



# CONFUSION

"THE NOVELTY FANZINE"

BOX #93  
LYNN HAVEN

v2n2 FEBRUARY 10c


C.F.  
100



10¢



10¢

# ART EXHIBIT

EXHIBITION	EXHIBITOR	STALL NO:
Art Exhibit	Rich Bergeron	
The Ballance Sheet	Shelby Vick	1
Beer & Buttermilk	Vernon L McCain	2
Gateway	J L Green	4
Address Delivered Before The Athen's Explorers' Club	Ergophobia	7
Neophytis	LWCarpenter, DDS	8
S_x & S-F	Dave Hammond	10
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Something Up Our Sleeve		

# CONFUSION

"I'm Being Framed!"

v2n2

THE NOVELTY PAMPHLET

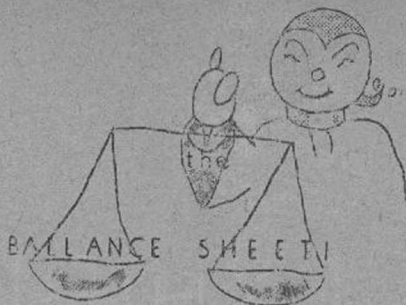
#14

On The Cover -- This time, we have a three-way double feature; art by Bergeron, ditto by Larry Anderson, mimmy-o (beneath & tree on ditto work, by yrs trly. I had a bright idea of something to try on mimmy-o; it didn't work out. Rich Bergeron suggested having Larry ditto the red, blue & green & mimmy-o just the tree. Tell me -- how's it look? As of this writing, I haven't yet seen it; waiting on Larry...

Confusion, v2n2, now 10¢, is put out sometimes (if you're polite, you'll call it monthly) from Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla; Shelby Vick ed, PHEconomou ass't ed, Erl Shapiro ass't ed (one's assistant ed, the other associate ed, but I got 'em mixed up and forgot which) Joe Green, poetry ed. Any resemblance between Confusion's art and that hung in the Metropolitan Gallery is purely ridiculous. ...cribbage, anyone?

special  
feature

BOB SHAW'S "RETURN OF THE SPACE BOGGLE"



So now we've all had our merry Christmas and happy New Year. And our hangovers. And we've had our latest QUANDRY, SF BULL, and PENDULUM. And our cf. #13. And I can guarantee you, no one has felt half as relieved to get over a hangover as I have to get #13 in the mail. The thing was a lot of fun and, if it had been on good paper, wouldn't have been quite as much work. But still -- 60-page fanzines! Gahhh! The assembling alone was more than I want to get into for a while... And whilst on #13, I might mention that Lee Hoffman stenciled FANSTUFF PL-LAU; always does. Even so, if I intend to have the Balance Sheet complete, I should allus make mention of such.

...now, for thish. Shapiro is supplying and typing a lot of stencils for us; even typing up what little material we have on hand for #15. Sort of a last-minute burst of activity while he still has the Army typers available. (He hopes to be out before much longer.) While speaking of Shapiro's typing -- according to some female fans, it isn't only on the typer that Hal uses the touch system...

PHEconomou is doing a batch of stencils for thish, too. And becos of that, we are after all, having justified edges on editorial-type stuff. Of course, SO! is unjustified, and will ever remain so.

BOB SHAW CUT THE STENCILS FOR "THE RETURN OF THE SPACE BOGGLE". BOB SHAW CUT THE STENCILS FOR "THE RETURN OF THE SPACE BOGGLE". BOB SHAW, BOB SHAW, BOB SHAW, BOB S...

Furthermore, Walt Willis cut the stencils for his report. (#15)

Egad, but I had it easy thish! Why, we even had monetary help! Doc Carpenter (recognized in SO! thish) sent in some authentic green stuff.

And our request -- nay, our pleas! -- for ads did not go unheeded. Matter of fact, it brought in more results than are immediately apparent. Take a look thru cf.'s pages to see who responded -- and then wait until #15 for further results. I might mention that these 'further results' have the added advantage of being something lots of you out front there can benefit from...

Seems a few of you had trouble recognizing the signature on the clever cartoons such as the one on page 3. -- Is Naaman, short for Naaman Peterson.

...and I'd like to venture a prediction -- that when Lee returns this summer, it will be with a bang.

(Watch Confusion for works of professional cartoonist)

# BEER & BUTTERMILK

V L MCCAIN

Most of you probably read of the projected use of UNIVAC by CBS to predict the outcome of the election from early figures. But did you hear what happened during its use?

It seems with only a million or so votes counted UNIVAC predicted Eisenhower would garner 439 votes to Stevenson's 92, in the electoral college (actually three less than Ike received in the total count). The CBS men flatly refused to accept this figure and, to protect their investment, proceeded to 'erase' a sizable percentage of the brain's memories regarding past trends. After this the machine produced a much more 'reasonable' figure giving Eisenhower a lead of about 50. Needless to say, there were some very red faces around CBS November 5th.... and it wasn't sunburn.

UNIVAC wasn't quite so accurate in its predictions as to the states the candidates would carry. He allotted Stevenson only 5, whereas the demo candidate actually took all of 9.

This is reminiscent of the now famous case in 1948 when a Missouri feed store took their own private poll by printing pictures of the candidates on their feed sacks and allowing each customer to take his choice. As Truman pulled farther and farther ahead, the firm quietly dropped their poll.

Which seems to indicate that no matter how perfect methods of prediction become in the future, they will always be subject to human error since the humans in charge can't resist tampering with the machinery to produce the results they expect.

\* \* \* \* \*

Anybody around here able to remember back to the days when the Gallup poll was regarded as absolutely infallible?

\* \* \* \* \*

Speaking of giant brains, I notice Walt Willis is now back in Ireland. A recent issue of FANTASY TIMES carried an account of a speech which the Native Pun of Erin had graciously delivered at LASES.

I haven't a copy at present so can't give an exact quote. However I believe the account read something like this:

"Willis said that British fandom had not been taken in by dianetics. Only a couple took it up seriously and they were hangers-on. He also added that the average British fan has leftish political views and thus views with disfavor writers such as H. Beam Piper and L. Ron Hubbard.

Now my respect for Walt Willis is boundless but I must object to the implication contained herein, a decided slur on American fandom.

Let me assure Willis that fandom here may have its crackpot fringe but that the vast majority of us are purer scientifically than Joe McCarthy is politically.

With only minor exceptions American fandom, like British fandom, took the unassailable position that they knew dianetics was a hoax to start with. Why, one of my very best friends in fandom was denouncing Hubbard and dianetics before the first article had appeared in ASTOUNDING. Can Willis say as much for any British fan?

The vast majority of fandom realized that dianetics must be a hoax because (A) Ray Palmer, who admires John Campbell, had run a hoax in AMAZING STORIES several years earlier. AMAZING was a science-fiction magazine. ASTOUNDING was a science-fiction magazine. Even their names were similar. What scientific formula could be simpler; (B) Hubbard's personal life was the sort the tabloids dote on and it was generally agreed he was a very objectionable person; (C) the articles and book on dianetics were as poorly written as Hubbards fiction always had been.

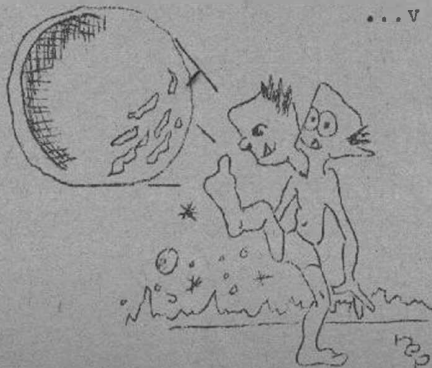
When one considered A, B, and C it became obvious that dianetics was a hoax. If it hadn't been before it would instantly have become one through sheer weight of the evidence against it. To further aid in the correctness of their opinions, fandom almost universally stayed just as far away from that nasty Hubbard man and his even nastier dianetics as they possibly could. As everyone knows this aids in objectivity. The farther one is from any object the more objective one becomes and the better able to render judgment. This is known as the scientific method

I'll admit there was a small percentage of American fandom which permanently damaged their reputations by actually doing some work with dianetics and examining it personally. But without exception these were people of low mentality who don't realize that world-famous philosophers established millenia ago the principle that all truth lies within one's own mind and that it is wholly unnecessary to ever personally examine anything to determine the truth of it and that it is only necessary to meditate and the truth will come to you. In fact the principles of personal examination and experimentation are a scant two or three hundred years old compared to the thousands of years that everybody had known the truth behind inductive reasoning.

Personally I think Willis has done American fandom a serious injustice and I expect a truly handsome apology from the Belfast bellwether.

However, there is some consolation to fans on this side of the Atlantic in noting that British fandom has developed it's own brand of aberration.

...v l mcoain





# GATEWAY

JL Green

We have received several letters recently (anyone one) requesting a science-fiction song, although under the impression at the time that there were no s-f songs. This we hasten to correct, as Mr. Shelb, has in his collection a genuine, out and out s-f song, undisputed as such, and rather good, to tell the truth of the matter. It was written by Arthur Pitt-alaine also, sung by Ella Fitzgerald, with by Oliver and his orchestra. Done in a fast breezy style that makes it a good humorous song. I recommend it highly, as being the only known s-f song in this country (known to your ed) It belongs on every music lover's shelf.

## TWO LITTLE MEN IN A FLYING SAUCER

Two little men in a flying saucer,  
Flew down to earth one day,  
Looked to left and right of it, couldn't stand the sight of it,  
And said, "Let's fly away."

They took a look at a western movie,  
Somebody heard them say,  
"If a horse can be a star, think how dumb the people are,  
We'd better fly away."

Then they shook their little green antennas,  
Scratched their purple hair,  
Said this planet is an awful menace,  
Let's go back to where we came from,  
Two little men in a flying saucer,  
Just didn't care to stay; (no, no)  
Said its top peculiar here, headed for the stratosphere,  
And quickly flew away.

Now they took a lilt in Ebbets field in Brooklyn,  
When the Dodgers played in a baseball game;  
Heard all the screaming, (Hooray!) said we must be dreaming,  
Cause the planet is insane.  
During intermission, heard a politician,  
Making speeches as they traveled by, (gobble, gobble, gobble)  
Oh, they departed, faster than they started,  
Cause the hot air flew them sky-high!

Two little men in a flying saucer,  
Flew down to earth one day,  
Listened to a radio, saw a television show,  
And said, "Let's fly away."  
They got their fill of commercial jingles,  
And they were heard to say,  
"All the people seem to be, living in a nursery,  
We'd better fly away."

Traveled all around and once they'd seen us,  
said, "Let's head for space  
We were better off on Mars and Venus,  
Goodness, what a place to live in.

Two little men in a flying saucer,  
Just didn't care to stay (No, No)  
Crossed a crowded thoroughfare, saw the hats the women wear,  
And quickly flew away. One look --  
And then they flew away.

End

To any interested parties concerned. I am out of correction fluid.  
No apologies for this typing consequently.

### The man Who Sold Moonshine

I went to a fan's affair,  
I met a fellow there,  
He talked like a man in a rut,  
And sounded to me like a nut.

He told me of the sights of space,  
Of distant worlds, an alien race.  
But most of all, he had to say,  
"Life on the moon was bright and gay."

I answered, "Oh, then you've been there?"  
"Oh, yea, he said, "there is no air.  
There's naught to see but dust and hills,  
No trees or grass or moonlight rills."  
"But listen, friend, there's other things,  
Like gold and glass for diamond rings,  
And I have staked the 'moon on high,  
We'll share the profits, you and I."

"I have a space ship at my call,  
All I need is Al-Co-Hol.  
You put up the price of fuel."  
That I did, oh what a fool.

It seems it was a simple plan,  
Played upon a foolish man.  
He brought the alcohol, by God,  
But he, not the ship, is a drunken nod.

R.E. Orrey

To anyone desiring to see his poetry in these hallowed pages, send your crud  
to Shelby Vick, in care of Confusion, as your ed.'s address, being a traveling man,  
is uncertain. Good-bye until next confusion in the mail.



## REVELATION

I dreamed a strange and fearful dream  
Of a castle on a height,  
And from its deep embrasured slots  
Gleamed many an eerie light.  
The stars drew near so they could view,  
What was happening this night.

The roof was awayed, the turrets leaned,  
The chimney's all askew;  
The cobblestones rolled from the path  
Down onto the avenue,  
Where trees leaned down to join with shrubs  
To shut in the chilling view.

And one by one they all rode out  
From the ancient drawbridge gate;  
The fatal horsemen of the Book,  
All the ills of human fate  
Loosening once more upon the world  
A reign of greed and hate.

And in my dream I saw the plagues  
Spreading all over the land.  
Why these things 're is more than I  
Or mankind can understand.  
And then I woke and found my dream  
Was true, just as greed had planned.

Isabelle Diwiddio

## SONG OF A SPACEMAN'S BABY

Rockets lull you to your slumbers,  
Rocking you your lullaby,  
For your father goes a-wend'ring  
In the jungles of the sky.

Endless nights and timeless days  
He pursues the airless ways  
Where the rings of Saturn turn,  
Where the comets blaze and burn;  
Where Algol, the Demon Star,  
Winks and beckons from afar;  
Where the dust of cosmic clouds  
Oft becomes a silken shroud;  
Where asteroid and meteor wait  
There a man must challenge fate  
With radar beam his only eye  
To watch the devil drift go by,  
Spinning blindly through the night  
Till Earth comes into sight,  
He'll drop home from a line of stars  
With star-dust ring'ring in his eyes.

Rockets lull you to your slumbers,  
Rocking you your lullaby,  
For your father goes a-wend'ring  
In the jungles of the sky.

Rory Faulkner

# ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ATHENS EXPLORERS' CLUB

Well, fellas, you may think you've done some plain and fancy exploring in Outer Mongolia and Inner Mongolia, but you don't know what exploring is until you've ventured into the uncharted wilderness of Fandom.

Armed with only a few light-calibre puns, I made my way (I always make way while the sun shines) into the dense forest. Impeded at every step by thick underbrush of neologisms and the tall thickets of abbreviations, I came to a small clearing. There I found a tribe of natives, known in their own language as Fen. The Fen were engaged in their characteristic dance. Arranged in a circle (they always go around in circles), they rapidly exchanged coins and fanzines. Each zinoditor chanted the praises of another as well as himself, and thus they were all filled with ogoboo at the sight of their names in mimmy-o. Leading the wild ritual wore the giant drums-that-talk, throbbing, "Proxyboo! Proxyboo!"

I insinuated myself into the circle of gyrating natives and managed to employ a grizzled old aborigine, named SholVy, as guide. He was a voritable fount of quaint lore, Lore help me. In the interests of science, I summarize my findings fifthwith (it was only with a fifth that I was able to loosen his lips).

Economy: The only product of the tribe is fanzines. Each Fan produces a zinc and trades it for the zines produced by the other Fen. I see no reason why the whole system should not go on indefinitely unless some imprudent Fan steps long enough to ask "Why?" I have here an interesting artifact, which you may examine at your leisure, known as ef.

Religion: Religious beliefs of the tribe are in flux -- I might even say incoherent. Some maintain that Ghu-Ghu is the most powerful ghod. Other say schism so, and they goe along with Rescoe. The latter's followers apparently seek his canonization, continually singing their autochthonous hymn, "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rescoe You." To complicate the whole picture, among the lowest stratum of the tribe a primitive Ehoer cult is popular. Thish shubject moritsh intenshive field work, and I'll report after firther (hic) inveshtigation.

Food: The main item of diet is hot cross puns. I almost diet myself after a week of this. At any rate I was too week to stand upon my own puns.

Trusting that my little travelog has cast some light on a dark corner (the corner the better), I remain

Corelyours,  
/s/ Ergophobia

(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: Ergophobia is the BNF of Greek Fandom, president and sole member of the newly chartered Athens Fan Club, and editor and publisher of THE ATHENS FAN CLUB NEWS AND FANWORLD REPORT, price 2 drachmac. She doesn't know from nothin' about Fandom, but she's perfectly happy because it's all Greek to her.)



# NEOPHYTIS

by

L W CARPENTER, DDS

We often find ourself wishing wistfully that stf wore a place, rather than a thing, with an ornate gate at which we could stand and welcome neophyte readers into the fraternity of tried, true, and trustworthy devourers of fantastic and imaginative literature.

For ours is truly a remarkable fraternity. We share the enjoyment of an imagination liberated from the shackles of a mundane, everyday existence. The euphoria induced by the habitual reading of science fiction is extremely compelling. As the juice of the poppy soon "hooks" the luckless narcotics addict, we have likewise been "hooked" by the euphoria of an uninhibited imagination. Our "narcotics" is science-fiction and allied literature; and, since there is no law prohibiting the use of same, we intend to indulge ourself in this vice as long as we live. Twenty years of "addiction" has brought no profound moral, mental, or physical pathology that we can discern; so we conclude that this "addiction" is innocuous, though stimulating practice.

We never cease to marvel at the antics of the neophyte reader. (Bless him.) We are persuaded that he is the most enthusiastic, loudest, and vehement creature alive. The pattern is almost unvarying:

The fiery-eyed creature charges into his corner news-stand, bowling over innocent and luckless bystanders like a Tennessee Blocking Back. With a snort he pauses before a rack where rows of pulp magazines are stacked neatly. The proprietor's face pales as a cloud of love, western, and detective stories soar through the air to land in a ragged pile on the floor. Finally, our disheveled neophyte arises with an ecstatic glow to his countenance. His eyes are closed -- his heart twitters like a bird on a leafy bower -- his trembling hands clutch to his breast the precious copy of FA. The eyes open, and our hero advances to the counter with a coin clutched in his outstretched hand. The proprietor, unthis moment determined to commit mayhem upon the person of the neophyte, quails at the feral look in this creature's eye, and meekly accepts the worn quarter with a mumbled "Thank you." Through the door strides Neophyte, casting a look of withering scorn upon the inferior creatures falling over themselves getting out of his way. In the dim glow of the street lamp, Neophyte casts a glance at the BEM on the lurid cover, "The Green Zitr, by Zedock McLoech," he murmurs. The key words set Mr. N's anti-gravitic device a-whirring, so, his body poised a foot or so above the concrete, he floats home off rtlessly.

Once excooned in the solitude of his chamber, Neophyte gets down to business. By 2:00 am he has finished the last of the stories -- and read the letter column twice. Is Neophyte satisfied? Is he happy? No!!! Not content with several stories dealing with space-pirates, blond priestesses, and miraculous telepathic crystals, Neophyte sulks, waves of gloom engulfing him. He thinks only of the thousands of stories printed in the past (some before he was born, even) s then, and there, is born that most fanatical and grasping of creatures -- the stf magazine collector.



But Neophyte is never one to remain static. Soon he learns to associate a writer with a particular type of story -- to recognize the illos of Finlay, Orban, Cartoir, et al, at a glance. He writes letters, dozens of them to the stf editors (Ah! The ineffable joy of seeing his name in print for the first time!) He acquires a vast vocabulary of stf words and phrases. Only once does he have to be told what BEM means! He subscribes to fanzines, and vociferously defends his favorites from all critics. He sneers at the older fans and readers, and refuses to believe that anyone could know more about stf than he knows.

But the years are many, the years are long. Neophyte goes through high school, college, entering business, marriage, children, etc., but he still reads stf. Years of reading hundreds of magazines and thousands of stories has given him the objectivity of a connoisseur. Gone is the glamor of the deathless saga and the space-opera. He reads a story and classifies it instantly as to merit. He knows what he liked, and his tastes are becoming increasingly harder to satisfy. No longer do house names and non-do-plumes mislead him -- he knows their styles -- he's top-notch or hack.

He pans the editors with ruthless logic and objectivity. (They try to argue, but they know he's right.) He has little patience with the delighted squeals of the up-coming neophytes -- he sneers at their "juvenile exhuborance."

Then, suddenly, one day Mr. Neophyte realizes the truth. The disease has run its course. Neophyte no longer deserves the title. He has suddenly become a real-live, lyed-in-the-wool, 24 carat,

MATURE SCIENCE-FICTION FAN!

... I w carpenter



WATCH IT!

...watch cf. #15, that is. Watch it for rules on the colossal, gigantic, tremendous -- rather big, in other words -- contest. IF YOU --

LIKE TO WRITE

WOULD LIKE SOME ASFS, UNKNOWNNS, & OTHERS FROM THE EARLY '40s  
WANT IN ON AN EPIC GAG. & TO

PARTICIPATE IN SOME GOOD, CLEAN FUN, then..

YOU'D BETTER START STOCK-PILING THOSE POST CARDS!

...you'll be needing a lot of them...

SEE CONFUSION #15 FOR THE COMPLETE SCOOP

DON'T MISS IT!!!! DON'T!!!!

HEAPS OF PRIZES

SIXTEEN OLD MAGS & BOOKS--COUNT 'EM---16-16-16-16-sweet 16

ALL in GOOD CONDITION

All this, and -- EGCB00!!!

In cf. #15-

...pd ad .

I'm here to speak on a very important subject; and if you think sex isn't important you're wrong. Without sex life would really fall apart; small children would have nothing to look forward to; old people would have nothing to look back on, industry would fall apart, too; the people that manufacture sheer negligees and falsies would go out of business; tabloid newspapers love magazines, and the New Yorker would stop publication.

Now, if you know anything about the development of science fiction you know that the development of sexin it took two different sides. There was not a perceptible middle road, just two extremes. On one side there arose the horror and terror type of magazines which qualify as borderline science fiction or at least fantasy. Now, I cannot figure out to just what kind of person these magazines were designed to appeal. The covers always show a beautiful girl in the process of being beaten, stabbed, whipped, boiled, burned, or, in other ways, made definitely uncomfortable. Inside the magazine you find the stories the same way. The magazines were not so much sex as out and out sadism. Probably read by the same people who read Mickey Spillane.

At any rate, in the early forties these magazines dies out, but completely. Maybe times were changing, but I suspect it was because of the poor quality of the stories. Now, if you've never read a story of this type, I suggest you read one. Having read one, you will not wish to read any more. It is not merely that they are sadistic, but they are of such poor literary quality.

They begin with a girl being beaten, stabbed, whipped, etc. Sometimes with interesting variations. That beginning naturally causes a reaction in the reader of one sort or another. Then it runs in conventional mystery story fashion until the final scene. In this final scene the hero is always captured and securely bound and tied so that he can not move or escape. Thus he watches what is going on -- and what is going on is some girl being beaten, stabbed, whipped, but you're beginning to get the idea. Now, why these captors should permit the hero a ringside seat at such goings on is beyond me -- possibly so he can faithfully describe it to his readers. So there we have it. The hero writhes and retches, but all he can do is watch. Yes, but then the next thing takes place. The hero's girl friend is led in and about to be given the treatment, but before they can hurt a hair on her precious little head out here escapes and rescues her. Now, the hero sits all through this and just at this particular moment manages to escape. Did he escape by slowly gnawing through his bonds, or rubbing the ropes away, or anything fairly logical like that? No, indeed. He just escapes. Like this: "With a superhuman effort he burst his bonds," "With a superhuman effort he broke loose," and "With a superhuman effort" everything. Now, this "superhuman effort" stuff may seem to be going too far; if some science fiction author tried to pull this today he'd get a rejection slip for his troubles, but in the old days you could do it. It happened in every story and so you get to accept it. But this hero saving the day lead to another difficulty -- the reader didn't like it. Just when the torturo gets really going good, when things are getting really bloody -- what happens? The busybody hero has to put his nose into it.

Going through a collection of old stories I find some interesting titled: Bride of the Werewolf, Brides For the Frankensteins, Let The Drink Blood, Bride of the Serpents, My Life Belongs to Lust, I Share My Bride With Satan, and many others. So it isn't too surprising that these magazines disappeared. Do you recall Marvel when it first appeared in about 1939? That was going to be a magazine of the horror and terror type. In fact, the title was not going to be marvel; they intended to name it Spicy Science Stories.

Then there were the villains used in these stories: they could put a robot in a story and have the robot interested in girls. Now, I'm willing to believe a lot, but a robot chasing a thinly clad girl with dishonorable intentions gloaming from

his lens eyes is hard to take. You would at least think he would have the decency to pick on a female robot.

That was one side of sex in science fiction. The other side was the more conservative type especially exemplified by Doc Smith and reaching some of its more ridiculous moments in the early 40's with Captain Future. Now I'd like to insert a sequence here; this didn't appear in any Capt Future story, but it might have. The scene is a spaceship, night is approaching, and the hero is about to take off on an expedition across the galaxy. The girl is there to see him off. Chances are that he won't ever come back. 'Course, we all know that he'll be back and perfectly healthy before long, but he doesn't know it; or, if he does, he's much too modest to say so. The dialogue:

"My dearest darling, I am leaving you, possibly forever."

"Yes, Newt." (Cap Future's real name is Curtis Newton, but of course the girl could call him "Newt.")

"I've known you for five years now. I've never gone out with any other girl and, because I'm leaving, I have finally gotten up my courage. I have something to say to you."

"What, Newt?"

"Well, I like you."

"Oh, Newt!"

"And now, since I'm leaving, I wonder if; that is, could I. . .?"

"What, Newt?"

"Would you shake hands?"

And off the hero would go, bragging to his friends what a demon with dames he was. Now, to us, that looks sort of silly. After all we realize that having known the girl five years he might even be bold enough to kiss her. Anyway that's how it went.

Astounding was especially interesting in relation to sex. They had a Katie Tarrant working for them who was one of their editors and whose job it was to cut out any things about sex or anything not quite decent, don'tchknow? So, the writers for Astounding used to play a game -- they would try to get things past Katie's eagle eye. 'Lex Phillips, who did a lot of writing back in the 30's and the beginning of the 40's, has his story The Mislaid Charm published in Unknown. In this story he had an Irish policeman exclaim suddenly "Holy mither of God." Well, Katie changed that to read "merciful heavens." Now, I don't know if you're familiar with policemen, Irish or otherwise, but "merciful heavens" isn't quite in character. And there are the stories told about the times when writers managed to get things past Katie -- those issues still bring high prices.

So you can see that science fiction's record for adult presentation of sex is a story isn't too good. Of course, there are improvements now. For example, Lester Del Rey's magazines have had a few good stories in this line. In particular there is Be Fruitful and Multiply in the current issue of Spicy Science Fiction; I mean Space Science Fiction. And I can also mention The Lovers in a recent issue of Starling Stories. And a few others ---

Well, there was a story called Venus and the Seven Sexes. In this story the setting is Venus and there are seven separate and distinct sexes. Now this is going too far and being too complicated. Here on earth we have two sexes and even these two sexes have a hard enough time getting together; with sevenit's almost impossible!

Trying to get a new slant on these things is pretty hard. For example, about two months ago a group of us science-fictioneers, including Lester Del Rey, Dave Kyle, Joe Gibson, Alan E Nourse, etc. were in Jim Williams' parlor and between drinks Del Rey asked just what a third sex would be likd. Well, Manni Staub of the PSFS said that he wasn't auro but that we already had one; Lester meant something en-



TO: THE DIRECTOR, FBI, WASHINGTON, D.C.

fold here



of  
box 493  
Lynn Haven, Fla.

POINTED IN THE DIRECTION OF:

A L A Z Y L E T T E R R

from

here, too

P.O. BOX 493, LYNN HAVEN, FLA.

A really Lazy Letter...

Something o'clock, Someday pm, This Month, 1953

Without further ado,

...except for a minor bit of explanation. This Lazy Letter is for several purposes. It will be run in cf. #14, for your comments on this -- so many of you have been pleasantly cooperative about sending in letters of comment that we thought perhaps we could make it easier on everyone, with an informal form letter. However, as I say, this is a real Lazy Letter. I'm also trying to word it so I can use it myself in a lot of my correspondence. So you might see a few things herein that couldn't very well be used in comment on #14, and you who are receiving this as a letter will see some things that won't quite apply to answering you. We commence comments --

I just received your  fanzine  letter  material \_\_\_\_\_  
and found it  interesting  funny  informative  dull  excellent  
 suitable  stunk.



I particularly liked the frank rejection  
of the "SAD" EV installment and the Hammond article.  
but didn't think much of the cover reproduction -- not your fault, tho.  
The artwork was \_\_\_\_\_ especially \_\_\_\_\_  
Your poetry was \_\_\_\_\_ particularly \_\_\_\_\_  
All in all, it was quite  entertaining  laughable  crazy.  
 I'd like to subscribe.  Would you like material from me? Either  cartoons  
 column  article  satire or  whathaveyou?

You owe me a letter.  When's your next issue coming out?  Please don't ever  
do it again!  More, much more!

Drop dead!

I don't believe in  ghosts  flying saucers  Peter Graham.  I don't think  
your stuff was worth the postage it takes to telegraph it.

Yer one o' them rabble-rousing pacifists!

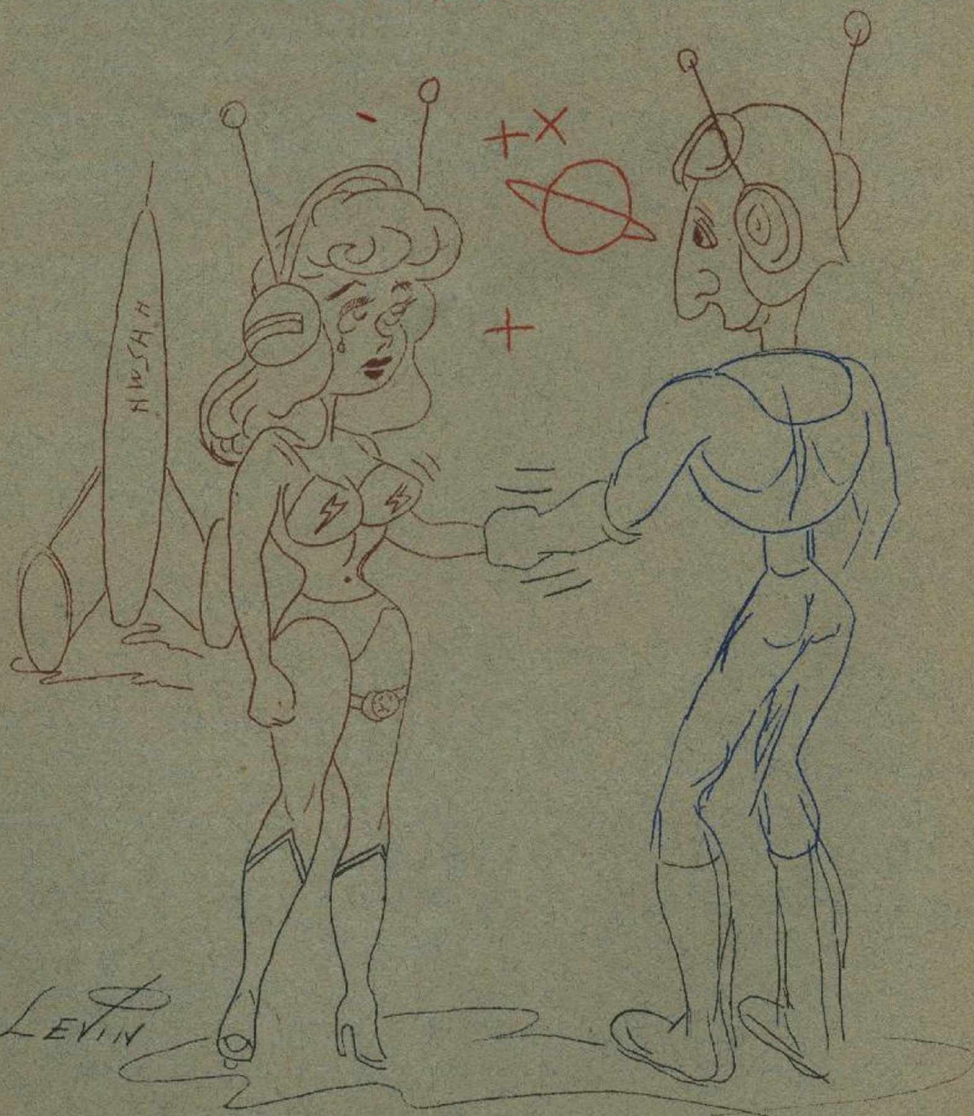
...and of course this won't nearly cover everything, but it's all I can think of.  
So I'm leaving the rest of this blank for anything additional. Down to the bottom  
can be used, or further on to the other sides of the flaps.

Did Redd Boggs use your 'lazy letter'?

YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF

S = F & S = X  
BY

Dave Hammond





tirely different, however, and the conversation began. Several suggestions were made for this third sex but were rejected on grounds like: "too frivolous" or some such reason. Anyway, there's a problem for science fiction authors to attack; write a story about three different sexes, making each sex completely different from the other; well, they wouldn't have to be completely different, just in certain ways.

And there are various problems connected with space travel that make it difficult to write up sex properly. You see, an author of adventure stories can maroon two people of the opposite sex on a desert island and expect some interesting things to take place. The science fiction author can maroon two people on a little asteroid somewhere and what happens? They can't possibly remove their space suits. When they are finally rescued what do you have? Two people who are completely frustrated!

Bob Heinlein's famed singer of the spaceways, old Rhysling himself, attempted to solve this with his song. Recall it? A Spacesuit Built For Two. But just think about how to make a spacesuit for two people and you'll realize how impractical it is. First of all there is the fact that---- and then there's---- you know what I mean.

But in spite of the difficulties in writing up this subject in a science-fictional manner, there are some excellent opportunities for writing. There is yet to be written a really good story about interplanetary prostitution. Yet, with men away from home, not seeing women for years and years, prostitution will undoubtedly become a flourishing business. I can even give away a free title for such a story -- The Star Slut. It has a certain ring to it.

So from this brief article you can see that sex in science fiction is truly virgin territory. There's a lot to be done on it and a lot not to be done. In conclusion, I can only say that while science fiction has handled sex poorly in the past and is only just now awakening to its possibilities; in spite of all this, here is my concluding statement.

Sex is here to stay!

...dave hammond

## *Lookit Me, Maw -- I'm a Huckster!*

Yeah, dirty huckster, that's I'm. Y'see that Lazy Letter opposite? Well, it ain't there just to look pretty, tad. Fact of the matter is, it suffers from a couple of purposes -- first, to camoflague (so YOU spell it!) my conniving ways, it is put in to coax a few dozen more of you into writing your opine of the current ish. It's already addressed for you. All you gotta do is check the appropriate boxes, add whatever comment you want to, fold it as noted and stick it together with a piece of scotch tape, or paper tape, or adhesive -- you can use wallpaper for all we care -- or maybe staple it together. Then put a stamp on it and send it our way. No bother buying an envelope or addressing it or any such. But, as I say, that's just the sugar coating. Those of you who have seen the Lazy Letters I've used in private correspondence know what's coming next; I think I've hit you all up for -- Well, let me put it this way: To pick up extra money, I have begun VICK MIMMOGRAPH SERVICE. I thot maybe I could pick up stamp money this way. Any fan that'd like to have some Lazy Letters can get 'em at \$1 per hundred -- this includes ten or more copies with one address (whoever you write to most) already mimmy-osed on it, for additional time saving. Of course, the writing side would be left blank, giving you a full sheet to write on. Too, your return address would be in the upper lefthand corner. Well, what're you waiting for? Line forms tathe right!

# CONFUSION IN THE MIDDLE OF

Subtitle One —

## WEATHER OR NOT

by GREGG CALKINS

Now it seems that way back in space-time, tucked neatly into one corner of infinity there lies a mystical and magic land called Florida. This Florida is a land of fruit (very small and bitter) and sunshine. The sun shines continually, except on every third week-end when Florida experience its much-famed hurricane season, which is not to be confused with the season of the Maelstrom, which happens only rarely.

Now, as every true-to-Campbell ASTOUNDING fan knows from his science, a Maelstrom is a disturbance that requires a very special set of conditions. Generally, a Maelstrom is thought of as a giant whirlpool but this is not always the case. In Florida the Maelstrom season starts every time certain bodies congregate, just as in the ocean when certain currents of water get together they form a whirlpool. In the case of Florida, these currents are called fans, or "fans," depending on the caller.

The latest record available at this office of a major Maelstrom in Florida centered around a little village on the Gulf of Mexico named Lynn Haven. A very famous hot current is presently at that location, and it is designated on the charts as "Shelby Vick." Nearby are also a number of other hot currents, "Joe Green," "ABDick," "ASP," to name a few, and these are in constant and continual motion. However, this condition is normal, and a Maelstrom very seldom results from the amalgamation of hot currents alone.

However, in late August of 1952, a cold current was observed moving in a generally easterly direction from the vicinity of Utah. This current travelled very slowly (several eternities it seemed) until it stabilized itself in Chicago, Illinois, for a short time. Then, in very early September, it commenced a slow March to the South, down through Georgia and Alabama, much in the same manner as Grant, because he too was a cold northern current. Crossing Georgia and Alabama with only the briefest of stops, this current finally arrived at Lynn Haven, Florida, directly in the center of the hot currents.

Result: Maelstrom!

To the more scientific-minded fan in the group, this condition shall hereby be explored more fully and in detail so we may observe the formation, climax, and collapse of the Maelstrom.

The cold Utah current needs very little explanation here, since it tends to be of little importance except as a catalytic action upon the warmer currents. The cold current we shall designate as "Calkins," and let it go at that. "Calkins," the records show, was drawn into Florida by the combined action of two or more warm currents, and into the central location. He must, therefore, be absolved of all blame for the Maelstrom.

Rather, let us look at the storm-center, Lynn Haven. Lynn Haven is a rather small-fish village, built very loosely and in an open rambling fashion, as are many cities that have not yet gotten their growth. Shortly after one enters the city, if he turns off the road towards the left, he comes upon a small white house which holds in its modest interior, Shelby Vick. Vick dwells in a Maelstrom of his own, which he designates as Maelstrom II. Behind the little white house is another house which he designates as Maelstrom III.

Early in early September, Calkins, Vick, and Green approached the little white house. Little did they know, at the time, the violence of the storm that was to follow. Upon arrival, Calkins and Vick climbed out of the jet they had arrived in, and Green departed for his own little storm-center, which is called "Johnie." Calkins and Vick proceeded directly to a place of peace and quiet, where they immediately fell into a condition called stupor. With Calkins it is not so serious, but with Vick it can scarcely be differentiated from death, so great care must be taken with the body to determine if it is still alive or not before it is buried. Burial has been attempted several times, with disappointing success, as the corpse has always revived too soon.

The next morning, when Calkins awoke, Vick was gone. Dressing quietly, Calkins bravely thrust aside the curtains between Maelstrom II and the front room, and strode magnificently into the open. Mr. Vick blanched and cursed, but Mrs. Vick took it like a trooper and merely turned her head to one side, biting her lip. Quietly she set some food before Calkins and bade him eat it. When he had finished, she gently but firmly shoved him back into the curtained Maelstrom from which he had emerged earlier.

Calkins screamed horribly, but they refused to let him out. Lurking in the far corner Calkins saw the bed grinning horribly at him, while in the near corner squatted a leering chest of drawers. The rest of the room and the floor was covered with debris. Flinging himself on the nearest thing to a clear spot he could find, Calkins fell on the bed, but it shrieked horribly at him, and he immediately jumped up again. The chest still loomed at him nastily. Stealing his iron nerves, Calkins began looking around the room. Off to one side was an orange-crate that appeared to be filled with hunks of glass and stencils and things. Up a short distance from that was a large pile of fanzines, upon which all sorts of CONFUSION was placed. In the corner next to the chest was another orange-crate, this one filled with literature of obvious worth: "Yogism in 30 Minutes, Self-Taught," "I Flew in a Flying Saucer," and "The Heyer Book on Mimeography."

The chest itself was a mystery as well as a miracle. Piled on top of it was a stack of original fanzine illustrations from SPNL, more fanzines, more clothes, more fanzines, books, more fanzines, and a few other odd quantities which Vick called fanzines. (Dr. Vick, while Calkins was there, proceeded to expound his latest theory on the production of fanzines -- or rather, their propagation velocity. It is clearly shown in the formula  $PvF = mc^2$ , where  $PvF$  is the propagation velocity of fanzines,  $m$  is their mass and  $c$  is the velocity of light, which is then squared. Einstein is said to be in conjunction with Dr. Vick on this theory.)

After Calkins had thoroughly explored the inner sanctum of Maelstrom II he once again attempted to make good his escape. This time he was successful to a certain extent. Mrs. Vick was in the other bedroom, and unaware of her captive's freedom, so Calkins escaped out the back door. Believing himself menaced by a number of wild animals he found out there, he quickly ran into the shack behind the white house. (These animals which abound in profusion as well as CONFUSION in those parts were of the small feline variety which Calkins later discovered to be slightly related to the modern-day cat.)

Escaping the menace of the wild animals, as was noted before, Calkins retreated into the little house. The door was a thing of marvelous design, being propped open by a brick on the inside, and held shut by a steel pipe on the outside. It was held in



place by a force field created by the difference in pressure from the normal outside air and the rarified inside atmosphere. (As every person knows, long exposure of open mimeo ink cans will cause a rarification of the atmosphere. Such was the case here, exaggerated by the fact that several different crates of mimeo ink cans were floating around -- zero gravity, naturally -- all of them adding to the rarification.)

Calkins felt a slight dizziness come over him. Oh, no, not because of the rarification of the atmosphere, to be sure, because he was much exposed to that condition in Utah, but rather to the extreme blow fate had dealt him in the moment of need. He has escaped from Maelstrom II just in time to keep his sanity, only to fall headlong into. . . Maelstrom III!!

What horror of horrors was this? One half of the place was in semi-darkness, cluttered with all sorts of furniture and bookcases. On one wall a giant shelf loomed out into the room, and on the shelf was piled rooms and rooms of paper -- white paper, green paper, orange paper. . . all sorts of paper, even funny papers. Below the shelf, hiding in the denser shadows, crouched a mineograph -- that wildest beast of all the multitudenous planetary varieties in our solar system. Scattered wildly over the rest of the room were tons and tons of miscellaneous piles of paper, spattered here and there with dollops of ink and crud. The entire room was in constant and extremely disordered motion. The fantastic disorder and complexity of it all would have driven a normal man insane in five minutes, but Calkins fled babbling in only three. Immediately the cats pounced on him, but they were driven off by an Irish Setter who had mistaken Calkins for Willis. The Setter spoke to Calkins in brogue-an English, but Calkins, who couldn't tell his Erse from his ear, as the saying goes, could not reply, whereupon the Setter retired in disgust. Calkins shouted that Willis was not due for another week or two yet, and for the Setter to be patient, which, of course, only aroused the Setter's Eire.

Fleeing from the base wretch of a dog, Calkins stumbled into a tenor wretch of a cat, and another cat which was a soprano wretch. Calkins stopped long enough to suggest that they find a baritone and join the dog in a quartet, and then left hurriedly.

Climbing into a nearby space-ship, Calkins attempted to leave the vicinity, but the control board was too much for him to operate alone. He was forced to call for help, to Mr Vick, who only too gladly agreed to act as pilot if Calkins would only leave. Climbing into the acceleration hammock of the Charteruse Chariot which was cleverly disguised as a truck, Mr Vick blasted off for Panama City, a nearby village of some what larger proportions, and in only three light-hours they arrived, safe but somewhat battered.

In his rush for the Trailways Bus Station, however, Calkins passed Vick's place of work, the A&P, and Shelby rushed out to detain him, as Shelby had certain jobs Calkins was supposed to do, and so Calkins' escape was in vein. I know it was in vein, because Vick said that Calkins ". . . bloody well wasn't going to escape that easily," and besides, everybody knows that Panama City isn't a main artery. When Calkins explained that, Vick muttered something like, "Aorta poke you one," but it passed unnoticed in the general confusion.

Calkins was summarily dragged back to Lynn Haven by Shelby Vick, over the protests of Mr. Vick, who was much in disagreement with Shelby's plans. On the way back, a short halt was made at a place called Boyd's where Vick made a contract for 16,000-000 sheets of paper to be delivered that afternoon as Calkins wanted something to do in his spare time. On the way out, Calkins and Vick observed a machine doing printing at a considerable rate; whereupon Vick remarked something about inventing a machine of his own which would measure the weight of a person's cranium so it could be determined how much head-weigh they were making.

Back in Lynn Haven, in the little white house, Calkins was seated in front of a monstrous conglomeration of gears and wheels which looked like an electronic brain thirty generations removed -- into the past! On being told it was a typewriter, Calkins remarked that if it could type at all, it was probably more of a typewron-ger instead. Vick said nothing. Pressing his advantage, Calkins told his latest joke. "You know," he said, "that the moon waxes until it reaches a full moon, and then wanes until the new moon is reached?" Vick nodded dazedly. "Well," Calkins continued, "I have determined that that was only an optical illusion, because it is obviously impossible for the moon to do anything but wax. There is no atmosphere on the moon, right? And no water vapor? Then how can the moon wax. . .?" Calkins collapsed into uncontrollable mirth, while Vick controlled himself with dignity and a composure that would have turned the CCF green with envy at his holiness.

But that was the straw that broke the camel's back -- which only goes to show that Lucky's are more round, more fully-packed, more free and easy on the draw. At any rate, the Maelstrom at that moment reached titanic proportions, and there could be one ending -- catastrophic! The currents went around and around, causing all sorts of death and destruction in their path -- clearly this was a cyclo-pathic case.

The end result can be imagined, and actual fact bears this out. The cold current removed itself back to Utah, considerably warmed, and the warm current found itself lowered by a number of degrees. The Maelstrom ceased and all was quiet for a spell from both Florida and Utah. No immediate further developments are anticipated in the near future.

If you don't believe this report on how a Maelstrom is formed and carried out, go on down to Florida and try one of your own. That's fine Maelstrom country down there.

((Typist's note: Vick, you mean you're going to publish THIS?!?!?) /Definitely not!/  
subtitle two --

## *The Patter of Size 10s* or THE NEW ARRIVAL

On the door it said SHELBIE VICK, AMALGAMATED. Inside, there was terrific activity. The man in the plush outer office slammed down the silver phone and dashed into the back office room. "Carolyn; Anne; Johnie -- you girls leave, quick -- out the back!" Another man came up to him. "What's up, SV? What's wrong?" "Emergency, Phil. But first, where's Joe? (Pronounced 'Djaugh'.)" "Brewing another cup of coffee, I think. He'll be here in a moment." "Well, the responsibility rests on we three. We must make it appear that we are the only ones that run the office. We can't let -- ugh! -- him suspect that girls work here. It -- it's really all my fault. I shouldn't've done it. But I was desperate -- desperate, y'unnerstand? There's been so much to be done...and he offered to do nearly 20 stencils for #14. I -- I just HAD to make him a partner." Suspicion dawned in Phil's eyes. "SV, you don't mean..." His only answer was a miserable shake of the head. At that time, the side door opened and Joe (pronounced 'Djaugh') walked in. Observing the obvious discernment on the features of the two men, he elevated his eyebrows. "What's going on, lads?" "I dunno, Joe (pronounced 'Djaugh')." Phil said. "SV, here, has done something he seems to feel will have disastrous results for the girls. He's hired someone who, from the way he's acting, must be the worst sex maniac yet." SV laughed bitterly. "What an understatement! I haven't mentioned his name becoss I wanted to be sure the girls were out of hearing range. Such a name should never sully their innocent ears. You see, our new ass't editor is, you should pardon the expression --" he glanced furtively around "--- Hal Shapiro!"

### Subtitle Three - "Dear Mr Del Rey"

You spoke, in your vlnl issue of your new magazine, FANTASY, of the type of story you are after. So, for your benefit, we now present --

'foomp'

It was on a summer evening in '96 that Ann found the spook, sitting on a stump in the woods. The Ann was only a little girl, she easily recognized him as a ghost, because he was wearing a sheet. She stood there for a moment, but the ghost sat with his back to her, unnoticed. Finally she coughed politely. The ghost jumped. For a moment, he disappeared; then, slowly and with caution, his head rematerialized. First, two wary eyes, peering thru sheet holes; then the nose, then the mouth hole. For a moment, he appraised the little girl. Then, with a small sigh, the rest of him appeared. Ann watched with growing interest as he picked a piece of chain up off the stump. He rattled it in her direction.

"Foomp," he whispered.

"What did you say?" asked Ann.

"Foomp," the ghost whispered again.

Ann said, "Oh," and thot a moment. "But I thot ghosts said 'Boo!'" Then she added "Or 'boomp', like the things that mommy tells me go 'boomp' in the night."

"Well, it's day," whispered the ghost. "And I said 'foomp'. Besides --" he sat back down on the stump, tucking his sheet under him. "--I don't like to be like all the others. All my life, I was different -- I guess it got to be a habit."

Ann considered this. "Yes," she nodded slowly, "I 'spose it would."

"But aren't you afraid of me?" asked the ghost. "After all, I'm a spectre; a supernatural being. I should strike fear in your heart."

"You should be 'shamed!'" Ann exclaimed. "Trying to frighten little girls! That's mean! ...but I don't think you'd scare many people if you allus whisper. And besides," she finished, "your sheet's dirty!"

The ghost sighed. "I know." Underneath the right eyehole there was a small wet spot, where his sheet absorbed a tear. "There you have the two reasons for my failure as a ghost. I haven't been dead for very long. There are still lots of people who would recognize me without my sheet, so I never dare take it off long enuf to get it cleaned. And -- and I don't want people to recognize me because --" the ghost stopped and blew his nose on his sheet. "Well, I died from double pneumonia.



I had caught it because I stayed out too late one night at a poker game. Even tho he didn't have his ten of clubs Tucker, Ghu take his purple soul, was on a winning streak. I didn't notice the time, and it was almost 10 o'clock before I left. Well, it was misty out, and I got my feet wet. Next thing I knew, I was dead."

"But gee, Mr. Ghost," Ann interrupted, "Why should any of that keep you from having your sheet cleaned?"

"Well, child," the ghost whispered, "it's this way. If I took the sheet to someone to be cleaned, they might recognize me. I'd have to talk. But the pneumonia was brought on by a case of laryngitis; I can only whisper, and -- well, I could hardly bear to have my old friends know that the ghost of Sam Moskowitz can only whisper!"

*subtitle four--*

## AND SO, FOURTH...

A LA SPACE is in A place without a doubt. Could hardly grow 'em any Aier. But, to get away from the alphabet, the material is a bit away from 'A'. It's a first issue, and by far the most interesting thing about it is its reproduction. It looks vaguely like blueprint -- and yet not quite that. Whatever it is, it's a most pliable medium. 15¢, bi-m, Kent Corey, Box 64, Enid, Okla.

ASFO, fanzine put out by ASFO (Atlanta Science Fiction Organization) is not, at this writing, off the mimmy-o. But it promises to be well-worth your time and money to investigate. It is to replace COSMAG-SFD, edited by Burwell & Macauley. Drop a' line to Ian T. Macauley, 57 E Park Lane, NE in Atlanta.

BOO!, hectoed outfit from San Fran. Spanish Eyes & Roman Feet was the best bit of material but, once again, the reproduction stole the show. He used brown hecto ink -- maybe I'm just ignorant of things, but this is the first time I've heard of such -- and may I say that it is far superior to purple or red or green or such hecto colors. If it wasn't rather wavy-lined, it would be quite attractive. 10¢, bi-m, Bob Stewart, 274 Arlington St., San Francisco, Calif.

COMET, another vlnl which looks as if it's put out on the same monster what occasionally chews out SOL. By far the best item in the ish is Winchell Graff's Half-A-Century of the Oz Books. There are also some fairly good Lunatoons by Anthony de Luna. 10¢, bi-m, Karl Olsen, RFD 2, Allendale, N. J.

ECLIPSE, hectoed from Norfolk, Nebr. vlnl, again. If it had been readable, I might have found something interesting in it. But the copy I got must have been the last one off the film. 5¢, bi-m, Ray Thompson, 410 So. 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska.

FANTASTA, vlnl and vln2. This is a one-sheet, sorta bi-weekly, effort from Calif. Containing short -- very short! -- fanitens. A bit of news and humor. 3/10¢, Larry Balint, 3255 Golden Ave., Long Beach, Cal.

...hey, y' notice? Everything so far is first-issue stuff! Lotsa new ones coming out these days. Probably lots of 'em won't go too long. ALIEN, which has put out three issues and will put out a fourth, is folding with that fourth issue. Was put out by Vic Waldrop of Carters-

ville, Ga., and had been doing fairly well, we thot. But that's the way it goes...

THE HARP IN AMERICA, sometimes known as QUANDRY. The longest bit of Willis writing yet put out as one continued hunk. Good! Best zine Walt has put out in some time... 15¢, Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga.

INFINITY is a fanzine from Long Island, no kin to the Infinity group in St. Pete. Readable hecto, even edges, article by Algis Budrys puts this item well above first issue average. (This is, I forgot to mention a first issue.) Likt the artwork & cartoons and a poem of humorous intent by name of MISTAKE. Good bit of fiction, an interesting 'letter column' with the name of INflux. End editorial titled, The INFINT's Corner. Still chuckling over the end of it... This one should really go places. Every third month. 10¢, Charles Harris, 85 Fairview Ave., Great Neck, LI, N. Y.

MOTE has come out again. This is #4, good cover by Naaman Peterson

MOTE has come to be dependable. You'll not regret sending a quarter for five issues (a year) to Robert Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska.

RHC DOMAGNETIC DIGEST put out an issue with some GOOD reproduction, this time. At least, the artwork (flamboyant color) was 100% better than their average. And the cover (black on yellow paper) reminded me of Dash. Thish featured a very good Jack Vance story, and there was a chucklesome article by W F Nolan entitled Mr. B. Goes To Hollywood. If some of the print hadn't been too light, some too dark, and one page with a double-exposure effect, this would be their best issue in both reproduction & material. Don Fabun, 2524 Telegraph Ave. Berkeley 4, Calif. 25¢

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN should be one of the best fanzines out -- it has flashes of great wit, like a slip stapled to #9 saying 'In This Issue we are NOT featuring MICKKEY SPILLANE. But the moment you open it up -- well, it looks to me like it's so crowded that it doesn't have room for me to hang around to read a few pages. It has all the charm of a grab-bag -- a very, very full grab-bag. 15¢, Harlan Ellison, 12701 Shaker Blvd, Apt #616, Cleveland 20, Ohio. Claims to be monthly.

VECTOR, a one-shot put out from the above address that has an intriguing article within it dealing with the defining of a BNF and what makes same. Good cover. Also a couple of bits of fistic and another article. Jim Schreiber & Harlan.

VEGA seems to be the last one. Not the last VEGA but the last zine in my review stack. If there are any I've overlooked, it's becoss of the general and unassorted confusion existing hereabouts. Anywee, to VEGA -- excellent mimmy-c work, better than #4 in contents. In fact, each issue seems progressively better than the last. Accordingly, #6 should make VEGA one of the best! It seems to have found it's footing, now. 10¢ (tho may soon change) Joel Nydahl (who has recently sold a story to IMAGINATION!) 119 S. Front St., Marquette, Mich. Monthly.

... NO! Mike Hammer is now on the radio! Sharpen that blue pencil, Mr. Censor!

subtitle five --

...AND FURTHERMORE

Composing on the stencil again. Last minute stuff; most of cf. has been run off for ages, now -- but PHEconomou has been holding up the works in a dastardly manner. Because of a mere gas explosion that fried half a hand and burnt a bit of hair (probably odd bits of face-flash with it) this dirty so-and-so has been neglecting the cf. stencils. But finally they have shown up -- and I find we're short a page. So it will be added to Midst, as there are quite a few fanzines what have shown up whilst #14 was delayed -- zines that should long ago have been reviewed. In fact, since #13 one or two different bi-monthly fanzines have turned out a couple of issues. Two issues of a bi-monthly fanzine coming out between issues of a monthly fanzine just ain't good reputation for said monthly...

DESTINY #7 (address still the same, altho now has loss & addition -- instead of Jim Bradley, Earl Kemp is the co-ed, with Mnl. #7 is really great -- the cover was below par, but inside there was a wonderful folio of stories by a PHEamiliar name -- PHEconomou. And some GOOD illos by XRPPhillips. And a commendable bit of fiction by Earl. Also a most humorous page by Robert Bloch. And a Who's Who by Fritz Leiber. 25¢ well spent! (Egad, it just struck me -- a monthly reviewing two issues of a quarterly... That bi-monthly stuff I mentioned is nothing to this!)

NOTE #5 has come out, too -- a really terrific colored cover by Naaman -- I'd say it is his best yet. Bob is having trouble with his new ditto, but I think he'll have the hang of it by next ish; should really improve appearance eventually, tho this is actually not as good as the hector'd ones. He wants material, incidentally.

Another issue of BOO! is out, too. #3. Mimmy-o, this time, tho with some fair hector'd pix. Anybody else think Bob Stewart, Terry Carr & Peter Graham are the same fa?

OPUS 20 (follows OPUS 6, believe it or not. Max is now counting the old Fv's.) Is mostly Elsherry's con report. The usual excellent cartoon cover. Inside are pix by Jack Gaughan of fanotables. Poor pic of Tuck, but George O's was a remarkable likeness, and all the others were okay. Not quite as good as the Nolacon report.

FANZINE, #3, Editor Marion Cox, 79th AB Sqdn, Sioux City, Iowa. For -- or, that is, 'by' -- ladies only. Good try; don't see why they shouldn't succeed. (15¢)

STERILANES #9 is out; excellent poetry, outstanding art, very interesting cover, poems by Lillith Lorraine, Orma herself -- Rory Faulkner! -- Lin Carter, and a certain Joseph L Green. Besides many others. Is well worth 20¢, if you like poetry.

And now we come to the OOSLANNISH! which isn't in alphabetical order, nor was any of this; is all hap-hazard. Swell lithographed cover; cartoon of a spaceship circling Mars, on which there is a sign (on Mars, not the ship) saying 'No parking -- R. Bradbury.' Inside is chock full of terrific items -- Robert Block, VLMcCain, Walt Willis, Rich Elsherry, Ken Beale and a very, very humorous bit by Rich Bergeron entitled AN OPENED LETTER TO MAX KEASLER -- another entry into the long sentence derby. ...and if you've read a certain Palmer editorial, Willis's FAN FROM TOMCROW is apt to rupture a blood vessel or at least get dirt all over you -- unless, of course, you have a clean floor to roll on. The editorial thread running thru it is rather frantic, tho; part of the time, it sounds like Gregg's is saying 'Fare-tho-well, and so long--it's-been-good-to-know-you', and part of the time he's burning to get #10 out. Which show's that it took him a long time to piece #9 together; longer, maybe even, than it took this of cf. to get out. Since then, there have been no more OOSLAN's.

CONFUSION \$??--

"My dome is sealed."





THE

Cal Beck.

*Astounding*

# SCIENCE FICTION

STORY

ASF made its initial appearance under the title of Astounding Stories of Super Science, January, 1930. The basic policy has been the same ever since the first issue: new, original stories -- no reprints.

Contents of the first issue were: SP Meek's "The Cave of Horror," Ray Cummings' "Phantoms of Reality," ML Stanley's "The Stolen Mind," CV Tench's "Compensation," Leinster's "Tanks," A Pelcher's "Invisible Death," and a 2-part serial by Victor Rousseau, "The Beetle Hord." The latter was illustrated for the front cover by Wos-ss. Like the TWS, SS, FFM, Futura, etc. of today, ASF kept to the same pulp 'zine size until January, 1942, when it immediately jumped into the short-lived "large-size" favored by the old Amazing and some issues of Unknown. With the May 1943 issue ASF finally gave up all hopes of trying to give the best format possible to its public owing to umpteen number of "wartime restrictions" and immediately appeared in its former smaller size. However, this only lasted some seven months before ASF adopted the lamentable "Digest Size" which is in present use today.

It is, of course, superfluous to state that ASF has since its first issue held to a much higher level of quality than any other publication to date, and without a large lag or long period of decay as it is common with most of the "other" SF 'zines in existence. Every one of its editors has been more than conscientious since Harry Bates (author of "Day the Earth Stood Still," originally titled "Farewell to the Master") to F. Orlin Tremaine, who took over with the October, 1933 edition. And with this issue ASF shifted from being a Clayton mag into a Street and Smith Publication.

Their immense improvement of quality in the SF field, of what little there was of it back then, was evident since the first number of ASF ever appeared. But with the transition of ASF into an S&S 'zine the rank and file of quality jumped up so many notches higher that it became quite obvious to all readers that ASF was now the true leader in its field. The score has always stood very favorably. ASF has not only defied competition from all other competitors during the first decade of its life but has continued in this fashion ever since the beginning of the post-war years to date, what with some thirty odd sfantasy 'zines in circulation.

Of course, we're referring to the standards of high quality from the point of stories and editorializing which has been a part of ASF till now, not to circulation. Foremost of all, we refer again to quality as quality, and not to pumped up circulation devices used by some other 'zines to lure readers, and other huckster "gimmicks" commonly used in out-and-out commercialization. Insofar as a high circulation goes the early Palmer-Shevor Amazing, and the current Spillane type Ziff-Davis Fantastic take the credit. However, this is not a logical indication of enthusiasm and support from the people who are more or less "true fans" or readers, or those who consistently read and have read Unknown, Galaxy, Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, and F.F.M.

When a certain editor features Mickey Spillane, James Farrell, or Billy Rose -- low order writers of that ilk -- or homosexual storytellers, that's the kind of following one can expect. But that's just pumping up a phoney circulation. These are not true sfantasy devotees -- they are a captured audience. Herewith all levels of quality are foresaken for a large, cheap, and an entirely ignorant following, but nevertheless a large circulation at any cost, and so long as the means justify the end. An example in this case is that we now understand that Browne's Fantastic has averaged close to a quarter of a million "sold" copies.

Yet such has not been the case nor the record with ASF...at least, if you overlook Dianetics it hasn't. Albeit, Dianotics, if anything, has been the most intellectual form of device employed by a sfantasy 'zine to gain a larger circulation, if the latter was the true motive at all. Call it un/or intentional, or merely coincidental, John W. Campbell practically eliminated Lafayette ("We Have Come") Ron Hubbard's brainstorm from ASF's pages immediately after most readers insisted upon its removal.

JWC took control over ASF on December, 1937. How good can a thing get? JWC proved it on an already well established and universally acclaimed 'zine. During the first year of his administration he made Burks, Wollman, deCamp, Del Roy, and Malcolm Jameson; not to mention Williamson, Palmer, EE Smith, Hubbard, Eric Frank Russell, and "Don (JWC) Stuart," a phenomenon of a writer by himself. This was also the year of "Who ("THE THING") Goes There?" And a fairly unknown writer of sciëntifacts, history, rockets, and archaeology was just beginning to come into prominence that year, too...his name is Willy Ley.

By now most everyone knows that the next seven or so years since '37 have made science-fantasy history. If we were to compare ASF through a representation of various metals, the years of 1930-38 could be called "Age of Chromium," 1939-45 "The Golden Age," 1946-49 "The Silver-Chrome Age," and unfortunately, from part of '49 to date "The Tin Age," for which reasons will go into a little later.

SF anthologies during recent years have reprinted at least 70% of their stories alone from the files of ASF. The Groff Conklin collections are one of the chief examples. Probably most of the largest and best selling hard cover sfantasy novels have come out of ASF, and some from its twin, Unknown. As a mag of science fiction ASF has been the only one to have had its stories appear in motion pictures ("THE THING" and "THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL"), the only 'zine to have had more stories than all of its competitors put together over radio (Dimension X, 2,000 Plus, and Escape), and on TV (Out There and Tales of Tomorrow). Most of our best and nearly all our greatest contemporary sfantasy writers have in some cases contributed only to ASF in most of their time.

And yet time has begun to tell on the King of SF mags. In the past three years ASF has become a mere ghost of its former self. Though still the leader (Galaxy is now in "2nd place") in the field and whole realm of SF, the quality has cheapened, its former great authors are nearly forgotten, and there is, sad to say, an air of apparent despondency over the entire publication. As even the best of mags do, ASF has also had a few lags or ruts; but its present one has been too uncomfortably dark and ominous, and the longest form of stagnation it's been in without an evident comeback.

The general sluggishness about ASF that's most obvious could have first been detected just a few months prior to the debut of the Dianetics blow-out. It has alarmingly continued to snow-ball with no apparent cessation until now. Not that ASF is by any standards comparable to the average level of the "other" SF 'zines. As a jewel of value manages to stand out against a background of cheap glass imitations, so does ASF even now -- perhaps not as luminously as it once did, but nevertheless still in there clutching at all the straws it can grab.

The immediate deficiency could fall into several patterns: 1) prior to and immediately after the emanation of Dianetics upon the scene, most of ASF'S best writers to some extent or other devoted all their energies to this alleged "science of the mind"; 2) the sf/fantasy field has expanded far more rapidly than any writers properly suited and trained at its lines could cope with. The few good veteran writers who have worked steadily in the field have attempted to spread themselves out too thin, and have thereby debilitated their standards; therefore, competition against immaturely underdeveloped newcomers has been negligible if not entirely hopeless. This situation has forced many an editor to accept nearly anything that flops upon his desk, otherwise he would go bi-monthly or quarterly if more fastidiousness were a policy. 3) Some publishers have in all cases tied the hands of their editors by not realizing the much higher cost of living, and by keeping 1953 payments for writers on the level of the infamous "Depression Years." 4) Regrettably many of the editors who are new to the field immediately vanish almost as soon as they begin to develop competently, get the knack of hang of the business. Again this shows poor judgement and management on the part of the publishers in trying to hold to their invaluable personnel. Usually a long process of deterioration begins, with a tortuously slow period of recovery afterwards. It is very difficult for an editor-in-chief to do without an old and experienced assistant, or for a new editor to always be as good as his predecessor. The only exception which we can recall in the last few years was when a dynamic young man called Jerome Bixby replaced Payne as the ed. of Planet. The procedure and quality of al, reversed almost horribly when Bixby left. This, the way practically the case when L. Jerome Starton, one of the finest assistant editors the SF field has ever had, left JWC and ASF over four years ago. Despite this, JWC struggled as best as possible for nearly two years. However, the strain had begun to tell, and its by-product resulted into the weaker, shoddier ASF we've recently come to know.

Of course, all of this coupled with a price increase of from the old 25¢ to the present 35¢ tabs for an issue of ASF has all helped degenerate the standards. Nor did Street & Smith help in the slightest to encourage talented writers once the SF field started to "boom," what with its antique policy of retaining all royalty rights on the works of any of its writers, in spite of JWC's valiant efforts to make ASF's publishers hold on to the "first magazine rights" only. This means that all book, pocket book, reprint magazine, radio, TV, movie and other rights would belong normally to the writer. However, only recently has S&S started to show halfhearted attempts in coaxing competently able writers back again to the fold. As of now, nonetheless, they have only been halfhearted efforts.

Perhaps if a deviation from the history of ASF has been made it has been intentional, and only to show how an over all trend within the SF field can affect one and all at the same time.

Looking back over the growing and "Golden Years" of ASF, it's more than thrilling to know that such stories by such writers have come to its pages: '34 saw McClary's "Rebirth," Williamson's "Legion of Space," and "Doc" Smith's "Skylark of Valeron"; '35 with JWC's "The Mightiest Machine," Taine's "1287," John Jessel's "Adaptive Ultimate," and Bate's unforgettable "Alas, All Thinking"; '36 had Lovecraft's "At the Mountains of Madness," Williamson's "The Cometeers"; '37 brought us EESmith's "Galactic Patrol," two serials by Williamson, and a host of tales by Binder, Burks, DeCamp, Gallun, JWC, EF Russell, Long, Coblentz, Schachner and Wellman. '38: the last two parts of the six-part Smith novel, with Williamson ever abundant with another record breaking novel, "The Legion of Time," JWC's "Who Goes There?" RAP's "Matter is Conserved," and Hubbard's "The Tramp." '39 produced Simak's "Cosmic Engineers," and even more Williamson, with his "One Against the Legion," Smith outdoing himself with "The Gray Lensman," and an historic year for bringing into light two of the field's greatest writers, A. E. Van Vogt and Robert Heinlein.



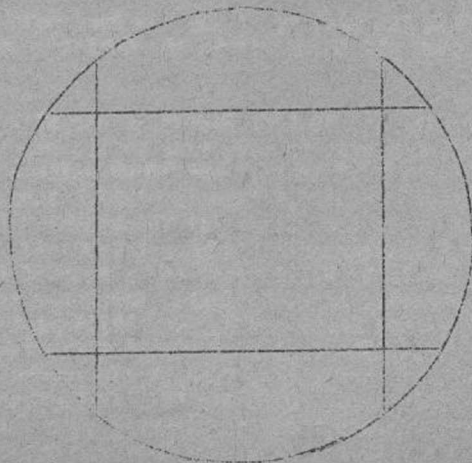
At this point it is only wise to point out that 1939 also began to mark the commencement of ASF's "Golden Age," with 1940 being perhaps the most famous and memorable year for presenting: Heinlein's "If This Goes ON---," Hubbard's immortal "Final Blackout"; neither overlooking that some of the best of the old Del Rey's efforts came out, Heinlein's well known "The Roads Must Roll" and "Blowups Happen"; and that epoch making classic, which has made collectors pay as much as \$2.50 for each one of its four issues, "SLAN" by Van Vogt...also the year of Bate's "Farwell to The Master"...surely a year in sfantasy that might have had a day the earth stood still!

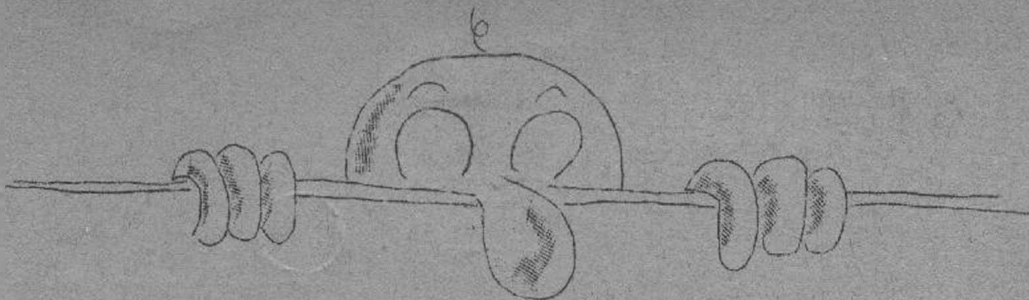
1941: Heinlein's "6th Column," "Universe," "Mothuselah's Children," and "And He Built a Crooked House---"; doCamp's "The Stolen Dormouse," and the first two parts of the 4-part "Second Stage Lensman" by Smith. '42: Heinlein's "Beyond This Horizon," Kuttner's "The Twonky," and Del Rey's "Nerves," '43: Van Vogt's "Weapon Makers," Leiber's "Gather Darkness," and the year when ASF went "Digest Size." '44: a year of many great novelettes and short stories by Jameson, Clement, E. Mayne Hull, Del Rey, Russell, Van Vogt, Geo O. Smith, Fred Brown -- only one long novel by Raymond F. Jones, "Renaissance," and a short 2-parter, "The Winger Man" by Hull, not excluding the classical "Killdozer" by Ted Sturgeon. '45: starting with the last two parts of O. Smith's 3-part "Nomad" (began Dec. '44), Leiber's "Destiny Times Three," Asimov's "The Mule," and Van Vogt's "World of T". '46: Kuttner's "The Fairy Chessmen," O. Smith's "Pattern for Conquest," Van Vogt's "The Chronicler," and Jones' "The Toy-maker."

It would take a long serial in itself to do justice to a more complete history of Astounding Science Fiction, or to list every story that will live down through the ages wherever a sfantasy mag is sold, published and read, to make even a short biography and noted for certain writers and their works, and to describe the little dramas, incidents and adventures behind each author, the editors, the staff and their assistants. Indeed it would require a tome in itself to say everything that has been directly or indirectly related to ASF in the past twenty-three years or so. If we, in this short outline, have scratched the surface, we've done pretty good.

Suffice it to say that Astounding Science Fiction, its editors and loyal contributing writers alone are a monument in the world of sfantasy fiction. The entire field owes them more than a debt of gratitude, for by all indications and comparisons SFantasy fiction might be still today on Gernsback's level, in the Dark Ages of sfantasy fiction.

...cal beck





## YOU WAS EGGSPLECTING MAYBE....?

So we were supposed to have a cartoon by Economou here. So we don't have it. So we have instead, a page of odds and ends. So what? It's also DON' say on the contents page that we have Rob Shaw's RETURN OF THE SPACE BOGGLE in this. Oh, there is an insert stapled there that makes mention of it, but that's something that was put on when, at the last moment, it was discovered that it had somehow been left off. Honest, we don' do this on purpose. It isn't on purpose that we misnumber the pages, or have blank pages (the the one on the back of SPACE BOGGLE is left on purpose; too much show-thru to have anything) or have pages reversed, or all those many other things that seem to just happen. We don't HAVE to do it on purpose; we just sorta let things take their natcheral course...

Truth of the matter is, we're lazy.

World like to take this opportunity, on the Behalf of the Beappreciation Club, to wish Bee Mahaffey Bon Voyage on her European trip. Walt, Van~~g~~, Chuch, Bill -- all you guys take good care of our gal...

Important -- don't forget to send your \$ to

# 11<sup>TH</sup> WORLD S F CON

BOX 2019  
Philadelpholia 3, Penna

...and there's still time to send a\$stanc\$ to the Aussie con, if you happen to know the address. I can't find it.

--HEY, LOOKIT US! We got new materials -- a couple of new styli:

#1 \_\_\_\_\_ bought from MASTER and

#2 \_\_\_\_\_ generously donated by Hal Shapiro. Also, we got two new lettering guides:

#1 -- **A B C D E** #2 -- **A B C D E**

...#2 being something new, indeed; slip it UNDER the stencil, and rub your stylus over it. Then, bingo, you have your letter in one easy operation. Both from MASTER.

BOB SHAW'S

# THE RETURN OF THE SPACE BOGGLE



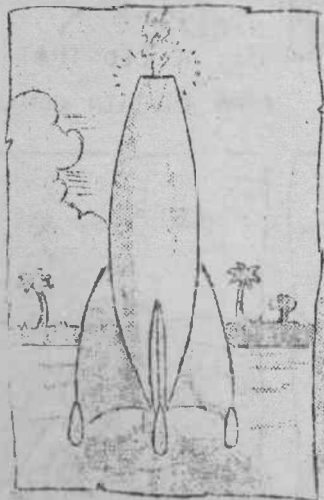
AUG. 2. TIRING OF THEIR EASY LIFE ON PLANET CLEEVER THE CAPTAIN CALLED FOR VOLUNTEERS TO REBUILD THE BOGGLE.



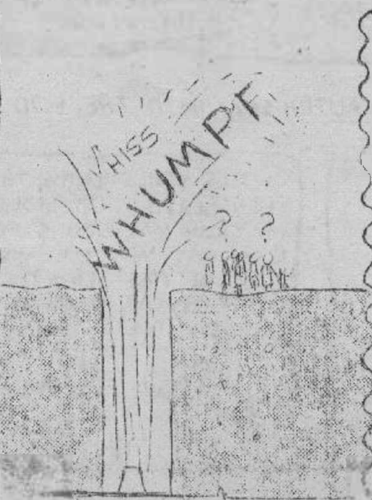
AUG. 3. THE CREW SET TO WITH LOTS OF VIM AND SOON HAD THE JOB CLEANED UP...



UNFORTUNATELY THEIR CAPTAIN WAS AWAY MAKING STUDIES OF THE LOCAL GEOGRAPHY...



AND ONE OR TWO MINOR MISTAKES WERE MADE.



AUG. 4. THE SPACE BOGGLE BLASTS OFF INTO THE VOID...

AFTER SPECTROSCOPE AND FN TESTS THE NAVIGATOR REPORTED THAT THEY WERE IN A DENSE INTERPLANET DUST CLOUD. SO THE CAPTAIN DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE IN HIS SPACE SUIT.

\* THIS TEST ONLY REVEALED GHOST IMAGES.





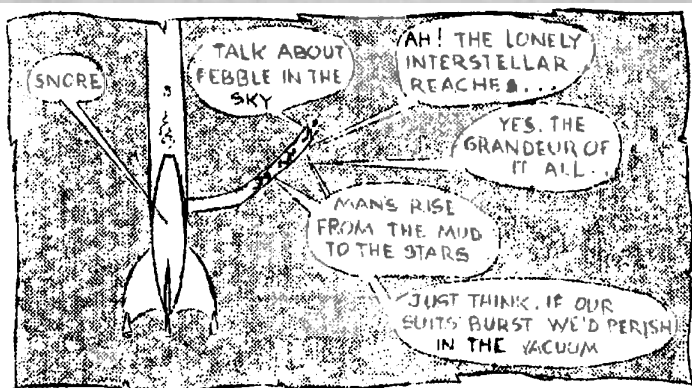
AUG 4½: THE "CAPTAIN"  
DIVED OUT...

BUT RETURNED ALMOST  
IMMEDIATELY SUFFERING  
FROM A SPACE FEVER, THE  
SYMPTOMS OF WHICH  
WERE STRANGELY LIKE  
THOSE OF CONCUSSION!



REVERENTLY THE CREW  
PUT HIM TO BED...

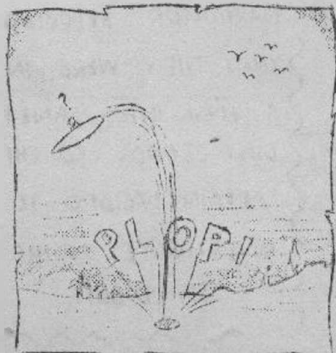
AUG. 5. THE CAPT. AWOKE  
AND WITH COOL-HEADED  
INTELLIGENCE...



... AND PLUNGED CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE VOID.



... DECIDED THAT THE  
CREW HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED



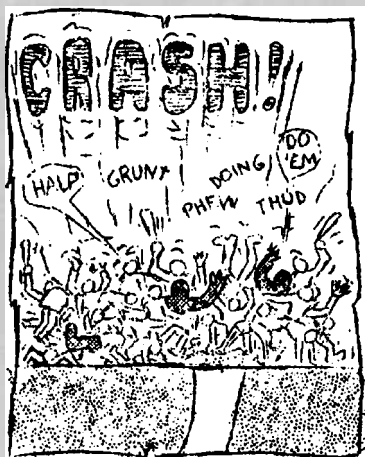
HE TOOK OFF IN A LIFEBOAT  
AND SOMEHOW FOUND THAT  
HE WAS NEAR PLANET CLEEVER



HE LANDED AND WARNED  
THE NATIVES....



... JUST IN TIME!



THE ALIEN MONSTERS WERE CAPTURED BY THE NATIVES AND LOCKED IN A STRONG COMPOUND. THE CAPTAIN GAVE THEM AN ULTIMATUM - "RETURN MY CREW BEFORE MORNING OR YOU WILL BE EXECUTED UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD."

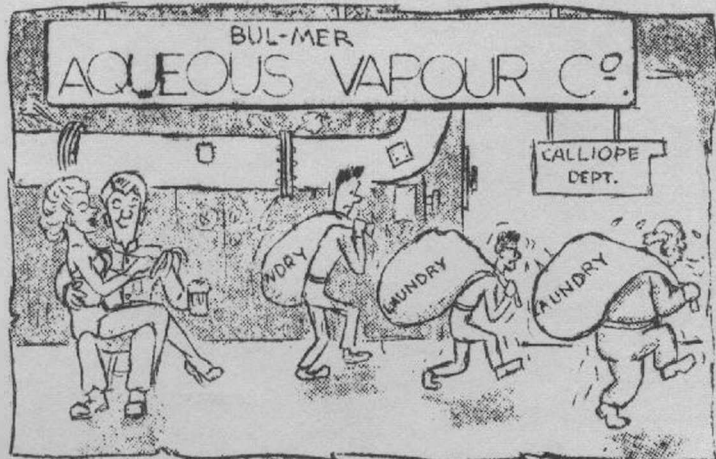


AUG 6. (MORNING). HE WAS PASSING THE STOCKADE AND SAW THAT THE CREW HAD BEEN RETURNED.



THE SPACE BOGGLER BEING LOST FOREVER, THE CREW SET UP IN BUSINESS. ADAPTING A SMALL VOLCANO THAT HAD STRANGELY APPEARED AT THE TAKE-OFF POINT, THEY PIPED IN WATER FROM A NEARBY SEA - THE MER-DE-BUL.

THIS ENABLED THEM TO MAKE LOTS OF STEAM, AND AS THE PATENT LAWS WERE VERY LAX... THEY LIVED HAPPILY ETC. ETC.



# SOUND



# OFF!

DAVID VAN ARMAN; 1740-34th Ave No, St Petersburg, Fla

January 12, 1952--  
damnit, 3

Dear ShalVic

With issue #13, cf. moves into the top rank of fansines. Previously, cf. was top humor magazine--now, with the increase in material, cf. has meat to it's (funny-) bones...

Hoffman wants at least two pages for her style of writing, as is obvious in the latest Fanstuff Pilau. Agreement with B&B on the overlargeness of fandom today is obvious--take a swift look at the countless "little" fansines now coming out ((DU trying to be an exception...)), and weep for all the dough you have to spend to get 'em all. ((plug for combozine)) Keep things like those lil convention vignettes coming fast. Ah, nostalgia... Dave Diamond was reassuring, on the details of the Philcon II. Willie as usual superlative. Got your stencils mixed up on AMAZING STORY. As for AVST, all I know is that I saw Woody Ayres around the Morrison more times than I saw Jardine. LOVE those Chicon comments. And I've yet to see DU reviewed in other than SOL and MADGE.../GLAM!. ?for?./ And MORE Chicon stuff. "cf., mag of Chicons." This is fun, all this conreporting./ AND still they come... The Chicon is undoubtedly the best covered convention yet. All this stuff in cf. otta draw 'em up to Philly.../Ah, the letters, the letters.../ I can't stand it anymore. WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE GUY WHO DID THE ILLUS ON PP 60, 42, AND 1???

*Dave*

His name is Naaman, Dave. Naaman Peterson. You'll see him again on page 1, and many more times in future issues, we hope.

--damnit, I forgot! I'm changing things a bit, in the quest for space, space and MORE space in cf.'s pages. Now, instead of indenting letters, I'm indenting my comments, since the comments are usually the shorter. But it's new to me, so I notcherly forget to indent one line. (Kick me, Ajax.) Now, hear sounds from

GAL BECK; 64-16 Elmhurst Ave, Elmhurst 73, Long Island, NY

Dear Florida Flamingo:

Nice lettering job you did on my column. Many thanks.

And I'm looking for a couple of SF Mag Checklists... Something like the Speer thing issued two or three years ago by the Denver group (had a copy but lost it, darn!), or the big Don Day item. Ain't got money, but will toss in some slick stuff out of my collections for a few things like that.

Sorry, but just learned that the circulation figures in my "Amazing Story" are a bit overcast. However, a certain fan living locally and responsible for giving 'em

27

27



to me is having one of his heads handed to him meantime. But I am sure that the general order in which they follow is pretty accurate, giving or taking several thousand issues.

In re "Burwell Faces Life": he's too young to die! The rest or most of his article seems okay, but the part on Willis' arrival read slightly the other way around. Having been the "Ambassador of Good Will" with an invisible key to the city in that instance, I was surprised that Joseph Gibson gave Hank the garbled version which was used. If anyone wanted to get an egotistical satisfaction out of the deal and play politics better than anyone there that day, I could have done it all, given the kick that Gibson deserved out of my car, and just picked out the sincere few who were with me all the time, packed WAW into the best seat, and drove straight off to Chicago. I could have done it. Easily. However, I had some personal chores to do and was a bit tight on cash. [I generally use bourbon.] However, I could have put the bite on my family easily and dropped everything if I were a Gibson. I've a few (actually, many) things more to say on other "things" that happened; but am steamed up enough as it is.

Cal

Would have been quite a problem if you HAD written on those few (actually, many) other things. As it is, I had to cut the above from a four page letter.

RICH BERGERON; RED #1, Newport, Vt

Dear Shelby;

Have written to Shisler. Any girl that can get one of her newsletters printed by Vick has got enough of a sense of humor to deserve better than that. [?] She is going places.

The elite typer is fine. You must be rich. [You confused, boy? You're Rich; Elleberry is Rich; Vanderbilt is rich -- I'm Shelby.]

Nice cover but I'd like to see the idea go back further. Frn'stance a group of Phoenicians pulling in a fish net and one of them pointed up to the saucer with an amazed expression. (Nothing else was handy so he grabbed it up without thinking.)

EEconomou seems to be a person of simple tastes. (I believe that he has been heard to say that he likes Bloch.) From the dated condition of his letter it is apparent that he, like Charles Wells, is sadly in need of the services of Time Shavings, Inc; as explained in the fourth installment of The Raven's Chirp. I sincerely hope that he can get in contact with me and help remedy this situation.

Bill Morse might be a big unselfish type with frank eyes and hair from the Latin quarter. [Is that where you bought that toupee, Bill? A strange mixture of several breeds. [Breads there a man with soul so dead...]] He admits that he participated in exotic rites with his mention of the temples and the fact that he keeps the grey from showing when he goes there. [Well, surely he has the rite!] My diagnosis: a temple priest who has been cast low by birth to poor parents and one who is making a valiant struggle for the higherthing in life. A prediction: he will attain the haight he desires only to find himself without the necessary time to make trips to the barber shop. When the other priests find that his hair really is not all red he will be down cast and return to his parents.

Thank heavens I don't do this very often!

A nice ish, Vick.

Best of all,

Rich  
(this closing by the way  
is pronounced with a  
rhotic.)

...mmm; suppose I take a stab at this character reading. Since Bergeron is the handiest character, I shall try a few piercing observations in his direction. Briefly, it would seem that he is a millionaire who is burgeoning many varieties of fan with sketches of their activities; he thinks yrs trly is a fair enuf sort (or, in his own words, "A niceish Vick.")

Now, we have a slight difficulty. Seems I have two letters from some fan named Robert Bloch whose name apparently has been mentioned before in cf. (probably somebody using him for a horrible example.) Anyway, they can only be run as two entirely individual letters. (If Bixby can do it for Calkins, it's good enuf for me!)

ROBERT BLOCH; Milwaukee, Wisc

Shelby:

I was pleased to receive CF this morning, but greatly embarrassed to find myself in the company of all those nice people.

But I have learned something. My lawyers (Loophole, Shyster & Goniff) warned me always to be careful about writing letters to women. Now I see I have to be careful about writing letters to men, also.

Had I any notion that you would save and exhume those notes you reprinted, I'd have been a bit more discreet in my language. You will note that this letter is antispectically clean and contains no obscenity.

Not so far, anyway...

[The next three paragraphs are deleted.]

Take care of yourself, boy, and many thanks for the undeserved plaudits. I hope '53 is a good year for you and I'm looking forward to more and greater CONFUSION

Bob

And then, on #13 --

Dear Shelby:

CONFUSION was well worth waiting for...and only lived up to its title once, on the AMAZING STORY article where I note a transposition of pages.

Most interesting phenomem to me is the sudden surge of cartoons... even Bea has taken a hand in it, and done right well, too.

Sooner or later we've got to get this Family Tree of ours straightened out. [You mean, paralell with Grandpa?] Too many birds nesting in it...too many snakes (besides Willis) crawling around in it. Doesn't even look like a Family Tree any more. More like a gallows. Maybe you'd better draw up a chart or something and get our relationships straight. And be careful, for Laney's sake! Ours has always been a straightforward clan...of high principle and ~~6~~ incest. Let's keep it that way.

Anyhow, this is one of the nicest issues you have ground out. Hoping you are the same ----- GREAT GRANDPA

Family Tree? Hmmm...

Well, you realize, GG, that this brings up quite a problem. I have, naturally, looked into the situation, and it seems there are a few things perhaps better left alone.

F'r inst, there seems to be a lot of dead wood around the bottom of the tree. Fallen branches and the like. And quite a few incomplete lines come to light.

--however; the most astonishing fact immediately apparent is the lack of a parent. We have a grandfather. We have a great-grandfather. But we do NOT have a great-grand, or grand-mother!

The Family Tree shall certainly be viewed with understandable suspicion until this is remedied. There are other, equally obvious, absences. Perhaps the family should get together on this. Surely someone knows a diplomatic answer...

JERRY BURGE; 415 Pavillion St, SE, Atlanta, Ga

Dear Shelby,

Thanks for sending cf. #13 is the best issue I've seen yet, maybe 'cause there's so much of it. Cf., now, is as much fun as Q was in its heyday--which is saying plenty. Anyway, here's a buck, which is the greatest praise my wallet can extend to any fanzine.

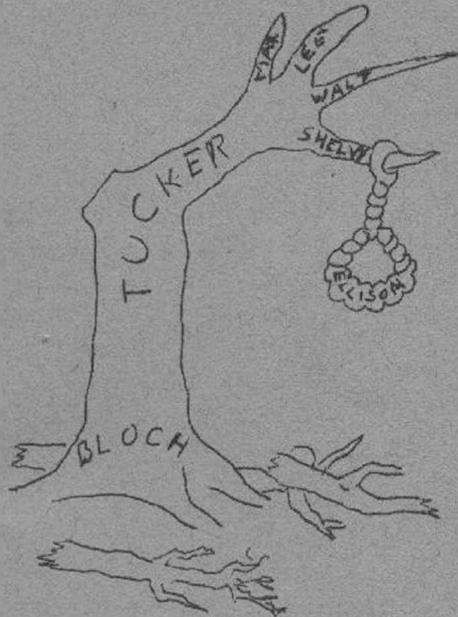
May as well comment on the issue while I'm here. The cover is very good--- shows to what excellent advantage the shading plate can be put by someone who knows what he's doing. I'm talking about the gal's clothes. Best drapery I've seen done by mimeo. The color adds something, too; but I must have a last-run copy, here, because the colors seem to have faded and run together in places. /...well, not exactly, Jerry -- I'm afraid the colors always run together a bit./

Best item in the issue is undoubtedly the Twelfth Plinth. Walt is so obviously the best fan writer extant, that I won't even mention the fact.

Cal Beck's Amazing Story is next. I like this kind of thing. Can do without the "funny" stuff, though. It's all very well to be opinionated, but sarcasm is merely childish. Wonder where Cal got his circulation figures? On page 20 (?) he states, "It (AS) had only 27,000 when RAF first came into the picture in '38". In the June, 1935, issue there's a "Publisher's statement of circulation" which gives the following figures: "Copies sold...22,972; copies distributed free...323; total ...23,295." If Cal is right, AS must have gained circulation in those three years. A small detail...

What did happen to the Burwell article? /That's all there is, there ain't no more./ /Also, I hear that Burwell resigned from fandom. Maybe he resigned in the middle of that article./

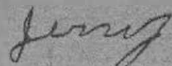
Joe Green's feature is a very good idea. Like it. Your illos for Legend of Tiabi are great.





Well, guess that's 'nuff said for now. The green piece of paper in here speaks better than my typor, anyway. [Universal esparanto.]

See you,



Jerry Burge

P S Gad! It just struck me that this amounts to a FAN letter—add to a fanzine, yet! How low can one sink?

You could write a fan letter to Peter Graham...

BILL CALABRESE; 52 Pacific St, Stanford, Conn

Dear Shelby,

Enjoyed #13 muchly. Amazing Story was an excellent article and Fan Varieties was chortleable indeed. In short I liked the damn thing (cf.) very much.

Sincerely,

Bill

You must be a mind-reader, Bill; we've been having requests for short letters...

L W CARPENTER, DDS; 442 East E St, Elizabethton, Tenn

Dear Shelby,

The November issue of cf was by far the most outstanding number to date. The Amazing Story was up to Beck's usually capable standards, and was (or should be) something of vital interest to every fan.

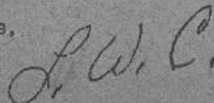
To analyse the entire ish would be a monumental task; so I will content myself with a few pertinent remarks here and there.

**THE BALANCE SHEET:** Here I shed a lonely tear for you, dear boy. To think that my friend is in such dire financial need! I tell you--- it wrenches my heart to the very core! Here is two bucks. Use it to succor your poor defunct CONFUSION.

**SOUND OFF:** As usual was very refreshing; and, without doubt, the best fan-letter dept in the whole crop of competing zines. (Note to other fanzines: Sorry, fellows, but I've got to be honest.) Kindly be advised that Mr Kemp will shortly be in receipt of a genuine, custom-built Carpenter Infernal Machine; same to be mailed to him via parcel post just as soon as I can iron the bugs out of the new detonator (some of the others didn't go off.) [Other what? Other bugs? Could be you're using the wrong technique; instead of ironing 'em out, try DDT.] Mr Kemp has earned the singular honor of a gold-plated and triple-powered model by his reference to my jewel printed in SOUND OFF, by labelling it as "So much kindling." To Mr Kemp, I dedicate the following: "So nice, so light, so fully packed; so free and easy to go BLAM!" Happy landings Mr Kemp.....

Well, we do hope that cf keeps improving (indeed, how can it avoid same?) and if there is anything we can do to assist you---don't tell us about it---get a tin cup, a monkey, and a hand organ.

Yours,



By a happy circumstance (it's happy 'cos it's laughing at a  
Willis joke) I have a reasonable facsimile for a hand organ;  
it's referred to as an accordian. I don't have a tin cup,  
but there's an old used birdbath I might recruit. However,  
I don't have a monkey. Ah -- Carpenter, old LW: are you  
available?...

DAVID ENGLISH; 63 W 2nd St, Dunkirk, NY

Dear Shelbivic:

Confusion received, read and duly chuckled-over. Particularly liked  
"The Amazing Story". Indeed, very much did I like it!

JOE GIBSON; 24 Kensington Ave, Jersey 4, NJ

Dear Shel:

May a ghastly fate befall Jerome Bixby! In his current fmz review column, he lumps  
me with "unfortunate others who believe there are no beautiful-type femme fans." Oh,  
the irony of it all!

But then Conf came along and you said I was in charge of publicity for the 11th world!

By now, you probably know the correct address is PO Box 2019, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

And the guy in charge of publicity is Tom Clarence, an English instructor at the U  
of Pa.

Can I help it if I make so much noise? [...]

See ya,

ROBERT PEATROWSKY; Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr

Dear Shelly,

Confusion #13 arrived today. Beautiful job of mineo on the cover -- with all the  
colors and all. Ingenious method of reproduction, too. Certainly much simpler than  
using separate stencils for each color. Equally fine mineo job on the color illos  
inside, tho.

I always enjoy reading any McCain stuff, even if I don't exactly agree with every-  
thing he says. Maybe for sentimental reasons. He's the one who sorta introduced  
fandom to me back in about '50, but I didn't really get started until early '52.

As for the 'Plinths' (both the Twelfth and the Something-or-Other) --- I'm a Willis  
fan. Need I say more?

All the notes and cartoons regarding the Chicago affair were duly appreciated. Af-  
ter reading Gops and cf., I seem to gather that there was a Bea Somebody-or-Other  
about. Haha... Philly for me in '53!

And on that note (nice note, wot?), I'll give up....

Re-MOTE-ly,

*Bob*

Robert Peatrowsky

MACK REYNOLDS; Box 4075, Miami 25, Fla

Dear Shelby:

You rat! You didn't send me a copy of your zine containing the Welcome Mat deal.

Best,

*Mack*

DICK RYAN; 224 Broad St, Newark, Ohio

Dear Shel,

Most everything was pretty good, but there was a terrific lot of it, don't you think?

Liked Walt's stuff and the cartoons best. Beck's article should have been called "The Palmer Story". It would have been better if he had put his material in some sort of order and hadn't overwritten so much.

But on the whole, sir, you have an excellent little magazine. [...come again?]

Would like to mention that I want old issues of ASF-- 1946 and before. Cash or will swap. Correspondence invited. Address; Dick Ryan, 114 E 13th Ave, Columbus 1, Ohio [Then what's that return address at the head of your letter?] Oh, yes; I want complete, clean copies. [Sorry I didn't print the preceding part of your letter, Dick, but you know how it is -- ad rates and all that.]

I look forward with interest to cf. #14 and hope for your sake that you do keep it down to 40 pp. Knew a fan once who had a nervous breakdown from overwork. He insisted he was a propellor beanie and kept jumping out of eighth-floor windows. One day the men with the nets misjudged the wind...

Cheerfully,

*Dick*

LARRY TOUZINSKY; 2911 Minnesota Ave, St Louis 18, Mo

Dear Shelby,

One of these years I'm going to have to break down and beg/borrow/steal and maybe even buy a book on how to mimeo in colors. Your explanation (explanation?) about how to do it is as clear as a muddy birdbath. I really like your calendars. I was just saying I would like to have a blank Nov 52 calendar.

One comment I'd like to make about your letter column, THE LETTERS ARE TOO LONG. I like a long column, but short letters. [I've already deleted half of the first part of yours, and Ajax is gleefully hacking a dozen or so paragraphs out of the last page. Satisfied?]

I liked the Legend of Tiabi. That wot I like, lotsa pictures. Some of the sineds must think us fen can read. How embarrassing. I is insulted!

Hey, how come I get the Nov ish in January? [Because I mailed it in Dec, dope!]

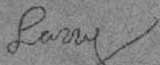


At least Ellison sent me the Oct ish in Dec? Which reminds me my Fed ish is due out one of these days. I would say that anyone that wants a copy of my fansine which is entitled FAN TO SEE, or which is referred to as THAT fansine by Shapiro (he don't like my title) can get a copy for 10¢ if they drop me a line, but as you don't give away free ad space I won't say it.

Speaking of paper, where can you get paper at 90¢ a ream? Hell, it cost me \$1.76 a ream for the stuff I used on FTS. The 90¢ stuff was what is known to the trade as 'poster paper' or commonly referred to as 'handbill stock'. It's 16-1b, colored stuff, and comes in large sheets that have to be trimmed to size. If you find a big printing outfit that handles that paper and has an electric paper cutter, and is feeling benelovent (benevolent?) at the moment, (or the head man happens to be a friend of the family) you might get it at that price. However, it costs them 85¢ perream, and the nickel profit isn't enuf to even pay for the cutting (supposed to be a minimum cutting charge of 75¢) so you'll likely not find any at that price. I'm not using that paper any more... However -- starting with cf. #15, I'll be using another inexpensive paper that is available to everyone. Nan Gerding told Shapiro of this company, and he passed the info on to me. It's MASTER PRODUCTS COMPANY, 330 S Wells St, Chicago 6, Illinois. They have a paper very similar to the 20-1b yellow stone I use on my covers. It's 20-1b, colored stock called Masterweave, and you make your savings by buying large quantities. 10 reams are \$1.36 perream; 20 reams, 1.19 perream. I'm ordering 20 reams for cf. right soon -- in time for #15 -- but will wait a while; if anybody'd like to order some with me -- say, another ten reams -- we can save a bit more. 30 reams are 1.17 perream. And, THEY PAY THE POSTAGE! Of course, I'd have to take care of the postage from here to whoever wants to go in on it with me -- but that shouldn't amount to a lot; around \$3, I think (of course, I won't turn down an offer to split the postage...) Anybody interested?/

Time to close this beautiful peace of communicate, and try again to remove the cancellation off the stamps so I can re-use them on my #2 ish.

STIFFly yours,

  
Larry Teurinsky

Next, we have something that is a little irregular. #13 ran, under 'TAIN'T RIGHT, a complaint from Hal Shapiro on the Armed Forces Science Fiction group. There has been no reply from Jack Jardine, who was supposed to be in charge, but -- thru Orville Mosher -- A/2c Vogt, who was once connected with the group, has a few words.

A/2c RONALD J VOGT, AF 15474420, Det 1, 3922 RBS 8qd, Box 6691, Dallas, Texas

Dear Orville:

You seem to have a very low opinion of the AFSSF, and I don't blame you; I don't think much of it myself. You have probably noticed the dollar bill in this letter: that is your refund. I am not associated with AFSSF any more and that dollar is out of my own pocket to help convince you that you weren't "conned".

The club, as I knew it, was a nice organization. We (the members) held interesting ball sessions and had great plans for our mag, Confusion. We all worked hard on the first issue and managed to get it put together in time for distribution at the Chicon. Three of us attended the Chicon and handed out the zine.

While we were there we ran into an ex-member of AFSSF who was chinging bases and had dropped by the convention on the way. This individual proceeded to tell us of his great plan to get members for AFSSF merely by selling them subscriptions to Cor-

fusion. He had some membership cards and we had about a dozen which we turned over to him. He then began selling memberships like mad and we thought things were all well and good: we would have many members and we could be certain of financing the first real issue of Confusion.

The three of us who had originally gone to Chicago together had to leave Sunday night to make it back to Kessler by Tuesday. The gentleman (?) selling our memberships said he would keep selling them through Monday and then list all the names alphabetically and send the list, along with the money, to one of us within a week.

This was the last we heard of him or of the money and addresses.

Within the next couple months all of the members in Biloxi had been shipped to other parts of the country and the AFSF ceased to exist. I only have the addresses of two of the other members, and only one of those is definite.

However...the man you are after is Willard Ayres, who prefers to be called "Woody" Ayres. When you find him you have found the subscription funds. To the best of our knowledge he was shipped to Waco, Texas. If I find the chance I am going to Waco and try to locate friend "Woody".

We talked to Shelby Vick at the Chicón and it was agreed that we could use Confusion for the name of our fanzine.

Sincerely,

Ronald J Vogt

"Wo"? I don't quite agree with that, Ron. The only one I could find was Woody Ayres. I talked with him and his story was that he wanted to change the title, but that 'the others' had voted him down. He told me that the cover for the next AFSF Confusion was to be printed, and that the cut was already prepared, with the title on it, and it'd cost too much to destroy the first cut & make another. So, with the understanding that the issue afterwards would be changed, I agreed that it would be o k for the next issue to retain the title -- IF a notice were included in the mag to the effect that it was not connected with cf. in any way, thus avoiding -- as it were -- confusion. ...Thanks, Orv.

RUSS WATKINS; 115 W 34th, Savannah, Ga

Dear Shelby,

As per usual I intended to sit down immediately and write to "Sound Off!" However, due to the long length of this issue, it took a little longer than immediately to read the issue; so instead of immediately writing, I am hastily writing.

This "taxi" issue was great. No other words can aptly describe it. It was thoroughly enjoyed. And I mean "thoroughly" just as the dictionary defines it. (Not as it spells it, tho!) The "taxi" of the contents page really carried some excellent passengers and to their proper destination. The fare was certainly reasonable and the "driver" superb. [Drivers, Russ, Congratulations on a large issue well done. It was well worth waiting for. (Enough, Ajax?)

My favorite item was Beck's "The Amazing Story". Of course this is understandable in the light of my zine "The Imaginative Collector". I like articles of special interest to the collector. I hope the reprint this excellent resume' of AS's history some day in TIC.

Of course I need not say Gateway was wonderful. Especially the illustrations. You cannot be commended enough for the hard work you've put on this color mimeography. The colored cover was fine also.

I have no critical comments on anything in the entire issue. I liked it all. Except your "loose" reference. Remember "Rolling stones gather no moss." A roll-

ing stone must be loose, huh? And they aren't evil. Right?

Best wishes, Vic, and a Happy new  
year chuck full of confusion.

*Russ*

CHARLES WELLS; 405 E 62nd St, Savannah, Ga

Dear Shel:

Gal -- 60 pages! Maybe that's why the mail was two hours late today. And I feel awfully sorry for the Sav'h FO -- they had to deliver three copies! (Are you trying to copy SEB or something?)

Cover and format: Very good. The girl was done very well, but the house and the saucer weren't so ditto. Please don't use any more of that terrible inside paper. It stunk. I'm referring only to the gold and blue paper. The rest was all right.

Fanstuff Filau: I'll have you know that, since I am a 3rd cousin 2½ times removed from HJ Wells, and since everybody knows that HJ Wells is just a penname for Bloch, you can blame Fiendetta on him too!

Beer And Buttermilk -- How sad. He's got me crying in my beer and over spilt buttermilk.

Criti-Cal Comments -- Well, darn it, I still think Frisco should've gotten the con. I wouldn't've gotten to go, but it still should've gotten it.

The Twelfth Plinth -- I get so tired of rolling on the floor over Willis.

The 1th Plinth -- Ditto.

The Amz Story -- When I wrote that letter in cf. 11 I was under the impression AS still had the largest circulation. I see now (from here and other sources) that it doesn't. The heading for this article is done very well indeed. Do all of 'em that way. /That's the idea!/ The article isn't done so well.

Tain't Right -- Noted.

P26 and elsewhere -- your new typer doesn't seem to cut stencils very well.

Gateway -- The mimeing was colossaliferano..... -- well, you get what I mean.

Tan Varieties -- Heh. HAW!

Burwell faces -- -- Life? -- Good.

SO! -- This is far too long, but don't you dare shorten it a bit.

SUCS -- How trite. How right trite.

See ya

*Charles*

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

Dear Shelvy,

I'm afraid you'll have to include me out of this issue---I won't be able to have the continuation of the Report ready in time. Typer trouble mainly, though I did leave it a bit late on account of trying to get / and - out. (They're both within a few pages of completion.) I have some of it drafted but I'd rather wait another month and have something good. Expect you would too. I'm sorry, and I hope it doesn't make too much trouble. By the way, if I'm going to cut the stencils it'll have to be off this typer. It's a Verityper, by the way, with additional faces and of course variable letter spacing. I got it through an ad in a mag called EXCHANGE AND MART for 10 £. When I got it all fixed up---there are still a few things wrong with it---it should be just the job. But in the meantime I've been crawling about in its innards for days, and everything has been held up. I haven't even written a letter hardly for weeks.

That looks like a nice typer, your new elite one. I expect your main trouble will be remembering to clean the type more often. These small faces clog up very quickly. /Quickly? Oh, I wouldn't say that. I've found that I don't have to clean 'em too often; I mean, every line or two is plenty.../

I really did like #13. Cover was quite nice. Pointed too. Incidentally this must be the most covered cover girl in our generation. #1 is 'balance' really spelt

'Balance' in America? [MR William! Surely you realize that, minus the extra 'l', the word would have only seven letters and be, thus, UNbalanced? The very antithesis of my intentions!/# That crack of yours about the cheap skate was the funniest thing in the magazine. Was very good. # McCain was pretty interesting. He has got a point maybe about fandom having lost something by getting bigger, but I think conventions are probably the only thing really seriously affected and it seems fandom is solving that problem in its own way with things like Indian Lake and probably in time a genuine invention. And on the other side of the balance sheet the fandom of today is a lot brighter and livelier than it was in the old days. Naturally, cos if the field is bigger the standard rises through competition, quite apart from the greater likelihood of finding geniuses among 500 people than among 50. I think anyone who has ploughed his way through cubic yards of old fanz in search of something worth reprinting will agree that the standard was pretty low. # Beam's little people were pretty cute. # Hammond was quite fascinating. So that's what was going on, is it. Hmmm. # Beck is really going to town on this anti-Browne feud of his. He overstates his case; I never felt so sympathetic with HB in my life. As for Beck's defence of Falmer, Browne will have to live a long time yet before he does as much damage to as Falmer did with the Shaver Mystery. There's no consistency in Beck's approach. He castigates Browne for printing crud to boost circulation and praises Falmer evidently just because he did it successfully. # How on earth did you do that heading on page 17. Before we connected it up with your own reference to it we had decided it couldn't be ordinary mimeo work and that it must have been one of Shapiro's photo stencils. # I didn't get any page 23/24. SHAME!!!/But how can you tell? # Liked midst very much, especially the first para. Someone did a beautiful job of the illos to the Thabi poem. You? [Yes./ # Bergeron's cartoons were very good mostly. There were a few that were incomprehensible, but is that his fault? [??/ # That was a nice long letter section and I'm sure if I was to read through it again I'd find all sorts of things to comment on but I haven't either the time or the space. I started this letter on Saturday afternoon and now it's early Monday morning. About half after midnight, actually. Not that I've been typing all the time--the typer isn't as bad as all that--but I took time out to try and fix the feed rollers. One of them is warped so that the paper goes through unevenly and gives you curved margins....[Watch it, boy; sounds like if you mess with that thing much, you'll find yourself suddenly wished to Sirius II, or somesuch./ [--at least have the common decency to finish your report first./

All the best,

*Bill*

Something of a Warning: I've said this before -- but I'm darned if I intend to say it again. Confusion is getting out of hand; this has got to stop! This will hurt me more than it does you (in more ways than one, I mean that) but SO! will have to be shortened. Except for rare instances, 6 pages should be an Absolute Maximum. And February 17th is the deadline for letters.

#### DARK UNIVERSE

Magazine of Controversy

D. G. Van Arman, Editor

And when we say controversy, we mean just that! John Rodnite's article, NOTHING TO INFINITY, is a good example. Mister Rodnite postulates that we do not exist.

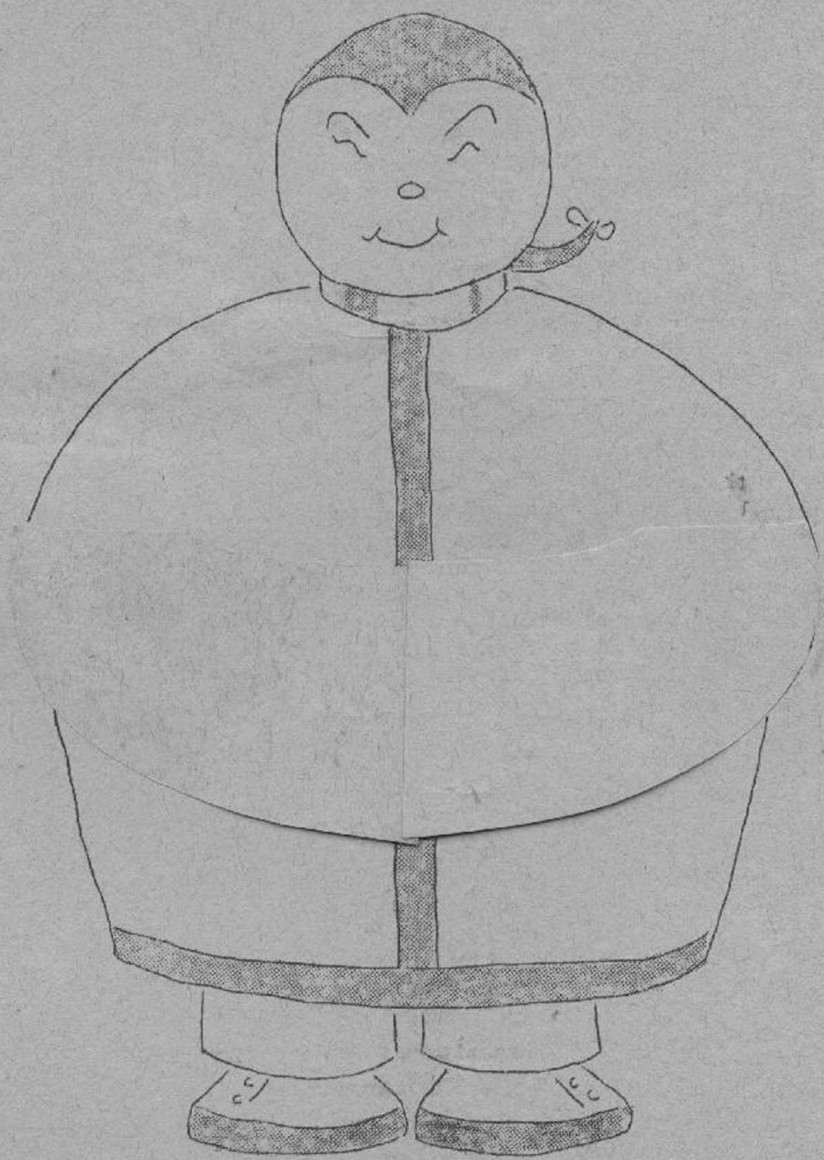
What has censorship to do with science fiction? Would Stalin allow the publication of a story which ran down the government? Will Congress?

DU #2 will be out soon. For information (or for a copy, 10¢), write to Dave Van Arman, 1740-34th Ave. No., St. Petersburg, Florida.

...paid advt



# SOMETHING UP OUR SLEEVE



For POGC fans



Bob Silverberg  
— law suits  
at 20 paces!  
Seems we both  
have an edit-  
orial-type  
thing on our  
zines entitled  
Back Talk. We  
thot it was  
original with  
us, but — a  
few months  
back — in  
comes our first  
SPACESHIP, which  
has within it  
an editorial--  
by an odd co-  
incidence, his  
letterly edit-  
orial is ALSO  
entitled Back  
Talk. Bob

thinks that maybe I should drop mine, as  
he was here first. Opinions...?

Inside, you will find mention made of a  
cheap paper on which the next issue of cf.  
was to be published. Well, the next issue  
will be on that paper, but this issue is,  
too. I offered to split expenses with any  
other fen who wanted to go in with me, so  
we could get a large amount and take advan-  
tage of the extra savings for quantity  
sales. (It turned out that I couldn't get  
the paper I had originally planned to use  
for #14, so I had to put it off long enuf  
to order the paper from MASTER. But I'll  
need more than the 20 reams I ordered.)  
But since then I've been figuring; if you  
want to buy ten reams, and pay 13.60 for  
them, you'd do better to order it direct  
from MASTERS. Cos the savings between  
buying 10 reams & 30 amounts to only 19¢  
perream -- as postage is over that, it'd  
be cheaper not to do it that way, for  
MASTER pays the postage on all purchases!  
However, if you only went two-three reams,  
you'd then save money by going in with  
the next cf. order; the single ream price  
is \$1.71 perream. ...no matter what, I'd  
advise you getting your request in for a  
catalog. The address, once again, is MAS-  
TER PRODUCTS 00,330 S Walle St, Chicago 5.  
You right find a bargain or six...

Y'know, SCIENCE FICTION Plus is a hoax; it  
must be. The air of the entire thing is  
that of an over-pompous fanzine, on slick  
paper, making a vague attempt to look  
professional.

ADDRESSOR--

cf.

Box 493

Lynn Haven, Fla.



ADDRESSEE--

Richard Bergeron  
Rt 1  
Newport, Vt