

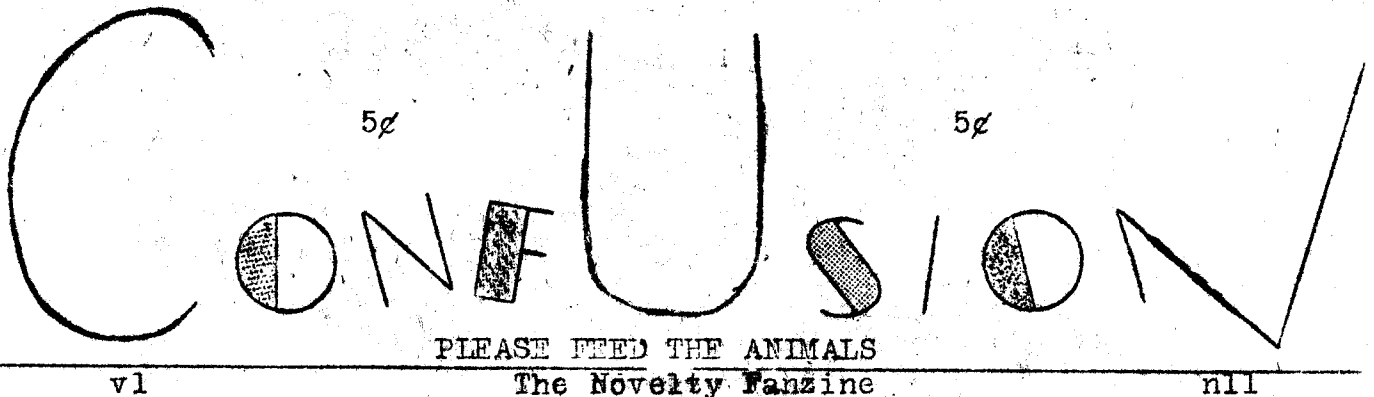






# THE ZOO

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ON THE COVER On what's on the cover At the InLaCon, Max Keasler said he'd do us a cover for our calendar series. On the front, you see the result. However -- due to our love of alliteration, we wanted a colored cover; it's to be the aim, from now on -- each CONFUSION calendar cover colored. This is the second, and by far the most successful. Probably all the following will be handled in a similar manner, and you can thank Max for that (tho he doesn't know it.) When we saw his stencil, we didn't think it possible to use that as a guide to get an overlay color by use of shading plates in corresponding places on another stencil. We're no Keasler. (Who laughed?) So we drug out our Hoyer Handbook of Mimeography and consulted the color section. Result? On the cover.

CONFUSION, v1n11, abbreviated 'cf.' (don't forget the period) is -- as already stated -- a funzine. Serious, constructive thoughts throttled free of charge (with the exception of nominal handling charges...) If you'd like a dozen issues, send 50¢ to Box 493, Lynn Haven. Any resemblance between what you'll find in these pages and what's in the Brooklyn Zoo is only to be expected. You may growl at me in Chicago.

There will be no

# FANSTUFF PILAU

By LEE HOFFMAN

in this issue.

This is Hoffman at the typer and I will go into some explanation. You see, usually I type up FANSTUFF PILAU shortly after receiving an issue of Confusion. But there was some confusion this month and I ended up in a Quandary about what was happening. You see, this time I didn't type up FP and just plain let it slip my mind:

There've been a lot of things going on to distract me. For instance the other day Walt Kessel who was one of Savannah's two fans in the mid-forties, came strolling into the shop. But let me give you some background on Walt. Both he and his compatriot, Fred Warth, were well known as fan artists back in 1945. They published an up-and-coming pair of zines that were stapled together similar to Cosmag/SFD. The mags were COSMIC DUST from Kessel and LUNA PONO by Warth. Both featured a great deal of very fine art, and both were approaching their anniversary issue when the draft broke up the team and fandom in Savannah dwindled away.

It was in June of 1950 when Walt Kessel first introduced me into fandom, but when I inquired into fellow fine minds with broad mental horizons, Walt told me that Fred was with Uncle in Germany. And it was thus that I replied when correspondents who dated back to the COSMIC DUST/LUNA PONO period inquired into the fate of these two.

But as I was saying, Walt came into the shop trailing a handsome, be-spectacled fellow behind him and made introductions. So now I have met the fabulous Fred Warth.

We chatted a while and Fred told me that a couple of stencils from his proposed annish of 1945 still existed somewhere in his abode and offered them to me for my FAPA mag. I gleefully accepted. I was shown, from a distance, the small unusual (probably foriegn, tho I'm afraid I missed out of part of the conversation) vehicle that he drives about in through the courtesy of a 12 volt battery.

Well, like I said a lot of fannish things have been happening (and, I must admit, a few unfannish ones). Including that I have come down with a midsummer cold and am too sick to write a column, so there isn't any FANSTUFF PILAU in this issue. I hope you'll forgive its absence.

Remember,

"Uneasy lies the head that sleeps on a railroad track..."

# BEER AND BUTTERMILK

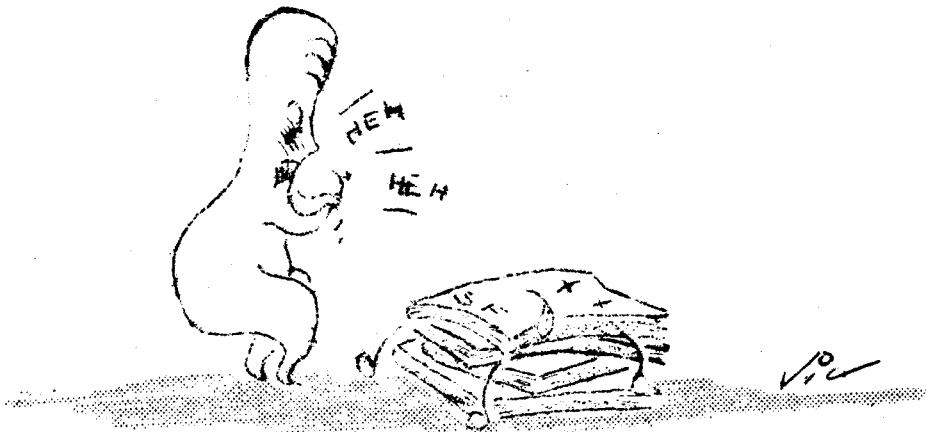
V L M C C A I N

It's 1950 all over again. During 1951 only three new sf mags appeared on the newsstands and two of those have already folded. But here we are, only four months into 1952 and already IF, FANTASTIC, and SPACE have appeared with ROCKETS, VORTEX, SPACE EXPLORER and other scheduled to appear in the near future. Evidentially sf mags are again selling like theatre tickets to a John Wayne western.

The pleasant thing about this 1950-1952 boom, from the fan's point of view, is that the good magazines which land at the top of the heap where quality is concerned are surviving while the ones we object to keep folding.

At least I think I'm a fairly typical fan and that has certainly been my experience. SUPER SCIENCE was one of the best of the pulps and I hated to see it fold. While far from madly enthusiastic over WORLDS BEYOND, it might have developed into a good magazine eventually so I wasn't too joyful over its rapid demise.

But with these exceptions I have gloated over the carcass of each still-warm stinking corpse.



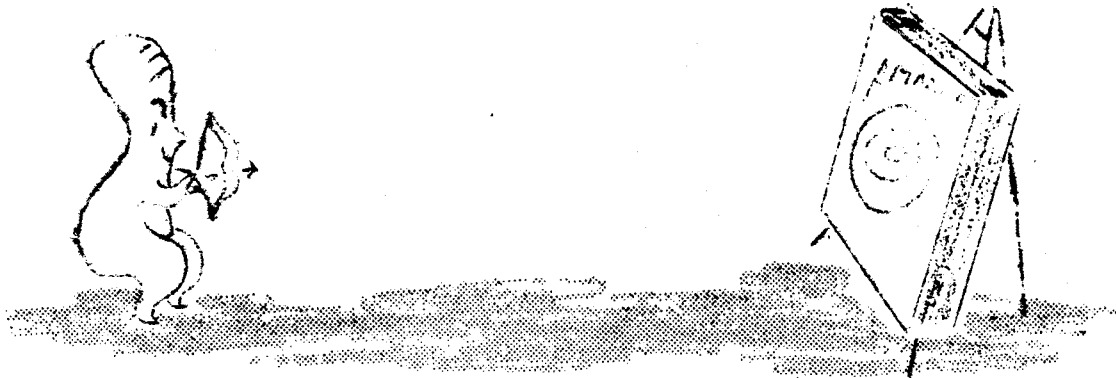
In 1950 my two unfavorite magazines were A. MERRIT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE and FANTASTIC NOVELS. That is, until two even worse magazines, OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES and FANTASY FICTION appeared.

AMEF was the first postwar mag to fail. The next one was WORLDS BEYOND. Then OOTWA, FF, FN TEN STORY FANTASY (only slightly better than OOTWA), and SUPER SCIENCE rapidly followed. Do you wonder that I glee madly?

The field was static for a period and the two worst magazines (still from my viewpoint, of course) were AVON FANTASY and SCIENCE FICTION READERS. And just a few weeks ago we got the happy news that they too are now memories.

I'd like to think I personally was responsible for putting the evil eye on all these mags but I realize that the truth of the matter is that my tastes are typical fan tastes and fans share the likes and dislikes of the general public, who refuse to buy outdated writing whether reprinted from twenty-five year old magazines or pounded out on a brand new Remington.

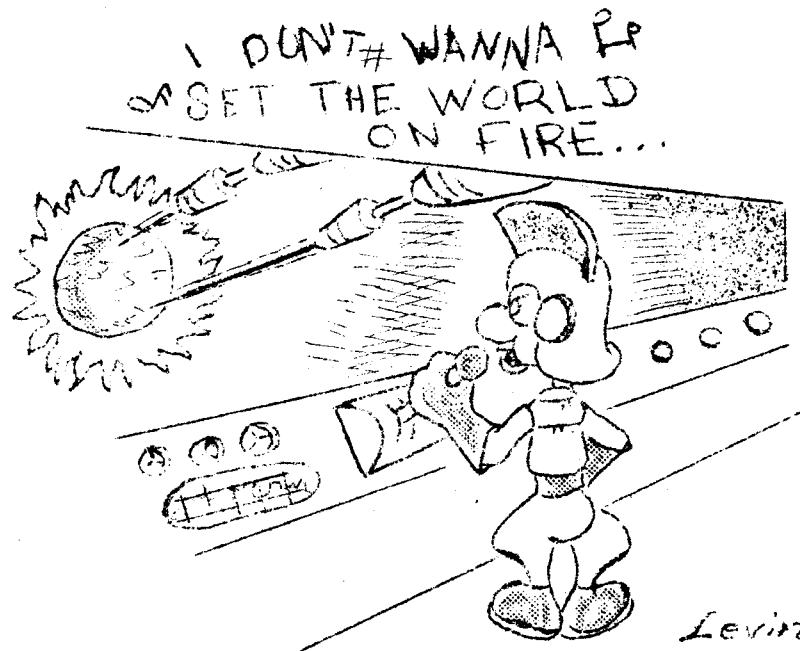
My current choice for next magazine to fold is OTHER WORLDS. I consider it easily the worst magazine on the stands today. Their interior artwork is fairly good and they did print a few good stories a couple of years ago but Ray Palmer's editorial policy gives the whole magazine a n unwholesome crackpot aura, the hoaxes come thick and fast (he's evidently looking for another moneymaker like the Shaver series) and worst of all, he's threatening to make it monthly. That would be a death worse than FATE.



Palmer recently asked his readers to promise to subscribe for five years if he went monthly. I don't know if the response was successful but I hereby promise in public print that I will pay Ray Palmer \$5.00 a year for five years if he will fold his magazine within 90 days after this appears.

Next target if OW folds would be AMAZING. I admit that this mag has dulled the axe of many a virtuous and reforming fan over the years but it's just possible that if FANTASTIC goes over big, Ziff-Davis might find there's more money in producing a quality magazine and kill off the terrible twins. I can think of no happier fate for science-fiction's oldest magazine, 'the aristocrat of science-fiction.'

...vl McCain



# JOIN INFINITY!

Infinity, Florida's international club.

Infinity, St Pete's answer to the St Petersburg Interplanetary Society.

Infinity, which you can join for a dollar and get a free sub to cf., which is their 00. (If you already sub to cf., you can join for only 50¢.)

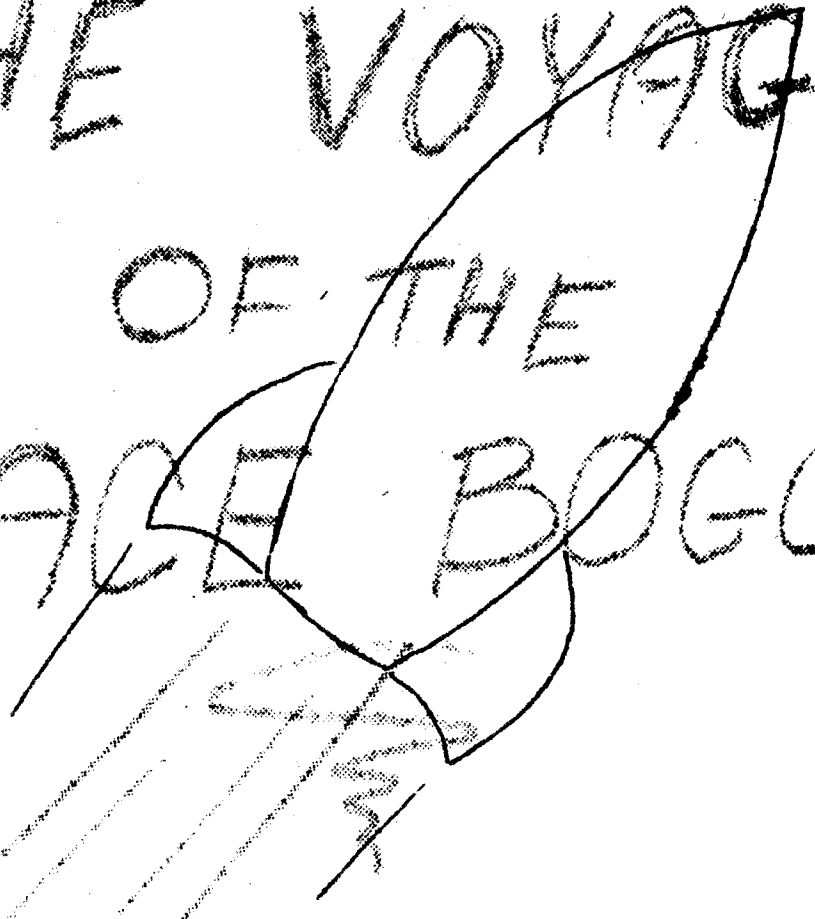
Infinity, the club to make LNFs into BNFs.

Infinity, the club to bring another convention South. (The South for Me in '53, St Pete has the Floor for '54, The Place to Drive in '55 -- FLORIDA! Let's Go To Vick's in '56, St Pete'd be Heaven in '57, ((the next date has been copyrighted, so will be blank.)) The Land of Shine in '59 ((sun, not moon.)) And so forth.)

Infinity, the fanclub YOU want to join! To do so, get in touch with:

Dave Van Arnam  
1740-34th Avenue North  
St Petersburg, Fla

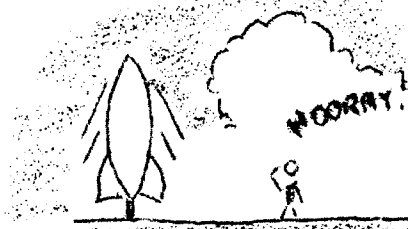
# THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BOGGLE



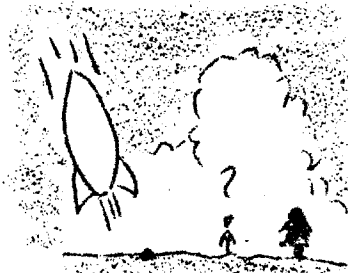
By

BoSh

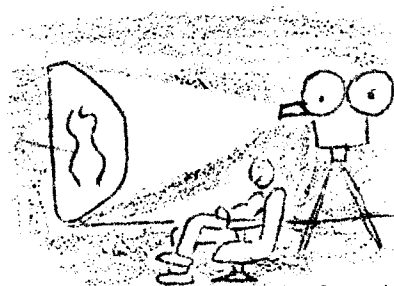




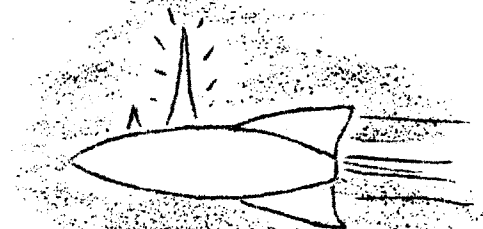
June 3. Space Boggle took off for interstellar space.



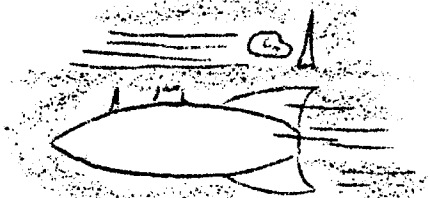
June 3½. Space Boggle landed again to get Captain's lunch.



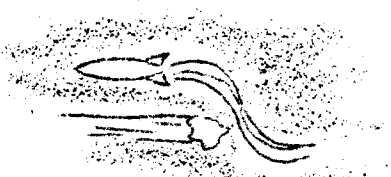
June 4. Lookout reported seeing Rocketship XM



June 5. Erected more powerful radio mast.



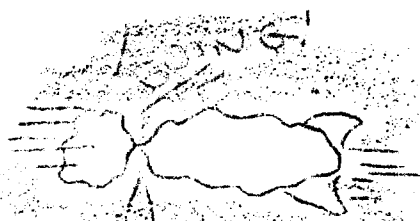
June 6. Went back to old radio mast



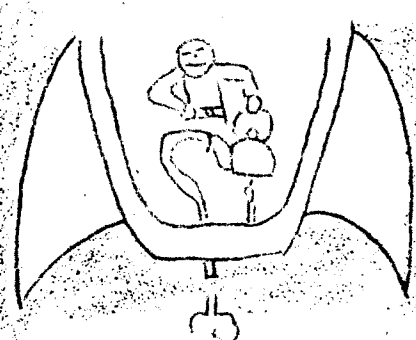
June 7. Lookout spotted meteor



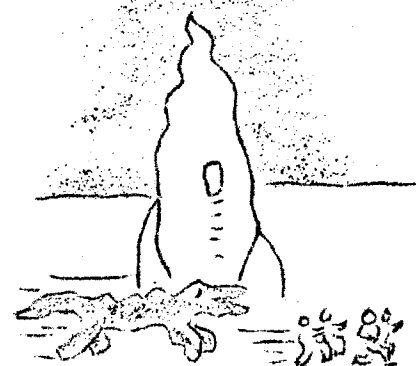
June 8. Lookout spotted another meteor



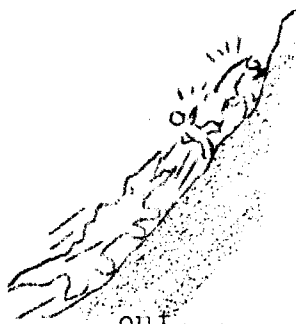
June 9. Lookout failed to spot meteor



June 9½ Landed on emergency jets on Planet Cleever (near Planet X)



June 10 Sent...



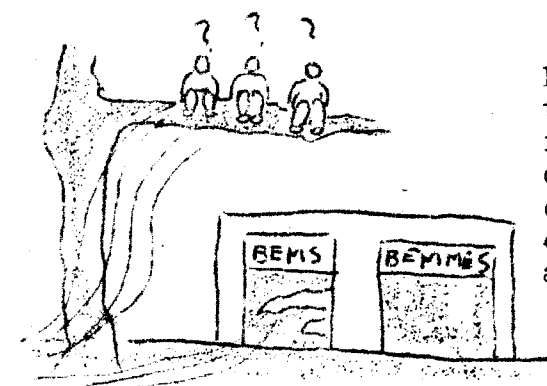
...out...



...a...

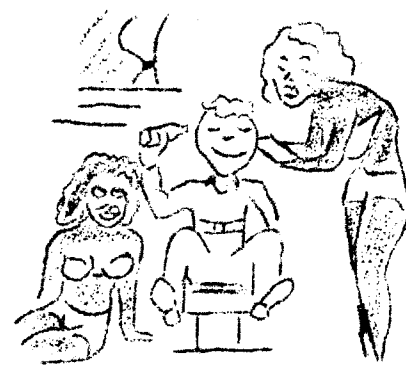


...scouting...



...party...

Rather than return to the soul-smothering ease of decadent civilization, the crew decided to eke out a hard existence among the planet's



...natural beauties  
--bob shaw

# GATEWAY

Ed. Vick has asked me to keep a friendly, personal approach when I write these short editorials in Gateway, since it's cf.'s policy to be friendly and confusing, and never, never does he want to be accused of being a stuck-up, like Rhodigast. However, I haven't much to say in this ish, except that I must apologize for being unable to bring you the especial song I wanted to this issue, as Ed. Vick was preparing it and he hasn't had time. Instead I'll substitute one from my own collection, which I'm sure you'll like. The special one I'm proud of will be here next ish. Hope to see you then.

## THE SONG OF THE ROCKETMEN

We work for the man with the elegant dress,  
We work for the women who often know best,  
We work and we slave for what we don't know,  
And spend all our lives in the holds down below.

Oh! down with the engines, where death's hand is quick,  
It's the hold of the evil, the dumb, and the sick.  
We'll sing of it's praises and tell of its woes  
And work all our lives in the holds down below.

We thought that the man with mechanical bug,  
Could sit in a chair and spit on a rug,  
And wait for the rockets to push him along  
And phrase pretty words to the old rockets song.

But now we know different and sing of our plight,  
We're tired of months of nothing but night.  
We long for the sun and the earth that we know  
But we still work like hell in these holds down below.

R.H. Orrey

Novel!

A sun grew dim, and shed her light  
As if preparing eternal night,  
For children shivered and closer clung  
To the star for whom their praises rung.  
She darkened slowly, then was dead—  
For children sobbed in awful dread;  
But, suddenly, with mighty flame  
She burst asunder! to shine again.

Gregg Calkins

### Epilogue

Someone came in the night,  
And held my hand,  
And sighed ---  
For I was dead.

— LEE

### Machine Age

There's the click, click, click of the relays  
Falling into place,  
And the sudden glare of the neon  
Lighting up your face.

There's the clang, clang, clang of silver  
And the bright coins' flanking sheen,  
And a nickel or two for the player  
Of the electric slot-machine.

---Bemildred

### Void

How sweet the vast and crystal silence,  
Stretching, soundless batwings,  
Deathlike gliding.  
Gentle silence.  
Tall shadows of black upon black,  
Endlessly into the depths,  
Without form, without color.  
The sweet soft crystal silence  
Tinkling back upon itself  
Like memories of bells,  
Echoing through the fingertips.

---S.H.

This song was brought out slightly over two years ago by Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra, on an RCA recording. In general outline and songstyle it is similar to "Ghost Riders in the Sky," but sang with a male chorus for support. If you can obtain it at your local record store you'll never regret it.

### The Phantom Stage-Coach

Words--Jimmy Kennedy

Music--Lou Singer

Arranged by Cane Hammett

(Chorus)

And the Phantom stage goes by,  
As the vultures circle high,  
Till it hits the bend and crashes down the trail,  
And its horses scream with fright,  
As it rumbles through the night,  
The Phantom stage that haunts the Canyon Trail.

The night stage out of Canyon City, wrecked in '65,  
Eleven souls were on that coach and not one left alive,  
Old Timers used to shiver when they heard the grisly tale,  
That night they said Old Nick himself was seen along the trail.

'Twas the gal the name of Sue,  
That the trouble started through,  
And a box of golden nuggets, so we're told,  
She had turned the gambler down,  
And that night was leaving town,  
So he planned to get the woman and the gold.

(Chorus)

He waited on the canyon as the light was going dim,  
The first shot hazed the driver as the coach got to the rim,  
He lashed his maddened horses but they hadn't far to go,  
They slipped and overshot the rim and disappeared below.

At dawn they searched the ground,  
But the wreck was never found,  
And when you pass the spot you're not alone,  
For at midnight on the trail,  
As the lost souls tell the tale,  
As they whisper that the devil took his own.

(Chorus)

The End

Due to uncertainty of my address, as I'm about to move, all contributors please send poetry to me in care of Confusion. If you thought enough of Gateway to read this far, I'll see you next issue.

# THE TENTH PLINTH

WALT WILLIS:

HSC



Fandom is funny. This profound thought comes to me as I notice the way everybody is jumping up and down on Peter Graham for his Willis death hoax, and think of how I've gotten away with some of the things I've done. I pull the collective leg of the Baltimore Science Fiction Forum, and get nice letters from Newton and Clarkson thanking me for the publicity. I satirise Lloyd Eaton's Rhodigest booklistings and get an amiable letter from the good doctor himself asking if I might have any of the books in my collection. I even poke through the bars of FAPA at the ferocious Laney himself and live to pull the tail. Sometimes I think all my enemies must be lying low until they get me in Chi, and the whole affair is just a gigantic ambush.

But to get back to Peter Graham. I got a postcard from him the other day which I'd like to quote.

Dear Mr. Willis, ((!))

I wish to offer you my sincere apologies for the for the card about your death I sent out. It was a stupid, asinine thing to do, and I realize this fully. I am truly very sorry.

That's a handsome enough apology to satisfy me even if I had been sore but I wasn't. For one thing I thought the pc was quite funny--that about the auction being limited to quiet bidding, and the improbable reactions of fandom---and for another I didn't think anyone would have been fooled by it. Though of course I knew I wasn't dead, which may have tended to make me a bit more incredulous about it than most people. And of course I had just been hoaxed by experts---a story which I am now able to tell.

I've been the victim of one of the most cunning and daring plots ever hatched by the mind of fan. Redd Boggs, clear the 'Hoax' page in your new edition of FANCYCLOPEDIA. I still feel like a Van Vogt hero discovering that All is Illusion, or like Tucker after his first meeting with Hoffman, but apparently it all started when Mike Wilson, a young member of the London Circle, was conscripted into the Army---and drafted into a M regiment stationed in Northern Ireland. He told this at the White Horse, adding that he meant to look me up when he got over. It was at this point that the fiendishly clever mind of Vince Clarke started ticking over. He knew I'd only seen Wilson once, and then at a Convention. He conceived the audacious idea that Wilson could visit me under an assumed name and pass himself off as a noofan. The masterminds of the London Circle got together and briefed Wilson for hours until he was wordperfect in his role, primed him with all the necessary information, loaded him with equipment and aimed him in my direction.

The result was that one sunny Saturday afternoon while I was lying on the lawn at the tennis club Madeleine brought round a young soldier called 'James Wainwright' who had, it seemed, just seen the review of / in the BRE of SUPER SCIENCE and was all thrilled to find that there was an organization of people who were interested in science fiction and could I tell him all about these 'fans'. He seemed so keen and he had come so far--all the way from Ballymena---that Madeleine hadn't the heart to ask him to wait till I got home. I brought him home and gave him the usual treatment---exposure to QUANDRY, SPN, SPNL, THE FANCY CLOPOEDIA etc---and so on. And answered his innocent questions, every one of them a deadly trap, painstakingly designed by the fiends of London. During the later counter-intrigue I got my hands on a copy of Vince Clarke's lastminute instructions to his spy, which shows you what I mean.

#### OPERATION SHAMROOKIE

#### SECRET INSTRUCTIONS

#### CHEW UP AND BURN WHEN READ

.....I'm enclosing the SSS with the / review. THE INFORMATION THEREIN IS ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT WAW.....The great thing to do is keep him off his balance right from the start. Produce that BRE junk pretty quick and offer him a couple as a sub to /. It says in the review that he is giving it for current prozines. When he fetches a copy turn it over with a disappointed expression and say "It's not very big, is it? You'd expected something like AMAZING. Now there's a really good magazine." Incidentally I notice SSS only says he publishes it. Ask him some time who edits it. Ask him what promags Bob Shaw and Clive Jackson have appeared in. Ask him does he write himself and if so where he sells...You've heard of the London Circle (those adverts in NEW WORLDS) but you think it's all pros and dealers....I've changed my mind about the story. I'll send you something. What we want is a couple of hundred words that he can slip into the coming ish. Our aim must be to get you into print as WAW's marvelous discovery that the London Circle has overlooked. It's the sort of thing that would appeal to him. Also we want the story of how WAW welcomes neophyte fan and some inner details of the household tricked out with some funny comments...The ideal we should aim at is a full page spread in the next SPN---I WAS A SPY FOR THE LONDON CIRCLE.....

Unfortunately I didn't dash into print with my discovery of this new fan, but I could easily have. When he showed me the piece he said he'd written I was delighted. I'd unearthed an amazing new talent! This fragment, small as it was, was really good. Not only that it was fan-type humor, puns and all. Why it might have been written by Vince Clarke! I was so pleased at finding this natural born fan-type critter that the very next day I sent Vince Clarke's own work back to him with an enthusiastic note about my discovery, looking for congratulations!

The next Sunday 'Wainwright' came down again, and this time he was even more daring. He had me describe everyone in the London Circle, and listened awed to my replies to his questions about the pro-authors I'd met. Still I didn't suspect. The utter grandeur, the breath-taking scope of the thing, was blinding me. God help me I even made the laughable suggestion to 'Wainwright' that he might be a member of the London Circle in disguise. Honest, I did. Wilson must have got overconfident then--no wonder--and he started making mistakes. One of them was to show me a story that he had written himself. After he'd gone I began to wonder how such a corny thing could have been produced by the Clarke-type piece. One doubt led to another and in a moment I was bathed in a cold sweat. Like a drowning man, everything I'd said in the

last couple of days went flashing through my ears.

Bob had left with 'Wainwright' but when he came back again I told him my suspicions. He was very relieved. He'd suspected sooner than I had--his artist's eye had remembered Wilson's face--and he'd accused him directly. He'd been given a card signed by Vince specially prepared for such an emergency, calling on him in the name of the great hoaxers of history--Speer, Singleton, Tucker and Hoffman--to keep the secret. Bob and I agreed the best thing to do was to let Vince think everything was going according to plan but to feed Wilson with increasingly false information, leading up gradually to some sensational imaginary event over here about which the London Circle would foolishly rush into print. Bob wrote Vince a conspirational letter congratulating him and promising support.

But the London Convention came along then, and I went to stay with Vince for a week of bluff and counterbluff. And then when I came back full of plans I found Wilson was being posted back to London, and we had to give them all up. Wilson came up one last day as 'Wainwright' and we 'allowed him' to do a few dirty jobs about the / pressroom and sent him off with a 'letter of introduction' to Vince. But it was a poor substitute for the schemes we had. No, we have to admit that those lazy Londoners put it over on us. That time.

## WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA

Walt Willis  
(Ctd. from the MAD Willish)

(Willis and Vick have been captured by the New York Immigration Authorities and imprisoned in the dreaded Chateau d'IF. The Triumvirate attempt to rescue them by piling Moskowitz's collection against the wall, but the structure collapses under Sam and the assembled New York fans are buried alive in the mass of books and magazines.)

"Well," says Willis callously, "That's the first time all New York fandom has been in Moskowitz's good books."

"You just said that," points out ShelVy.

"I know," says Willis, "I heard me. But that was in another magazine. These people mightn't understand your next remark unless I repeated that one."

"Well, you should split your instalments better," says ShelVy crossly.

"Joe Palocka does it that way," says Willis mildly.

"Always trying to end it with a punch line," grumbles ShelVy.

"I'm sorry," soothes Willis, "I was only trying to do my judy."

"No order! No method!" ShelVy mutters.

"Look who's talking," says Willis indignantly, "Losing precious letters from Robert Bloch and sending Schultheis masses of blank pages. For

ghoodness sake get on with it. Here we are on the next page already and we still haven't mentioned the April 43 ASF."

"Oh well, if you want to make an issue out of it----" says ShelVY.  
"Where were we? Ah yes; that was only half of New York fandom down there. But here's the rest of it now." He points to a distant cyclist on the road below, pedalling furiously in their direction and looking back guiltily over his shoulder.

"Looks like Keasler mailing the next OPUS," says Willis. "Who is it?"

"Bob Silverberg, of course," says ShelVY.

Silverberg jumps off his bicycle beside the pile of books and starts digging. There is another slight landslide and the movement revives Moskowitz, who has been lying dazed on the top. He waves weakly at Silverberg and starts to make his way down.

"Avalanche?" asks Silverberg.

"No thanks," says Moskowitz, "I just had one."

The two have been working busily for some minutes when a fast car drives up and Gerry de la Ree jumps out, shouting and pointing excitedly upwards. There is a drone of aeroplane engines overhead and parachuted figures can be seen dimly against the darkening sky. As they land they are seen to be Darrell C. Richardson, Walter Coslet, Roy Squires, Clyde Beck, Russ Hodgkins, Lloyd Eaton, Don Day, Phil Rasch and Russell Leada-brand. As soon as they have disentangled themselves from their parachutes they raise their heads and sniff keenly. Then with unerring instinct they rush towards Mt. Moskowitz.

"Amazing how they got wind of our plight so soon," says Willis astonished. "But I must say it's grand to see all these fans rallying round like...like..."

"Like vultures," says ShelVY bitterly. "Look at them!"

To his horror Willis realises that they are not clearing away the pile of books at all, but are merely burrowing into it and comparing each item with their little black notebooks. Every now and then they come upon an item on their want list and with eager grunts stuff it into their capacious pockets. There is an occasional vicious scuffle as two collectors seize upon the same item, and all the time Moskowitz is dashing around desperately trying to reclaim his treasures.

"What a shocking exhibition of greed," says Willis, aghast. "And at a time like this!" He puts his head out of the window. "What about us?" he shouts. "HELP! FOR GHOD'S SAKE....."

"What do you want?" asks one of the collectors.

"Do you see an April 43 ASF?" begs Willis.

But the collector is no longer listening, having come across Moskowitz's copy of THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS. Unfortunately for him he cannot resist gloating over it for a moment before hiding it away, and with uncanny quickness three of his rivals notice it and pounce on him. They all lay greedy hands on the book and a grim tug-of-war ensues. Finally there is a horrible ripping sound and the book tears into four pieces. Moskowitz, fighting his way to the scene, cannot restrain his anguish and emits a bloodcurdling wail. The others realize it must have been heard inside the Chateau and prepare to flee, but they are too late. The



great iron gates open and armed guards cover the collectors. In a moment a large garbage truck drives up, and the wretched collectors are forced to shovel the books and magazines onto it. Some of them collapse from sheer frustration, but eventually the entire pile is loaded onto the truck and the half-suffocated fans who were underneath are revived. They and the collectors are all hearded inside the Chateau and the truck drives off at a breakneck speed. Just before it moves out of sight the driver is seen throwing away a false beard and moustache. Borne upon the night air there comes a distant cry of triumph. "I'VE GOT THEM ALL. EVERY ONE!"

"That vile truckster," says Willis bitterly. "But he's given me a novel idea. Suppose we disguise ourselves as guards and just walk out! They do it often in books."

"Where would we get the disguise?" asks ShelVY.

"Well," says Willis, "You pretend to be ill. I'll call the guard and when he comes in with the doctor we'll overpower them and take their clothes and keys."

"All right," says ShelVY. He lies down on the bed and starts to groan. Willis shakes the cell door and shouts, "WARDER! WARDER!"

The guard strolls along the corridor and looks in. "Will you have it in a bucket or glass?"

"Everyone wants to get in on the act," says Willis coldly. "That pun was beyond the pail. Take a gander at my friend here--he's sick unto death!"

The guard peers into the cell. "He looks a bit thin," he admits. "Needs a shave too. But I'm not going to take any cock and bull story."

"Take a proper gander," says Willis. "That's a broom you're looking at. There's ShelVY over there."

"Oh," says the guard. "I'd better call the doctor." He moves hastily off.

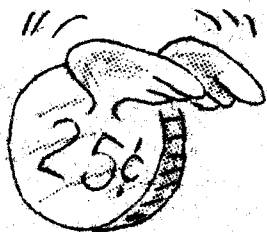
(Continued in O O P S L A !)

(...but OOPS is now out. From there, it was continued in the FANTASIAS Willish.)

## Re:MOTE

That's the name of his editorial, and that's what this is. MOTE is Robert Peatrowskey's hektoed fanzine. Right now, it's small, and bi-monthly -- but there are to be about twice as many pages in #2. It's also free. 'Tis undoubtedly some of the best hekto I've seen in a long time, and Bob's artechnique seems admirably adapted to hektograph. Half-sized pages and 16 or 20 of 'em, in #2 -- also a cover by Dave Hammond and a column by Dick Clarkson. All it takes to get it is a request; one thing I'll guarantee you; you won't regret it. That's

Robert Peatrowsky (Not '-key'. Sorry, Bob.) Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr.



✓  
10

Shapiro, I want my Quarter  
Back!

A lousy trick!

At the InLaCon, this gay, carefree bachelor -- disguised as a US soldier -- was circulating around. Where the laughter was loudest, where the drinks flowed freest, where the women were fastest (he likes exercise with his fun) there he was.

'Admirable sort,' I thought. (Thru accident and coincidence, I was generally around the same spots.)

Then he became the center of attention.

He is, it turns out, Hal Shapiro, founder originator director and body of the Bachelor Stf Association of the World. He is accepting quarters anxious for force upon him to make themselves members of the BSAW. It looks like fun. And women join. Lotsa fun! Little kids and married men can join. You don't have to be a bachelor to be a Bachelor. I like this -- it's crazy!

Figuring this is a bunch of fellow hedonists, I become a member.

I come back home. To Lynn Haven.

THEN what?

--then I get a pamphlet saying something about aims and constitutions of the BSAW.

BY GAD! They have a reason for existing. They have an Aim!

I was rooked!

I want my two bits back, Shapiro. I'll calla cops!

# CONFUSION IN THE MIST OF

Shelvy

Subtitle One --

## *A Gael For the Windy City*

...being plug-type matter for the Willis Campaign...

### **YANNA BUY A QUANNISH?**

Orv Mosher has put up one to go to the first fan to send him a two dollar doughnation --BESIDES which, you will also get the three remaining Willishes; FANTASIAS, MAD & SOL.

--and, while on the subject of QUANDRY: It seems that the free lifetime sub to Q musta gone to Harse' Robert Bloch.

COPSLA!'s Willish has already come out, with a circulation of 50. Considering that this was a strictly cash basis -- no trades, no contributors' copies -- that sounds darned good, to me. But some of you still missed it. Too bad -- but you yet have a chance to get one of the remaining 3. Addresses as follows -- FANTASIAS, 516 Deer St, Dunkirk, NY; M A D, 224 Broad St, Newark, Ohio; S O L, 914 Hammond Road, Ridgewood, NJ. Twenty-five centavos each.

Too, there are other things to slip in under this subtitle. For instance, the last FI element was connected with the 70, so I can logically use this place to explain that I did have the FI ready shortly after the 4th, but held off on the mailing because there was some difficulty in getting any space anywhere; all the boats and airlines seemed to be booked solid for the Labor Day weekend, and a couple of weeks after. So there was worry that we might NOT get Willis across, even with enough money and every thing. So naturally, in that case, there would have been no awarding of the mimmy-o. Finally, that was fairly well cleared up, so we mailed 'em out.

AND there is the business of this lapel insignia -- each person who has sent us a doughnation (it would surprise you to know how many) will have one of these to wear at the Tasfic -- they will be distributed in Chi; if you don't attend, yours will be mailed to you after things settle down enough for you truly to have a bit of time. More of this gadget later.

SUBTITLE TWO --

### **Incidentally...**

I'm a cross-breed. The end-product of a melting pot. COLLIER'S says so. According to an article recently appearing therein, us Americans -- bless our intermingled li'l hides -- have the worst teeth of any nation, due to our mixed stock. For inst, one nationality might have as a racial characteristic, long jaws. Whereas another has a receding chin. Put the jaw of one at the bottom of the other's face, and you have an undershoot, a "bulldog jaw", a bad bite. (Now, this came as a shock to me; I always thot I had a good bite. There was the time, for inst, when I put the bite

WHO

DON'T MOVE ANOTHER PAGE

THIS HAS GO  
THE ULLIS CAMPAIGN,

THE TIME IS FLEETING - TWILL SOON BE TASFIC  
WE DON'T WANT TO FAIL WITHIN SIGHT OF

NO

LOA!

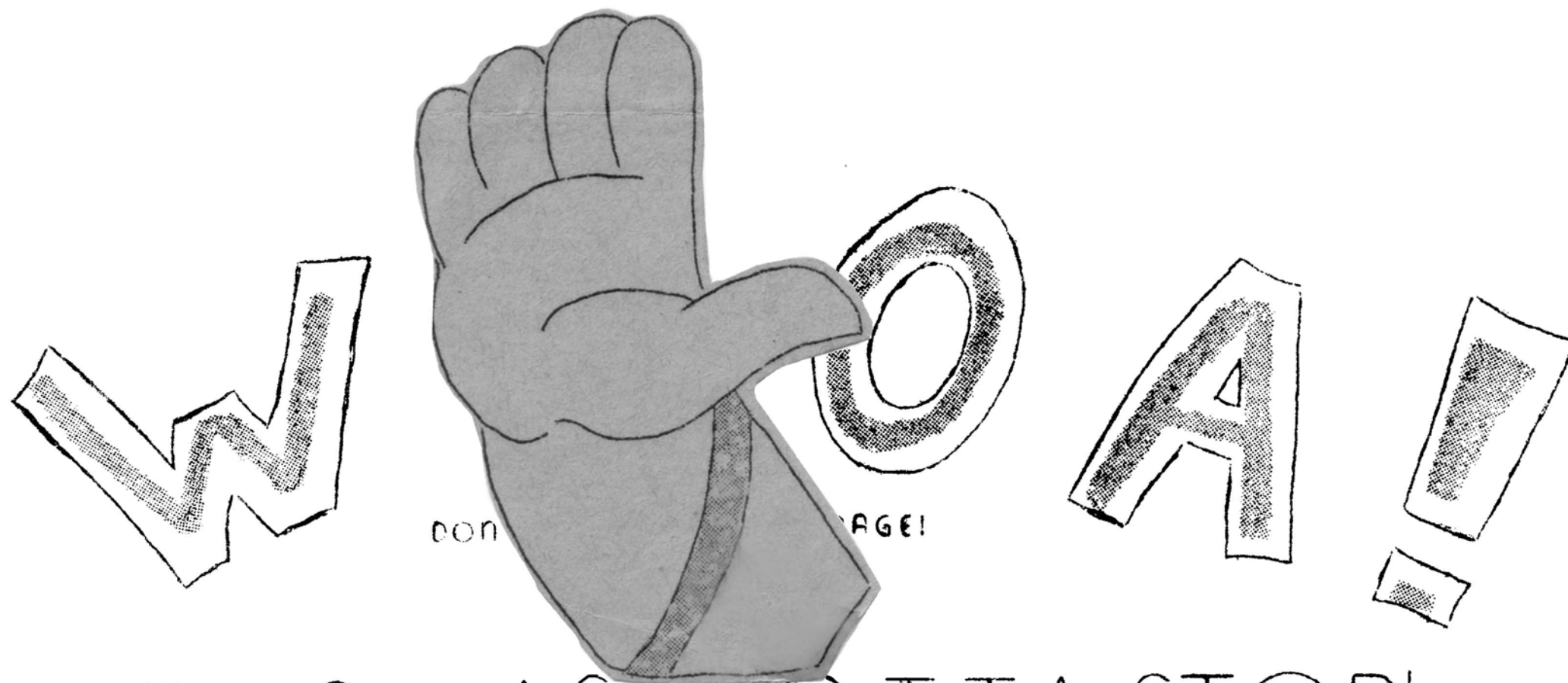
ANOTHER PAGE!

GOTTA STOP!  
PAIGN, I MEAN —

ON BE TASFIC TIME. SO MUCH HAS BEEN DOUGHNATED;  
IN SIGHT OF THE GOAL—SO GET THAT MONEY IN—

NOW

---



THIS HAS GOTTA STOP!  
THE WILLIS CAMPAIGN, I MEAN —

THE TIME IS FLEETING - TWILL SOON BE TASFIC TIME. SO MUCH HAS BEEN DOUGHNATED;  
WE DON'T WANT TO FAIL WITHIN SIGT OF THE GOAL-SO GET THAT MONEY IN-

NOW

---

on a guy for \$15...), Anyway, that's me. Also, I have a mouthful of rotten hunks of calcium. So I've been seeing the dentist quite often. To the tune, already, of over 20 fillings, with over 15 more to go.

Anywee, I was at the dentist's, see? I was sittin' in this chair, waitin' for him to finish with another patient. So I watched the trees by the window, shifting in the breeze. And I could catch a glimpse of the bay. I was trying to find faces in the leaf patterns (had found a couple of Bergey cover-girls and a square-jawed hero) when an odd noise from the next room penetrated my brain.

Snick. Snick-snick-snick. Snick-snick.

"What," I said to myself, "is this?"

Myself, being no wiser than I, said nothing.

So I listened, and thot. Somehow, it reminded me of the snipping of surgical shears. But what would a dentist be doing with surgical shears? A dentist only works on your mouth...

I squirmed in my chair. I wiggled. I mumbled to myself. I made little noises to try to drown out the insistent snick-snick-snick. But it continued. What was it? I began to wish someone would scream with pain, or moan. These kind of things, you would expect in a dentist's office. I tried, how hard I could, to think, to reason out the dreadful meaning of the damnable sound. But still it continued.

--and then, I knew! I had it! I understood! What was it? Simple; merely some poor soul who had never drank hot coffee or eaten hot foods. The dentist, ever the one to work on your oral orifice, was only cutting off the hair that hot foods had never burnt off this patient's tongue.

...

But on to the worldly things. Visits to dentists take time. And money. So I'm trying to conserve on cf. -- first, in keeping it shorter -- thin enough to come under the 2¢ postage, we hope (this'll be something like 32 pages) thus saving on postage and paper. Not to mention time involved in turning out extra pages. And there, with 'time', we reach a touchy subject. We're fighting madly to keep cf. three-to-four-weekly. Those columnists what can are responding admirably -- Lee Hoffman was already stenciling her FANSTUFF PILAU; Joe Green has been stenciling his GATEWAY. And now, Dave Hammond is stenciling his CRITI-QAL COMMENTS. Orville Mosher generously agreed to do some stenciling (in thanx for which, we are likely to work the poor guy to death) and has already done a few pages -- LET'S ALL GO -- CHICAGO?, in this, he wrote and cut, and we freely state that there has been no better (if any as good) mimeography in cf. before.

Also, on the time, the columnists have responded in a surprisingly pleasant manner to another suggestion of ours -- that BEER AND BUTTERMILK, CRITI-QAL COMMENTS, and GATEWAY become either one-pagers or odd-numbered columns. Otherwise, we'd have room for nothing but columns -- which would give very little variety. So BEER AND BUTTERMILK and GATEWAY will appear in odd-numbered issues of cf. -- Hammond's column might become a onepager. I hasten to add that this is only a temporary procedure. After the Tasfic, the pages of cf. are going to be closed for repairs for a while -- probably a couple of months. Maybe in that time, something more suitable can be worked out. ...now, this isn't for IMMEDIATELY after the Tasfic. #13 will come out, and our commemorative issue, #14, should both come out in September. And maybe, before closing for the year, we'll put out #15.

#14 is going to have that slick paper we mentioned once before. We're sure because we have it! It'll be devoted to giving facts on what happened in the Willis Campaign, who helped it happen, etc.

S u b t i t l e   T h r e e --

### HERE'S THAT FAN AGAIN!

I should have known something was in the air. The omens were all there. The night before, FLIGHT TO MARS was playing at a local theatre; that day (after lunch, while waiting to punch the clock) several of the A&P boys began discussing science-fiction stories; after I went back to work, I overheard a little boy asking his father to buy him 'one of those space-shirts'. But still, I wasn't expecting to look up and see Henry Burwell walking into the A&P. ...he was in town on business, it seemed, and so naturally dropped in. Tho it wasn't quite that easy...it seems he had gone all over Lynn Haven, searching for an A&P (he didn't have far to go; there are only about 1200 people in LH) before he finally found that the A&P was in nearby Panama City, a town of some 40-odd thousand. I frequently forgot to mention that I seldom speak of LH; Panama is 'the town'. That's where everything is, and THAT ain't much! ...anywee, the main subject of discussion was, naturally enough, the coming Tasfic and the Willis Campaign. We'll be going to the Tasfic with Burwell, and Joe Green (who was spending the time with us, and met Burwell that night at supper) is even planning on going. There was all kinds of fannish gab till all hours of the night, with The Man From Atlanta adding not only from his store of fannish knowledge, but also different little interesting facts garnered by all traveling people (of the salesman type.) The most important part that can presently be revealed is the final design of the ribbon to be worn by all doughnators. We hadn't fully decided on what to use -- had thot of buttons, ribbons, cards -- all kinds of things. And Burwell suggests that he run off for us yellow silk ribbons with WAW printed on them, in green ink. Of course, we were rather hesitant to accept -- but after Burwell beat us back off of him, we discussed details, and it is now all planned. Eventually, Burwell had to leave--and sometime that morning, we got to sleep. Too bad Burwell doesn't have more time -- too bad for fandom, that is. He does so much now, busy as he is -- what mightn't he do with MORE days? ...and, now that I think of it, there WAS one omen missing, so I couldn't have expected a fan; nobody said, "But what does it PUSH against?"

subtitle four --

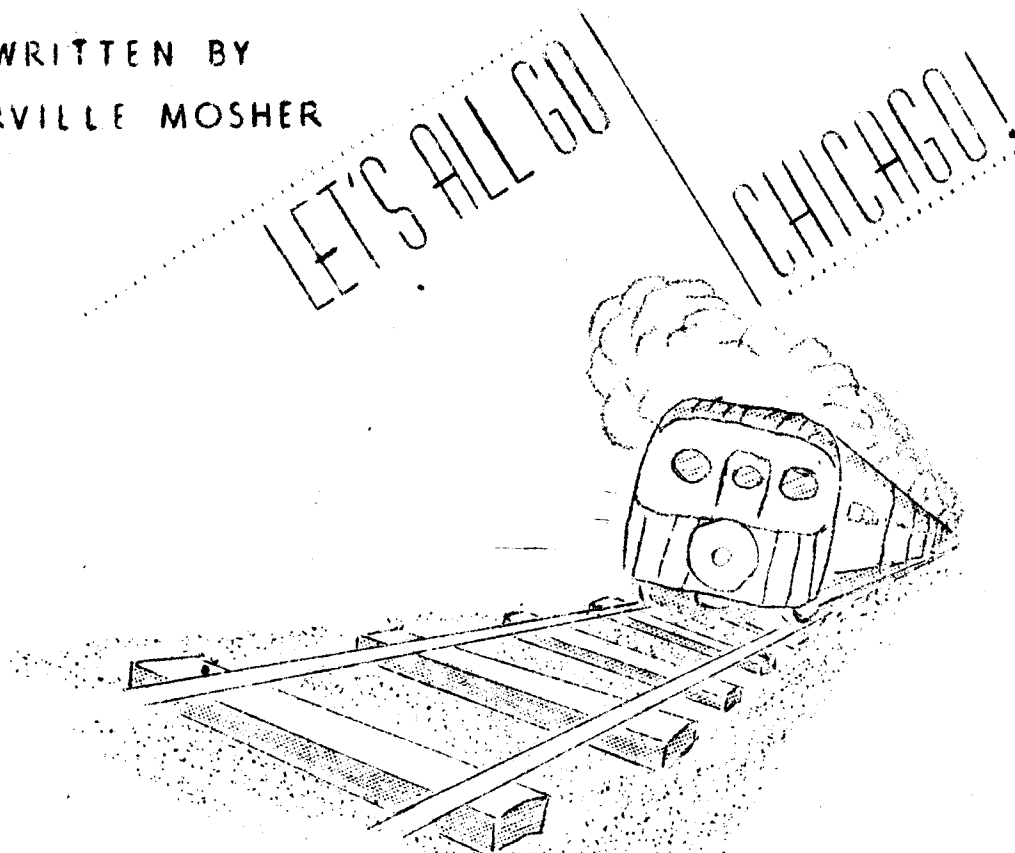
...And So Fourth:

We're running short, now -- offhand; the only new fanzine that we can remember having crawled into our box was VANATIONS, edited by Norman Browne. Two interesting things about it -- a photographic cover (a rocketship over a town we assume to be Vancouver) and the way it's sold. Norm sends you VANATIONS and then, after you've seen it, you send him what you think its worth. Since it was sent us in trade, we're sending him cf.--but honest, Norm -- we think it's better than THAT! ...Norman G Browne, 13906 - 101a Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Another few lines left -- apologies, here -- for not yet having learned just how to use lettering guides, for one; for the change of typers, for another. I've been typing cf. on a portable -- now, I've reconditioned a standard Remington; the portables just don't stand up. And to all them niz pipples we owe letters and back issues and things to. Also to Sears Roebuck, to which we owe \$75...



WRITTEN BY  
ORVILLE MOSHER



"This year it's the 10th Annual World Science Fiction Convention, affectionately known as the CHICON II". Those words beat into the brain of Billy FanScience as he placed his copy of OOPSLA on the chair beside him. Billy FanScience was at last going to a convention. He'd saved his money over a long period of time from working in his dad's electrical appliance shop.

The train continued the steady clickity, clickity, click as he sank back into his chair. Shaving kit, tooth paste, brush, two changes of underwear, four pair of socks, a stack of old Amazings, four QUANDRY's, Three SLANTS, Three MAD's, and four OOPSLA's. "That's everything, I guess," he thought to himself.

"You forgot about me," said the small voice from his pocket.

"And you, too," thought back Billy.

"Oh, are you going to the Chicon, too?", asked the tall thin, guy with printed tee-shirt that proclaimed him to be Shelby Vick. Before Billy could answer "yes", the guy in the tee-shirt asked: "Do you know me?" (as he discretely pointed to the letters on his chest).

"Yes, you're Lee Hoffman, aren't you?", was Billy's quick reply. ("I wonder how long this character has been standing at my elbow?", Bill thought to himself).

("He's been reading your zine over your shoulder for the last half-hour," came the answering thought from Bill's pocket).

"No, I'm her sister!" ((now, that was a witty remark)), was Shelby's reply.

"Sit down, I'll move my stuff," said Bill.

"This your first trip to a con.?", asked Shelby.

"That's right. Say, aren't you the Shelby Vick that is the Editor of CONFUSION, and helping some guy by the name of Mosher to put out a booklet on how to form a science-fiction club?"

"Yea. And I'm the guy who wrote the story on the other page of the fanzine you put down," he said. And under his breath, "and to think I waited half an hour to read it, too!"

("Ask him about his Walt Willis campaign. You know --- WAW WITH THE CREW IN '52", came the thought from Bill's pocket).

"How did your Walter Willis campaign come out?", asked Bill.

"Pretty good." Shelby reached deep into his pants pocket and produces a scroll that is at least a couple of feet in length. "I just happened to have a few of the names of contributors with me." He starts unrolling it. Bill and Shelby have to stand on the seats because of the few miles of paper.

"What's that for?", asked Bill as the paper rose to beneath his chin.

("As if you didn't already know," came the thought from Bill's pocket).

Undaunted, Shelby pauses in his unrolling process and says: "These are the names of contributors that gave money to bring Walt over here. I'm going to present this to Walt at the Con." Again Shelby starts unrolling the scroll.

"Just a moment, there's my name," said Bill as he pointed to his name.

"Billy FanScience. I remember. You're one of the guys that gave me a dollar --- fifty cents for Walt and fifty cents for CONFUSION."

("That guy just can't help plugging his fifty-cent subscription to his zine," came the thought from Bill's pocket).

"So, it seems."

"What?"

"Er, so it seems I gave you a dollar for Walt and your zine."

"Oh!"

("You'll just have to remember not to talk out loud, Bill," came the thought from his pocket).

Ten minutes of silence reigned as Shelby rolled the scroll and placed it in his pocket once again. Bill and Shelby sat down again.

Our hero's, needless to say, continued to The Convention City, and there had a wonderful time. The voice from Bill's pocket? Well, that was a distant relation of Yngvi's who was interested in Science-Fiction and fandom. You see, he was an educated louse, and a swell guy.

When you attend the convention, shake hands with three friends of mine: Billy FanScience, Shelby Vick, and a wonderful --- on second thought, just say "Hello" to Yngvi the III --- he squashes sort of easily.

-Orville W. Mosher-

# HERE'S HOW!

How to form a fanclub. Or how to help others form a fanclub.

On the first, all you need do is get in touch with Orville Mosher, III, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas. As soon as the booklet is complete he'll give you full details on how to get it. In the meantime, the Project Fanclub staff will keep you informed on how things are going. BUT:

Before this can be done, the booklet has to be completed. Making necessary quite a bit of work. It's under way, now; has been for around a year -- but there's so much information that is needed; so much more that must be sifted thru for the vital kernels; it all takes time. And effort. And help. ...that's where the second group comes in; if you are interested in helping (by giving your own experiences, or passing on interesting info that you've picked up one place or another -- or by actually assisting in the endless correspondence, editing and so forth that is necessary) if you'd like to do that, get in touch with Orville.

(My name has been bandied about a bit in connection with the PFC, but I'd like to take this opportunity to admit that all I've done is agreed to help with the booklet. I'm afraid I haven't been of much actual help.)

## CONFUSION SET--

Fan who die in sleep go from bed to hearse



# J' ACCUSE'

Bill (Paul Revere) Morse

Toward the end of the 2nd War to End War, a quiet party was given in Whitehall to celebrate certain Allied successes. At this party, a noted newspaperman approached a Very Important Personage Indeed and, in the course of the discussion, asked him what he considered to be the main contributing factor to the change in Allied fortunes.

Now, the Very High Personage Indeed had long before lost all his teeth, and possessed a most marked English accent. He took a long draught from his champagne glass, replaced his cigar in his mouth and answered, very briefly, before moving off to another guest. The newspaperman, seizing his chance, hurried off to write up the interview, with copious notes and references.

Most unfortunately, the columnist had misunderstood what he had been told due to the rather indistinct reply he had been given, and wrote the now well-known article which first told the world all about the Proximity Fuse. It is my painful duty to tell you that what the Very Important Personage Indeed actually said was "Proxyboo". My source of information is most reliable.

"But," you will say, "Proxyboo Ltd is a fannish joke." You are only half correct. Proxyboo Ltd is also, as I propose to show, the most important branch of Proxyboo UNlimited, a branch of the British Secret Service, devoted to the building of a British Universe. Let me give you the facts, one by one.

In late July, 1950, Fandom became aware of a new arrival, Lee Hoffman. From his fanzine, Quandry, he appeared to be a typical American fan (something like a Keasler with a blond crew-cut). At first, the 'zine carried praise of an Irishman, Walter Willis. Not, mind you, a real, dyed-in-the-wool Eirann, but from the Northern, or British fragment. This Willis was 'persuaded' finally, amid much ballyhoo, to write for Hoffman.

A few months later came the Nolacon. I was the first member to arrive in New Orleans and, a couple of days later, recieved a most peculiar communication (Appendix A). In the evening, I was visited by two people giving their names as Shelby Vick (a him) and Lee Hoffman (a her). Disguising my surprise by the brilliant means of saying that Harry B Moore had told me of Hoffman's gender, I invited them into my suite. In the course of subsequent conversation the girl explained that the idea of pretending to be a boy had been cooked up between herself and Willis. (Aha!). She must have divined my suspicions, for she and Vick frequently accompanied me around New Orleans and during the Nolacon itself. The only way I could be alone to ponder the matter was by inventing other engagements. You may judge my devotion to duty when I say that, on several occasions, I actually did escort one or another of three young female persons around the Vieux Cane' in the evenings to allay suspicions.

I was further interested to note that another person, who gave his name as Robert Bloch, author, showed no surprise on meeting the "Hoffman" girl. He attempted to cover up this lapse by claiming to have deduced it from her "style and choice of phrase". Later, in a letter to Quandry he further confused himself (Appendix B).

In the second Nolacon Report issue of Quandry, Hoffman tried to cast doubts upon my character by a footnote to an article the girl had asked me to write. It is my opinion now that the events I outlined then were deliberately engineered. On the opposite page to my story one Roger Sims attempted to hint that there were two Hoffmans present, one of each sex.

In the same Report issue was a story by a Bob Tucker, who described the appearance of several groups of people, each of whom he was able to recognize, beneath their disguises, as being the same four -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans (Appendix C). This was a serious slip (it had been, very cleverly, sent in stencil by Tucker), so Tucker had to be discredited. Since he is a professional fan, thus knowing little of actual fandom, it was a simple matter for a man named Vernon McCain to acquire a photograph of Tucker and the "Hoffman" girl, and print it in his fanzine "Wastebasket". (Co-editor, Walter A Willis!).

We now have a nucleus of conspirators -- Willis, Hoffman, Sims, McCain, Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans. There are also Willis's two ghost writers (no man could produce so much alone) and the "Hoffman" girl. She was the most difficult to track down but Bloch, as usual, blundered. In a letter to Confusion (Appendix D) intended to quash suspicion of himself and direct it upon me, he made the main question clear. The girl is really Madeleine Willis, which explains why a Georgia belle has no Southern accent.

A word about Vick and Confusion. The group named in the preceding paragraph, in a masterly -- and nearly successful -- attempt to allay the suspicions of the more perceptive four, selected a man of obvious sincerity and innocence -- Vick -- to be the trusted front behind which they could hide their Macchiavellian scheming. First beguiled by the "Hoffman" girl (he has a weakness for ALL good-looking women) into visiting room 770, he was there hypnotized by the droning and monotonous voice of Bloch. Then a post-hypnotic suggestion was planted in his mind. Since no-one who knows Vick could doubt his honesty, all fandom rallied round when he launched his now famous Campaign. It is typical of Bloch's blundering that he neglected to inform Willis of this scheme.

What is the campaign slogan? -- "WAV with the crew in '52". Having regard to the names I have already given you, it becomes obvious that the real slogan is "WAV (with the crew) in '52". In other words, Willis intends to bring his ghost writers with him. This would explain the presence of two large trunks, with holes bored in them (for air), at the Belfast Railway Station.

You will, no doubt, by now be asking why they don't merely buy tickets and cross as normal tourists. That is the diabolical cunning of the plan. Had they done that, an exposure, printed in three or four fanzines, would have been considered seriously. By the Willis Campaign method, they can be sure that fandom will say "What? Willis a spy? Don't be foolish! Didn't we bring him across? Didn't Vick, that paragon of

, all the virtues, think up the idea all on his own? Well, then...!" and laugh the matter off. Now you see the insidious intent of the gang.

Once Willis is here to stay -- and stay he will -- his ghost writers can continue to pour out the Willis columns while he devotes his entire time to the activities of Proxyboo, Ltd, whose avowed intention is the re-colonization of the USA. It is the duty of all patriotic citizens to withdraw their support of the scheme and press for the trial of Hoffman, Sims McCain, Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans.

Vick, whose purity of motives I do not question, demonstrates his deep sense of justice by printing this expose in his own magazine. He and I will abide by your decision.

.....

Appendix "A" (Quoted in Entirety).

"Bill Morse -- If Ghu be the true Ghod, you can find another fan by calling Room 542 in this hotel -- The Other Fan."

Note -- As a devotee of Bheer, myself, my suspicions were immediately aroused.

.....

Appendix "B" (Extracts) Quandry No. 14, p 16.

...the idea of getting some girl to impersonate you..... of course, I knew it from the first.....wish I could have spent more time with her...but....my wife...

Note -- Bloch appears to be the weak link in the chain, due to his love of appearing in print.

.....

Appendix "C" Quandry No 15, pp 3 to 7

Haggard old faces  
Beanie-wearing fans  
Crap-game  
Enthusiastic fans  
Millionaire playboy and his 3 buddies  
Four strangers from Mars

These are among the groups noted.

.....

Appendix "D" Confusion No. 5, page 20. Extracts

- "(1) Bring Willis to Tuktoyuk in '53
- (2) Send Bill Morse to Ireland
- (3) Bring Madeleine over to Chicago...."

Note (1) is an attempt to suggest, to the more perceptive fan, that the TSFS is also in the conspiracy.

(2) is a last attempt to get me into the hands of the gang.

(3) Attempted to suggest that Madeleine is not in the USA.

.....  
Added note -- In Quandry No. 19, pp 8, 9, is an article showing how far Proxyboo Ltd has entrenched itself in the USA. I am indebted to Richard Elsberry for the information, and praise his courage in getting it printed.

Careful perusal of more recent fanzines will show still more evidence of the truth of my thesis and the growing realization, by the gang, that fandom is becoming suspicious and must be pacified.

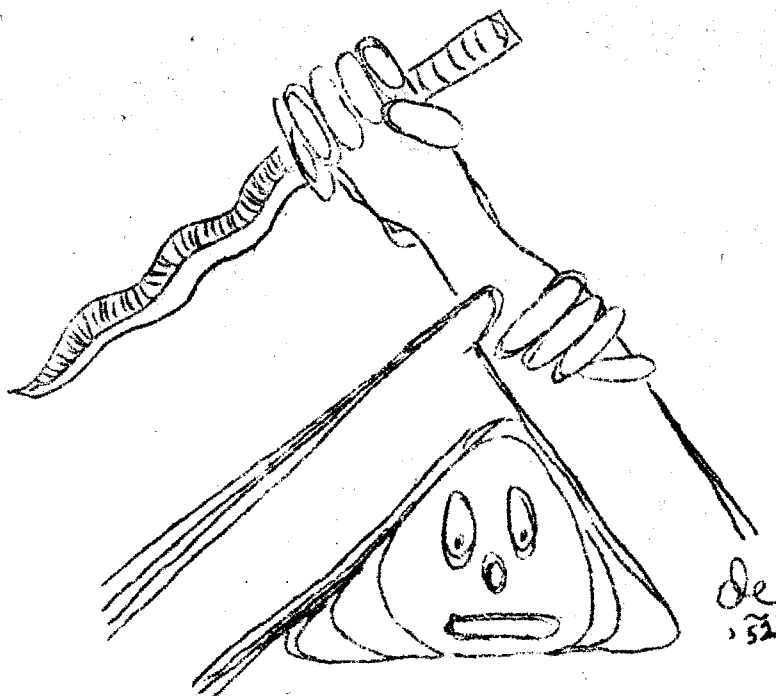
...bill morse

## Excuses, Excuses - AL ways Excuses . .

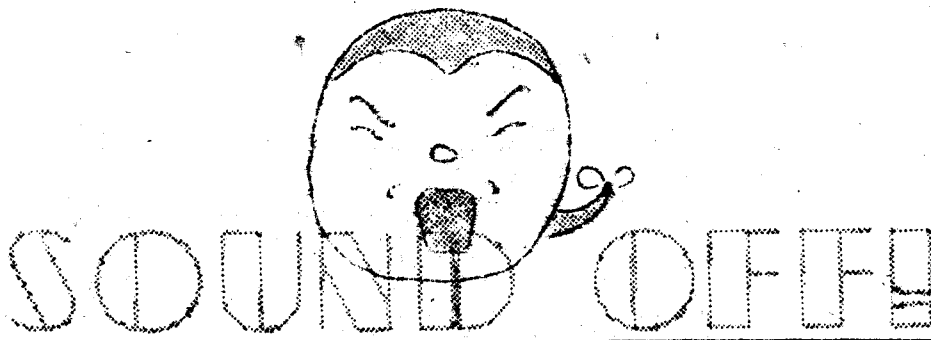
Being late, for inst. It's due to the size of cf., and the last-minute details of the Willis Campaign -- Walt's date of arrival changed, presenting a problem we suddenly found ourselves unprepared for (the plans we had previously made to take care of such an emergency refused to materialize), we had further necessary arrangements in the ShelVy With the Crew, Too, angle, and then there was the mimmy-o business mentioned on the back page. Last offday -- Thursday -- we twisted Richard's arm until after 6, and made \$18.10... Naturally, the issue of cf. that was gonna come out then, didn't.

And there's also the thousands of letters I owe. I will write you -- Joe, Dave, ALL of you. Someday...

Too, back issues. With the exception of #s 1, 2, 5, 6 & 7 -- hell, THAT is a lot (but 2 & 6 are PI elements,) -- there are no more back issues.



"Struggle"



...being a few pages of letters that sound about as much 'off' as a body could ask for...

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

Shelby:

This has stot to gop!

I spam eachless with rage...my tery vypewriter plutters sincoherently ...as I just remarked while jumping up and down on my sole remaining summer hat; "This is the last straw!"

So far, as you know, I have never objected to receiving CONFUSION through the mails. I have never even objected to reading it. And when I turned the pages of the current issue, I had no objections to the usual dollops of egoboo splattered in the usual random fashion so as to hit almost everybody. Of course, I never expected to recieve any myself because I am a pro, and a northerner besides.

However, there is such a thing as common decency. (You'd probably never know it, to judge from the company you keep in these pages, but there is, truly there is.) And the bounds have been overstepped.

Paging through CF, what doI see?

- (1) Lee Hoffman sarcastically "thanks" me for enabling her to obtain one of the Charles Horne books by Tucker. In other words, I am publicly accused of distributing indecent literature.
- (2) Dave Hammond accuses me of being responsible for the title of QUANDRY and suggests that I be burned at the stake in Chicago.
- (3) I am accused of letting Ackerman win something.
- (4) You accuse me of hexing your letter column.
- (5) Somebody from Ohio insinuates that you pay me by the word for writing letters.

Where will it all end? Before you're finished, I'm going to be responsible for all the ills of mankind, including Keasler's spelling. In order to quell further rumors, I might as well go on record right here and now as stating that I am not (a) Walt Willis's father (b) a member of the Communist party (c) a union motion picture porjectionist (d) a Confederate spy (e) responsibl<sup>e</sup> for unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken while they are in my possession.

So go ahead, burn me at the stake in Chicago. I'll get smoke in your eyes!

Yours for a fair jury trial --- BLOCH

For the Tasfic, courtesy of the ConCommittee -- smoke rings of Bloch and white...



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

Dear Vick;

The only letter columns I try to make in the whole stf world anymore are SS, TWS, FSM, FFM occasionally, and Sound Off. ('course, I have tried in Q, but not recently.) Did you write a reply to my verse, Sam? (OOPS, wrong Sam.)

Slick paper and stuff for #14, yet. What is this lad coming to? I hope it isn't too late, tho. Pay bus fare for me and I'll come down and help you get it out on time, okay?

I can also think of some Confusion sezes, but they aren't fit to print, for some reason. Or a borderline--Confusion sez man who make mud pies in grave yard dam near dead. (yuk yuk yuk....gasp, gurgle!) Okay, so it wasn't so hot, so I'll try again. Confusion sez: in race for economic security, girdle makers always bringing up rear. No, that isn't so good, either. Mebbe Confusion sez: tornado below Corn belt is low blow. ## Ugh, I'd better quit while I'm ahead.

*Gregg*

So what do I do now? No poem to answer; I gotta have a poem. Awcel; I'll write one anywee -- ya talked me into it..

Gregg's too big a guy;  
I couldn't throw 'im.  
So I'll write no threats  
about no poem  
But I will say  
that he better  
Write, the next time,  
a longer letter.

L. W. CARPENTER; 442 East E Street, Elizabethton, Tenn.

Me Lad:

You have touched upon a subject that is very painful to me.. i.e. mazoala, lucre, do-re-me. Surely, you must realize that we dentists are above pecuniary considerations. We are primarily devoted to the relief of poor, suffering humanity! (Heh, Heh!) Being thus wholly devoted to our noble destiny, we never think of thinking of ourselves a-tall. Never? (Well, hardly ever.)

My assistant religiously reads of when it arrives, and believe it or not, that screwball zine of yours has converted her into a stf fan of the first water. She says; (and I quote) "Any bunch as zany as that must really be getting fun out of life, and I must be missing something."

I must say that I think you are entirely correct when you say that ef is worth more money; and I sympathize with you in wanting to charge more. I heartily approve. However, ahem!, HOWEVER, I paid for 24 issues in advance; and if I don't get 24 issues for my dollar bill; I'LL SUE! Charge a buck if you want, but dad gum it, don't try to up the price on we who have already subbed. I'LL SUE!

By the way. You missed me on one ish. Number eight, I believe. If you've got an extra lying around send it. If you haven't, send me yours. I DEMAND MY RIGHTS!

Seriously (for a change) I think you've got the best 'zine published. Keep up the good work. I'm rootin' fer ye.

Cordially,

*L.W.C.*

My assistant (he says, thoughtlessly not enclosing a photo) reads cf. ...zany? Well, maybe -- but where did she get the idea that it's fun to have two heads? ...and as for you, you capitalist, you'll get a full 24, two dozen properly confused issues. Better watch, tho -- by then, we may BE a buck per copy!

RICHARD ELSEBERRY; 413 East 18th Street, Minneapolis 4, Minn.

Dear Shel,

Here's half-a-rock to buy me some issues of cf. Just looked thru the stack of cf. that I had lying around here. A goodly number too, from 5 thru 9. While they all seemed to contain enough interesting material to keep me subscribing, I didn't see anything to comment on. Well, maybe I shouldn't have read so fast.

I've been wasting so much time lately that I suppose I've missed a couple of issues. You seem to come out every week or so. Wanna start an Elsberry-to-the-Convention fund? Have been working three weeks and have only \$40 left, with countless things to buy before I can even think of saving any dough. Maybe I could float a loan from Willis--I certainly couldn't pay any postage on it.

Don't know why I'm writing this. I'm hot, got a sort of headache, and am not at all in the mood. Just wasting your time and mine. Anyhow, the main idea was to get back on the sub list. And, I guess I've accomplished that.

Nevertheless, I still consider myself very charming.  
yhos,

*Rich*

PS: Is there a Willissue?? I really don't know and am too lazy to drag out the issues of cf.

What'll I do with 12 issues of cf.?

You could start fires with 'em, or write notes on the blank pages, or use them to scare little children

BOB FARNHAM; 104 Mountain View Drive, Dalton, Ga

Dear Shelby --

Bob Tucker sent me some fanzines and in them was a copy of vln2 Confusion-- the first I've seen and was I happy to get and read it and find Bill Morse's address. The big stiff sent me 2 postcards since he moved out of Canada but no address!! --I met him at Nolacon and that red head of his made a Bull's Eye hit with this guy...

How do you plan -- and when -- on going to Chicon? I leave Dalton Aug 26th...

My feet are itching like the devil to get started Nawth!!  
sincerely, Bob Farnham

*[Signature]*

US 'ns 'll leave LH about 5 pm in Joe Green's Olds. In Atlanta, around 3 the next am, we'll ditch the Olds and go the rest of the way with the Burwell group. There are to be three cars leaving Atlanta. About nine that pm, we hope to be within hog-callin' distance of the Morrison, and what might be my last convention. (After that, I fear anything might be anti-climatical.) But you're reading this for the letters, not me.

DAVE HAMMOND; Box 89, Runnemede, NJ

Dear Shel:

To get personal. Sound off, I mean. Ken Beelzebub in particular (ain't that a devil of a name?) Kenneth, you may say anything you wish about me. You can say that my appearance frightens children, that I cannot draw, that I am stupid, that I am sex-crazy, BUT when you come up with "redolent with the usual fannish misconceptions about writing" that is UN-bearable. Maybe I should feel sorry for you. Maybe YOU read the writers' digests. Tsk. I don't think I've ever seen YOUR name in print. ... So Max Keasler has the opinion that I live under a rock: know of a cooler place for the hot weather? As for Russell Watkins' comments on my column I can only say that Russ is a person with ex-cellent taste!

Dave

ORMA MCCORMICK; 1558 W. Hazelhurst St., Ferndale 20, Michigan

Dear Friendly Fans:

Thanks for the mention in CONFUSION #17. Starlanes should be getting bigger and better with practice. I notice that Confusion is improving, too, and this #17 really has a lot of good stuff, no foolin' - Who is Anne Shan? Whoever she is, she's GOOD! I'd like to send her a sample copy of Starlanes. I'm wondering if it's a penname, and she already has read my versified zine.

I like the confederate flag better than the corn, but it is such a clever idea - wish I'd thought of it! Hah. All I have up my sleeve is my arm, and it's tired.

Is it because you like confusion you put a large sized 4 on the back page, vln10 on inside cover, and #17 on the front? What issue IS this? Well, I'm calling it #17 until officially informed.

What race are we betting on, anyway? The human race? I'll put my vote on #17 to win, #10 to place, and #4 to show. Okay?

Fancerealy,

Orma McCormick

Aweel; that's th' way it goes. When we started this thing, we did NOT purposefully put pages in backwards or upside down. Never did the thot enter our heads that we might TRY to misnumber the pages. CONFUSION was chose as the name only because it fitted, we thot, our bombastic first cover. And we had been searching for one long word. But it's been convenient -- every time anything has gone wrong, fen look at the title, get a knowing look in their eye and laff "Confusion. Haw!" The 4 on the back was an attempt at some sort of levity -- meaning "For:" The #17 was the date we wanted to emphasize -- the deadline on the mimmy-o. Leaving only #10 as correct. But you overlooked the vln2 on the cover...

BILL MORSE; 10 Sunnyside, Edenbridge, Kent, England

*Yes Shelby* Cf is bigger and better than ever. There I stood, surrounded by my ever-loving family, all putting on the big welcome act, when my roving and bloodshot eyes espied the familiar Chinese bill-board man. So I brushed them all aside and retired to a corner to see what was going on in that land of high hills and fair women (Chesterton). It was #7. Bob Orrey is only partly correct. The Eskimo will, occasionally, fling up an igloo (so to speak) wherever he stops, just for a one-night stand. Sklookla and Ikky and I had no intention of doing more. Each member of the Convention would receive a brief instruction on the care and maintenance of the igloo (and a small pamphlet explaining how to build it,) then be left to his own ingenuity, of which the average fan has plenty. If Mr Orrey wishes further details, they may be had by subscribing to the fund as explained in the Ad. By all means get Bloch to send Hoffman to England. I'd be delighted to see those beautiful brown eyes again, and honoured to conduct her, personally and without charge, around the historic monuments of these islands. Some of them are so old, and full of incredibly ancient cracks, that they cannot fail to remind her of Willis. My thanks to your poetry editor for providing the "Gloomy Sunday" words and, earlier, for "Swamp Girl." When does Flash Puffin return? Why not go all out and spoof the early Superman strip? (Or Flash Gordon -- better still!!) And the tables are turned, now -- does anyone know where -- or if -- Pogo is available in England?

Till we meet again,

*Bill*

That suggests an idea, Bill -- why doesn't Operation Fantast distribute Pogo???

SGT. H. E. SHAPIRO; 790th AC/W Squadron, Kirksville, Missouri

hallucinations.

Got a lot of Confusion in this place today. Saw my name mentioned twice. Oh happy egoboo.

Dunno. Don't like Huffy too much in yer mag. Like her in Q. But, with her in Confusion, something is lacking.

Who the hell is Anne Shan?

Personally, like Hammond's drawing much better than his column and like his column quite a lot. Go ahead, put Korzybski to work on that sentence. I dare you.

Leave me just skip over Willis. With his proportions as described to me by Ego Clarke at the InLaCon, it'd take a lot of skipping. Incidentally, Lee Jacobs, who should know as he met Willis, sez Clarke was kidding when he (Clarke) said that we (usns) would have a lot of trouble understanding him (Willis) because of his (Willis') brogue. Faith, now, and as sure as me name's O'Shapiro, I'll have no Irish Stew in this pot.

How do you talk a piece out of Manly Banister?

Also, thanx for PSA7 plug in Cf's MidwestCon report. Why not, soon, have Something Up Your Sleeve for Hal Shapiro? Paste a quarter in each issue that they can send for PSA7 membership.

Well, goodbye, Shelby,

*Hal*

You wanta supply the quarters, Hal? We'll gladly paste 'em in... And who is Anne Shan? I guess the best answer to this would be -- Anne Shan, of course! But, to be more specific -- she's a local fan who helps out with cf. occasionally. Like the other local fan who've done part-time work, she prefers that things end at that. If you want to try and get her to be a Bachelor, too, just write her in care of this zine. Lee's column! Before making any final judgements, please take a look at the current FANSTUFF PILAU, mmm?

WALT WILLIS; 170 Upper N'Ards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland

Dear ShelVy,

Don't know if I'll be able to write a publishable letter on Cf 10, but there's 9 to deal with first anyway. Smashing cover. Inside OK except for that old pica type. Could you not change to elite? Makes a much nicer job, saves paper. Loved the contents page. LH hit the classic Hoffmanner at last for a bit. Ta for no misprints in WDA. Puffins excellent. Nelson cartoon not bad. Hammond fair. Morse too long, not brightly enough written. Solid substantial stuff, tho, which is what Cf lacks. Liked MIDST bits about Fisher and Silverberg. Conreport was absolutely brilliant, much better than Tucker's I thought. I loved you for that bit about the wonderful filthy Tucker, etc. It deserves to go down in fan history. Also the bit about Bloch being Tucker's father. Love those subtle allusions. / Tch tch. I used that vacuum cleaner gag in the annisharp. Two blank pages now. Letters okay, especially Bloch's natch. / Explain to me the flag at the end.

On to Cf. 10.

Hoffman could fill her page with advertisements and obscure allusions and I would still love her.

So you've been telling Dave Hammond how to do his column? Hell, I wish you'd tell me how to do mine. I've been writing columns for over a year now and I still don't know the right way to go about it. Haven't you noticed--every one's different. Most of them are not columns at all, but articles that started out as half page bits and got away from me. I seem to be quite incapable of writing a short article, and now I've started not only serializing articles, but serializing them from one fan mag to another. Where's all this going to end? Probably the ultimate in this new technique will be the report on the American visit.

By the way, ShelVy, would you give me a little space to make an apology? I have quite a few letters here from faneds asking for material. Some of them I haven't even replied to because I'd hoped to be able to send them something, but I haven't been able to manage it. I'd like to do what I can to help new fan eds and repay people who are helping the Chifund, but really I'm not a prolific writer and I can only do so much. I could send them some second rate crud churned out by the square foot but that wouldn't do either of us much good. (I've tried never to send anyone material that I wouldn't print myself.) I guess people seeing me hogging space in Q, or Cf think "Why didn't cut a lump off that and send it to me?" OK, you tell me how to chop it up. That's what I mean about me not being able to write short articles. Once I get in the groove I'm OK, but believe me it sometimes takes me quite a while to find it.

Hammond was much better this time and kept improving right to the end. The bit about the Galaxy rejection slip was excellent.

Anne Shan's cover was OK. Sort of fuzzy tho, and the illo too big big for that layout.

The cartoon 'Chi or ---' was brilliant, tho you've now ruined a perfectly good caption I had for a / filler.

Liked cheap skate and both the puffins. And the grave message one, too. I like to see puns underlined this way. Not that this is a specially good one, but from the way that people keep telling them back to me some of the better ones are completely overlooked. Maybe I should put up notices?

Quite a nice illo on those blank pages in the middle.

Didn't care for Hoffman's one so much tho. Looks like Tucker pulling an invisible cart.

MIDST a bit scrappy, but some good bits like Paul Cox and the sunset and the one about Calkins.

Cartoon not bad, but what a squandering of space.

Had read the carbon of MB's piece, and it struck me as more clever than funny. Seems to read better this time, tho.

But I thot the best thing in the whole issue was Keasler's letter. I think Max is absolutely wonderful. I'd give anything to be able to write stuff like this. But I guess you need a special type of mind for this, or to have been dropped on the head at the right age or something.

I'm too tired to comment properly on the little enclosure, but I remember it was very good as reportage and specially interesting for the light on HB: and that the puffins at the end were some of your best yet.

*Walt*

To work from front to back -- would like the smaller type, but at present prices (of typewriters AND paper) it would take approximately 72.3892 issues to save enough on paper to make the typer worthwhile... Why bother putting up notices on jokes? Do like me; take a red flag to the Tas-fic to wave before each joke. ...now, here is another excellent example of the aptness of cf.'s title -- the following letter, to be in correct alphabetical sequence should be before Willis's. Ah, Well -- ChasWell's, that is. In fact, to be absolutely correct, it's

CHAS WELLS; 405 E. 2nd St, Savannah, Georgia

ear Shelby:

Cover: Good (two colors, yet, and printing.)

Contents: Hah.

FANSTUFF PILAU: Will discuss this with her, thankew.

DISILLUSION: What's the title got to do with the rest of the poem??

CRITI-QAL COMMENTS: Gaw -- what illos. Don't ever do THAT again!

PLINTH: Always good for a (ha-ha!) a (ha-ha!) a (Pa-ha) a laff.

Hoffmanillo: Superb! Wunderbar! As good or better mimco as #9 cover. Why didn't you put THIS on the cover? Bey!

Walter The Willis: Hilarious! As good as some of Willis' himself's doings.

*Charles*

lain reason we didn't use Lee's pic on the cover was that it didn't fit the layout. That will continue as our cover format.

# 20 MINT SF BOOKS

OFFERED BY FORREST J ACKERMAN

The Best Science Fiction Stories  
Mr Mergenthwinker's Lobbies  
A Hornbook for Witches  
Mistress Masham's Repose  
The Last Space Ship  
The Skylark of Space  
Sinister Barrier  
The Hampdenshire Wonder  
Doppelgangers

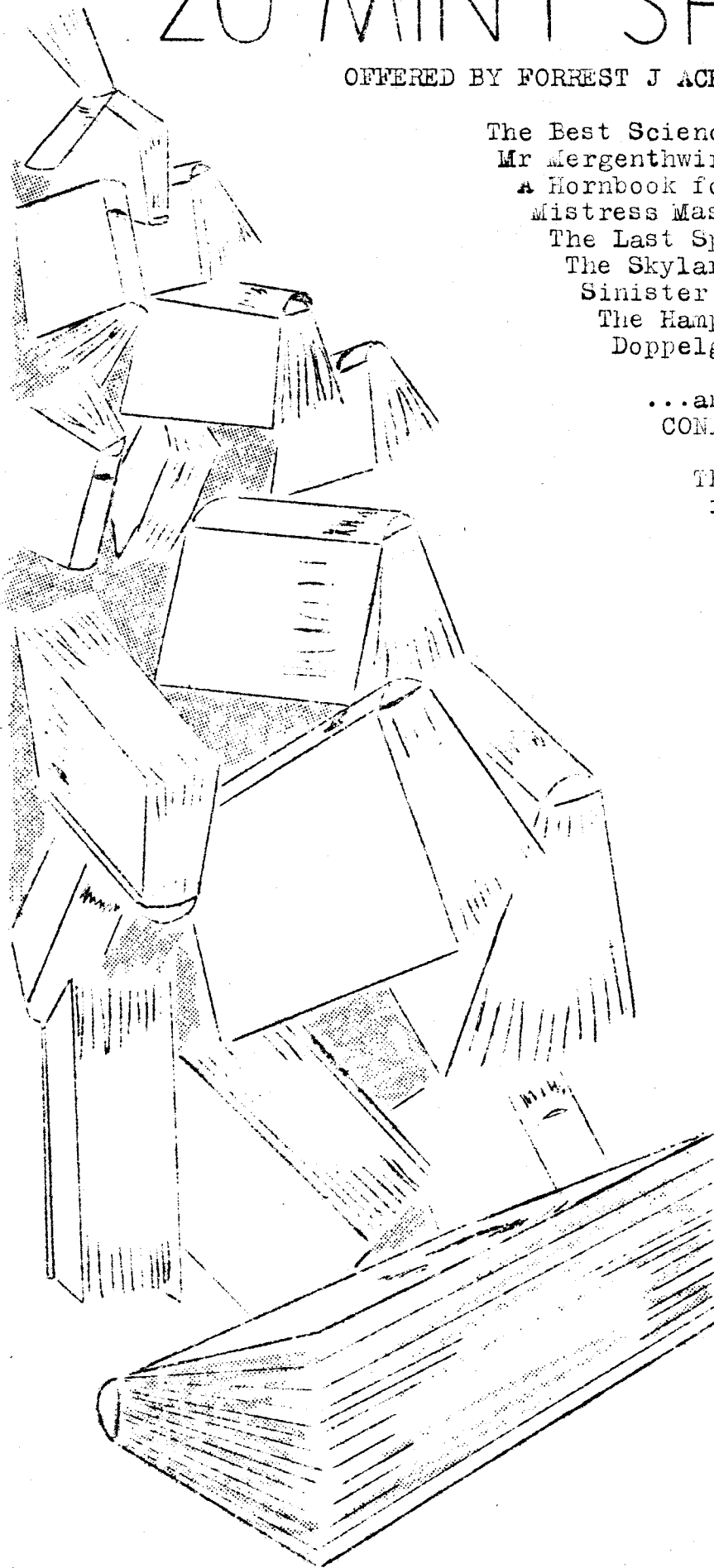
...and many others, all in MINT  
CONDITION!

This is Forry's Over-The-Top  
impetus, to help raise the  
remaining necessary funds  
for bringing Walt Willis  
to the Tasfic (Tenth An-  
nual S F Con, of cuss.)

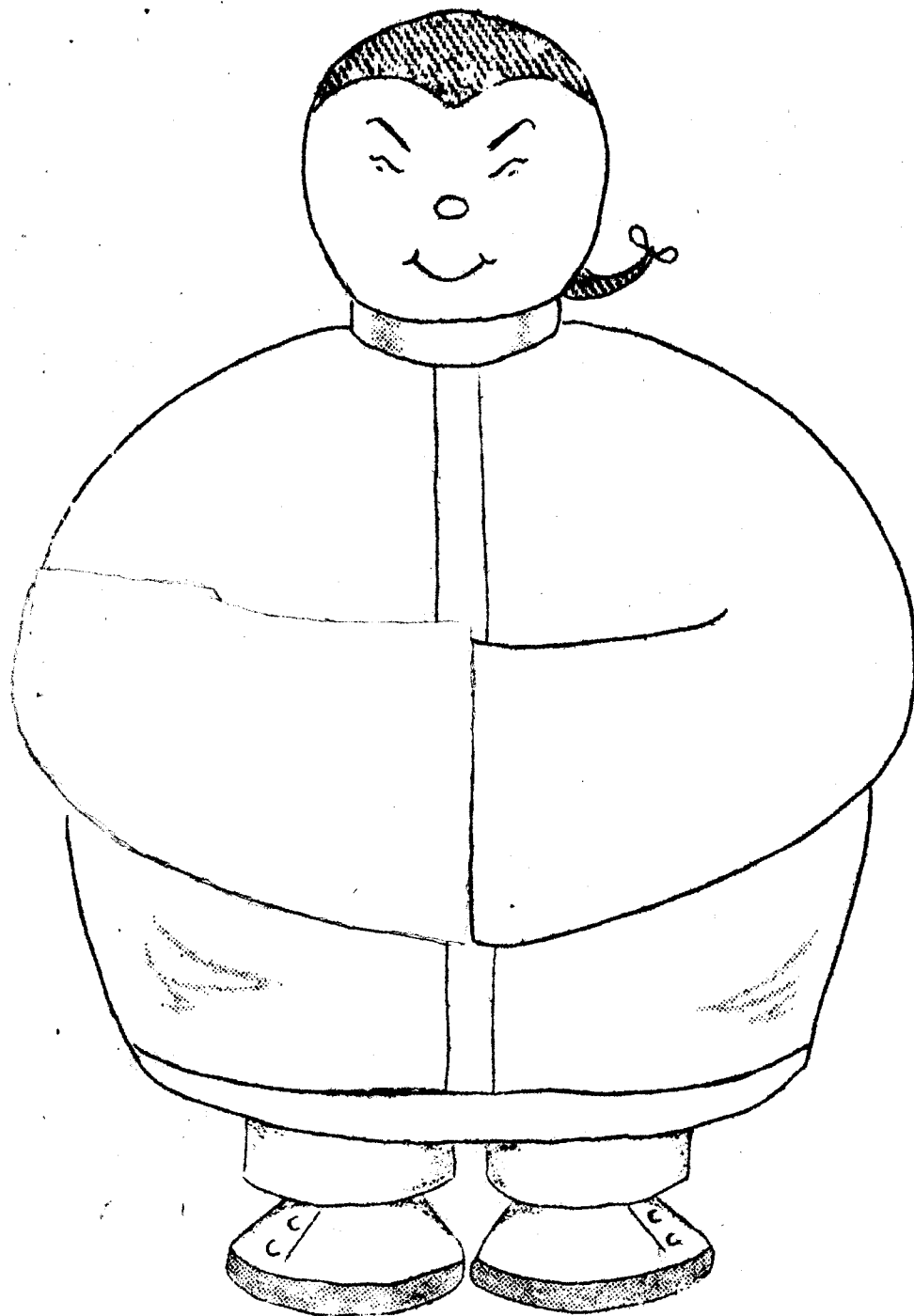
At this writing, we are  
nearly to the \$400 mark!  
In the last Q it was an-  
nounced that only \$65.75  
-- plus about \$100 out in  
pledges -- was needed. As  
of now, only a total of  
\$75 more is required! And  
this is not, as was the Q  
statement, only for the  
purchasing of the ticket  
-- this will finish it out  
entirely, side expenses  
and all!

Included in this is the  
\$100 put up by Willis, the  
\$306.75 on hand locally,  
and the added value of  
the generous offer of the  
Convention Committee to  
take care of Willis at  
the Tasfic (a tremendous  
expense in itself.)

Now, you have an opportu-  
nity to not only help fi-  
nish the drive, but also  
to enlarge your science-  
fiction library. For on-  
ly ONE DOLLAR your name  
is put in the pot for the  
lot. But HURRY! This is  
a LIMITED OFFER!



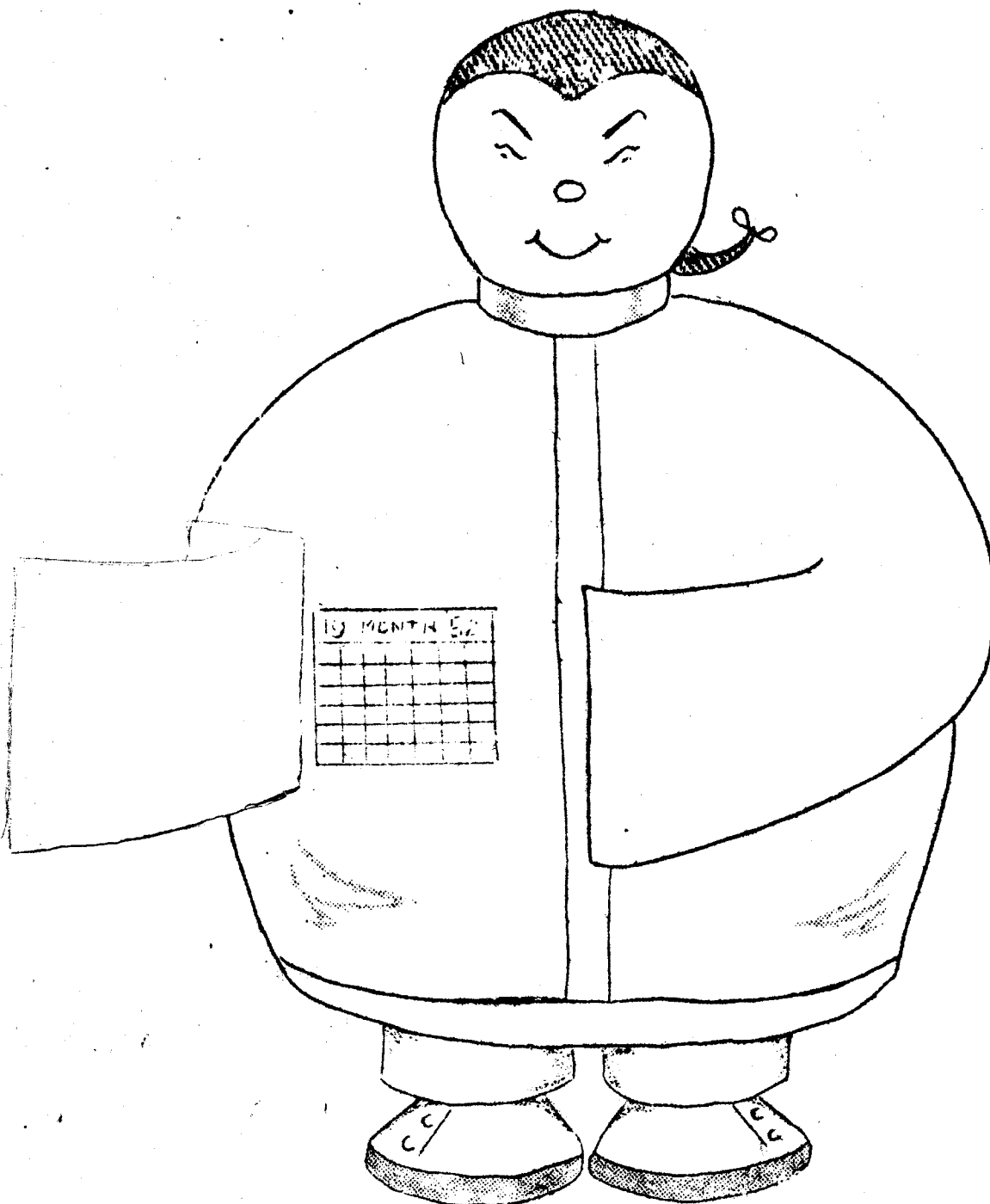
# Something Up Our Sleeve



For HENRY BURWELL



# Something Up Our Sleeve



For HENRY BURWELL



—WHAT date  
is that?!?!  
August 8;  
ye cats! But  
we have ex-  
cuses -- oh,  
yes; bubbling  
over with 'em  
in fact. But  
mostly:

Money.

Now, this  
time that  
don't mean  
what it usu-  
ally does  
when a zined  
sez it. This  
time, it was  
due not to  
a dearth of

filthy lucre, but opportunity to ob-  
tain more. Or, to state it plainly,  
besides my A&P job I'm running a  
mimmy-o service. I've been getting  
enough jobs to fill up most of my  
odd time; considering the nearness  
of the Tasfic, I felt that it might  
be to my advantage to grab all loose  
change foisted on me. So we're late.

And it seems that, in the rush,  
we left out something in SO. F'r  
inst, Rich asked if cf. 'll put out a  
Willish. Huh-uh. #10 was our an-  
swer to the Willishes.

This comes under the heading of  
Clearing Up A Confusion. #12 cf.--  
not #14 -- will be the slick paper,  
commemorative ish.

Ron Friedman, of CURRENT SF, has  
dropped CSF for armed service.

It seems some people are having  
trouble getting cf. -- we send 'em,  
but the PO don't properly cooperatc.  
Or else PO inspectors have stopped  
returning unmailable material. In  
any case, I don't get it. --Hah!  
Matter of fact, neither do a lot of  
other fen; last ish--no, #9 -- Bur-  
well & Macauley didn't get it; #10,  
I dunno who didn't. But if you have  
such difficulties, let me know. Not  
that there's anything I can do about  
it, but maybe you like company in  
your -- ah -- misery?

Recieved the BobShaw Appreciation  
Magazine. Bob's going to London 'nd  
this is Ireland's farewell. A -- ah  
-- moving bit of writing. Heart-  
warming. So much so that I'd ven-  
ture to say BoSh is burning...

cf.  
Box 493  
Lynn Haven, Fla

Aimed At:



GREGG CALKINS  
761 OAKLEY ST.  
SALT LAKE CITY

UTAH.