

# CONFUSION

BOX 483

LYNN HAVEN, FLA

vln2		JUNE					1952
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
		17					



# THE DOPE SHEET

ENTRY	JOCKEY	ODDS -TO ONE
Educated Nickels	Mr Willis Campaign	1
Fanstuff Pilau	Lee Hoffuan	2
Disillusion	Anne Shan	3
Criti-Qal Comments	Dave Hammond	4
Plinth	Walt Willis	6
Gateway	Joe Green	14
In The Midst	Shelby Vick	18
Walter the Willis	Manly Banister	22
Sound Off	Parlay entry (parlez vous?)	27
Proxyboo II	F J Carr	34
Something Up Our Sleeve		36

CONFUSION  
 "They're OFF!"

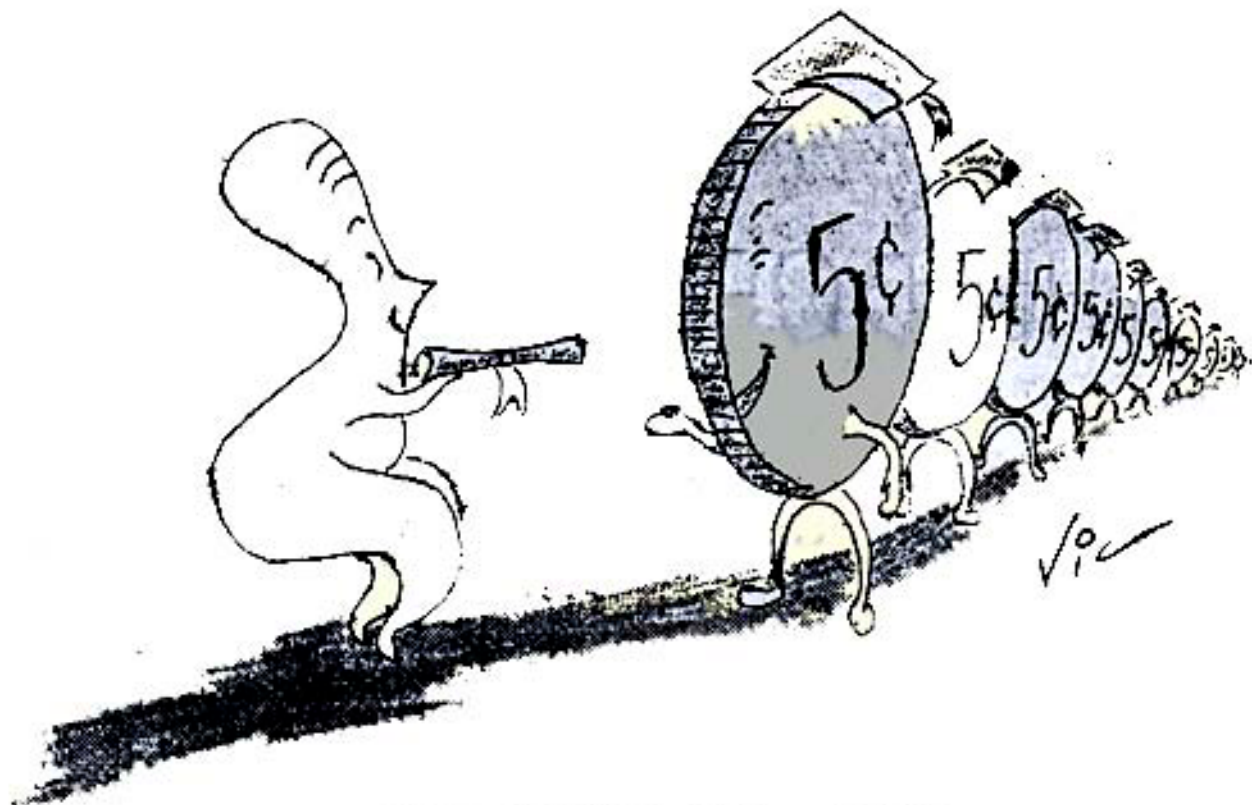
---

v1 THE NOVELTY FANZINE n10

---

Left At The Post

CONFUSION, v1n10, box 493, in Lynn Haven, Fla. We do SO advertise -- anything you have you want to sell, we'll gladly advertise -- 80¢ for a full page, 50¢ for a half, two bits for  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a page. As we say elsewhere in this, reductions if your ad is repeated three times or more. This thing called cf. sells for 5¢ per each, 50¢ a dozen. Any resemblance between our even edges and OOPSLA!'s even edges is purely coincidental.



## THE CASE OF THE EDUCATED NICKELS

In case you're wondering, there's a difference between just any nickel and Educated Nickels. One nickel doesn't count so much; matter of fact, it can't count past five. But that's an amazing thing -- ten nickels can count to 50 -- one hundred of these marvelous little critters are so smart, they can count to 500! -- That's child's play, high school grammar school stuff. But those 20 mildly educated nickels that make a dollar graduate, when accompanied by lots of other dollars, and ten-, twenty and fifty-dollar bills. It's these college grads that'll Willis across to the Pacific.

So buy at least one of the Willishes -- or better yet, send the editor a nice doughnation to the Willis campaign -- check or money order. You'll get a copy of the specified Willish just as quickly.

Send NOW! Don't retard your money's education!

Now, of course, is not putting out a Willish, being so closely connected with the campaign -- but this is to give you an idea what the Willishes will be like, to show you what you're getting for only a quarter. We aren't carrying a Willish reprint as will the Willishes, but I think that we have enough other material. The fanzines that are putting out Willishes are: FANTASIAS, David English, 203 Robin St, Dunkirk, NY; M A D Dick Ryan, 224 Broad St, Newark, Ohio; OOPSIA, Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St, Salt Lake City, U; SOL, David Ish, 914 Hammond Rd, River Edge, NJ.

# FANSTUFF PILAU



Max Keasler, the fan with s-x appeal, has accused me of having a contagious writing style. I accuse him of having an even more contagious style of spelling. Before I met Max Keasler or read Fanvariety Bob Tucker (you remember him) praised Quandry for its high standards of typography and the rareness of its typos. Then I met this handsome young devil of a typist. This quiet young fellow with the vague manner and casual charm, of Nolacon fame, apparently radiates mis-spelling like old A-bomb proving grounds! For evidence, merely look at a few issues of Quandry (at 15¢ an issue from 101 Wagner St. - Savannah, Ga.) for an installment or two of Fanstuff Pilau.

Keasler, hah! I'll hold him for you, Walt, while you perform that small operation you mentioned. You recall, the one involving the ax and a large wooden block.

LOST, STRAYED or STOLEN: Ed Cox. I got a letter from Ed shortly ago giving a new address for him. But unfortunately the new address was on the envelope and not the letter. You other faneds know what that means. So anyone having this new address and sending it to me, will be kindly thanked.

By the way, if anyone would like some skill items for litho. Drawings to be lithoed, that is, write me at the above address.

I like Charles Horne mysteries. In fact I have read all of the Charles Horne books. I've read most of them twice. So, thanks to Robert Bloch, it isn't necessary to my completist nature that I obtain any of the Horne books. But I would like to replace my pb editions with hardcovers. The books I want are THE CHINESE DOLL, TO KEEP OR KILL and THE STALKING MAN. I'll pay either 1 full page ad and a repeat of it in Q (total worth of \$2.50) or \$1.50 sub to quandry and a half-page ad (total worth \$2.30) for hardcovers with d/j's of these books. Or if you don't like my offer, make a suggestion.

Shelby didn't cover the whole Indian Wake con last issue. He forgot to mention that he fell asleep in the midst of a most enjoyable party Sunday morning and thereby missed seeing a certain huckster get his teeth almost knocked out.

Sandy, go home!

Speaking of Arthur C. Clarke, that gentleman has a very fine book out now titled "The Sands Of Mars". I read it several weeks ago and thoroughly enjoyed it. I can't say whether or not you'll enjoy it, since we may have differing tastes, but it might be worth your while to read it and find out.

But of course that is a local problem and we're only concerned with the overall situation.

## *Disillusion...*

Day is a slut  
With bold eyes,  
Tarnished gold hair,  
Undulating thighs.

Searching the street  
With practiced care,  
Sauntering, posing,  
Displaying her ware.

She'll toss you a golden apple, (heedless  
of the core.) The fruit may be bitter,  
but you will reach for more.

AD

Well, here we go again! Remember? A full page shading screen with a different pattern on each side. Take a look at the bill-board on Back Talk and you'll see one side of it; the lines above make use of the other. All this, for only \$1.50 according to this philanthropic fool, A A Henderson. The order (including money) should be sent to him care of box 493.

3

# CRITI-QAL COMMENTS

(I had just sent a card to Vick in the early haze of morning saying that I had another col-yum ready to mail him. That evening I get a letter from him saying he wants me to do the column on the stencil so as to make things easier for him. Well, I was agreeable, but then he tells me how he wants my ol' column done and that was too much for my digestion. When I do something I do it my way. Read this and writhe, Shelby.

Collum 2 came out and it was dated already. The Startling with the new format came out before my announcement of same. People are going to be likewise disappointed, because Out There will not be on a tv spot, as I had said. So be it.

I mentioned that Alan Nourse (See latest issue of TWS for his most recent story) was thinking of putting together a novel. He was over my house a few weeks ago and showed me the letter Mines had written upon seeing the plot outline. Mines seemed to like it, but he was smart enough not to make any rash promises about it.

We discussed his plot and he showed me the first draft of a story called The Letter of the Law that some magazine should be pretty quick to accept. It's about a race of critters who have their entire civilization based on dishonesty and lying, but to join the Galactic empire they have to agree to abide by laws, one of which is trial by jury. Now, an earthman gets himself involved and brought before this "impartial" jury. The judge speaks: "We are here to give fair trial to this-----Earthman." At that point the hall echoes with jeers and curses, so can see how impartial the jury is. Good tale.



## ABINARY STAR

I'm starting to get that feverish feeling. I practically haunt the post office. Waiting. Y'see I propose to be an author (and I've rejection slips to prove it!) and I send Ms. to editors. Recently there has been a change in the procedure. Oh, I still get them back, but I'm starting to get comments on them. Comments that say stuff like "maybe someday" or other equally flattering things. The reply that shocked the devil out of me though was the latest from Bea Mahaffey: Dave, we're overstocked with fantasy. Have you tried FA or AS?" The fact that she rejected the story doesn't affect me at all, I'm used to that, but the surprising thing is that she considered it a story. So I'm starting to feel tense and anxious and hopeful that maybe the next— But why should I hope? They ALWAYS come back.

Now, the raising of the eyebrows, the lifting of the lid, the spilling of the beans, and the release from incarceration of the genus feline from Cimmerian depths-----

Now, at last, it shall be told....



-----In other words, have you ever wondered where Lee Hoffman got the idea of calling her fanzine what it is called. Why did she change the spelling around? Such a mistake could hardly be accidental. Well, I'll tell you where QUANDRY came from. This is just one more thing which can be blamed on Robert Bloch. He's responsible. Here's the story....

The Sept. '36 ish of FANTASY MAGAZINE (a printed fanzine superior to any today) had an interesting lineup of writers in its pages. There was Palmer, Ackerman, Eando Binder, Williamson, Ed Hamilton, Ray Z. Gallun, John R. Fearn, Festus Pragnell, H. G. Wells, George A. England, Stanley Weinbaum, and Robert Bloch (Some fanzine, eh?)... Bloch's contribution was a column called Fantasy. In that particular issue he printed a science fiction dictionary. A few of the items are worthy of repeating:

FUNGI - A weird lichen growth, usually found on other planets, or on the underside of science fiction plots.

GALAXY - What you see when hit over the head with a club (Do you think Bloch should be condemned for this, too?).

PLANET - What you buy for your mother at Easter (I don't know about the rest of you guys, but I would not. Astounding, maybe; but Planet? Never. Might have known that Bloch would have to come up with a plot to get fen in bad with their parents.).

Then this happened:

QUANDRY - Things heroes fall into. Not manholes, you dope!

And further more, just to rub it in, he even mentions someone by the name of "Donald Quandry". Does not fandom think that this is going a little too far? And would not Bloch being burned at the stake be the highlight of the Chicago convention?

Speaking of Chicago, we loyal members of the PSFB are going by car caravan. Here is our motto:



I have a suggestion to make to H. L. Gold. Instead of using rejections slips with the usual "Thank you for letting us see your story. We regret that—etc." He should have something different and better. I suggest a small piece of paper with the following in bold, red letters: "YOU'LL NEVER SEE IT IN GALAXY!"

—Dave Hammond

1<sup>st</sup>  
2<sup>nd</sup>  
3<sup>rd</sup>  
4<sup>th</sup>  
5<sup>th</sup>  
6<sup>th</sup>  
7<sup>th</sup>  
8<sup>th</sup>  
9<sup>th</sup> PLINTH

walt willis  
HSC

You know, its getting harder for me to think of things to columnize about. Time was when all I had to do was drag out a few fanzines, find someone who said something I could disagree with, and then insult them for a bit. It was always good for 500 words---I mean, it went on for that long. But nowadays no sooner do I pull someone's leg than I find they have just cut off their right arm and sent it to the Chi fund. It makes me feel a bit awkward. Of course ShelVy tactfully hasn't told me who all the contributors are---I suppose he's afraid I might spend my time writing letters of thanks instead of his old column---but I can't really feel safe with anyone. Except maybe F. Towner Laney and maybe if I pull his leg too much even he might contribute just to get his hands on me.

So I've decided to make a great sacrifice for fandom. I am going to the London Convention. After my report last year you'll realize this is a mad, foolhardy, reckless thing to do, but I feel I owe it to My Public. No applause please. If I ever come back I should have enough to write about for a week or so. In case I don't, I have been putting my affairs in order. I'd already made my will after writing the last report, so it only remains to tidy up my effects. I clean up the debris of the NYPHEN mailing and empty the wastebaskets and give the contents to the paper salvage collectors. (Three newspapers have already announced they are tripling their size and there have been riots of unemployed lumberjacks in Canada.) Then I came down and started this column. If you never get to read it you'll know that the London Circle have done away with me and you can ask ShelVy for



your money back now instead of waiting until after the Chicon. I'll take a notebook with me and try to remember to jot down my impressions. There'll be no one to distract me this time because I'll be travelling alone. Bob Shaw can't come, James White is in Paris, and George Char- ters-our local plutocrat fan-is flying over.

Thursday Night. Here I am near the bottom of the Irish Sea-- this berth of mine is way down in the bowels (if Russ Watkins will excuse the expression) of the ship, so far down that if there was a port hole I'd expect to see Professor Picard any minute. I would go up on deck only there's a cold wind blowing. Three people who stayed up there too long have already had to be chopped down and the rest give a tinkling noise when tapped. In the restaurant there is a rowdy group of English soldiers coaxing a Dublin man who is slightly less drunk than they are but only if you don't count the start that Dublin people have on everyone else from birth. They are coaxing him to "sing an Irish song." He obliges with "The Cruiskeen Lawn" in Irish. This is not what they wanted. They express their dissatisfaction. Seemingly they meant one of those fine old Irish ballads like "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling", written by stalwart Irishmen with names like Levinsky and Higginbottom. They accuse the Dublin man of singing in Russian. He is very indignant.

Here is this cabin the scene is one of the ultimate in human misery. On my left is a man holding his head and groaning softly. On my right someone is being sick at the top of his voice. In front there is a man reading FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. I feel sorry for them all. For a moment I toy with the idea of telling the man in front about the finer things in life, like AMAZING, but he doesn't have a sensitive fannish face. Besides, for all I know he may be reading FA because he prefers it. I hope I'm not shocking anyone by talking of such subjects in mixed company but I have been assured by a well known psychiatrist that such people do exist. And, friends, it is not for us to point the fingerbone of scorn at them. These people are more to be pitied than anything else, and after all, let us remember that in Ancient Greece...

But enough of this morbid subject. I go up to the deck above, and pace up and down. This is the blunt end of the ship, but it seems very narrow. I wonder vaguely just how wide it is and start pacing it out. (It is time for stern measures.) This is difficult because the deck keeps changing altitude, and I am so engrossed in my work that I bump into a sailor carrying a peculiarly-shaped object like a cross between a model spaceship and a large corkscrew. Curious, I follow him up to the top deck where he goes to the rail and throws the thing into the sea. "Ah well, back to the old drawing board," I think. But no. It seems he had a piece of string tied to it, the cheap skate.

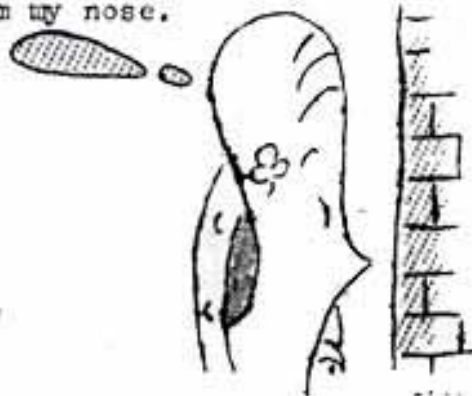


On the other end there is a thing like a voltmeter which he clamps to the rail. It says ELECTRIC SHIP'S LOG. Funny, I thought this was a steamship, and anyway, isn't a ship's log more a book-type thing? But a couple of feet down the string is a wheel and I get the idea. The corkscrew thing in the water twists the string and this turns the wheel and the voltmeter counts the number of turns and thus the distance the ship travels. It seems a crude contrivance. They will have to

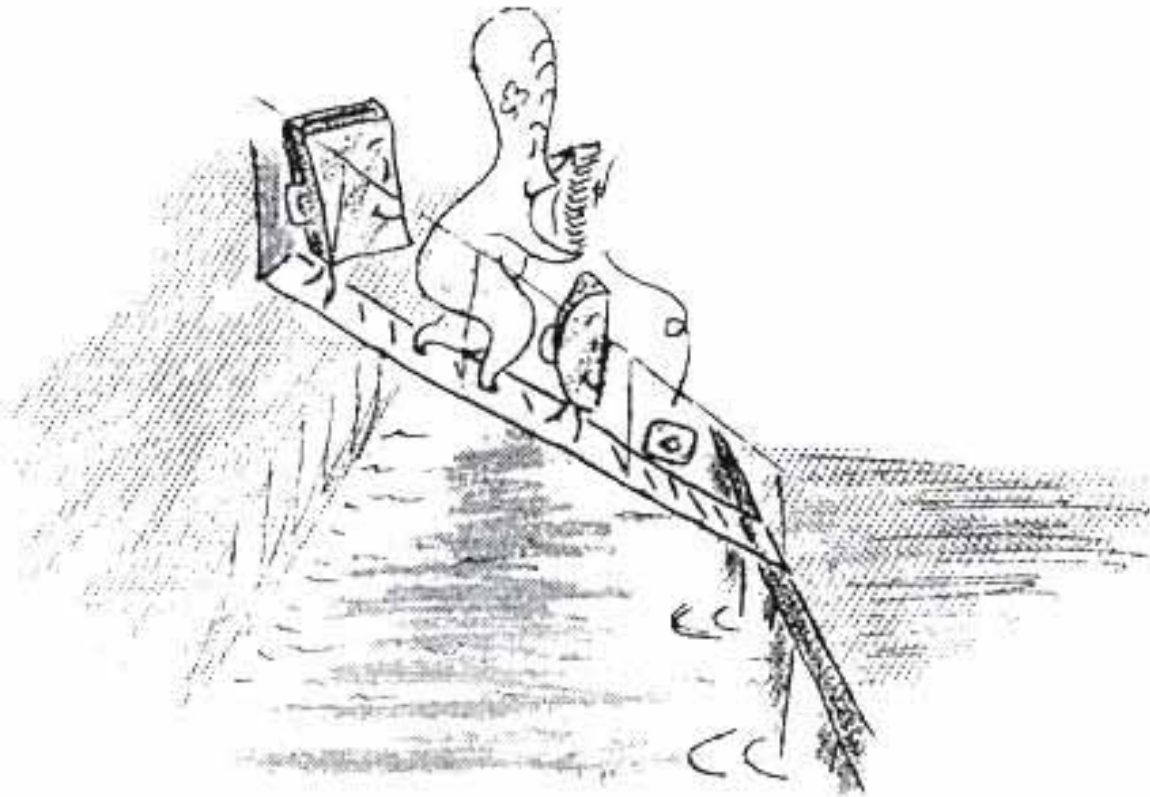
think up something better for spaceships. The ship is moving all right but the wheel isn't turning. The sailor is annoyed. They do care sometimes. He gives the revoltmeter a couple of vicious jabs but nothing happens. He calls an officer. The expert hits it a particularly savage blow and the wheel starts to spin round furiously. Naturally--I'd be furious if anyone hit me like that. About 30 seconds after the sailors have gone away the wheel stops again. Maybe a shark has swallowed the corkscrew thing---a bottlenosed shark maybe. I begin to feel a sense of responsibility for My Ship. Should I go and tell someone? If I do it will undoubtedly have started again by the time they come and I shall look very foolish. If I don't I can visualize the scene in the morning. The Captain wakes up and calls the First Mate. "Mate," he says, "how far have we come?" The Mate dashes up and looks at the log. "We haven't at all," he says. "Bother," swears the Captain foully, "I'd better order FULL SPEED AHEAD." "Oh, sir," protests the Mate, "You promised I could pull the handle and ring the bell the next time." "Oh very well," says the Captain crossly, "But remember, I got to blow the hooter." The Mate dashes up to the bridge and rings the engine room telegraph for FULL SPEED AHEAD. There is a horrible splintering noise as the ship crashes through the Liverpool dock area and piles up in the Fazakerly Road. "And am I to understand, Mr. Willis, that you saw this vital item of ship's equipment out of commission and omitted bringing the fact to the attention of the responsible authorities? I put it to you....."

Before his cross-examination gets any crosser I reach out and give the wheel a little push. To my joy it starts to whirl round again and I relax and look at the view, feeling like a master mariner. Last year it was dark at this time and there was nothing to be seen but a lot of mysterious lights, but this time there's a fine view of the Co. Down coastline and the hills of County Antrim. It looks rather nice. Out to sea there is distant land which is probably the Mull of Kintyre in Scotland and further out the characteristic outline of the islands in the Hebrides known as the Paps of Jura. They would do Roteler's heart good. This is the leeward side (hiya Hoffman) of the ship and the deck structure keeps the wind off. It's a super structure. But as the ship ploughs further into the deep water and turns towards the Isle of Man the wind begins to hit us sideways and the ship starts to roll alarmingly. I don't feel so bad about it---maybe I'm getting my sea legs. I would prefer my old flesh and bone ones though, and I decide to turn in.

Friday. I wasn't sick but I didn't sleep much on account of the cold. At about 5:30 the engines begin to stop and start and I know the ship is docking, so I stagger up to the deck above and look out. There is a notice saying PASSENGERS ARE WARNED IT IS DANGEROUS TO PUT THEIR HEADS OUT OF THE PORTS WHILE THE VESSEL IS DOCKING but I figure it should be all right. I haven't a very long neck and Liverpool is a pretty big port. The only thing I can see is an enormous brick wall about two inches from my nose.

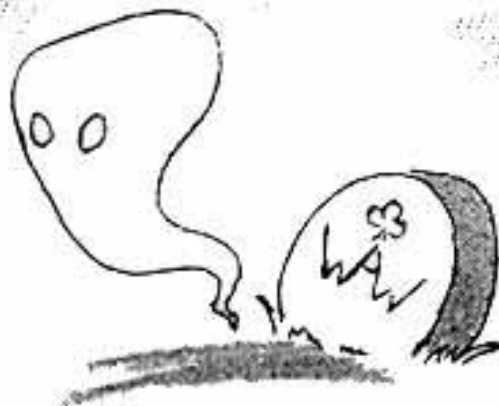


The ship is moving very very slowly ---upwards. We are in a lock. After a couple of hours of shuffling backwards and forwards and sideways and up and down the Captain loses patience and in desperation aims his ship at an impossibly narrow space between two massive stone piers, and breaks through to the landing quay. We have arrived. It is, of course, raining. It is always raining in Liverpool. I shuffle down the gangway with my suitcases.



"Oh to be on dry land again." I think, stepping ankle deep into a puddle. I drag the suitcases a couple of hundred yards to the bus stop and sit down to wait a couple of hours for the bus to London. I would like some breakfast, having had nothing but a cup of tea made from bilgewater, but I'm damned if I'm going to carry these suitcases up into the town. But after half an hour the night bus pulls in from London and I take it as far as the depot. There I book my seat on my bus and have hot buttered toast besides the fire in the driver's canteen. My pleasure is quite spoiled by the thought of all those other passengers huddling in the rain down at the docks. Haw!

At 8:45 we start on the ten hour journey to London. The train does it in three but it costs a lot more than the four dollars the bus people charge for the 200 mile odd journey---return. All day we trundle through the English countryside---Birkenhead, Chester, Birmingham, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford on Avon, Oxford---with occasional stops for imports and exports. Soon after 7 we arrive in London where Vince Clark is waiting to meet me, and where I'll have to break off this account if I'm to meet ShelVy's deadline.



**THE DEAD SPEAKS!**  
A grave message from Walt Willis

Seems that some heartless person has been raising Max Keasler's hopes by spreading a report that I'm dead, and that famous faneds have been calling other famous faneds long distance to find out whether its true or not. Well, I'm not going to say the report is grossly exaggerated because the way I felt after the Loncon I was quite willing to believe it myself, but I can assure you that I'm not going to try to beat Tucker at his own game. When I do leave fandom it will only be to ascend into FAPA in a pillar of fire.

Incidentally, in case anyone has any phone bills they want paid, the author of this little hoax is Peter Graham of 138 Laidley St., San Francisco, or someone who has access to his typer.

**WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA**

(Willis and Vick have been captured by the New York Immigration Officers, all fanatical devotees of Chu. While being transported to Ellis Island their ship is wrecked and they are cast ashore near the dreaded Chateau d'IP. There Willis attacks Ghuvernor Fairman and the two fans are locked in a dungeon to await trial. While on the ship they had managed to give a message to a passing fish called Ted (a Sturgeon by trade) appealing to fandom for help. The first fans to arrive are Taurasi, Moscovitz and Sykora, Sturgeon having snam direct to the FANTASY TIMES office. He has made a dramatic appearance in their bathroom.)

With limitless velocity the slender fish-shaped object plunges through the inchoate darkness. With each millisecond its speed increases a thousandfold, though aeons ago it had already far outstripped human comprehension. Far behind in the impenetrable darkness there is a faint susuration as unnamed entities of the depths voice their frustration, their feral eyes glowing with mindless hate. Unheeding, the silver fish speeds on, to the confines of the known universe, tearing at the very fabric of space itself. The structure of the cosmos changes beyond belief. The spacetime continuum warps into alien shapes, into a fantastic maze of intricately connected cylinders, crossing and recrossing in mindwrecking complexity. Grimly, the fish struggles on, each cell of its being indelibly impressed with its indomitable purpose. To find! To communicate! More slowly now, it moves onward to its destiny.

One final torturing twist, and the breakthrough is complete. Totality becomes a blinding white light, searing at the tortured consciousness. Slowly, painfully, sense-impressions emerge, coalesce, are collated, analysed, integrated with the purpose. At the rim of the new white universe there floats a reddish orb. It falls into a familiar pattern of spacial relationships.

A human face.

From out of the plumbed depths the fish speaks, all doubts now at an end, wishing only that this typer had italics.

"Is this Flushing?"

In the next room Moskowitz and Sykora are resting from one of Fandom House's riotous one-shot publishing sessions while they check Taurasi's calculations on the postal rates to Minneapolis on second class bombs.

"No, he'll never get Rich that way," agrees Sykora. "By the way, Taurasi's a long time in the bathroom. Do you think there's something wrong?"

"Maybe we shouldn't have given him that elsberry wine," says Moskowitz worriedly. "It must have disagreed with him. We'd better call a fan doctor."

There was a strangled cry from the bathroom.

"He seems to be a little hoarse," says Moskowitz.

"Better make it a fan vet, then," says Sykora. "He must have caught a colt." He dials a number. "The Van Houten residence?"

"Don't be a foal!" shouts Taurasi, dashing in from the bathroom. "Sturgeon was in there and he says Willis and Vick have been arrested by the Immigration Authorities."

"I always said fans were arrested adolescents," comments Sykora cynically.

Moskowitz ignores him. "What a scoop," he gloats. "Did you catch him before he could tell Tucker?"

"No," says Taurasi regretfully. "He came and went like a flush in the pan. Said something about having to catch a fast drain for the South."

"He must be making for Savannah," says Moskowitz. "That's for sewer. There's not a moment to lose before Tucker gets the story. You should have been able to catch him some way. Cast a net, for instance."

"He already had one," says Taurasi, "and a couple of maracas. Said he picked them up from some band he met on the way that had been drowned by a cheering crowd. Their music was pitched in a quay of sea."

"That's enough of that," says Moskowitz. "Did he give you any mor of Willis's message?"

"Only something that sounded like ASF 43," says Taurasi puzzledly.

"That doesn't sound like Ellis Island," muses Moskowitz. "He must have meant the Chateau d'IF."

Taurasi hastily notifies Van Houten and Meyer and within the hour a special edition of FANTASY THES is on the streets.

"You know," frets Taurasi, "I can't help thinking we should have put some in the mailbox too. People are just kicking them into the gutter."

"Well, at least Keasler will get one," says Sykora. "But keep quiet for a moment. Moskowitz is calling Wolheim."

"Hello? Hello?" says Moskowitz. "Wolheim? We're going down to rescue Willis and Vick. Can I give you a lift?"

He listens for a moment and then turns sadly to the others. "He still refuses to have any truck with me."

"Gosh, Sam," says Taurasi, taking his fingers out of his ears. "I wish you had used the phone."

"What, on a local call?" sneers Moskowitz. "But for long distance I open the window."

"What window?" asks Taurasi.

"Oh dear," says Moskowitz. "Has it gone again? Never mind, we can go out that way and save time."

They all jump down into the street, where Sykora starts to board Moskowitz' truck.

"We haven't got time for that," snaps Moskowitz, knocking the planks and hammer out of his hands. "If it rains we'll just have to let our insurance cover us. Let's get going, and Lancy take the hindmost."

(To be continued in of., QUANDRY, and the Willishes.)

## — THE RETURN OF — BEER & BUTTERMILK!

In ish #11 we have back with us, BEER & BUTTERMILK, Vernon McCain's popular column. Watch for it!

CONFUSION SEZ --

When the scroll is read in Chicago, will  
your name be there?

7



# DON'T YOU WANT AN ELECTRIC MIMMY-O

Everyone knows about Manly Banister's generously donated electric ABDick Mimeograph to be sold for the benefit of the Willis Campaign. But did you realize that June 17th was supposed to be the last chance you had to get in on this opportunity?

Unfortunately, cf. didn't come out in time, this month, to give everyone a last minute reminder -- so, to be strictly fair, we are lengthening the deadline. The drawing will still be held the Fourth of July, but we'll accept doughnations until the 1st. There will be no cf. out before then, so

## THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE

Remember, each doughnation of \$2.50 puts your name in the pot; \$5, twice; ten dollars four times, and so on.

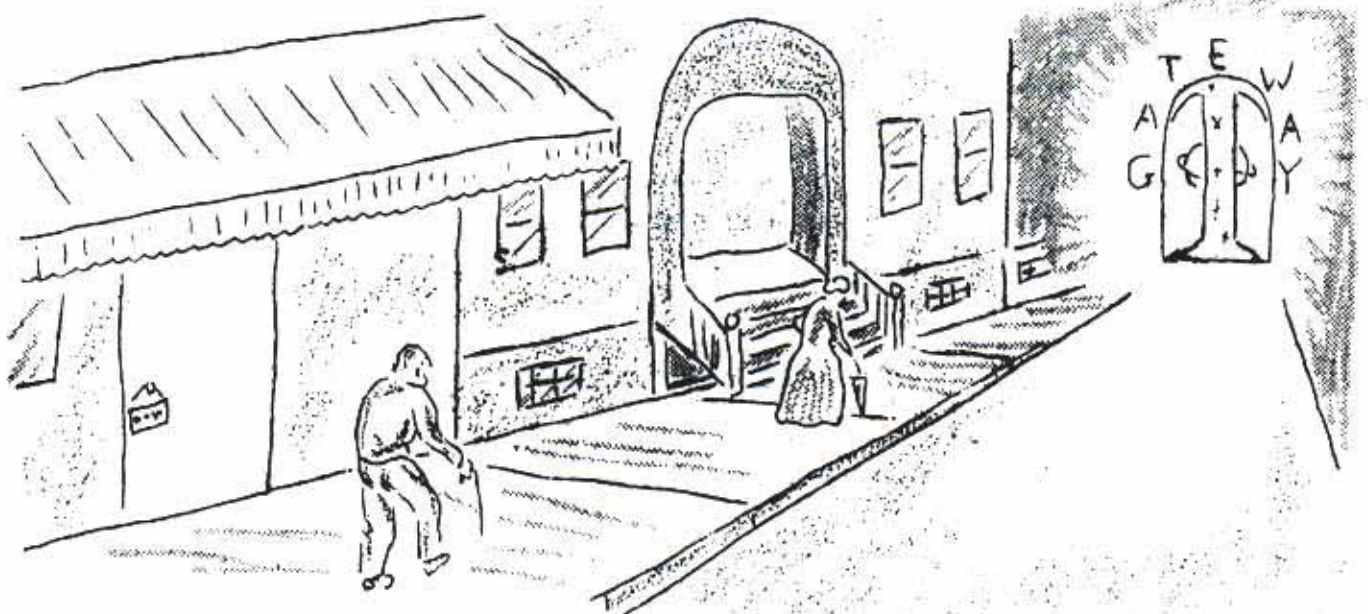
Take a look at what you're getting -- for, say, only a \$5 doughnation, you get not only two possibly opportunities at the above-mentioned mimmy-o, but also FIVE at the books put up by Ackerman. As I've said, there's no possible way you can lose -- if nothing else, your money will go to the fund to help bring Willis over.

SO COME ON!

You who have pledged money, don't forget that your pledges do you no good in this. Get that money in NOW, if you want the mimmy-o.

THIS is your chance to get to put out that Little Spaceman's Gazette you've been just burning to do. Hop to it, lad! Since it's on your mind right now, might just as well get up and mail it, this inst. May pronto! Don't worry -- we'll still be here when you get back.

...What? You haven't gone yet???



Vick, may Ghu and Rosco fight over his well-chewed bones, has limited this "Gateway" to two pages, and I'm forced to devote most of what little room I have to poetry, instead of running off at the mouth as usual. Without further ado.....

THE WRECK OF THE TERRA III

It was the Spacer, Terra,  
That spanned the galaxy,  
And plied her trade 'midst planets  
Throughout infinity.

The Captain stood in his cabin  
Secure in this mighty berth;  
Atomics throbb'd their mighty song,  
Homeward bound, to Earth.

Then up and spake an old space man,  
Who'd fought through many a swarm,  
"Captain," said he, "we'd best turn back,  
For ahead's a meteor storm."

The Captain called Astrogation  
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.  
He bid them blast for dead ahead  
And replied, "well, we shall see."

Down came the storm, and smote again  
The Spacer in her strength;  
Her sides were torn and her breath rushed out  
Along her shining length.

And fast through the midnight,  
dark and drear,  
Through the silent depths of  
space,  
The spacer rushed upon her way,  
But death had won the race.

Such was the wreck of the Terra III  
A cold, cold wreck was she.  
Christ save us all from a death  
like this,  
Throughout eternity.

*Gregg*



I don't have the facts and figures to give you on this song, as I usually do, in order that you can secure a copy for yourself you wish. But I can repeat the legend that has grown up around this song, for its entertainment value. The song is only about a year old, first appeared on the program "Songs for Sale," was put on record by some artist unknown to me, and caused several suicides (trimmed edges aren't worth the trouble, to hell with trimmed edges) according to popular report. We can believe it! It was originally a poem, was put to music by an acquaintance of the author, and lost to the author by means unknown to me. The second song I have here was the second verse of that same poem, made into a song, but not, to the best of my knowledge, ever sold.

### Gloomy Sunday

Sunday is gloomy, my hours are slumberless;  
Dearest, the shadows I live in are numberless,  
Gloomy Sunday.

Gloomy is Sunday, with shadows I spend it all;  
Me and my heart have decided to end it all;  
Little white flowers will never awaken you,  
Not where the dark reach of sorrow has taken you;  
Gloomy Sunday.

Angels have no thought of ever returning you,  
Would they be angry if I thought of joining you?  
Death is no dream for in death I'm caressing you,  
With the last breath of my soul I'll be blessing you;  
Gloomy Sunday.

End

### You Are Gone

You are gone,  
How gray the dawn,  
Hope is gone  
Without you.

Can't you see  
My life would be  
Misery,  
Without you.

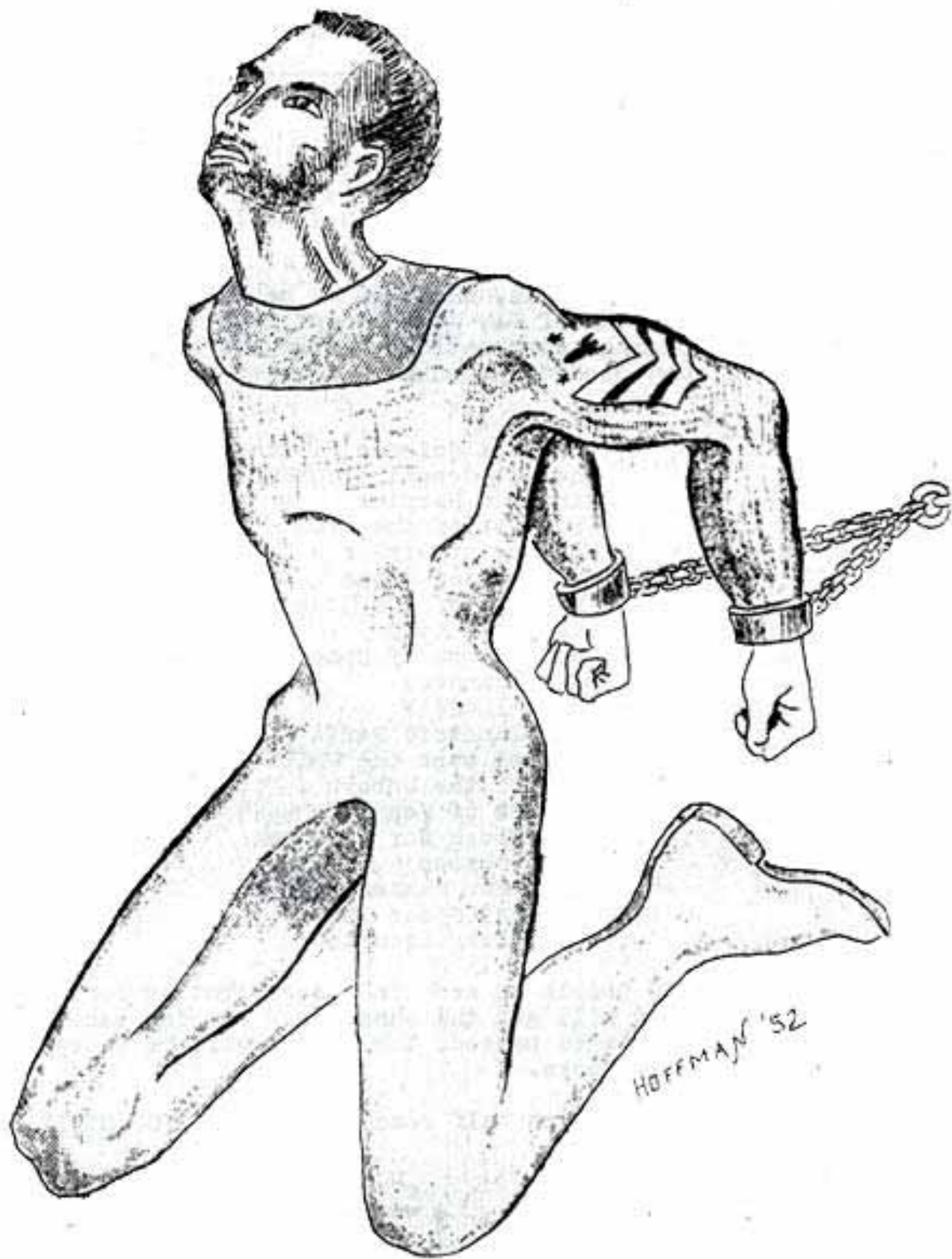
When we shared  
The joys we knew,  
Everything was gay;

Now you're gone,  
My skies are blue,  
Everything is grey.

You are gone,  
I'm all alone,  
Can't go on  
Without you.

The End.

...j l green



# 20 MINT CONDITION BOOKS! 20 LIMITED OPPORTUNITY

## HERE IT IS!

Forry Ackerman's special offer to give last minute impetus to the Willis Campaign!

Ack-Ack has met Willis, remember -- he knows just how much US fandom will be missing if WAW doesn't get over to the Tasfic -- so just to help encourage doughnations, Forry has made this offer -- the following mint condition books as a prize incentive:

The Best Science Fiction Stories  
The Hampdenshire Wonder  
Sinister Barrier  
Princess of the Atom  
Mr Mergenthwirker's Lobbies  
Vampires of Venus  
The Fall of the House of Heron  
The Split Atom  
The Skylark of Space  
Doppelgangers  
Ralph 124C41+  
The Planetoid Peril  
Gabriel over the White House  
Star of the Unborn  
Pirates of Venus  
A Hornbook for Witches  
Inner Cosmos  
Mistress Masham's Repose  
The Last Space Ship  
The Silver Locusts

The first 50 people to send in a contribution for the WC from the date of cf. #9 will get the chances -- one for each dollar put up. After the quota is passed, the winner will be selected and 4c will send them the books.

The quota isn't even half reached, yet, so YOU STILL HAVE TIME!

# CONFUSION IN THE MIDST OF

...well, if you don't know who's writing this by NOW!

## SUBTITLE ONE --

From Columbus to Lynn Haven, in 5 easy lessons and one hard one.

"It's a bird!"

"It's a plane!"

"It's a BNF!"

...and so it was. Paul Cox, to be exact. Tho he almost had me fooled for a moment. He was wearing a card that read "Lee Hoffman."

The day was Friday. The date, May 30th. The place, the A&P in which I am -- in a manner of speaking -- gainfully employed. There was work to be done, so Paul had to amuse himself with the lemons -- and the absorbing literature on the bath sponges, (a clean topic, approved by Watkins.)

Around 9 am, Joe Green dropped into the store. Getting up, he came over and invited Paul and I to lunch. (We call it dinner, but some of those serious, constructive-minded fen might be reading this you know...)

At 11:00, we walked the few blocks to 823 Magnolia, the little Green house in the middle of the block.

Lunch was properly fannish -- unconventional-type food, conventional conversation (...mostly the InLaCon. "That Beastly affair," Paul called it.

That afternoon, Paul -- who had gotten in at 6 that morning (after staying up all night,) -- engaged in a most unfannish pastime -- for several hours, he actually slept. ...but, in all fairness, I'll turn this over to Joe -- he witnessed it all first hand. I, poor fool, worked...

Scene I Wherein Joe Green and Paul Cox engaged in a foul plot against all fandom. Instead of blabbing like all knewly met should, they take an afternoon nap.

Scene II Wherein Green and Cox awaken and discuss ShelVy, as ShelVy is off working.

Scene III Wherein Johnnie fondly wishes all the hot air present could be saved for next winter. (Here, Joe is doubtless talking of the summer weather, as it was quite warm that night.)

Scene IV The Lure of the Drug, subtitled "Paul gives out of cigs."

Scene V Wherein cigs are procured, pool is played, and played, a-n-d played. (We played three games, he means.) Vick and Green leave mumbling "Damn furriner! Georgia shark! Pool fiend!" Cox, face wreath-



# WALTER *The* WILLIS- SAGA OF THE BELFAST BEM



BY

*Manly Banister*

[In regards to personal safety, I think it best that I explain that the picture is not meant to be an exact replica of the Belfast Bem herein depicted -- as witness, note absence of tendrils -- nor Willis the person; for proof, witness the fact that he is wearing a tie...]

Once upon a time, many long years ago (oh -- longer ago than you or I could count or even remember), a tiny, cuddly little BEM was born in the purlieues of Belfast, Northern Ireland. Mr Willis, the BEM's father, was there; and, oddly enough, so was its mother. Her name was Mrs Willis.

His father said, "You're an ugly little brute, but you're mine, and I love you!"

His mother said, "Eek!" and fainted away.

"Begorrah," the old man wanted to know, "what'll we callum?"

Arousing from her daze, Mama rejoined, "Anything, except too often. I couldn't stood it...yet! Why not...mm-mm...Walter?" (This is Erse for Wall-Climber. Mama had the happy thought as Papa was plucking the cute little monster off the picture-moulding.)

And so, the Willis became known as Walter. Fate, however, was at hand in the portly shape of a Welsh MD, who spoke no English and whose knowledge of the Irish dialect was very sketchy indeed. He made out the birth certificate; and somehow, Walter's name was entered in the official records as BUGH EHYHAID MUMUNSTRUM, which is certainly not Erse, but may be Welsh for all I know. This made Walter Ireland's first official BEM, a status he has successfully maintained right up to the present quo.

The little BEM grew up in a land where the men were blokes and the women are bleak. (The men are always bloke over here in the US, too ,

but that's a different word.) He went to school. Yus, he did--gorblimey! Coo! He studied reading (reading matter is that stuff under the pictures in magazines and newspapers). He studied arithmetic. When he was satisfied he knew how to count how many fingers he had, he gave up. Fourteen is pretty high for a little BEM to count.

School was not much fun for the Willis until he got into the realm of higher education. He went in for literature (Sapolio, wherefore art thou Sapolio?) He thrived on drammer (Gadzooks, Sir Pennias Crustybum, I love your wife and what are you going to do about it?). He lapped up history (Ten-sixty-six and all that.)

As he grew, the little BEM began to notice a DIFFERENCE between himself and his schoolmates. (He caught on slow). They were people.

To cover his chagrin, the Willis turned to SCIENCE, where he could hide in a test tube all day long, and by night, too, if he felt likt it.

It was love at first sight, and a long University career was opened to the budding BEM. He studied nothing at the University...the profs studied him.

But the Willis grew restless and unhappy. One day he would thrl through seven classes; the following day he would skim; and the day after was invariably spent grzing; but all the profs and students would do was look at him stupidly. Being scientists, they understood nothing about thrling and skriming, not to mention grzing, hence did not believe them possible. The hardest thing in the world is to persuade a scientist to prove empirically that something is possible, when he is firmly convinced that it is not. The unhappy BEM soon found this out.

They counted his fingers so many times it became tiresome. They counted his three eyes and wondered what he did with the third eye. Some of the conclusions reached were very refreshing, but highly erroneous. If Willis himself tried to explain, they shushed him with peremptory rudeness. "You're only a BEM! What do you know about it?"

In his beumish solitude, the youngster grew desperate. He longed for company of his own kind. He yearned for a friendly touch. In brief, he craved sex. By this, he knew that he was growing up. So, with reluctance, he bade goodbye to his carefree University days...after first picking the prof's pocket of the key to his case.

In the dim mustiness of a deserted railway station, the yoing BEM recieved his first glimmer of light. He found a discarded copy of SLAN. He read it avidly, carefully spelling out the words with his fingers and lips. The book was so interesting, he could not put it down, even to eat. As a consequence, he nearly starved to death. But the end came in the nick of time.

"There is much in this tome that is Truth," ruminated the now hopeful BEM. "I would believe that I were a Slan, had I tendrils growing out of my head instead of my posterior!"

For the time being, however, he thought of himself as a Nals, which is a Slan backwards.

Driven on by the mystic urge of Life, the young BEM slipped away into the night. In due course, he found a beautiful young woman whose

name was Madeleine, Maideline, or Mad-Along...historical texts confuse this issue not only with a variety of spellings, but also with snide comments on the class of woman it takes to marry a BEM. The truth of the matter is that after Walter had pulled the wool over her eyes, she couldn't see, hence might have married anything, except that the Willis was there to take advantage of the situation. Consequently, she married something, which was Walter.

It was only after Walter married her, however, that the amazing, astounding and entirely delightful truth came to light (stodgy old historians to the contrary). That bunchiness behind, which he had taken for a late-model bustle, turned out to be...tendrils!

Viva! The BEMs were united!

It was about this time that Walter sadly discovered the evil truth behind capitalist propaganda. Two can not live as one!

He considered returning to the University, but recollection of his life there alone in a cage appalled him. He thought of taking Madeleine with him; but envisaging the study that would be made of their social functions, he dismissed the thought. There was only one consideration left. Walter would have to go to work!

But first he must disguise himself. He would have to look as nearly human as possible in order to get a job. He put on a green eyeshade, which effectively camouflaged his eyes. These were not only three but had a preternatural brilliance which was somewhat dimmed by the downflux of light thru the green celluloid. Strapping on a swivel chair concealed the evidence of tendrils. But there still were the fingers... all fourteen of them. Happy thought! He took up a teacup and saucer in one hand and a fistfull of biscuits (they call them over there) in the other.

Disguised thus as a public servant (guyment worker), Walter pedaled his bicycle to the Parliament buildings at Sneedby-on-the-Thistle-downs. He went in as a taxpayer, and came out...with a job, the bureaucrat!

From then on, the Willis spent his time sitting on his tendrils, guzzling tea like any true human (British-style), drawing his paycheck, and trying to avoid the fact that Destiny had something WONDERFUL in store for him.

By and by, a new little BEM arrived, female kind, and the loving parents named her Carol because they, being inexperienced, didn't know what else to do about it.

Then Destiny took a hand. Did it come as a thunderous knock upon the door? No. It was the dry rustle of many-leaved paper slithering down the mail chute.

A fanzine had come home to rest.

But the Willis knew nothing of fanzines...then. He gingerly picked up this quaint literary abortion and turned it over and over in his hands. It appeared to be mimeographed, or otherwise duplicated.

He used his two eyes on it, but they told him nothing. He tried



his third eye. Still nothing. He thrled, skrimmed and grzed, but still nothing. Then he took it and tried it out on his tendrils. Voila!

The fanzine, tho incomprehensible where it was not illegible, brought a message to his beemish behind.

HE AND MADELEINE WERE NOT ALONE!

A race of creatures as queer as himself dwelt just over the horizon and beyond! Scores, hundreds, thousands of the beasts -- all over the world! Not people...BEMS!

They called themselves "Fans".

All night, Walter and Madeleine danced for joy the bending, writhing, twisting Tribal Dance of the BEMs, composed of the principal movements of gathering and stapling fanzines. Little did they know that this dance was the heritage of instinct, and in the future they would perform it often. Now that they had been "awakened", the instinct would develop into a powerful, ineluctable urge that might not be gainsaid!

The die was cast -- the pot began to boil. Two more BEMs MUST publish a fanzine! Down came the paper from the walls. Snicker-snick! went the shears. Madeleine smeared a bottle of ink on a mirror and Walter, having twisted individual tendril-tips into the shape of letters of the alphabet, sat down upon it. Madeleine placed a piece of wall paper in Walter's favorite chair, and the Willis quickly transferred the impression.

The only difficulty occurred when Madeleine, proof-reading the form, tried to throw out a few mis-spelled words. After the shrieks of anguish had subsided, they got on with the work.

Bounce, bounce, up and down, all night long! Madeleine became worn and haggard, but Walt continued to work like mad, inditing forever the glory of his beemhood upon the fragil medium that lately had adorned their walls. Bare plaster and lath leered upon his efforts. A fine perspiration beaded his brow and ran into his third eye.

But what mattered such trivialities to him? When the last sheet had passed beneath his bouncing brow, the BEM was made! He had completed a fanzine...his first, his lovely!

"I will call it SLANT!" he cried, "in memory of the immortal Van Vogt's deathless SLAN...and because it leans a trifle cockeyed.

How to describe the ecstasy of those ensuing weeks as the letters poured in from his readers -- both of them? "It stinks," said one. "It's all lousy but the pitchers," said the other, "and there ain't no pitchers."

By this, the Willis knew he was a success. Destiny had made its great bow before him, and he had come up to its expectations!

The cream of the far-flung BEM-world had expressed its disapproval...his fanzine must be good!

Space does not permit going into all the thrilling adventures that beset Walter's fanediting. Just one--Scotland Yard attempted to "break" this sinister publishing nest by gluing angleworms to their agents' but-

tocks and having them walk in backwards so Walter would think they were BEMs walking out. He did, as a matter of fact, and shut the door on their behinds...And next day he went fishing with the angleworms found providentially on his doorstep. It was a battle of wit against wit, of nerve against nerve, but it was the tendrils which won.

In time, the little cloister was strengthened by the addition of James White to the coterie. James White-- he of the educated tendrils! He makes pictures with his -- in color! And after him came Bob of the Shaws. Among them, they forged walls of steel about their BEM-nest, conducted their experiments in secret, and foisted upon the astounded world a veritable stream of bemish publications.

The world of BEMs knows that here at last is the personification of the thousand-year-old prophecy -- the MUTANT BEM IS COME...He Who Prints Fansines With His Tendrillated Tail! Walter Willis invented and developed the process-- to him belongs the honor and the glory.

His name has become a household word -- not only among the BEMs who call themselves Fans, but also in the world at large.

Who, indeed, forcing his attentions upon a shy young maiden, has not heard these silvery syllables drip from her dewy lips;

"Gwan, beat it, ya lunk!...Ya gimme the willis!"

...manly banister

# AUCTION!

## QUANNISHES

OFFERED! Lee Hoffman has generously put up 3 of the magnificent QUANNishes to be auctioned off for the benefit of the Willis Campaign. Of course, you who have seen this monumental tome (over 90 pages!) need to know nothing more -- but there is a bare possibility that someone out front hasn't seen a Quish. So for than poor unfortunate, I review briefly: 'Twas Q13, the anniversary of a highly hilarious, unforgettable year in fandom -- the rise of QUANDRY.

The Quish was all QUANDRY had ever been, and more. In its pages, someone from Ireland battled bravely with the wit of yed Hoffman for supremacy. This brazen fan at least succeeded in having his name on nearly half the pages in #13. And BEMs? Gad, man, the joint was jumping! You name him -- the QUANNish probably had him -- or her.

If you want to be mercenary, look at it this way -- before long, those QUANNishes are going to be collecting items. Worth money. Already, several fan have offered \$1 for it. So send in your bid -- and make it HIGH! It's all for a good cause.



SOUND OFF!

Sorry, but I'll have to begin this with some of the usual apology-type critters. There were some mighty nice letters from some awful nice people (...good thing I put no comma after 'awful'...) that I had to leave out. There just ain't enuf space for me to make this fanzine as long as I want it. I had to cut down on some quite good material on the article side, too. For instance, there's one by Orville Hoshier that'll be waiting for you in the next issue... And I even cut Midst. Since it was done in order to speed up things, you might stretch a point and say I cut it to the quick... But the general idea is that I have to keep this durned thing down. It keeps getting out of hand... After this, we have fond hopes to keep it to less than whatever the PO scales say is 3¢ worth. That'll be somewhere around 32 pages. Less, if ever I can badger it down. I gotta cut expenses! (Famous last words.) Anywee, because of this, the format of SO is changing a little in order to get more into the space. I dislike doing this, because it means crowding things, which I don't like. But it's either crowd or cut. Ajax is waving the scissors and leaping up and down, but I'll fanfully ignore him...

To the letters --

KEN BEALE; 115 E Mosholu Pkwy, Bronx 67, NY

Dear Shelvy,

#9, which I got the other day, interested. I admire your perseverance and true fannish spirit in pasting those grains of corn on the inside bacovers.

The cover was typically attractive Keasler, Willis was his usual entertaining self (and the best thing in the mag, incidentally), the contents-page was clever, the artwork was oke -- what there was of it -- and the song section was godawful.

Hammond's column interested slightly, tho redolent with the usual fannish misconceptions about writing (which a session with a stack of Writer's Digests would quickly clear up.)

Bill Morse provided an interesting slant on the pro field. I do not always agree with what he says, but I admire him for his thoughtful, mature (if you'll pardon the expression) approach to the subject.

I see where somewhere in the ish you intimate that you need material. Must remember to send you off some when I get the time and-or the inclination, to write anything.

The deuce with fan-politics and Guy Lombardo!

Fantasincerely,

Ken ↗

First, Ken, I'd like you to take another look at the first of SO. We are not begging for material. To put in other material, we'd have to cut our existing columns to the bone -- and I don't see how they CAN be cut any further. Gateway, of course, is always glad to see any poetry you have -- but that's another matter. Unless Remington or Ajax slipped it in when I wasn't looking, cf. has never begged or even asked for material. (Bunch o' damned radicals!) You must have been thinking of an entirely different ish. David, perhaps?

ROBERT BLOCH; 740 N Plankinton Rd, Milwaukee

...whoa! I did SO have a letter from Robert Bloch. But something, it seems, has happened to it (the generally, when such as this happens, I don't get this far along before I find out.) Main thing I remember is that Bloch refused to comment on whether or not there was any truth in the rumor that he was Tucker's father. (I had that the letter was lost in confusion, but now I realize the error of my ways. Bloch hexed it.)

DAVID ENGLISH; (new address) 516 Deer St, Dunkirk, NY

Dear Shelby:

Wasn't fooled in the least by the card announcing Walt's death. I didn't get one. ...Wonder what sort of mind this kind of humor appeals to. Providing the joker has one.

fannishly,



LEE HOFFMAN; 101 Wagner St, Savannah, Ga (typed in red ink.)

Dear Old Friend,

The read stuff on here is my life's blood. (I had it dyed for the occasion.) Gor', I'm dead. I've been answering mail until I'm plaid in the face and my arms ache. But nonetheless, I must raise a finger to comment on CONNY.

First off Keasler's cover is fine stuff. The boy has a knack with a shading plate and wheel. The color of the contents page only reflects my jealous face. Wish I'd thought of it.

About PLINIH, what can I say dear, after I've shot myself. Willis is mere' the most geniusful genius this side of Walt Kelly.

And Ray Nelson's genius is in evidence too. Nelson is another one of those genius types. Wish I'd gotten him under contract at Indian Lake.

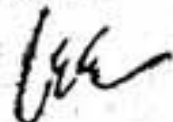
But let me skip ahead to you con-ments before I collapse. First, To Hell and Back, with Burwell (not necessarily with parentheses, as we haven't decided yet,) is not mine, but Streinz', Teagarden, Cox, Guthrie's and mine. And I wish you hadn't printed a mention of it (the title, at least) as it was not to be announced officially until it had been run off. You must have been asleep when we were discussing that fact. Also you didn't mention that it was Burwell and you fellows who went off down the road to Chattanooga and us who rescued you.

But the one line, "And when we got there, Tucker had eaten all the strawberries" was worth it all. Harw! And your parenthetical comments were magnificent. Wish you'd been in our car coming back tho. I hear tell y'all slept on the return trip. We didn't. We just sat and thot of funny things to say to each other, until we were sick from it.

You may tell the original Robert Bloch...on second thot, don't tell him. I suspect that he is the one who got away with the ten of clubs,

thereby rendering Tucker too broke to journey South.  
SHURN begorrah to Charles Wells.

Always,



W MAX KEASLER; 420 South 11th St, Poplar Bluff, Mo

Dear Cynthra;

For-gosh-shakes don't tell your father....things will turn out o.k....how was I to know that....

But hey...you're not Cynthra..why you not even Lucky Strikes, ..you're Shelby Vick. What in the devil are you doing in this letter to Cynthra Hasfallen? Please we want to be a loan.

Well if you're going to hang around I'll...what's that in your mouth...why it's Confusion 9...I suppose Cynthra could wait. O.k if you promise not to jump up on me, I'll read you this story. And stop wagging your tail. You just knocked down that nice olde lady. Don't you know this is be sweet to a slob week?

O.k. the story.

Once upon a time there was an orange-crittertype fanzine called Confusion. (It is really a natural green fanzine, but you know what a bottle of Tint-hair will do.) Well Confusion 9 had a lovely cover by W. Mc Keasler. So one day a Menu named content went by followed by a contest named Tracing and Fanstuff Pilau. (Fanstuff Pilau is made of all bits of Lee Hoffman). All this is being followed by the Post Office Inspector Red-pencil.

But just about then an ad named shading screen (1.50) came face to face with a monster called Plinth. A thing from another Walt Willis. This Plinth thing layed waste to 4 3/5 pages, before it was halted by a Nelson cartoon that had been drawn at the MIDWESTCON. Of course this wasn't the end of that Plinth beast...it merely slipped into another dimension called fanzine.

Before you could scream WaltWillisBenefitFund from under a rock crawled a rare example of an Dave-Hammond's-Critiquel-Comments. It had durty huckster words written all over it like ASF, Galaxy, Future... I can't go on.

Suddenly poor Confusion was shattered by a dreaded fever...Recurrent. Only some Canadian Mountie named Bill Morse knew the cure. Would he arrive...would he make it in time. Well 4 exciting pages later he did, riding a Sol Levin cartoon.

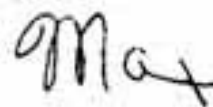
My this story has an offul complex plot and a lot of character too....Let's skip a bit and see if the editor did it. Why he did...he went to the MIDWESTCON.

The climax is rather mixed-up...and they all live with the old woman in Sound Off. Fory is cordial, but Bloch denies everything. All the rest live happy-ever-after except Willis, but he's that way. The jealous fool doesn't know he's lost out.....a sprig of tradgy.

Now then, how did you like it....DON'T YOU GROWL AT ME! Here go chase this fanzine. I'll throw it...there it is...see right in side that cement mixer...good bye, and you welcome.

Now then Cynthra, we are alone...Cynthra! Cynthra! where did she go...Cynthra!! C Y N T H R A !

As ever lovin yers,



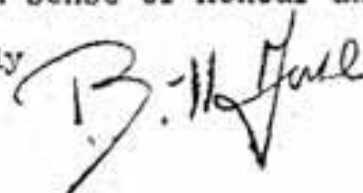
Uhhh -- this Cynthia; is she any kin to Chloe?

BILL MORSE; 10 Sunnyside, Edenbridge, Kent, England

Dear Shelby

I am forwarding to you, under separate cover, a document which will cause you serious concern and dismay. It will, I trust, reach you in time to be printed before the Tasfic, so that all fandom may know the true story of one of the most daring plots of the century. I have given long thought to the matter and, though it grieves me (I know so many of the people concerned) I have no choice but to expose their nefarious scheme. I am trusting to your well-known sense of honour and justice to print it in its entirety.

Sincerely



Don't worry; I'll print it. I'll print it, even tho I'm fairly certain it mentions me. I'll print it because, naturally, everyone will think it is a joke. No one will know the truth...

DICK RYAN; 224 Broad St, Newark, Ohio

Dear Svick,

I got one of those cards on the WAW gag. It was so crudely done that I don't think anyone would fall for it, but it teed me off, anyway. I'll probably make some cutting remark about the hoax in the Willish if I can get a good edge on my knife. I really think, tho, that a meat ax is more in order.

Yours,



STEPHEN F SCHULTHEIS; 238 Trumbull Ave SE, Warren, Ohio

~~1/24/81~~

~~1/24/81~~

Dear Vick,

Yessirree Bob (or Robert -- I certainly do enjoy his letters, how much per word are you paying him -- you filthy huckster -- pros in your fanzine yet -- I should call it a fanzine????)

Yessirree Bob (I reiterate) CONFUSION # 7 certainly lived up to its name. Ha! Ha! (i laugh.) What a wit ye ed is. Who but Vick could have thought of leaving page 5 blank: the middle page, 2/5 of the 6th Plinth BLANK; the best part of the best column (DON'T hit me, Lee) B L A N K !!! Confusion? Sob! i laugh

Who else but that wonderfully witty, famous fan, Shelby Vick, would have thought of starting his vastly amusing editorial:

IN THE MIDST OF CONFUSION

vick

subtitle one:

---Flight to Confusion

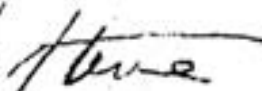
and then left the rest of the ENTIRE PAGE B L A N K only to start in the middle of a paragraph on the next page. The sexy (ooh, dirty word!) babe did NOT make up for the loss of those deathless, gold (or campbell)en words. Confused? Amused? i laugh ha ha

Who but the brightest (well, lit up, anyway) Flame of Fandom (in Florida), the Eternal Effervescence of the Fannish Fountain of Youth (Whouth, meeth? Yeth, youth!) Who but S:H!E!L!B!Y!!!!V!I!C!K could have thought of assembling his fanzine so that the pages run 21,20,23, 22,24; and then have the surpassing genius to number only 21 and 24. Confused? YER DAMNED RIGHT I WAS CONFUSED! Amused? Sob! i laugh  
h a h a

Oh Favored One on the right paw of Roscoe, Oh Blessed One of His Mighty Tail. Oh One exalted lesser only unto the beloved R-trap, am I, Thy 'umble subscriber, never to read page 11 of Thy shining works (it was one of the orange pages) nor page five of the epistle writ to Thee from the Elder at Ireland (North)? Oh, say it not so!

In other words, you cagey li'l Florida-type critter you, how about sending me a copy of that blahsted 7th issue of cf. with all the pages in it.

~~Ys/ty/d/d/d/y~~  
Yours truly,



Blame it on Bloch!

A/2C RUSSELL WATKINS; Bos 557, Hq Sq 36SQAFIW, Sampson AFB, NY

Dear Shelby,

I just recieved your Confusion #9 and frankly -- I'm confused. /Glad to meetcha; I'm ShelVy./ I can't understand how come I've missed such a good fmz. I can't understand how you can afford to sell such a fine fmz for 5¢. /Oh, the answer to that's easy. I can't./ I can't see how you obtain such excellent material. I can't see how you do such beautiful artwork on stencil. I can't understand----well, just anything about it.

Your mag has a personality and flavor about it that makes it compare with Q, Spacewarp, and other great fmz.

Fanzines come and fanzines go,  
Fanzines die and fanzines grow,  
But yours is the first I've seen rise  
So quickly to the top of fandom's skies.

(A new Gateway song, maybe?)

Your contents page is quite unusual. I hope you keep up the different twists each issue. It makes the contents page more than just wasted space which it is in so many fmz.

Fanstuff Pilau, by Hoffman, doesn't appeal to me so greatly. I like her better in her own zine.

I forgot to mention the cover. It showed good shadework. I was particularly delighted to see a femme on a fmz cover that is very decently dressed. I don't know who did the cover, but even if Keasler did it, it's good.

I, of course, enjoyed "Willis Discovers America." I'm still waiting to see a Willis zine containing all Willis material put out by a US fan.

I can't understand another thing; (here I go again!) why in the world did you mess up such a good issue with that Ray Nelson thing on page 7? Oh, heck, I guess that's just the CCF in me.

Hammond's column is very fine. This is the kind of fan column I like to read. He's really on the ball, to.

Bill Morse's article was quite interesting. I would like to see more items along this same line iffen you can get them. Good writing, Bill.

Yes, I'd certainly like to see more cartoons by Levin. The sooner the better.

In the Midst of Confusion was a better editorial than is normally found in fuz. I like particularly its length. I liked your Indiana trip. Wish I could've gone. Must've been some shindig. The Invention was pretty hot, too.

Nice to here from Cal again. Bloch's letter very amusing. The rest all worthwhile.

Til I see what's up your sleeve next,

Best wishes,

*A/IC Russell Watkins*

To that 5¢ deal again -- I feel it's only fair to warn you; cf. is going to a dime within another few issues. Perhaps #12. It's been held to a nickel for only one reason -- I knew the first handful of issues would lose quite a little money, anyway, but I didn't want to just give it away. So it went for a nickel, and we were happy when we got enough nickels to even pay postage. If we had it the way we'd like, the nickel would remain. Seems like fandom needs something like that (much more effective than simply giving it away, too. Somehow, a zine that's free -- no matter how wonderful -- seems to lose something.) Dentists, however, like money. They seem to have the idea that money is good for something. Especially my dentist. So cf. has to go on a slim budget. And has to start trying to make some money. Now, if we start selling enuf adspace (80¢ per full page, 50¢ half, two bits for a quarter) cf. could remain 5¢, anywae. But we aren't optimistic about that. Tho we ARE offering the added inducement of a discount for ads run three times, with an increased discount for those run six times or more.

The point of the whole thing is that enough people have seen cf., by now. I'm all but thru sending out sample copies (tho I'll still send one on request, notch.) We're getting greedy -- we've had our taste of blood, and now we want more... (Us and the dentist -- right, Dr Carpenter?)

Glad so many of you like the idea of fun on the contents page. You came pretty close to our exact feelings on the matter, Russ.

And you mention an all-Willis fanzine. Wassamatter? You haven't heard? They're called Willishes. David Ish, Gregg Calkins, Dick Ryan and Dave English are all putting out one -- that's SOL, OOPSLA!, IED & FANTASIAS, in that order they cost only two bits each, and it goes to help buy Willis' ticket. There, you'll find not only Willis reprint material, but original Willistuff, too. And other highly entertaining things on or about the talented Irishfan. You'll find their addresses elsewhere in this. ...I had, incidentally, been planning on making #10 exceptional not only in content (got the guy -- bragging, already!) but reproduction, too. However, the slick paper didn't get here, and we never had a chance to get the typer repaired so it'd turn out better, clearer impressions (this is a portable Remington. Portables don't stand up very well under such heavy use. Besides cf., I also use Rem for my correspondence.)

Then you, sir, go and mention the Invention. You cad! I'm a bit peeved with that ill-begotten affair. Probably because Shapiro's Bachelor organization raised more doughnations than did the Willis Campaign. I definitely favor the more lucrative InLaCon.

Looks like I've wandered a little, here. Blame it on a shortened Midst.

If you'll kindly look to the next page, we'll get on with this.



WALTER A WILLIS; 170 Newtownards Road, Belfast, N Ireland

Dear Shelvy,

There's no clue as to who did your cover, but it looks like a Keasler job, from that picture of Madeleine on the cover. This is going too far. If Madeleine sat for it, I'm not going to stand for it.

*Well*

...and on this ominous note, we close. (Better renew that head insurance, Keasler.) Multifluous apologies to Cal Beck, JWFillinger, Dave Hammond, Jan Romanoff, Hal Shapiro, and all kinds of other extravagantly nice pipples who wrote in either too late or too long. Hope to have these difficulties straightened out by #11, so we can treat the letters in a fittin' manner. Safest bet is to get your letter in before the 10th of July.

## WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM THE CREW?

**W**ANTED TO REMIND YOU, first, about the different collection points. There's Forrest Ackerman, 915 S Sherbourne Dr, Los Angeles 35, Calif. There's Manly Banister, 1905 Spruce Ave, Kansas City 1, Mo -- and for you on the Northwest coast, there is G H Carr, 5319 Ballard Ave, Seattle 7, Wash. A, B, C -- All Back the Campaign!

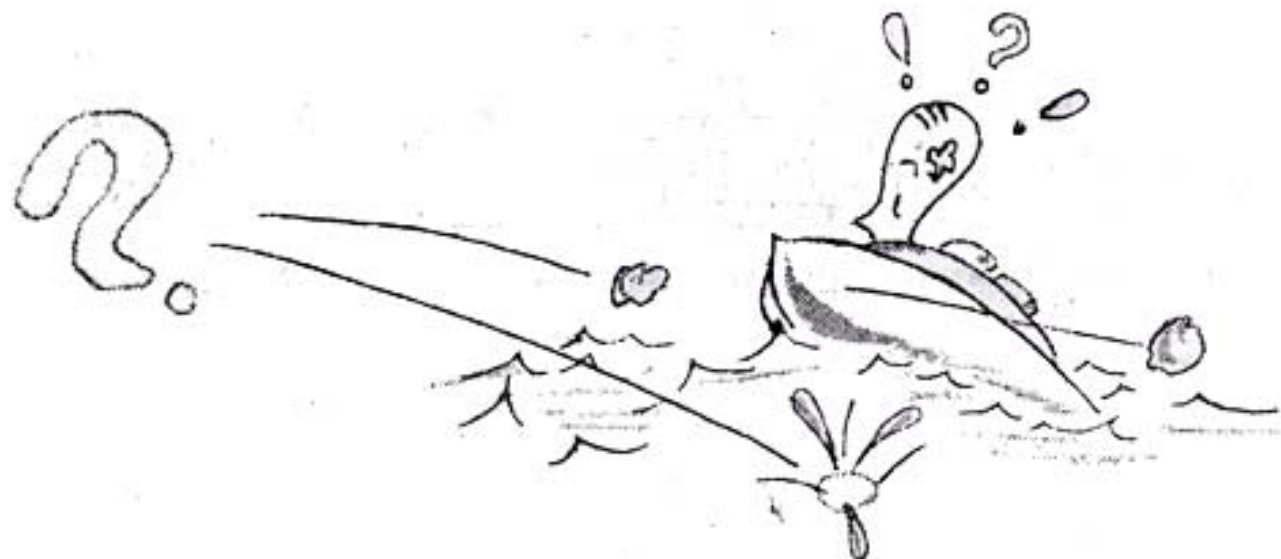
Remember, too, the Willishes -- each editor is a collection point in the sense that, if you want a Willish and want to send in a nice doughnation for the ish instead of the quarter, you send it to the editor of the desired Willish and he sees that you get one.

**A**LSO OF INTEREST is an offer made by Ron Friedman, editor of Current Science Fiction Weekly. Says Ron -- whoever sends in \$2.50 or more for a chance on the mummy-o gets a FREE sub to CSFw! So for that \$2.50 you get two (and a half) chances on Ackerman's books, as well as the chance on the mummy-o -- and now, this offer added to it! And this is automatic -- whenever you send a doughnation of \$2.50 or more, your name and address is forwarded to Ron, and your sub goes into effect that week.

It's a neat little newszing; photolithed.

**W**E HAVE SOMETHING ELSE, TOO -- at the Tasfic, you might like to have something to show that YOU doughnated. So there will be emblems for you to wear. These will be distributed before the Tasfic begins.

**AID IN THIS CORNER** -- on the opposite page, that is -- we have an interesting ad, writing by Mr F J Carr, who hadn't heard of The Original PROXYLOO. 'Sreprinted, thru courtesy of G H Carr, who kindly sent me the stencil.



## SOMEBODY'S ROCKING THE BOAT

**T**HERE was a seemingly innocuous slip of card board (official PO 2¢ type) in the box. It was poorly mimeographed. It said:

FLASH!

We regret to inform you that the well-known Irish fan, Walter A. Willis, is dead. He passed away at his home in Northern Ireland, at the hour of 9:30 A.M. on Thursday, May 15th. The doctor said he died of diphtheria, a disease from which he had been suffering for some time. The Chicago Convention will honor his death by cancelling the Banquet, and by limiting the auction to quiet bidding. Most fanzines will have a memorial issue, which will be for sale only to fans who contributed to the "WAW with the crew in '52" fund. Fans who contributed to the "WAW with the crew in '52" fund, send your name and address to Shelby Vick, and he will return your money. All fanzine publishers are asked not to treat this announcement as a hoax, but to give it full consideration and to announce it in his own magazine, so that fans may know of this throughout the nation and world. Yours, An Interested Fan Who Is Willing to Pay Postage For These 6ds.

I understand that Peter Graham, of San Francisco, is the one who thought these quoted cracks were funny. But it seems that this Graham cracker had the wrong idea, or a mistaken sense of...humor? Not to mention a hoard of misinformation. Since then I've received several letters from Walt, the latest one sent the 8th of June. If he's dead, he's a most vigorous ghost-writer... We could be wrong in the identity of AIFWIW-TPFITC, but at least Graham hasn't denied it. ...Incidentally, we're still planning on flying Walt over, but if the reservation isn't made within the next two weeks...Splash, splash.

# PROXYBOO, LTD. Offers a

## CONVENTION SPECIAL!

For a limited time only, you, too, can obtain a CONVENTION PROXY!

Is your time too crowded, your purse too flat to attend the Conventions in person? Don't let that get you down -- hire a CONVENTION PROXY! Proxyboo, Ltd., offers a guaranteed proxy in a wide choice of size, color and sex. (Our California Branch specializes in non-standard models, if desired.)

IT IS NO LONGER NECESSARY FOR YOU TO SUFFER THE PANGS OF HANGOVER, BANKRUPTCY, EMBARRASMENT, LOSS OF TIME FROM WORK! Our Proxies can do it for you!

"Do what?" you may ask -- As part of the Convention Service offered by PROXYBOO, LTD., the proxy of your choice will:

1. Drink other peoples' liquor
2. Obtain oodles of autographs
3. Get Dianetically auditioned
4. Ascertain personally whether your favorite fanzine editor is a "he" or a "she"
5. Punch Redd Boggs in the nose
6. Hide under beds
7. Puke in appropriate washbowls
8. Tour the red light districts (unless this service is provided by the Hotel Management)
9. Interview whichever ENF you have a "crush" on.

And, especially for CHICON II - Tastic -

10. Our proxies, (any sex), will fawn on Walter Willis, laugh noisily at his jokes, pretend to understand his brogue, and flaunt \$2.50 receipts from Shelby Vick. (Please specify how many you want flaunted)

Our service also includes a detailed report published in the fanzine of your choice - with or without pix.  
READ ABOUT YOUR CONVENTION ACTIVITIES -- EVEN THOUGH you stayed at home!

DONT WAIT UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE - RESERVE YOUR PROXY NOW!

Our Motto

Be Safe! Use

# PROXYBOO, LTD.

Send inquiries to Convention Dept.  
c/o F. J. Carr, Manager

Paid Advertisement

# AFTERWORDS

Doing it again. So many things I wanta add. Like, Anne Shan was my mother, Anne Shelby Vick. She figgered she could combine names; use Anne, then the Sh from Shelby, and add an abbreviated 'an' from her first name. She did the cover thish and, in number 12, did the portraits of Bloch, Burwell, LeeH and Gem. She was quite talented. You shoulda seen some of her paintings! And thish contains one of her poems. Multi-talented!

There's another Photoshop trick I use. It has a Magic Wand. If there's a blotch or a blue you want to remove, touch it with the Wand and it's selected. Then (after being sure the color chosen is the color of the page) take the Paint Bucket over to it and click. It'll fill the area selected with the page color!

So far, on this one, I haven't re-typed anything -- but there's lotsa words I corrected. I even cleaned up some typeover areas that were wrong, where the corflu didn't completely remove the letter I had typed over. I sat the pencil point Real Small and used the page color to wipe out the remains of the supposedly-removed letter. (Again, if any completist was The Actual Original, just let me know!

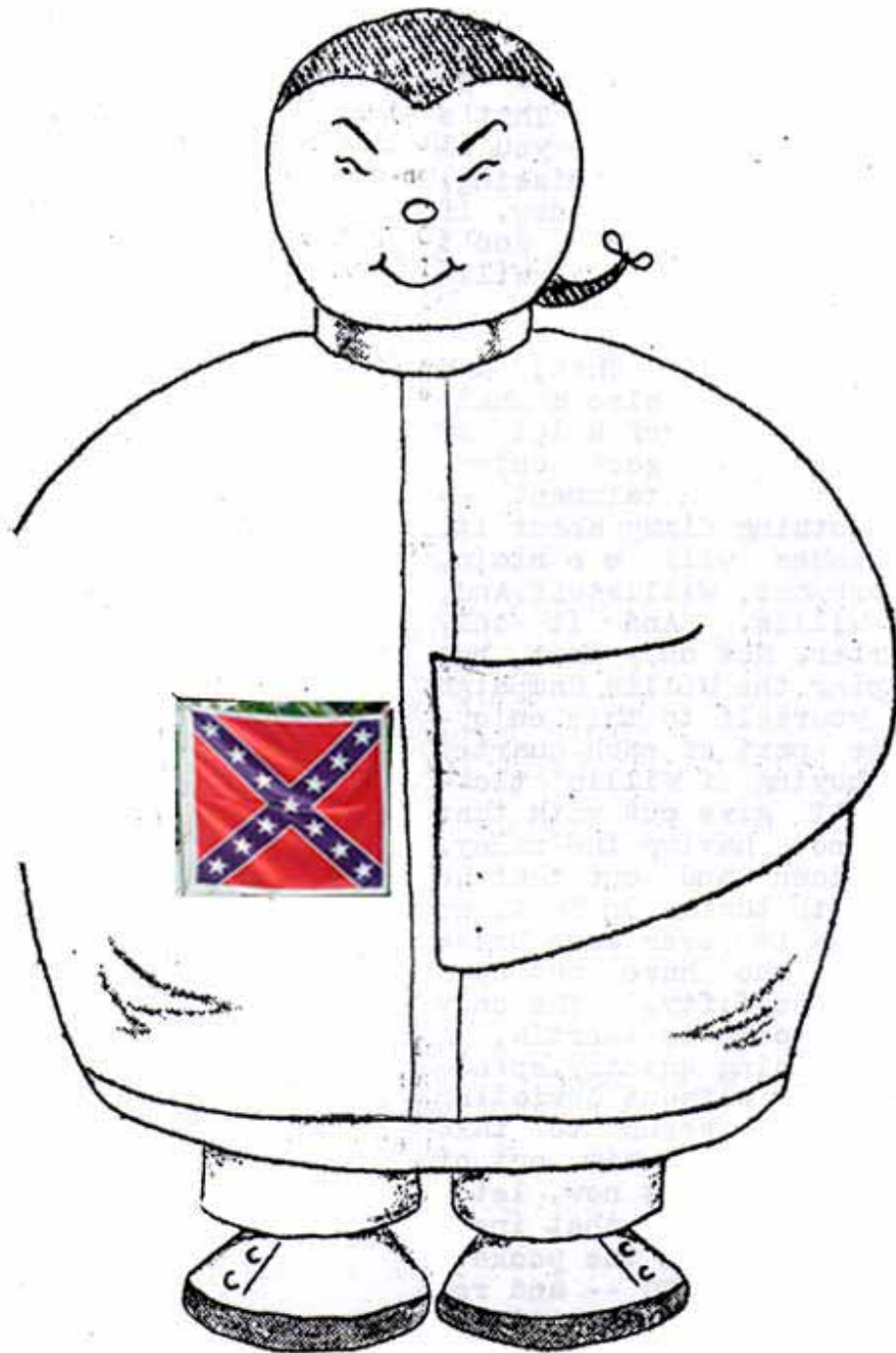
Now, I'm not redoing the entire issue. It's just that, sometimes when I'm working close, if I see something wrong I try to fix it. Then that leads to another, and -- but you get the idea. Usually, I have two colors available -- white and black. I can switch between them as I work, using the white to clear up blobs, using the black to fill in letters. Thank Ghu for the 'redo' button; time and time again, I'll be switching task and forget to switch colors. Suddenly a blob is BIGGER instead of smaller! Or I would be using the fingertip Dot Remover and accidentally destroy part of a letter. I hit 'redo' and start over. Don't bother writing about how I missed this, that or the other. Some pages get little attention 'cause they're not THAT bad. . . .

***Page numbers are unreliable!!!*** This has been put together to the best of my ability, and I've made minor changes as well as attempts to clear up the reproduction, but I am NOT going to re-number the pages! I had been saving them with different numbering systems, but usually had 'cover' as 'cover.tif' or 'cfcover.tif' but then 'bacover.tif' comes first, the way my program saves things. So, starting thish, I am saving by sheets! That is, the cover for thish is 'cf10sht01.tif' So the actual page number isn't referred to, but -- they come in order!

About the unintended blobs and such: Sometimes I leave them in place on artwork; makes really interesting shading!

Could anyone catch me uptodate on what became of Max Keasler, Dave English, Dave Hammond, Bob Morse and others who were in this issue? I tried googling, and found a Dave English who is not ours. Found a Dave Hammond but couldn't verify, and ditto with Bob Morse.

# Something Up Our Sleeve



For LEE HOFFMAN



Hey, you! cf.  
(Yas, you!) box 493  
lynn haven, fla

You don't want to miss having a collector's item, and for only two bits -- do you? That's what you'll be missing, you know, if you don't get a Willish.

That, and also a whale of a lot of good entertainment --

and there's nothing fishy about it. All the Willishes will contain, first and foremost, Willistuff. And, stuff about Willis. And it only costs a quarter. Not only that, but you are helping the Willis Campaign by treating yourself to this enjoyment; a large part of each quarter goes to the buying of Willis' ticket. And DON'T give out with that stuff about not having the money. NO fan is so down and out that he can't part with that. In fact, we know of quite a few even more broke than ourselves who have put up a buck, or even two-fifty. The only thing to be overcome is inertia. A fan is used to going quietly, speedily along his way without deviating for anything. It seems to take quite a blast to stir him out of his predestined path. But now, let's add a little friction to that inertia-- a certain drag on the pocketbook. Reach down and DIG -- and remember, a nice doughnation receives a Willish just as well. Simply send it to the editor of whichever Willish you prefer, and there you are.

Quarters that are sent to box 493 with request for a Willish will be sent to the other eds in alphabetical order (first, FANTASIAS; next, MAD, then OOPSLA! and then SOL) unless a specific Willish is requested.

40



G. M. CARR  
6319 BALLARD  
SEATTLE 7  
WASH.