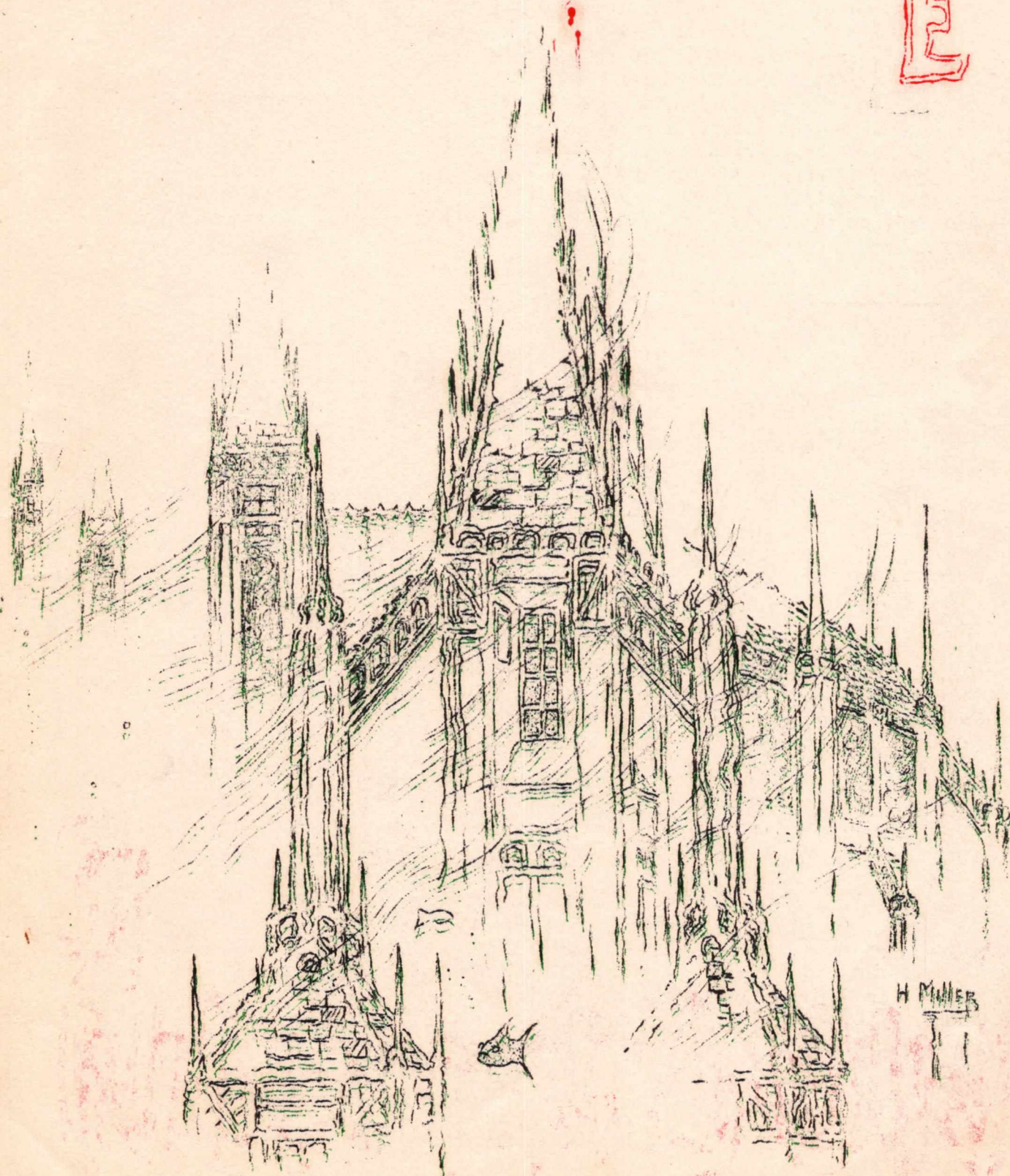


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MOONSHINE

E



H. MILLER

This is the fifteenth issue of MOONSHINE. A Moffatt, Smeary & Woolston Publication for FAPA. August '49 is FAPA's 12th birthday and--more or less--is the 7th birthday of Moonshine, which started in '42 but wasn't pub'd during '44 and '45. In this issue we hope to feature stuff by such Big Name Fans as Howard Miller, Roy Tackett, Allen Hershey, Demund and John Van Couvering. If any of 'em are not present--blame them, not us. ---ljm, rms, jsw...

Jan's Den

5-perfect
4-good
3-fair
2-poor
1-lousy
0-nothing

gismometer report: Spring '49 Mailing--3.5 (same as last time, tsak)...But 4 mags rated 4.5! They were Horizon, Plenum, Different, Phantour. Mags rating 4 were ATOZ, ???, Catalyst, Sky Hook, Ego Beast, FA, Moonshine. All other items rated 3, save for two which rated just that. 2. And I won't say who--unless you write and ask me, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope or postal card. All packages tested thoroughly before opening.

thoughts while thinking: These polls that these people are not going to take... I like Warner's suggestion. Let each fapate make reply in his own mag or column. Takes very little effort. So, I proceed to "answer" Laney's revision of Bogg's--er-Boggs' suggested poll...

Non-intellectual Home Amusements (reader, please refer to pg 19 of last Fandango to follow this....) I used to be quite a pinochle fan but we must keep "within the last year". Don't remember playing cards of any kind...maybe I did play some Flinch or something with the family last Xmas. Gardening--I have a large lot and front and back yard to take care of, including the mowing of grass, trimming of shrubbery, watering, etc. (rented, not owned by ljw) Takes up more of my time than I'd like but. Home workshop--quit messing with radio bldg. within the last year. Too expensive a hobby for a peon like me. I like parties whether I get drunk or not. Non-Intellectual away-from-home Amusements: Dancing--I have (im)perfected a quaint clog-dance. Night clubs I would like, could I afford 'em. Bars & Taverns ~~Ex~~ I frequent now and then. Cinema--fairly often tho I seem to getting more choosy about what I go to see. Legit. theatre--when I can afford it. (Why do the rich people have to have all of the money?) Vaudeville--not within last year tho I enjoy some of it, or have in the past. Burlesque--not within the past two or three years. Gambling--probably would were I loaded with \$\$\$, I play the football pools at work. Have won a few times too. Save for watching 'em on video I haven't been a Sports spectator within the last year. Or a participant (except for shooting at the basket-ring nailed to the garage ((carless))). Working all day at ye sweat-shop and taking care of the house and yard give me plenty of exercise. I'm quite a walker too. Baseball and basketball I like to play and watch. Football I like to watch. Hunting and fishing--like to roam woods and desert but dont care for hunting or fishing. Could do it if my livelihood depended on it, you damn betcha. Boating? Pah. Like to travel via ship, to be going somewhere and getting there but just boating for the sake of floating or zooming over the water--naw. Beach--occasionally in the summertime. Plunge--nope. Only "social and/or service organization" I can list is union meetings and I dont get to them often as the hall is too far from here. Outlander meetings are very social affairs, tho, and the IASFS is looking up. Hope the rest of you have written "poll reports" too--or will. Redd's questions required more detailed answers but we could answer one group at a time, as Harry said. (Was just reading this over and discovered the understatement of the month: Outlander meetings are very social affairs. Cross out the "very". Underline are.) And the IASFS has improved. I was dere, Chollie, And within the last year...within the last month, in fact. ((tonite is 3 June '49))

(over)

Hmmm. Seems I missed the "Pet" item in first section of pollanayiantgonna-take. Have adog, Spitz-Collie(more or less). I like dogs and horses. Next to people, they are my favorite animals.

This is the first time I have messed with ditto carbons for many a year. If all goes well, this ish of Moony will be ditto'd and mimeo'd. And Moony will sport a printed cover one of these times too.

May as well complete this "poll report" by noting down info not already covered. I refer now to Redd's original poll he didn't take... (next issue: the story of my life...) I guess I don't have a "favorite" non-stf mag. I read SatEvePost, Colliers, Life, Esquire, Pop.Mechanics, camera mags, etc. at odd times. Most of my non-stfantasy reading is in books.(history, whodunnits, and what I call well-written novels and shorts such as stuff by Wolfe, Haugham, and other "big name writers" who occasionally write a worthwhile book...) Comic books? Pulp? Double nah. Radio programs. I sometimes listen to the hour-long dramatic shows(with the constant exception of the Lux Radio Theatre,which I avoid. Avoid, I tell you!)when they are presenting something I want to hear. Theatre Guild, Ford Theatre, NBC University Theatre. Etc. Comedy: Jack Benny I follow as consistently as possible. I also like Jimmy Durante, Henry Morgan, Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor, Duffy's Tavern, or all of their stuff rolled into one: Milton Berle. I listen to each of these about once a month and therefore get maximum enjoyment without becoming wag-waary, so to speak. Sometimes I even miss Jack Benny. Information Please (a)n't broadcast out here anymore and I wish it was. Break the Bank and Groucho Marx's quiz-show are fairly entertaining but just cant replace Info.Pliz. The other quiz shows I can take(having a strong stomach) or leave. I usually leave'em...I suppose the Jolson and Levant and the Bing Crosby shows could be called my favorite non-classical music programs. I think the best program Crosby had this year was the one with Satchmo Armstrong, J. "Sagarden and J. Venudi. (Langy, stop kissing my hand!)

I heard it twice. (Yes, rebroadcast--how else?) Now we come to the records and to the movies. The other nite I started writing down the titles of movies I have seen more than once or would like to see again. They all weren't "classics"(by anybody's standards) but each one listed had at least one scene I enjoyed immensely. I think I listed around 25 titles before I got sleepy and hit the sack. I won't list'em here but will eventually when I have more time and space. Actually, I have no "favorite" or "few favorites" in any one field, non-fatf or otherwise. Most of my records are popular stuff with a few "hillbilly"(folk music, son) and "classical". I'll list a few assorted titles, just for kicks... Dance of the Hours, Frankie & Johnny, South America-Take It Away, Rhapsody in Blue, Nutcracker Suite, Calypso song & drums, Oceana Roll, Oh! That A Beautiful Morning, Truckdriver Blues, Big Fat Ma and Skinny Pa, April Showers, and on into the night.... Favorite "comic" strips(in no special order): Prince Valient, Alley Oop, Steve Canyon, Blondie, Barnaby, Gordo, Out Our Way, Lil' Abner, Space Bo Hank. Well, you were either bored to death by all this or
(fill in your own reaction...) Gad, the typerrors. Never, never, never compose on the original carbon or stencil. ...Happy 6inventioning!

-ljm

"SOUTH GATE IN '58!"

THOT'S WHILE TYPING

By Rick Sneary

Well as you can see, I've moved again, and am now the proud co-editor of Moonshine. The reason that there is no more Morphous, is As all the editors went their own ways, and the duplication equipment broke. And while I regret seeing it pass on, at least for the time, I'm more than happy to be in with my two bosom buddies, Len and Stan. And into a zine that was already following the editorial policy I had hoped MOE would. I hope that this will be my last move for awhile, and that I will be filling Moonshine for many a mailing to come.

Now to a few thot's. Some of you might conceivably be wondering just were the Outlander Society stands in the local disagreement between the L.A.S.F.S. and the Insurgents. Well, in a few words, we stand as far back as possible. Each member's opinion is his own, and though we tend to agree, we have no policy toward the matter. I for one have found it extremely hard. I've been with both side for most of my fanish life, and while I am inclined to ~~favor~~ the LASFS side, there is a lot to say for those on the opposition. Burbee has been writting me (though lightly) for a longer period of time than any one else in fandom, and he got me to join FAPA. I have nothing but admeration for Rotsler (or at least no one has told me he takes dope and beats his kids when he is sober). Lapey in person can be the sole of friendliness. Yet, I think all the LASFS are swell, and I'd do anything for Ackerman. I ask you, what's a guy going to do? Nothing I guess.

Speaking of the Outlander Society, remember you all have a date for SOUTH GATE IN 58! While the whole thing started as a joke, it is no longer one. I am seriously going to try and get the nod in 1957, to have the convention here. The Outlander Society is pledged support it to a man (and woman) ~~we expect to see you at the~~. We make no promises as to who will be here, but we hope you will be, and ofcourse I will, and Ackerman. The three of us ought to have a good time talking over old times atleast.

I wonder if any of you collectors of unread books (to quote one athority) have ever come across a book titled "A New Humanity or The Easter Island" by Adolf Wilbrandt. It was cringeally written in German, but I was lucky enough to find an English translation by Dr. Rappoport. The book deals with a seemingly average middle-class German of the 1900's that suddenly gets the idea he has been reborn like the Phoenix, and starts out to form a new fath or religion. Or atleast he trys. The aim being to take a select group of young people to Easter Island and build a Utopia. It was planed to take a lage amount of scientific equipment with them, and to invent more things when they got there. He belived the world was distroying it self and thought his group could be saved to rebuild it. In the book none of these things ever happen, and the man is lost in the web of his family, and fineally dies. But the thing that struck me was, "could this be were Oalf Stapeldon got his idea for Odd Hohn?". Almost everything is there, in undeveloped form. The iceolated island, with it's advaced culture and inventions. The long life or immortality. Even to the dislike for common people. I suppose I will neaver know, but it is interesting to vonder.....

only comment on Graham's GLUE is that it sounds like something from the San Houston Institute of Chronology.

No doubt a lot of words will be used to discuss the seeming Keller-McCoy feud that appeared in LIGHT #37-8.. The fact that it seeming grew as large as it did is no doubt do to what might be called an anti-Keller element that has appeared among us. My personal opinion of the affair is that it is all most regrettable. McCoy's article was to my mind rather cynical, and not the kind of report I would have used if I were Les. But it still was not as bad as the Kellers seemed to make out. While it may not be present to find your speech was not like, it is hardly a thing I'd make a public fuss about.

Having well disposed of that sore of conversation, I'll now turn to random thinking. Back in 1946, at the Pacificor, there was quite a bit of talk one afternoon on how to vote for the next years sight. Ofcourse Philly had it all sewed up, but still there was arguement as to how it should be done. Some claiming the those coming a great distance should be intitled to more votes. The reasoning being that as it is easier for nearby fans to attend, the voting was controled by those living within a hundred miles of the present sight.

As I said, there was much talk, but like most fan-talks, nothing was settled, and as far as I know each delegate still gets only one vote.

But of late this system has been looked upon with disfavor by a number of fans. A better and more democratic system has been looked for. Here is one of the suggestions, we would be interested to hear your reaction to it.

The best way would be to give all parts of the country equal opportunity to vote. The only way this could be done as we see it is by a mail vote. With campaign speeches sent out by each of the clubs for the next years Convention. Poll cards sent with it. Now fans from Maine to California equal chance to have their say at the Convention. Hundreds of fans could vote, not just a small handful that show up for a Convention Business meeting.

But who would be polled. Who would say who was to get a vote and who wasn't? The answer is an easy one, the N.F.F.F..

Oh I know what you are saying, you Burbee's and Boggs, but you are wrong. The NFFF could do it. Comparing the new NFFF with those of past years is stupid. The NFFF has a large, far-flung organization, with members in nearly every state. Ballots could be sent out with the Fall election platforms. -- Think, then the Conventions would really represent the efforts of a large organization. The Convention Societies as they are to day are a farce. They are possibly compared with a mule. No officially recognized ancestor, and no descendants. Under this system both the Conventions and the NFFF would gain prestige.

Say, how would you high brows like to get a zine for Low-brows put out by the PERFECT fan club, the OUTLANDER SOCIETY? It is called oddly enough The OUTLANDER, and only 10¢ from Freddie Hershey, 6336 King Ave., Bell, Calif. It has 4 FAN contributors.

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Thot's While Typing -- Sneary.

IS CALIFORNIA BEING SNUBBED?

The other day I was thinking over all the stories with local settings I had read, and was reather disapointingly supprised at the relatively small number. That is stf stories of modern times layed in California, and more particularly in or around Los Angeles. Ofcourse there are some that oome to mind like Hien-lien's "He Built a Crooked House.." or "The Stolden Doormouse" layed reather far in the future. And there is the pb "Invasion", by Whitman Chambers, about the Jap invasion of the coast. Then there was a nother ASF stories who's name I forget, inwhich another invader is beatten time bomb in the San Andruess falt sets of a quake. And then ofcourse there was the resent story in the Post about a rain-maker over L.A.

There have been others, and California has been mentioned a lot in the background of stories. The usual thing is for the hero to go there to consult with some scientist, or there is a quick flash out there to show some minor happening.. But generally not even this.

Compare this to the overwhelming number of stories with New York as the central lacale. I wont even try to count the number of times New York has been invaded, distroyed, plage readen, or rotted away. Or how many bright young scientist have saved it and the heroin from a fate worse than death. Nearly every issue of TWS (to name but one mag) has New York featured in atleast one story.

The^{question} in my mind is WHY?

Surely Los Angeles, third larges city in the country, rates as a potential setting for a story. The mystery writters use it offen enough. Can it be that the authors know New York better? That does not seem likely, for look who we have out here..The cream of the crop. The van Vogt's have been here for years, Bradbury was raised here, the Hamaltions (Brackett) and Kuttners have been here I don't know how long. Hubbard has spent a lot of time here, and there are nodoubt others who's were abouts I don't know. Why then is this most modern and progressive state in the Union so forgotten when it comes to the setting of stories? The only answer I can see is the same as the one on why the advertssing industry doesn't move out here. The Publishers are all in New York. What do you think?

HOW TO WIN A WAR

Laney, in the last mailing, gave a very interesting account of why the Japs lost the last war. That started me thinking about an idea of mine that I was once timplted to send in to the War Dept. But the brashness of a fan didn't carry over to writting the Sec. of War. So as you will probably agree it is fantasy I will use it here. For sacurity reasons I crge you to be carefull of who you let read this. It can be worked both ways.

The first thing to do is load up a group of B-36's with about 1/3 of our stock pile of A-Bombs and head for Russia. --- Aaaah. sofar you see nothing new you asy! Just what you would suggest too!. But there is more. You write (or phone) ahead to Joe and tell him that you'r coming. And then give him all the bad news. Explain that you are going to fly over all the

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key cities and areas in Russia with your load of bombs, but not going to drop any. Just keep circling around and around over the targets. (A-Bombs having a wide sweep you wouldn't have to bright over your target to drop them.) And tell Joe that you won't drop them if he won't do anything foolish like shooting at the planes that carry them. Explain that if a plane is shot down, the bomb inside goes off. So the only way not to get bombed is not to try and bring the planes down. You ofcourse send in replacements when the first flight of bombers gets low on fuel.

What's the good of sending planes, you say, if they don't drop bombs? Well, by not bombing we do a number of things. We don't kill millions of Russians that don't want the war; we don't destroy usefull cities; we don't go down in history as soul-less butchers;... But we do wreck their economy and insight revaluation. For, I ask you, how much work will get done in a city that knows it can be blown to kingdom-come any time a guy up in the clouds, that they can't even see, feels like it? It is the old sword of Damocles, and I ask you, why couldn't it work?

N.F.F.F. ELECTIONS.

I realize that most of you BNFs are not interested in such a feckless group as the NFFF, but never the less, there maybe a few nobal souls among you that still remember the time when it was the BNFs that ran the NFFF, reather than run it down.

At any-rate there is a group organizing that plans to build up the NFFF to something even better than what it used to be. A group that have formed themself into a Party. The Activity Party, which promises just that, activity in the coming years. Everyone but moles can see the improvement in the NFFF this year. A tighter, smoother running executive branch, with more things for the members. The Activity Party promises the same and more for next year. It will strive for greater individual activity from each member, and larger and/or frequenter issues of the Officeal Organ.

Party canadates for the next election are (as of June, when this is being written) Art Rapp and Ed Cox for re-election to the Board of Directors, and Rick Sneary for President. Anyone can be a member of the Activity Party, that shows his willingness to work for the club. Friend Moffatt has joined, why not you? There is no cost, just your support is asked for. To insure an active NFFF in 1950, vote the Activity Party ticket all the way.

ETERNAL TRUTHS.

(This is really that's while typing.) It all started months ago at an Outlander meeting. We were discussing what to tell a robot mind, and I said, "we should tell it eternal truths." To which Mrs. Hershey replied, "What is an 'eternal truth'?" This sit me back then, and still has me wondering. Just what is an eternal truth anyway? Could we say the word of God was an Eternal Truth? But what of thos that do not believe in our God, or thos that believe in none? Would they look on these the same way?--Or what of science. Rothman & Graham both have drummed it into us that nothing is fixed, eternal, in the laws of science.

Suppose we were to sit up a group of men to deside what was right and wrong, and have them write a book of eternal truths to guide man. Could we accept that, when we know that all things must change. How then can we teach changeable truths to an imortal machine that will, in it's non-changing, make them Eteral truths. Do you know??

ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK
for the twelfth year of fapa . by
stan woolston . from 13832 s. w.
street . garden grove, california

Moonshine



HOBBY SHOW ONE

Several Sundays ago, after a Saturday night at an Outlander gab and eatfest, I saw my first hobby show. Although it spread over the main floor and balcony of the LA SPRING AUDITORIUM, and included collecting hobbies like stamps and handicrafting like metalwork and models, it interested me for several reasons. The controlled model planes, inside a chicken-wire cage, was in itself quite new to me, although I've lived by folks who had this hobby in Los Angeles and now in Garden Grove. Trick stuff, like maneuvering one ship to clip a trailing ribbon from another's tail (by the propeller), and a rapid-fire loop and direction reversal of another ship, don't sound remarkable but the sight was fascinating. Of the 300 exhibits perhaps the most colorful was the nearby tropical fish layout and the minerals that flouresced under ultra-violet light in intricate patterns that can be used by mineralogists--and are--in the nearby mountains and deserts.

Upstairs was the exhibit that held our interest as much as any of them. (I should have said that Len Moffatt and I went together; this benevolent fan and editor of Moonshine, the Magazine that Glows, had guested me for the night so I could head back to home in the daytime.) This was the combination amateur journalism and science fiction booth. Like all non-commercial displays it was in the balcony, and the stf part sponsored by LASFS, a group you may have heard of.

There were colorful old mags, several books by Heinlein with Sateveposts opened to pertinent pages, a pile of cards used by author A. E. van Vogt for a Los Angeles television talk series on space traveling...takeoff, the space station, its use for refueling, pictures of the ship sitting on its jets in a crater, space-suited lads cavorting on Luna, and others.

Fanzines, original cover pics and fantasy calendars made the stf table attract the eyes of the passing multitudes. In fact, next to the AJ table the glow of bright colors seemed to pull most of the eyes away from the printed zines, which were mostly black ink on white paper.

After checking the han calletters of Editor John W. Campbell we went downstairs and tried to get a free message sent to this illustrious entity --but because their book didn't contain data of his address we didn't get the message out. I suggest that if you get to a hobby show where free radiograms are sent, that this opportunity be used...not to scare your enemies, but to greet the distant fan or editor. Hum.

Before we left A.E.Evans arrived to take over the booth, so perhaps he will have something about the reaction of fen to the booth in his Tales.

.

Nestled contentedly under this stencil is a heoto carbon, used once. Whether it'll allow the proper "give" I dunno...Stencil is Perfect-Write. I put this here to have a record for the future...

..... ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK . A Continuance
TAGGING EVERYONE

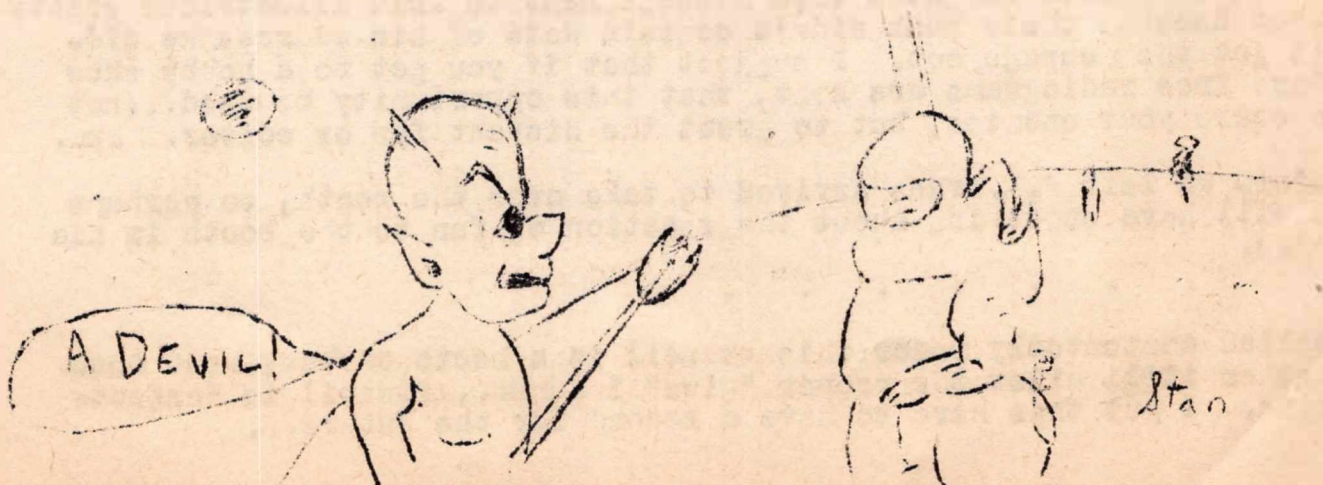
From several sources I've read of talk to tag everyone in the nation with a card that would indisputably record all pertinent identifying data and help make crime a thing of the past. Chile has such a system where everyone, including visitors to the nation, have this internal "passport." After first inspiring growls and words signifying distaste, from those who thought it belittled them or suggested they were crooks, an article in the July '49 American Legion magazine said it had gained popular support there...that it identified lost children, serves as quick, legal identification and makes civic life smoother and easier--and crime harder.

In Chile the system of identification is under a separate head from the criminal, and until criminal background is proven the file is separated from it. In such a form it might be used here--to prevent impersonation, as in check cashing, for example.

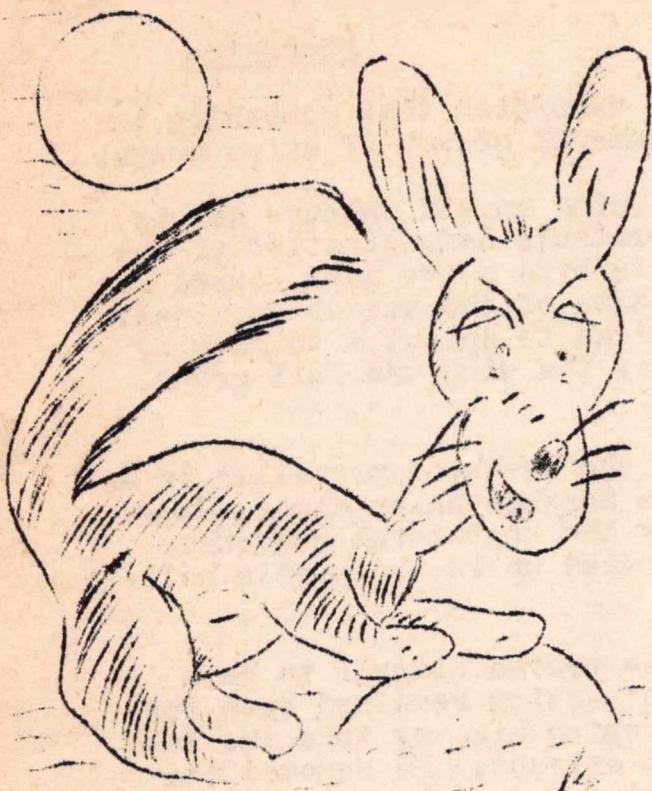
In Europe it's common to be locked into a certain district, or even a certain job (I hear). In the United States there is a wide heritage and practice of freedom of movement--and the freedom to make a fool of yourself. With such talk as a fingerprinted and card-indexed citizenship here at home making the rounds, I wonder what the members of FAPA would think of the matter. Of course it'd do hob to your double lives (if any) but--?

.....
If all public officials were registered to past brushes with the law, double-dealings, graft and even (!) dishonesties, this place would be better off, methinks. Extending this to business acquaintances, even fandealers if you wish, might serve a useful test of its worth. As personal and national insurance a check against the crook might do more to clean up the corruption that is the main news for many of the United States papers.

To celebrate the fact that this is the twelfth anniversary of FAPA's beginning I'm not commenting on the past mailing. Anyway, sometimes that process bores me. Reading comments, though, is something different...when something new is said. I'm too lazy to write that essay in paragraphs that are too often said, with perforations between sentences so it can be cut out and pasted on a sheet to make up "personalized" letters to the editor or prozine, comment on the fanzine, or the like. I'm thinking of going into production with this time-saving device in the near future...Boggs, do you want to represent me back your way?



Moonshine



A HERO
OF SCIENCE
-by
Alan de Hershey

((Reprinted from the second
issue of The Outlander-as
condensed from The Serk-
hestanian Home Journal))

--illustrated by lejamo--

TO people who are now being born with only one head,
hope for the future will be personified in the new pharmaceutical,
Cerberin, which gives every promise of proving the old proverb,
"Two heads are better than one."

This wonder chemical, an extract from the anterior
phlobottal gland of the Serkhestanian musk rabbit, made its first
appearance twelve years ago.

At that time, Dr. Hefness Pubwallie, famed Serkhestanian
scientist, was carrying out a series of experiments on accelerated
growth of starfish in phlobottal gland cultures. As luck would
have it, a debilitated camel broke into the laboratory and sampled
some of the culture.

Naturally Dr. Pubwallie was annoyed. Weeks of careful
work had been wasted by the heedless camel's action. Of course,
Pubwallie could not know that this seemingly unfortunate accident
was going to set him on the trail of a great advance in the frontier
of biological science.

A couple of weeks later while getting a breath of fresh
air, Pubwallie chanced upon the same camel that had ruined his
starfish experiment. Something queer about the beast drew the
good doctor's attention. He drew closer, then with a start saw
what the aberration was. The camel had grown two extra humps!

The doctor's brilliant mind flashed back to the day when
the camel had broken into his laboratory. Keenly trained thought

A HERO OF SCIENCE

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processes immediately gave birth to the suspicion that something in the phlobottal culture had caused the unusual growth of extra humps.

Dr. Pubwallie wasted not a moment. Using an old vulture as his subject, Pubwallie secured an incontrovertable demonstration of the power of Cerberin. He gave the fortunate bird a two week course of treatment, using progressively larger doses of the wonder chemical. At the end of four weeks, the vulture began to sprout a third wing in the middle of its back. In six weeks, the wing was full grown. It proved to be unique.

Instead of flapping, it whirled like the overhead propeller of an helicopter. The vulture could land on a Serkhestanian dime! Unfortunately, further work was delayed by the ungrateful scavenger. On a trial flight poor Pubwallie got tangled up in the bird's helicopter wing, and lost both eyes.

It was then that Dr. Hefness Pubwallie proved himself to be a true hero of science. Only one course of action remained open for him. He did not hesitate nor cavil. Groping his way into the laboratory, he located the vial of Cerberin extract. He removed the stopper with calm deliberation, took a sip, and so began to use himself as the first human test case for Cerberin's powers!

Two weeks passed. Then, one historic day, the blind scientist began to see again. Yet something about his new sight seemed strange. It did not take the canny Pubwallie long to discover what it was. The Cerberin had not restored his lost foresight. That was gone forever. In its stead Pubwallie had gained two new eyes to be sure, but they were in the back of his head. The significance of this did not escape him. The conclusions he drew will go down in medical history as an example of cold, clear deduction. Dr. Pubwallie stated in his notes:

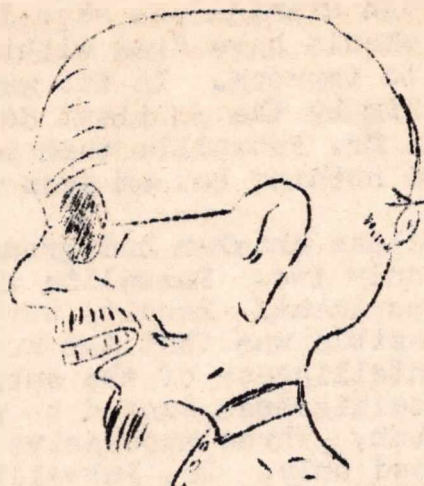
"From what has happened to me, it is obvious that the drug, Cerberin, does not have the power of restoring the function of a lost organ, or restoring the organ itself. The drug seems to be an innovator—a creator of approximate duplicates of bodily parts already present. I suspect that it is stimulated and made more specific in its action by some damage to the organ or organs it duplicates.

"It is noteworthy that the camel had a rheumatic hump and the vulture suffered from arthritis in one wing. In my won case, I had lost the function of my eyes. It seems fairly certain from the existing data that the Cerberin localizes its action into duplicating(not restoring) damaged parts. Of course, corroboration of this surmise will have to be made, with careful utilization of undamaged animal controls to check results."

Pubwallie wasted no time. He began a series of experiments to prove his initial conclusions. Working under terrific disadvantages (a moment's thought will make obvious the complications caused by his queer disability--walking backward, peering over his own shoulder to see what his hands were doing, etc.) Dr. Pubwallie proved all his

contentions within a year. The only thing in his favor was total baldness. As he remarked afterwards, hair in his posterior eyes would have been the crowning blow.

Pubwallie used twelve chickens as test animals. Six of these he allowed to remain in perfect health, as controls. The other six he proceeded to damage in various ways. Injections of Cerberin were given to both batches of chickens. The healthy birds were unaffected by the treatment. The damaged sextet bore out the doctor's conclusions fully.



One had a leg removed. It grew legs all over its body. Instead of walking in the awkward manner that normal chickens cultivate, this biddy began to get around by turning cartwheels.

Another blinded chicken duplicated the results Pubwallie had obtained in his own case.

Most significant of all, a chicken whose head had been removed (this makes very little difference to most chickens) grew twelve separate and distinct heads. The twelve heads thought in unison, for Pubwallie proved by exhaustive psychological tests that the many headed chicken was twelve times as intelligent as an ordinary chicken.

Then Dr. Pubwallie had a real flare of inspiration. If a chicken could increase its intelligence twelvefold, why not a man? Eager to test his ingenious surmise, he was restrained only by his fear of public reaction against the experiment. Yet, he foresaw the use of Cerberin as a mighty tool for improving the human race. Once again, he was forced to consider experimenting upon himself.

The ghastly dangers of such an experiment were obvious, but the good doctor was desperate. He began his preparations, aided by a single assistant, a man who drove camels in his spare time. Then Fate took the whole matter out of Pubwallie's hands.

His assistant, while driving some camels, had the unfortunate experience of having one of the notoriously bad-tempered animals step on his head. Dr. Pubwallie was attracted to the scene by the piteous cries of the dying man, and just happened to have a supply of Cerberin in his coat pocket. It was the work of a moment to give the camel driver a staggering dose.

An hour passed, and the man was still alive. Pubwallie gave him another dose. By the end of the day, the man was so much improved that the doctor was able to move him to his laboratory.

A thorough examination showed that the man's brain was badly damaged. He should have died within minutes. Instead, his condition continued to improve. In two weeks, under the staggering emergency doses fed him by the jubilant doctor, the camel driver grew two brand new heads. Dr. Pubwallie then removed the old head, which was quite useless and nothing but an eyesore.

The headless chicken had grown twelve new heads. The camel driver had grown only two. Pubwallie was sorely puzzled, and repeated his chicken experiment. Results were the same. The only conclusion he thought possible was that the number of heads grown depended on the original intelligence of the subject. Later experiments on intermediary intelligences tended to prove this theory but for one annoying exception. Three successive dashshunds given the treatment, grew one head only. Dr. Pubwallie has expressed a poorly veiled suspicion that dachshunds are more intelligent than human beings. He is investigating the matter more fully.

The most important single fact brought forth by the camel driver experiment was an entirely unsuspected one. Not only was the man able to use his double intelligence additively, but if occasion demanded, he could think of two different things at the same time.

The commercial ramifications of such a talent are immediately obvious. Given a two headed consumer, the entire world will benefit.

Advertising would advance to new and greater glories. A two headed man who owned two radios could listen to two different advertisements at the same time. He could go to a movie house with two adjacent screens and see both halves of a double feature at the same time. He would need two hats. The optometrist's business would boom. The eye, ear, nose and throat specialist would have new and greener pastures. Hay fever and sinus remedies would double their sales appeal. Razor blades, hair nets, barbers--there is no end to it.

Since the time Dr. Pubwallie grew two heads on the injured camel driver he has repeated the same experiment on five other Serkhestankans. All these cases had fatal brain injuries which modern surgery could not hope to cure. Every case was a complete success.

One of them, a schizophrenic, unfolded another great potentiality of the new technique. The split personality formerly forced to keep up residence in only one skull, was able to separate itself into two normal personalities in the new double headed condition. Pubwallie cautioned psychologists not to grow too hopeful about the new separation technique, however. He believes it quite possible to have the psychopathic condition re-establish itself, somewhat on the order of the fission process made famous by the atomic bomb. The learned doctor stated in a recent publication:

"The result might well be a kind of a chain reaction, resulting in triplophenia and even quadrophenia."

A great divergence of opinion is indicated by popular reaction to

Dr. Pubwallie's discoveries. The Serkhestanian Home Journal recently conducted a "Man on the Street" series of interviews in an effort to determine what people thought of a possible two headed world.

Elba Finsternen of Schlutsk stated: "It is not such a good idea. Times are bad. It would mean an extra mough to feed."

Miss Fedorina Ostrok, of the same city, smiled and said: It would be delightful. I have always wanted to be in two different moods at the same time."

Endino Leakaya of Pilsk seemed optimistic too. He said: "If my wife had two heads, perhaps one of them would agree with me occasionally." Then he smiled and added: "Could one be blonde and the other brunette?"

It is regrettable, but cogniscence must be taken in passing of the recently formed "Society for the Prevention of Diplocerberal Malformations." This misguided group, an offshoot of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Peldota Suffrage Society, is doing everything in its power to suppress Dr. Pubwallie's further researches and get the use of Cerberin made illegal.

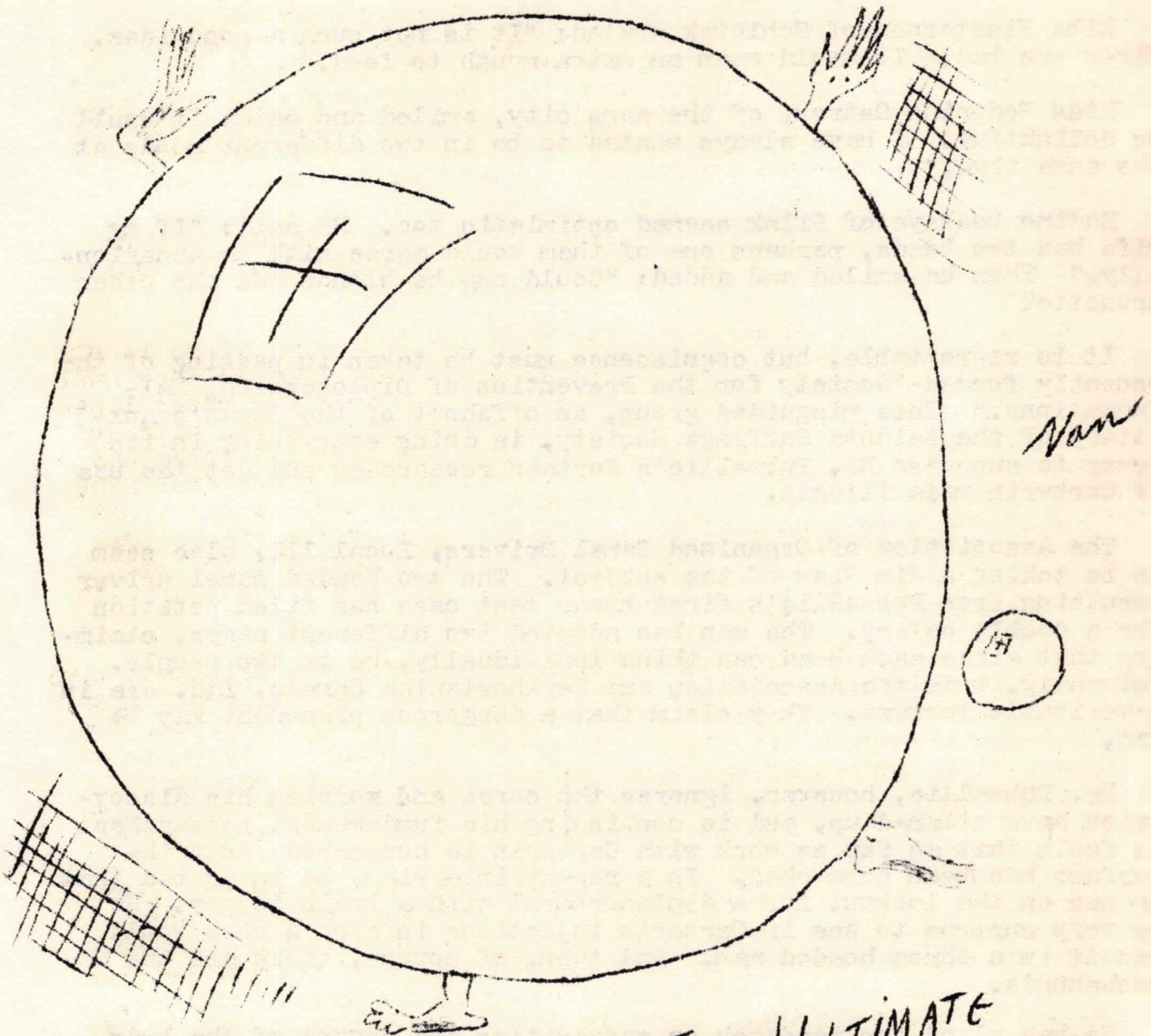
The Association of Organized Camel Drivers, Local 111, also seem to be taking a dim view of the subject. The two headed camel driver resulting from Pubwallie's first human test case has filed petition for a double salary. The man has adopted two different names, claiming that since each head can think individually, he is two people. Naturally, both the Association and Serkhestanian Camels, Ltd. are in a veritable ferment. They claim that a dangerous precedent may be set.

Dr. Pubwallie, however, ignores the cares and worries his discoveries have stirred up, and is continuing his fundamental researches. He feels that as far as work with Cerberin is concerned, only the surface has been scratched. In a recent interview, he intimated that he was on the lookout for a diplocerberal with a brain injury. He is very curious to see if Cerberin injections in such a case would result in a three headed man. And then, of course, there are the dachshunds.

He has plans for research on extremities and organs of the body. Dr. Pubwallie confided that after a few dozen test cases, he hopes to once again use himself as a subject. He seems to feel that eventually he might be able to turn all of himself around backwards and so obviate the difficulties brought about by his sadly misplaced eyes.

Since there are unlimited amounts of Serkhestanian musk rabbits, there will always be plenty of Cerberin. This new chemical may well change the face of the world.

Moonshine



- THE ULTIMATE
FINLAY -

The Ultimate Finlay

- by John Van Couvering

He walked quickly along the gray pavements, his worn shoes hardly making a sound. Far different from the sharp tap-taps of those high-heels supporting shapely ankles from which nyloned calves ascended to meet the hem of a wide flaring coat... His thoughts broke off as she turned down the street toward the better part of the city. He had to cross it. Cross the expanse of worn pavement, to continue past shabby buildings devoid of the pulse of life. Continue under these gray skies, past the gray buildings, over the gray sidewalks, among the gray ghosts—the empty husks of people, to his...home.

Home. His thin, little body shivered as a cool blast of wind curled around a corner and swept up past and through him. At least it would be better to get inside. And to his wife.

Wife. Your life companion, tied with the holy knot of matrimony to help you share your sorrows and joys, to... He thought: they must use slipknots nowadays, considering the frequent divorce cases listed in the tabloids. And then his mind wandered back to his wife and holy matrimony as he sidestepped a worn gray cat that skittered out from between some ashcans by the street. She had him and kept him. Probably all she could get. All he could get was her, he knew. At first they had been happy, after a fashion. But as the eternities rolled slowly by, it became hell. And he didn't have the guts to break away from it. Nor would she let him. He didn't have any guts for anything. His job...hah! Job!

So he trotted up the rounding cement steps for the millionth time and also stopped thinking these same thoughts for the millionth time, passed through the front door into the hall and up the creaking, dimly lighted stairway to his flat. The same damn thing. The threadless, colorless carpet at the landing; the hollowed stairs groaning under the weight of millions of feet and showing it, flattened, worn parodies of stair-treads. The musty smell like an old damp cellar.

Home. Home to many people**dwellings like it all the way down the street—to many more. In their little cubicles of apartments, they lived. Lived! Call this life? The dulling monotony. Routine. In their flats, apartments, rooms they spent most of their free time doing the same thing they did while working in factories, offices, shops... Wasting away their lives in deadly routine. Endlessly, so that after a while it was all a dream. Not a nightmare. Just an endless hell of a dream.

When he reached his floor, these thoughts were forgotten as he saw the girl. She was the only live thing around here. He passed her as she went on her way down the stairs...and watched her covertly. A thing long lost stirred dimly in his heart. (Passion) He knew she was an actress...or wanted to become one. So many of her kind. Out of work. Seeking a part in some play somewhere. Seeking in vain. He wanted to meet her but. But he didn't have the guts. May would raise hell. She did once when the girl first came and he'd asked the landlady about her. The landlady told his wife in her viciously innocent gossiping way. And May guessed (easily enough) why he had asked. (Passion) He'd throw off that guilty feeling if once he

THE PUNISHER (cont'd.)

could hold the girl; if...

But he never would. He was at his door. And then through it to the damnedly, agonizingly sameness that was his abode.

May's slight form came out of the kitchenette like a thin scythe of avenging doom.

"Well, it's about time you got here!" she shrilled, "Supper's cold now. Why didn't you come home on time? Day-dreaming again! Time after time I've told you that's going to get you into trouble. I wish you'd daydream yourself a good job like you've intended to do all these years." And on and on and on.

He went through the same mechanical acts. Ate the tasteless mess called supper while her voice grated on and on. Remember how he was going to be out of this place soon. Get the raises and work hard. That home. And on up the line to the present... That noise, penetrating into his skull and bouding around, touching each place in a spurt of pain to make known its passing. The grating on his nerves droned on and on, vibration causing the agony from within to pulse out and meet the pain in... He shook his head.

The dishes clattered and rattled and she didn't, somehow, know how to stop. Or did she just turn it on and forget about it. He couldn't concentrate on the paper. Why bother anyway? Same things with different names. Same war-scares. Same robberies, rapes and murders. Same divorces. Just the names different. He threw the paper down and jumped up.

So queer. He'd never done this before, jumping out of theumpy, groany-springed chair. He looked at its fadedness as if he'd never seen the object before.

"I told you once, dreamhead, the landlady said she wanted to speak to you about the rent tonight!" came that shrill irritant. It jabbed into his head and he looked at her blankly, causing a renewed stream of invectives. Queer, he thought numbly, he had never reacted in this manner before. Pains and all, in his head.

He looked at her scrawny figure, stringy black hair and blazing eyes over the wide mouth from which issued the maddening sounds. Then he knew he wanted to kill her. But he couldn't. He hadn't the guts to wring the life from that body; or to slash it with a knife or hit it or anything. He couldn't!

The voice stopped a minute. Then: "What the hell's the matter with you? Gone batty? Wake up, dammit! What're you standing there like that for? Haven't paid attention to a word..." And it started again, on and on. He glared at her so hard his head hurt worse than it ever had before; but something twisted with a grating that made sweat pop out on his thin forehead. Surprised agony flashed across her face a split second before she disappeared. A frying pan clattered on the worn linoleum.

He started; then he went through the surging triumph within him, waded to the kitchen window. And stared at it. It was no longer there and he heard its tinkling death in the alley below. For, after all, he hadn't wished it out of existence, merely to have it not there. His head was a throbbing haze of pain and red danced before his eyes...God, the twisting agony in his head...blackness waving at

THE PUNISHMENT (concluded)

him...and then he staggered in the cool breeze...out on the street!

And with the pain a memory stirred. And leapt up in blazing comprehension!

He swept the city away with a fling of his arm and a shining plain stood before him. His body grew and filled out in golden contours...and more memories came....the Punishment....and the plain was gone... The brightly shining stars, stationary and blazing. The golden sun. Comrades' thoughts calling!

AND HE REMEMBERED!!!

-the end-

ad lib

Well, everyone mentioned in the masthead of this issue came through, save for one S.Sgt. LeRoy H. Tackett, USMC. But we were talking to this gent the other nite at LASFS (where he and Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Lee Riddle were visiting) and methinks we might get a sequel to "Change of Station" yet... The cover this time was created and mimeographed by that big-hearted, bicep-bedecked BNF of Banning, Calif. HOWARD HILLER. All we had to do was staple it on. Next ish of Moony will feature the co-editor's 3 (count 'em) 3 columns plus perhaps Tackett's 2nd gyrenes-of-the-future tale, maybe another Demund yarn, maybe....hell, we don't know. Do you? -ljm (speaking for rms&jsw)...

FAPA MEMBERS...ATTENTION! Copies of the NFFF-FF Fan Directory questionnaires will be distributed with this mailing. It's self-explanatory. Some of you will be getting duplicate copies if you get Fantasy Advertiser and TNFF. If you want to be of help, you can give them to some fan-friends who might otherwise be questionnaireless due to the sad fact he or she or they do not subscribe to FanAds, belong to NFFF and FAPA. Otherwise you may keep the duplicate questionnaires in your little fanish collection drawers along with your old letters from Ludowitz and spare copies of Cosmic Circle Commentators. Incidentally, if you want to be listed in the Directory don't forget to fill in and send in one for yourself. -ljm

HEY-HEY! LOOKY 'TAT WE GOT!!!

THE BIG "DEMUND" CONTEST!

Sez Chas. Burbee in a recent note: "I got a bang out of COMES WINTER.... Who the hell is Demund? If this is a state secret, don't bother to tell me." Well, it is a "state secret" but if someone did guess who Demund really is, we might (with Demund's permission) say Yas, Yas, you are correct. So, we got a contest. With Rules of course... (1) contestants must be under 100 years of age and belong to FAPA (2) contestants must not be "Moonshiners", that is staff members like ljm, rms, jsw, Tackett, Demund, etc. (3) your guess of Demund's real name must be exactly correct. (4) Each contestant must finish the following sentence in 25 words or less:

"Moonshine is my favorite fanzine because...."

(WINNER PAID OFF IN "FAN-WANFUM")

