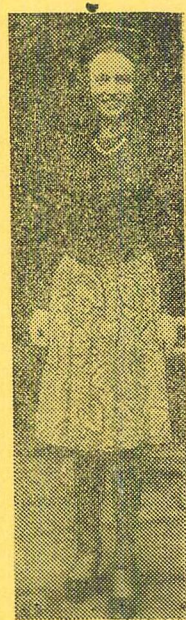




FAN-DANGO

A STORMY PETREL UNTO YE



'Ho Hum'



"Thank God, I am not Franc's Laney!"

FRANCIS T. LANEY

720 TENTH STREET
CLARKSTON, WASH.



FANTASY
SCIENCE-FICTION

◀ "THE ACOLYTE" ▶



HOT JAZZ
UNUSUAL BOOKS

having booted out the bughouse fiction--be reinstated on the rolls as being worthy of receiving our club organ (intentionally worded so as to open the opportunity to you for a dirty crack).

I wouldn't be surprised if Laney even thot Palmer and I were still feuding. Lordy, lordy, and me with that lovely check just yesterday--\$150 for Van's little old 4500 worder. Come to think of it, I believe Evans' splendid 6100 worder is scheduled for the same issue as Van's AUTOMATON. This is the second recent sake I've made for Ev. Guess you haven't noticed his splendid stories appearing in the last few months on the same Contents Pages with Sturgeon, Bradbury, Lovecraft, Heinlein and van Vogt.

Ho hum.

A SAMPLE OF SO OF THE INCH-THICK STACK OF FAN-DANGO FILLERS:

I sometimes wonder why we continue to harp at the LASFS. It does no good. The LASFS glories in being what it is, a Sodom posing as Gomorrah.

As for instance, we once explained in great detail to Ackerman how a certain long-time member was so offensively swishy that other former members stated publicly that they would cross the street to avoid encountering him.

Within two weeks, Forrest J Ackerman was calling this fellow, "Golden Boy".

---ooOoo---

In the recent Annual (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) is a list of the donators to the Big Pond Fund. (This was a collection started by Anglophiliac Ackerman to import a sample British fan for one of the conventions, for what outre purpose God and Forry alone know.) It has amused most of my friends and seriously disillusioned not a few to see the name of Laney prominently listed therein.

It was like this. Since scarcely anyone besides Ackerman gave a faint damn for importing anyone (the fund took over two years to make up) Forrest J donated vastly to the money under all manner of dummy names. Well, that's me.

For Christmas of 1947, FJA gave me a dollar. He knew better than to give it to me directly, so he put it in the Big Pond Fund under my name.

The next anti-LASFS article I write, I'm going to sign Ackerman's name to it and then we'll be even.

---ooOoo---

The current Fan-Tods gave an interesting parallel quotation arrangement proving whilwhom fan and pro-author of splendid stories, Henry Andrew Ackermann, was a plagiarist.

Ah yes. In the Summer 1944 ACOLYTE I too exposed this boy Ackermann, showing that two of his fannishly published stories were lifted, stolen, plagiarised.

For over a year I was kept busy assuring people that this was NOT Forrest J. Ackerman.

A few, I am afraid, never did clear 4e in their inmost heart of hearts and one cannot blame them. After all, he is a man who will do A*YTHING for fandom!

Lead Article

by ????

--oOo--

[The text of this, well of whatever this is, came strangely to the pages of Fan-Dango. The original is neatly typed in moderne gothic (or whatever that Vom-like type is) on two sheets of 8½x11 unwatermarked white paper. The container is likewise white and unwatermarked, and to my casual Aristotelian gaze appears to be a legal length white envelope. On the reverse is a multicolored dove of peace with the wording "Greetings 1949" beneath it, and anyone but a semanticist would offhand say it was a T-B seal, price 1¢. The semanticist would study it for a time, take a cortico-thalamic pause, and announce solemnly that it was a T-B seal, price 1¢. You may take your choice of either of these expert opinions. The obverse of this--well I'm not a semanticist, I'll call it an envelope:--bears three 1¢ postage stamps postmarked Los Angeles Nov 24 7 PM 1949 Calif; a typed address in this same hauntingly familiar moderne gothic: "Chas Burbee 7420 Riverton Ave Sun Valley Cal"; and a green rubber-stamp reading "Return Post Otd / Bx 6151 Met Stn / Los Angeles 55".

I give all this information in such detail because the letter is unsigned, and I haven't the faintest idea who it is from or why.

Maybe you know.

Anyway,

here it is, complete and unedited. Make what you will of it.)

-O-

Thanksgiving '49

Dear Chas

I woke up beside my beautiful wife on this, the morning of my 33rd birthday, and decided to take stock of my blessings. And the first thing I said was: "Dear Lord, thank God that I am not Francis Laney!"

Yes, I noted his latest frenetic flutings in Fran-Dungo. I thot one fan summed Laney up very aptly when he said, "Fans pay as little attention to him as a little cat accidentally breaking wind."

Your friend is living in the past, Burbee. He never did have the picture straight, but he is still clinging to a concept that never was. When he reproaches me for not inviting him to a meeting of the LASFS, he seems to be unaware that I have not been there for several months. One of the last meetings I attended, I remember they were discussing the matter, but they thot the spectacle would be too pitiful--like picking on Willard Thompson--and they did not want him around. I got out of the club and have been going to the Bruin Science Fiction Club (UCLA campus, 90 members) because, well, with that kind of a membership I have obviously a better chance to associate with homosexuals, crackpots, and psychoneurotics than at the LASFS with its disgustingly normal members such as the Hersheys and hodgkins and Hank Eichner and Eph Konigsberg and--I really don't know the names of all the new members. Gosh, one of the last things I did before heading out for greener pastures (just to show you how far behind the times Laney is) was to recommend the New Policy Amazing (starting with the Feb 50 issue)--its astute editor, Howard Browne,

A LITTLE BUG HAS BITTEN YOU, LANEY.

says Milton A. Rothman

--000--

("All of this rhetoric, of course, is for publication," is the tag-line of this letter from Milt, written January 2, 1950. It is remotely possible that I will argue with Milt a bit, but not in this issue. I'll just remark in passing that the stuff he objects to was intended as humor, and the way he takes it gives all of you some more justification for the way you have consistently (and rightly) voted Charles Burbee the #1 FAPA humorist. --ftl)

-0-

I read your first article about semantics, and thought it very fine. However, it seems that in the current mailing you have become less objective, and are actively engaged in running down not only semantics, but the people who are interested in it. And here we must part company. While your little lessons in semantics are supposed to be funny, at times their humor is only a thin covering over an almost Peglerish virulence.

You must be changing. It used to be that we saw eye-to-eye on most things, but in your current Fan-Dango some sort of bug has bitten you, and your thought processes seem to be back in the middle ages.

On the other hand, perhaps I have changed. I've learned a lot in the past couple of years, and my thought processes are almost modern by now.

What I'm driving at is that this anti-semanticism you are sporting doesn't become you. You are making a confusion between the legitimate study of a branch of logic and the cult which has grown out of the application of this logic to the improvement of the nervous system.

If you look into the subject known as Philosophy of Science, you will discover that semantics is an outgrowth of a branch of philosophy known as logical positivism, which was begun by Ernst Mach about 70 years ago. It was at that time that the revolt against Aristotle really began to take shape. Korzybski didn't invent it.

Your tirade against multi-valued logic, under the title of "Not Either/or, but...More or Less" is not very logical. If you are writing tongue-in-cheek, the tongue is very well hidden -- or perhaps I have lost my sense of humor. Somehow, I can't find it very funny to find an intelligent person throwing underhanded punches at modern ideas, and sticking up for medieval, middle-class, middle-brow mentality. You'd be doing better to clarify ideas, instead of confusing them.

As I said, your discussion of black and white logic is not very logical. You set up a straw man, and knock him down with much gloating. You make up all kinds of examples of things which can be handled by black and white logic, and you say isn't it silly for the semanticists to talk about anything else. However, you ignore the many examples of things which black and white logic cannot handle. For instance: A person is either a science-fiction fan, or he is a professional author. How about people like me, who is both? Or: a body moves either up or down. How about bodies which stand still or move sideways? How about the numerous relative relationships: large or small, long or short, fast or slow, bright or dark, where the same object may be either one, depending upon the point of view of the ob-

server. Or in physics, to state that "this is either an electric field or a magnetic field" is meaningless; here it is not a question of what is there, but rather it is a question of what is measured by the observer, and this depends upon the velocity of the observer.

Here, indeed, semantics really plays a role, for the words "electric field" and "magnetic field" are actually but separate labels applied to certain aspects of a single phenomenon. To be more correct, we must speak only of the electromagnetic field, and if Einstein's new idea is right, we must really talk about the gravitoelectromagnetic field.

So you see that you are way off-base when you slyly state that "You're either practical or you're a semanticist." You are even further off base when you deprecate the attempts of the non-aristotelians to change the world in which we live. For all the results of atomic physics follow directly from the manner in which scientists have given up aristotelian logic, newtonian physics, and euclidean geometry. This may result in a world which is not as simple-minded as you'd like it to be, but that's the way it is.

BURBEE AND LANEY: RECRUITING AGENTS OF THE LASFS

In early October of 1949 the front page of the LA DAILY NEWS carried under the headline "Cops say Clements wasted fragrance on smoggy air" and over the caption "'I DO NOT STINK,'" thundered Clements Chestaney/A jury will provide answer to delicate question" a picture of a weird, fannish looking character with his head thrown back in proud disdain. He seemed to be wearing several coats, he held a singularly disreputable hat, and was bearded and maned like a prophet of old.

An irreverent reporter told more of Clements Chestaney in these words:

"Keen nosed jurymen were being sought in Municipal court today to decide the delicate question of whether Clements Chestaney, 67, has a bad enough case of B.O. to merit being pinched as a public menace.

"Policemen T. L. Rogers and E. L. Allen said they had to hold their noses when they stopped Chestaney at Hollywood boulevard and Vilton place a couple of days ago.

"So they locked him up on a vagrancy charge.

"Not so, thunders Chestaney, tossing his shoulder-length mane of gray hair. 'I'm a genius--a song writer --and as such I do not stink. Besides, I take a bath every day.'

"Chestaney lives at 245½ East First Street."

Well, this news item virtually obsessed Burbee and me for a time. Here, we realised, was a prime specimen of the type of well-integrated man the LASFS has long sought out and fostered. And he, being persecuted, did not have ~~the~~ access to the Bixelstrasse Retreat which has saved so many famous LASFS members from brushes with the law.

So we collaborated on a letter, to which we signed the

nom-de-plume of Joseph J. O'Fahan. And using the singularly appropriate return address of 1941 Estrella Ave., Los Angeles 7, we mailed this letter on October 11, 1949.

But I guess we laid it on too thick. Clements Chestaney, apparently, has never gone to the LASFS. We have not heard that he has been elected director.

The text of the letter:

We have a club of people much like yourself which we believe will interest you. It is called the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and meets every Thursday night at 1305 Ingraham Street (just between Wilshire and 6th and about six blocks west of Figueroa).

Although none of us have said it in so many words, we feel that we have been born out of our time. For this reason, many of us read tales of the far future in magazines like Amazing Stories, Fantastic Adventures, and Fantasy Book. I believe we do this in a mood of escape, for would it not be wonderful to fly to the far future and find a social economy that had an honored place for all of us -- you and I?

Our small but select group has in it writers of prose and poetry, and artists of no mean ability. But we have no musicians. Your musical talents can help us round out our intellectual group, so that we, in our own small way, will represent the whole artistic plenum.

And I am sure you could find a happy haven in our group. What we need is older men--men like you, Mr. Chestaney--who can lead us in our fight to secure the recognition a crass society withholds from us; men like you who see the world and its problems in a clear perspective and have the courage and integrity to grapple boldly with the status quo. Some of our members are young--in their teens--and you may help to mold them to new and superior shapes. I am sure you have a gentle philosophy; you have such a Christ-like appearance. Not of course that we strictly believe in religion--in a sense, we are above it--but we recognise in Jesus a great philosopher not unlike what we too may someday become.

H. G. Wells, that daring philosopher, once spoke of the star-begotten, and some of us claim that this term describes us. This may not be the proper term, yet where, save in imaginative literature, can you find whole hosts of people so very much like us?

One of our leading members, Dr. Daugherty, is a profound Egyptologist and cinema actor. Hollywood is jealous of him, and so he is compelled to run a mimeograph machine for a living. But he is a great dancer and singer, and it might well be that his fresh voice and your fresh songs could overcome the apathy and jealousy that Hollywood has showered on so many of us.

Do not be discouraged if we do not receive you with open arms at first. Most of us are extremely shy and retiring, for we have, in our time, been rebuffed a thousand times over. Please keep coming to our meetings and after a time you will feel a certain peace steal over you and a Voice will speak and you will know you are one of us.

I am shy myself, which is why I write this letter instead of paying you a personal visit. But I will be there at the meeting when you come. I may not reveal myself right away, but I will be there.

Your little trouble with the police is typical of the way society looks on us different people. Will it not be wonderful--and a grand and splendid joke on society--if you find us and we find you because they persecuted you? We, too, have stories to tell.

Remember-

ber, every Thursday night at about 8:30 p.m.

OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER !!!

Other people, notably Burbee, have spoken in FAPA and other similar media of magnetic recorders. I am happy to state that I too am in a position now to prattle gaily of magnetic recorders. For in mid-December, I consummated a great swap with Cyrus Banning Condra, man-four-square, and friend of Al Ashley, in which three bulging cartons of my books were exchanged for Cy's wire recorder.

My new play pretty is a Webster-Chicago Model 80 (of the type which Consumers Union says is unsatisfactory, but it works so what?) and possesses potentialities which so far I've just barely scratched. The best spool I've made so far is of interest only to the Laneys, being about 45 to 50 minutes of Sandy and Quiggie in full cry Christmas. And we found that the various adults who dropped in Christmas day got great pleasure out of recording sundry deathless remarks (which I've since erased) and listening to them over and over and over as well as to the accumulated crud by the people who went before.

But the truly vital application of this truly vital instrument is the recording of endless quantities of wire bearing the dulcet voices of various members of the insurgent element.

One series of recordings has already been started with a 35 minute spool by Burbee, Condra, and Laney. It is number one in the set FUGGHEADS I HAVE KNOWN, AND OTHERS, and consists of these fine raconteurs taking turns telling of some of the outre doings of Forrest J Ackerman, Louise Leiper, Al Ashley, EEEvans, James Kepner, Elmer Perdue, Arthur Louis Joquel II, and others. It is already in circulation, and the one out-of-towner who has so far reported on it--Redd Boggs--says that the ten bucks rental it cost him for a wire recorder was "the finest investment I ever made-". So it must be pretty good.

We will send this spool (when we get it back) to any bona fide applicant who is willing to send us a \$2.00 deposit (which will be returned, natch, when we get the spool back). This wire is very costly stuff, and we note with misgivings that a fannish wire club in Florida has already lost one spool.

And we are eager to receive spools of wire from anyone in FAPA or even fandom, on loan and subject to copying if we decide we want any of the stuff on them.

One of these times, we are going to invade either the Vestertoon or a stf convention with a library of 10 or 12 hours of wire just like WILD HAIR only much more so, and play selected items to selected listeners. We also wish to record good anecdotes about fans and similar personalities--stuff like Al Ashley and his new "system of immortality" or how EEEvans goosed Tigrina--good constructive stuff that will brighten the day of both the listener and recorder.

Book Review -

Towner

1948 FANTASY ANNUAL. Edited by Boggs and others, financed by the Fantasy Foundation, published and distributed by Ackerman, and produced by the LASFS (appendage of Walter J. Daugherty). 120 pp. Price \$1.

This imposing volume is easily one of the finest publications yet produced by "fandom", and is well worth a buck to anyone who is interested in any facet of the field. It purports to cover the fanish/fantastic happenings, pro and amateur, of the year 1948; and unquestionably has fulfilled its intentions far better than its publisher, producer, or distributor wanted it to.

Who a year ago would have dared to suggest, even in fun, that Forrest J Ackerman's Left Pocket (sometimes known as the Fantasy Foundation) would gladly finance such a project? That Walter J. Daugherty would permit the LASFS (a small, esoteric group of metaphysicists and others which he owns and operates) to work the puddin' out of the LASFS mimeograph (which he thinks of as his own personal property) to produce this monumental epic? And that Forrest J Mondelle would steal time from explaining to people that he is really not the technical adviser to DESTINATION MOON to distribute such a masterwork as the 1948 FANTASY ANNUAL?

I can't believe it either. But shake our heads as we may, there is no gainsaying the fact that Ackerman, Daugherty, LASFS, and Company are the greatest propagandists the Insurgent Element will ever have. In a way, this saddens me, for in the rules of the Fan-Dango Awards; no member or employee of the Insurgent Element is eligible for one of my notorious Certificates of Fugheadedness, no matter how richly he may deserve it. There can be no question but that these people are our employees--unpaid, surely, but for that very reason even the more to be praised for their selfless efforts to exhalt our noble works.

Back in mid-1946 I crawled into FAPA to die. Except for perhaps a half-dozen fugitive pieces, none of my writings have appeared other than in FAPA since that time. And when Charles Burbee was summarily cashiered from his post as LASFS editor because he had too much integrity for the LASFS Ruling Sect, he too withdrew, hurt, into this graveyard of decrepit ex-fans. Since October 1947 there have been no non-FAPA Burbee writings.

Imagine then our dumbfoundment to find the poll results of the Fans and Fanzines section of this worthy annual filled with the names of Burbee and Laney! Laney is #3 fan journalist, #5 fan writer, #2 fan critic, #5 fan humorist, #10 fan editor, #7 fan publisher, #3 fan article writer, and his pitiful little vitriol squirter--Fan-Dango--is the #25 fanzine even though only 3 or 4 non-members of FAPA have ever seen a copy of it. ((This is the same Laney whose efforts are likened in an anonymous letter elsewhere in this issue to "a little cat breaking wind".)) And Burbee, that worthy fellow, is #5 fan journalist, #2 fan writer, #10 fan critic, #7 fan fictionist (ahead of EEEvans, whose wish is "to write good stories"), #2 fan ~~xxxx~~ humorist, and #12 fan article writer--while his minuscule FAPazine--Burblings--is the #17 fanzine.

And we make this showing with editions limited to 75 for Laney and 70 for Burbee--while competing with fanzines which distribute 200, 250, 500, and even 1000 copies of each issue!

The real snapper is the lovely fact that BURBLINGS beat out SHANGRI LA! Imagine it! BURBLINGS: 3 issues, a total of 26 pages, and a circulation of 70. SHANGRI LA: 6 issues, never less than 18 pp each and usually 24 and more, and a circulation of 250--SHANGRI LA further containing a good deal of lithography. In one issue of SHANGRI LA, someone boasted that this particular issue cost \$50.00 to produce, while the total cost of the entire 1948 BURBLINGS output was somewhat under \$6.00. And BURBLINGS won; BURBLINGS, published by the man the LASFS fired because they didn't like his editing!

And through commitments incurred before they knew the poll results, the LASFS had to publish all this! Oh boy!

I love it.

Of course it is in execrable taste to indulge in all this horn-tooting, but how else can we thank our new-found publicity crew?

Thank you, Mr. Daugherty.

Thank you, Mr.

Evans.

Thank you, Mr. Ackerman!

Hot dog!

"I believe Evans' splendid 6100 worder is scheduled for the same issue as Van's AUTOMATON. This is the second recent sale I've made for Ev. Guess you haven't noticed his splendid stories appearing in the last few months on the same Contents Pages with Sturgeon, Bradbury, Lovecraft, Heinlein and van Vogt."

---Anonymous letter, p. 2, this mag.

If a stfzine got carried out to the privy, and somebody wiped his Ashley on the ToC, would he be considered a Big Name Author just because he appeared on the same title page as van Vogt?

"Al."

"Yes, Everett?"

"Listen, they're playing our song."

And here is another clue as to the authorship of that anonymous letter this issue features. Its writer spends nearly half of his text explaining that he hasn't been at the LASFS "for several months".

A man of unimpeachable integrity tells us that at a recent (within the past month or so) meeting of the LASFS, Forrest J Ackerman was given a special scroll to commemorate his constant attendance during the past decade and a half. He was there in person to receive this scroll, just as he was there in person at 9 out of 10 meetings in 1949, as always. WHO WROTE DAT LETTER?????

Thoughts While Bandsawing

MAILING COMMENTS? When I first looked through the 49th mailing, I thought it might be a good idea to work up mailing comments on it. This bundle was so inexcusably lousy that I wondered if perhaps constructive suggestions might do a moiety to soup up the next one. On the other hand, there is something to Warner's rebuke at my F-H certificates. In all seriousness, I'd hate to drive some potentially worthwhile member out of FAPA by telling him how putrid I think his stuff is. So rather than indulge in a lot of soft-headed christian charity I'll skip the reviewing for the most part. But in God's name, let's try to get a little quality in the mailings for a change.

---ooOoo---

I BOW TO OUR DICTATOR. A couple or three mailings ago, I got off on the subject of Len Moffatt, accusing him of suffering from acute and chronic stasis. I still think my remarks at the time were more or less justified, but I am very happy to report that the Moonshiner has made me out a liar all of a sudden. All Ijm needed, evidently, was a personal motif. Since he got into his trouble-making facet with his PROCLAMATION! (and followed it up most neatly in the current Moonshine) I see in Len all sorts of unsuspected potentialities.

Some of you[#] other folks might profit from his example. Len is not, technically, a good writer--not that any of us are, of course--but I mean that even in our limited group of amateurs his stuff rated low in quality of writing. It was not helped by smudgy reproduction. And worst of all it seemed to me that for the most part Len really didn't have much of anything to say. The net result, in my eyes at least, was the spectacle of uninteresting stuff being said in an unimpressive fashion.

The only difference that I can see in Len now is that he suddenly got a sharp idea. What a difference it makes! The moral is that if a person has something interesting to say, his subject matter tends to blind the reader to any faults of writing style or reproduction, whereas if he's just stringing words together you see every flaw of any sort.

Obviously, I don't mean to say that trouble-making is the only way to be interesting. Interest is a blend--and the chief ingredients are enthusiasm and originality. If a person has nothing to say, his enthusiasm will center largely on getting to the bottom of the page so he'll have his activity credit taken care of. And no matter how enthusiastic the writer may be, if he's just rehashing the same old crap, he's almost certain to lose his reader unless he is saying something truly original. (This is the chief reason I never read amateur sfantasy in fanzines--it is inept rehashing.)

So I think we all owe Len Moffatt our thanks for driving home to us the fact that even the poorest writers among us 65 poor writers can very simply and easily write stuff that the other 64 of us will devour with glee and gusto--simply by being enthusiastic and by being original.

---ooOoo---

A strong Insurgent Element means a healthy fandom.

DEFINING THE UNDEFINABLE.

"A fugghead," says Art Rapp, "is someone who disagrees with FTL."

Like most other extreme simplifications, this statement is simply not true. In order to spike misconceptions like this, I guess I'll have to take a crack at defining the word "fugghead".

In the first place, fugghead is not the word, but a bowdlerisation. The real word is derived in equal parts from respectable English and not-so-respectable Anglo-Saxon, and is written with two g's merely as a bow to the USPOD. Nor is it an invention of mine known only in the microcosmos. Fugghead, as I'll continue to spell it, is a term in every day use by thousands upon thousands of people in Southern California. Since it seems not to be known in many parts of the country (I never heard it myself until I came to LA) it is probably one of our local colloquialisms.

The definition I'm so wordily trying to bat out may not hold for everyone, but applies to the word chiefly as used by Burbee, Laney, and others of the Insurgent Element (fandom's only vital group).

All of us, great and small, say and do innumerable fuggheaded things. A person may legitimately be termed a fugghead only when his deeds of fuggheadedness overshadow the rest of his life.

This term fuggheadedness is a blanket word, covering multitudes of things. Willful avoidance of known fact. Taking oneself too seriously. Analyses of situations which leave out of account the chief factors therein. Loss or lack of perspective; failure in evaluating the relative importance of things. Simple or compound stupidity and its manifestations. "Crackpottism" generally. Individuals or groups posing as that which they are not. Such failings as "mom-ism" and other prime targets of Philip Wylie. Extreme lack of foresight. Absence of critical judgement. Ascribing properties to things or people or abstractions that lack those properties. All these and many other analogous things are acts of fuggheadedness.

Who can read that list and not see himself on it? Who has not been guilty of fuggheadedness?

Speaking of fuggheadedness, not the least of my own sins along this line has been the attempt to define the term itself. This article shows what I mean.

---oOo---

COSWAL: Wylie's GLADIATOR is Avon Book #216. It may be had from Avon Book Sales Corp., 119 West 57th St, NYC 19, for 30¢ postpaid.

---oOo---

ME??? PRO-AUTHOR??? Coswal says to me, "How about turning professional and showing the LASFS pros up?" He and some of the rest of you may find it difficult to believe, but I don't have the faintest vestige of desire to be a pro author. As things stand now, I make an adequate, if not luxurious, living; and write only what I want when I want. If I were to turn pro, or try to, it would mean that I'd have to spend my spare time grinding out attempts at authorship, attempts which for the most part would not sell. I'd rather spend my spare time enjoyably. And the last thing I'd want to do with my spare time would be to churn out a bunch of crap I didn't believe in. (With all its faults, I do believe in most of what I write for FAPA.) In the event I felt the need for extra income, I'd try to get a part-time job. If

my spare time must be devoted to adding to my income, I'd rather do something for which I am guaranteed a cash return. The only circumstances under which I'd consider trying to write professionally would be semi-permanently unemployed, and unable to get any sort of job. Why take the fun out of a good hobby just to pick up an occasional check for fifty bucks? I'm far prouder to see my by-line in a good magazine like SKY HOOK or MASQUE or BURBLINGS than I would be to see it in a shoddy pulp magazine that I'd be ashamed to show to discerning people.

---oOo---

THE EMANCIPATION OF TOWNER. Bear with me a moment, please, while I emit a mighty peasean of joy and thump on my chest with gleeful abandon. For at last I have liberated myself, and the sense of freedom is heady beyond measure.

I am referring to one of my books: the Hadley edition of van Vogt's WEAPON MAKERS.

When I bought this volume I was still unsettled, so I left the hideous, orange dust jacket on it to protect the binding. By the time I got my bookcases built in, the volume had for some obscure reason picked up an imposing premium value, so I left the dust jacket on it. Every time my eye ran along the case, this orange monstrosity glowered out at me. And every time I took the book out, the unmentionably lousy jacket illustration chilled my desire to keep the book at all, and, in the manner of dust wrappers the world over, slithered around and got in my way when I sat down to enjoy some reading.

The last time I read WEAPON MAKERS, I pulled the jacket off and put it in my desk. For over a year now, this jacket has gotten in my way and been handled almost every time I pulled that drawer open for something.

Just now it got in the way of my search for carbon paper to go on the back of this master.

I sat and looked at it for a moment.

Then, in a belated outburst of common sense, I ripped that revolting dust wrapper twice across and threw it in the wastebasket where I should have thrown it three years ago.

Never again will I see that dust wrapper.

And the relief, the sense of joyful uplift, that are now mine cannot be measured in mere words.

Tomorrow, I am going to take the dust wrappers off every book I have, cart them out, put them in the incinerator, and put a match to them.

---oOo---

TOWNER RENIGGS. Well of course I won't throw away the dust jackets from all my books. After all, some of my books are worthwhile collectors' items, and the jackets on them often have portraits of the authors, biographical information, and so on. No sensible person would take the jacket from a book by C. S. Forester, or Max Brand, or Leonard H. Nason.

I'll just throw away the wrappers from the science-fiction and other run of the mill books.

---oOo---

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BURLINGS COMBINED WITH FANDANGO #2

by Charles Edward Burbee, ENF, MRA

((Both Burbee & I jot down publishable ideas at work. This led recently to the following impromptu exchange: FL:

FL: In the last week you have written the equivalent of an article in disjointed snatches on time tickets.

CB: But I don't write for fanzines any more.

FL: Fan-Dango is NOT a fanzine. It is an amateur periodical devoted to liter-ate self-expression.

So as a result of all this, Burbee will very likely have a column of jottings in most subsequent Fan-Dangos. --fl))

Max Brand has ruined me for stf. I was reading the latest ASF last night and I could scarcely go it. The stuff was so dull.

You see, Max Brand's characters are real people; their dialog is colorful. They do absorbing things in a fascinating way, with excellent motivation. Stf, for the most part, is peopled with cardboard characters who speak dull words as they move unconvincingly through the wordage the author has written so laboriously and weakly.

Con Pederson, showing his writings to a friend: "Now, here's an item, no, that's one of my earlier sketches--wrote it two years ago when I was 12. I tried so hard to say something and didn't do too well. That was before I discovered semantic writing and found I didn't have to say anything. That's why I write semantically--you can just let yourself go, and never worry about a meaning obscuring the beauty of the words."

FORMULA FOR STF AUTHORS: Never write down to stf readers; they will despise you for your clarity. Rather write up and past then, either in the bypaths of some obscure science no one knows much about, or in the virgin incomprehensibility of a science you have invented yourself.

Do this, and the fans will worship you.

Korzybski said: "....the semantic outlook is "frankly hopeless", etc. etc.

An Aristotelian statement which capably demonstrates that Null-A is fine for idle chatter, but when a man wants to express a concrete idea or explain something understandably he must have recourse to good, solid, Aristotelian language.

FTL the other day received a letter from an 18-year-old boy in Australia who queried plaintively if FTL was a 16-year-old girl. He had seen FTL's name in some APA list, and if FTL wasn't a 16-yr-old girl would he procure one for him to correspond with?

I looked at

(continued in the next issue. Don't you wish I'd used a dummy???)

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