

CONFUSION

BOX 493
LYNN HAVEN, FLA

vln12 NOVEMBER 10¢						
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In a life crammed with thrills and excitement, one memorable date looms impressively before me. April 5th, 1917 stands out -- probably because it was the day I was born.

The next 17 years were wasted before I managed to sell my first story to a pro magazine.

Since that time the thrills and excitement began -- I allude, of course, to the reactions I've gotten from reading fan magazines. Ever since making my first sale, people have been sending me these fascinating hunks of literature.

It has been marvelous to watch the progress made in the last 18 years. I started by reading such archaic publications as FANTASY and THE FANTASY FAN -- magazines which would mean nothing to present day fandom, as they were printed in English, contained few typographical errors and no misspellings at all. Besides, they quaintly devoted their pages to consideration of fantasy and science-fiction writing.

Since then has come progress; Ackerman and his puns, Laney and his feuds, then the introduction of "Foo" and "Ghu" and finally the titanic triumphs of Hoffmanism, Keaslerania, Vickdom, and Willisetics.

I can scarcely imagine what will happen next...where fandom and fan publishing can possibly go from here. But I expect, if I manage to keep selling for another 50 years or so, to continue to get fanmags and subscribe eventually to my pet project --- The next big fund-raising campaign, to SEND WALT WILLIS TO THE MOON.

...robert bloch



The LASFS zine, SHANGRI-LA, supplies enough of the vital details about this fellow (including the picture above.)

"Forrest J (no period) Ackerman became a fan on November 24, 1916, here in LA, at the age of 0. His first splash in the stef world was in 1929 in San Francisco; he won a newspaper-sponsored kids' story contest with of course, a first-rocket-to-Mars story...He was also associate editor of Time Traveller, the first fanzine. Listed over his name in the TT first issue are those of Mort Weisinger and Julius Schwartz, who went on to the prozine business in New York."

The article (Drawn & Quartered, Shaggy's fanfile) goes on to tell about Forry's Eire-flight to meet Walt Willis, last year. (Incidentally, it seems that Forry is the one who pioneered in the field of Big-Ponding. He started the original Big Pond Drive back several years ago to bring Ted Carnell across from England.)

Still on personal matters, Forry is married to a wonderful little lady known as Wendy who must be very patient and who must often wonder whether she married a man or a library. (You've probably heard of Forry's two garages full of mags and books...? When he moved, it took the entire LASFS to get his collection "plus or minus several hundred" to the new location.

Twenty of those books, in mint condition, were put up for raffle, at a dollar a chance. By now you've probably read the list in cf. several times. Impressive. And it helped impress the fact on fans that they weren't only getting Walt Willis for their money, but a chance at even more materialistic gains.

So that's Ackerman -- BNF, agent, writer -- and genius, most likely.

...shelby vick



I first began to gather engrams back in 1914 . . . something better than 38 years ago, by a few months, and I have a fine crop for anyone who wants any. All I've done since the beginning, disgustingly, is to grow. My home stomping ground is the Pacific Coast, vicinity Portland, Oregon, where vain attempts were made to educate me in the local knowledge shops and Reed College. Not much of what was to be taught, fortunately, was made to stick. I spent the war with the Fleet Marine Force, and was with the Sixth Marine Division when we made such a mess of Okinawa. I spent too many years writing radio continuity, and continue to spend too many years writing catalog and advertising copy for the Western Auto Supply Company. (Bloody huckster, that's me).

In fannish activities, I published Nekromantikon (The) for five issues, as one or two people know. Had the pleasure a week or so ago of observing a story written by a contributor of Nekro (F. Anton Reeds) in Cosmopolitan Magazine. A case of "from the ridiculous to the sublime".

I am married and have two small daughters, Nikki Lea and Zoe Michele, 9 and 6 respectively. I lived in a many-gabled, ancient house affectionately known as Garbage Gables (when I'm in a good mood about the place.)

Biologically I am male - or else I have fooled one hell of a lot of people. Five feet nine, 150 pounds. Disposition, nervous and irritating (yes, irritable, too).

Well, what else? ... Are you still with me? ... guess that's the enuf to turn the stomach of any red-blooded strong man.



How do you say nice things about a guy without embarrassing him?

Take this Henry Burwell fellow. I'm writing this about him NOT because he's modest, but rather because he doesn't know anything about this. It's intended as a surprise to him, and I'm now faced with the problem of keeping it a surprise, but pleasant.

Henry, of course, is modest. He'd be one of the last to tell you that he has done so much for the Willis Campaign. --Tho actually, there are plenty of people he wouldn't have to tell -- for inst, everyone he met at Indian Lake knows that he donated a Cartier original to be raffled off for the benefit of the WC. They know, because they most likely bought a ticket from him. Everybody he met at Chicago knows, also -- and for the same reason, tho this time much more elaborate; this time there was a framed cover from AMAZING (which he bought at the InLaCon) an original donated by Ian Macauley and a Rogers original from Richard Bergeron.

But that isn't all.

That is merely on the more obvious side. He also donated the slick paper on which this issue is printed. And he used his press to run off the zinco of Manly Banister that heads Manly's page.

--And back to Chicago for a minute. Were you there? Were you one of the thirty or forty who wore a lil' yellow ribbon with a green WAW on it? Or if nothing else, you saw others wearing them.

You guessed it. Printed by Burwell.

To say nothing of the trip or three that he made to Lynn Haven to inquire about and help out on the WC. Youse is a good boy, Henry.

...shelby vick



Is there anything that can be said about Lee Hoffman that would be new?

You know, of course, that Lee Hoffman is a girl. You know that she edits QUANDRY, familiarly abbreviated Q, 'Fandom's Leading Swampzine' and is the creator of li'l peepul.

Also, you probably know that Walt's first American column was THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE, in Q.

What else is necessary?

Well, suppose we sum up her WC record. Back in Q#20 appeared the first full-page ad for the Willis Campaign to be in any fanzine other than Confusion. And then came the offer of four Qs free to whoever would send Lee a dollar for the WC. And then, a LIFETIME SUB to Q in return for a ten dollar doughnation. \$12.80 of La Hoffman's own personal moo-la entered the campaign, and she can claim legal responsibility for at least \$38 more.

--Also, aside from the listed \$12.80 there were chances Lee bought on the raffle at the InLaCon, which go unlisted because it was impossible for us to get everybody that bought the tickets. Also, that was not considered a straight doughnation, but rather a something-for-something deal. (EVERYbody got something. A raffle ticket for a souvenir, if nothing else...)

What else, about Leeh? Well, apologies for the picture, for one thing. Nothing short of a photograph could really do Lee justice...

Leaving nothing to say but that she'll be back at her old FANSTUFF PILAU post, next ish. This being the commemorative, and a short issue at that, most columns were left out.

...shelby vick



Now, this is the story of a real Gem. 'Gem' Carr.

Take a look at the list. There, in fourth place, we find her -- the first ten dollar donation. And way back there, there was nothing that could so boost the hesitant ego. This was in the days when the real support for the Willis Campaign was coming from the women. We were beginning to worry; wouldn't it make Madeleine jealous?

However, I guess Madeleine knew what nize pipples such fen as GM Carr were, at heart.

Besides the \$10 officially credited to her, Gem was responsible for \$14 more, in doughnations that came from others, thru her.

And remember Peter (the-slow-diptheria-death) Graham's post card that came out towards the last?

It had been out only a short time before Gem ran a 'FLASH!' postal of her own, giving a few facts that showed how silly the whole thing really was.

I don't know any of Gem's vital statistics. Aside, that is, from the fact that she's married to Mr. Carr, and that she's a darned nice gal. Which, of course, I don't have to tell any of you that met her at the Tasfic.

(Tho there IS one other thing I should mention, if I value my fannish way of life. Seems as how Gertrude is offically connected with the N3F -- the National Fantasy Fan Federation.)

As a personal note of news, those of you who knew about her bout with the elevator doors should be glad to know that she's okay now. Maybe you could get enough out of suing the hotel to finance your next con, Gem?

...shelby vick

THE THIRTEENTH

PLINTH

WALT WILLIS

I suppose it all started when I ended the 1951 Loncon report in the Quannish by remarking innocently that "Sometime it might happen, although I don't see how, that I might attend an American convention and see how it should be done..." Next thing I knew, Shelby Vick had started a whirlwind campaign to get me over for the Nolacon. After it had been whirling for a week or two ShelVy remembered to write and tell me about it. That was only a few weeks before the Nolacon and I figured it was only a piece of rannish foolishness. Even if by some wild chance anybody would contribute to such a scheme it seemed to me there would never be time to get the thing organized. Better to nip it in the bud now and save everyone trouble. So I airmailed ShelVy that I couldn't get away. Of course I could have. In fact, knowing ShelVy as I know him now, I sometimes think I might almost have got to the Nolacon after all.

After that blew over I assumed the thing was finished. You know what fan projects are. Or were. I knew about the previous Big Pond Fund raising only \$127 in three years, a large proportion of that contributed by Ackerman himself under assumed names. (Including that of F. Towner Laney!) But it was nice to think that even a couple of people had had the idea. I began to think hopefully that maybe if I fanned hard and saved money I might make it about 1958. But that was only a vague dream, just as every young fanned secretly visualises himself getting a letter one day from Street & Smith saying that they've been impressed by his editing and would he consider taking it up professionally...

I was still underestimating Shelby Vick.

But even after I'd had some experience of his amazing energy and determination and ingenuity I still didn't begin to take the affair seriously until Manly Banister intervened. Manly Banister is a man I regard with awe. If a thing is possible Manly will do it. The trouble was that I didn't think this thing was possible, and I'd been concealing it from him for fear he'd bust himself trying it. I don't know what I expected him to do when he found out, but that mimeograph shook me. I couldn't have felt more grateful to Manly than I already was, but I was plenty worried. I tried to reassure myself by re-reading that proviso ShelVy had put in about the mimeo lottery being off unless the money was raised, but I had an uneasy idea that he and Forry Ackerman and ShelVy wouldn't admit defeat. What I was scared of more than anything was that those three quixotic fools would be left holding the (empty) bag and feeling they had to fill it themselves in or-

der to keep a sort of promise to me. As for myself I was in a fear-some state of uncertainty. It all hinged on whether the campaign had a chance or not. If it had I should get behind it and push as hard as I could. If it hadn't, I should squash it before it went too far. I began to drop foreboding hints to ShelVY that I mightn't be able to get away from my work, paving the way.

It seems I was underestimating not only Shelby Vick, but fandom. The turning point was when ShelVY told me of Bea Mahaffey's offer on behalf of the Convention Committee to put me up in Chicago, and that fans were actually contributing to the fund. For the very first time it seemed to me that ShelVY might bring it off. I gave up SLANT and began writing as hard as I could for other fanmags. At one time I was writing a monthly column, a bi-weekly column, regular features in four other fanmags, occasional articles in another dozen or so, and letters of comment on every fanmag that came into the house. In my spare time I was turning out a mimeoed mag to prevent / subbers from complaining too hard, keeping up my correspondence and coping with hoaxes by Vince Clarke. I was so busy I nearly had to give up tennis. It got more difficult towards the end, not just because I was running out of ideas but because I was beginning to feel as if I was performing in a shop window. (WDA was a help there, being written in the third person.)

But it's all over now, and I have a restful few weeks in the United States to look forward to. The WAW WITH THE CREW fund has succeeded. (I still don't really believe it, but I'm finally convinced it's not an unusually elaborate hoax by Vince Clarke.) I still don't know how ShelVY did it, but I think I know most of the people I should thank. Manly Banister and Lee Hoffman and Forry Ackerman for a start. And Bea Mahaffey and the Con Committee. And Henry Burwell and Robert Bloch and GMCarr and Ian Macauley. And the Willisish editors, Gregg Calkins and Dick Ryan and Dave English and Dave Ish---not only for the time, money and trouble they spent on their special issues but for being understanding enough to avoid the "I'm-boosting-the-Willis-Drive-can-I-Have-a-regular-column-from-you-for-my-mag" type of approach of some other faneds, so thoroughly that I missed one of their deadlines and might easily have missed the others. And all the other fans who contributed money or time or publicity, most of whose names I don't even know yet. And even the ones that didn't, for not making a single hostile noise loud enough to be heard over here. I thank them all very sincerely.

And above all, that maker of fan history, Shelby Vick.

And by that I don't mean that me visiting the USA will be an historical event itself, unless as the anticlimax of the Century, but that I happen to have been the accidental focus of the first concerted and successful effort of science fiction fandom. It shows that fandom today is more capable and greater in every way than it has ever been. If it can do so much for one ordinary member of it, what couldn't it do for something worth while?

...walt willis

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Bloch: "I suppose you find America very big?"

WAW: "Yes, and I here there's some more of it behind the stockyards."

CONFUSION IN THE MIDST OF

Shelvy

Well it happened! Walt got here fairly well on schedule, thank to -- along with those already mentioned -- wonderful guys like Doc Montgomery, Ian Macauley, Steve Schultheis, our dentist friend in Elizabethton, L. W. Carpenter; PHEconomou; no need, of course to thank Nangee--that mimmy-o is all the thanks she will ever need! More thanx to Paul Cox, who gave the campaign it's first fanzine publicity (outside of cf that is) to Janie Lamb, Bob Farnham, Eva Firestone and probably dozens of others of whom I'll never know, who helped muchly by spreading the word thru letters--and this might be a good place to mention something about Janie; she, without a doubt, sent in the FIRST contribution. Why so doubtless? 'Cos she sent her buck in back in '51 when pledges were first asked for. Since the Campaign was to continue in '52, the dollar was retained! The first contribution to the '52 campaign was Nan Gerding. Two ladies. In fact, the ladies were the only ones to contribute for a long time. 'Twas late March before much cash started coming in at all.

Ron Friedman gave the WC quite a bit of free publicity. The bunch at Indian Lake were helpful for \$25.00 worth of cash in return for raffle tickets.

Richard Eney and Bob Briggs should be thanked for representing the WC at the meetings of the Washington group.

I know that Manly Banister already has a page devoted to him --but he wrote it himself, and naturally made no mention of his own activities in connection with the campaign. First and foremost, of course, there was his exceedingly generous donation of the electric mimmy-o (AB Dick it was!) to be raffled off. And on top of all that, he was responsible directly for the doughnation of \$20 from different ones. Not to mention all the laughs he generously strowed about with his "Saga of the Belfast BEM".

Bloch has a page to himself, too -- but I'd like to add one thing to his record; would like to say that I think he'd have deserved a page even if he hadn't contributed a dime. His letters were beyond value as morale boosters. There were times when I was ready to ditch the whole thing in despair -- then I'd get a letter from Bloch about the last ish and before I'd stopped laughing, I'd be halfway thru with another cf. and doughnations would be coming in again.

Vernon McCain should receive some sort of special thanx too, for the money he put out--he had to dig pretty deep to get his doughnation be-

cause of the financial hole dug by his glorious fling at pro writing. And there will always be those unknowns who helped with no thought of praise--even some who asked specifically that they NOT be given credit. Fandom is a peculiar thing.

And there was the welcoming committee that met Walt at NY. Cal Beck, Dave Kyle, Joe Gibson, Will Sykora and most of all leave us not forget Miss EESmith, who broke out in the nicest rash of special delivery letters at the end of things. HLGold helped quite a bit in making arrangements for the welcoming.

Thanx too, to AMAZING STORIES -- to my knowledge, the only prozine to give publicity to the campaign. (I say to my knowledge 'cos I can't get all the mags around here.)

Bea Mahaffey and all the members of the convention committee deserve a large vote of thanks for taking care of Walt's accomodations in Chi.

Unfortunately the cover and interior illustrations that were being raffled off as a finale at Chi, were lost. Henry Burwell had been doing quite a good job of getting rid of raffle tickets (he IS a salesman as many of the fen who met him at Chi. now can attest) when he realized his framed and mounted Saunders cover and Ian Macauley's interior illustration were gone. Tho it could hardly be said the loss was Hank's fault, he has said that he will supply a cover and interior from his own collection to the winners. (Cover to the first winner, interior to the second.) Then there is the third prize--a bundle donated by Richard Bergeron; a Rogers interior from Astounding, an excellent cover Rich did for SFNL and a couple of interiors from the same issue. See Back Talk for the three winning numbers.

Also there are the 20 mint books Forry put up--the name of the winner has been sent to Forry. To keep all the things like that together, the winner of the books will be named too, in Back Talk.

Now, that was about the Crew -- next, about WAW.

That's the bad thing about a big convention; at Chicago, there were so many hundreds of fen, most everybody got a chance to see Walt, but he had very little time to get acquainted with more than a handful. That in fact, was Walt's biggest disappointment.

Which tell more about Walt Willis than if I went on for another thousand words. (But I won't let that deter me!)

...or then again, maybe I will. There is so much more that could be said; yet I couldn't really begin unless I covered his entire visit to LH. I think perhaps tho' that you'd like to know Walt had a good time and that he was sincerely appreciative of fandom's generous gesture.

The campaign showed there's extra hearts as well as heads in fandom.

So, with only one subtitle, ends this Midst, and twelve glorious issues. Yeah, 'glorious.' I think they were fun...wonder what the next twelve will be like? Aweel; g'nite Gwen.



There is a fanzine called THE RAMBLING FAP.

It is by Gregg Calkins.

In it, there is all manner of personal data about Gregg Calkins from which I was going to garner details to put here, on his half of the WAWish editors' page. Know what happened? (Gregg can easily imagine; he's been here and seen Maelstrom II.)

I can't find it.

Regretfully, I'll have to write the personal details on him myself. It won't be very satisfactory, BUT -- here goes. Gregg Calkins was born some seventeen -- by now, I suppose, nearly eighteen -- years ago. And six very evenly spaced -- and one week-late -- issues ago was born OOP-SLA, his fanzine.

In between those evenly-spaced issues he put out a Willish -- cover by Lee Hoffman, THE HARP AND Q, a one page account by Lech on THE HARP's history, a reprint of THE HARP IN ENGLAND and additional Hunks of Willistuff.

It seems that the Calkins Willish had the largest distribution of any fanzine cooperating in this venture -- and it also seems, unfortunately that Gregg only ran off 50 copies, and gave out of copies well before giving out of requests. An occasional one still comes in.

...shelby vick



I have it on fairly reliable authority that I was born sixteen years ago in Dunkirk, New York, a town of 20,000 souls, an indeterminate number of people and no science-fiction fans. Because of this last, you may remark to yourselves that this was not a very smart move, but it must be remembered that I had no choice in the matter.

During those sixteen years I grew in stature and wisdom, as is customary. Then, at last, I was fully prepared to discover and appreciate science-fiction. I will not tell you that I found my first sfmag while collecting waste paper for the cub scouts. Some might consider it an attack on that organization.

From prozines, I passed on to fanzines, practically leaving the former behind to choke on my dust. Discovering that the fanzines wanted fiction from guys like me, I began to write fiction. I made quite a name for myself. True, I already had one, but this new name was quite different.

Of course, merely writing for fanzines was not enough. Oh, no. One year ago I stood on the verge of the brink, then I toppled into the Abyss (if I may be so trite). I began to publish a fanzine. Perhaps you didn't know that? Few people do.

...dave english

My interest in science fiction began about two years ago in the August of 1950, when I bought a copy of Other Worlds and Planet. Fandom came a little later at the first fan vet con, and the meeting of Gerry de la Ree. At the same time, I began subscribing to fanzines and fell into the trap that befalls many a neophan -- I wanted to fanzine publish.

The first issue of SOL was distributed in June of 1951, and has recently celebrated its birthday and Willis issue, by putting out 85 pages of material.

My personal interests are, Literature (all forms) Science Fiction (how gay, how unique, how different!) Classical Music, Poetry, Chess, Humor, Walter Willis, females, MoF&SF and most fanzines. I have no special favorite among fanzines, and among prozines I prefer MoF&SF and aSF. The best stories I've read are a toss-up between Universe, Nightfall, and Brave New World. My dislikes are popular music, narrow minded people, rabble rousers, lima beans, soft lead pencils and fanzine editors who hold my autobiography down to 200 words. (Only kidding Shelby.)

...dave ish



And then there's a fellow named Dick Ryan.

This guy (that's him, over in the left-hand corner) edits -- pardon, 'used to edit' -- a mad thing called MAD. Along with the assistance of a certain Dick Lippincott. There were only a regrettably few issues of M A D, and all of them were, delightfully so.

His was, without a doubt, the most colorful of the Willishes put out. The cover was by (surprise!) Lee Hoffman. Inside, there was WALTER WILLIS: A TRIBUTE, by Ermengarde Fiske; RR Lippincott's usual column, AROUND THE MOON, a short bit of farewell entitled THE LAST OF THE GLEEPS, by R M Rutledge, THE FIRST ISSUE by Bob Silverberg, the WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA continued from cf. #10; TASFIC FORCE, by James White LITTLE SMALL TOWN FAN, by Tom Covington and LETTERS by all number of people. Also impressive and humorous was Dick's ...the stream of the sub-onscious... editorial.

This -- in fact, ALL of the Willishes -- will most definitely become collectors' items

The #5 was the last MAD to be published (the press of college, and all that...) it is not the last that will be seen of Dick Ryan, who is distributing himself thru other fanzines.

...shelby vick

LIST

*Being a Final Accounting of Who,
How Much, and When--*

<u>Rec'd.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Amount</u>
?/7/51	JANIE LAMB	\$1.00
2/18/52	NAN GERDING	5.00
2/27/52	ORVILLE MOSHER	.50
8/15/52		1.00
3/15/52	GERTRUDE M. CARR	10.00
3/17/52	RORY M. FAULKNER	1.00
3/24/52	ROBERT BLOCH	5.00
7/11/52		10.00
3/26/52	IAN T. MACAULEY	5.00
4/9/52	POUL ANDERSON	1.00
5/24/52		1.00
4/9/52	STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEISS	5.00
4/9/52	CLEVELAND S-F SOCIETY	10.00
4/11/52	JOE GIBSON	2.00
	Plus two installments of .25, in two weeks.....	.50
4/30/52	JOHN DUNN	5.00
7/18/52		5.00
4/29/52	FORRY ACKERMAN	10.00
7/5/52		5.00
7/15/52		4.00
5/1/52	RON FRIEDMAN	5.00
5/5/52	DICK RYAN	5.00
8/30/52		2.50

5/5/52	H. HANDLOFF	\$.25
5/5/52	GILBERT COCHRAN	.25
7/5/52		.36
5/5/52	CHUCK HARRIS	1.00
5/10/52	MARK JOHNSTON	2.50
8/21/52		.25
5/11/52	LEE HOFFMAN	5.00
6/3/52		5.70
7/11/52		2.10
5/18/52	PAUL COX	5.00
5/20/52	S. W. BOWNE JR.	5.00
7/10/52		1.50
5/21/52	EVAN H. APPELMAN	2.50
5/31/52	J. T. OLIVER	1.00
5/23/52	RALPH BAILEY	3.00
5/24/52	JERRY BURGE	1.00
5/28/52	DR. D. C. MONTGOMERY JR.	2.50
7/10/52		10.00
5/29/52	S/SGT. H. E. SHAPIRO	3.00
6/2/52	BEN KEIFER	1.00
6/6/52	LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY	2.50
6/8/52	GREGG CALKINS	10.00
6/8/52	BOB SILVERBERG	.75
6/12/52	RICHARD ENEY	3.00
7/11/52		5.00
6/16/52	BILL VENABLE	1.00
6/25/52	EDWARD WOOD	1.00
6/29/52	DICK CLARKSON	1.65
6/29/52	BALTIMORE SCIENCE FICTION FORUM	1.00
7/3/52	P. H. ECONOMOU	1.00
7/4/52	VERNON McCAIN	5.00
7/11/52	DAVID ISH	12.50

7/12/52	DAVID SCHAFER	\$1.00
7/16/52	HENRY W. BURWELL JR.	10.00
7/18/52	MARJORIE HOUSTON	5.00
7/23/52	WASHINGTON SCIENCE FICTION CLUB	10.00
7/26/52	ELLIOTT ROCKMORE	.50
7/27/52	HARRY B. MOORE	1.00
8/8/52	K. MARTIN CARLSON	1.00
8/9/52	ADDIE HUDDLESTON	2.00
8/17/52	JEAN BRYANT BOGERT	15.00
8/17/52	DAVID ENGLISH	5.00
8/28/52		.75
10/2/52		.75
8/18/52	BOB TUCKER	10.00
8/18/52	DR. L. W. CARPENTER	2.00
8/21/52	FELICE PEREW	2.00
8/26/52	NORBERT HIRSCHORN	.50
8/27/52	JOE & JOHNIE GREEN	5.50
8/29/52	CARSON JACKS	5.00
8/31/52	FRANKLIN DIETZ	5.00

Beside the donations shown above, \$25.50 was added to the fund as a result of the fans at the InLaCon buying tickets for the raffling off of Burwell's original. Thanks too, to the numerous fans who supported the raffle at the Tasfic. Ditto, to Bill Hamling and the editorial staff of 'IMAGINATION' for the fifty dollars contribution he gave Walt when they were en route to California.

Since cf. did not put out a special WAWish, all quarters sent to me to that purpose were turned over to the four editors who did publish one, along with the coins sent for some specific WAWish.

O

At the Masquerade. Unknown fan: "How did you get here, Mr. Willis?"
WAW: "By bus."
Unknown fan: "What, all the way from Ireland? How'd you manage that?"
WAW: "Good windscreen wipers."



Pleasant echoes from the Willis Campaign...

Being some of the high spots from the campaign to bring a certain Walter Alexander Willis to the Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention. This is regrettably short and leaves out too many important letters that came in -- but it would take a complete issue of cf. to even begin reprinting them all. So, alphabetical to the last, we start with a very important letter from Manly Banister, dated February 25th, 1952.

MANLY BANISTER; 1905 Spruce Ave, Kansas City 1, Missouri
Dear Shelby:

I have been turning an idea over in my mind, which I should like to discuss with you before any steps are taken. So far, in our requests for donations, the donors have been offered nothing for their pains save pious self-satisfaction, if they can see their way clear toward it. In advertising, we try to play up a personal benefit for the buyer. I think if we should put up something of general appeal to fandom as a sort of prize, the idea would go over, so long as we don't make a raffle out of it and so run afoul of the law.

I have a model 96 AB Dick Mimeograph machine which I am willing to contribute to the cause. This machine, with 300 slip-sheets, has been used only to run five issues of Nekro. It is a large cabinet style machine with a quarter-horse electric motor, three speeds from about 75 to 120 impressions per minute. Automatic inking drum, automatic slip-sheeter, counter, automatic feed, and instruction book. The machine was reconditioned at the time I bought it. I can't sell it for anywhere near the price I paid for it, and I refuse to let some dickering letter-shop bilk me out of it at a ridiculous price. I would rather see it go to somebody in fandom.

You, of course, would do the drawing from the names of donors you have on hand when the deal is done. To make it more to the point, a definite deadline date could be set, so that the winner would know that shortly after that particular date he would receive notification and a little later, the prize -- in case the winner should be counting on it to make a deadline with THE LITTLE SPACESHIP QUARTERLY.

Let me hear your ideas on this soon, and we'll get it to floating. The announcement would work in beautifully with the idea you have for floating publicity in the various farmags.

Cordially,

Manly
Manly Banister

Then there was the time I wrote a certain Robert Bloch a flattering-type letter, cajoling a picture and write-up out of him, for this. I waited a decent interval of perhaps 48 hours, and then wrote another, this time reminding him that time was late and money was low -- and how about another ten dollars? In reply to the first letter, I received the

following flowery epistle:

ROBERT BLOCH; 740 N Plankinton Ave, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin
Dear Shelby:

I have not been of great aid to the Willis Campaign and therefore am not entitled to any egoboo. Use the space for your picture and your sketch...Xst knows, you are the guy who should get egoboo and plenty of it for what you've done and are doing. I regard it as one of the friendliest gestures that has ever come to my attention and commend you for it. Don't tell anybody, but I am inclined to think very highly of you because of your unselfish and generous devotion to this project. Even if you did sell storics...hell, we all make mistakes.

Let me know the dope on ditto's arrival and we'll see what we can do to turn his stay into a nightmare. For a starter, book him into a double room with the Bat...

Piously,

Robert Bloch

Then the aforementioned Bloch recieved my second letter and I recieved:

Dear Shelby:

I take back everything I said about you. You are just a goddam lowdown Confederate bastard, and if you think you can get another ten bucks out of me, I suppose you're right,

Anyhow, I enclose a check, and hope it bounces.

Just remember, this means I own roughly 2% of Walt Willis. I dunno what he weighs but let's figure about 150 lbs. minimum. This works out to about 3 lbs of flesh I got coming, and if you remember your MERCHANT OF VENICE, I want no tricks about not spilling blood, etc. I intend to carve off 3 lbs. from the Willis hide as a souvenir, come hell or high water. And I don't want none of them there spareribs or hocks, either; a good roast is the least I'll consider.

I shall say nothing of my private suspicions which are that you have figured out your own deal on this business: viz, you pocket the cash and Willis is told to swim across.

Wishing you the same,



Then a certain lady in Roseville, Illinois won the mimmy-o...

NAN GERDING; Box 484, Roseville, Illinois

Dear Shelby,

I've only now begun to calm down a little since receiving you airmail postcard last Thursday. It just didn't seem possible and I haven't yet thoroughly convinced myself that my name was actually drawn. I've never in my life had anything so absolutely wonderful happen to me. I received your postcard Thursday morning and then Thursday afternoon, I received a letter from Manly Banister, congratulating me and stating that he would have the mimeograph crated and shipped by the first of the week. Manly was very very thoughtful in that he told me when it would be shipped, how much the freight would be, and also said he would write later to tell me how to operate the automatic slip sheeter because that information wasn't included in the AB Dick handbook.

You know it's a good thing I received your airmail card before I did his letter--that way I had a little warning. If I had received his letter telling me he was shipping the mimeo right out of the blue, I probably wouldn't ever have recovered from the shock. As it is, I'm still walking in the clouds.

I don't even know who to thank first--you, Walt Willis, Manly Banister, all the others who sponsored the WAW Drive, or the powers that be or what. Oh me, and I mustn't forget CONFUSION either. Well, suffice to say that I'm thrilled to death and I thank each and every one of you--as sincerely and honestly as I know how to say it. I really can't put into words how I feel because, to me, a good mimeograph means more than any other one thing I can think of. I guess you're not supposed to end a sentence with a preposition or whatever "of" is called, but great Ghu, I'm so excited I can't be bothered right now with the rules of good grammar. Anyhow, thanks, thanks, thanks, from the bottom of my heart. (I think I have one.)

And to Walt Willis--may the Chicon be the high spot in a long and prosperous life.

Sincerely,

Margee

And finally, we have what must be the first important letter recieved. This one is dated July 31st, 1951. And comes from

WALT WILLIS; 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, N Ireland

Dear ShelVy,

HUH!!!!!!!!????? Me at the NOLACON? My imagination boggles, and I can tell you it takes a lot to make my imagination do that. In fact I just can't get on top of the idea at all. I am incoherent. But calming down for a moment, I can see that in the first place there would hardly be time to organise even such a worthy project and in the second place I would hardly win in the Most Popular Foreign Fan Contcst. Not this year anyway! (My money would be on Ken Slater at the moment...) So I don't think it's very likely that I'll be strolling along Basin Street this September, at which I am almost relieved. Almost. It has been my secret fanlife ambition to attend an American Convention, but I can't help thinking the awful thought that once the delegates get a good look at me they'd be trampling over themselves to get their money back. However Forry told me he was trembling like an aspirin at his first Con where he had to make a speech and look where he is now. Maybe in a year or so I would have the self-confidence for it, though it would be worse thinking that all those people had paid for you and were expecting something for their money. But all this is beside the point, which is that in any case I don't see how I could manage it this year (complications connected with my job) even if by some miracle the idea came off. In any case, many, many thanks, Shelby, for such a wonderful thot. Believe me I'd give ten years of my life to just be in New Orleans and meet you and Lee. It was awfully nice of you to think of me and I really do appreciate it. I swear that some time before I slide into dogage I will come over there and shake that sunburned hand of yours.

Sincerely,

Walt

AFTERWORDS

After? AFTER??? How about *fifty-three* years after? This must establish some kind of record for fanzine updates! Number Twelve was originally done 11/1952. This is December of 2005. .

You can credit Robert Lichtman for this, by the way. He had a couple of issues of cf. and scanned them, printed them, and sent 'em to me. Credit. . .or blame . . . him!

I suppose, in a way, I should call this Issue 12A, or something like that. But I won't. For one thing, it includes all the material from #12 with just this one addition.

Let me explain: It was probably easier doing the original, Way Back When. Others did a lot of the stencil work. But trying to keep the original intact – *and legible!* – was a murderous task. I used all I knew about Adobe Photoshop – first off, Enhance Automatic . Then I increased contrast and, sometimes, went to Variations and darkened it. And I found out that I LIED in the write-up where I referred to slip-sheeting. Scanners being as scanners are, they picked up the places where the ink from the precious sheet came off. . .but, no; couldn't have been that! Looked more like the scanner had picked up bleed-thru from the other side of the sheet! ANYway, SOMETHing came thru, and I spent lots of time wiping the bleed off. (I'm not saying I got it all, but I wiped out a lot, anyway.) But that wasn't where the real problem was; as is so often the case with mimeographed zines, many of the letters were awfully faint; some almost missing! I spent anywhere from a few minutes to MANY minutes doing corrections; taking the Photoshop pencil and filling in blanks; even actually copying a good letter elsewhere and then pasting it over a bad one. Once or twice, copied an entire word and pasted it over the original.

Takes time!

One page was so bad that I re-typed the entire page! Nan Gerding's letter was weak, so I re-typed just that part of the page, wiped the letter off the scanned page, printed the page without her letter, then printed the letter over it and re-scanned.

Time!

So why did I spend all this time? Well, Issue 12 was a landmark – it was put out to honor the completion of the Willis Fund, just a couple of months after Walt made it to America and Chicon! (In my limitless enthusiasm I had planned to get Walt over for the Nolacon, but. . .well, I started it May of '51 with no solid plans whatsoever, just thinking that all I had to do was get fandom notified, and the money would come flooding in – with no organization whatsoever!

Yeah. . . .

But, thanx to lots of luck, imagination and endless effort, fandom DID come thru, and it was proven that fan funds could work. Since then, *with* organization, TAFF was born, and DUFF and all the others that have brought overseas fans here or sent US fans overseas.

I'm glad to have been a part of it.

But what am I doing now? Well, I started Planetary Stories at <http://www.planetarystories.com> and, later, confuSon (son of confusion) which you can see on efanazines. And, with the help of Ned Brooks who supplied the scans, I've delivered Odd #9 to fanac and efanazines and have Odd #14 almost ready to go to them. Also, I found among my things Scientifantasy #4 – 1949 – and scanned it and sent it to both fanzine sites. Then Ned Brooks scanned his Scientifantasy #3 and sent it too me. And now I'm doing this.

The original *Something Up Our Sleeve* had a righthand sleeve pasted on it -- for those not In The Know, or old enuf to have seen it. . . .

In case you haven't seen confuSon, I'm going to include another thing I did with the help of Adobe Photoshop – a pic of my office with a puffin sitting in my chair. (Actually, you might also have seen it as part of my column for Arnie Katz' Vegas Fandom Weekly. I keep wanting to call it Vegas FAMILY Weekly, I guess because Arnie has melded the Vegas fans into one big family.)



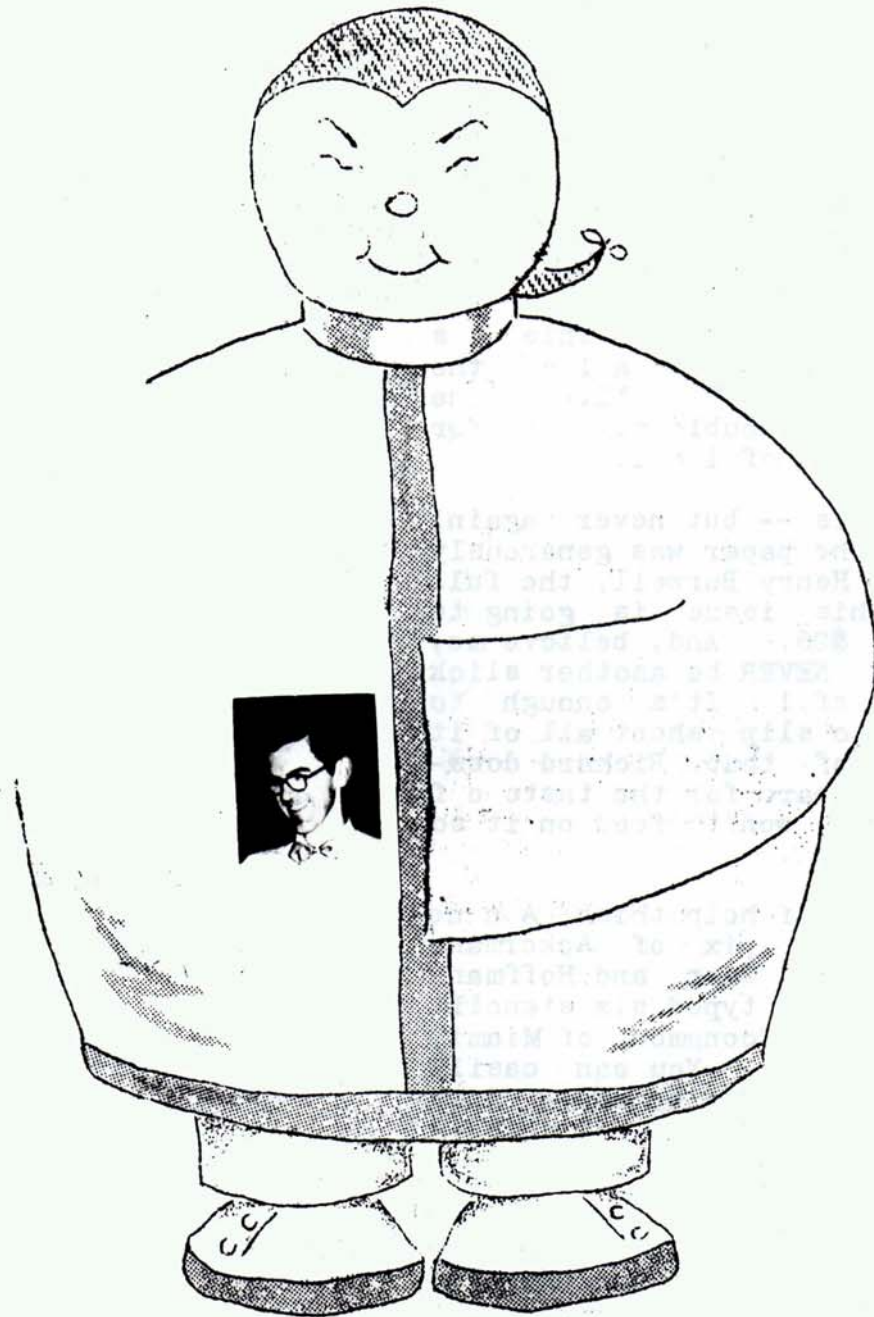
So – I've been busy.

I'm retired from my last job (my second retirement!) thanx to an auto accident. (My hospital stay extended beyond my sick leave, so I had no choice! Otherwise, I'd probably still be working there.) I've fully recovered, and probably spend more time on my computer (120 gigs, over 1000 megs of RAM, Windows XP Pro, cable connection – the works!) Have produced Planetary Stories 3, and 4 is nearly ready. Have produced confuSon 2, and 3 is nearly ready Let me

Being a Willis issue, let me close with this pic of Walt in my dad's truck – which, becos of its reluctance to start, Walt dubbed 'Truckulent.'



Something Up Our Sleeve



This time I'm using my head...



So that, finally, is that. Fin- is; ending 17 months of propa- ganda, work and -- yes, even fun. It's over, and we're probably not the only ones to breath a sigh of re- lief.

This is a 1 s o the 12th issue of cf., giving double purpose for a special sort of issue.

So here it is -- but never again! Even tho the paper was generously donated by Henry Burwell, the full cost of this issue is going to run over \$25. And, believe me, there will NEVER be another slick sheet in cf.! It's enough to just have to slip sheet all of it but on top of that, Richard doesn't seem to care for the taste of slick paper; won't feed on it so well...

We had a lot of help this; A n ne Shan did the pix of Ackerman, Bloch, Burwell, Carr and Hoffman. Orville Mosher typed six stencils for us and P H Economou, of Miami, did eight others. You can easily tell the ones typed by mc -- just find the splotchy, messy ones -- the ones with all them errors...

By the bye; That P H Economou is our new Ass't Editor. The pic of Banister was run off by Burwell; The cut Hank used was from SLANT.

But, in spite of all this help, we were a bit late this time. Y'see, it appears that photostamps can take quite a long while to be prepared. Quite...

4e's books go to Hal Shapiro; 55 and 64, second and third place in the Chicago business.

cf.

BOX 493

LYNN HAVEN, FLA

SENT TO:



G.M. CARR
5314 BALLARD
SEATTLE 7
WASH.

micrographed matter. return postage guaranteed.