

# FAN DANGO

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Whole No. 7

## *The Legend of Gibraltar* by C S YOUNG

(Note: I am very much pleased to be enabled to present an original article by one of the old-time British fans, formerly editor of Fantast, who has been on active overseas duty for over two years. I am sure that the members of FAPA will be very glad to have Sam Young with us once more. The columns of Fan-Dango are always open to any service members of FAPA who lack any other medium of maintaining their activity. --FTL)

----ooOoo----

Gibraltar is an old jewel in the British crown, and a brilliant one. It has a notable military history, and more than once the hopes of a Spanish ruler have broken against its sheer escarpments. But it holds a legend that sounds strange against the pageant of military glory--the legend of the apes.

They are Barbary apes, similar to those that haunt the rocks of the African coast, seven miles away. They are protected, and fed from Army rations. There is even an officer in command of apes. As long as the apes stay on Gibraltar, the story goes, so will the British. That is nothing but common superstition, but here enters mystery. How did the apes first get on the rock? In all the history of Gibraltar, there is no record of their arrival. Some believe the Queen of Spain imported them, but do not venture to explain why the apes settled in that spot alone, with all the hills of Spain to hide in.

These are your facts. The apes cannot swim. Gibraltar is surrounded by water, except for a narrow neck of land that leads to Spain. Apes of the same tribe abound in the African hills across the Straits.

So, in explanation of these facts, the story grew up. There must, it said, be a tunnel under the Straits. The Rock is honeycombed with tunnels. Only last year, the investigation of one led to the finding of a strange primitive altar by an underground lake. But investigators are cautious. (Here the story becomes wild rumour.) There is a reason.

Twenty, or thirty, or fifty years ago, they began to search for the tunnel to Africa. Engineer units tunneled new passages, opened old ones. Once they broke into a chamber and found it full of ape bones. There was no other entrance to the chamber. And then they found the passage. It was barely more than an easier path through the rock, a loose rubble that moved easier than the limestone about it. But in places they found stretches where a man could crouch, where an ape could have walked. And one Saturday they came to an opening and a ledge that led down into a blackness their torches could not pierce. And, as it was Saturday, work ceased for the week-end.

But three officers heard of the find, and were interested. So on Sunday they took sandwiches and torches and a length of rope, and went into the tunnel. Only one came out, and he a mad-man.

From his ravings they pieced together a narrative. The men had found their way to the ledge. One officer had gone down, the rope around his middle. They had waited. From the bottom--a long way down

--he had shouted back to them. He never shouted again. They waited, and finally they called to him. At last, the second officer, using the chains the engineers had left, lowered himself down. The rope the first had used they had pulled up empty, the end frayed as though by sharp rocks.

So much they gathered from the mad-man. The second man had not re-appeared either. A nerve-wracking experience, in a dark unexplored tunnel, but surely not enough to drive insane a man of so little imagination as a peace-time soldier? The other things he said were mere ravings. Incredible ravings, which could give them no evidence.

But on Monday they sent the engineers back with strange orders--orders to brick in that tunnel, to bury it again under debris, and to point their drills elsewhere. And they picked stolid men for a very simple job. The job of removing a length of chain, of steel chain, chewed off at one end like string.

That is the story. I heard it soon after I reached the rock. I have heard other versions since, on the same framework. I don't believe it. I read Weird Tales.

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## THE FTLANIAC MUSIC POLL

Ever since I've been a member of FAPA I've noticed a minor, but persistent, undercurrent of musical discussions in the mailings. I have prepared a postal card poll for inclusion in this mailing, and I'd appreciate it exceedingly if each of you would fill your copy out and return it to me within a week after having received the mailing. I intend to work the results of this poll into the lead article for my next Fan-Dango, and will appreciate your prompt cooperation.

The 5th question on the card is designed to furnish me with data on one of my pet peeves. I have always maintained that music deserves one's undivided attention, if it is worth listening to at all, and that this thing of using a background of music to reading and other activities hovers perilously close to prostitution of this art. While most fans with whom I've discussed the subject seem to feel that music should be used primarily for background purposes, I am naive enough to hope that FAPA members appreciate music more than this.

If the 6th question receives a fairly definite affirmative vote, I shall probably devote two or three pages of each Fan-Dango to a discussion of recorded jazz, one of the few topics upon which I feel myself qualified to speak fairly authoritatively. While this may not appeal to anyone except Brown, Liebscher, and Perdue, it is high time some of you symphoniacs branched out a bit.

So shoot back your card, will you?

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## IS LANEY A HEEL?

After perusing the last mailing, I can see that I've done a nifty job of getting off on the wrong foot with many of you. And, to be perfectly frank with you, I cannot see why. It is true that I have used two or three terms of a non-mailable nature, but these were in one issue, and are a thing of the past. In fact, a comparison of the mild-as-milk FD #6 with the blasts at me in the last mailing is rather amusing.

I've been comparing my sojourn in FAPA with that of certain of the more--should I say, righteous--fans and fen, and it seems to me that there are two factors which combine to make me so unpopular. The foremost one undoubtedly is the fact that I have absolutely no reverence for any individual simply because he has been in fandom for ten years. I judge people on what they actually are doing today; not on

what they claim to have done in the past. Secondly, I feel very strongly the difference between fans as a whole and the people with whom I have hitherto associated. I honestly feel that fans should attempt to lead less introverted and more social lives. Perhaps my urgings along these lines have lacked tastefulness; no one can say that they have lacked force. I daresay I have punctured more than one amnion with my edged remarks; certainly no such process is conducive to popularity.

One thing I definitely do object to is the way in which so many of you beat me down on the grounds that I am living my sexlife in the pages of Fan-Dango. I have never mentioned my own private life at any time during this entire discussion. I go ahead and lead my life in my own questionable way, just as though I'd never heard of fandom, and I do not consider it a topic for public discussion. I do feel that propaganda along the lines of sex and social life is just as acceptable as propaganda along half the lines that all you FAPs seem to enjoy. I have never intended to claim, either directly or through inference, that I am a great, big, strong, well-developed, virile he-man. I have merely tried to set forth, both directly and through inference, my personal philosophy. Together with many far better men than I, the actions of my life do not always measure up to my ideals. I'm still willing to bet that I come nearer to being normal than a lot of you.

Anyway, I'm sincerely sorry that I offended so many of you. I shall make no promises not to offend you again; my FAPA magazine is written just as nearly as possible to the way I talk with my intimate friends. Up until now, I have considered nearly all of you in that category. I should like to be able to consider all 64 of you as something more than names in a membership roster. But I do wish to suggest that those of you who have objected to me, and to my admittedly crude but definitely sincere vehemence, stop for a moment of self-analysis and decide if they are offended because I am actually as big a heel as they seem to imagine me, or if the trouble is that you are unable to hear straight-from-the-shoulder, unflattering, and salty talk without suffering from a stepped-on ego.

If the latter is the case, I suggest that perhaps a bit of personal readjustment might not injure certain of you.

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**KEEP THE COMMENTS COMING**

A recent trend in FAPA seems to be aimed at reducing the comments on the mailings. Personally, I think that any sizeable reduction--even of comments on comments--would materially impair this organization. Of all the APAs, this is the only one which is fundamentally a discussion group. With comments removed altogether, or else boiled down into well-nigh incomprehensible tabular forms, what becomes of our discussions?

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**I GAG!**

And my mention of "well-nigh incomprehensible" in the preceding paragraph, leads directly into something else. What is there about fandom that leads to surrealist experimentation with language? We find Yerke interlarding his conversation with bastardized Schweindeutsch, Morajo holding forth unintelligibly in Esperanto, Ackermanese, Channalingus, and what have you.

The latest outbreak, that of Art Widner, sets an all-time low. I defy anyone to read Yhos' comments, even with the use of the inadequate lexicon he provided. At least, one can read Ackermanese without a dictionary!

EXCITEMENT & JITTERS DEPT. I must apologise for this issue of F&D. It is being composed under very strained circumstances, and I have do doubt that it shows it. You see, later this evening I am to repair to the Union Station and pick up my family, who are supposed to be in at ten (I hope). I've not seen my kids for nearly a year, so... I'm not excited, much.

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THE DEVIL RIDES OUT, in which D. Wheatley Laniac tosses posies and casts aspersions at you'n's brainbrats.

-oOo-

As usual, here is the box score. I fear that this is too, too elementary for some of you, ah, mathmaticians---but here it is, anyhow! Oh yee, I nearly forgot my customary song and dance: "these figures are derived by dividing the number of members into the number of items in the mailing to present a percentage of activity which is then expressed in decimal form".

|               |                            |        |
|---------------|----------------------------|--------|
| 24th Mailing. | 35 papers from 51 members. | .690   |
| 25th Mailing. | 26 papers from 65 members. | .400   |
| 26th Mailing. | 48 papers from 65 members. | .737   |
| 27th Mailing. | 31 papers from 65 members. | .477   |
| 28th Mailing. | 44 papers from 65 members. | .677   |
| 29th Mailing. | 41 papers from 65 members. | .631 * |

\* This figure includes the outburst from OE Shaw, and the 2nd issue of Cushlamochree, which WJD stated he wished included in #29.

----ooOoo----

THE FANTASY AMATEUR. A revolting issue, despite the neat cover and the larger number of pages. It seems to me that one should be able to get the straight dope on business transacted by our officers without wading through a maze of contradictory reports. At least, I am delighted to see that Mr. Degler is no longer with us, in spite of the heroic efforts on his behalf by certain of our older members.

In examining the election results, I am struck by the odd ideas apparently held by someone who wrote in Mike Rosenblum for OE. Is someone indulging a juvenile sense of humor, or what? Anyone that seriously thinks we should send all our papers to England for assembly and mailing must be a drivelling fool.

I have already expressed myself in the form letter--signed by Laney, Morajo, Ackerman, Kepner, Brown, and Daugherty--about the high-handed action on the part of Mr. Lowndes who, apparently, feels so insecure in his presidential position that he attempts to railroad his legislation rather than present it for a measured debate. But I cannot remain silent when such actions are committed. In fact, if this stunt is tried again, I intend to introduce a constitutional amendment of my own, which will require legislation to be brought up in one mailing and voted on in the next, so that both sides can be given a fair hearing.

----ooOoo----

A TALE OF THE EVANS. Tri-E's comments on fan hoepitality seem about right to me. I think, however, that he shows too much diffidence in this matter of maintaing the kitty. Up Washington way, most inter-family visiting is dutch as a matter of course; those who don't go in on the bottle just don't get asked to the next party. ...One thing about ATOTE that struck me very hard: EEE, apparently, is the friendliest guy in fandom. Imagine a Fan-Dango which commented on each mag in the mailing, and said something nice about each one! Now I feel like a heel for bawling Evans out a couple of mailings ago!

----ooOoo----

ANIDEA. Perhaps, but not a good one. This added nothing to the mailing, and cost plenty of mazuma too.

YHOS. I have already mentioned Art's incomprehensible orthography. Otherwise, this is up to par.

----ooOoo----

THE FAPA BULLETIN. It is my personal opinion that Shaw made a fool of himself with this intemperate outbreak. Daugherty has already circulated an answer to this sheet in his post-mailed Cush-lamochree, so there is little point in my carrying on about it.

However, this entire election was muffed all the way down the line, and I feel that a definite system of procedure be worked out and adopted to prevent further difficulties. In the first place, I know for a positive fact that neither Daugherty nor Brown received any notice of their appointments to count ballots except for that in the FA. Furthermore, neither of them saw this notice until I brought it to their attention. Appointments made in this fashion are slipshod, to say the least. What guarantee was there that one or more of these members might have been unable to serve on the committee? (That sentence is slipshod too, I see, but I guess you know what I mean. This composing on the stencil!!) Then there is the matter of reporting the results. While I see now, in retrospect, that the committee should probably have informed the electees of their new offices; I know that had I been chairman of the committee I would never have thought of it, and would have done no more than Walt did, namely to notify the president of the results.

What all this is leading to is simply that a presidential directive should be issued, outlining procedures in elections. Among points that should be included are: (1) requirement that the committee be appointed far enough in advance so that appointees may have the opportunity to accept or reject the appointment. (2) it should be decided who is to notify the electees, so that there can be no buck passing on this point. (3) something (!) should be done about this matter of last-minute attempts to rule out the results of the ballot, so as to obviate further confusion such as that over the passage or failure of some of the legislation. Perhaps some provision should be made for advance rulings on certain points that are likely to be raised on controversial subjects. In any case, the confusion over the Degler ouster reflected credit to neither the Futurians nor to FAPA.

----ooOoo----

ELMURMURINGS. Elmer's two paragraph philosophy of the lush is about the business, I, at least, am willing to settle for it. ...That surrealistic poem is a scream! One of the best take-offs I've yet seen in FAPA. Are you blushing, Willie?

----ooOoo----

SPEER CLASSIFICATION. Some of the local members have shown me a revised and supposedly definitive version of Speer's Decimal Classification, purportedly received as a postmailing. For some reason I did not receive a copy, and am thoroughly burned about the whole thing. For some cause, I have had rotten luck with postmailed items--I've never received any of the postmailings Lowndes is supposed to have published, there are other now-forgotten items I missed, and now this. I sincerely hope that FAPA is not degenerating into something like the NAPA, in which circulation of many of the items is to a select few only. If a person is accepted to membership in this group, he should receive everything published through it, even if he doesn't part his hair right, or even if he is a comparative newdomer.

----ooOoo----

FAN-TODS. Up to par, but I should like to know what was censored out of the comments on Fan-Dango. I have an idea it was a kicker, and am curious to know just what.

SARDONYX. A wealth of excellent essays make this issue #1 discussion mag of the current mailing, and one of the best I've yet seen in FAPA. Best seemed, The World of JBS, Racial Equality, and Aspects of Human Nature....The suggested ethics are offered for criticism and revision, and I should like to dig this a bit. In the first place, the very first point, banning "abuse in emotional language", seems rather silly. For one thing, this is certainly not important enough to be the first point--it isn't a tenth as important as the points covering "hospitality" (in connection with which EEE's "kitty" suggestion should be incorporated and "putting other fans to inconvenience or embarrassment". As a matter of fact, if my "guttersnipe" remarks are of sufficient importance to be covered at all, they logically fall under "inconvenience and embarrassment as a minor point.

I am willing to admit that my personalities directed at various people have probably injured the causes I was advocating, but I am disgusted to see that they did. After all, if I am to be banned from the sterile and pseudo-intellectual ranks of fandom merely for attempting to inject a bit of bluster and excitement into the dry-as-dust maunderings of Speer and others, it is a sad commentary on fans as a group. To me, it is more than a little pathetic to see all these little geniuses, scared to death of their own emotional reactions, hiding from the world in a fog of fanzines, repressed as a bunch of star Sunday school addicts, and yet prating about the "brave new world". I got my paddy-paws slapped for saying once what fandom needed; I still think that a good shot of that prescription would do a lot of us some good. To my dying day, I'll never see why so many fans seem to wish us to consider them as disembodied brains, giving forth with tripe and drivel and considering it to be of little less import than if it were writ by the finger of god.

Oh yes, anticlimactically, I wonder why LRC wishes to ban gossip and slander. I'll grant that other things (such as fantasy itself) are far more worthy of space, but what greater sport than to dish dirt, a la the old backyard fence. I get a bang out of hearing that there are others of us who are not so far removed from the world as to be above the gossip and such. One thing, I'll back the LASFS against the best DAR chapter in the world as a bunch of gossip mongers. And boy, is it fun!

----ooOoo----

BANSHEE. Large, ambitious, and quite good. In the comment section, two of the kiddies rather burned me up with their comments on me, and I should like to take a mild rebuttal at Messrs. Spencer and Wilimczyk. Spencer's remarks were particularly offensive to me. Earlier in the issue I covered a good deal of his blasting under the heading, "Is Laney a Heel?". I shall ignore his remarks about teehee, gigglegaggle--the not without a grimace of disgust--and request him to list, objectively and factually, the actual reasons why I am a "menace to fandom". There is no danger of my getting a mailing banned; I'm watching that. But if the free exposition of principles of what might be loosely termed "bohemian" or, better, decadent life--such as obtains in most cultured and intellectual circles (writers, artists, actors, musicians) is a menace to fandom, then fandom in its present form needs "menacing". I hope that PFC Spencer may at some time be stationed around LA; I believe that an evening's objective discussion with me would, if not converting him to more civilized precepts, at least disillusion the lad no end.....I should also be interested in Wilimczyk's definitions of "normal" persons. One thing for sure, either he or I are abnormal as the devil. At least the Slan Center as I outlined it would have been thoroughly "normal" in any circles I've ever moved in.....I hope that both you fellows will follow up your initial attacks on me; maybe we can have an argument!

FAPA VARIETY. I'm afraid this matter of fan profiteering is a rather futile one to kick around, for so long as a demand exists for back number fanzines there will be persons willing to fulfill it for a consideration. I have aired my opinion of fan dealers rather publicly (in #3 The Knave), and since writing this article have had a number of deals with Ackerman which have led me to revise my opinion a good deal. While his prices still seem rather high, I have found (and frankly, I was surprised) that the prices he pays for stock are in keeping with the prices he sells it for. I've traded 4e a large quantity of duplicates and other unwanted material, and have found that he makes ~~much~~ better swaps than most fans I've bartered with. Material which is usable for stock has fetched ~~me~~ around 80% of 4e's selling prices in trade, and those who know much about business realize that a 20% margin of profit (gross) is not a large one.

I believe that your remarks on the West Coast "Nut Gallery" show too little apprehension of the facts of fan life out here. You must remember that we all spend the majority of our spare time either around the club or at least with other fans. As a result, idiosyncracies that would ordinarily be ignored assume mountainous proportions. Add to this the fact that most of the LASFS coterie are high-strung fire balls, and it is slight wonder that we have such devastating explosions. The purported cause of these out-breaks is rarely the actual one; most of the rows occur through a building up of animosities and resentments over a period of weeks or months. I'll agree with you that they are silly.

-----ooOoo-----

AN ANONYMOUS CIVILIAN. Kepner has his faults, a lot of them; but I for one am getting thoroughly fed up with the continual barrage coming his way from 1299 California. Why not pick on someone else for a change, Willie?

-----ooOoo-----

MILTY'S MAG. The cover was not Milty engaging in a bit of ego boosting. Ackerman and I did this thing to the wroth man, and, stupidly, I forgot to amend one of the stencils to point out that the caricature was done from a photo by one of Ackie's slaves out at Fort MacArthur. Stencil was by Crozetti.

-----ooOoo-----

THE PANTY RAISER. In the immortal words of Brown and Fern, "We just had to do it!"

-----ooOoo-----

ALIBAN #6. Perhaps you're right about total and near-total fans having never been in the real world at all; however, I think you may agree with me when I suggest that the microcosmos should be as real (in the sense of being a true segment of the macrocosmos and not a wholly different sort of life) as possible...I note your comment on "Poll Kitten" and should like you to take a few lines to point out the reasons for your "new anti-poll attitude". Please....

-----ooOoo-----

THE MAD MUSE. Bravo!

-----ooOoo-----

JANUS. I thought Harry Warner was a poor mimeographer sometimes!

-----ooOoo-----

FFF PRESENTS: While it is nice to have this material in pamphlet form I am not at all in favor of activity requirements being fulfilled by reprints of material recently published in the general fan press. Things like Alicia, which are virtually unobtainable, are different, but somehow this thing of saving one's old stencils and returning them for FAPA seems not quite cricket, even though it does give us something good like this in such a form we don't have to wade through a lot of outdated sheets to find it.

BEYOND. The superbly reproduced cover still looks lithographed,...To the man who scoffs at science-fiction, I personally would make no reply, unless I felt that the fellow had sufficient mentality to be worth replying to. If I were going to attempt a bit of proselytizing, I'd attempt to pick something that would fit fairly well into his accustomed reading. For the general reader, such things as Leest Darkness Fall, The Mislaid Charm, and Thorne Smith would be good starters. A hoodnunit fan might be led astray with Seven Footprints to Satan, or better yet, The Burning Court. Conan, some of the better OAKline novels, and similar things might appeal to the adventure lover. The poet would get a shot of Klarkash 'Ton. Sea story lovers would undoubtedly eat up such things as The Devil of the Western Sea. And so on. In no case would I attempt to start anyone out with the most highly advanced fantasy or stf, but would consider it better to lead them into it gradually. Nor would I make a great issue of it; frankly, it is a matter of little moment to me whether anyone else reads the stuff or not. I do feel that many who at present never heard of the stuff would go hog wild if properly exposed--witness my lapse which commenced at the age of 27--but I have neither time nor inclination to go crusading.

-----ooOoo-----

NOVA. After taking your quiz, I see that I am a "victm of modern education". 68! However, there is one question that I think you are all wet on. "10. Fantasy stories are always submitted to the editor in manuscript form." You say this is true. Well, strictly speaking (as you well know) a manuscript is handwritten. Most stories are submitted in typescript form. So there!

Al, are you perchance one of the deluded victims of Wm. Randolph Hearst? You certainly write like one. I'd be interested in seeing a list of your non-stf periodical reading; what newspaper (and by whom published), what magazines, etc.

-----ooOoo-----

BROWSING. 7&8. ,As a rule, it is difficult to comment on your reviews, since they leave little to be objected to, and it is rather silly just to echo your remarks. In #8, however, you gladden my heart with your references to Robin Hood, a warm friend of mine since my eighth or ninth year. I still have my rather tattered Pyle's Robin Hood, and reread it every so often--the last time being in March 1944. Full title: THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, OF GREAT RENOWN, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. 4to, publisher's morocco, Scribner's, NY, 1883. This is wonderful escape literature; though I'm not entirely ready to call it fantasy, I daresay it is the best of the Robin Hood stories. It is not a juvenile, but rather one of those things that appeals to young and old alike. I also possess a duodecimo volume neatly bound in half green calf entitled: ROBIN HOOD: A COLLECTION OF ALL THE ANCIENT SONGS, POEMS, AND BALLADS, NOW EXTANT, RELATIVE TO THAT CELEBRATED ENGLISH OUTLAW: TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED HISTORICAL ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE. London, Longman, 1820. It contains a wealth of fascinating browsing, ranging from archaic ballads written in such early English that they sound almost like a foreign language to reviews of ancient mummeries and pantomines on the subject.

-----ooOoo-----

HORIZONS. I shall now proceed to further muddle my fourth dimensional book arrangements. My shelves range from 12" ones along the floor to 9" ones at the top of the cases. If I have both large and small books by the same author, the large ones are obviously in a hgh shelf (or rather a tall shelf), so I try to put the shorter ones in a shorter shelf, which is immediately above the higher shelf which is lower than the lower shelf which is actually higher than the higher shelf which is beneath the lower shelf which....n'gah, awk, gheef... quick, Harry, a sedative!

Paul Freehafer told me once that Dinessen's



GOTHIC TALES is not fantasy, though he stated that they are excellent reading.

I note with extreme interest your remarks anent the project-omania which has struck fandom lately. I am particularly struck with your underlying attitude that all these projects must be sponsored by the NFFF or some similar organization in order to be successful. Now I realise that my own personal fanarchistic attitude may perhaps be coloring my views, but I honestly cannot see the utility of the NFFF in such a connection. I have seen two NFFF projects carried out this summer: Daugherty's DIRECTORY, and the Speer FANCYCLOPEDIA. Daugherty told me that he'd never have compiled a second edition of his directory except to add to the greater glories of NFFF. Ackerman stated to me that he would never have dreamed of publishing the Speer opus except as an instrumentality of the NFFF. I have absolutely no reason to doubt the sincerity of these gentlemen; in fact, it is plain that they actually feel that way about it.

But why do they, and you, feel this way about it? Daugherty did every tap of work on that directory himself. He kept all the files, he made the dummies, cut the stencils, designed the cover, mimeographed, assembled, addressed...why no one even helped him carry them to the mailbox! Despite Walt's sincere convention, that directory is a NFFF project in name only.

And the Cyclo-  
pedia! I was in the club practically daily from the time Ackerman first thought of getting the stencils from Bronson until the finished product came back from the binders, and I know for a positive fact that if it had not been for Ackerman, and Ackerman alone, that book would still be a stack of unrun stencils. Morojo and Daugherty did a vast amount of work on the job, others of us helped more or less, but Ackerman is the boy that put it over. He says he wouldn't have done it had it not been for the NFFF; I believe him, but I'm wholly unable to see why he feels so. True, the NFFF put up some money (a lot less than Ackerman himself, though!), and in one sense it might be said that it was NFFF contacts that made the deal possible--but we all know that Ackerman had wide contacts in fandom years before NFFF was heard of and that he will have these same contadts years after NFFF is in the same limbo with ISA and other forgotten clubs. His personal prestige would have gotten the financial backing just as easily as he got it through NFFF; his coworkers, I am sure, would have worked just as hard helping him mimeograph and aseemble it if it had sailed under its true colors as an Ackerman-Speer project. Would someone mind explaining all this to me in words of one syllable?

You speak of THE GREAT BIB. A great deal of preliminary work has been done...anarchistical-ly! First, Louis C. Smith--in a recent issue of LEMME--volunteered to act as co-ordinator for the entire project, and serve as a clearing house. This led Sam Russell and myself to contemplate the book section of the list. We wrote Smith and ALSearles on the subject. Smith was delighted, gave us to underetand that we could go ahead with his full cooperation. For a number of reasons (including Searles' high-handed attitude towards FAPA censurehip, and his tendency to look down his nose at anyone save-himself) it will be impossible to collaborate with him. If he wishes to continue his present biblio, he is of course at full liberty to do so; but we shall try our hand independently of him. Our listing will probably run to 150 pages if mimeographed, and will be issued as a bound book. Virtually all the preliminary work was finished last night, and we have started the actual cataloging. Further information will appear from time to time in the general fan press. Can an anarchistic project succeed?

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS. Excellent, as usual. Noting the writeup of Fwqnk and his horror yarn about the face, I can't help wondering just how much more awful it would be to start shaving and suddenly realise that the face in the mirror was FWQNK'S. Gah! Also, is this tale of his a habit? I seem to recollect something of the sort taking place one night out at Burbee's....

----ooOoo----

SAPPHO. Maintains its high standards, but I can't help thinking what a beautiful parody could be made of some of this stuff.

----ooOoo----

LIGHT. Your comparisons of fans with movie stars is a scream! You compare Lee Baldwin with "Big Boy" Williams, but you should see Baldwin once! He'd fit in Eumn's watch pocket, easily. If I were going to compare his appearance with anyone, I'd say he resembled the typical Poe hero: rather good looking, short, slender, dark hair, pale complexion....

----ooOoo----

NUCLEUS. I've already covered Trudy's dissection of me elsewhere. I do rather resent the implication that I'm so batty that my writings should be interpreted with that in view; however, I do appreciate the apparently friendly spirit in which Miss Kuelan dealt with me. There is one point I should like to make, and that is that I do all this stuff directly on the stencil--usually at high speed--and am not writing for the ages, or necessarily expressing my views as accurately as I would if I had more time. I attempt to make this thing as close to my style of conversation as possible; further I am always quite candid. As a result, I often will really cut loose--just as though I were talking--and then catch hell from some of our more cultured (!) members.

Good luck to you in your teaching. I hope that your liberal beliefs don't get you in dutch, and that you don't let the "syetem" get you down.

----ooOoo----

THE FAPA FAN. "The first and oldest fapa publication", it says. Huh!

My crud sheets generally look better than this mess. There is a considerable amount of underlying truth in many of DAW's remarks; however, the evil taste left in my mouth by recent FAPA political actions by the Futurians makes me wonder just what ulterior purposes lurk behind this publication.

----ooOoo----

BANSHEE. Jack Speer suggests the admission of new members by a vote of the membership, rather than on a strict basis of numerical priority. There is much to be said for this idea, but on the other hand, I feel that this is likely to result in too much snobbish voting, and may even end us up with a rousing fight. It would be too easy for a group of us to band together and decide we were going to jam through the applications of friends, and slap down people whom we happened to dislike. And I've seen enough fan politics in action to have no illusions as to the type of voting we'd have. One group--the Ackermans, Warners, Thompsons, Stanleys, etc.--would vote yes for everyone on general principles; others (I'm tempted to name names!) would vote on a strict basis of prejudice. Iconoclastic individuals such as myself would probably be voted out, and, despite my occasional lapses, I sincerely feel that FAPA needs members like me--militant, iconoclastic, cynical, sarcastic, and without reverence for anything or anyone. At least, I try to puncture an occasional ego and show in its true light some of this "stefnal" foolishness. I will string along on any proposal which requires prospective members to prove themselves to the membership before being placed on the waiting list.

Speer's complete inability to use his otherwise passable, if not brilliant, mind whenever he is confronted with the race problem is a source of never failing wonder to me. How did he get into the brain trust? Through his discussions on the negro question?

The same gentleman's remarks on the liquor question show not only a complete misapprehension of the problems confronting a local club, but further indicate the mental make-up of a typical, ignorant, hard-shell Baptist. Liquor can be used; it can also be abused. Speer makes the typical prohibitionist's error in assuming that use and abuse are synonymous. As to his apparent intention and wish to keep women perched uncomfortably on their Victorian pedestals, I suggest that he might sound somewhat more sensible if he consulted the women's wishes on the matter. Or does Speer know that many women drink, smoke, and tell dirty jokes?

I have been castigated severely for using personalities and emotionalism instead of calm, mental analysis. I should like to pass part of this back to Speer for calling some unnamed person a "confirmed skunk". At least, when I call names I name them, and can hardly feel that any person laying the least claim to the title of "gentleman", particularly of the old Southern school, would toss off insults without naming the person insulted.

Much more worthy of comment is Raymond Washington's rebuttal to my article, "The Ideals of Fandom", which appeared in the June 1944 issue of *Shangri-L'Affaires*. Before I discuss any of these points, I should like to mention that this article had no business in *Banshee*. It is customary, I believe, for a rebuttal to appear in the same magazine which published the original article; and I know that Burbee would have been very glad to use Washington's carefully worked out essay.

There is not too much point in my attempting to bat down Washington's arguments. He and I look at this problem from such radically different viewpoints that there is not much common ground on which we can meet. He misapprehends much of my article simply because I failed to make it clear enough that I approve of most things that fans do, but merely feel that they are not fandom. In other words, a fan should not feel impelled to call everything he likes to do "fandom" and at the same time the things that really are fandom (reading, writing, collecting, publishing, illustrating, and/or discussing stiff-weird fantasy) are likely to be outgrown by many if not most of their followers. I personally am interested in the "sacred literature" from a literary and journalistic standpoint; such an interest is likely to be far more permanent than this frantic mouthing of mad creeds and inane shibboleths such as (I'm quoting Washington) "Science fiction is not a worthless escape, but a dynamic philosophy, a creed...." The starry eyed adolescent (and I mean adolescent in mental and emotional age, not necessarily physical age) who is steamed up about all this junk about slaying the dragon, remaking the world, idealism, and the like is likely to change overnight from fandom into some other crackpot minority group. This type of individual is not basically interested in a pleasant hobby; he is out to crusade, to tilt at windmills. He is equally likely to find his kicks out of any fanatic religious sect, out of being a sucker in something like Psychiana or Rasiorucianism, or (as one local fan did) out of wrangling with the homosexuals and bums in Pershing Square. To me, this stuff is all revolting. Fandom is a hobby, a recreation, a pleasure. Anytime it quits being one (and it surely would if I had to take pride in the noisome regurgitations of such a Cosmic nature) I shall stop my participation without hesitation.

I should greatly appreciate it if Washington or some other organization booster would list, concretely and unemotionally, the exact function a national fan organization can perform. I have not yet had the pleasure of reading such a discussion.

Washington waxes sarcastic in his remarks about the "limited few" who can be expected to maintain their interest without rendering themselves suspect to arrested development. I would say that anyone whose interest in the field was primarily literary, journalistic, or creative (in the literary or artistic sense) would fall into that class.

He says fandom needs a purpose and a goal. It has a purpose--recreation and amusement. The goal? Pleasure. His remarks on the Laney form of fan club (with so much social activity, drinking, dancing, and what not) show his lack of experience with such a group, for he seems to think that this would preclude scientification. Serious minded people are all the better for a touch of frivolity, a spot of humor; and I certainly would not expect that each fan would be assigned a daily quota of whiskey which he had to drink or else! But it is just as fair and just as logical to enforce the drinking of liquor as it is to force its non-drinking. I'll agree that there is "a reservoir of potential reformers in fandom", ~~demmit!~~ Why aren't you fellows willing to let us all go to the dogs in our own inimitable fashion? Why all this high-mindedness, and seriousness of purpose? "...heralds of history, visionaries, prophets..." "...human beings endowed with a transcendent perception of contemporary and historic truths..." I'll wager that there is not a single halfbaked group of lunatic fringe religionists who have not made similar statements about themselves. If this is what some of you want, why not go into one of these nutty groups? Why insist on cluttering up fandom with all this rubbish?

-----ooOoo-----

AGENBITE OF INWIT. Generally speaking, I concur with your conclusions as to the place of the NFFF; it is at least welcomed as a contrast to the ravings of The Prophet Washington....When FAPA is being panned for rough language, and when Reformer Searles is making his doughty threats, I cannot say that I think so much of the given name of your Green Guna character, Mr. Colcord. Or is this OK with friend Searles, due to the fact that it emanates from his own home town?....And it seems rather uncalled for to imply that the petition to expell Degler was rushed through. A petition signed by Laney, Brown, Kepner, Fern, Russell, and Daugherty was mimeographed and sent out with the LASFS Winter 1943 postmailing. It urged that official steps be taken to oust Degler. The matter was open for discussion in the Spring 1944 mailing; the ballots circulated in the Summer 1944 mailing (which also could carry more discussion on the subject). If any fairer procedure could have been adopted, I don't know what it could have been. In ~~one sense~~, I suppose it is regrettable that the Futurian's little playmate got kicked out on his ear (fooled you, ALS!) but at least you fellows can be happy in the realization you did all you could, ethically or unethically, to keep us saddled with Clod. As for "rusing things through", what about the special election you called, with utterly no chance for preparation, discussion or consideration? If all this is what we may ~~ex~~ expect from you, I'm all the happier that I voted for Chauvenet!

-----ooOoo-----

GUTETO. Whatever the drawbacks of Esperanto, Morojo has certainly given us a worthwhile item in V4-N3. I was particularly interested to note the large number of originale in Espie.

-----ooOoo-----

CUSHLAMOCHREE 1. This item rather bore out Walt's remarks on his

typer's running away with him. Despite the occasional oddments in diction and spelling, his angry blast at Shaw contains a core of good hard, undeniable fact that is going to make it difficult if not impossible for Shaw to controvert. As is well known, WJD and I have not always been on the best of terms; I have at times in the past attacked him myself for one reason or another; but in this instance he is certainly in the right, and, I believe, has an apology coming from our hasty, if conscientious, OE.

----ooOoo----

CUSHLAMOCHREE (The unnumbered, postmailed one on the pink paper). It is

Walt's wish that this be considered with the current mailing, rather than with the one this issue of Fan-Dango is appearing in; I am inclined to frown on this fact, for it gives us a mag commenting on the same mailing in which it appears. However, I'm tickled to see Walt becoming more active in FAPA, and realise that he could scarcely help himself when he mailed it out so precipitously. I've not as yet seen anyone get such a boot out of a FAPA mailing, or have so much enthusiastic fun in getting out an immediate contribution himself. I hope that such enthusiasm is rewarded by something more than a lot of nasty remarks about his jumping the gun, for this spirit of "do it now" is what FAPA (and the rest of fandom too) needs badly.

----ooOoo----

FANTASY COMMENTATOR. A. Langley Searles is giving us some extremely solid and worthwhile material. This being the case, it is all the more regrettable to see him making such a threat as his statement that he will turn any questionable material in FAPA over to the Postmaster General. In the first place, as should be well known to all of us, the narrow-minded and puritanical standards of a pack of moronic public "servants" are scarcely those which any civilized human being would care to adopt. To us in FAPA, members of a small and highly select private group, the having of these standards rammed willy-nilly down our throats by one of our own number should be enraging in the extreme.

I know absolutely nothing about Searles personally. I've had some three or four letters from him, a couple of post cards, and have read three issues of his magazine. The impression I have gathered is not a flattering one. Searles, apparently likes scarcely anything. He seems to be one of these people who feels so marvelously superior to the rest of us that he thinks we are receiving a vast and mighty boon when we are permitted to associate with him. Such delusions of grandeur are laughable except when they threaten the existence of our organization, but I can scarcely feel that even Mr. Searles' admittedly great contributions to fantasy bibliography can counterbalance this crude and obnoxious attempt at dictatorship and censorship. I have little doubt but that he would carry out his threat. If he did so, the chances are that FAPA would be banned from the mails--heck, they even banned Esquire--and I for one would hate to see our organization sacrificed to the petty malice of Mr. Searles or anyone else.

If our mailings are as distasteful to him as his action would indicate, I should like respectfully to suggest that he resign. There has been plenty of stuff in FAPA that I've not liked; I've never been backward in saying so. If the mailings ever become something I dislike entirely, or to such an extent that I'd be tempted to do anything as loathesomely sly and underhanded as to pull a Searles; I promise an immediate resignation. It so happens that--whatever my faults--I do not feel arrogant enough to attempt to dictate to my 64 fellow members.

I am inclined to agree with

Searles that FAPA should be cleaned up, Out-and-out pornography is probably a bit outside the scope of any APA. But the cleaning up, if any, should be performed by legally elected or appointed officials performing the wishes of a majority of the members. We should not be forced to write our magazines with the whims of one single member (or even a minority group of members) in mind.

In this connection, I wish to state that the Official Editor is not properly fitted to act as a censor. (I'm speaking of any OE, as I hope you all realise!) Despite the fact that he is an elected official, he is one person. Being human, he will be prone to error at the best. If we happen to saddle ourselves with a venal editor (as is quite possible) he would be quite capable of throwing out on a pretext any publication which happens to contain something (pornographic or not) which is not to his personal liking. For this reason, if we are to have censorship at all, I feel that a unanimous decision ~~of~~ all the officers be required to ban any item from the mailing, and further, that there be some provision made for the FAPA to reimburse the offending member for his material and other expenses on a banned issue, provided that a majority of the members feel it proper in his given case.

In passing, I suppose it is almost unnecessary to point out that Searles' statement "I'm not setting myself up as an authority, but merely passing along questionable material to one who is" is an utterly loathsome bit of rhetoric. He knows good and well that the PMG will tend to ban anything that comes even close to the line, and is banking on our fear of reprisals to keep us from saying anything that may offend his Royal Highness. (He could whack a lot of us by merely sending in one of our previous publications; I personally would not put such a trick past him.)

Something should be done about Searles, and it is frustrating to realise that there isn't much that can be done. I'll vote yes on any attempt to oust him, provided that an opportunity of retraction is first given the man--though I'd hate to kick his worthwhile research out of the mailings.

What I am doing (and it is a procedure that should be emulated) is to ostracise Searles completely. He has an outstanding sub to The Acolyte; I've not as yet discussed this matter with coeditor Russell (who lives clear across town from me) but if he approves I shall refund Searles' subscription in full. The Koenig-Searles petition I am signing and passing on because I approve the measure, regardless of who proposed it, because I have no quarrel with cosigner Koenig, and because I previously committed myself. Otherwise, I shall have nothing further to do with Searles, other than to receive his FAPA mag in the mailings. This, I hasten to add, is no punishment to Searles; common ordinary people like myself are probably doing him a favor to remove our presences from the sacred man. This action does do a trifle towards keeping my self-respect; dirt is not an accustomed part of my diet, and Searles' dirt is as filthy as anyone else's; regardless of his tendency to look upon it as consecrated wafer.

----ooOoo----

**VOTE YES ON THE SEARLES-KOENIG AMENDMENT TO ARTICLE 5!** Too many members of FAPA apply enthusiastically, but after months on the waiting list lose interest. The result is that we have members like Edge or Ludowitz who remain on the rolls for a year as dead-heads, contributing nothing, and keeping a worthwhile applicant from joining. This proposed amendment will obviate this condition, thereby strengthening the association.

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FAN-DANGO, a personalised publication of Francis T. Laney, circulated in FAPA from 1005 West 35th Place, Los Angeles 7. Stencilled 10/7/44

Russell Kaufman