



MION SHINE II  
HI ANIE KINOVINI

3300







Spring, 1947

MOONSHINE

Whole Number Seven

A Gardens-of-the-Bell Publication. Editors: Len J. Koffatt, 5918 Lanto Street, Bell Gardens, California.

The Editorial We

The last mailing—the 38th, wasn't it?—was so puny that it didn't even rate a Miltysish "tsk". What there was of it ranged from fair to good on the Giznometer. The FA cover was very smelly. Forry's "Pre-cificon Report" was too fannish—perhaps. We liked it. Gardner concludes his "Recent Trends in Stf" in fine style. Yes, indeed. Amazing Stories is gaudy and Palmer is its profit..... The great event of 2000BC (or thar-abouts) was the Deluge. No one seems to agree on the exact date. F'rinstance, we read an article not long ago statin' that our calander is several years off one way or t'other. So...maybe it is later than we think—or sooner... Harry says that Outre Space might turn into something really funny with a thorough reworking and organization. Anybody wanna try it???? Hey Ken! Whiddid dakat kumbak!

We eagerly await the 2nd ish of Grulzak. Reckon Joe was too busy with Fantasy Review lastime to work on Grulzak. The report on the Philly Conference was interestin' & entertianin', tho. Joe says he fears he won't be able to publish future issues of the Review, since the amount of time involved is staggering. We made the following suggestion. (Joe liked it) Why not let the NFFF or FF or both publish the Review. Joe could remain its editor and act as co-ordinator. A Review staff (writers, mimeographers, artists, etc) could be appointed or elected; the expense could be covered by the organization (or organizations) sponsersing the annual and, of course, the money collectd on sales would revert to said organiza... tion (or organizations). What think yez, amigos???

Speer says that there is nothing sweeter Than a verse with perfect meter

But if we wrote the thing that way It simply would not be "ootray"....

We've been gyped! Pages 17 & 18 were missing in my copy of SusPro. (Oops! Should have said "our copy") The green ink was hard to read. Blurred, that too.

S'nuff guff and stuff.

—ljm

PAGLOMCOATOTEPLERPUHORIZONSFORLOKON8PAGESEXPOSESUSPROALLOKMOONSHINE

Ego-Boo Dept.

I've seen  
Your 'zine  
Cover, poetry and features, too  
Makes me glad 'twas sent from you  
To me'un.

—Stan Woolston

thismagisdedicatedtothepositionthatfansarethismagisdedicatedtothe

The Cover on our last issue (Moonlit Maiden—by Shirley Jean) was done by the "Hair Brush Method". We have two pics by J. Stanley Woolston. If we can get them on stencils they will appear in this issue. They are the first two in a series: "Monsters I Have Known"



1970  
A Gardner of the Bell Publications, Editor: Dan J. Kottick, 3315  
Largo Street, Bell Gardens, California.

The Editorial

The fact nothing—the 88th, wasn't it?—was so good that it didn't  
even rate a "Mystery" label. What there was, it ranged from fair  
to good on the "Mystery" label. The "Mystery" label, I think, is  
"The-fiction label" was too faint—wasn't it? We liked it.  
Gardner considered his recent friends in 1970 in the style. Yes,  
indeed, I think Gardner is handy and I think it's a profit.....  
The fact event of 800000 (or 800000) was the Deluge. No one  
seems to agree on the exact date. For instance, we read on outside  
not long ago stating that our calendar is several years off one way  
or the other. So... maybe it is later than we think—or sooner...  
Harry says that Outer Space is a bit into something really funny  
with a thorough reworking of the organization. Anybody wanna try it??  
My Ken! Wild! Haha! Kahaha!  
To eagerly await the 88th, I think, Reagon Joe was too busy  
with Fantasy Review looking for a new editor. The report on the  
Editorial Committee was interesting, a "fantasy" too. Joe says  
he feels he won't be able to continue with the Review,  
since the amount of time involved in editing is too much for  
him. I think the Review, Joe says, is the editor and not  
an ordinary one. A Review staff, I think, is necessary, and  
could be appointed or elected; the Review, I think, should be  
the organization (or organization) representing the Review, and  
course, the money collected on sales would revert to said organization  
(or organizations). What think you, editors??  
I think says that there is nothing wrong  
with a Review with perfect meter  
but if we wrote the thing that was  
it simply would not be "poetry".  
We've been typed Pages 1 & 2 were missing in my copy of  
Review. (Good! Should have said "copy") The Green ink was  
hard to read. Hurred, the

—1th  
RACIOMOATOTERPL WTH BRILK VCHLONKBRGEXEPQREUSPRUALLXKXONWENHIN

See-See Dept.

I've seen  
Your 'time  
Cover, poetry and features, too  
Hax as we glad "time sent from you  
To me, m.

—Stan Woolston  
I'm glad to hear that you've seen the Review. I've seen  
the Review for the last issue (Special! Haha! Haha! Haha!) was  
done by the "Mystery" label. We have a "Mystery" label  
Woolston. If we can get them on schedule, they will appear on this  
issue. They are the first two in a series. Haha! Haha! Haha! I have known



## The Bughouse Blues

Pistachio glared at me. Vranduski frowned and Zankowitz sneered. I had just dropped a verbal bombshell into their complacent lives.

They continued to glare, frown and sneer while I sat there in gleeful silence. I, whose only musical accomplishment was the ability to play the phonograph...and the radio, had given those three famous musicians something to think about.

Pistachio was one of those long-haired boys; he played first piccolo with the Vranduski Symphony Orchestra. Vranduski, of course, was the conductor.

Zankowitz was a far-famed singer of Irish folk ballads. He also composed those little advertisement-jingles which are the delight of every radio-conscious housewife...

"When everything goes flooey  
Use the soap that's known as Gooley!  
Gooley's suds last so long  
That you simply can't go wrong!  
Mrs. J. K. Dewey uses Gooley  
Why don't you-eeeeeeeeee?"

Ah, yes.

Finally Vranduski spoke.

"My friend," he said, "You are mistaken. These blue songs...  
pah! They stink!"

Pistachio's gurgling voice came to the surface.

"I second the motion," he muttered loyally, "Vranduski-he is right. But then, of course, he is always right. These blues songs, bah! Stink? They smell to high heaven like a dead cat under a door step. That last is a quotation from a poem. One of my favorites. Like a dead cat..."

Zankowitz interrupted.

"I agree with Mr. Moffatt (a bow to me) but I also agree with Pistachio and Vranduski. (a bow to them) Attend! I explain: Moffatt says the blues song is immortal. I disagree. The blues cannot be considered real music. Real music comes from the heart..." He smote his chest. "From the soul..." He smote his head and was forced to readjust his spectacles. "But the blues come from the body...the physical—and is dressed up to appear as though it came from the heart, you see? No, it isn't immortal. It is, shall we say, immoral?" He paused for the laugh. No one did. "Now! Moffatt says that the blues music did not originate in the deep south...in this place...what is it...Basin Street? He says that the blues were sung in ancient times also. There, I agree with him—but only there. Otherwise, the Blues stink and are not here to stay, as the saying goes..."

Pistachio stood up. He waved his arms and popped out his eyes.

"Then it is decided! The blues she is nothing! She will not last!"

Vranduski murmured, "Bravo!"

Pistachio sat down. I stood up.

(continued--next page)



The Bohemian Blues

Platonic glared at me. Vranicki frowned and Sanckwitz answered. I had just dropped a verbal bombshell into their placid lives.

They continued to glare, frown and sneer while I sat there in electric silence. I whose only musical accomplishment was the ability to play the phonograph... and the radio. Had given them three famous musical passages to think about.

Platonic was one of those long-haired boys; he played first place with the Vranicki Symphony Orchestra. Vranicki, of course, was the conductor.

Sanckwitz was a far-famed singer of Irish folk ballads. He also composed those little advertisement-tingles which are the delight of every radio-conscious housewife...

"What everything goes funny  
 Use the soap that's known as Govey!  
 Govey's suds last so long  
 That you simply can't go wrong!  
 Mrs. J. K. Dewey uses Govey  
 Why don't you use Govey?"

Ah, you.

Finally Vranicki spoke. "My friend," he said, "You are mistaken. These blue songs... are not mine!"

Platonic's curling voice came to the surface. "I heard the motion," he muttered loudly. "Vranicki-he is right. But then, of course, he is always right. These blues are not mine. They smell to high heaven like a dead cat under a doxy step. That last is a quotation from a poem. One of my favor-ites. Like a dead cat..."

Sanckwitz interrupted. "I agree with Mr. Koffelt (a bit to me) but I also agree with Platonic and Vranicki. (A bow to them) At least I explain: Koffelt says the blues song is immortal. I disagree. The blues cannot be considered real music. Real music comes from the heart... He wrote his heart. "From the soul..." He wrote his head and was forced to readjust his position. "But the blues come from the body... the physical—and is dressed up to appear as thoughtless come from the heart, you see? No, it isn't immortal. It is, shall we say, immortal?" He paused for the laugh. No one did. "Now Koffelt says that the blues music did not originate in the deep south... in this place... what is it... Main Street? He says that the blues were an art in ancient times also. There, I agree with him—but only there. Otherwise, the Blues stick and are not here to stay, as the saying goes..."

Platonic stood up. He waved his arms and gapped out his eyes. "Then it is decided! The blues are nothing! They will not last!"

Vranicki murmured, "Govey!"  
 Platonic sat down. I stood up.



The Bughouse Blues  
(cont'd)

"You are entitled to your own opinion concerning the blues... that is, whether they are or are not real music. But I assure you, gentlemen, that the blues have been sung for ages and am happy that Mr. Zankowitz agrees with me."

Zankowitz beamed.

"Yes," he said, "I have noticed certain blues notes in my Irish ballads though, of course, I always try to suppress these....er.... undesirable elements...."

Vranduski leaped to his feet thus forcing me to a sitting position.

"So all right! So there are blues notes in Irish ballads! SO what? They are not so ancient! And Mr. Moffatt mentioned ancient music!

As they say in Japan, Wa ka re nas ka?"

"Wa ka re na sen," I replied, "But where did you learn to speak Japanese?"

He thrust out his chest but it failed to overlap his stomach.

"I once played in The Mikado."

(I later learned that he did have a bit part in this Gilbert & Sullivan masterpiece and had spent weeks learning to speak Japanese. When he discovered that there is as much Jap lingo in The Mikado as there is English in Col. Stoopnagle's dictionary he attempted to commit suicide; he was caught in the nick of time by some kind hearted policeman....)

"Tell me," I inquired, "What do you think of David's song poems? And Solomon's for that matter?"

"David? Oh! You mean David The King by Gladys Schmitt?"

"Well....yes. Though I had the Bible in mind..."

"Ah! So that's where she got her ideas! Stealing from the Bible ....Come to think of it, I read some of those Psalms and the Songs of Solomon some time ago---that is---"

"And the Book of Job and the Lamentations of the Prophet? "

"Uh..yesss."

"And do you agree that the Bible is considered one of the best books of poetry by many of our literary boys?"

"Yesss...wonderful poetry. Wonderful song lyrics..."

"And when you read Job and the Lamentations and the Song of Solomon...what impression did it make on you?"

"Some of the songs, they were so beautiful; they make me sigh. But mostly they make me feel blue..."

I leaped to my feet. Vranduski fell to the bench.

"There!" I shouted, "There you have it! You admit that those ancient songs made you feel blue. And that is exactly what a blues song is supposed to do! Huzzah! I win!"

Vranduski hung his head. Pistachio imitated the dejection of his employer.

Zankowitz smiled. He patted Vranduski on the shoulder.

"But the blues still stink," he consoled, "These modern blues, that is. Just because the blues have degenerated down through the ages is no reason for you to weep. You still have your classical music. You still have Chopin and Bach and..."

(continues-next page)



The Rhythmic Blues  
(cont'd)

"You are entitled to your own opinion concerning the blues... that is, whether they are or are not music. But I assure you, gentlemen, that the blues have been with us since the dawn of time."

"I have noticed certain blues notes in my Irish ballads... I don't try to suppress them... what? They are not a musical and it is not a musical class music."

"As they say in Japan, 'It is not a music'." "But where did you learn to speak English?"

"I thought of his chest but it failed to overtake his stomach." "I was played in the middle." "I have learned that I have a bit part in the Gilbert & Sullivan repertoire and had about weeks learning to speak English. When he said that I was a rough job in the middle as there is a double in it, I thought it was a double, but it was not a double, he was wrong in the middle of the middle of the middle of the middle..." "I understand, 'What do you think of David's new poems?' And Solomon's for that matter."

"David? Oh, you mean David The King by Gladys Schmitt?" "Well, yes, though I had the Bible in mind..." "I don't think of it, I read some of those Solomon and the Song of Solomon..." "The book of Solomon, the book of the prophets?"

"I don't remember that the Bible is considered one of the best books of poetry or any of our literary poetry." "I don't think of it, I read some of those Solomon and the Song of Solomon..." "I don't remember that the Bible is considered one of the best books of poetry or any of our literary poetry."

"I don't think of it, I read some of those Solomon and the Song of Solomon..." "I don't remember that the Bible is considered one of the best books of poetry or any of our literary poetry."

"I don't think of it, I read some of those Solomon and the Song of Solomon..." "I don't remember that the Bible is considered one of the best books of poetry or any of our literary poetry."



The Bughouse Blues  
(cont'd)

"Aw, shaddup!" growled Vranduski. "I-got-those-lost-an-argument-to-a-man-who-dunno-nothin'-about-music-Blues..." He began to hum softly.

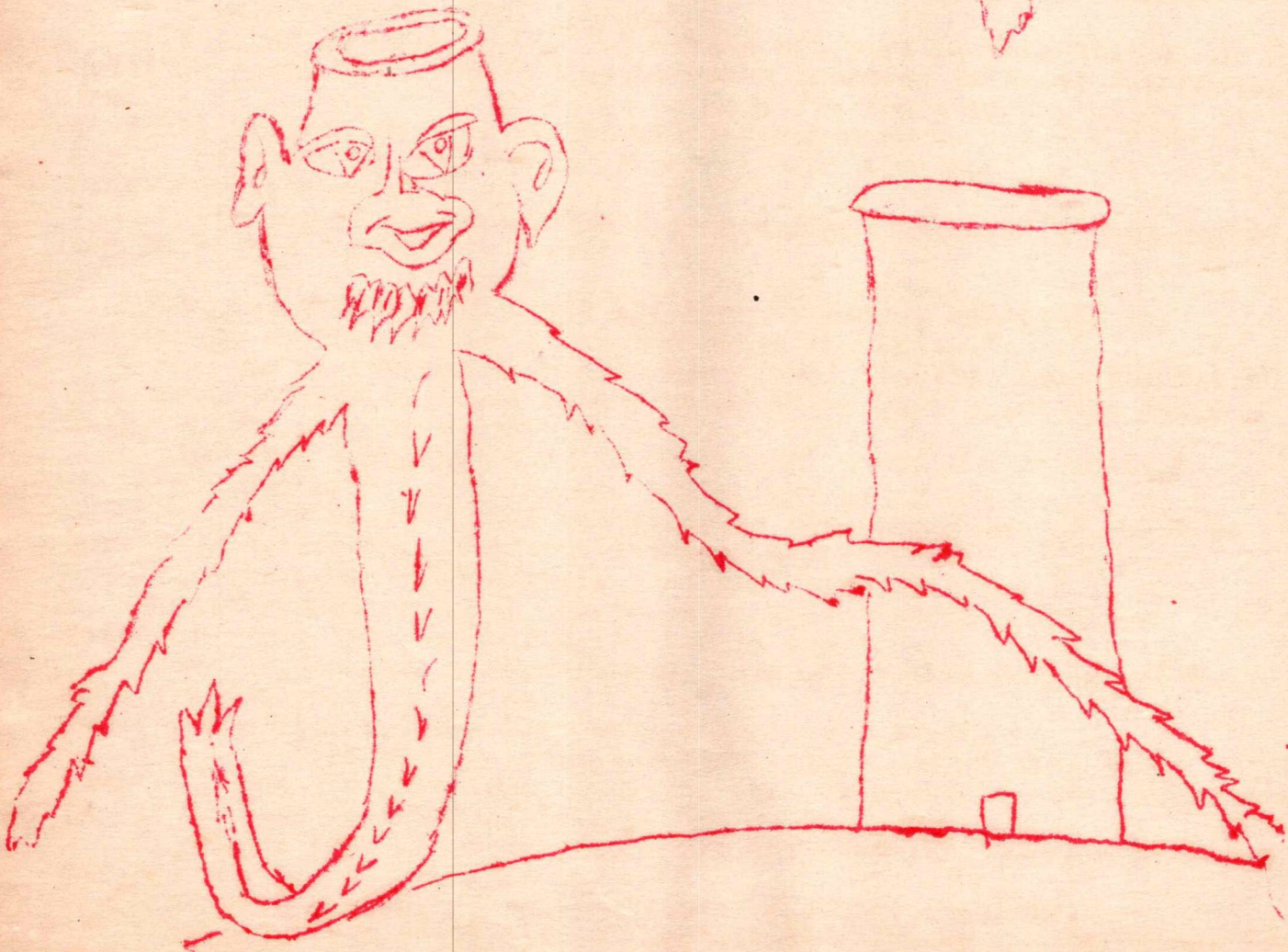
Pistachio hummed with him. Zankowitz yawned. A restful peace settled over our little padded cell.

I stretched myself on the floor and wondered when the man in the white coats would bring us our supper.

The End

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"Monsters I Have Known"



JSW



2

The Hudson River  
(cont'd)

"The Hudson" flowing through the  
valley between the mountains  
began to run swiftly.  
Mitschko hurried with his  
goggles over our little  
I started myself on the floor and  
in the water you would see  
the end

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September 14 1907

