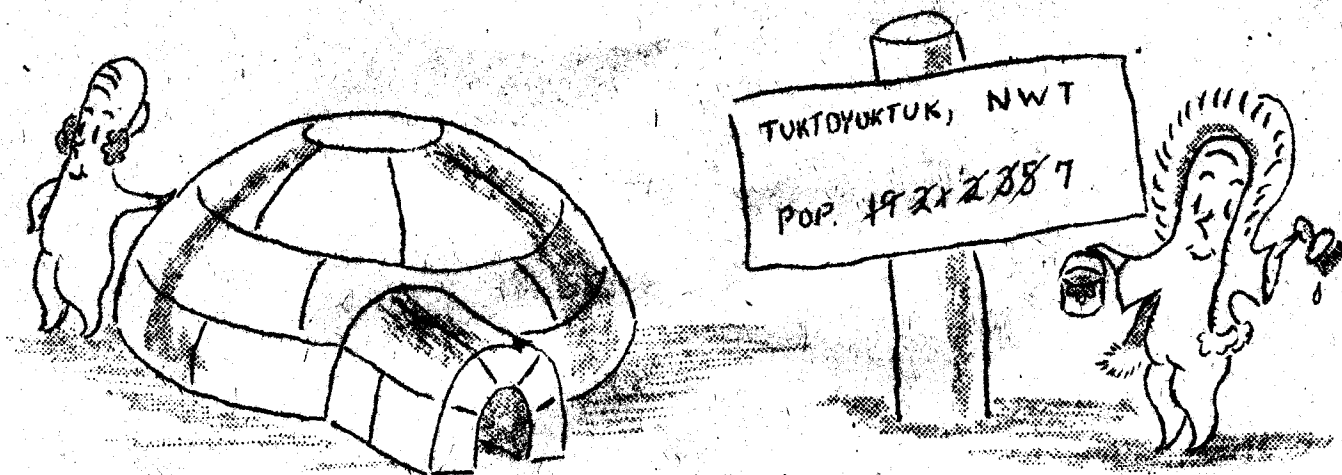
This mat's a bit worn from the time after time we've drug it out, brushed it off expectantly -- only to put it back again. There have been dozens of false starts, from non-fan friends right to Bob Tucker. --And now, while our back is turned, in walks C T Beck. To all interested, his new address is Box 4155, Jacksonville 1, Fla.

Shelby

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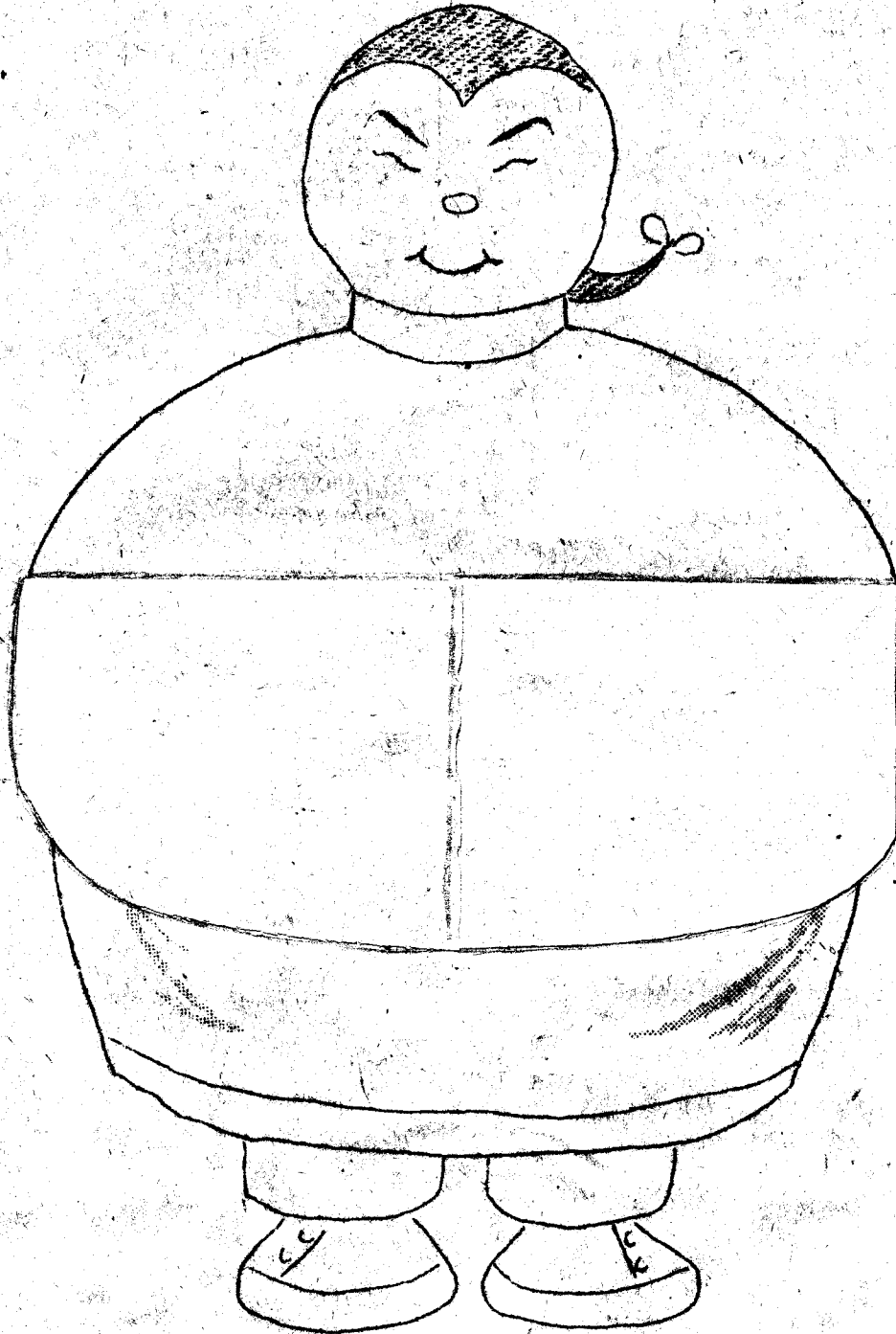
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(When answering this ad, please say you saw it in CONFUSION.)

Something Up Our Sleeve



For the editor of SOL



Well, that's that. Another chaotic issue down the drain. And we're pleased to inform you that, as editor of cf., we have seen the error of our ways. Until now, we regret to say, cf. practiced racial prejudice -- not a colored sheet in it's pages. But now, as any fool can plainly see, such discrimination is ended

In The Midst of Confusion wasn't exactly in the midst, I fear. Adding a couple of ads and a letter column kinda overballanced the afterpart. What's more, I had planned on only three pages for the letters, but it turned out I had more of 'em. Four pages. So then I had an extra page to fill... That rustling noise you heard was In The Midst Of moving closer to the edge of the bed.

And when you see anything done by a half-inch lettering guide, either Speed-O-Print or ABDick, or see the work of a fine Ben Day shading plate, think kindly of Henry Burwell, editor of SFD, who graciously donated them to cf., they being left over from pre-offset days when SFD was mimeographed, and not brought out in conjunction with Ian Macauley's COSMAG. ...to complete the plug, C/SFD are two bits per. You can get it -- them -- COSMAG SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST 57 E Park Lane N E Atlanta, 5, Ga.

Next ish, we're going to have a regular fanzine-review, taking stabs at all fanzines within reading distance. Everybody's invited in to the mayhem. You edit a fanzine? Send us a copy -- we DARE you!

Incidentally, we trade with any fanzines willing to do so. We do this, even tho we are aware of that well-known old saying, "Old fanzines never die, they just trade away..."

(I have an engram.)

In Something Up Our Sleeve #1, we were trying to figure out some way to tie the fan in with the first fanzine, so it'd be real appropriate. The best idea that came out was to say it was the first fan ever zine... But even WE aren't THAT cool!

What do you think of the idea of naming the contents page? Mebbe we should stick to one name? Mebbe we should hold a contest? Mebbe we just shouldn't name it? Mebbe we should drop dead...

Some people... In his new OPUS, Measler is talking about awards for the song contest ENTERPRISES, INC. And he drifts into talk of an amateur art calendar for fen, and an art folio. "If we do this, we can turn it out on a Stenofax..." Just like that! He passes over the marvelous machine ju's' like it warn't nawthin. Wheresit, Max?Where, huh?

CONFUSION SEZ --

Walt's the bhoj for Illinois!

Something Up Our Sleeve



For the editor of SOL