

ANNE SHAN

THEY WENT THAT-AWAY!



CONFUSION

"Jest for fun"

THE NOVELTY FANZINE

COVER

They Went That-A-Way

Tracings

1

FANSTUFF PILAU

Lee Hoffman

2

PLINTH

Walt Willis

4

ASPIRATION

Rory Faulkner

7

The GATEWAY

JL Green

8

In The Midst of Confusion

11

CRITI-qal COMMENTS

Dave Hammond

17

SOUND OFF

21

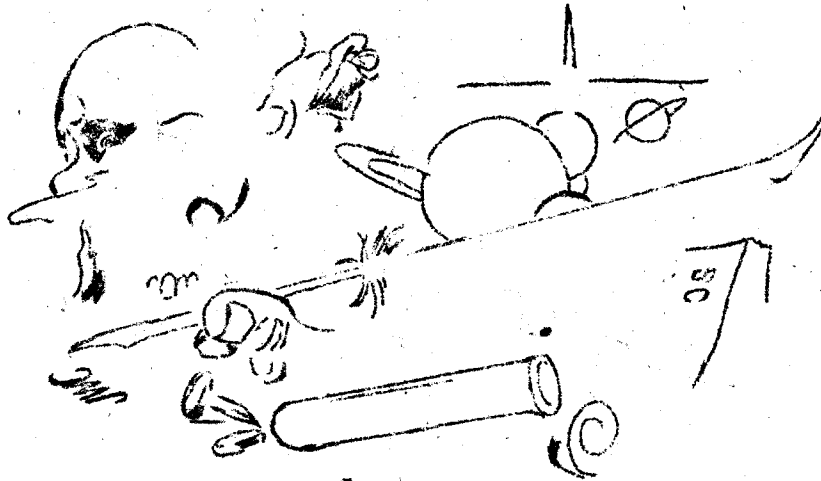
Something Up Our Sleeve

Back Talk

CONFUSION vln7, a -sob- non-profit publication; a funzine put out from Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida, by the firm of Dick and Vick, Unincorporated. Any resemblance between CONFUSION and Confucious can be freely blamed on Confucious -- he's dead (the lucky stiff.) Long live Fearless Fosdick, the i-dull of every American boy. I advocates less food, no breathing and insomnia as essential aids to fanzine publishing. 23 skidoo -- you for me and me for Ghu! DOWN with schedules!

TRACINGS

by Vic



Humm...

Suspicious.

Very suspicious!

However, now I'll find out for sure whether anyone wants a subscription to cf., free or otherwise!

Surely everyone can pic comes from, who the it heads.



tell, now, just what mag this artist is, and what dep't

If not...

Well, this is the end of the clues. Next time, we run the full picture. Remember -- you subbers can lengthen your subs by getting this!

Thish, we start a column by Dave Hammond, in the interest of ball-ance. Would like comments on CRITI-Qal COMMENTS. And, as you may note we star a column by Lee Hoffman... (We glee, Lee.)

Address of the secretary of INFINITY is Edith Neilweil, 2127 8 Ave North, St Petersburg, Florida. I understand there are now over 16 in the club, and it's growing day by day!

A highly irregular column-type thing by Lee Hoffman titled

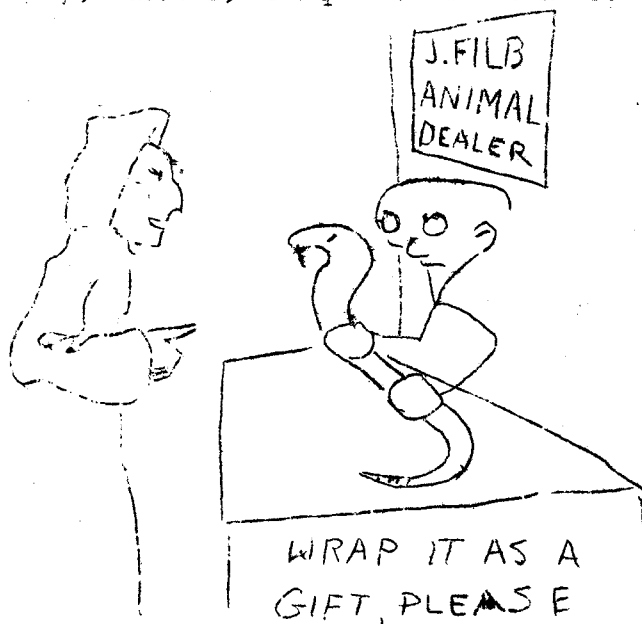
FANSTUFF PILAU

So I said to myself, "Why don't you write to Shelby, now that he's head head at the Confusion plant?" Being a little short of stationery (not counting that which I swiped while on vacation) I decided to write on a stencil (thereby more or less assuring the publication of my typeramblings). But writing on a stencil needs due deliberation, since the writing on a stencil is liable to be read by a couple of various assorted people (notice how Tucker-like I evened out that edge up there?) and fans (did it again!) things. Therefore whatever is written on stencils should be witty, scintillating, interesting, clever and all that. Except, of course, in the case of fan writing, in which case any old thing will do. I hope.

It isn't really news that Tucker (the man with the even edges) will have a new book coming from Rineheart this fall. The title is THE LONG LOUD SILENCE and it is a book of the soon future. It's one of the finest sf novels of the current boom and will make a fine addition to anybody's library. Besides, I'm in it...in a way. You will see what I mean when you read the book.

Also about The Man From Illinois and His Books: Galaxy Novels is printing Bob's THE CITY IN THE SEA soon. This, too, is an s-f novel that no library would be complete without. For a mere 35¢ you'll be losing money if you don't get it. So will Bob.

Another book worth mentioning is Simon & Schuster's new ASTOUNDING S-F ANTHOLOGY edited by (who else?) J.W. Campbell Jr. This is a collection of the best stories. That is, the best stories from sf in the past decade, including Heinlein, Asimov, de Camp, Russell, and quite a few others.



At the Nolacon Little Monster, Lynn Hickman, mentioned that fact that fans in the South were "springing up from behind every bush", affording Robert Bloch some "very humorous remarks". But there is more truth than oratorical splendor to this statement. At least as far as Georgia goes it would seem. A couple of years ago Georgia had a vague sprinkling of fanac. Now there is one of the most active local clubs in the country in Atlanta, with two of its members publishing a combozine outclassed nowhere (Cosmag/SFD), in Dalton it has Bot Farnham, longtime mainstay of fandom, and ex-ed of The Centaurian. In Columbus there's Paul Cox, editor of the now-defunct Time Stream and pro-writer, ex-fan-ed, Jay Oliver. Now Shelvick reports a fan uprising in the town of Cartersville, and an eager neo has

reared his head in the city of Savannah. Downright (if you'll pardon the expression) amazing!

exhaust the resources of this wonderful pen. The barrel unscrewed in two so that the morbidly curious could peep at that obscene-looking sac that grows inside fountain pens, and on top of that there was the cap over the plunger. I spent many happy hours screwing that pen. There should be more pens like it. Every young man should have some such innocent occupation to distract him from the temptations of this wicked world. I venture to say that if everyone spent their time unscrewing fountain pens the world wouldn't be in the state it's in today. It would be a lot inkier.

But enough of Willis the thinker. As I was saying, I lost my pen and had to fall back on the typewriter. A very painful thing to do, let me tell you. It made quite an impression on the typer, too, and for a while it would only write Loney-type articles. Sometimes I think the experience must have warped it. If there are any faneds in the audience tonight who want me to write them some really good material I suggest they send me a portable typewriter. After all, the more enterprising faneds send their writers stencils. Why not do the thing properly? Why stop at stencils? What's the use of stencils without something to type on them with? I should like to see all faneds sending their contributors typewriters. Especially me. And now I come to think of it, McCain, the next time you want me to write something for WFTSI-KIT you can just jolly well send me that linotype machine of yours. I promise faithfully to return it, when I've finished with it. Shouldn't be more than a few years.

However, I'll settle for a nice portable typer. A talented one if possible, but I don't really mind as long as it's nice and light. I could write a good many more articles and columns and things if I had a lighter typer. You see, the one I have weighs roughly six tons without the paper in it, and I can't rest it on my knees. At least I suppose I could, but then I might want to walk again. This typer was built in an age when they made things to last, probably Ancient Egypt. When they'd got themselves well limbered up building the pyramids they turned to and built this typer. I'll bet that when this planet is nothing but an asteroid belt circling a dying sun, one of these asteroids will be this very typer. I am pretty sure that when it was first made it had little chisels at the ends of the keys.

Incidentally, it has a carriage exactly a yard long.

I remember I once pressed the TAB key.

I will never do that again.

Never.

(Who is this guy Vick?)

However, if anyone here is interested in a spaceship drive, let them come over and press this TAB key. Just as long as they let me get well away first. I don't like to talk about it much, but when you press that TAB key things happen. There is a roaring noise like an express train thundering over your eardrum, the carriage whirs past at roughly three times the speed of light, and then the entire structure of the universe shakes as the irresistible force meets its old friend the immovable object. I don't like to raise anyone's hopes unduly, but those earth tremors that were thought to mean a Russian atom bomb test occurred just about the time I pressed the TAB key on my typer.

Well, as you know, all typers with built-in interstellar drives are inclined to be on the heavy side, so I keep this machine on the big table over by the window. But it's cold out there, and the chair is hard. Usually I find myself deciding that the article isn't gelling nearly as well as my blood, and that I'd better take them both over to the fire. That's the end of the article for the evening. Then one day I had a brilliant idea. Anyone looking at me at the time would have seen a little balloon floating over my head with "!" in it. I would make a little bedtable for the typer---just a piece of wood with two shorter pieces for legs. I would be able to sit on the sofa in front of the fire with the typer over my knees and hammer away happily at it. I might even put the hammer down now and then and do some typing. It was a wonderful idea. Only six hours sooner said than done. Now, I thought to myself, having no other espers to think @, I will be able to write. Fandom will ring with the name of Willis. Fandom will be deluged with high grade Willistuff, fine hotblooded material full of life and warmth. Deep, penetrating, profound and subtle, yet withal touched with sympathy and warm human interest, and lit with a saving grace of humour. I sat down on the sofa and placed the trestle over my knees. It was perfect, steady as Redd Boggs, and yet I had plenty of room to move about. There was even room on the trestle for fanzines and ashtrays and other of the columnist's simple needs. I was just ready to start when I realised that the typer was still away over there on the table. Silly of me, hah hah, but of course it was just a matter of putting the typer on the trestle and carrying it back. I lift the typer onto the trestle. I stagger back to the sofa. Comes the grey dawn of disillusionment. That typer is really heavy. I can lift the typer plus trestle all right, even walk a few steps with it, but I dare not sit down with it. Our sofa is one of those deep ones. People have to be pulled out of it with ropes. I knew quite well that if I tried to sit down holding that typer I should either finish up in the foundations of the house or ~~that~~ the ~~momentum~~ of ~~that~~ enormous mass would spread me in a thin layer over the back of the sofa. And that would never do--Madeleine had the sofa cleaned the other day. The outlook was grim. But was Willis daunted?

Yes.

Nevertheless I tried again. The thing to do was obviously to lift the typer onto the trestle while it was in position. I moved a chair over to the sofa, put the typer on it, and put the trestle over my knees again. Then I tried to lift the typer onto it. Alas for the vain hopes of mankind. I just could not lift that typer. I had to reach up over the arms of the sofa, a position in which I could get no leverage. If I sat too far up I would knock over the trestle and find myself holding the typer with no place to put it, crying weakly for help. So, here I am back at the window, feeling like a prozine editor getting into training for Tuktoyuktuk, and casting about for a faned with a slightly battered portable typewriter. In return I can offer one solidly constructed bedtable, only slightly soiled with blood, tears and sweat.

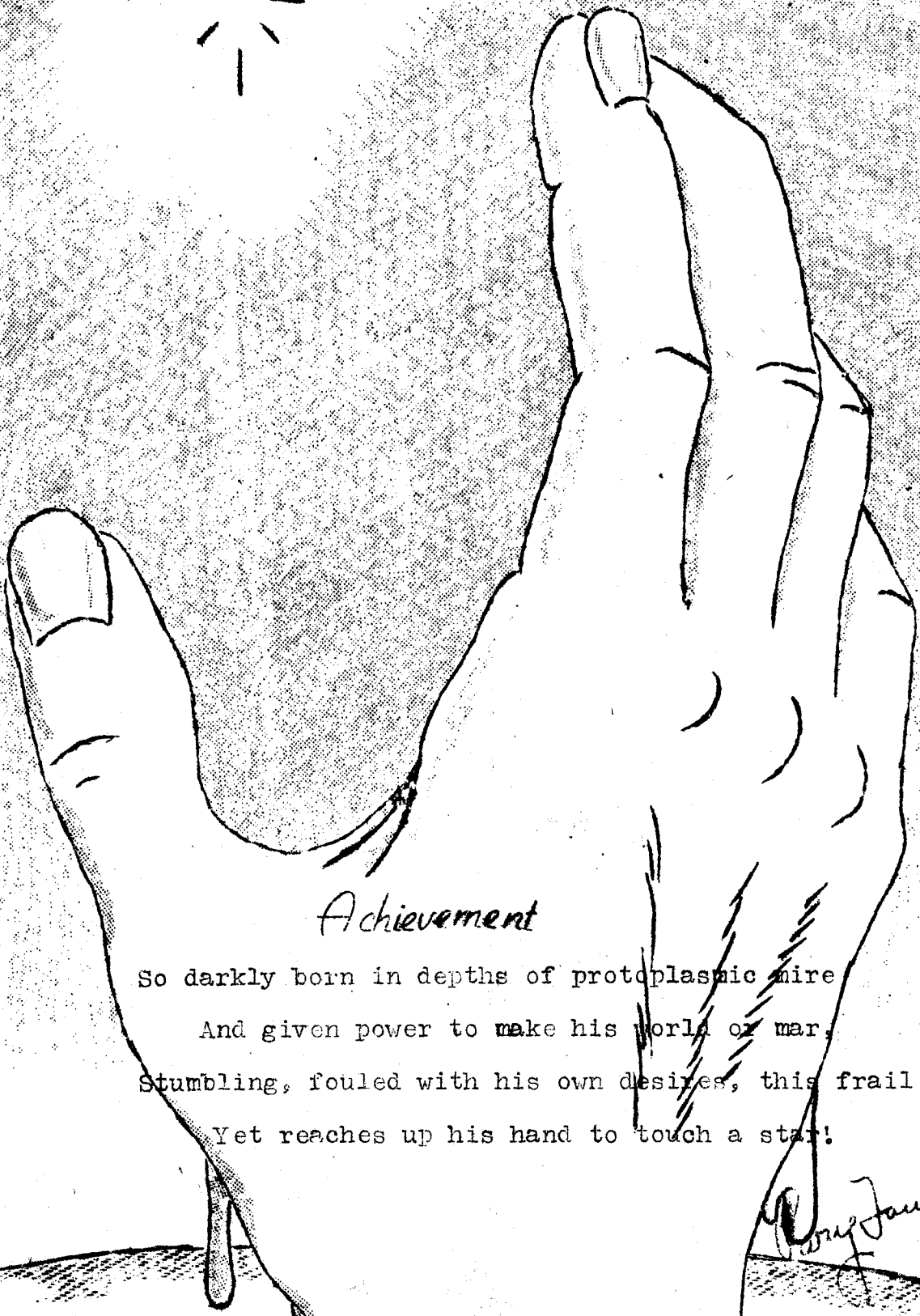
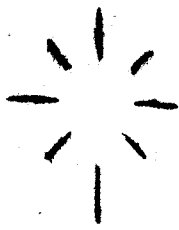
ooo

CONFUSION SEZ --

Let the zined without ink stains
cast the first correction fluid.



6



Achievement

So darkly born in depths of protoplasmic mire

And given power to make his world of war,

Stumbling, fouled with his own desires, this frail clod, Man

Yet reaches up his hand to touch a star!

Wm Faulkner

in a note

Vic

the
GATEWAY

J. Green
Written While Raining

Things are strange, they are different;
My window view has changed.
Was as if a ghoulish spirit
Had a spell within my range.

A tree: a bizarre being;
A cloud: a ship on high;
My eyes, not really seeing,
Yet what I saw was not a lie.

The Galaxie's o'er me soaring;
A new science round me bound;
My Earth life's rather boring;
In my fear I almost drown.

These new things are my own fruit;
They come not from yonder stars.
Future in me has its root,
Yet I'm held by Time's great bars.

Wonder I how my small being
A new life would bring about.
For this present day I'm fleeing;
My old life is but a drought.

Yet why seek I life's vain pleasures,
For in them I find my death?
One's great mind the greatest treasure
Loses with the loss of breath.

The great lost chord
From Heaven resounding
Holds our word,
Our deep heart's pounding.

Search for life,
You span the stars.
Now, but strife
Held by the bars.

Love holds joy,
And peace, and gladness;
Life with else
Leads but to madness

Energy, mass,
Three dimensions;
Duration profits
Man's inventions.

In farthest worlds
Our mind abideth;
Yet on our Earth
Our body lyeth.

Starlight

I see you ! Stranger burning bright, you who have passed undaunted
through the silences of space.

Beautiful stranger: Living white light, changing, coalescing,
leaping, living, growing, flowing, tender, and terrible light.

Where have you touched when down you came to rest? On some far
distant world where beings great lived and understood themselves
and died—did you there touch, and pause, and then pass on?

Now you are here, the journey through. Your life has fled, the
mystery of your splendour now for my eyes alone, I am he who last
is with you, can I learn from you?

In your wandering far did you alight on paradises enchanted where
Men lived in ease and comfort, and, gave time to thoughts of there?

Tell me your story ere you die,
Tell me what prompted you thus to fly;
Tell me the joy of being wise and free;
If you told me, could I know and understand—me?

Romance you surely now have known, for in your hour you must have
passed

Through some far distant garden where your soft and mellow light-
ing dispelled

Lover's fears of some dark God of strength and steel, and let
the hearts of those two lovers

Fly to freedom from the lands of dull restraint; and for a moment
made them movers

of eternity.

Could I climb astride your back, urge you back to whence you
came, would I find grandeur in the blackness of deep space,

Find friendship in the starry skyways followed by those under-
standing, find love in the hearts of stars enchanted, white hot
and purely melted, stainless from the purity of cleansing heat?

The places you have touched, the things you've seen,

You've lived, while I, poor soul, have always been and doubtless
will remain

Earthbound.

Starlight, starbright, first star I've seen tonight:
Wish I may, wish I might,
Have this wish come true tonight.

To be starlight!

Sea City

J. L. Green

A city sleeps beneath the deeps,
The slumbrous waters cover all,
And in its streets the water beats
Through passage, window, nook and hall.

A city dead, the paths that led
To it are covered by the sea;
But it I found while one day bound
To gather shellfish on the lee.

The city old, eons untold,
Lay north the covering of the sea,
And in a tower, once every hour
The great bells rang a melody.

I knew, God wot, 'twas not my lot,
To wake that slumbering city old,
And so I went, my strength unspent,
And left the wondrous tale untold.

A. A. Henderson

This issue, more poetry and less blah-blah from your ed'. Hope you like the change. I only wish to lay the blame for the poor stenciling at the yards of Ed. Vick. Speaking of the last two pages of the last Gateway, of course. The first one, which I typed by the instructions, was okay. My luck proved better than Vicks experience. Hope these come out alright. And I still need poetry from anyone willing to donate.

See you next issue.

IN THE MIDDLE OF CONFUSION

vick

Started in March.

...



Whump!

"What was that?"

Whoosh! Whump!

"Look! Out the porthole!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whooooooooosh!

"Meteors! Glowing red hot with friction!"

...

At which point some director's ears should be glowing red hot from blistering derisives.

It wasn't enough that Rocketship XM had the meteors making sound as they zipped by in airless space -- Flight To Mars had the additional boon of cinecolor to give them opportunity for a REAL boner! Not only sound in a vacuum, but friction, too!

Einstein -- are you there?

...

But that's just looking at the other side of the film; hi-light on errors. As a whole, Flight To Mars was enjoyable -- a cinecolor RXM with Bergey cover girls. It posed a problem or six -- such as how did the Martians get in touch with Hwood to rent those Destination: Moon costumes -- but the acting was as good as any other Saturday matinee feature, and that's the kind of picture it was, after all. Not that I mean to be low-rating it. I think we should have more such. But they COULD be more accurate. They did away with gravitational troubles on the rocket by having artificial gravity (tho nothing was done to counteract Mars' light pull.) If they had only left out the meteors --

which suddenly appeared out of nowhere and disappeared just as mysteriously -- the more flagrant errors would have been taken care of.

The heavy bevy of beauties and cuties showed at least a slight change in the steffilm trend. Perhaps they're going to adopt the old policy of the mag covers -- they've had the Babe, the Bum; now all they need is the B&M. ...but, then, we had The Thing...

Steofilms have to operate under a handicap that mags never had: Taboo. Until lately, sf mags didn't have a large circulation; their readers were restricted to one liberal class. There were few things -- if any -- if any -- held sacred from the author's pen. This brought about quite a few cruddy attempts at philosophy, explanation of the sex urge on Venus, etc, but it also made room for many very good, thot-provoking stories that might otherwise never have seen the dark of print.

Movies, on the other hand, are always seen by many thousands, often millions, of people from all classes. They have to be more careful of what they put on the screen. So it isn't the movies that need to be changed -- it's the people. Until they do, there'll not be much Null-A or Slan at your neighborhood theatre; if an enterprising director does try it, it'll likely serve only as a horrible example to Hollywood financiers...

SUBTITLE TWO --

"I recieved your mag today and decided to follow this Confusion to its source."

...Burwell

He called the Shell Service Station.

Shell.

...Shel?

I wonder...?

Anywee, when I got home from work, Mom said there had been a call from Henry Burwell, Jr; he was coming to Florida on a business trip and would call me back. I was to go around to the Shell station in about 30 minutes and wait for his call. I gulped down supper, did a stencil on the PI element I was working on, then grabbed up the latest sf mag and loped the two blocks to the gas station. (Petrol to you, Willis.) After a couple of unsuccessful attempts at conversation with the station attendant (he had a marvelous vocabulary: "huh-uh" "uh-huh" and a variety of monosyllabic grunts which could easily reduce any conversation to a perfect blank.

Conderful companion.

Especially when you want to read "The Gnome's Gneias", (incidentally, the editor's comments were somewhat of a gnusiance.)

Three cons and eight pages later. the phone rang.

I gave the man from Atlanta explicit directions (from which I was certain he could find Florida) and thoroughly confused him on where my home was -- and that was that.

I went back home and waited.

While waiting, I typed on a stencil for PLINTH, and tried to gather together the things I wanted to tell and ask Burwell when the man from Atlanta arrived. All I could think of, besides the WC, was the news a local dianetics fan had given me -- they had discovered a real, live clear! (Down, Towner -- I said 'clear'.!)

This, I forgot to tell him.

A horn blasted me out of reverie. With the well-known "shave and a haircut -- two bits!" rythm, the sound split the night. The sudden noise didn't startle me. I always jump five feet straight up when getting off the lounge.

I went out into the night and saw a sleek, new model car rolling up.

"Gad!" I thot. "A fan with money!"

The door opened, and I shook hands with the lean, wiry young man who stepped out. He has a warm, pleasant handshake -- albeit firm -- and, by the time we stepped back inside, ~~he was no stranger but~~ a welcome guest.

I had been hoping he could at least spend the night, but his business was, this time, in St Pete, and he had to be there early the next morning, so could only stay and talk for a short while.

After introducing him to my mother (Pop was in bed, reading) I handed him the few pages already done on the PI (3 done, one to go, at the time) and sat back down, taking typer in lap. (It's a portable. -- like to walk, too...)

"I was just in the midst of CONFUSION," I said brightly. "While you're reading, I'll try to finish."

Efficient, that's me.

Speedy.

--It only took me an hour and a half to finish typing that page.

Burwell had some interesting news -- first, a pledge of at least (30 from himself and the Atlanta club for the WC. And it was from the man from Atlanta that I first heard of the impending repeatcon at Indian Lake. I recieved an invitation to ride with him, which I joyfully accepted.

When we finally finished the stencil we went out back, and I introduced him to the important half of Dick 'n' Vick. Luckily, the ~~mim~~ ~~was in good spirits (I had christened it with my last bottle of~~ Four Roses) and we ran the last sheet off successfully, while Henry told me of the lucky break the Atlanta club had in getting a press, and I explained the...joys?...of handsetting a small town weekly I once had thot I'd run.

Burwell has an excellent personality, which is doubtless the reason he makes a successful salesman. No one could have the discourtesy not to listen, with his amiable, genuinely friendly manner -- and once you listen, you're hooked. He's quite generous -- if you ever see any printed matter in cf., it'll be due to that generosity.

Finally, as the last page came out of the mimmy-o, the man from Atlanta noticed the time -- after 11, I think it was, and he still had to get to St Pete in the early am hours. We shook hands again, and he left. Later, I went out front to turn off the porch light. I gazed for a moment at the empty spot at the curb where his car had paused for a few short, unforgettable hours. The night was clear and still and solemn; an unnatural quietness pervaded everything. --A fan had passed this way...

I recalled his friendly manner, his WC pledge, his firm handshake ... Wistfully I wondered if, when he sent the money for the campaign, he might not also return my fingers...

It's now April.

!

SUBTITLE THREE --
Fanzine Pilau ('scuse it, Lee.)



'Case you haven't rushed to your dictionary to look it up, 'pilau' is an abominable Chinese mixture of good and bad foods. Offhand, all I remember being in it is raisins -- but there's lots of other stuff, too.

Anywee --

The general idea is that we have here quite a mixture...

But before I go into this way I confess a fault. Probably unforgivable. I do NOT file my fanzines. I don't even keep them all in the same place. Some are in my room -- in boxes, shelves, evening short-legged tables... Others are in the magazine rack in the living room, or in the record rack under the player (Didja know that SOL sounds quite a bit like Iturbi's rendition of Chopsticks?) or on the lounge, or under the lounge, or on the table (wonder why pancakes taste so much like last year's News Letter?) Anyhow, the general idea is that there is disorder to this order. So if I sometimes leave out a fanzine, it is no slight towards the zine -- more a 'sleight-of-mind' feat...

Alphabetically.

CURRENT SCIENCE FICTION Weekly. From intergalactic Publications, edited by Ron Friedman, Box 1329 Grand Central Station, New York 17. A newszine attempt that -- YU GAD! Did I say WEEKLY? Wuff! 'Sfunny, tho -- I've only recieved one issue. Double columns, interesting bit by Dard of Australia -- several pages of reproduction as poor as that in cf. #1. If he'd buy a dictionary and a lettering guide, things'd improve.

ECTOPLASM -- William J Calabrese, 52 Pacific St, Stamford, Conn. 20¢ per, three for 50¢. Interesting cover. The inside is printed on ONE side! \$\$\$! Best thing in the mag -- "Don't tell anyone you read it in Eccie. Men have been hung for less."

--Nuts! Alreadyet, I've messed things up. DESTINY should have gone between the above two. Aweel. It's a fanzine along the FANSCIENT tradition, and doing a pretty good job of taking up where Don Day left off. And editor Willits (Malcom J, Ibelieve) brings up a point that illustrates the advantages of the pay-as-you-go plan. Sez he, the next

ish of DESTINY is going to run around \$200, I think it was. That's about what it would cost to put bi-weekly cf. out over a similar period. Which only proves we're both broke, and probably crazy, too boot.

You can get DESTINY from 11848 S E Powell Blvd, Portland 66, Ore.

--Look. Aside from the fact that FANTASIAS, MAD, OOPSLA and SOL are running a Willish, dedicated to WAW (and to help spread the word and raise some dough on the side) there is little I have in the way of witty comments to make about the zines, this time. Thru no fault of the zines. It's just that it's a beautiful, lazy, summer Sunday --

Easter, by crackey!

So it is...

Anywee:

Here I am, rushed like the dickens.



I want to get thish of cf. finished today and in the mails, so I can rescue my ailing schedule.

My mind won't stick to the subject long enough to come up with consistent humor.

So it'd be much more merciful to all of yez if I just cut it down to essentials and let it go at that. (Which DOESN'T call for snyde remarks to the effect that 'twould be more merciful to not send it out)

THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA (TLMA) Colored cover, lithoed (I think.) Elsberry's WHEN FANS COLLIDE was a late Nolacon report, but still interesting. Bi-monthly. Two bits. 408 W Bell St, Statesville, NC.

OOPSLA! -- Every sixth weekly, 761 Oakley St, Salt Lake City. Gregg Calkins, ed. 10¢. Wunnerful Kearsler Kover. But what happened to the '!', Gregg? Humorous short by Poggs. First piece of Boggsatir I' seen in a long time. Column by Ken Beale of interest.

Instead of colored paper, this boy has white interior, with colored paper on the covers only. Like.

QUANDRY -- "A Rebel Yeast Production." 'The South Shall Rise!' 101 Wagner St, Savannah, Ga. Surely you don't have to be told about Q? If you haven't seen it, all I can say is drop Lee Hoffman 15¢, but fast.

SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER -- take the above, put Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois for the address, make Bob Tucker the editor, and make the price 7 for \$1. Then you have the comments on SFNL.

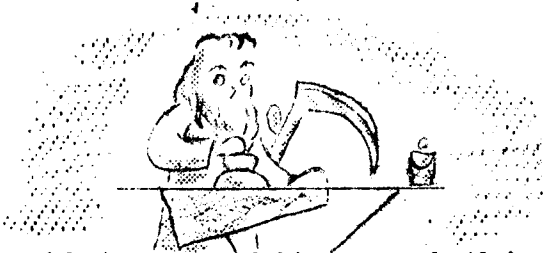
SOL -- David Ish, 914 Hammond Road, Ridgewood, NJ. 10¢ regularly, 15¢ for the Willish. Someday someone will read an entire issue. Especially good letter column. Good Hoffmancolumn, too. Get it.

And I think you'll get a pleasant surprise if you patronize the forthcoming Willishes. More details in PI element.

Time is pressing.

SUBTITLE FOUR --

...and so fourth



As you can see, the edges of midst are a bit ragged this time. Is due to trying to save time. Sorry. And I fear reproduction isn't what it could -- should -- be. Several reasons. I typed several stencils before I ran them. After running them, I saw that my correction fluid hadn't been working good. Needed a new bottle. And I'm using some cheap stencils, this time. And Dick needs a new ink pad.

Joe Green -- who helped this time not only by typing his own GATEWAY, but also other stencils -- would like it to be known that he publishes poetry just as it's sent -- so careful with those typos; he's liable to include them, too.

This last sensation of Collier's -- the space flight ish -- suggests something. 1) Collier's usually doesn't do such. 2) Twice within a few months, however, they have turned out what some would even call the old yellow-sheet, sensation-monger sort of thing (space flight and World War III) 3) WIIII made no mention of the part a space station would obviously play in the next war. 4) Nor did the space flight article mention WIIII and it's part in it!

And here we leave fact and visit speculation.

Since they are so obviously connected in fact, but so equally obviously disconnected in Collier's, might it not be reasonable to assume Collier's had first intended to run the two together, connected, and were instructed not to by the gov't, due to work in progress on the satellite?

Maybe not.

Interesting that, tho...

And the editor of Collier's must be a fan -- or else intelligent. In his regular feature, 48 States of the Mind, he always has several good laughs in the fannish way. For inst, recently he noted that some cheerful soul said civilization had begun 70 generations ago. Said he: "Just goes to show how dumb we are-- we never knew it had started!"

Say -- is this indicative of something? The gals are in charge of the Tasfic; glad some losses lead the St Pete club, INFINITY; the fanzine field is topped by La Hoffman's Q... And the gals seem more active, energetic and sincere than the boys. On top of everything else, the ladies were the first with the most in the WC. Until recently, 98% of the funds had been put up by fenne! Us male-type fan critters gotta watch it!

(The pic of the giant and his birdhouse was by Anne Shan.)

CONFUSION SEZ --

A whistlin' woman and crowin' fen won't never come to no good end.



CRITI-QAL COMMENTS

by Dave Hammond

For a long time I gave Mr. Robert A. Heinlein credit for a real science-fiction masterpiece with his Green Hills of Earth. Little did I know that I was to come upon an earlier version of that haunting song. I did, though. I'm a collector of the works of C. L. Moore (Mrs Henry Kuttner); and I came across a copy of the November '37 issue of Weird Tales containing The Quest of the Starstone (written with Kuttner) and a song:

"...he found himself humming that old sweet song of all Earth's exiled people, The Green Hills of Earth:

Across the sea of darkness

The good green Earth is bright—

Oh, star that was my homeland

Shine down on me tonight...."

I wonder if there are any earlier versions of Green Hills.

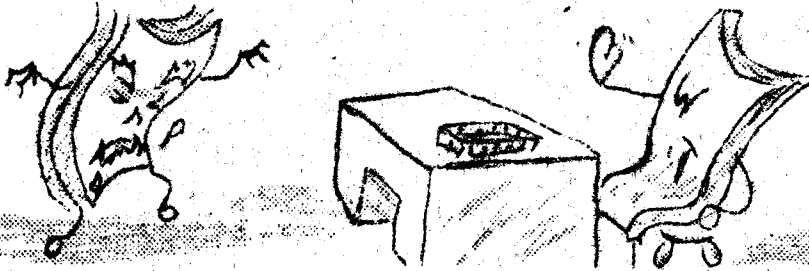


C. L. Moore was recently brought to mind by Leigh Brackett's spectacular Starman of Llyrda when characters in that story swore their oaths "by Black Pharol." And Pharol is, in Moore's Northwest Smith recountings, a dead god of old Mars (described very well in Cold, Gray God)!

* * *

Have you ever had a story rejected by the prozines? If you have, you may have gotten a reason for this rejection. I'm slowly trying to get together a list of reasons for rejections. For example, I learned that Doc Keller (who wrote for all the mags back in the Thirties and who's had lots of stuff reprinted recently) had some stories rejected for the following reasons: "too long", "too short" -- they sound common enough, don't they? But, another was rejected because it was too sexual. Yet another story was rejected because it was "too beautiful"

And Weird Tales rejected one because it was "too horrible for publication"!



But that's nothing; one time Planet Stories rejected one of mine, because it was too melodramatic!

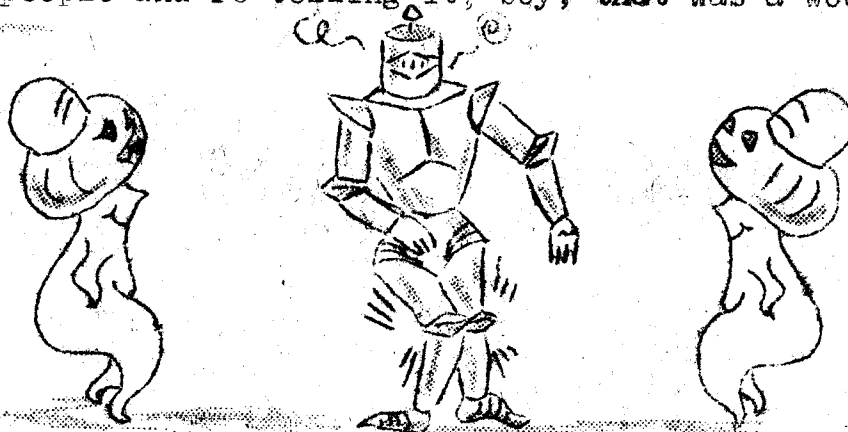
* * *

Has anyone noticed the sad lack of real science-fiction jokes? I know of only one (that's printable) science-fiction joke:—

"What science fiction classic are you reminded of when the last patron of a theatre in Harlem leaves for the night?"

Answer: Final Blackout

And THAT certainly is no glowing ideal of a joke. Of course, I could tell the unprintable one, but— I'd rather not. As a science fiction joke goes, it's a science fiction joke. I nightmared it up while at the annual Philadelphia Science Fiction Society Hallowe'en Party. What a party! A group of us spent the evening wandering around to different people and re-telling it; boy, that was a woozy night.



And then Sol Levin was telling about a story he was planning to write about interstellar prostitution. All I can remember about that was the title he was going to give it: The Star Slut.

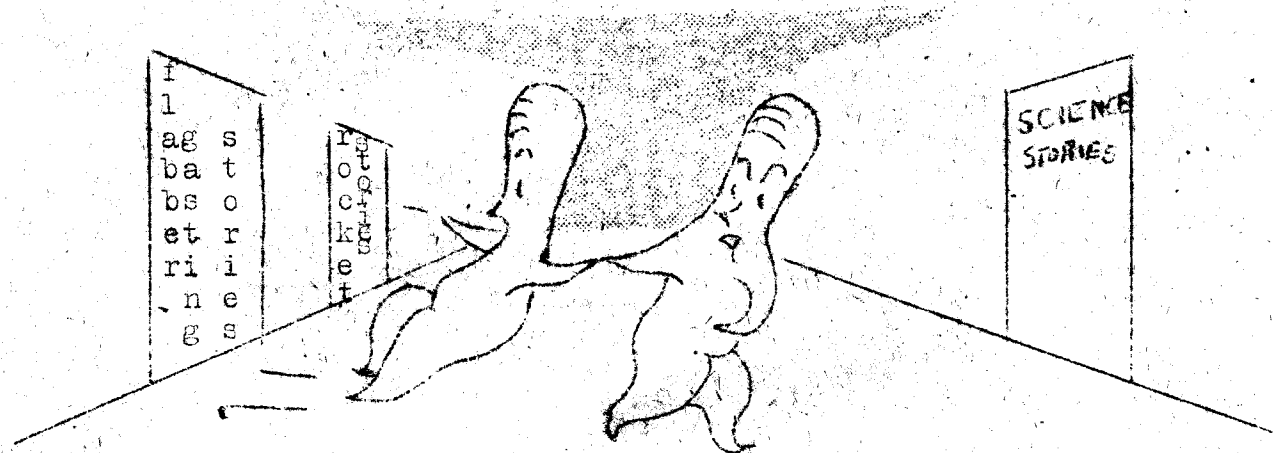
* * *

And Philadelphia is quite a town for conferences, too. Last year we had de Camp, Ted Sturgeon, Jerry Bixby, Jack Williamson, Mrs. Gold (ah, yes, Mrs. Gold. It wouldn't be much fun to be named Horace, but— Mrs. Gold), Eshbach, Greenberg, Kyle, Taurasi, and who knows who else. It seems to me that an issue of QUANDRY had an article called Fans in Philly by one Mort Paley who attended from N'Yawk.

* * *

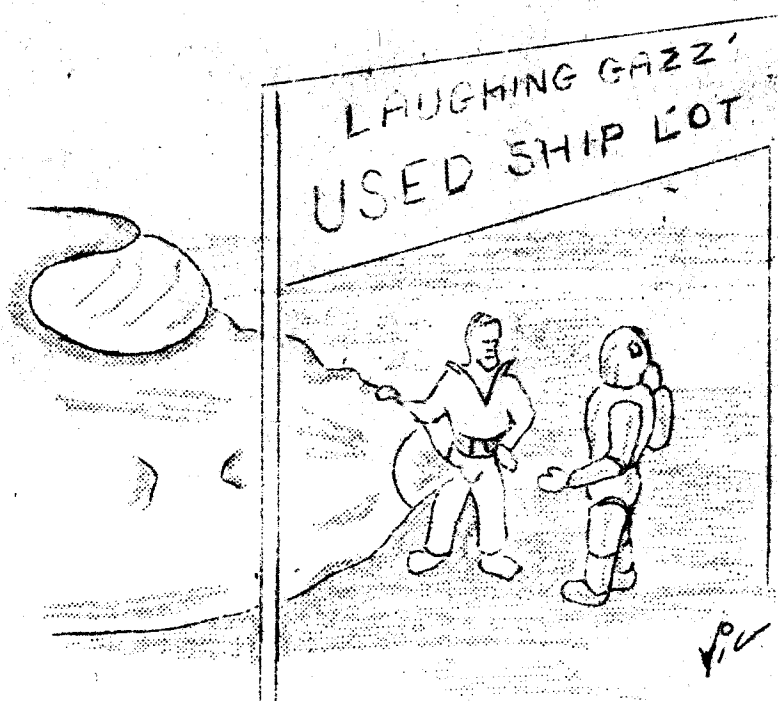
Tel publications is bringing out two new, digest-size, science fiction magazines to be edited by P. Schuyler Miller. The names of them are Space Science Stories and Rocket Stories. It seems that the main difficulty these days in bringing out a new stf-zine is finding a name for it! (Say—here's a name that hasn't been used. I offer it to all enterprising publishers: did you ever hear of a magazine called Flabbergasting Stories?)

The first, Space Science, is going to publish slick-type stories and will pay from 2¢ to 3¢ a word (putting it up in a class with F & S-F, ASF and Galaxy). The second mag is, as Miller himself said, "just about what the name would lead you to believe." What it will apparently try to do will be to compete with Planet Stories and the type of science-adventure (as opposed to science-fiction) magazine. Since it will pay 1¢ to 2¢ per word it should be able to publish the best of that kind of fiction. (Comparable mags pay only 1¢ a word.)



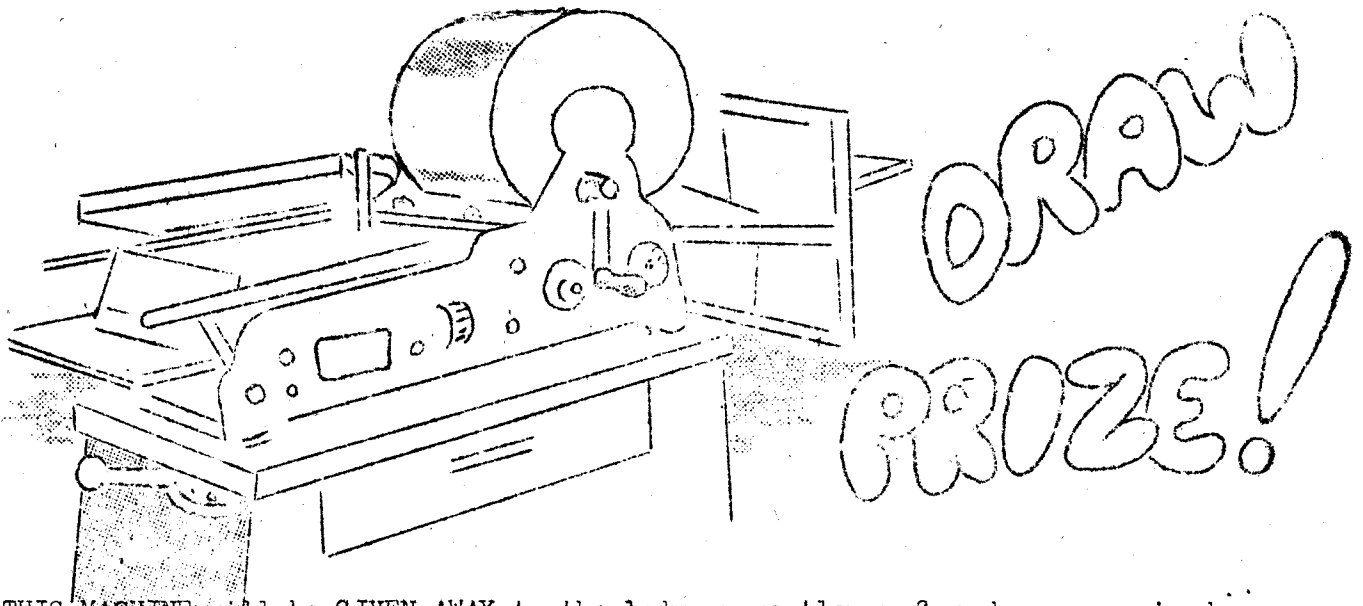
Has anyone noticed, lately, the grim quality that is starting to creep into Galaxy? Six months ago it would have been rank heresy to say that it was not the best mag in the field—today? Even the humorous stories are grim!

...dave hammond



BEST SHIP ON THE LOT. BELONGED TO AN ELDERLY COUPLE WHO NEVER DROVE IT OVER 25,000 MPH.

WALTER WILLIS BENEFIT FUND



THIS MACHINE will be GIVEN AWAY to the lady or gentleman fan whose name is drawn in the LUCKY WALTER WILLIS DRAWING! This is the great big benefit fandom is staging to RAISE MONEY to bring WALTER WILLIS FROM IRELAND to the CHICAGO CONVENTION in September. The prize drawing is contingent upon raising ENOUGH -- SO DIG DEEP!

IT WILL TAKE LOTS OF MONEY! And we are asking for every cent you can spare. A CONTRIBUTION OF \$2.50 puts YOUR NAME in the pot for the DRAW PRIZE.. A CONTRIBUTION OF \$5.00 puts your name in TWICE -- \$10, FOUR TIMES, and so on.

THE NAME OF THE LUCKY WINNER will be announced in CONFUSION, issue of JULY 4th. DEADLINE TO GET YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE WILLIS BENEFIT FUND IS JUNE 17th.

The machine will be crated and shipped to the winner without delay. Winner pays low freight charges only on the crated machine from Kansas City, Missouri.

A LOT OF YOU FINE PEOPLE have seen the kind of work this machine puts out... It was used to publish all five issues of THE NEKROMANTIKON...and that is all the use it has had since it was bought reconditioned 2½ years ago.

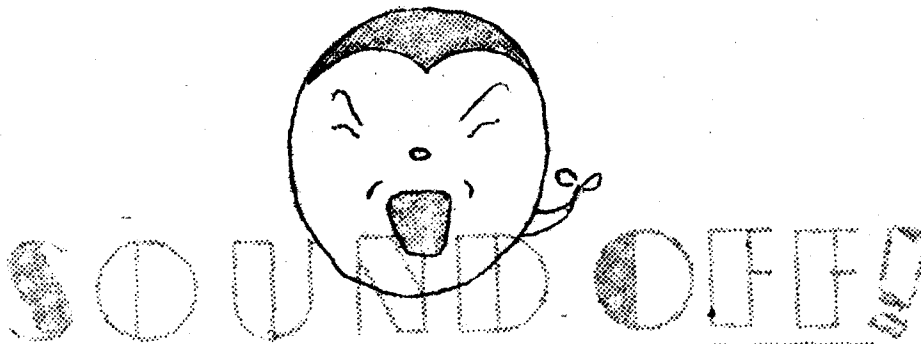
IT'S AN A. B. DICK MODEL 96 GENUINE ELECTRIC MIMEOGRAPH...one of the best models Dick ever put out. It sold for around \$750 when it was brand new, and it made \$200 look sick when Manly Banister acquired possession of it.

IT IS MOUNTED ON A METAL CABINET with handy drawer, casters, and overhead light standard. Complete with instruction book. AND HERE ARE SOME OF ITS FEATURES:

½ H.P. Electric Motor...Three Speeds from 70 Impressions per Minute to 125 IPH! .. Automatic feed...Automatic Impression Counter...Automatic Roller Mechanism that drops roller when paper is not feeding -- prevents printing on roller...Automatic Slip-Sheeteer with 300 Slip-Sheets.

FEED TABLE holds a full ream of 20-lb impression paper...automatic inking drum can be quickly disengaged from motor and turned by hand with hand-crank. Slip-sheeteer permanently attached -- quickly and easily disengaged.

GET YOUR NAME IN THE POT!! Send YOUR CONTRIBUTION without delay to SHELBY VICK, Walter Willis Benefit Fund, P.O. Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla.



ROBERT BLOCH; 740 N Plankinton Ave, Milwaukee 3, Wis

KUTKUYOTKUT
(A backwards
community)

Dear Shelby;

I liked FLASH PUFFIN. But why Tuffins?
Why not muffins? And how about combining your art-
istry in the creation of a Chinese puffin?

Tell Willis I find him interesting.
Particularly when he's quoting me. But there are
a few errors in his transcription which I must point
out, in the name of common indecency.

First of all, it's "Bobo Farblebleester".
The other character, Roderick Frablebleester, is
from Dostoevsky. "Mother" Naked is a distant relative
of Stark W. Naked. And it's really "Ecclisiastic W.
Omigod." This "Ecclisiastic" is an obvious imposter. I
am also not responsible for names like May Sochist or
Birdie Cagelicker. Or for hats and coats.

Now that you have a poetry corner, you
might as well corner some poetry. But don't you think
it should be sciencefictional? Such as

John Taine
Drives me insane
Eric Frank Russell
Has plenty of muscell
Robert Heinlein
Writes a fein lein
Ray Bradbury
They better had bury
Lewis Padgett
Makes me mad gyett
Issac Asimov
(Pardon me, I have to go
to lunch now--finish this
line up for yourself.)

Anyhow the thought is there. Somewhere. It must be,
Only trouble is, I like Bradbury and Padgett but in-
sults rhyme better than compliments.

Bob Bloch

Genetically speaking, Mister Bloch, Chinese puffins are an absurdity.
The little creatures you treat so lightly are an abstract interpreta-

tion of the Puffin spoken of by Funk & Wagnall. The roomy cranium of the puffin is not, as you may have assumed, created solely to house a large brain. The elongated head is strictly a racial characteristic. Unlike the primal Auk, (his distant ancestor) the puffin has no deep bill to compress, hence that tendency was transferred to the cranium. But getting back to the Chinese. Puffins are no more Oriental than a bottle of India ink. Like Topsy, they 'just grew'. You might call them Accidental...

As for that poetry in your corner, Mister Eloch, your iambic pentameter is showing!

G M CARR; 5319 Ballard Ave, Seattle, 7, Wash

Dear Shelby --

I'm just itching to go to the Convention in Chicago this fall myself. This ten dollars wouldn't go very far toward taking me there, but added to what the rest of fandom can scrape up, it might go a little farther toward getting that ubiquitous Irishman there.

Enjoyed the little "confusion" newsheet. Can you send me some more? I've included a blurb for importing WAW on the back cover of my current GEM TONES. Manly Banister was the person who suggested it.

Best wishes to you for the success of the campaign. If by any chance I should make it, I'll expect ten bucks worth of Irish wit aimed pleasantly at me! It would add ten bucks worth of fun to my convention pleasure just to meet WAW.

Fannishly,

G M Carr
Secretary NFFF

P.S. Hope you are planning to bring his wife too. She'll want to meet Keasler!

Publishing this letter is breaking a precedent, since we are planning a special issue to announce the names of those supporting the Willis Campaign, but since the dedication is an integral part of the letter, we think you will understand. Thanks for including the WAW blurb on GEM TONES, Mrs Carr. Thanks, too, to The Banister for suggesting it.

L W CARPENTER, LDS, 442 East E St, Elizabethton, Tenn

Dear Shelby,

I recieved a peculiar paper in the mail today. First glance reveals fuzzy angles, shifting planes of perspective, and a frightening glance of an unfathomable abyss. By Jove! sez I, "A TPSSERACT!" But I'm wrong! I poke a finger at it and it's SOLID! Next I grasp it with two pairs of forceps and murmur, "Open wide, please." The darn thing does not respond; just lies there sneering at me.

Never to be daunted, I next give the thing a few sniffs of ethyl chloride, which quiets it down enough so that I can make out the word: CONFUSION. Brother! While it is quiet, I inject

a double dose of pentothal. This finally does it!

"Now," tritely says I, "we'll see what it is."
After first X-raying it to be sure no infernal machine
is contained therein, I open it wide and stare. "~~##~~*!!!"
This is a problem for my computers! So I feed it into the
differential analyzer. After a long period of buzzing,
popping, squeaking and smoking; an equation appears on the
tape. Feeding the equation into the Cyberintegrator brings
RESULTS! It's a FANZINE! I like it, I LIKE IT!

Fact is I liked it so much that I am enclosing one
buck for two dozen issues.

Good luck, and a bushel of four-leaf clovers to you,
Mr Vick.

Cordially,

L.W.C.

Dr. L. W. Carpenter

Welcome brother Confusionist! Some of my astute cohorts have suggested
to me that what cf. needed was some serious material. Something meaty.
After reading your letter, I have my doubts. I think the trouble they
were sensing was just 'teething' trouble...

--And if this issue is zanier than most, well -- isn't that the
normal reaction to a double dose of pentothal?

WILLIAM J CALABRESE; 52 Pacific St, Stamford, Conn

Dear Shelby;

Thank you for the letter and all your excellent
suggestions. 'Tis indeed great help. Thanx also for
CONFUSION. Say, the benefits of cf. (smallseeffperiod)
are far reachings. Sitting here writing this I found
myself desirous of a cigarette. Woe, said I, for verily,
I am out of matches! Then I remembered, on the last
page of Vick's zine.... Bless you sir!! Moreover I en-
joyed the rest of the mag. Nice printing, nice articles
nice drawings, nice everything...

Yerz

Bill

Hah! Something told me that if I kept fooling around with SUOS, that
li'l Chineese would become fandom's benefactor. Picture it. Bill pinned
down by a heavy typewriter. Does he have to struggle across the room
to get a match? He does not! Not with cf. in the house! Think what
you'll get for only a nickel, fen! (Excuse it, Bill, but that was a
natural for a little sub soliciting.)

GREGG CALKINS; 761 Oakley St, Salt Lake City 16, Utah

Dear Shelbus,

#5. Much prefer the colored paper. I bet that illo
on the tracings page is a Finlay. ## PLINTH shows promise of
becoming another Harp, perhaps, but it still has a long way
to go. However WAW is better than in his Immortal Teacup, I
believe. Speaking of OPUS, WAW is right. Keasler is sometimes
the funniest humorist in fandom. He can be terrific at times.
Seen the latest OPUS? ## Flash Puffin. Um? Well, not bad, I

guess, if you get a plot to it. Cute, this idea of a comic strip, at that. More--I guess. ## Gateway left me cold. None of my poetry in there. Perhaps I shall send the boy some. Ha. That would really wreck the old gate. ## Your five pages for in the midst of cf. was the life of the mag. Believe me. Like Keasler, I like to see a lot of the editor in his own fanmag. Keep it up. --Fanmag review very good, tho a rather aborted view of OOPS, I must say. ## Shadows--phoo. ## Beer and Buttermilk--no comment.## Tuktoyuktuk--I'm all for it. ## Sound Off. Now there's a column. And look who hit at the top. I'm egobooamazed. Ah, my fran. But I wonder if every page has that "squashed bug" effect to the left--right, rather-- of my name? Ghads. Oho, a rhyming editor like Merwin, eh? Well then I'll write you rhymes per letter. SO is a very good part of cf., by the way. ##SUOS is getting better and better. Very good, if you can keep them as good as you have been. They really aren't necessary in the PI's tho', Vick. The regular Issues'll do, I think. No? ##Backtalk. Nothing sterling- doesn't begin to come up to In The Midst of Confusion. The notice to the Postman, however, was great. I wonder how many of them took advantage of you and read it? Any postmaster subbers yet? ...or ass't pms?

I haven't got an ounce of strength
to carry this to longer length.
My dying breath I now expire...
and now, dear Vick, let's see you try 'er.

Gregg

The mail brings verse, couplet, quatrain;
Some even addressed to Mr Willis Campaign.
But comparing me to Merwin is an insult, see?
Yeah; an insult to Sam Merwin -- not ME!

...and that "squashed bug" you treat so lightly deserved far, far better praise, Gregg. That was a rare Confusion Bookworm. They keep me abreast all the latest books. That one, poor fellow, got caught in the assembly line. Of course, you gave him a proper burial?

RICHARD ELSBERRY; 413 E 18th St, Minneapolis 4, Minn

Vick:

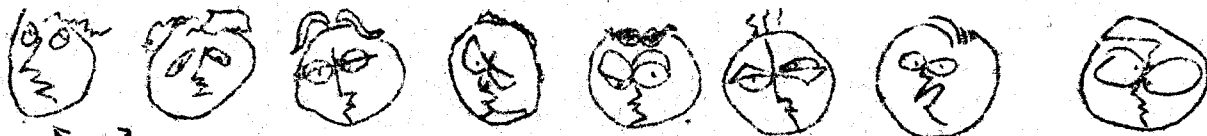
Who do you think you are fooling with that Richard Logan stuff? Why not run it under your own name -- it's good enough.

Too much schoolwork. Keep cf. coming.

Rich

PS Love that short column illo. Hey! How many issues have I got left?

Pardon, Rich, but I only wrote two lines of the Richard Logan piece; just a bit of final re-writing. Glad the pic appealed to you so. And you have -- mmm -- two more issues coming.



from the following English-written letter...

DAVID ENGLISH; 203 Robin St, Dunkirk, N Y

Dear Shelby:

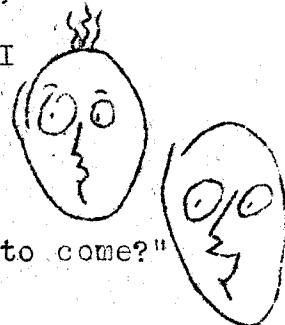
I'm sort of rushed, so this'll have to be short.
Ah, how I look forward to less hurried days when I can write long and leisurely letters, loaded with inapplicable comments, seven page philosophical digressions, etc. Ah, but tersely.

I owed you a letter. About the last of. However, I couldn't have said much. "I liked it" is about all. No room for snide and nasty remarks.

Fannishly,

De

"One thing: has Madeleine said it's okay for Walt to come?"



Gee -- you've got a point there, Dave. But I guess she'll let him have the key. To his ball and chain, I mean. If she doesn't tag along herself...

RORY FAULKNER; 164 Geneva Place, Covina, Calif

Dear Shelby:

Did you ever get told to sit down and write a poem in cold blood? This time it was not such an impossible job - the picture is so striking it evoked a response at once. Am enclosing the first effort - you are not bound to use it if you deem it stinks, though! I am no judge of my own crud --neither is the SEP, who sends me beeyoutiful rejection slips every time I think I am sending them a masterpiece. But the Harvard Observatory did take one - gratis - for its magazine "Sky and Telescope" I write poetry (?) mainly because it's fun, and not for praise or pelf. So far have been rather touched with the unexpected praise, but as yet - no pelf. Not from poetry. Last month I did manage to sell a story to a pro mag, though - my first serious attempt. Paul Fairman of "IF" was good enough to think it worth while, so that he paid real honest to God lettuce for it. It will be out some time in mid-summer. Rory Magill is the good old Irish name it is tagged with - I don't know what the title will be finally, has been changed three times and now I think it is "Moon Over Thursday", his latest title which has little to do with the yarn.

Sure hope I can keep it up, as it will be a nice trade for my old age. I intend to live to be 120 and by the time I am 90 I may be too old to get a job.

Rich Elsberry sent me a FAPA mailing in which he referred to me as a "Hoary old fem" ...I merely remarked to him that God be praised - at least he knew how to spell! It could have been a lot worse!

The last Outlander meeting was held at Rog and Mari's place. Rog cooked the dinner himself, and boy, can he cook! He is a swell guy. Also had dinner at Kris Neville's a few weeks ago, and he entertained me with his collection of limericks. I was vastly entertained thereby, and also able to add a few from my own supply, gathered from the doctors when I nursed at General Hospital in L.A. Believe me, none could appear in a fanzine!

Hasta luego, amigo

Rog

Room was very good, that I. Written in cold blood, eh? Never tried that. I usually use warm ink...

EVA FIRESTONE; Upton, Wyoming

#3 okay. Did not read Forecast. In The Midst of Confusion, fair. PLINTH, OOPSLA, good. SOUND OFF interesting; SUOS -- clever! Prefer more of. on colored paper. Art work -- alright -- like!

Eva F.

Short, concise, and to the point, Eva. Letter -- alright -- like!

DAVE HAMMOND; 806 Oak St, Runnemede, NJ

Dear Shoalby,

I offer you many thanks for CONFUSION number 5 (You'll notice I'm much too smart to offer you any money!) I suppose that CONFUSION is to be a trade for my own CRITI-Q. Very well--starting with the next issue, which will be out in less than two weeks, you'll get it. Earlier issues are all but extinct--except for my files and I steadfastly REF--furst to part with them. (I tried to say "refuse", but look what happened.)

Perhaps I might better introduce mine own selluf. If you read the QUANNISH you read an article by Stephen Craig. Well, you must have read Startling so why am I bothering even to explain this. I often wonder.

If you MUST remain completely Southern, let me be the first to inform you that I, too, am from the South; I live in South Jersey, I was born in South Philadelphia. Aside from that my pappy came from (and went back too) ol' South Carolina.-----After all, how much South can you be?

Cordially,

Dave Hammond

26

Yo' is sho' nuff welcome, Suh. Pull up a mint julep and sit down and make yo'self comftabobble. Yo' tads out front thear approve? All in favoh say 'yeah, man!'

BILL MORSE: CEPE, RCAF, Edmonton, Alta, Canada

Dear Shelby

I must admit that the new cf. bears the unmistakable mark of S. Vick, Esq. That's what makes it such a success. The two I read yesterday (and the PI) were a vast improvement in the hybrid original. I suggest you keep it that way, too. But, please, don't roll 'em for distant places. My issue had become unrolled, and some bright spark had re-rolled and stuck with Scotch Tape -- every page, stuck! Grrrrr!

Well! This is convenient. Just as I finish typing the above, what do I get from the PO but the following, which should be of general interest:

Tuktoyuktuk
North West Territories
Canada
April 1st

S. Vick, Esq.
ConFusion
U.S.A.

Sir/ we, the undersigned officers of the TUKTOYUKTUK S.F.C., regret that the exigencies of service life have compelled the Founder and President of our Society to return to England.

It will, therefore, be difficult for us to continue our candidature for the honor of holding the next Convention in our locale. We are willing to do so only if all fans rally round to our support, but if insufficient funds are forwarded, we shall be able only to add them to your own Willis Fund.

Nevertheless, since our revered Founder and President (who is also Treasurer to the Tuktoyuktuk Kayak Builders and Blubber Chewers Guild) expects to be back with us within 10 years of this date, we confidentially alter our slogan to "N.W.T. in '63!"

Yours, etc.

Sklooka Glup (Sec)

Ikky Ghu (Treas)

Dear Shelby

Excuse the enclosed, but the kids insisted that I copy it out in English and send it on to you. It is, I think, self explanatory, dammit.

A curse upon the head of Bob Floch for his remarks. The Air Ministry (whose spies are everywhere) are following part two of his suggestion, within limits.

Yoho! for Flash Puffin. The morse of S. Vick there is in cf., the better I like it. From my recollections of New Orleans, there's nothing that could better express your blandly impish ideas than F.P.

And anything you send off after 21st of this month

(except 1st class airmail) had better be sent to me at
10 Sunnyside
Edenbridge
Kent
England.

All the best, chum.

Bill Rose

Gee... Well, that's the way things go, I guess. 'The best-laid plans of mice and men...' Sorry, Bill. -But we'll see you There in '63! ...and now for the letter that should have come after Hammond's.

LEE HOFFMAN, 101 Wagner St, Savannah, Ga

Dear Shel,

Conny in. Magnificent.

What, a new fan and a whole club, not to mention a forthcoming fanmag all blossoming in Cartersville without my knowing it.

Walt Willis can shoot himself for that Laurel and Hardy gag. Why doesn't he write some of those Plinthy gags for me? HARP is merely highly wonderful. Plinth is hypermagnificent. That line about the UNO...the GALAXY, ASF gag...they leave me in pain. The floor is hard.

The blank space for JoKe is nice. Did you have his address to send him a copy?

Flash Puffin was much fun. Hit us again, huh.

Glad to see the words to SWAMP GIRL. I'll have to send Joe some of my poetry some time. Boggs is doing a gafia leaflet of my stuff for the next FAPA mailing, you know.

You sure Chattahoochee doesn't have two 't's in it? The river does.

The news flash about the lad who walked into a car or whatever is wonderful. By the way, during my recent trip thru Florida I kept seeing signs at motor courts reading "A fan in every room." Is this indicative of the increase in fans in Florida?

Didn't get to look up any fans in Florida as I didn't have the addresses of any to look up in the towns I went thru, by dingle pingle.

I picked up that Dell UNIVERSE quite a while ago. Nice.

Beer and Buttermilk waswell, er....somehow I can't picture the wordy Westerner as being this speechless.

Mention to John Davis that I am not in SAPS.

Add to Bob Bloch's alternates the following: Send Bob Bloch to Tuktoyuktuk; send Tuktoyuktuk to Walt Willis; send me to Britain for a short vacation. I advocate the latter.

The note to the postman was worth the price of the mag, itself.

Best always,

Lee

Mr Bloch has already acted on your #1 alternative, in a backwards sort of way... If we keep flourishing in Florida, Lee, pretty soon there'll be a fan for every palmetto...palmetto fan...ummm. Ought to be some wit in there somewhere, but I fear that the smoking of the traditional cigar to celebrate Joe's new fatherhood was a little too much. The father didn't react too pleasantly to the new experience, either. You should have seen him. Boy, was Joe green!... West Florida has some beaches well worth seeing; you might remember them the next time you have a yen for travel.

If I didn't mind being a liar, I could say the Harp kept me in stitches and Plinth is sew sew...

Mention to JOHN DAVIS: LEE HOFFMAN is NOT a SAP!

...hmmm. And I see La Hoffman is advocating a new god! Let's hear more about this 'dingle pingle', Lee. When are further revelations expected? Will he be in direct opposition to Ghu, or is he a lesser ghod under the purple domain?

CHARLES HEISNER; Box 77, FSU, Tallahassee, Fla

Dear Tom,

Got your latest osh of cf. a couple of days ago and decided since you were such a pub fiend (that's publicity, chum) without ego-boo you would find it hard to exist. All goofing around aside, I really do enjoy the mag, and look forward to receiving it.

I have been out of touch with fandom for some time now and was rather surprised to learn of the new fan-clubs springing up in Fla. Speaking of the two in St Pete, of course. More power to them and I should predict they will be a great success if the members are willing to put in a lot of hard work.

So Willis wants some reading that is thought provoking. I agree with him 100%. Wish you could do something along that line.

Slow Slong,

C.H.S.

Before much longer, you'll be reading more about 'INFINITY' in the pages of cf., Chas. Keep watching.

JANIE LAMB; Rt 1, Heiskell, Tenn

Hi, Shelby;

Yes, I know I should be shot for not writing you but the fact is I've been spending what time I had for writing, writing to people about the Willis plan.

CF is improving....like the colored paper; it's different.

Gotta write more letters now,
Bye

Janie

P.S. Scuse me not signing this with a
pen but don't have one broke the
point off mine.

An excellent excuse for being late, Janie; all is forgiven. ...well,
I don't know which to say -- whether Bill's letter was out of place, or
all these letters after his were... Anywee, it's straight, now. With

R H ORREY, Negus Mines Ltd, Yellowknife, NWT

Dear Ed,

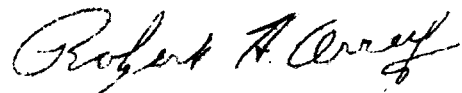
Was much surprised to hold, after reaching into my
mailbox, a sheaf of colored paper looking surprisingly
like a s.f. fanzine! Was more surprised when I discov-
ered it was.

Of special interest to me was the full page ad for
Tuktoyuktuk S. F. Readers. Having lived in the N.W.T.
for 13 years I consider myself a bit of an authority on
the N.W.T. Here is something for the head of said page:

Igloos are found and only found on the Arctic Coast
and north of the Arctic Coast. Take notice. Give us a
better program and we might vote. (Maybe even for you.)

Thanks, gang, for everything, will probably write
again.

Thankfully yours,



P.S. Bob to you.

Well! And Shel to you, sir!

DAVE STONE; 137 Rochampton Ave, Toronto 12, Ont

Dear Shelby:--

Since all human fan editors love mention of
any sort what so ever, here goes. Love it even from
broken down, unknown, unscrupulous, and otherwise fiendish
fen. Androids, robots, and anylitical computertalicams.
Excluded.

COVER: Get Keasler on the cover and you'll satisfy a lot
of fen.

FLASH PUFFIN: Fast-moving nonsense. It's pleasant enough
to read, but not spicy.

PLINTH: Willis is good, but in piecemeal. Put him together
on a humorous article with one theme.

GATEWAY: At least we have a poet with a fairly serious tone.
I always did wonder what Frankie Laine was singing when he

30

WALT WILLIS; 170 Upper N'Ards Rd, Belfast, NI

Dear ShelVy,

...Well now, on to cf.

James White is a natural-born subscriber of yours. He giggled over your contents page, especially the crack about old fanzines never dying, and asked me reproachfully how come I had never thought of that. I explained that I had just been going to, thus restoring his simple faith in me. //I think your tracing looks a bit indecent. I hate to think what that low life, Robert Bloch, is going to think it is. //Hey, look, some one's been justifying my lines! //I liked Flash Puffin. More? How about Puffin and the Apes, Lensman Puffin, Puffin on Bradbury's Mars, the Demolished Puffin, and so on. The imagination boggles at the scope of this concept. (Has anyone got a good cure for a badly boggled imagination?) ShelVy, how on earth do you find time to do mimeeing in two colours as well as everything else? //About Colliers, fandom seems to have developed a habit of ignoring things. I think what happens is that everyone thinks, "Aw, everyone will be talking about that--I'll be different." For another example, look at the poor publicity the Quannish had. The fanpublishing event of the year, and it attracted about as much notice as another issue of Amazing. I remember being disappointed myself, cos I put a lot into that Quish and for all I heard about it I might just as well have buried it in the ground. Total egoboo was one letter from Vince Clarke. Lee may have got more of course. //Capek wrote other sf, too. I suppose you know about them by now though. He wrote a wacky fantasy called THE ABSOLUTE AT LARGE, all about how God is in every particle of matter and when people start destroying matter they release small quantities of godstuff which goes floating around and makes people act unusually, to say the least. //Ibn Said. Gaaa! Cartoon about McCain was slightly brilliant.

The letters were interesting. But tell that fellow Bloch to stop trying to stir up trouble in our happy little home. Haven't I enough trouble with Keasler without this smooth talker Bloch trying to lure poor Madeleine to the bright lights of Chicago? Let this Milwaukee mendace find his own women.

The inside bcover was indeed striking, though it was reckless to put the match just below the mailing label. A bit of rough handling in the Post Office and I would have had an illuminated address.

Be seeing you,

Walt

SOUND OFF was a bit enlarged, this time. Even tho I didn't print ALL of Willis' letter, I did have room to get in most everything re cf., thish. I guess, Walt, that all the copies of #5 cf. were delivered safely; I've recieved no burning comments from the PO.



Humor From You —

ON WAW With The Crew.

Some people...

There are amazing things I recieve in the mails in connection with the WC. An unexplainable cand with an unreadable name and unusable contents. A letter from the local bank addressed to Mr Willis Campaign, Box 493, Lynn Haven...

And amuzing things, too.

A letter from Eva Firestone, with a picture of a cowboy on a horse: One Dollar Bill, from Wyoming.

A postal from Nan Gerding -- "Am I interested in an electric mimmy-o? Nah. No more 'n having a right arm, anyway!"

CONFUSION SEZ --

Wouldn't YOU like an electric mimmy-o?



Heisne Rides — Again ?

C H HEISNER

Poor vick he just found out that he doesn't have enough paper to finish this ish of cf. Poor boy! But oh, lucky us who knows, it may be years before this copy gets finished.... No such luck tho I have just been informed by his fiendish shouts of joy that he has just found it. Oh well I can dream cant I...

Just saw a movie tonight that goes by the name of 'Prehistoric Women' an all I can say is if thats what the breads looked like way back when you'd better start calling me Prehistoric Charley 'cause I've booked reservations on the next time machine back. As the great Ir. V would say wuff! No joking tho I have been under the delusion for the past hundred or so years that the shall we say people of that era were to put it bluntly rather hairy (E. Moore that is). Oh, well it all goes to show that those Hollywood producers know more than we give them credit for.

I suppose by now all of you have seen Bradbury's latest in the pocket edition. Yep, none other than THE ILLUSTRATED MAN. To me it was some of his best work. Using the term 'best', as if he will ever turn out any stories that can be classed as best.

I snuck a look at Walts next PLINTH DUE OUT (oops) in the shall we say near future and it is a GENI. You don't want to miss it, and with Tom sending the mag out I doubt that you will.

Tom said this was all of the room I could have so I will close paying tribute to the most wonderful fluid made by man, thats right COLLECTION FLUID.....

NIGHT

I LIKE THE NIGHT

WHEN DAY

CLOSES THE DOOR AND GOES HER WAY

I LIKE THE NIGHT

WHEN JUST THE FAINTEST SOUND

MAY BE THE MESHING GEARS OF EARTH

ROLLING ROUND

...anne shan

H E Y !

--Yes, you!!!

Interested in a shading screen, full page size? A screen that gives the effect seen above? (Also the other side can be used, with practice, to give an effect like that in the last 'N' on the heading to this Midst.)

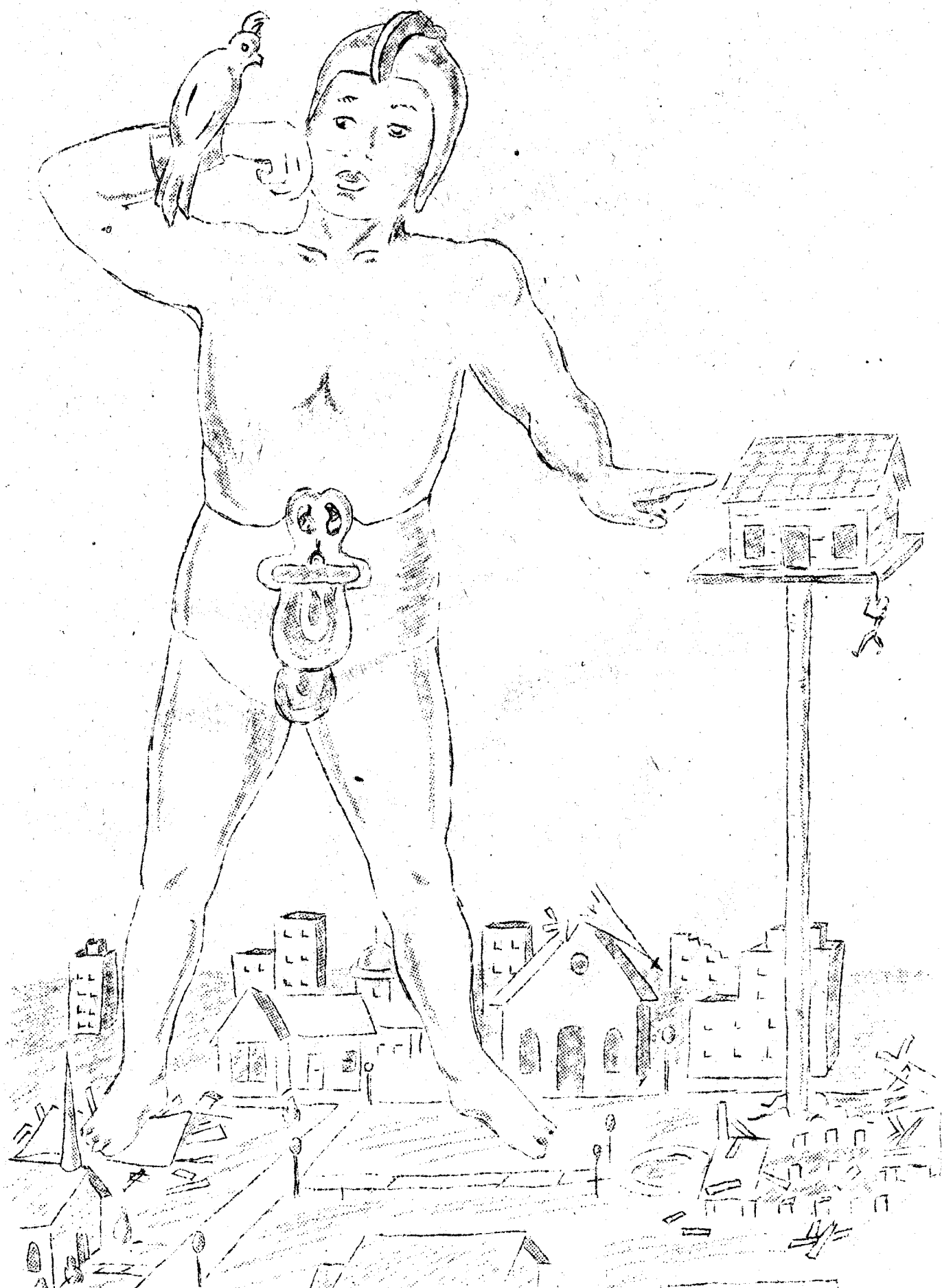
Well, you can have one.

--or 'buy' one, that is.

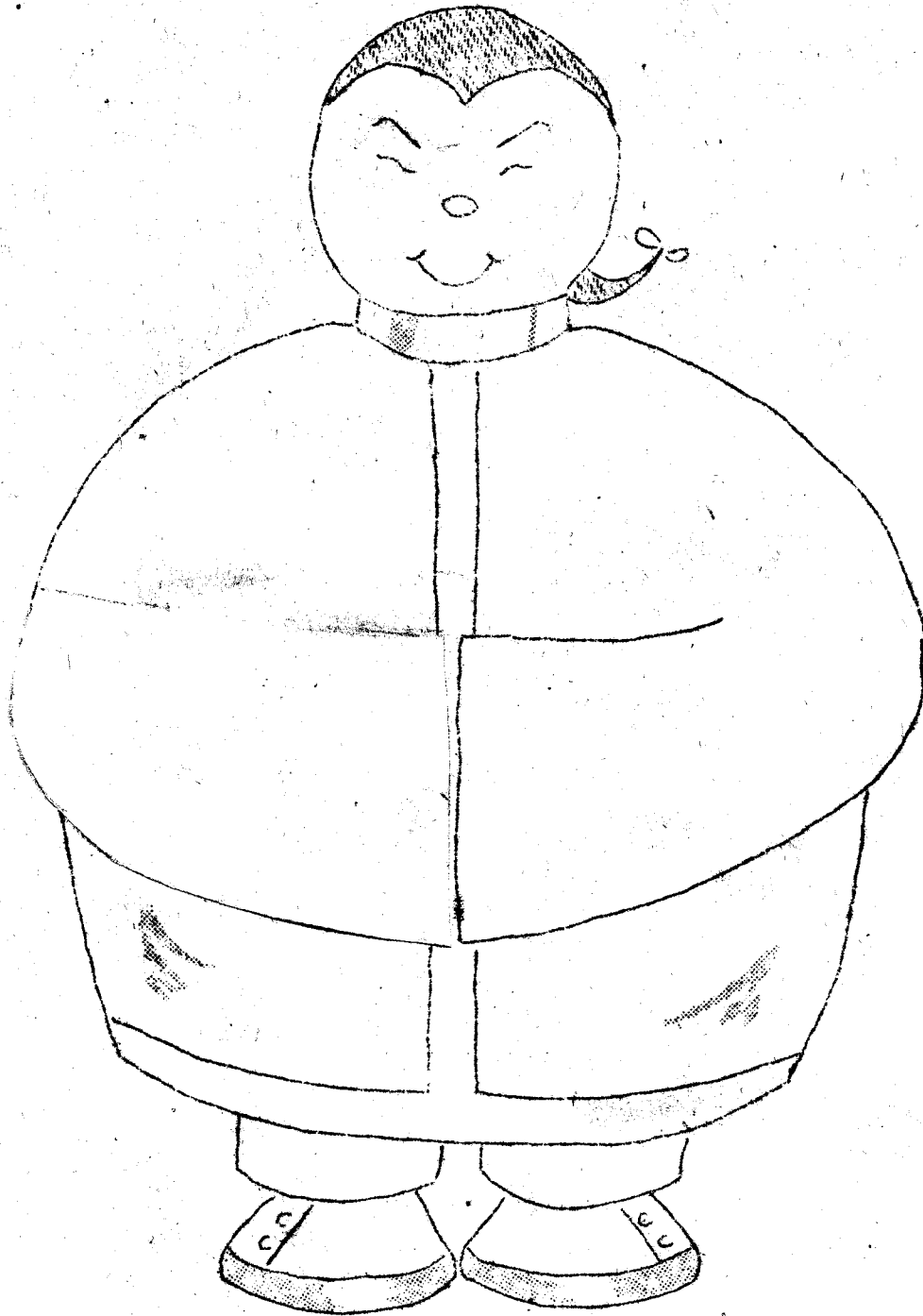
A A Henderson is the feeble-minded fool what sells 'em -- at only \$1.50 per sheet! It ain't a usual sort of screen. This is his own idea. The only screen in existence which has a different pattern on each side-- buy it! Try it! You'll see!



BE A KEFAUVER PILGRIM! Just tear the top off the nearest republican candidate and send it to Kefauver Pilgrim, %Sears Roebuck, for your own Kefauver Koonskin Kap!

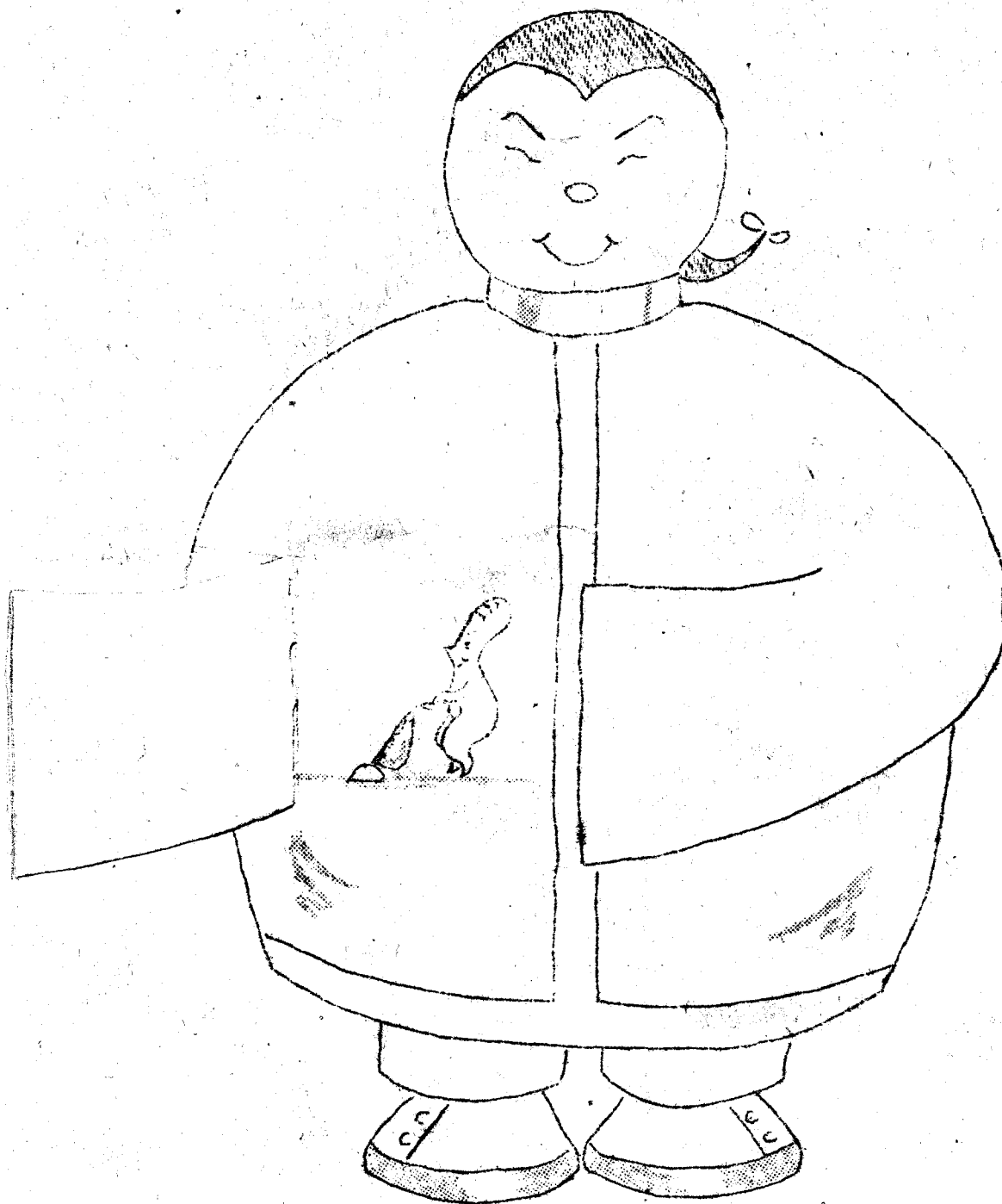


Something Up Our Sleeve



For Russell Watkins

Something Up Our Sleeve



For Russell Watkins



So we're late.

Sorry.

But I have vague hopes that this'll be the last time. We'll see.

Next issue, look for an article by Bill Morse -- THE RECURRENT FEVER. And all the regular features.

Will YOU be at Indian Lake?

'Tain't long -- May 10th, 11th. The entire hotel is reserved for the con.

Backing the Willishes? You should. If interested, see the next Publicity Issue.

Dave Ish, of SOL, seems to be recieving a bit of help along from his mother. Competent help, I might even say. Just goes to prove what I always said; mothers are real handy things to have around. Every zined should have one.

...

A false lead on a continuity writing job at a local radio station took up several days, to slow things down on cf.; a surprisingly lengthy SOUND OFF took more time and pages than expected -- and a day was lost in drunkenness. Not from liquor. Joe Green's cigars...

cf.

box 493
lynn haven, fla



xx

2
2