

MOONSHINE
for GAPA



THOUGHTS WHILE TYPING

by RICK SNEARY

In the past I have not gone infore reviewing the past mailling, but this time there are a number of things that call for comment. And, beside, I can't think of anything else to put in here.

FANTASY AMATEUR #84. Two most interesting items are the quiet anouncement that Bob Tucker is again with us, the half-dead; and the price being asked for back issues of **MOONSHINE**. I suggest though, that the Sec. not allow Tucker to get credit for his S.P. News Letter. We deserve original material from this highly original follow. Wellcome back from the dead Bob, glad to have you with the only "dying" again.

PANDANGO. I am deeply interested Fran, in seeing what effect Dianetics will have on you. So far, I can't see that it has helped anyone I know. And look at Hubbard and Campbell. I wonder, will you become more understanding toward people. Will it mean an end to you fire-breathing articles, or will it only improve your greatest ability? It would be nice to think you might stop wasting your time and ours running people down. How can anyone so vulnerable to attack spend so much time attacking others. Or is that the reason?

CONTOUR. A fine zine. The kind that make me wish I put out a fine zine. I think Bob, that you will find that the modern fan is out from a different mold than the one of ten years ago. In the six years I've been active only Boggs, Kennedy, Willson and Rapp have been able to turn out the kind of fanzine you talk about. And then only for a short time. (Though Spacewarp was over two years old, only that last year did it gain real importance.)

LEER. Some people don't care how much work they put in on a zine. It is nice reading though. There wasn't any postcard in my copy. The bottom was torn out of my mailling, so it might just have fallen out, or has the Editor been censoring magazines again?

ORGASM. I tryed to give this a briff reading, but found it too interesting. Gad, letters from the three top pro-mags.- I don't see the point of Les getting excited over a mag like Gem-Tones. In my six years of fan activity, I have seen a couple dozen fanzines that fit that same description perfectly. I have never gotten excited about them. They usually fold because no one is fool enough to incurage them. To criticize does no good. They wont take kindly to it, and thus wont follow your advise. He might keep on just to spite you. I know the first zine I edited was pretty bad, but it was all mine, and I wanted comments. So Speer told me it stank, and to keep away from a typewriter till I learned how to spell. Will I wasn't about to have any of that. I was all for starting a war right then and there. - An it doesn't serve as a warning to any one, as it is always the new fans that do it, and they have read enough fanzines to know better.

THOT'S WHILE TYPING page 2..

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP Dept. After writing the first page I went back to reading the mailing and found much to my surprise, guess what? REM TONE... Honnist 'Oh Namelessone, I had never seen acopy before. I didn't read the last mailing, and I'm reading this as I write. All remarks were based solly on Cole's remarks, from which I thought he was talking about a sub-zine. - I don't see from #2, what he was talking about. - I suggest that you, like Les, don't let what others print bother you. Bad tast and bad zines will always be with us. Though, ofcourse write about it, as it gives others a chance to argue back. For an example of my becoming upset over small things.

SKYLARK. It is my opinion that there ought to be a law in fandom that no one can print anything over a year old without the writers permission. I wrote "Authors I Have Known" for Sid well over a year ago. I did it with the expressed understanding that it was only for SAPS, as some of the content I do not care to be read every were. I was speaking plainly to a small group, and expressing opinons, not facts. Now, over a year later many of my opinions have changed. Especially in the case of Rog Graham, whom I saw quite a bit of at the Norwescon.

HORIZONS. The return of Tucker and Horizons on white paper are almost to much for one issue.--Seriously Harry, I don't think you are being quite fair to Porry. While you have known him longer than I, I think you are going to much by the record. It is personality that is responceable for his long popularity. For example, there are a lot of fans that have turned out reams of crude, and it never got them anywere. Yet Porry can make friendships that will last inspite of lesser ghods such as the lamented Kennedy. I've known Porry about 6 years, and recived a lot of help and encouragement from him, as have countless other fans. And after all, isn't the true judge of ones worth the number of friends one has? -- Yet I wonder how many of his friends really know him. The "tongue in cheek attitude" that Bill Evens mentions, has become such a part of (almost as if it were a coat of armor) him that some might think he never took anything serious. But he isn't all puns and banter, there is the real "Ackerman" that few know. I think I do, an I can say there isn't a nicer guy in fandom.

BUBBLINGS. I was about to write a faboulous report about how I'd dreamed I read an article on a vist to L.A. by the Cole's, But couldn't find it. It would have been almost as good as "How we lost Snick Snack Day" by John Van Couvering in THE OUTLANDER #7 (15¢ from me). But I found it. But now I'm sorry. A fine article, in the Burbee manner, but it makes me wonder. I guess I'm no longer a BNY. People come to town with out looking me up. Maybe a few of my old friends would be interested in why.

KEEPING UP WITH SNEARY..The asthma that has made me a spectator most of my life finely seems to have dissappeared. I made the Norwescon anyway, and it changed my whole life. I liked it so much that I decided to go to more of them. Only you need money, so I went after a job, but first I needed training. So I'm taking a 14-22 month course in college accounting. Now I don't have time for Conventions.

A S O R T O F A N E D I T O R I A L . . . by Stan Woolston

After many a summer day of thinking about it, and with a single stencil finished months ago as only step towards a retention of membership, I return to an active splurge of typing up notes, impressions and left-over thoughts. So far I've cut five stencils; my plan is to continue typing one or more stencil each night until I'm ready to pull out the mimeo and start the task of inking and cranking, etc.

Perhaps a few words on past activities might explain my silence in a whole year of FAPAing. It was just one of those things that just grew--my inactivity, I mean. I could blame the San Francisco fangathering, but that would just be an excuse, as would the Outlander meets. Mostly things just seemed to need attention at the same time; right now I have a call from Len Moffatt, who's editing the forthcoming SHANGRI-LA, to do an article, and Con Pederson asked me for a certain item for THE OUTLANDER. I doubt if either, or even one of these lads, will get anything favorable from me.

I've gleaned over notes, many that have grown out-of-date; I've tried to remember if I mentioned something or just remember it from a whispered conversation held inside my head.

Sometime, when in a writing mood, the Outlander chain-letter came around, and that was that. There is something like a drug in writing for a very small group--and I don't mean the Outlanders are dopes, either.

Aha--after looking back at these paragraphs I'm tempted to retittle this with the name of the item in the latest Writer's Markets and Methods mag--"Design for Procrastination." Only my procrastination wasn't planned--it just grew.

Len lent me his mimeo; it's now under a table in my room, after a thirty-mile trip from his place. When these stencils get all mussed up with stylized cuttings I'll dig out the machine and see if I remember any of the mimeo lesson I had in high school, about a dozen years ago. How this issue of MOONSHINE will turn out will be as big a surprise to you as to me, as I've done little "publishing" in my fanlife.

Previously Moffatt took my stencils and ran them off. Now I'm on my own.

Incidentally, that's why MOONSHINE is in the shape it is; Rick sent me two stencils and with John temporarily absent I dominate the mag. But never fear; later issues will be better balanced.

For the Pederson-edited OUTLANDER magazine, now being readied for publication (ah, doesn't that sound officious?), I poured on a bit of color, printing two covers and some inside headings. As I don't have time, equipment or ability to cut lino-blocks I've frisketed out the boat and the car the gent without a face was leaning on to alter the cut Rotsler gave to me. Then I dabbed brown and red ink directly on the cut, and released the device that spins the ink-distributor so the spots of ink wouldn't mix much. All copies aren't clear as I'd like them to be, but they show what Lee Hoffman's color treatment can cause (after filtering through a Woolstonian gray cell or two). So Rotsler's the cover-artist for MOONSHINE...

• Hindsight on FAPA

As I type this I'm displaying remarkable strength of character (despite that lousy hyphenating). Yes, I am. I've been spending past weeks reviewing the next-to-the-latest mailing, and haven't read as yet the latest so as to be free from the temptation to quote or opine on it.

I've scribbled notes all over the envelope and will try to translate some of them for the stencil...

MAG WITHOUT A NAME.--This heading inspired me to name a shop in Santa Ana (the town I've worked in since exiting from the semi-college there). The proprietor had been trying to think of a catchy name, and as she's a long-time gab-friend (we discuss Merritt, Thorne Smith, metaphysics and lately science fiction) I checked with a neighbor for spelling and set up a business card in my backyard press. She liked the name and the card, so now her business-place (mags, some Spanish items like baskets, huareches and pottery) is known as "La tienda sin nombre." The shop without a name. I've been buying most of my second-hand stuff there for years.

CONTOUR.--In "La tienda sin nombre" I met a character. Larry roamed; he drifted around, making friends and debts easily. He played at everything, taking nothing seriously. He had a hotel room across from the shop, and one day he disappeared. The proprietor was worried; he'd become a sort of fixture around the neighborhood, making loans of money from some and mags from my friend. She checked up on his room and found all the mags he'd borrowed (and also the stamps); she recovered her merchandise, but about five of the "neighbors" were out money.... Yep, new type people can be fun, if it doesn't involve money.

Code-writing shouldn't kick up any trouble in FAPA. Astounding, during the war, printed an "ad" in the letter department that advertised a hard-vacuum (something like UniVacuum ads in Stef). There was a simple message in the body of the "letter"; as it contained a rather large block of numbers (ostensibly order-numbers) there could be a secondary message in that. I didn't try to decode it, but I wrote Campbell saying I feared for the life of the mag if the FBI investigated it, considering the war. The authorities might think the mag was a monitor for spy info; actually the numbers could contain a practically unbreakable code, considering the briefness of the "message". Apparently no one kicked hard enough to stop the mag--I never heard of any trouble. So the limited field of FAPA should be comparatively safe--except, perhaps, when sent to foreign countries.

WASTEBASKET.--This mag scintillates. Personally I liked the shift in type size from item to item; it gives variety of emphasis. As long as each article is in one style there shouldn't be any criticism. It was easily read in all type sizes, in all the colors. Usually I believe a black ink is best for type matter, but you've shown that by using solid colors and good impression you can print a distinctive zine that shows some real thoughtfulness.

One Fan's Outlook...a continuation

WASTEBASKET seems an inappropriate title for a magazine with such contents; it's about the only thing I don't like about it. The editorial policy isn't copied, either. Although I like STEF better because of the personal side and the ads, both mags are individualistic and good stuff.

BURBLINGS for May looks like an Outlander issue, and I enjoyed it quite well.

GLORY SPOOL likewise enjoyed greatly. Redd Boggs should continue these if he can get enough material, of course. It reminds me: the Outlanders now own a wire recorder. It was a centerpiece at the last meeting of the club. I didn't get much chance to babble, but some day may lug it home for a few days of experimentation. Each member will get his own spool to use as he wishes, and the club will furnish "wire" for get-togethers. There's fascination in squatting on the floor, listening to the things that normally would have been only inadequately remembered. This perfect recall had us clustered around it like mortals around the video.

LAZILEE.-Fan-professionals are following the trend of other hobbyists to cash in on what they find enjoyable--stamp and book collectors do it without apology. I see no reason why a fan shouldn't become a pro writer, pro illustrator, agent or editor; if they can succeed in the field their stuff will probably inspire others to join fandom's various branches. Tagging a guy "professional" is an easy thing to do, but it need not include any real derogatory meaning. It doesn't to me.

SKYLARK.-Rick Sneary's article, "Authors I've Known," is a bit dated. Susan and Ramona are the names of Bradbury's two kids. Incidentally, R. S. Richardson (Peter Latham) has a daughter old enough to be in school; she's a rather shy, fragile-looking child.

For the time at least I'm laying aside FAPA comments for a couple of "squibs."

The Nolacon is now over, and I hear it's the first "World Convention" that Fory Ackerman hasn't at least appeared at for a few hours. Apparently it's because he's moving. The old 236 1/2 North New Hampshire address is being vacated after a long time; the Ackermans have been packing their stuff (garages, etc.) and move to an apartment somewhere around L. A. The moving grows out of the death of his father, I believe.

This reminds me that I hear Bob Tucker is moving, too. If so, this means that two famous addresses of the fandomain are being lost in the shifting of the times. Two of the top fans of years gone by seek new asylum...

ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK

by stan woolsten
.....

o Efangelism

I've discovered that Claude Degler's "anti-red" manifesto of last Labor day week-end has served as anti-fan PROPEGANDA.

The other day I got a letter in answer to one sent to a non-fan reader of stf. He was not interested in getting acquainted with stfandom because of Degler's speech and the turn-down the fans in attendance at the 'con gave it in Portland. As this man works for the government any connection with a group that would later be labeled as "red" (or even pink) might mean his job.

My evangelistic spirit got the best of me and I answered. For what it was worth I explained my own reason for not apporoving the petition--mainly that it was like promising to stop beating my wife (and I don't have a wife).

But I haven't tried to push matters too hard. It's next to impossible to argue anyone out of an opinion; I'm hoping to get an answer which will leave the avenue of communication open for a long-range campaign to sway this potential asset to the fandomain.

Some day, if my efforts are successful, you may hear this man's name brought up as a new member of FAPA.

o Postmailings: I like postmailings.

I think rules to limit postmailings in fapa are a step away from "fun with a hobby." The excessive rules that are being pressed on us in our everyday lives shouldn't, I think, be extended into a hobby.

Demanding more than 8 pages for last-minute material is just another impediment to meeting requirements. It involves several things, such as the assumption that bigger things are necessarily better, and that we have to have rules to tell us what to do or we'll go astray.

If you want to be miserable join a club that is over-involved in rules for rule's sake, whether it's in a political or social form. Politics and proctol can be poison.

Maybe I'm an idiot, but I doubt that such rules are needed.
.....

This stencil, a "Royal Blue," is being cut on my sister's portable; I see that there is sometimes an advantage in looking at the typed letters as you will more apt to control pressure after a couple unlovely holes are cut.

Sentence structures like the above (when I leave out a word, like "be") and words with added letters (like the misspelled "apporoving") are due to a double cause; one is the slow working of my mind, the other the desire not to strike over a letter as no correction fluid is to be found in this place. This fascinating note might as well be concluded by stating my address is 12832 West Ave., Garden Grove, California.

H O B B Y F U N

How much effort will a fan make to keep up activity in his hobby? That's one question to remember in figuring out why so many new members of FAPA drop out after a year or so--sometimes after barely being able to renew once or twice at the last minute.

Bob Briggs noted that the desire to publish was gone. Surely there is a trend towards simplicity in many magazines; artwork and color takes time to add to the bare essential of reading matter. There are, of course, less hectic jelly mags, but there are several ditto magazines that use color--but limit it to the one color, purple. Why don't they use more color?

Generalizations are dangerous, but "time" comes to mind at once. I suspect that perhaps "changing times" are a great factor; we're in a period between peace and war (when the officials don't agree that war is war), between hope and hopelessness. It's still stylish to be pessimistic, yet some popular writers speak up about "peace of mind" and "peace of soul."

Pessimism may be natural in the fandom as elsewhere; everyone has mental contact with the world's turn to gloomy forebodings of war, with Korea a big blot on the forefront of our consciousness. The atomic question-mark of the A-Bomb cloud may be symbolic of our unrest, as citizens of our world and as fans. Maybe we strive for a simpler world, a personal world--and fandom isn't always up to snuff here.

Take the matter of rules and regulations in FAPA. Like in other groups, rules accumulate. A time comes when it's a job for a part-time lawyer to tell when all the rules are being obeyed. So the "constitution" becomes sheets of paper, and not the simple plan written down to simplify our actions.

I've already given my opinions on postmailings. I believe any added rules here might serve to remove more borderline-active fans.

But lack of interest in a club will probably serve quicker than any other reason. And along with complicated rules for a club there's the equally disheartening lack of apparent interest by the other members for the fan.

I guess it's a vicious circle--a spiral. Lack of interest means less publication or care in publishing, and so the readers display little interest themselves. Antipathy may result.

Despite the braggadocio of many young fans, it would probably help them if some of the old-timers gave them a critical going-over. Sometimes criticism clears up attitudes; some fan like to write fiction or poetry but avoid it because they think it might be despised; by helping to remove stage fright some fan might be made more happy and easier-writing, something which I, myself, could appreciate.

More interest could stimulate greater activity and care, more use of artwork and color ...I'm wondering if in periods of more activity there's more "art"?

• Radio Interview

Today, just before noon, September 22, 1951, I got a phone call from my younger sister that Johnny Murray was going to talk about science fiction on the radio, on KFI.

So Mother tuned the radio to the L. A. station. The program was THE WORLD OF BOOKS, and Murray gave out with a series of book reviews. Then he announced that Ken Crossen, anthologist of stf as well as reviewer of stf for the L. A. Daily News, would be interviewed. A third person who knew something about stf got in on the interview somehow; I never did get his name.

The interview itself was as fast-paced as the book reviews had been.

Crossen admitted to being advisor to Dimension X in its preparatory programs. He defined stf and fantasy, explaining the difference. He noted the Cleve Cartmill story in A S-F that caused the FBI to investigate because it told how to make an A-Bomb.

Anthologizing stf, Crossen said, was hard work due to the number of such collections using up the good stories. He said that a "RAY HUELEY" (that's what it sounded like to me) was getting around that difficulty by bringing out an anthology, due in November, using all new stories... Title, WEIRD TALES OF TIME AND SPACE.

He mentioned favorably the movie WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE and the van Vogt book SLAN; Crossen said this book, just ten years old, now can be bought for \$50. ((and you can have my copy for that any time; I'll pay postage...))

Life on other planets? Crossen quoted the authority that said our galaxy probably has a million planets capable of bearing life. The question led to "What about flying saucers?" You may be as fascinated as I was to learn that a Los Angeles person is said to be wire-recording message-exchanges between saucers, but as yet no translation is made.

Problem of a "platform in space" is, Crossen said, being studied by US now. It could be from a few hundred to a thousand miles out, and a three-step rocket would be needed to get to it unless the atomic-powered airplane that is being experimented on by US pays off. A "solar mirror" could prevent other space-platforms being built, and stop "conventions or war" if the builders desired that.

That L. A. had a stf club like many other cities was mentioned; he called it the "Los Angeles Fantasy Club", and named their mag, Shangri-LA.

Because of the rapid speed of the interview and the subjects mentioned being so varied I doubt if many non-fans could have made much sense of the thing. I've skipped around, inadvertently, and left out much, but you can see that it wasn't a one-subject talk except in the widest sense. He mentioned some top-flight authors--van Vogt, Bradbury, the Kuttners, Huxley, Heard, Moore and others.

Ken Crossen's latest anthology is FUTURE TENSE and will be out in the spring of 1952 from Greenberg; Publisher.

L I F E I N T H E S E I N C R E D I B L E T I M E S

Some musings by Stan Woolston
in the Sam Merwin style,
more or less.

Through the hollow rims of my most-spectacular spectacles I've been viewing the "here and now" with wonderment, incredibility and that semi-amusement that the subject of "reasoning" life on this planet naturally engenders. With the clear logic of a normally aberated human (and I refuse to say "human being") I gaze at the externally-expressed and drawn outline of the world of today--another post-war, another pre-war day.

And I wonder--what is a "man"? I've grown, in my moderately myopic way, to consider him an "animal-with-mind." Surely he makes things that are quite often spectacular--but maybe this refutes, instead of proves, the hyphenated semi-definition.

Do humans think?

Somehow I doubt it. Or rather, semi-doubt it. I'm quite sure I'm not sure. For humans continually hide both their motives and their actions (in a group and an individual way) by wearing a cloak that is semi-transparent; it camouflages the individual, and gives him the fringe-characteristics of the group.

A "man" is a creature? Maybe. Somehow I take him as a "plural creature," who wears the clothing of a single entity for a time (minutes, hours, etc.), and then apes a larger group in a way that bypasses, almost, all individuality.

There is a catering to the whims of others, and this is sometimes mostly lip-service and sometimes mostly real beliefs. The "individual," in some cases, may be defined as a person who is a changeling, with the ability to change moods and personalities being a variable that is contrld by different envorimental factors, especially those of human contacts.

If I were to list a few definitions as to what humans were, I'd include (1) They are semi-thinking creatures who like to think they are individuals while acting like a group. Also (2) although they like to pretend they are thinking creatures, their highest "thoughts" are verbalisms often based on sillogisms. Life today is an approximate repetition of life last year, and quite often of last century if not last eon. Mankind follows his aberation patterns almost exclusively of reason, whether they be religious frenzies, or superstitious little self-lies, or maybe a frenzied conviction in the great worth in a cause, a political system or party, or his "destiny."

Despite Mankind's basic similarity with any other time-segment of itself in the past (note I mean on the semi-individual human time-line basis) the conglom of humanity today has a slightly different problem.

Life in These Incredible Times--a continuation

The time is rapidly approaching when his accumulated knowledge will be deadly enough for him to destroy himself, collectively.

And that's what I think makes "these incredible times" incredible. At last Mankind is approaching the day when he may "go to heaven" on what the yellow journals call "the hell bomb." And, tongue-in-wagging-position though it be, I'm inclined to argue with myself on the outcome.

Somebody said one of the appeals of science fiction was that it "assured there was a future". Perhaps we need assurance.

If so, I wonder if I will be more assured by reading science fiction or the latest joke book. As medicine I'm inclined to appreciate the latter remedy.

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As proof that science fiction isn't the only motivating power to cause a person to "write", I'll quote from a letter coming from a fellow Outlander--a sixty-plus female who is interested in politics enough to step out of NFFF so as to have more time to give to local politics:

The Big Wheel wants a higher tax
And so our incomes get the ax.
Before he takes too big a whack
He should recall that age-old crack:
"A sheep can be sheared every year
But only skinned just once, that's clear!"

---Rory Faulkner

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I guess I didn't note that the theme for the Tournament of Roses parade this year will be "Dream of the Future" if I'm not forgetting. There might be some really extra-Terrestrial floats this year; I might send out a couple of the special momento ish to a few FAPANS.

While looking for some notes about the mailing and other stuff for ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK I came across a note that indicated I thought that a quarter was a fairly big amount to pay for Astounding, with a mag (Astonishing) costing only a dime "and ten years ago the old 'big A' magazines were in large size on good book paper for a quarter." Now some of the mags are about half the size again and cost 35c; there are no book-paper mags in the field outside of the special issue of FANTASY BOOK reserved for subscribers with the possible exception of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. I could be wrong, but this mag is either first-grade newsprint or a cheap book paper. The Avon mags may be of equal quality in paper, but as they print all old stories I don't go out of my way to get it. FAPANS, what stf mag wins your beauty-contest vote?



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