

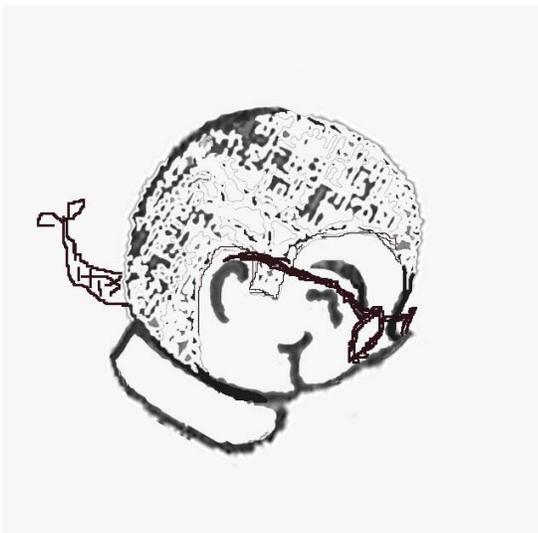
confuSon

"The son of confusion"

Or - Here we go again!

Or - How did we do that, anyway?

Or - Oh, well. . . .



confusion sez: "And then there was another!"

confuSon

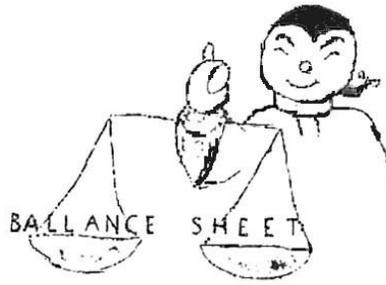
"The Son of *confusion*"



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confuSon (Shelby Vick, shelvy20012000@yahoo.com or P O Box 9824, Panama City Beach, Fl 32417) is, frankly, an attempt (however fruitlessly) to regain youth! At least, to hark back to Days of Yore, by bringing out a fanzine that is a shameless rip-off of one I did over 50 years ago. Including lifting contents!



Son of confusion? SON of confusion?!?! Good grief – it has been over FIFTY YEARS since the first issue of confusion!!! (No capital and the abbreviation is cf. – just about the only time I used a period in an abbreviation!) No WONDER the little guy's hair is white!

One proviso: Over the years, I have lost ALL copies of cf. and can't find replacements. What little I have to go by is courtesy of Joe Siclari at FANAC.ORG. He has three copies of cf. that have been scanned and stored there. Thankee Joe!

Oh – and this one is NOT a Novelty zine; nothing Up My Sleeve or whatever. I'm not as energetic and ambitious as I used to be. (For most of you, who have never seen the original fanzine, *confusion* was billed as a Novelty zine because there would be rare giveaways, like a cutout of the mascot, a little Chinaman named 'confusion', that had a wheel for legs. Also, each issue had a Something Up My Sleeve page. That was a full-size picture of 'confusion', with one sleeve pasted on; lift it, at there would be something under it.)

Oh, well; hafta rely on memory. (MY memory? A memory even worse than rich brown's 'cast-iron sieve of a memory'???) Or, for that matter, this IS a different fanzine. Yeah, that's a great excuse!

In any case, here we are again! And, whilst I'm thinking of it, I know 'Ballance' isn't spelled that way. The idea was, eight letters makes it balance. . . .

The heading above and the two heads on the cover and the heading on Sound Off! are, I guess you could say, plagiarisms – ripped right out of copies of cf. Scanned to FANAC.ORG. Copied into my Photoshop program and worked at much harder than when I originally drew them. Back then, I didn't have a right hand that had been broken and re-healed improperly. (By the way; the 'improperly' wasn't due to the doctor – I didn't complete the therapy exercises I was told to do.)

ANYwee, let me explain a few things to newcomers. Those little critters riding the seesaw (yeah, it's supposed to be a seesaw) at the top of the page are creations of mine called puffins. I know, I know; puffins are sea birds. Only not in this case! As a child, I loved the poem, "Once there was a puffin, lived by the sea. . . ." Made such an impression that I chose that name.

I'm used to just putting things on a mimeo stencil, drawing a picture at the top, using a lettering guide to letter titles, then slapping the stencil on a mimeo machine and cranking out pages. But that's the way, Way Back When, I used to do it. And it's still there, deep inside of me . . .

.

Now, that's all the explaining I'm doing. Read on!



Bob Tucker Revelation

by

Lee Hoffman



(Which turned out to be – according to one version – both a revelation TO and a revelation OF Bob Tucker)

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In those dark ages, (*late '40s, early '50s - sv*) a major complaint in fandom was the shortage of femfans. There were some, but not enough to go around. Young male fans in search of intellectual companionship often complained that all the active femfans came into fandom on the coattails of male fans (as girl friends and/or wives) and were subsequently unavailable. At the same time that they were voicing these complaints, they seemed to be taking a perverse chauvinistic pride in the predominant maleness of fandom.

Lee is an ambiguous name. Non-committal. Throughout my first year of fan publishing, I made a point of never making a point of being female. This was, indeed, on purpose. It wasn't too difficult. I was in an isolated section of the country, in face-to-face contact with only a couple of other fans. I swore a few close associates, like Shelby Vick, to secrecy. I let the rest of *Quandry's* readers draw their own conclusions. In typical male chauvinistic manner, most concluded that the editor of a successful fanzine must be male.

Ah ha!

There it was, the Fall of 1951, and I was off to my first convention--the Nolacon, in New Orleans. Shelby Vick met my train. He and Paul Cox (of *Time Stream*) and I were all early arrivals. Together, we plotted a climax for my ruse. We would measure the success of the game by its effect on Bob Tucker (He of Many Hoaxes).

I quote from my own conreport in *Q* #14:

Paul Cox was the one who spotted [Tucker] signing in. Immediately he semaphored the news to Shelby Vick and myself: "Room 858." Immediately we set forth through the mad labyrinth of the St. Charles in search of the

eighth floor. And there it was right on top of the seventh. Down we plunged to the far end of a corridor, to The Room.

Shelby, forearmed, was wearing a T-shirt with the words "Shelby Vick" emblazoned across the front of it, and "You are now behind Shelby Vick" on the back. Cox and I, on the other hand, had removed our identification cards with malice aforethought.

Knock, knock.

Mari Beth opened the door and welcomed us in. Innocently grinning, we entered. Tucker himself, thinking that he had eluded the Youngfan element, had stripped to the waist and was washing up after his drive. Trivial expressions of welcome were tossed about in the customary manner. Then ShelVy spoke: "You know who I am?"

Tucker glanced at the shirt and replied in the affirmative.

"And of course you know Lee Hoffman?" ShelVy continued.

Tucker looked at me. He looked at Paul. Then again at me and said, "Yes." Then he paused, looked again at Paul, and said, "No." With an air of surprise, he raised a hand toward Paul and said, "You're...?"

ShelVy raised a hand toward me and said, "Her!"

Tucker paused and stared at me.

Breathlessly we awaited a witty comment, a morsel of that famed *LeZ* humor. Then Tuck spoke....

"I'll be damned."

In the next issue of *LeZombie*, Tucker told his version of this story:

Tired, weary and disheveled from a long day's drive, I slammed the door of my room, flung the suitcase into a far corner (where it promptly burst open and spilled my cargo of dirty books), stripped off my clothes and jumped into the tub. Three waterbugs, a centipede, and a dozing bellboy jumped out. Coaxing water from the faucet drip by drip, I waited until there was a full inch covering the bottom and then lay back to soak in luxury. This was to be my only moment of peace and contentment in sweltering hurly-burly New Orleans.

There came a sound at the door, the peculiar kind of half-hearted knock that could only be caused by a timid fan getting up the nerve to kick the door in. I groaned and realized the same old routine had begun. Stepping out of the tub, I reached for my trousers, paused, and dropped them again, knowing it would be the same old bunch--Block, Korshak, Eshback and Evans--wanting to start a poker game. I wrapped a towel around my middle, began searching my

luggage for a deck of cards, and yelled a bored invitation to enter.

Three strangers trooped in wearing abashed grins, a girl and two men. The girl looked as if she were desperately searching for better company than the characters trailing her. I silently sympathized, and stared at the trio, the meanwhile dripping soap and water on the rug. The two gentlemen stared at the towel and giggled while the girl looked at the puddle on the rug.

"Hello," one character said.

"Hello," another character said.

"Hello," the girl echoed.

Sadly, I shook my head. The same old wornout greeting.

"We're faaaaans," the tallest character announced proudly.

"The hell you say," I shot back, astounded.

"Yep." He was wearing a white T-shirt on which had been printed I AM SHELBY VICK. Turning to face me, he asked, "Know who I am?"

I gazed at the shirt. "Bela Lugosi?"

He wagged his head, vaguely disappointed.

"Richard Shaver?" I guessed again. "Claude Degler? Ray Palmer?"

"I am Shelby Vick," he exclaimed then in clear, ringing tones.

"The hell you say," I shot back, astounded.

I-am-Shelby-Vick then flicked a finger at this two conspirators. "You know Lee Hoffman, of course?"

"Of course." I threw a bored glance at the remaining character and yawned, "Hello, Lee."

"No, no!" contradicted I-am-Shelby-Vick. "Not him...HER!"

Mustering what dignity I retained, I picked up my towel from the floor and stalked into the bathroom, flanging shut the door.

* * *

Time has wrought changes in all of us – but nothing compared to the damage Katrina did to the city of New Orleans.

confusion sez: "Time wounds all heels."

IDIOTS IN SERVICE:

(Excuse me while I cheat. I didn't write the following – it's a collection of stuff I thot was funny – tho I DID add something.)

This week, our phones went dead and I had to contact the telephone repair people. They promised to be out between 8:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. When I asked if they could give me a smaller time window, the pleasant gentleman asked, "Would you like us to call you before we come?" I replied that I didn't see how he would be able to do that since our phones weren't working. He also requested that we report future outages by email. (Does YOUR email work without a telephone line if you have dial-up?).

IDIOTS AT WORK:

I was signing the receipt for my credit card purchase when the clerk noticed I had never signed my name on the back of the credit card. She informed me that she could not complete the transaction unless the card was signed. When I asked why, she explained that it was necessary to compare the signature I had just signed on the receipt. So I signed the credit card in front of her. She carefully compared the signature to the one I had just signed on the receipt. As luck would have it, they matched.

IDIOTS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD:

I live in a semi-rural area. We recently had a new neighbor call the local township administrative office to request the removal of the Deer Crossing sign on our road. The reason: too many deer were being hit by cars and she didn't want them to cross there anymore. I could swear I've recently been with some of these people...

IDIOTS IN FOOD SERVICE:

My daughter went to a local Taco Bell and ordered a taco. She asked the person behind the counter for "minimal lettuce." He said he was sorry, but they only had iceberg.

IDIOT SIGHTING #1:

I was at the airport, checking in at the gate when an airport employee asked, "Has anyone put anything in your baggage without your knowledge?" To which I replied, "If it was without my knowledge, how

would I know?" She smiled knowingly and nodded, "That's why we ask."

IDIOT SIGHTING #2:

The stoplight on the corner buzzes when it's safe to cross the street. I was crossing with a coworker of mine when she asked if I knew what the buzzer was for. I explained that it signals blind people when the light is red. Appalled, she responded, "What on earth are blind people doing driving?"

IDIOT SIGHTING #3:

At a good-bye luncheon for an old and dear coworker who is leaving the company due to "downsizing," our manager commented cheerfully, "This is fun. We should do this more often." Not a word was spoken. We all just looked at each other with that deer-in-the-headlights stare.

IDIOT SIGHTING #4:

I work with an individual who plugged her power strip back into itself and for the life of her couldn't understand why her system would not turn on.

IDIOT SIGHTING #5:

When my husband and I arrived at an automobile dealership to pick up our car, we were told the keys had been locked in it. We went to the service department and found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver's side door. As I watched from the passenger side, I instinctively tried the door handle and discovered that it was unlocked. "Hey," I announced to the technician, "it's open!" To which he replied, "I know, I already got that side

You can see how the following belongs under 'Idiots'. I have a personal reason for including it – something similar happened to a friend of mine! I'll explain at the end.

HOW TO CALL THE POLICE.....

George Phillips of Meridian, Mississippi was going up to bed when his wife told him that he'd left the light on in the garden shed, which she could see from the bedroom window.

George opened the back door to go turn off the light but saw that there were people in the shed stealing things.

He phoned the police, who asked "Is someone in your house?" and he said no. Then they said that all patrols were busy, and that he should simply lock his door and an officer would be along when available.

George said, "Okay," hung up, counted to 30, and phoned the police again.

"Hello I just called you a few seconds ago because there were people in my shed. Well, you don't have to worry about them now cause I've just shot them all."

Then he hung up.

Within five minutes three police cars, an Armed Response unit, and an ambulance showed up at the Phillips residence. Of course, the police caught the burglars red-handed One of the Policemen said to George: "I thought you said that you'd shot them!"

George said, "I thought you said there was nobody available!"

In my friend's case, when he called the police and got a similar response, he actually got his gun, surprised the burglar and – when the burglar apparently was going for his gun -- my friend shot him. Not fatally, just an arm wound. At which point the burglar turned and disappeared into the darkness. My friend called the police and said they didn't need to come out, but they might check emergency rooms for someone coming in with a gunshot wound.

In ten minutes, two police cars pulled up in front of his house.

(Used to be, “In the Midst of confusion”)

Part One –

A VOYAGE OF LUNACY

Hurricane Katrina created many tales of disaster and tragedy, of destruction and loss, of horror and despair. Like all tragedies, however, it also had its tales of heroism, of great effort and humanity – and its lighter side.

As with many of us, I spent hours watching TV coverage of developments. One reporter had a ‘lock’ on one story; he kept coming back to it. It started with him showing the destruction of the area; in particular, he showed a gas station where the canopy wasn’t the only thing blown away – even the gas pumps were gone! Then he had the cameraman shift to another area.

In an adjoining parking lot was a wooden cabin boat, maybe thirty or forty feet long. It just sat there, many hundreds of feet away from water.

“The owner of that boat is still on board,” he told us. “I interviewed him earlier. He rode his boat thru the storm! Somehow, he was able to survive the waves from winds up to 145, 150 miles per hour. Right now, he is sleeping on a mattress in the cabin and his two small dogs, which also made the ride, are sleeping with him.”

That was one of several times the reporter covered this story. The last time I saw it, he had the camera pan in to the stern of the boat. Its name loomed. Like so many boat owners, he had chosen a nautical pun as the boat’s name: LUNA SEA briefly filled the screen.

Part Two –

STORY OF A ZOMBIE

There was a zombie in the room.

Now that I have your attention (and the above, by the way, is a statement of proven fact) let me give you the background.

My best computer was acting up. It had about 1 gig of RAM and 120 gigs of harddrive and was the equivalent of a Pentium 3 – but suddenly it slowed down and, worse than that, would decide on its own to restart, regardless of what I might be doing.

Aggravating, to say the least.

Now, I had a second computer – but it had only 256 RAM and 10 gigs hardrive. Not to mention the fact that the Best One would have to be unplugged and the Old One plugged in. (Need I add that there were many items with plugins – modem, keyboard, monitor and, of course, the computer itself. And, while I love my computer desk, it leaves practically no room to maneuver. You lie down, you twist back and forth, you usually find the plug with your fingers as there is no light that reaches down there, and. . . . You get the idea!)

Lloyd McDaniel, who has been much help on my ezine, Planetary Stories, suggested doing a diskcheck and defrag every night, to at least delay the inevitable. I did, and it helped, but (as I said) it merely delayed the inevitable.

While that was going on, I started saving stuff to disk so that, when my machine was wiped clean, I could reload it and not lose that much. Except, or course, I couldn't find my Windows XP Pro CD! In fact, all I could find was a Windows 95! (Couldn't find WordPerfect, either; I had bought WP 8 and WP 10 within the last couple of years. You'd think I could lay my hands on at least ONE of them!

Sure.

Well, a fellow I used to work with had WP. (Took all kindsa phone calls and emails to accomplish that.) And Duane Sutek, who knows a lot more about the workings of computers than I do (which, unfortunately, isn't that hard!) said friends of his had a little shop where they work on computers, and they could reload Windows XP, as well as clean the computer and get me back into business.

How long have I known Duane? Well, I knew his father before Duane was born; he (Duane's father) would sometimes take me flying in a Piper Cub that belonged to his flying club when he was stationed at nearby Tyndall Field.

Well, Duane came by to pick up the Best Computer. Being a good guy, he didn't even object to plugging in the Old Computer so I wouldn't be totally out of it while the better one was being worked on. Then he hooked it to the cable, and –

Nothing!

Oh, the computer was turned on – but it couldn't get online!

Duane tried thing after thing, but – no help. Finally he looked at me and announced, "I'm sorry, Shelby, but an adware program has taken over your computer! It can do its online work – but it won't let you on. Look." He turned the computer around so I could see a blinking light on the back. "That indicates online activity," he said. "Now watch." He unplugged the modem – and the blinking stopped.

"It can't get online, now," Duane said. "But you won't be able to, either, until we can repair that! Until then, Shelby, you have a zombie. It only lives online for the adware, not for you."

So, he took the Best Computer and left me with a zombie.

In a day or two he returned. "You won't even have a zombie for tonight," he said. "I'll take it in where it can be repaired and bring it back tomorrow."

So I manfully strengthened myself, and made it thru the night totally computerless!

The next day Duane returned. The Best Computer was nowhere near ready, but he had the Old One dezombied and I could get online!

Slow, of course, but slow was better than never!

Now I'm gonna shorten things down. To begin with, I was about to switch homes; since my accident, I had been living at Lisenby Retirement Center. My lawyers thot it might affect the outcome of the claim if I was 'being taken care of'. Didn't work; my opponent won her case – in a manner of speaking. She had wanted a new car out of the case, plus have her medical bills paid. Met paid her \$10000. So I was going to move in with my oldest daughter, Diane, who was my legal surrogate.

For days, I waited for my Best Computer, whilst subbing with my Old Computer. In fact, I ended up moving before my Best Computer was finished. (They were reworking my Best Computer; it will now have a replacement motherboard and case, new power supply, and will have Pentium 4 capabilities – as well as a cleaned hardrive. And they were able to save a whole chunk of files and documents.)

ANYway, I moved – including the Old Computer. Diane had made the cable switch so I would be able to get online – but it would be four days before the cable guy would get out!

No biggie; Diane already had cable for her TV, and I had lotsa cable from them having set it up in my room at Lisenby – and they gave Diane more cable when she went in to add a computer setup to her account. So Diane called a friend of hers (Dave) who is deep into computers. He came out and set it all up.

(Of course, it wasn't all that easy; my Old Computer kept objecting to make the connection with the cable – the 'getting online' part, that is. The mechanical part was simple. But, eventually, Dave succeeded – and I was online again!)

The cable guy showed up before my Best Computer was returned but it eventually made its way back. Duane hooked it all up – and then tried to get the printer to work. (I had been printerless because the Epson Stylus CX6400 was too upscale for my old computer that only had 256 megs of RAM and 750 MHZ operating system.)

First thing, turned out the Epson CD I had was for a different Epson! (I originally bought a Really Upscale printer from Epson so I could get the best quality photo print – but its quality was TOO good! There were so many available adjustments that I grew tired of it and returned the Upscale for one slightly less demanding!)

I had already gone online and downloaded a couple of drivers from Epson and had them on the desktop. Duane tried activating them and Adding a Printer. Tried it, then turned on the printer and tried to print.

No luck.

Altogether, Duane worked at it about an hour – but it wouldn't print! Toward the end of the hour, he tried a different program. . .and as usual he was instructed to Restart.

It wouldn't restart! Just sat there with a black screen and one dash flickering.

Turn off the printer and the computer would finish restarting. . .without adding the printer! Duane finally gave up, because he had to get back to his fulltime job.

That night, Dave came by and fiddled around for an hour or so.

No luck. Just the flashing dash.

The next day I fiddled with it some. Was able to get the scanner driver accepted, so I could scan – but not print! Then I Searched for 'Printer'. Came up with five programs. Looked 'em over. On one was a file that said, 'Setup Printer'. Sounded good, so I opened it and then activated it. About that time, Dave came back. Told him what I had done and turned it over to him.

In five minutes, my printer was working!

So now my zombie has been eradicated, my Best Computer is reworked and online and my printer works.

I'm happy.

Part Third – TWO LITTLE MEN IN A FLYING SAUCER

There was a song that was popular back then, called "Two Little Men In A Flying Saucer." I had totally forgotten about it (along with 80% of the rest of my past!) and that it would be fun to bring it back.

Caution! I googled around trying to verify the words, but. . .well, I found Ella Fitzgerald CDs available that had the song on it and I found a kid's son that had a different version, but – No precise copy of the words. So – confusion sez: "What you see is what you get!"

**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 it’s too 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 this planet is insane!”**

**During intermission heard a politician
Making speeches as they traveled by (gobble, gobble, gobble!)
Oh, they departed, faster than they started,
Because the hot air blew them sky-high!**

**Two little men in a flying saucer
Flew down to Earth one day.
Listened to the 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!**

confusion sez: “No good deed goes unpunished!”

SAMUEL GOLDWYN – FAN!

In his own way, Samuel Goldwyn was a sf fan. He certainly had the proper fannish sense of humor! From Wikipedia, I picked up a collection of sayings credited to him:

Samuel Goldwyn's lack of English language skills led to many of his malapropisms being frequently quoted such as:

“Keep a stiff upper chin.”

“In two words, im possible.”

“Don’t improve it into a flop!”

“Gentlemen, include me out.”

“They stayed away in droves.”

“Let’s have some new clichés.”

“There is a statue of limitation.”

“That’s our strongest weak point.”

“A hospital is no place to be sick.”

“Modern dancing is old fashioned.”

“The harder I work the luckier I get.”

“I read part of it all the way through.”

“Flashbacks are a thing of the past.”

“You fail to overlook the crucial point.”

“I have been laid up with intentional flu.”

“God makes stars. I just produce them.”

“Our comedies are not to be laughed at.”

“He treats me like the dirt under my feet.”

“You’ve got to take the bitter with the sour.”

“A bachelor’s life is no life for a single man.”

“If I look confused it’s because I’m thinking.”

“That’s the kind of ad I like, facts, facts, facts.”

“This makes me so sore it gets my dandruff up.”

“You’ve got to take the bull between your teeth.”

“What we need now is some new, fresh clichés.”

“I had a great idea this morning, but I didn’t like it.”

“It’s absolutely impossible, but it has possibilities.”

“Never make forecasts, especially about the future.”

“For your information, just answer me one question!”

“For your information, I would like to ask a question.”

“Give me a smart idiot over a stupid genius any day.”
“A verbal contract isn’t worth the paper it’s written on.”
“Plenty of room for a tiny brain and a huge ego, though.”
“Can she sing? She’s practically a Florence Nightingale.”
“Go see it and see for yourself why you shouldn’t go see it.”
“If I could drop dead right now, I’d be the happiest man alive.”
“The trouble with this business is the dearth of bad pictures.”
“Don’t pay any attention to the critics — don’t even ignore them.”
“Any man who goes to a psychiatrist should have his head read.”
“Put it out of your mind. In no time, it will be a forgotten memory.”
“I’ll take fifty percent efficiency to get one hundred percent loyalty.”
“Color television! Bah, I won’t believe it until I see it in black and white.”
“Let’s bring it up to date with some snappy nineteenth century dialogue.”
“I don’t think anyone should write his autobiography until after he’s dead.”
“I’m willing to admit that I may not always be right, but I am never wrong.”
“Anyone who would go to a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined!”
“Why did you name him Sam? Every Tom, Dick and Harry is named Sam!”
“If I were in this business only for the business, I wouldn’t be in this business.”
“Pictures are for entertainment, messages should be delivered by Western Union.”
“When someone does something good, applaud! You will make two people happy.”
“From success you get a lot of things, but not that great inside thing that love brings you.”
“I hate a man who always says yes to me. When I say no I like a man who also says no.”
“Why should people go out and pay to see bad movies when they can stay home and see bad television for nothing?”
“True, I’ve been a long time making up my mind, but now I’m giving you a definite answer. I won’t say yes, and I won’t say no — but I’m giving you a definite maybe.”

Having many writers in his employ, some think Goldwyn may not have come up with all of these on his own.

confusion sez — “Fans are where you find ‘em!”

KATZENJAMMER

Arnie Katz

(Stolen straight from Arnie's VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY, #44. Thanx, Arnie!)

MY FANNISH ODYSSEY

I'm not part of organized Fandom... I'm a members of Las Vegrants.

When I was a neofam, I did pretty much what I advise today's neofans to do: I tried just about everything in Fandom to find out what I liked.

I joined the National Fantasy Fan Federation in spring 1963. Although I hadn't yet read Francis Towner Laney and other Insurgents, I quickly realized that, despite a few isolated achievements, the N3F spent too much time wrangling over its constitution, passing rules and counterfeiting a semblance of activity with an overabundance of sporadically functioning bureaus.

When I ran a couple of N3F bureau, I learned firsthand what happens when runaway bureaucracy takes hold: Who does things becomes more important than how to do it or whether it should be done at all.

I went to the Eastern Science Fiction Association, a very formal club with strict rules and a lot of fan-politics at the top. I loved ESFA the first couple of itmes, but I felt more and more stifled each time. ESFA taught me more than the Public Service Bus route to Newark, NJ; I learned that when you squeeze too hard, something in Fandom dies. The ESFAns meant well, but club leaders erected a rigid hierarchy that made attendees feel like barely tolerated visitors..

And then came the Lunarians, a semi-formal club that met in the Bronx one Saturday a month. Lunarians changed somewhat after a rush of new members, but my first couple of meetings were consumed by petty bickering over inconsequential details. Frank Dietz (the host) and Frank Prieto (a long-time member) once argued for more than three hours about a matter of less than a buck. Even Prieto's offer to pay the disputed charge out of his pocket didn't end the argument. It struck me as highly symbolic that a couple entered the apartment for their first meeting shortly after the two Franks got into it and left before they finished, never to reappear at Lunarians again.

Gathering my courage, I wrote to Ted White, host of the Fanoclasts, to ask if I could come to one of the group's Friday night meetings. The timely intervention of rich brown and Mike McNerney got me an invitation — and an eye-opening look at another approach to Fandom.

I could tell right off that the Fanoclasts weren't as affluent as a lot of the ESFAns and Lunarians, but they seemed to be richer in friendship. Fanoclasts had no formality; even my approval as a new member happened so naturally that I wasn't even aware of the process.

The Fanoclasts didn't care about rules and trappings of authority. They didn't have "organizational concerns" or business meetings. They just wanted to spend time together and enjoy doing fanac.

I become a Fanoclast more than a year after my fannish debut. I've never stopped looking for things to do and try in Fandom, but that ended my search for a way to be a fan that didn't make me feel like a perpetual cub scout.

I learned that I didn't like bureaucracy, regimentation or squabbling about minutia — and that some people who call themselves "fans" seemed to live for the very things I despised.

And I learned that, if I ignored them, they seldom actually impinged on my fanac, except to provide ammunition for humor

And the Fanoclasts begat the Brooklyn Insurgents. And the Brooklyn Insurgents begat Las Vegrants.

I'm not part of organized Fandom... I'm a members of Las Vegrants. — Arnie



OFF!

Being, like, a letter column.

Now, how could I have a letter column when this is the first issue? Easy! I emailed a few choice people my cover, with an announcement of what I was contemplating.

In confusion, I would trace the letter-writer's signature at the end of the letter. But there ain't that many emails with signatures!

Hi, ShelVy --

I wish you all kinds of good luck with 'confuSon, Son of confusion'. I hope it's as much fun as its father.

Ever,

LeeH

LeeH, good luck from you can go a long, lo-o-ong way! And thanx for permission to re-run the classic 'Tucker Revelation' story!

Here's the response from Joe Green, who had a column in the original.

Dear Shelby:

Cute title. Cover looks just like a fanzine cover from back then. But put a counter on it; I think you'll be disappointed at the results. Too few people remember you.

Joe

Wouldn't surprise me at all, Joe; if thirty or forty find it and like it, I'll be deeply – and pleasantly! – surprised. I'm doing this for the fun of it. Unlike Back Then fanzines, I don't even hafta worry about postage costs!

BACK TALK!

. . . Which is where I wrap things up, on the back, at the end, talking about what happened. . . .

I'm not sure *where* you'll be reading this! Oh, if you're in FAPA, you'll be reading a printed copy, of course. But I'm also trying to put it on the web! I've been working on a blog. I was told about how friendly blogging is, how help is everywhere, and all that.

Not the blog I'VE been working. Gotten lotsa help from Joe Green's wife, Patti – she's real nice – but, online, I get sent to different articles which might or (more likely!) might not answer my question.

Now, let me be fair: I could be doing things all wrong! (Probably am!)

I'm not at all making use of the fancy things electronically; no fancy formatting, not even photos (and I have a good digital camera.) Partly, it's becous I want it to look like an Old Time fanzine. Partly – as I think I've said, I'm lazy! Experimenting with fonts is about all I've done.

I've been trying to do a PDF version. Found a Help page that tells me lots and lots. In fact, it's been telling me EVERYthing. . . except what I want to know! Like, how do I format the pages of a PDF? How do I make sure the pages all follow each other in the way I want them do???

I've also been fiddlin' around with Web Page Makers of different sorts. Thing there is I need an online site. . . other, that is, than the one Planetary Stories is on! (www.planetarystories.com, by the way.) In fact, I've been fliddlin' so much that I sometimes sign off 'Nero'!

Way Back There (or, actually, at the front) I said this was a fruitless attempt to regain lost youth. What I *didn't* say was it's due to unplanned retirement. I gotta have *something* to do! I can only watch so much TV or play just so many computer games. (Now, if my eyes were younger, I could just sit and read. But, unfortunately, they've aged along with the rest of me. . . .)

So, as I said, this is due to my drive to Do Something. I've completed Vol 1 No 2 of Planetary Stories and don't have enuf stuff to start on No 3 – so it occurred to me not only to Do A Fanzine, but (for me) *the* fanzine. Further, I wanted it online. If I have it figgered right, a PDF zine can be attached to an email, so I can mail it out that way – without a website!

I'll fiddle around some more.

–Nero