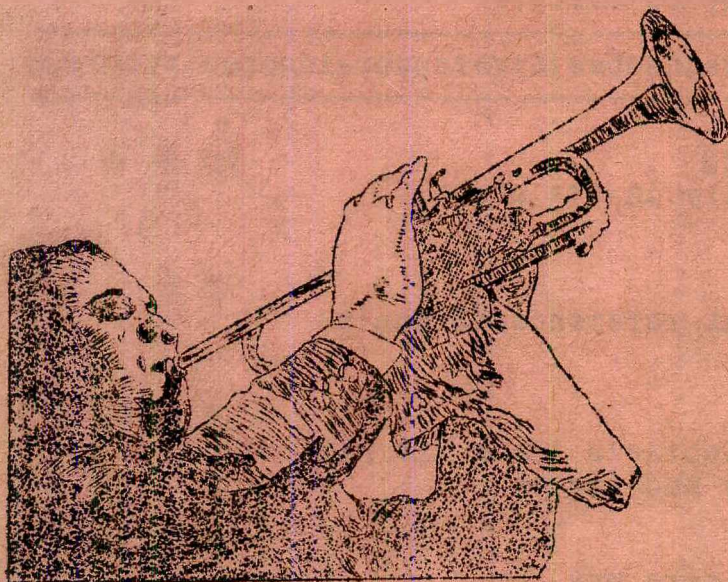


LANEY'S

FAN-DANGING PROGRAM

WINTER F46



I ain't rough,  
And I won't fight.  
But the woman that gets me got to treat me right.  
'Cause I'm crazy 'bout my lovin',  
And I must have it all the time.  
It takes a brown-skin woman  
To satisfy my mind.

---Louis Armstrong, Okeh 8551



# CECI ET SQUEELA

This thing is the first in what may perchance be a series. I'm not at all satisfied with it, but eventually I may be able to strike a happy medium between an issue in the manner of some other editor and an out-and-out takeoff. At least, I assure you that this number was vastly improved by the omission of a thing called "Katching Up With Kepner", which undoubtedly would have struck an all time FAPA high for disparity between conception and execution. Kepner should strike me off a medal for leaving it out.

This seems as good a place as any to point out to Doc Swisher that this agglomeration is not to be considered as a separate title, but is to go in the records as FAN-DANGO, Vol. III, No. 3, Whole No. 10, published for the Winter 1946 FAPA mailing.

Discovered too late for inclusion elsewhere in this issue is the following gem from page 182 of the Annish of Weird Tales. And so help me Cthulhu, this has not been revised in any way, shape, or form!

ALL WOMEN. When delayed or to prevent delay, read our MEDICAL book, 430 pages. Treat your trouble properly. Absolutely, nothing else Reliable. Don't be Duped, Deceived and Swindled. Book and instructions \$1.00. Interesting booklet, "BIRTH CONTROL", 6 cents in stamps. CONVINCING ADVICE FREE. DR. FOUTS SPECIALTY COMPANY., D-7, Terre Haute, Ind.

And to think the little fellow was going strong even in 1934! What was that you said about the mystery of CJF????

obesityversusbrainsobesityversusbrainsobesityversusbrainsobesityversus

## REMARKS ON THE THIRTY-THIRD MAILING

The old Fan-Dango stirring fretfully in its grave.  
Quick, call for John Silence!

Pp 3, 4

## REJECTED - FAN SLANTS

This is so laden with obscure local references I don't dig it all myself anymore.

P 5

## ARS QUOTEWORTHY

I still like Satchmo better, but Cootie's ideas are not altogether inapplicable to fantasy and fandom

P 6

## LIMBO DEPARTMENT

The Salvation Army Stores may now make way for Speer and me. Packrattism, no less!

Pp 6, 8

## LITTLE LESSONS IN GRAMMAR

I don't care if I do live in a glass house

Pp 7, 8

## QUOTEWORTHY QUOTES

I got cold feet and left out the best one

P 9

## THUMBNAIL KALEIDOSCOPE OF TWO YEARS IN SHANGRI-LA

Maybe bagcovers don't rate on Speer's ToC, but this took more work than all the rest of the mag put together

P 10



# REMARKS ON THE 33RD MAILING

3

Due to the different things that Speer and I would naturally comment on, and the difference in the way we'd comment, I early abandoned the idea of having this portion of Fan-Dango in any style save that of my own sweet self. Aren't you happy?

---ooOoo---

THE FANTASY AMATEUR. 'T'ain't pretty, but it's utilitarian. The LeZ litho which bothered the OE would seem quite admissable to me, under the grounds that it is extremely well-done impressionistic art, instead of a juvenile scratching like some fan illustrations which had best not be named. That reply from the POD, though--what a disgusting example of middle-class prudery!

---ooOoo---

THE READER AND COLLECTOR. While it did not leave me breathless, Butman's essay is easily the best thing in the mailing. I only wish we did not have to wait so long to get the rest of it.

---ooOoo---

TALE OF THE EVANS. If my name were Koenig, I believe I could present a suitable critique of Everett's verse. Have you considered circulating these in VAPA, Everett?

---ooOoo---

THE TIMEBINDER. Hallelujah! Praise de Lord! Aimee Semple McEvans! This issue was redeemed by Milt's article, despite the hilarious typo which I may quote elsewhere in this issue....What is there about getting religion (or communism) that makes the convert immediately start thumping his chest and telling everyone about it. Why is it that so many religious people have so little decency as to blat out all they believe with no provocation whatever? It seems to me that the deeper, more cherished parts of one's philosophy deserve the dignity of privateness. To me it seems that the person who parades his private beliefs in this manner either fails to feel them deeply or else is lacking in good taste. It impresses me as being remarkably in the same vein as the guy who tells all the people in the beer parlor about the most intimate details of his married life.

---ooOoo---

THE VOICE. General type fanzines in FAPA are always welcomed by this member, but I would be adamantly opposed to any attempt to make their circulation compulsory. I have a number of personal reasons against putting The Acolyte in FAPA. Most important is the fact that both my time and money are limited, and I do not feel that I can make more than 200 copies of each issue, an edition which is usually exhausted within a month of its appearance. All FAPA members who are interested in this magazine presumably get it anyway; 31 of our 65 as listed in the current FA are on my mailing list. Several of the other members are obviously not interested in The Acolyte, since they have had subscriptions and allowed them to lapse. I simply cannot see why I should donate 34 copies of my beloved brain brat to people who are not interested in it, particularly when I realize that it would be taking these copies from people who do want them enough to pay for them either in cash or in kind. Since I usually manage to stay well ahead of the minimum requirements anyway, I fail to see why I should try to put out still a third magazine simply so Les can get a subscription type affair out of me through FAPA--my time is too largely devoted to fan publishing as it is.

Of course, these reasons are purely selfish. From the point of view of the long-range good of the association, I am inclined to believe that such a requirement as Les proposes would serve to drive out many of our better members. FAPA is, quite properly, a hodge-podge, containing individuals from every walk of life and



# with every variety of interest imaginable. If these people are allowed to manifest their own interests in their own way, it is pretty sure to give far more interesting mailings than if each tries to pour himself into a prescribed mould. Y'don't want mouldy mailings, do you?

I cannot quite believe Les' arguments on US vs Canadian money, but I do definitely agree that to most of us Canada is pretty much an unknown quantity. I'd suggest that you would be doing most of us a favor if you were to do a series for FAPA in a similar vein to Webster's fine article on England elsewhere in this mailing.

---ooOoo---

AFTERTHOUGHT. One should not let Lowndes' clear and forceful writing blind one to the fact that if his premises were carried to their utmost conclusion they'd tell us that racial prejudice arose solely from the baneful influence of the pulp magazines. Nor should either Lowndes or Warner forget that a daily paper, such as Harry works for, is probably even more potent than a pulp magazine as a medium for propaganda.

---ooOoo---

THE MAG WITHOUT A NAME. Since this is the third copy of this I have recieved (the covers on all three differ, but who cares?) I am moved to state a pious hope that FF does not follow in the dubious footsteps of FFF, his fellow newsie editor, and fulfil his activity requirements with this sort of corruption. Either publish exclusively for FAPA, or else don't clutter up the mailings. Persons who are interested in any member's non-FAPA publication can usually be depended upon to subscribe for it.

---ooOoo---

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS.

Juniper, Juniper, donkey man  
Roll 'em and roll 'em as fast as you can  
Pat 'em and pick 'em and scent 'em quite well  
And throw 'em in the canyon  
For Wiedenbeck to smell.

---O Gnash Laniac.

What's all this berried treasure got to do with books, old top?

---ooOoo---

FANTAST'S FOLLY. One of the very best accounts of a fangab I've ever read.

---ooOoo---

BROWSING. Great Britain Outside Fandom is the second best article in the mailing, and sets a precedent which I believe might be well worth following up. I daresay that there are enough differences among various parts of the United States that occasional articles pointing up the local trends and events might be worth reading, and certainly on-the-spot, non-commercial reporting from abroad is something we can't get enough of. FAPA owes Webster a vote of thanks.

---ooOoo---

SUSPRO. Just to show the wide variety of people that read fanzines, Sandy was broken-hearted because kid sister Quiggie made the bacover, and she didn't. I'm worried now. If she becomes a fan, I'm scared she'll turn out to be that type that publishes her own picture in every other issue of her fanzine.

---oOoOo---

Well, that's about it. Failure to comment upon a magazine, or upon a specific portion of a magazine implies only that I had nothing whatever to say. As far as that goes, commenting upon a magazine or a specific portion of a magazine does not necessarily imply that I had anything whatsoever to say. See? Heads I win; tails you lose.



# REJECTED--FAN SLANTS

Written in very late 1943, this was intended for Fan Slants, but was withdrawn from offer due to the violent protest of one T. Bruce Yerke, who seemed to think it would impair his dignity, whatever that was.

By way of preamble, it must be stated emphatically that this article is purely factual, and composed purely in a spirit of attempting to discover the facts in the case. The author has no preconceived ideas on the subject. The only purpose in presenting this collection of data is to enable the fan public to collate, weigh, and evaluate--that they may draw their own unbiased conclusions from this impartial presentation of the evidence.

For many months, certain traits have become more and more evident in the Yerkeian makeup which have caused heads to be shaken sadly. Is Yerke atavistic? Is Yerke degenerating? Is Yerke in the throes of a major biological transmutation? In short...is Yerke replacing the ape?

The first bit of evidence is a very delicate matter upon which to dwell. The natural modesty of the author would make him very reticent to bring such an intimate thing into the broad light of day, were it not for the fact that science demands it. All the evidence must be given; none must be withheld--thus: I ask of you, have any of you ever seen Yerke with his pants down? Have any of you ever accompanied him to the toilet? Most men are very gregarious on such occasions, but the ordinarily far from retiring Yerke becomes amazingly shy at such times. Furtively, he scurries into a private little stall of his own, peers myopically about to make sure he is unobserved, slips unobtrusively into the sacred precincts, and.... Is this mere maidenly modesty? Can this be the natural retiring disposition of a soul used to the clamor and hurly-burly of 20th century living? I suggest, rather, that perchance Yerke is growing a tail. Under such circumstances it is obvious why he would wish to keep such a matter to himself. There is just enough Yerke as it is; with a tail, there would be too much of him by far. Imagine what life around the LASFS would be like if one had to sit by the hour and watch T. Bruce meticulously preening a large, flowing, caudal appendage!

Another point that must definitely be considered is Mr. Penguin's penchant for climbing. Whenever there is a convenient bookcase about, he invariably mounts it with the air of a goat seeking edelweiss, poises a convenient bottle of beer, and with a positively simian grimace allows it to cascade to the floor--bottle and all. ((This refers to an episode at the 1943 LASFS Halloween party))) At such a time, should Yerke be offered a peanut?

Then, while on this climbing kick, we must not forget the time that Yerke was treed by the brats of Bixel. Was Yerke treed? Did those little children actually chase the mighty bulk of the Fassbeinder into this airy perch, or did he not perhaps find himself there in the gratification of certain atavistic yearnings? One can scarcely imagine a great mass of protoplasm such as Yerke meekly allowing itself to be chased by a group of tender infants, tiny tots which could have been dashed to the earth in scores by a single sweep of one of those brawny arms. Rather does one believe that Yerke climbed this tree deliberately--for the sheer joy he found in so doing--and that when his friends came along, he basely blamed these unsuspecting and innocent infants for his own infamy. As to the children poking at Bruce with long sticks, is this difficult to understand?



It is a matter of common knowledge that what Yerke touches disintegrates on the instant. Is not this too a simian trait? Were not the Banderlog notorious for the destruction and devastation which followed in their wake? Yerke cannot help it. It is just the ape coming out in him

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 illovetoreceivethedunklebergfanewsitsootheesandrefresheamywearyoldanews.  
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## ARS QUOTEWORTHY

The following is taken from Earl Wilson's column in the LA Daily News:

In this mad atmosphere, I happily discovered this morning Mr. Cootie Williams, of Mobile, Ala., the Negro called the world's greatest trumpeter. He wasn't fighting for more money. Nor trying to buy anything.

"Ah'm just fightin'," he said, "to blow mah horn."

"If they let me blow mah horn, Ah'm happy," the barrel chested Cootie added. He sagged dejectedly. He was in his shorts, in his dressing room at the Cafe Zanzibar, on Broadway.

"But they don't!" he said. "It's the only place Ah ever was, they don't lemme blow mah horn. That horn's mah life!"

Nothing about "Come on, get up \$2000 more a week," see?

"Ah got to play about a hour, or two hours a day, so Ah'm free in mah mind," Cootie gloomed on. He pounded his dressing table fiercely.

I add here that Cootie's horn had been far from silenced. See, baby, in the glittering and beautiful new show starring the Ink Spots, Maurice Rocco, and Ella Fitzgerald that opened there, the bulky Cootie hadn't been permitted any trumpet solos. While leading his band and acting as mc he'd blown his horn considerably, and loudly, too.

"They said Ah'd slow up their show with a solo," Cootie said. "It's their business to have fast shows. Ah says Ah got a business too--to blow mah horn. An' Ah says Ah only got a soul when Ah plays mah horn. And any music played without a soul is just noise. Ah play mah horn or Ah'm gettin' outa here and goin' to some little joint where Ah can play mah horn!"

And do you know something? When I left, the management, greatly touched by Cootie's sincerity, had reached a gigantic decision:

He can blow his horn.

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 TheLASFSisnowenjoyingitsrenaissencethankyouareyou enjoyingyouredonald?  
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## LIMBOLOGY

Until I looked into my own boneyard, I had thought that Speer must be unusual in having so much stuff in limbotory. Nuts. Most of us just don't talk about it. 'Here is a thing about my trip down here which I started for Mel Brown but dropped in disgust when he kept changing his mind at 12-hourly intervals on whether or not he wanted it even-edged. There's four pages of it. 'Then here is a typed pamphlet of petitions, discussions, and peace-treaties which were to have been presented to the LASFS when we rejoined after the feud. \$e's early morning olive branch trip made it unnecessary. (cont. on page 8)



# LITTLE LESSONS IN GRAMMAR

This feature of the 1939 and 1940 SusPro is one which merits revival. Since one of the chief benefits to be derived from fandom is self-improvement, and since one of our chief media of relations with one another is the written word, the utility of friendly and constructive criticism is scarcely to be questioned.

Our victim this time is Walt Dunkleberger, whose publications show more enthusiasm than care in their preparation. I took a random sampling of his news publication, The Fanews, covering both large and small issues over a period of about five months, and went through them marking all the errors I could spot in a hasty perusal. I make no guarantee that all errors were checked, but I believe I have most of them. Here is the box score on our boy from Fargo:

<u>Fanews</u> #133.	2 pages,	30 errors
#166.	1 page,	12 errors
#181-2.	2 pages,	45 errors
#216-9.	10 pages,	80 errors
#223.	2 pages,	38 errors

That is no less than 205 assorted errors in a mere 17 pages, an average of 12 per page. Pages obviously written and stencilled by someone else were not counted (such as Ackerman's proposal to Tigrina).

Fully half of these mistakes are due to sloppy typing. A judicious use of obliterate and a bit more attention to hitting the space-bar between words would take care of them. (A fine thing, when I of all people start yelping about strikeovers!) Many of the spelling errors are probably due to inept typing, though I noticed one repeated: ocassionally instead of occasionally.

The most annoying repeated mistake is Dunk's wellnigh obscene fondness for quotation marks. Apparently anything the lad feels is a colloquialism gets stuck in quotes: "laid off", "out of hock", "repaired" (in the sense of adjourned), "milk train", "parked it", "friendly" (referring to a meat market, or was this meant as sarcasm?), "hurt", "local" (referring to anesthesia), and many more. I also question the use of quotes around his motto: "News While It's Still News", unless this phrase was lifted from somewhere.

In many issues, each page is terminated with the wholly redundant "please turn the page". Most of us have read enough to understand the proper procedure when we get to the bottom of a page. Dunk frosts the cake by using from one to three exclamation points on this admonition; he may know why, but I don't.

Another Dunkism is a tendency to capitalize ordinary nouns in the midst of a sentence, especially nouns standing for offices in organizations. "O.K. Gang". Come, come.

Walt almost never remembers to put in the second comma when he uses a subordinate clause or phrase, resulting in some weirdly scrambled sentences every now and then.

It takes guts for as inept a hyphenator as myself to bawl out someone else for misdivided words, but at least I don't put the hyphen at the start of the next line. And how about these? str-ong, anthol-ogy, Evangel-ine, so-reen, st-ory.

Dunk's elephantine caperings and adolescent droolings nearly every time he has occasion to mention a woman are hardly worthy of a grown man with four children. These may be grammatical



enough, but they sound more like a hippopotamus in heat than a mature editor. One noteworthy example occurs in #216-9 where he is speaking of Mary Gnaedinger.

The newscard experience has left Dunk with an indefensible habit of using abbreviations in text: "Amer.", "Grt. Lakes", "rec'd", "hecto'd", "ditto'd", "mimeo'd". Since by unnecessary editorial notes of slight moment he invariably wastes the slight amount of space thus saved, it would be in order for him to adopt a more conventional news-writing style.

On the same page of #216-9 occur the following: "its dated Sept. 1944" and "it's results on civilization". Hold 'er, Newt! She's headin' for the barn!

Regular readers of Fanews may have taken it in stride, but I'll bet the casual peruser of this verbatim quote blinked his eyes: "Mel prepared Dunk for a drool by explaining what was meant on the WC by 'Mint'..." Boys will be boys, I guess.

I shall end this little lesson with a brief dose of English as she is wrote by Dunk: "...and another of those all too infrequent enjoyable (at least Dunk thinks so) fangabs was over." (#223); "The program was followed by the heat of the weather drove the group out on to the porch and the lawn to enjoy the faint breeze." (#181-2); "to even make" (#216-19); "Alva has given up hope on his 'in amorata' she kept saying 'no' and, says Alva, 'Nothing I've been able to do or say since has altered the decision.'" (#216-19)

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 newswhileitestillnewsnewswhetheritsnewsornotnewswhileitsstillnewsnewswh  
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#### LIMBOLOGY (concluded from page 6)

Then here is a document entitled "A Projected Charter of Publishing for the LASFS". Andy Anderson and I collaborated on it one Sunday morning about 2:00 o'clock after a fangab. Everyone had gone home except some sailor fan who was roaming around muttering about some fan friend of his with the utterly unbelievable surname of "Puddie", but Andy and I knocked ourselves out with this document which was designed to put the club's publishing program back on its feet. The program was tabled on a motion from Daugherty; being turned over to the LASFS investigation committee. "Proposed Constitution for the Foundation" and "Proposed Program for the Science-Fantasy Foundation". These two carbons represent a pair of documents I knocked off last summer as a basis on which to start discussions leading to the eventual establishment of the stf foundation. Ackerman has the originals; perhaps someday he will bring them out of limbo. "Oh and this thing is really a skeleton in the closet; the first 4500 or 5000 words of a book-length novel I started to write on the company time up North. It is an attempt to combine Lovecraftian and Unknownish writing, and seems to embody most of the worst features of both. About all that is any good is the locale (the Seven Devils region of Central Idaho, a backwash of the mining development of the West which has changed little in 40 years except to lose its population). "Back in the feudal days of LA, The Outsiders seriously considered a comprehensive poll of fandom. Mike Fern and I wrote a rough draft of the questions, but we were having too much fun putting in embarrassing questions to make the poll worth distributing. Some of it is still pretty funny reading. "Under the title: "Knanvism: A Boon for Fankind?" is the carbon of what I still think is a very good article. It discusses the claimed ideology of the Knanves, and points out ways in which their movement as explained in the #1 Knanve might become analogous to the alumni in the mundane ADAs. Written for Shangri-L'Affaires, it was run off, but destroyed by WJD in the feud, along with the rest of a 175 copy edition which was almost done.



# QUOTE WORTHY QUOTES

U are well aware I do not press my wares upon anyone; in fact, it is even possible for local fans to remain unaware of the fact I have anything I woud sell. --Forrest J Ackerman (letter to FTL, 25/2/44)

I must perforce end this charming letter. I'm writing in bed, with a broken back. My gal and I entered a bitterjug contest last night. I got my tie caught in her garter and we were disqualified. I forthwith ruptured my curnkle, and my terdle pate won't mindulate. Besides my goober log took quite a beating and the glop won't foadurf any more. --Walt Liebscher (letter to FTL, 8/23/44)

Honored and Revered Editor:

BOYBOYBOY! Spring has come, followed by three upright but quivering exclamation points!!! Who gives a darn whether we get reprints or not? Who cares which artist draws the illustrations? What does it matter whether the magazine is printed on the finest of book paper, or the sleaziest of old brown wrapping paper? Or whether the edges are trimmed or not? Repeating, I repeat, Spring has come---the Skylark is back again! --E. Everett Evans (Astounding, Oct. 1934, p.160)

If a man were to swallow a piece of radium what would happen to him? Would he immediately shrivel up and die or would it take some time and if the radium were left in his body what would become of it? (the body) --Forrest J. Ackerman (Wonder Quarterly, Fall 1930, p.141)

Then all these silly feuds and bickerings! What peanut minds these Martins and Coys<sup>1</sup> of the fan world expose when they cut loose! Just a bunch of cheap exhibitionists on the rampage, immature children mentally regardless of the age on their birth certificates. Stow it, fellows it does make dreadfully dull reading! If any of you are really serious though, we would be glad to arrange a duel for you. We would suggest flit guns at five paces, though some of the boys might find a manure spreader more familiar.

--Francis T. Laney (The Acolyte I-1, Fall 1942, p.19)  
Huh? Did I write that???

As a man, Larry ((Shaw)) is 100% further advanced than he was before moving to New York and the company of the Futurians.....A Futurian education lasts a lifetime.

--Donald A. Wollheim (k'tsogm-m #2, May 1945)

If we can't be slans we can at least be big men and women, and I am not referring to avoirdupois. --Dale Tarr

Frankly, I'm just about fed up with the New York poseurs, who preach so lustily, propagand so industriously, throw their weight around so furiously, and are nothing but a damp squib at the end of it all.

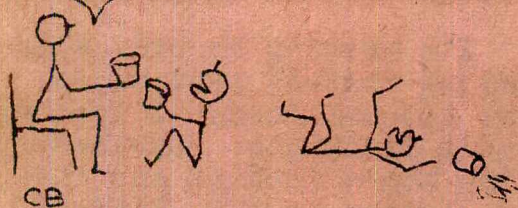
--J. Michael Rosenblum (Browsing, Fall '45)

Humphrey Bogart in a black-marketeer who meats Lauren Bacall, a beautiful refugee from Roumania. However, she falls in love with Robert Walker, a clean upright American soldier.

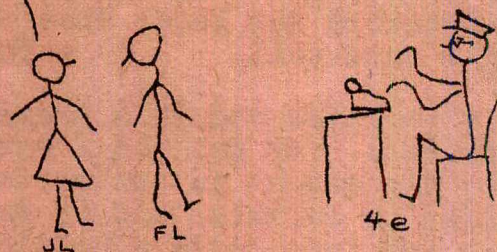
--Milty Rothman (The Time-binder, Fall '45)



HONEY, LAST NIGHT AH DREAMED  
YOU WAS A WATTAH  
MELON....

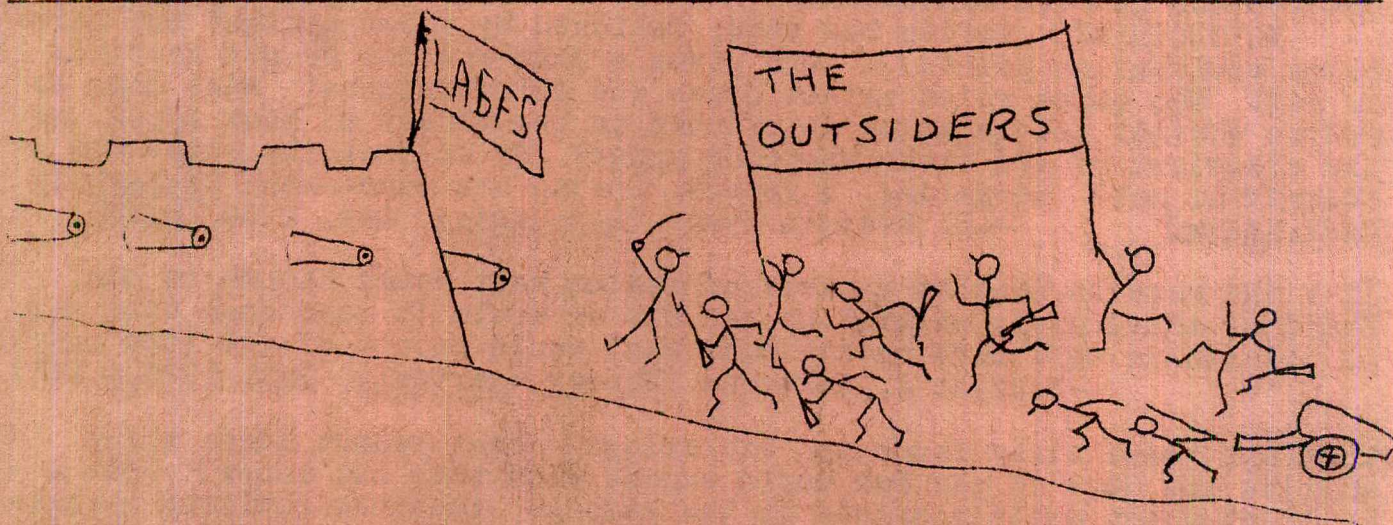


BUT HE TALKS SO YOU  
CAN UNDERSTAND HIM!!

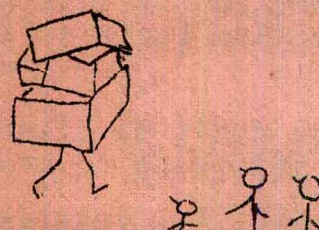
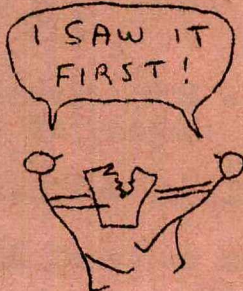
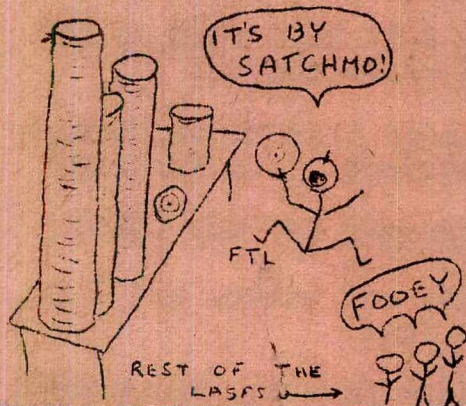


SESSIONS AT BURBEE'S

JACKIE MEETS THE ACK



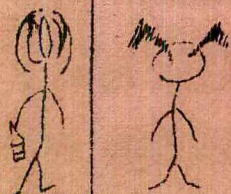
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE



RECORD HUNTING

BOOK HUNTING

4E GOING TO  
METRO STATION



ELMER FRONK

THUMBNAIL KALEIDOSCOPE  
of TWO YEARS  
IN SHANGRI-LA