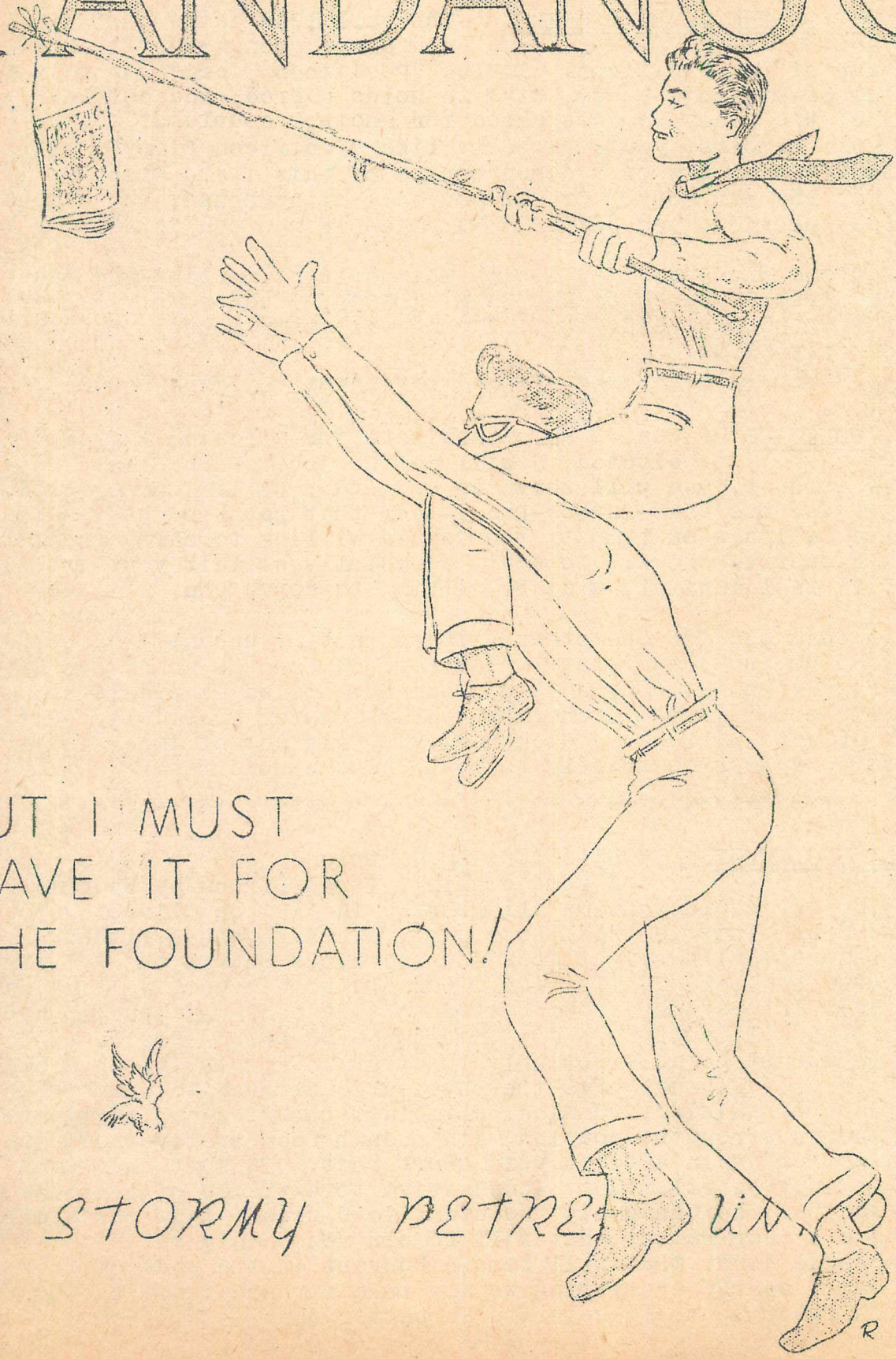


FANDANGO



BUT I MUST
HAVE IT FOR
THE FOUNDATION!



A STORMY BETRE UN 42

FAN-DANGO, known also as the Arrogant Albatross or some such name, is the FAPAazine of Francis T. Laney, published by him at 816 Westboro Ave Alhambra, California with the occasional aid of other fine people with fine minds and sensitive fannish faces--guys such as Bill Rotsler and Art Widner. For this issue, Bill did the cover and Art (though he doesn't know it yet) assembled the finished product. This is Vol. V, No. 2, Whole No. 18, and is for the Summer 1948 mailing.

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE LANEY MEMOIRS

The Fall 1946 issue of FAN-DANGO contained among other things a 10 page writeup of the Pacificon. Titled "Pacificon Diary", this is ten pages of blood-and-guts Laney, with no holds barred, and carries the narrative of the Laney Memoirs ahead for another couple of months. If you liked the Memoirs, you'd probably like "Pacificon Diary". It so happens that I have ten or a dozen copies of this issue which I will send you for 25¢ per copy. Or, if you call at my house, you can have a copy free, provided you joined FAPA since it was published.

And if there is anyone who joined FAPA with this current mailing and hence missed the first 77 pages of AH, SWEET IDIOCY, I can supply this first section for \$1.00 postpaid. Or, if you call at my house, you can have a copy for only \$1.00.

POLITICS, POLITICS

Yes, I am a candidate for Official Editor. If elected, I will do the job. Burbee is candidate for Vice-President, and will serve as assistant OE if I am elected. In other words, the same Burbee-Laney team that has brought you four consecutive mailings on time to the day is willing to carry on with this rather onerous chore. We don't especially solicit your votes, but we still feel dutiful, and are willing to serve you.

I don't know who Burbee endorses for the other offices, but my unqualified support goes to Redd Boggs as secretary-treasurer. I can see no choice between Rick Sneary and Don Wilson, both of whom have filed as president. So, due to prior commitments, I endorse Don Wilson for President. But my own personal vote will go to Rick Sneary. This act of impartiality is calculated to endear me greatly to both these candidates.

MORE MAILING COMMENTS

While reading Camerion's and Cheney's remarks on bomb dodging, I was struck by an omission which has so far characterised all remarks in FAPA on this subject, including my own. This is the matter of personal physical fitness. Whether our theoretical survivor goes now and hides out in the wilderness or refugees away from civilization after the bombs start falling, he is going to have to possess a much better than average physique in order to win through. He must have no constitutional weaknesses or chronic ailments. He must be able not only to exist but to thrive on a bad and scanty diet. He must have the physical endurance to perform prodigious feats of walking, running, climbing, carrying--up to the very limits of human strength; coupled with enough recuperative power to be up and at 'em again after a very short rest. He must have keen senses. He must be relatively insensitive to extremes of heat and cold and weather, be unusually resistant to disease. And above all, he must have a temperament that will remain reasonably satisfied under primitive conditions, that will remain bouyant in the face of the permanent loss of nearly everything we now take for granted. I hope the rest of you match up to these criteria better than I do!

THOUGHTS WHILE BAND-SAWING

Nearly three years ago, I quit making formal reviews of the mailings, partly because I felt that original articles made a better magazine, and partly because I found my tendency towards making wild statements without sufficient corroboratory data was running riot in my mailing reviews. Now I have a yen to review a whole mailing once again. So, here we go. If I omit your mag, it means nothing except that I could think of nothing to say about it.

---oo0oo---

DAMBALLA Who is my name-sake, Alvin Laney? Trot him out in your Dark Chapel and introduce him to us.//Chuck, you need not let the mailings get you confused and muddled. Just publish according to your own whims, as the rest of us do, and you'll do all right. There is no such thing as a typical FAPA mag, unless it be SYNAPSE. Your own magazine was not only attractive, it proved eminently readable.

---oo0oo---

PRISM Stan, are you the sailor who visited me in early 1945? There was some Navy man from Denver, but I can't recall his name. I do recall that he wanted to trade me out of my Imag-Indexes. At the time I wanted them, but I don't now, and you can have them cheap. Drop me a card if you are the guy.

"The Future and Men" was a very well-done article. Rausch might have cited NEW GODS LEAD as a prime example of quasi-prognostication. This is a series of unrelated short stories in which Wright takes several current trends and devotes one story to showing where each would lead if carried to its logical ultimate conclusion. Some of these are pretty horrible, but they most certainly serve to point out the dangers inherent in some of these trends and drive the point home much more forceably than tons of factual articles. But I seriously doubt if fans demanding better writing is likely to have any great amount of influence, or if stf generally is ever likely to have any too much influence either. To most people who read it, it is just fiction---not a challenge or anything else ~~xx~~ more exalted than the medium to while away an evening hour.

---oo0oo---

MERGLR Rothman was dilating on the subject, what is wrong with FAPA. MERGER pointed up one recent flaw very forceably---the absence of one Art Widner. Boy, it was just like the good old days to read page after page of deep Widner. I hope it happens frequently; I at least enjoyed Widner's stuff more than anything else in this mailing.

If Don had seen the stencils I used for the last FA, he'd have said less about my lousy stencilling job. These were Red Feathers, which the US Army discarded as unusable in 1944, and which Hoffman pulled out of the trash can for me. They are all gone now.

Yhos, you broke my heart when you compared me with Panassie-- a guy for whom I have very little use. The hell of it is, I'm afraid you have some basis for your remarks. On the other hand, what adjectives can you apply to Satchmo without knowing darn well that Hugues used the same ones? Huh?

You intrigue me when you talk of jazz vocals. Just how do you want them sung? Mind listing a few criteria?

As a

matter of fact, there are mighty few hot singers. Most so-called jazz singers are merely rhythm chanters. To sing hot, it looks to me as though there would have to be a certain amount of improvisation, or at least repetition of previous improvisations. And this improvisation should take place both with the lyrics and with the tune. Under this basis, Armstrong is probably the pre-eminent hot singer; he takes most vocals just about the way he'd play them on the trumpet. I'd say his worst flaw is his tendency to get incoherent, and this very incoherency is sometimes mighty effective, as in his OK of BLUE TURNING GREY OVER YQU. In many of his earlier discs, Bing Crosby gets pretty interesting, though he seldom if ever really takes off the way Satchmo does. If you have the patience to sit through a few hours of Fats Waller's clowning you will hear some mighty hot singing from time to time. Billie Holiday gets hot sometimes, but more often she is just a chanteuse; and the same can be said for Mildred Bailey. In her recorded work, Ivy Anderson doesn't show up too well (at least not on what I have of it), but her in person performances, of which I've heard at least a half dozen, make her my favorite gal singer despite her tendency to sing songs she isn't fitted for and to make gratuitous sneers at the crowd.

All the foregoing are being considered as ballad singers, though of course all of them sing the blues too. In the field of blues singing you will find any number of really not vocalists, many of them virtually unknown to white audiences. Of particular note are Bessie, Clara, and Trixie Smith, Ida Cox, Ma Rainey, Rosetta Crawford, and Helen Andrews among the gals; and Jimmy Rushing, Jelly-Roll Morton, Leadbelly, Champion Jack Dupree, Little Brother, Davie Alexander, and Joe Turner among the men. When you come out here, maybe I can inveigle you into listening to some of these people.

Yeah, I love Brunis' slip-horning too, but I think you'll have to admit that Mr T, while just as hot, is considerably more melodic and a more interesting soloist. After all, tailgate isn't much out of ensemble. And for statue-rattling and goose-bump raising, I'll take Ory against the field. Try his Columbia of TIGER RAG for some really rugged two-fisted tailgate tram.

OKAY, Don, I never kicked very much when our fine minds tackled math, so you oughtn't to mind all this jazz prattle.

Yhos' friendly attitude towards Sneary should be emulated by more of us. Don't sell Sneary short.

---oo0oo---

PHANTEUR. Earmark "As Time Goes By" for the fanzine anthologies. One of the best things DBT ever did.

---oo0oo---

DISTRUBING ELEMENT Well, what can you say? Just the cutest mailing review of all time, and not just on the strength of the pies, either. Bill gets trenchant every little ways. I still think he ought to write more.

---oo0oo---

PLENUM That's heady stuff you shot at Burb and me. It seems odd to be held up as a good example instead of a horrible one. May be it is a way of life after all.

---oo0oo---

STFANATIC Burbee has earned our undying gratitude by recruiting such an up-and-coming member as Hugh McInnis. To think that such a busy man as our Oxnard would take the time to do all this for

STFANATIC (cont) a new fan.

I can't say that I think too much of this magazine; however, it certainly looks like the fanzines of 1937 and 1938 both in format and content. And I'll admit I have a weak spot for Arkansas, what with a wife from that state) so I'm pulling for you, Hugh. Want me to write something for your mag?

---ooCoo---

ATCOTE If I were really hot for the opera, you can rest assured that I'd damn well see a lot of them, even if I had to get a job ushering to do it. But the Aida article was enjoyable. And I have to take my hat (not that I have one) off to Everett for his freely acknowledging who helped him with his writing. It is a refreshing contrast to the accusations and counter-accusations of plagiarism which so frequently rattle back and forth among stf writers.

I'm looking forward to the probable future antics of a certain little man whose name will never again sully these pages. The way he worships pro-authors and constantly seeks out their company on every appropriate and inappropriate occasion, he is going to have a fine time retracting more than half a decade of backbiting about the time FEE besognes a Big Name Author.

---ooCoo---

FAN-DANCO It has come to me through an unimpeachable source that Acky feels I wronged him in the last issue of the stormy petrel. So I called him on the phone and present herewith a clarification. He was not a 52-26 boy. A discharged veteran going into business for himself can receive the difference between 100 per month and what he earns net, if his earnings are under 100. Acky was under this plan when he was starting out his agency and mailorder bookshop. He pays his grandmother rental for two garages and his room in the flat at 236 $\frac{1}{2}$. Though he probably is not making as much as Palmer, he is self-supporting as a result of his authors' agency and fantasy dealings. I am happy to clarify this situation. I don't believe, however, that this much changes the force of my original comparison between the earning power of Acky and that of Palmer.

---ooCoo---

FANCIENA This all-Keller issue is very well done. However, it is interesting to compare Keller's "The Ultimate Victory", featured in FANCIENA as the lead story with Charles Burbee's "The Variable Existence of Hyperfan" which appeared last winter in WILD HAIR (the Hirsute Fanzine). Keller and Burbee are handling almost identical themes, and for my money the Burb carved Keller into ribbons. Read both items consecutively, and see what you think. (I know that Burbee will agree with me.)

---ooCoo---

BNIX FFA has a most esoteric (and unprintable) meaning. It does NOT stand for "Fandom is all". Try again, bub. That is your objection to postmailings? No, I'm just greedy--I like to get a little something extra out of my membership. And while I'm yapping at you, why don't you publish succinctly your reasons for emphasizing the fantasy end of FAPA. It looks to me as though this narrow specialization can lead only to boredom, disgust, and the eventual disbanding of FAPA.

---ooCoo---

SKY HOOK Nothing much, just the best magazine in this mailing. I have also read HPL's letter to Duane Pikel about the death of Sam Perkins, and while I no longer have this letter I remember very distinctly how similar it is to the one in SPACEWAYS. No wonder HPL never wrote many stories when his letters duplicated so much!

Redd was wondering what a certain nameless little man is like. Right around 80% (according to Burbee--I say only about 60%) of the statements attributed to him in the writings of Laney and Burbee are either direct quotations or accurate paraphrases of something he has seriously said one or the other of us. He lives in a special ultra-ultra sort of world in which the denying of a past event reaches back and prevents it from having happened. The extreme example of this took place when I confronted him with a string of quotations from his FAPAZINE EN GARDE--direct quotations with the source given--and this little man blandly denied having said them. And he'd put them down in black and white, too. You classify him. We've given up.

---ooOoo---

HORIZONS This issue brought my FAPA participation around to full circle. Back in the spring of 1943, when I joined, Harry was fretting about being drafted, and here, an even five years later he is still trudging back and forth across the same stretch of floor, which by now must be worn down pretty close to the joists. Cheer up, Harry. You'll still be 4-F, even if the draft is finally passed which at this moment (June 2) does not seem likely.

Opera, huh? That was my pappy's big hobby for a while, collecting operatic vocals. Of all the dozens of artists whose records I heard over and over when I was a kid, there is one who stands out in my mind head and shoulders above the rest--so much so that I would be pleased to have some records by him sandwiched in with Satchmo and Bessie. I am referring to Adamo Didur, a basso profundo to end all such, and the possessor of what for my money is probably one of the two or three best voices of all time. As I recall, he was a star of the St. Petersburg Opera back in Tsarist days, and to my knowledge he recorded only on the Pathe (French) label. Didur had enough joie de vivre for ten men pulsing through his voice, and of the whole crop of his contemporaries (and this in opera's so-called golden age) Didur stood apart as the greatest dramatic artist. Too many operatic singers sound mechanical to me, depending for success largely on the native quality of their voices coupled with painstaking and spectacular technique. Didur added to the voice and the technique a rich depth of feeling. When he sang something it stayed sung. My favorite Didur piece was "Pif Paf!" from (I believe) LES HUGUENOTS, in which Adamo cuts loose with an utterly blood-curdling series of sneers and sarcastic laughter at the plight of the massacred protestants. I don't know if any of Didur's stuff is still available or not, very likely not, though it seems to me that I heard some years ago of some small recording company which was engaged in dubbing the old hill and dale Pathes and thus making them playable on a modern outfit.

---ooOoo---

GRULZAK No review of this mailing would be complete without an orchid for the elephant's grave-yard. I am gratified to see that our pachyderm from Dover has finally found his niche, as a sort of Boswell to Dr. Rick Sneary, who, I understand, intends shortly to publish in FAPA a dictionary of Snearyesque language. Don't sell Sneary short.

---ooOoo---

AH, SWEET IDIOCY Out of town comment so far has been all favorable, but I hear the LASFS spoke of trying to get an injunction to prevent publication of the second section. If all the stuff that is supposed to go in the postmailing materialized, I figure it will have given me a total of 104 pages in the 43rd Mailing. Isn't this close to a record? Speer and Larry Shaw are the only ones I can think of who may have put more than this into one mailing.

THE BURBEE BOUNCE: FULFILLMENT N31 TIME

An unpoetic, plodding postman he was; and he had no idea of the ecstatic fulfillment he was carrying in his hand. In older, better days this man would have been clad in dazzling armor and sumptuous panoplie he would have pranced up the avenue on a snow-white stallion, preceded by a squadron of royal trumpeters and followed by at least a regiment of the line. As it was, this fellow thought only of getting the mail distributed and the load off his feet. He looked at the address, "Charles E. Burbee, 1057 South Normandie, Los Angeles 6, Calif.", and turned up Burbee's front walk with a resigned sigh. He glanced at the return address, "National Fantasy Fan Federation, Moorhead, Minnesota", and muttered something under his breath which Burbee's youngest son was later to get spanked for saying to his mama. And the man turned away and plodded off up the street, little recking of what he had just done.

Charles Edward Burbee didn't know what had happened either. At the precise moment that his mailbox and his youngest son's vocabulary were being simultaneously enriched, this fine man was gazing single-mindedly into the limpid brown depths of Angie's eyes, down there at work. He had been fascinated by Angie ever since the time that he had caught a whiff of the mimeograph ink which F. Towner Laney had smeared on her apron.

No, Charles Edward Burbee did not know that his fulfillment was hard up on him. He thought it was something else.

Nor did Isobel prepare the Burbee for the great change which had come into his life. As he dashed up the stairs, in frantic search for that which is his life's blood, he shouted pleadingly, "Any mail? Any mail?"

"Oh there's some more fan crap."

"Where is it? I must have it! Where is it?"

"Aren't you going to kill me, Charles?"

"Ah-h, you're just a woman. I've GOT to have my mail!"

With shaking, eager fingers, Burbee shredded the envelope and fumbled its contents open. It was a mimeographed form letter from K. Martin Carlson telling him that he had won in the NFFF poll, and had a free one year's membership in that feckless organization as a result.

Charles Edward Burbee burst into tears. "At last! At last!" he sobbed. For five long years Charles Edward Burbee had been a Sincere Fan. For five long toilsome years he had pounded his typewriter and cranked his mimeograph, and not once had his peers taken him into full fellowship with their fine minds and broad mental horizons.

Let us talk for a time of the tragedy of Charles Edward Burbee, a man whose fannish life has been one long miserere because he is so painstakingly literal.

Early in 1943 a Famous Mid-Western fan wrote to him, and after a proper buildup, switched his ribbon to passionate purple and typed the magic words, "Kimball Kinnison". And Burbee, that literal fellow, thought the man meant Kimball Kinnison. He promptly wrote for him a 42,000 word article about the Meaning of Science-Fiction, which was published in eight installments in the now discontinued FAPazine, RES SACRI. But the Burbee got nothing else out of it. And it would have been so poignant!

A year later, another Famous Mid-Western Fan sent to Burbee the first issue of his major opus, a fanzine devoted to Brotherly Love Among the

Common Men and Women of Our Circle. And Literal Burbee failed to penetrate the really touching symbolism of the Lofty Aim, and thought the man was talking about philosophy. He ghostwrote the next six issues of THE TIMEBINDER in their entirety, but he never became, uh, intimate with the man who founded it. Such a pity!

And during all of Burb's many frustrated months around the LASFS he never got anywhere. Not literal Burbee! One of the Boys would look at him longingly with his sensitive fannish slœ eyes and murmur, "Abraham Merritt". And that literal fellow would straightway pull a copy of THE MOON POOL out of his jacket and start rereading it. One of the rudest things he could have done too, for he would not even turn his back on the boy.

One Salty Fellow said to Burbee one time: "Charles, pick up that soap." "But I don't see any soap," said literal Burbee, his mind busily churning out some solution to Keep Fandom from Failing.

Burbee was just like Russ Hodgkins. He belonged to the LASFS for years, without realising that it is just a blind for something, uh, much nicer.

Now perhaps he can see the light, even though he is so boyish and unspoiled.

Certainly there is genuine hope for his true fulfillment as a Big Name Fan, now that he is a full-fledged member of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. For the NFFF is dedicated to the abolishment of delinquency everywhere. Ah, what a lofty aim! The abolition of delinquency thru the fostering of hobbies.

Of course, fandom is far more than just a hobby. It is the finest way of life that mankind has yet devised in his long groping ascent from bestial savagery. But as a cure for delinquency, what can be more effectual than a wise, organized, sturdy fandom!

The NFFF will indeed go far with this aim, for to paraphrase a far greater writer than I, "boys are boys and girls are girls, and never the twain shall meet".

No sir, the members of the NFFF can never be delinquent. No sir! Never!

How can anyone be delinquent when his life is filled with lovely, slœ-eyed boys with sensitive fannish faces who sidle up to you and breathe in your ear "Grey Roger". And you know that you can murmur back, "Brown Evans," and for the next few moments you'll be MUCH too busy to think about being delinquent.

Oh, Burbee! Someday you will come to me with tears in your eyes and thank me for having warned you about being so literal.

We will close our service by singing in heartfelt unison the first verse of the HYMN OF THE LASFS

Fandom is a way of life
Where each boy is like a wife,
And you'll not delinquent be
If you call it fantasy.

NOTE: I want to express my sincere gratitude to Forrest J Ackerman for his selfless collaboration in the above article. Without Ackie's technical advise, this essay could not have appeared in its present form. ---FTL.