

MOON

SHADE

No. 6  
FEB.  
1964

A  
MOFFATT-  
WOLLSTON  
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PUBLISHED BY LEN MOFFATT  
AT 10202 BELCHER, DOWNEY, CALIF.  
FOR SHAPA PEOPLE  
AND FAPANS TOO  
MADE IN U.S.A.

COMMENTS FROM ? IN THE SHADE --by Len Moffatt

IF I were superstitious -- which I am not -- I might be willing to believe that the number Seven was unlucky for me....

I've been Number Seven on the Waiting List for two mailings in a row. You may say "That's not too many" (and if you do I'm certain someone will Hit You), but as I may have said before, this coming summer will mark my 25th Anniversary in fandom, and it would be nice to "celebrate" by becoming a FAPA Member again. In fact, I'd like to re-join FAPA in time to co-publish the August 1964 MOONSHINE with amigo mio Sneary, aided and abetted by amigo mio Woolsten, and perhaps others--like, certain Carboniferous chums and mates there-of.... who also happen to be either Members of FAPA or FAPA Waiting Listers....

However, I will not sit in a corner and mope if I have to wait until the November '64 Mailing to rejoin the old boneyard. I really don't wish "bad luck" or whatever to any of the current members or to the six ahead of me on the w/l, but this year did get off to a bad start for me, and it would be nice to have at least one happy thing happen, even if it is as trivial and unimportant (compared to the more serious things in life) as re-joining fandom's oldest apa in the year of one's fannish anniversary.

I am reasonably sure that the "layout" of this page will meet with the disapproval of Ted White, Redd Boggs, and mayhap others... Let's hope so, anyway.

But you try doing it on a kitchen table, sometime.

(Continued on the Very Next Page...)

NOTICE --by The Publishers

The Cover (created in a moment of gay abandon by J. Stanley Woolsten) should tell you that this is:

MOONSHADE No. 6, for the February, 1964 Shafapa Mailing...

This is being typed on February 14, and we hope we can get the 119 or 120 copies to Don (Good Man) Fitch before his February 20 deadline...

There are just two MOONSHADE Publishers, this time--namely:

Stan Woolsten of 12832 Westlake Street, Garden Grove, California

and: Len Moffatt, who is currently receiving his mail at 5612 1/2 East Gage Avenue, Bell Gardens, California, 90202.

Please ignore the old Downey address on the Cover. The Moffatt House is no more, and at sometime in the (I hope) near future, "Len's Den" will return to the fannish (and non-fannish) scene--as a bachelor apartment, and as a column for MOONSHINE.

In the meantime, all mail addressed to Ljm c/o the Gage Avenue, Bell Gardens address will reach him promptly, even after a new permanent address for Len's Den is established.

WE HOPE to have a Guest Writer in this issue, a chap known as Rick Sneary, Esquire. If material by the Squire doth appear herein, and tho he be not a co-publisher of MOONSHADE this go-round, he doth (or with--or--will) request FAPA Page Credit be given him, as ye Shadow Mailings are distributed to all FAPA Members, and we will send 3 extra copies to O.E. Peiz.

COMMENTS FROM 7 IN THE STAGE (concluded)

Besides the Shadow Mailing No. 14, I also rec'd. several regular PAPA mags, for which my thanks to the publishers of same, and of course THE FANTASY AMATEUR No. 105. (I also rec'd. THE FANTASY AMATEUR No. 106--it came today--but I suppose I really shouldn't acknowledge it at this time. One must play the game properly, and all that, y'know.)

THE LOVECRAFTSISMI No. One, DALRILLA (AS) No. 1, KIMCHI No. 1, BETE NOIRE No. 6, A PROPOS DE KLEIN No. 11, JESUS BUG No. 10, and REVOLTING DEVELOPMENTS No.???...all retained my interest, to one degree or another (as did the Shadow Mailing), but I just don't feel up to making with the mailing-type-comments tonight. (Also have rec'd. read & enjoyed: MANDACYOS Nos. 9 and 10, but, woops, they be part of PAPA Mailing No. 106, and one musn't get ahead of the game, must one')

My recent and current troubles have not been conducive to grifanac or the creation thereof, or the dabbling in of, no matter what's been said about fandom, str, and the like being "escapist" stuff. If I made notes or wrote down complete comments at the time I read the mags, I would have more to say here. (Gee, the first sentence in this paragraph reads almost like friend Ideo...) Reading serves as an "escape", of course, but my "creative urge" (or whatever you wanna call it) isn't too active at this time. Time...waiting for personal affairs to be properly settled...is part of the current problem. My plans for the future are primarily happy ones, but it may be weeks or months before I am settled into my "new life". At the moment I feel somewhat uprooted, but I am optimistic. I know that some of you have experienced situations similar to mine, so you know--or have some idea--of what I'm talking about.

I'm helping to publish this issue of HOONSHADE because it is something to do in the meanwhile, and of course I do want to keep my "hand in", so to speak, to continue to show that I'm genuinely interested in re-joining PAPA. I regret the decision to do away with acknowledging the FA. Paying a buck to get on the w/i, and sending in a leusy two-bits at a later date to stay on the w/i makes it too damned easy for the real sluggards. I'm as inclined to laziness as the next bloke, but I feel that requiring an acknowledgment of each and every issue of the FA isn't asking Too Much of anyone who is really interested in joining PAPA. While the rule was in effect I never missed sending in my acknowledgement each quarter, and it bugs me now that staying on the w/i has been made so easy. So I sent my 25¢ to Bill, and hell's bells, I even got my COA to him in time to appear in the current FA, despite the unsettled nature of my life at present.

If a tired old fan like me can do it--i.e., keep up with the requirements and publish a page or so to boot (and boot as hard as you like: I been Crity-sized by Juffus in ya olde days)--why in the bloody hell can't others, young or old, on the w/i or in the membership???

Okay, so I got that off my chest, so let's get happy again. Well, maybe. I'm about to sign off here to watch the Hitchcock TV show.

"The Jan", based on the Bradbury story, tonight. Wonder what they'll do with (or to) it?

But no matter What Happens....Everybody....Keep Sailing!

*Len*  
Len Moffatt

# SNEARY'S PAGE

## ON FAITHFULNESS TO THE FCOFOOLISH FAITH

On the first meeting after Christmas last year, I made one of my resently rare visits to the LASFS. I'd missed the Christmas party, but had a sack of gifts of my own. Some months before Jim Wilson and I had salvaged a batch of Fro-zines from the flooded basement warehouse of a local book dealer. After drying them out and taking what we needed ourselves there was still a large stack left. They didn't look very good as a result of their stay under water, but were in good enough shape as far as reading went. So we decided to give them to LASFS, on behalf of the Ex-Directors Organization. (Or, I decided. Jim once resigned from the office and club, and on finding out who were the officers of the Ex-Directors club, shows signs of wanting to resign from it as well.)

In view of the season I thought I'd like to play the role of Santa Claus, or a Fannish version there of. I had never heard of one, so I took the liberty of making one up. To wit: Saint Corflu, who forgives fans their errors, and allows them to correct their mistakes. As there could be no greater gift to fans, it seems only logical that if there was a Fannish Saint to hand out gifts it would be this faithfull blue follower of FooFoo. For what could be more Foo-blue than Corflu?

As fans are not adverse to getting something free, even water warped, I was not stoned. Afterward, as I basked in the warm glow of having Done Something Big, I was making pious remarks about being loyal to FooFoo, and believed he would approve my innovation, when former Waiting Lister #35 (now Mrs. Dian Pelz mouthed some sticky old shibboleth like "ghughu is great"! I was so properly stunned that I had no ready answer for such heresy.

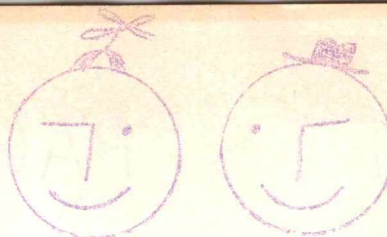
But later when I had time to think about it, I began to wonder. Back in the mid-40's when I first became interested in Fandom, I read many references to the old war between the followers of FooFoo and ghughu. But already the peak was passed. Ackerman and Speer quiet on the subject, while Pogo had dropped out and DAW for the next ten years would only be heard of as a name to frighten neo-fans. No one was really writing about why FooFoo was great and ghughu was bad. It was only instinct that told me the right one to chose. And loyal I have been, over the years. Even when lesser ghod such as Rosco, Eneer, and others were put forwards. My faith held firm despite the obvious fact that though I knew the Foo was mightier than the Yobber, still there were avowed followers of ghughu in the land,. The purple awfullness was not fully laid..

But what has now given me pause to wonder is why? Not only is ghughu still with us, but he gains new adherents. And how? I haven't read a ghughuist tract in ten years. I can't think of any one who has been actively proselyting for this purple prevaricator. Why then would this otherwise sweet young thing be prattling such prejudicial slogans?

It has been suggested by others who I have consulted with that it might result from long reading of her future husbands aged manuscripts. But this is still no answer. There has been so little written at any time, that it is hard to imagine it effecting her. And to, if she has read that deeply, she would have read too of the glory of FooFoo, and in this case why would she and others chose to give them selves to ghu? What is this powerfull attraction for young minds that ghughu has? And what can loyal followers of FooFoo do to counter act it?

Rick Sneary

## FANNISH DOPPELGANGERS



Perhaps you too have played the game of finding or "discovering" fannish names in mundania. For instance, there is a RICK'S MOTEL in Downey, and a MOONAW FURNITURE STORE in South Gate.

There is a hole-in-the-wall bar & grill yclept BERRY'S in Bell Gardens. And so on. (While I'm typing this, Sneary is going through the Central Los Angeles Phone Directory, picking out fannish names, but I suspect there won't be space enough on this page to list all the ones he finds. The ones I've mentioned so far were observed on neon signs and the like by my own red, white and blue ey@balls.)

Fannish names-in-mundania aside, I have--over the years--met or observed mundane type persons who bore striking physical resemblances to fans I have met. (Perhaps I have been in fandom too long...)

As some of you know, I work in the sales office of a paperbox factory. In our Finishing Department (where the flat carton blanks are folded, glued, and packed) there is a chap, who--from the distance of four or five feet--looks amazingly like Terry Carr. Up close the resemblance is still there, but not quite as pronounced. He certainly doesn't talk like Terry Carr. In the same department there is also a chap who (also from a distance--say, 3 or 4 feet) looks like Steve Tolliver. He has that Flat Evil look. Up close he still has that Flat Evil look, but his face does not display the intelligence and sensitivity one can find in the face of our Steve. (Who shouldn't hit me for saying so, after all, I did refrain from using that well-worn term: "sensitive fannish face", mostly because Tolliver does not have what is usually meant or implied by "s.f.s.")

One of our ex-sales managers (we've had three since I joined the sales force, not my fault, really) bore a striking facial resemblance to me, or vice versa. More than one person confused us (from a distance) despite the fact that he was a bigger man physically, and had no moustache. (Of course it is difficult to see my moustache from a distance, at times--depending on how accurately I've shaved on any given morning. But he weighed around 180 pounds, and I was around 145 pounds at that time.)

However, two of the most--er--intriguing fannish doppelgangers I have seen...so, change that to three, though only two famous fan names are involved...are men who do not work at our office and plant. They are post office clerks. Two of them work at the Bell Gardens Post Office; one of them resembles an elderly Redd Boggs, and the other resembles an elderly (toothless, yet) George Nym Raybin. The third post office clerk, who works at the Downey Post Office, looks like a younger George Nym Raybin.

But I have yet to find a mundane person (or groups of persons, to make the job easier) who resembles Big Bill Donahoe. Once I thought I had discovered Ron Lillik's doppelganger, but when the chap turned away from me I saw that his tail wasn't bushy enough. Well, can't win'em all.

-Len Moffatt (Feb. 15, 1964)

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