

MOONSHINE

JSW

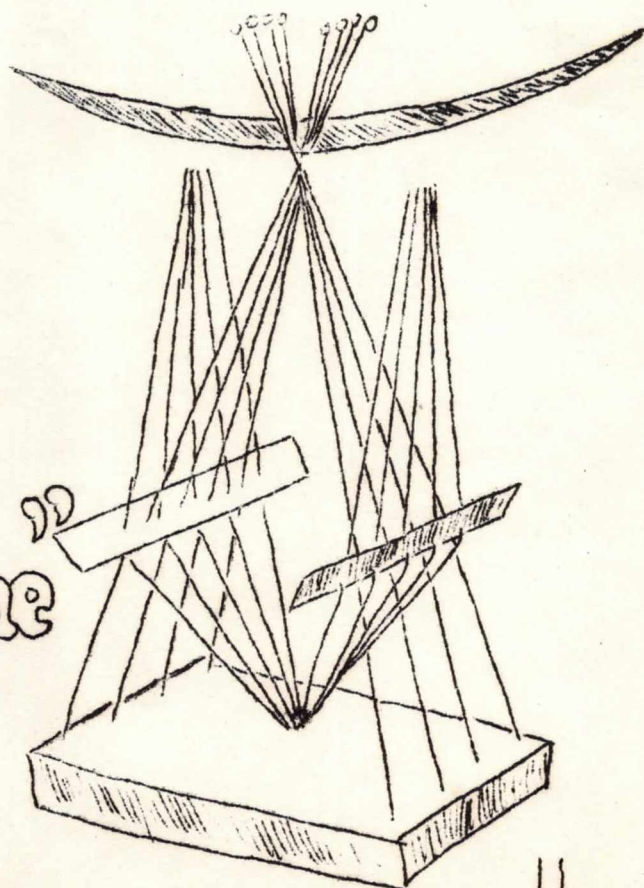
LJM

RMS

and...

"The new one"

(LIFE, June 12)



Van '50

FAPA-18

MOONSHINE # 18...(August 1950)...published for FAPA by Moffatt,
Sneary, Woolston and Van Couvering and possibly Con Pederson...

= Len's Den =

These may very well be the last lines I write for FAPA. (Short pause for cheers and applause.) Reasons? Lack of time. Lack of interest.

I probably never have put as much time into fapa-ing as I should have and now that I have even less time to spend on crifan—ac, I'll just have to give up FAPA. Mssts. Sneary, Woolston and Van Couvering are now your official Moonshiners. Con Pederson may join the happy group too. Moonshine will prob'ly become the Outlander magazine of FAPA!

FAPA has been dead of late. Only Warner and a couple of others have been interesting. Maybe things will spark up this mailing and the next but even so I doubt if I'll be able to spare the time to stick around and join the probable yak-sessions on Dianetics, etc.

Speaking of Dianetics I can't help wondering what the fapates will have to say on the subject. Will Rothman and Speer rend it to bits? Will Lamey become a clear? Will Warner ignore the whole damned thing? Well, I can read my friends' mailings...

In re Dianetics I am taking the From Missouri Attitude. I have heard a fellow speak on the subject: he was highly in favor of Dianetics. Of course he is supposed to be--not a clear--just a "high release." I was singularly unimpressed.

Here is a Dianetic Lullaby which should put you into reverie...

Cleary...

Do you remember

The day that you were born?

It gave you a great big horn

Dianetics help you remember more

Though you may never know why

(Test your memory...)

Cleary..

Life was bleary

In the bad old days gone by

Do you remember?

If you remember...

Well, you're much clearer than I

Hubbard helped you

To be much clearer than I!

Well, maybe something will come of Dianetics, some good--that is. I certainly hope so. Guess I'll have to fall back on my favorite platitude which seems to fit the present dianetical situation pretty well: Time will tell.

Best Wishes and Happy Times to All of YOU! South Gate in '58!

-LJM

HOW TO GIVE A CONFERENCE.. By Rick Sneary

Last Fall Milt Rothman turned out a masterfull article on how to give a fan Convention. I only hope that he is planning to send copies of it to the Chairmen of future Conventions, as its outline would not only help them, but would improve Conventions in general.

There is also the feild of fan Conference giving, and it has a number of problems of its own. As we Moonshiners are a part of the OUTLANDER SOCIETY, that just sponcered the 3rd Westercon, I thought perhaps it would be of interest to some, and a help to others, if I discribed what we did, and what others might do. Some of the following suggestions might seem reather obvious to the older fans, but it is not primarily written for them.

TIME:

The date you salect for the Conference is ofcourse of upmost importance. It should be atleast four months, if not more, in the future. We salected June the 18th as the date for our Convergence, back in November. It had been desided the year before that it was a mistake to hold a Conference over a Holaday, as many local fans went away on vacations, and to few out-of-town fans came to be worth the loss. We salected the 18th as it was the first Sunday after the end of school, and thus we hoped to get a large number of college fans, that might other wise have worried about homework. As it turned out though, only 6 of the 60 UCLA fans showed up. The rest were still selabrating. Also, we did not realize tell to late that the 18th was Father's Day. I suggest you watch out for such things. It is also importen to figger in your relation in time and space to other Conferences and the Convention. You will stand a better chance of getting donations and guest freer with their money you you are not to close to one of the others.

LOCATION:

This is ofcourse something everyone thinks of anyway, but if you get it salected well in advance you can get the address in the advance publicity. The earlier you look, the better place you are apt to find. The size will depend on how many you expect. To large a hall can be as bad as to small. We figgered on 150, and might have got it too if it hadn't been for a streetcar strike. You should take into concideration the questions of transportation and were the fans are going to eat. If a good resturant is nearby recomend it to the fans, and tip of the manager that he might be getting a little extry business. He might even buy an add in your program booklet.

COMMITTEE:

No mater what anyone says, the people you salect can make or brake a Convention or a Conference. The Outlanders are a select group, thus there was no reason for us not to do a good job. In your group it will be different.

The most importen thing is dividing the work among those best fitted for it. Not always is it the big name that makes the best Chairman. I am probably the best known

member of the OS, yet there was no question of my being Chairman. We selected Freddie Hershey, who might be new to the ways of fans, but knew a lot about people. She was our best speaker, and our most popular local member, with other fans. She could demand and receive help from members and friends alike. You probably don't have a "Freddie" (as there couldn't be two like her) but you can pick the best you have. The one most sure of him self, and able to get others to work.

The other jobs went the same way. I was known to the Editors, so I wrote for pictures. Dot Faulkner was well liked by the local writers, so she saw about guest speakers. Len Moffatt was a natural as an auctioneer, with his knowalage of fan-stuff, and ready wit. An so it went, each to the task he could do best. Don't rely on volenteers. Appoint the best you have, for what they can do best. And then get in and help them..

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

I think to few Conferences really take the time to get the right kind of write-ups. I wrote the magazines five months before the Conference asking for pictures, and sending letters, that they might run in their letter departments announcing the Conference. Nearly all of them did, an as a result we drew in a number of fans that even the local newspaper write-ups would have missed. You can do this too, but you must start early.

Locally we got a couple of newspaper write ups. As a result of a postal card shower one of our most read local columnist (almost everyone around L.A. reads Matt Weinstock) devoted most of one days column to our coming meeting. Your papers will probably help too, but besure you send them the facts you want to get straight, along with the names of all the importen people you expect. And remember, a title, be it only Vice.-Pres. of the Comquat Dusters League will mean as much as the name of van Vogt or Heinlein.

CONTRIBUTIONS:

Unlike a Convention, a Conference doesn't make any money till it's all over. So you are faced with the problem of money, and where to get it. Usually you don't need much (we got by on about \$30), and you can borrow it eather from your Tres., or from members, to be payed back later. Getting pictures from the pro-mags and auctioning them off is ofcourse standard procedure. I sent letters to all the editors with varying results I never did hear from WT, Future, or Sam Merwin. Mary Gnaedinger was by far the most helpful and co-operative of the editors. Even to the point of suggesting I write a second letter so their could be one in both FFM and FN. Browne was co-operative, but only turned in two pictures. Campbell was generous, but wated tell almost the last minute to send them.

In general I'd suggest you begain by writting two letters to each editor. One for publacation, and one to the editor explaining what you have planed, and asking for originals. Tell him some of your plans to, to show that you are working and have something on the ball.. If they don't answer after about a month, write a reminder note, telling what you have done. An be sure to write at once an thank them once the pictures arive. It not only is the polite thing to do, but it helps future relations. We also wrote letters to all the editors after the Conference and thanked them again, and told them what had happened.

Beside the Editors, try your local celebrities. In our case received original manuscripts from Bradbury, van Vogt, and Evens. As well as 15 paintings from Bonestell. (Through the good offices of Dr. Richardson.) An on the fan level we got books and old originals, from older fans. Miss no bets, every one has something to offer, we even had a years subscription to Fantasy Advertiser to auction off. Nothing is too small to have no value.

SPEEKERS:

This will depend greatly upon where you live. Los Angeles is ofcourse ideally suited for the picking of almost any kind of speaker. Possibly New York can equal, but hardly surpass the VIP we can call on.

First make out a list of everyone that might possibly give a talk, not forgetting local book reviewers and book dealers. Then go over it and pick out those with the most interesting things to say, (but not the same thing as some one else.) If you get two speakers talking on the same subject, you are wasting time. Try to get your speakers to talk along some predetermined subject line. It will be hard, but it adds polish to your program and you can mention it in your publicity. We tried to get our program to hinge around Dr. Richardson's talk about the Moon and Planets. It slipped some, but it gave us something to work on. You know your speakers, suggest a number of topics to them, on which they are informed and might talk. Ask your feature speaker first, so you can plan the rest around him. Try to avoid what happened at the 2nd Westercon, when two of the major speakers spoke on opposite sides of the same subject. Debates are fine, only when they are planned.

There are a couple things that can be done by a guest beside give a speech. If an author, he can, as we had Bradbury do, read one of his own stories. This is both flattering to the writer and less work for him, if he happens to be busy. Or you can interview him. Infact you can call up a number of Middle level VIPs, and have some member interview them. In general asking the questions that the neo-fan would like to ask. This will give you a chance to get everyone up, and not take too much time. We didn't get to use this at the Westercon, as we ran out of time.

PROGRAM:

This is something that each group will have to work out for itself, or with the help of the NFFF Regional Conference Committee. But there are a few things that any group can do. Balance is important. Don't plan everything for the evening. Have something the early attenders can enjoy too. We had a roundtable book review of all the late books, before Noon. Three of the best local fan reviewers went over a list of 20 or 30 books, commenting briefly on each. This was found highly interesting by new and old fans, and is something anyone can do.

An ofcourse, give the latest news on the fantasy publishing world. No matter where you are you must know some one that can give you all the latest news, and this will go over big with non-active attendees.

Plan your program so that it starts early. If it doesn't start till after noon, no one will show up till night. We started at 11, after opening the doors at 10.. But be sure to have plenty of brakes in the program.

As Milt said, fans like to talk, so give them plenty of opportunity. Don't have too many short breaks though, as they don't give you enough time to do anything. Above all, have a time table, and stick to it. If you say you are starting at 11, do it, even if no one is there. But don't have your program iron clad. We personally planned a longer program than we had time for. So when one speaker didn't show up, we still didn't have time to show our science film.

PUBLICATIONS:

You will have two or possibly three major printing jobs to worry about. First your letter of invitation. Get your best writer to compose it, then mail out copies to all the fans you know of. And that is no small job, if you know of about 200 local fans as we did. A smart idea is to get the envelopes addressed well in advance, to save last-minute rush. We sent ours out two before the date. If you send them much sooner, they may forget, and if much later, they may have other plans. Fans from out of town should be told about it sooner, and then give the last reminder.

The program booklet is of course the biggest item. Fill it with Welcome messages, program notes, thanks to helpers and pages for autographs. But if you are enough of an actfan to give a Conference, you know about booklets.

A third item is a auction catalog. Listing the items for sale, where the pictures are from, and who they are by. It also made possible a reminder for the fan, of the pre-auction bids they had made.

AUCTION:

The machinery for this works with everyone. We did it this way. We layed out all the items on long tables or hung them on the walls. Each was numbered, and had a slip of paper attached on which fans could write pre-auction bids, thus eliminating the slow up-bidding on the better items. It also gave the fans a chance to see them up close.

The auction staff was made up of four. The auctioneer; the "runner" who carried the items around the room for the guest to look at; the book-keeper, who recorded who bought what and for how much; and the cashier. The fans payed as they went. (Though as a result of the Bonestells, we did open a credit department on the side.) This is a fairly fast system, yet you know where you are afterward. Be sure the crew knows it's job though.

WELCOMERS:

We had a group picket out to alternate at the door, greeting the fans as they arrived. It ended up though with one gal doing most of it. This is a job fennets can fill very well, and we recommend them highly for it. If possible they should be assigned in one hour shift tell after the return from lunch. The majority of fans will have arrived by then, and you can change to two hour shifts.

The Los Angeles CofC furnished us with a box of celloloid badges, with printed insurt cards to write their names on. We typed out a couple hundard of these in advance, so saved time for Welcomer. You may not be able to get badges like this, but try and get something. A ribbon atleast, anything to identify the fans to the Welcomer and the other fans.

Our Welcomers first had the new arivels sign their names and address in the registry, then they were given their badge, booklet, and auction catalog. If you can aranage for some one, it is a good idea to have a second Welcomer to help make strangers feel at home. To point out VIP and BNF, the eshibits, and answer questions. A warm handshake, and all that sort of thing, still goes a long ways.

EXHIBITS.

Almost any group can work up a few.. Trot out your old and rare mags and books, the fine old fanzines, the covers off old Flash Gordon containers. We had a swell one, of about 300 book jackets, and a collection of oddities. (A futuristic museum disply of items like "Martion sand", Pluta Water", etc., etc..) The OS itself had a board covered with snap-shots of us at different meetings, and a stack of THE OUTLANDER for sale. You can think up a lot your self..

The rest of the problems I leave up to your own imagination. No two groups would ever have quite the same thing to work with, so no one can tell you how to do everything. So here's wishing you luck. I hope you have as much fun planning yours, as we did WESTERCON III, and I hope it comes off as well.

A FEW THOT'S WHILE TYPING.

I guess I'll never learn the trick of estamating the length of an item. The forgoing covered 7½ double-spaced pages, and thus I thought would fill 4 full ones. But....

I'm a little worried about these stencils. The first 4 are Sovereign "Cellulose", and this just say Mercury. Neather one seem to cut though very well... I'm using a backing sheet, but can't see that it helps.

Has anyone ever written about the honting oder of essence of obliterate? If there is any more unforgettable smell in fandom, or more overpowering I'd like to swell it. I think that it must really be a gift from the great god FOOFOO. For is it not a royal Foo-blue. And is there a fan anywhere that could edit a fanzine with out a breath of that magical fluid? Like so many religions, many practice the holy rites with out knowing it. But even if we do not show true reverence to FOO as of old, his great wisdom still looks out for us, his salected foo.

A Fuggheaded Insurgent:

Yes indeed. Thos stout defenders of fandom, the nobale Insurgent Element are pressing a prise fugghead to their heart. Killdozer Rotsler excepted the post of Official Editor of Young Fandom back in Dec.. All he had to do was edit and cut the stencils, as Art Rapp (Foo rest his soul) had agreed to publish it. His first deadline was Jan. 15th. The magazine reaching the members the last week in March. I sent off reports at once to be put into the next issue. I didn't hear from or of him again till the 28th of June, asking for reports for the next issue. In the same mail I had replaced him as editor. One issue of a bi-monthly 0-0 in 6 months I call fuggheadness. -- I hold no feud with Rotsler, his art work was keeping him busy, I only mention it to point out to the great Mr. Laney and Burbee, that you find fuggheads every were.

SEE YOU IN PORTLAND, I HOPE. if not, SOUTH GATE IN 58!

8.

first person EXTRAORDINARY

improbable introversions from the typer of JOHN VAN COUVERING

A FUNNY THING happened to me the other day as I was on my way to work. Anyway, it seemed a little out of the ordinary to me. Don't know exactly what you'll think of it all. There I was, driving along, when all of a sudden I heard a loud crash behind me.

Thinking that perhaps the tailgate had fallen and yesterdays collection was all over the street, I stopped and got out. Holding my breath with an ease born of long practice, I got upwind and looked the truck over. All was secure. Not a grapefruit rind out of place. Then what in hell was all the noise?

Not far away, a flying saucer rested against a somewhat battered telephone pole beside the road. A small green man with leaves for hair had climbed out and was surveying the damage. Though he had nothing at all in the way of clothing, he did not appear to be self-conscious.

Blushing, I approached. He turned and looked at me with a nasty sneer on his face. I thought of Niblet's Green Giant as he must have appeared while sprouting. "Well?" he said.

I tried to think of a good conversation opener. "You were taking a bath?"

"Humph," he said disdainfully. "Such gluttony is very well for canal-weeds and Earthmen, but we Martians are not the type to sop up water with uncouth greed!"

"Whatsa matter with baths?" I demanded hotly. "Some of the best people take baths all the time!"

"Naturally, we know of your uncivilized traits." He laughed condescendingly. "You consume great surpluses of water...you wallow in tubs of it...unheedful that the greater part of it runs right out again." He sniffed in disgust.

I said nothing. What could I say? Obviously, he had a point there. No way of getting around it. Drink it down and bang! it's gone again. I determined that from then on, I would drink only enough water to use and eliminate all wastage. Too late, I realized that my aim was redundant.

I walked around the saucer. It was pretty badly dished in. "What happened?" I asked the Martian.

"Oh.. er.. You wouldn't understand," he informed me haughtily.

"Carburetor trouble?" I asked sympathetically.

"Uh.. Carburetor? Well, come to think of it...maybe it was that carburetor after all. There I was at five thousand feet, and the carburetor only read 140 degrees, so I thought I'd better check the oil, so down I came and..." He bogged down.

"Huh?" I said. The alien workings of his mind were beyond me.

"Well, flying a space ship is pretty difficult," he said. He brushed a caterpillar off his leg with a shudder, and stamped on it viciously. "And this... this hideous planet! Full of vampires and cellulose-eating animals! Adventure! Hah!"

"Flyin' a saucer ain't what it's crocked up to be, eh?" I guffawed. "Get it? Saucer? Crocked up?... Aw haw haw.." He drew an odd-looking gun and smiled at me in sheer delight. "Dunny, huh?" I said.

He smiled even wider. "Not especially... I was just thinking how nice it would be to blast your pink carcass all over the landscape." I shut up. How could you expect a damned walking cabbage to have a genuine sense of humor?

After a while, seating myself on the fence beside the road, I asked, "Say, how come you chlorophyll cut-ups are flying around scaring the hell out of people? You on vacation or something?"

"Nah," said the Martian. "We're waiting until we have enough money to buy you."

"Me?" I said, a little flattered.

"No.. all of you. If we offer enough, some human will conquer the rest of you and sell you to us for slaves. Foolproof. Can't fail." He looked rather smug.

"Well...uh..." I mumbled. "Damned if I can see any flaws in it. Seems sort of callous though. Couldn't you be less impersonal, somehow.. destroy New York or drop an anaesthetic gas on the Earth? Get a little excited about it?"

"What for?" said the Martian, who was lying in a patch of goldenrod. "My company is just cornering the human market, that's all." It was a reasonable view.

I thought for a while. "But where you getting all your money from?" He was inattentive, occupied in taking some kind of yellow powder from his nose and spreading it around. I had to repeat myself several times before I caught his eye.

"Eh? Money? Oh, we're selling marking styli and Punishment Sets. Very lucrative. Sell like guano cakes.." He sank back with a rapt sigh.

"Pardon?" I said.

"Uh.. mum.. oh! Oh, ball-point pens you call them. Especially designed to write on humans. We'll use them for putting identification marks on our slaves. And Punishment sets...that's what you call television. That's what we treat criminals with on Mars. Solitary cells.. Soil and water...and a set in every wall. Poor devils!" He began to tremble spasmodically and his eyes glazed as he fell back. My thoughts were interrupted by a whir and a thump behind me. I turned around to see another saucer parked in the field. Two green Martians got out.

"All right, you, come on!" said one gruffly. As they propelled the limp form of the unfortunate space pilot into their craft, I caught a glimpse of a small austere cell with E-Z vision lenses glowering from the walls. Then they were gone.

I walked back to my truck. My sorrow for the Martian was short-lived. After all, even the Martians themselves recognized sodomy as a degenerate crime. But somehow, I wished that I were the conquering type. It was a foolproof scheme....

by Stan Woolston.

How to Drive People Nuts Department

The other day I got a card from a Will Rotsler. It was a perfectly good card, except a question was asked thereon--and there was no return address. So I had to look through my stuff to find his abode.

This in itself is a little thing, but it seems to suggest a trend. A fellow-Outlander recently got a card from the Canal Zone--one of those picture cards showing a hotel where the writer is staying. He identified the building as temporary headquarters and signed it "Bill." No address was to be found.

Who "Bill" was we couldn't discover, although we tried to find similarities in signatures with other lads of that name that we know. Perhaps any inanities that may occur in the next few pages will be tracable to the strain of my brain during this session, a vain attempt to discover who that egocentric critter could be.

I believe there is the making of a trauma here; I shall probably hate every Bill (or Will) who by happenstance approaches me. And so my cultivated eccentricities grow...

A Protest to Doom

The philosophy of the stoic has always been repugnant to me. Many FAPANS seem to be working on the assumption that the world is headed straight for doom, with atoms sizzling and germs germinating all over the place--and that there is nothing to do but wait quietly and "recieve" it.

Anyway, that's my impression after reading the recent issues of the mailing. There were, of course, several very good magazines (SKY HOOK, HORIZONS, MASQUE come to mind at once)--but as a whole the lack of life in the mailing was appalling. As a bad example of laziness the last couple of mailings I name myself.

I wonder how many FAPANS think the future is inevitably dark and not worth the attempt to "carry on?" With the talk about the danger of the next war that we've been hearing it might be that some of us have convinced ourselves that the United States is inevitably doomed if we get into war. This seems to be the feeling displayed by many a science-fiction "prophecy".

Perhaps there is a residue of morbidity being absorbed from current fiction. Astounding has a lot of the doom-thought in its pages; the Orwell best-seller 1984 is a good example of a doom-mood in the fiction of today. It's now out in pocket-book form, and this probably means that another bit of psychological horror is being absorbed by folks, to be mentally filed with "A" and "H" bomb terrors in the mind.

I suspect that the authors are wending their way through dark mental paths that have been started by a mood of the people at large. Thus the authors accentuate the mood and perhaps prolong an unsavory atmosphere.

Anyway, the mystery of the future is being reflected through the medium of the fictioneer as dark shadows to haze and darken the skies of today. I suspect that Californians call it "smog."

On the Fringe of Dianetics

Ricardo, Leonardo, I and a lady and Outlander named Mari "took in" the first of a series of talks around Dianetics. We decided on this not-so-momentous action after a very enjoyable meeting of the Outlanders at the Sneary house; the Dianetic meeting was the following morn, to convene at 10:30.

As all pre-clear articles should start, I forgot to mention Alan Hershey, also an Outlander and also one of the gay, knowledge-seeking characters who also motated to the Campus Theatre.

For 65c we entered and watched the passing parade. There were women, many dressed in Sunday-go-to-meeting togs, many on the not-unancient side. I suspected they thought it was a Religious group (this thought came immediately after hearing such a sottp-voice suggestion from the direction of, I believe, A. Hershey).

First a practicing psychologist spoke; he, it seems, was a convert because "it worked." Clinically he used the methods of the book to clear up a few cases, such as his wife's sleeplessness by finding that their new country house was similar to one wherein his wife had previous "bad times." He also relieved a case of swollen joints in her hand and arm at the same time.

Yes, the speaker spake. After a while there was a recess while the audience thought up questions. Then the psychologist and a guy from the Foundation evaded answers until the meeting was over.

If this was a formal summary I'd be ashamed of this writeup. As it's to note my reactions to the group, I'll say that if Dianetics is very worthy it works through devious channels; the man from the Foundation was evasive, using generalities whenever possible. As a whole, the Psychologist, a Dr. Cook, was more dynamic but in the final section was held back by the "representative" of the Foundation.

If anyone wants any more info about this, he might write Ackerman; he was in the front row and probably got a better impression. I would have probably been better impressed except that it bored me so much I was half asleep.

Any month now I expect to get a card from the library saying I can pick up DIANETICS for two weeks. Or is it a 1-week best-seller? Already my request is two months gone.....

During a recent discussion-period with a brother-in-law who works in local orchestras he told me of a hush-hush project that the musically-inclined in FAPA might be interested in. A friend of my b-i-l is working on a Tone Organ. It works from a keyboard, and has the advantage over other organs of not needing tuning. A person with a natural tone is chosen and inserted in a special compartment with a hammer over his head; when the proper key is pressed the hammer bashes the skull and stimulates the positive note desired. A set of doors before the face serve as mutos. Of course for high notes no hammer is used--instead there are pins... Its inventor is looking for morons with the "genius" to hit one note. If you know of any write me.

Certain matters on the forefront of the public's attention about now are deserving of some comment. One such item is, I believe, the 4-program thing done by Bob Hope.

One detail of the programs was enough to make me tighten my jaws and growl. That was the stipulation that definitions or explanations of terms new to the Boob be completed in sixty seconds. It was of course impossible. Numbers and generalities were given, yet "average citizen" Bob Hope realized at the end of the programs that he understood about the atom bomb.

Perhaps the radio folks still consider the public to have a mental age of about twelve. Besides the above evidence there's another matter in line with these conclusions.

For a good many programs I have enjoyed the unsponsored DIMENSION X show. It showed planning; as a rule the stories were dramatic but not melodramatic, put on with a care for adult common sense. But now the show has a sponsor, the Wheaties folks. Since then the shows have shown a pattern that includes melodrama, over-acting, hamminess and a level that may be okay for a kid's program but not for adult science fiction. Wheaties also sponsor other programs--the Joan Davis show; detective-type stuff that is of the usual adventure level, and all of them are aimed at the general public or children-level. Now DIMENSION X is another kid's show, or a theatre for weirdish stuff that someone believes the public and the science fiction readers will enjoy.

As a rule I would not be so bothered by this kind of example of commercialism. If it had been the "2000 Plus" show on another network it wouldn't have seemed to be such a shocking waste. But the sustaining shows were dramatic, attention-holders, with actors that followed the scripts and evidence that the director had a high standard to strive for. Now I suspect the director is tearing out his final hair at the wrecking of the promise of several weeks of excellent pioneer work.

As soon as I complete typing and mailing these stencils I am writing the Dimension X program and tell my dissatisfaction. It is probable that I'll listen at least a few times more, but if the programs continue to be the gruesome things they have in the past weeks no one here will listen to them. Already my mother is bored, especially at the weak "invasion" program this week (a few hours ago) called PARIGI'S WONDERFUL DOLLS. Perhaps one of their faults is that new stories are used, ones written for the program. I would prefer a diet of reprints from Bradbury or Astounding to most of the new stuff used--themes that emphasize human frailties in the manner of the soap-operas.

In my letter I'll ask that the network-chief return the program to the unsponsored condition that it once enjoyed. Actually there is little hope for this unless Wheaties decides that science-fiction doesn't pay off--and it's a matter of speculation which would be worse, the flopping of the program from an economic viewpoint or its destruction by the rough-shod method of those unsensitive sponsors.

... While I'm on such pleasant thoughts, I've been thinking of the words of some official on why we're looking for the H-Bomb...to see if it's possible."

-jsw

Some Almost-Forgotten Thoughts

For almost a month now I've been reading at a book that is only three years younger than I am; it is Dunne's AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME. Probably the book isn't as unknown to most FAPANS as it was to me--or to put it more lucidly maybe you've heard of it before but I hadn't. Its "field of Presentation" phase and the idea that an observer could look into the future by by-passing the usual three dimensions was as comprehensible to me as most theories of time as displayed in fiction.

But it was the part about dreams that held my immediate attention. Perhaps you remember the part: it says that if you keep a pencil and paper by the bed and reach for it in the morning even before you open your eyes and note down key thoughts that you can "remember" your dreams even if you have thought for years that your nights were dreamless. I considered this more intriguing for the moment, or at least less time-consuming than trying to sense the future during waking hours by "not thinking" of the sequence of time.

As an experiment to prove anything except that I dream the results were fairly inconclusive. But I did "pull out" a couple of dreams that were remarkably detailed, something that I am rarely conscious of in waking hours. The details came to my consciousness in streamers; one sequence suggested another. It was quite a remarkable sensation, remembering thoughts that seem to come from nowhere.

One of those that I didn't take notes on, but related to my Mother and so remember fairly well, was an involved thing that included as "actors" a lad named Rick Sneary, myself, and some miscellaneous entities that are unknown to me. At what might have been the beginning I was in a sort of cistern that had piles and piles of prozines around the edge so thick that I could only see the edges of the pages (no back-strips or covers were visible). I climbed somehow from this pit to find myself in a used magazine place, and I quizzed the proprietor, a small man with an inability to understand my query on "what year is it?" even though I brilliantly thought of a ruse of pretending to be some kind of investigator. I knew, though, that I had been in the cistern for years, maybe decades. Some emanation from the ink or binding from the zines put me in suspended animation.

In a short while I found: the US (or at least the West Coast) was under the dictatorship of a mysterious guy. I sneaked into his place--walked in the front door after picking the lock, and as there was a bed in the front room I immediately rolled under it. There followed a metamorphosis; the room took on life and Sneary was there smoking a cigar; I learned that Ackerman was dictator, and interviewed him while he put out a very beautiful bit of off-set printing; he was doing a letter, and all his stuff was printed, even personal letters.

To cut it short, a branch of the U.S. army was recruited by me to overthrow Ackerman. The leader of the revolt was a private, and he instituted the military coup despite the broadsides that Ackerman tossed his way from his portable offset press.

This is a brief summary of an involved hunk of imagination that proves nothing, I hope, except perhaps that dream-rememberance might be stimulated. Adios now. Stan

PSYCHOANALYSIS THROUGH "SEE" POWER

For several months I have been fascinated the way second-hand books have been piling up in my rooms, like miniature Towers of Babels. Maybe, I thought, they might help reveal my mental miasma if I were to list some of them. With a very few exceptions they come from one of three "used book" corners hidden in Santa Ana stores.

The four books that were exceptions to my "bought in Orange County" rule (which just happened--not due to love of work where I work when I work) were two new Heinlein books (THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON and SIXTH COLUMN) and two used ones bought at auction. I guess I was in a buying mood; anyway, I out-bid all comers for MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER by Haggard and MOONFOAM AND SORCERIES by Stan Mullen. All four books were bought at the Outlander-sponsored Westercon III, which just happened to be on Father's day this year.

The last batch of books bought came from a Goodwill store. There was the two-volume set of OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS by W.R. Inge, an English gent known as a gloomy bloke. At the store I began an essay at random; it stated that Chinese and Jewish folk were less affected by diseases as a rule, because they had been subjected to the most violent plagues that naturally killed off the weaker ones. Inge noted that the early Christians collected in unhealthy pest-holes in large numbers, and they recieved the brunt of communal diseases. I still wonder if there is some significance in that statement.

CURRENT PROSE For College Students contains selections by many people on many subjects--science, writing, humor and other crud...ONE ACT PLAYS might well have been owned previously by a madman. There are a couple stab-wounds through the front few pages, but that didn't prevent reading. Some plays were "Maker of Dreams," "The Pierrot of the Minute," "A Dramatic Fantasy." Some playwrights were A. A. Milne, Lord Dunsany, Oliphant Down, Ernest Dowson. The brief biographical notes were suggestive...THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS by C. S. Lewis furnished the final title in this list of books I bought a short time ago; the SUNSET'S PLAN BOOK was also included, and two years ago it cost a dollar. All the above cost me 75c.

This is an example of the type of book I've been collecting for about half a dozen years. In magazines I buy about three titles, all stf, and read most of the stfzines extant; the remaining ones come from second-hand stalls or gifts from non-collecting friends.

But as I started out emphasizing books I'll continue in that vein. Books are bought because of immediate interest or because or because of a feeling I'd like to read or do research in it later. Prices have been about 60c top, and in the last year I don't remember any higher outside of the four mentioned in the second paragraph. And in the last year I've not discovered anything like John Jacob Astor's A JOURNEY TO OTHER WORLDS in excellent condition for five cents, like I did about a dozen seasons ago.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER by D.W. Brogan came from a Thrifty Drug Store remnant counter for 29c. Maybe I shouldn't include THE LOOM OF LANGUAGE as it's an Armed Service edition (costing twice what the Astor book did).

(psychoanalysis through "see" power). . . a continuation. . . 15

THE CITY OF PERIL by Arthur Stringer is an Alfred A. Knopf volume printed in 1923. I think the book is about a city of peril.

MEMORY TRAINING, A Practical Course by Ernest Wood is the second book on that subject I have found while repiling them. Rightly it should be among my few titles on cryptography, for it was the section on the interrelation of numbers and letters of the alphabet that attracted me to it.

THE SCIENCE OF KEEPING YOUNG by Alfred W. McCann is still waiting in the pile nearest the corner where the typer is perched before me, waiting patiently to be read.

TOTAL PEACE, What Makes Wars and How to Organize Peace is by Ely Culbertson the card maestro; it's flanked by UNION NOW and MAZA OF THE MOON. Gathering dust atop this pile is PROFESSIONAL MAGIC FOR AMATEURS by Walter B. Gibson. Perhaps some day it will be elevated to the shelf reserved for other books on prestidigitat-ion where it belongs.

PROFITABLE PUBLICITY by Henry F. Woods Jr. is the companion piece to THE CROQUET PLAYER by H. G. Wells, that English author of imaginative fiction you might have heard of. That book on publicity was probably snatched up because of the possibility that I may someday return to doing such work; it pays to have a spare talent or two around for use when jobs grow harder in another field--and I mean harder to get.

THE MEANING OF CULTURE by John Cowper Powys probably attracted my attention because of the improbable middle and last name. I have a feeling it should be in with my more wooly fantasies. Well, it has TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD to smuggle up to it. THE HOUSEHOLD PAINTER and Lowell Thomas' WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA serve as a sort of counterpoint.

This sounds like a list of books up for sale by a mad fan, but it's merely a few of those items that have been separated from their fellow-titles in the dark book-dungeons of this region. Many other books are around me as I type--THE QUEST OF THE SACRED SLIPPER by Rhomer (in duplicate yet) and a couple Bourroughs books with the title THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT that crept into my collection unnoticed. On the whole they make up for me a group that are potential good browsing to fit any mood. Many of them have paper strips interspersed between their pages as the only indication that I've read any of them.

During the last week I built a shelf-space in one corner of my back-yard printery, and plan a single shelf around all four walls over doors and windows to make room for others. It may come to pass that I'll take time to set the titles down on cards beforehand, but as the days are cluttered the task may be only a dream of youth.

Until new space is made for the books I'll be traipsing through rooms with boxes of books of all kinds piled in odd corners, pass the back porch with the long rows of shelves with their sprinkling of magazines, books and canned goods, wend through the front room with the book-cases and into my bedroom with the debris scattered around about. I'll look over the stuff, and if the book I want isn't there I still have the back room to check, the garage, and the aforementioned back-yard shop. (Punchline

deleted by request.) T H E E N D