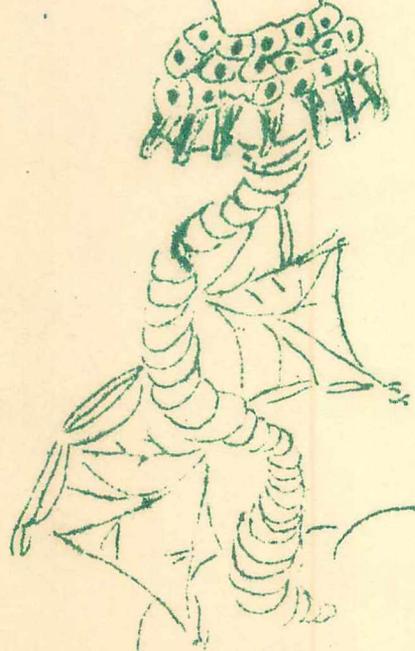
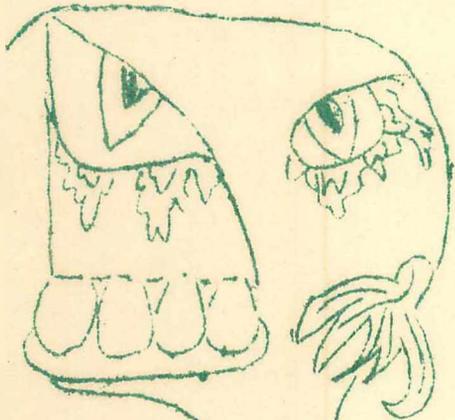


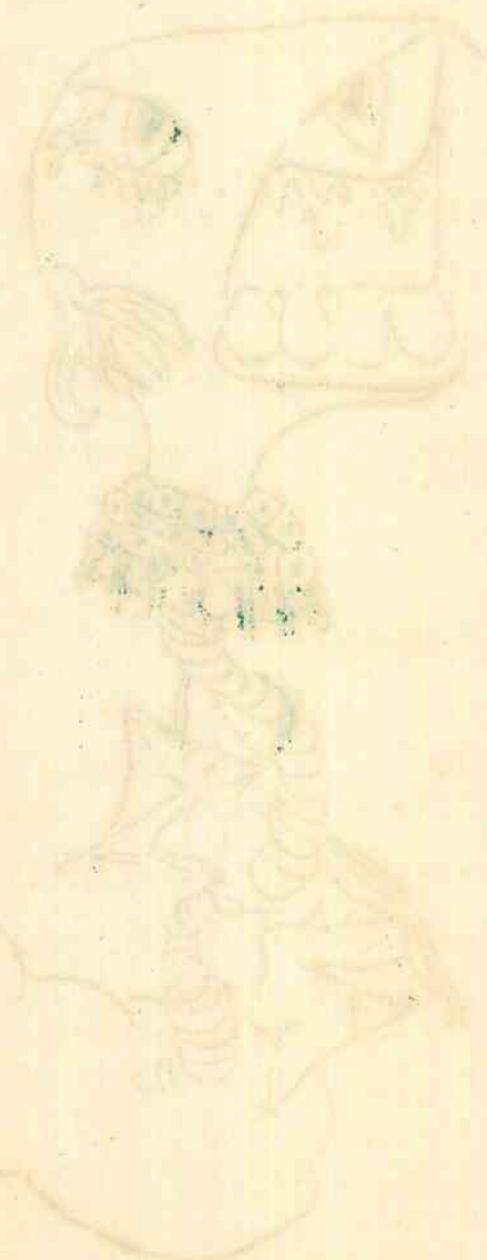
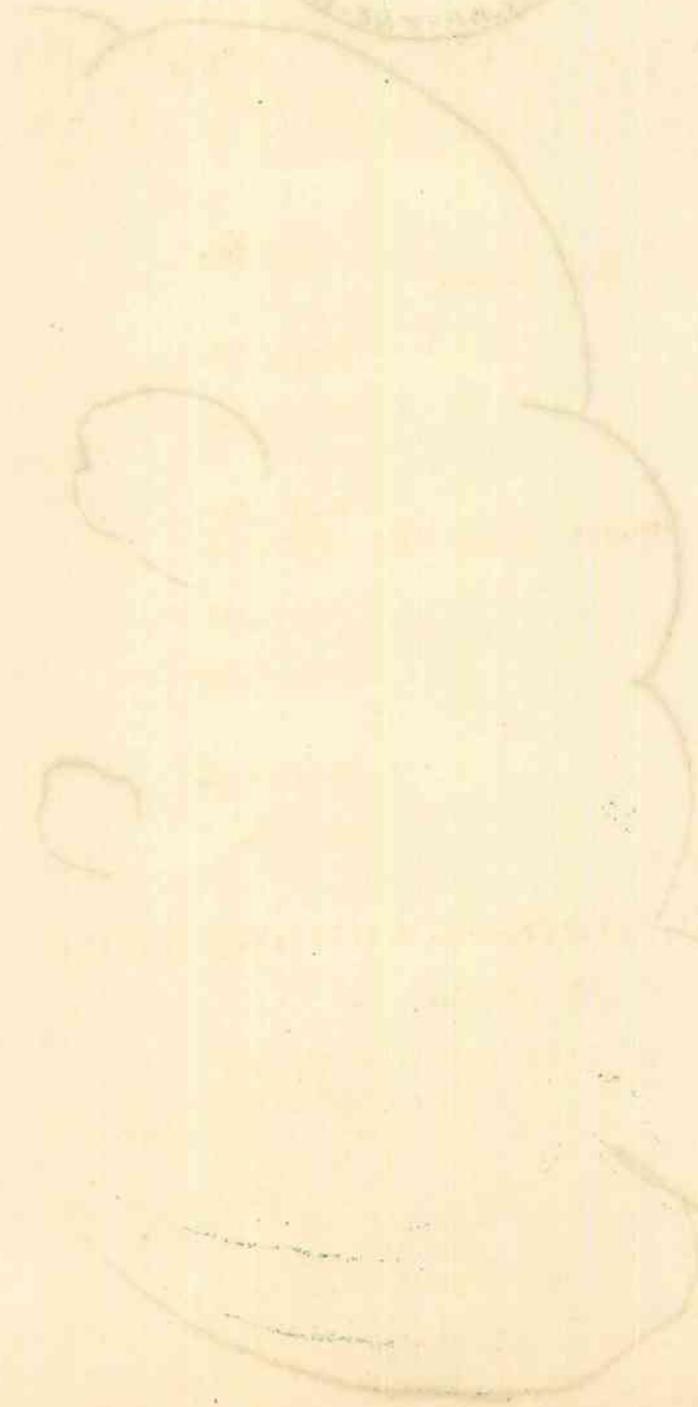
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MOONSHINE
= NUMBER EIGHT =
FALL
1947
GARDENS-OF-THE-BELL-PLANT



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1914



The Music

by

Daniel Semaj

He came home after a hard day's work, climbed the rickety stairs to his room and flung himself on the ancient bed.

He closed his eyes and let his tired body relax. That was it! Perfect relaxation of the body...imagination...and, of course, the music...

He could hear the music now, ever so faintly but growing louder and nearer as it ascended the stairway and crept into his room.

Now! Let the music seep into your brain...forget you are a physical being...exert your imagination...think! Think of beauty.....

As the music drifted into a soft, tinkling murmur he beheld a meadow, green and rolling...a sky, deep blue and hovering...a huge tree, fatherly and shadowing...shadowing the people who gambled beneath it. They were gay, gnome-like beings who laughed at and with each other and who danced to the time and the tune of the tinkling tones in the background. And he was one of these people! Never* never in all the eons of time had he been so carefree, so joyful, so

The music changed. The meadow scene faded and he was alone in a purple tinted blackness. Slowly he crawled over an unseen, soggy surface as the music became a somber, slow beat of despair and hopelessness.

Thump! Drag left leg. Thump! Drag right leg. Thump! Claw and pull with arms and elbows. Thump! Drag left leg. Thump...

Cymbals clashed! Light, blinded light swept through the darkness and he was free again! Free to dance, to laugh...But there was no

one to dance with, no one to laugh with. There was nothing but light, brighter than the sun and he was in the center of it. Free but alone.

The music roared on, clashing, crashing, dashing— and the light whirled him around and around and up and up and...up!

From somewhere behind the crescendo he could once more hear the faint, tinkling murmur; he strained to hear it. The crescendo ceased abruptly and he could feel himself falling. He strove to halt his downward flight and was caught up by the tinkling whisper which increased in volume but not in pace. It soothed him into a dance of slow syncopation and overwhelming loneliness.

Then...the music changed again. It's soothing quality was more pronounced now; the tantalizing tinkly began to fade...and...he found that he was not alone!

She was there, as always. Her golden beauty enveloped him and they danced together. He could feel the caress of her soft, white arms and the pressure of her firm but pliant body. The music increased in pace and they whirled about in a cacaphony of agitation. He tried to control the music, to speed its cadence and bring the mad gyration to an end—for it was no longer soothing. And always, ever always, at the end of the dance she would reveal the burning, satisfying softness of her blood-red mouth; his lips would bind here and and the music would once again take its proper place in the background of his dream-adventure.

It was fading! The music was being controlled by him! Softly, soothingly it wafted about them as their lips united. But somehow it was different...somehow there was a change...For her lips were dosing over his and he could feel his breath being drawn into her mouth.... into her body!

At first he resisted. Then he slowly realized that this was what he had been seeking week after week...It was a pleasure to him now... remote, enravishing pleasure...Let her inhale his very breathe of life! Let him become a part of her and dwell in this music-bound dream world forever!

The music was swelling around them now; her lips clung together tighter, tighter...With each inhalation there was a resounding beat of triumphant music...The pleasure was less remote to him now--undeniable--inexplicable--ecstatical....

The music stopped abruptly. The dream world faded. His body tensed.

He leaped from the bed, strode across the room and flung open the door. His voice was edged with ire and frustration as he called down the stairway.

"Mrs. Dane! Mrs. Dane!"

His landlady appeared promptly at the foot of the stairs, the usual fear showing in her eyes.

"Mrs. Dane! Why did you turn off the radio? I was listening to that symphony concert! You know very well that I listen to it every week/..."

"But, sir," protested Mrs. Dane, wide-eyed and trembling, "The radio hasn't been on all day..."

The End

FIRST PERSON

SINGULAR

NEW!

DIFFERENT!

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10¢
PER
COPY

NOW is the time to order your copy from:

Stanley Woolston
12832 S. West Street
Garden Grove, California

One dime-so thin-will bring you
"SIN"

Ice Cream

by
M. Vranduski

Ice cream is good for the soul. It sweetens the taste, cools the belly and is eliminated from the intestinal tract with great ease. It is a thing of intangible beauty and should be treated with proper respect.

Ice cream comes in a variety of colors and flavors. It is the color that is important—not the flavor. If a chocolate flavored bit of ice cream was white in color I wager that most people would insist it was vanilla...even after tasting it.

I prefer pistachio. This is because it is green in color and—to me—green suggests coolness. Green also suggests puke but one rarely thinks of that...unless one is thinking of one's fellow-humans.

Pistachio is also the name of a dear friend of mine. He is a musician and does not care much for ice cream. Perhaps it is because of his name. A sort of resentment because there is a nut and an ice cream named as he is named. This is very sad. ~~Perhaps-it-is-because~~ ~~of-his-name.~~ For ice cream is good for the soul. And a musician should have a healthy soul. Otherwise he writes very moody, very blue music and no one is cheered by it... In times like these, music should be cheerful. But then Pistachio does not write music. He plays it on his piccolo or sings it in an undecipherable voice. But if he is not cheerful he will not give a cheerful rendition of the music, regardless of the cheerful intent of the composer (who may have consumed tons of ice cream.) I must see Pistachio instantly. I must wean him from beer and introduce to him the delights of ice cream. It will not be an easy job.

Now, I have partaken of those gorgeous messes known as root beer floats. Perhaps that is how I can force ice cream into the belly of my friend. We have root beer floats. Why not plain beer floats? I could slip a pint of ice cream into his second mug of beer when he turns his head to burp up gaseous thank@ for the first mug. Perhaps he would think that the ice cream was only excess foam. Thus I could save his musician's soul from morbidity. Thus there would be more cheerfulness in the world.

If everyone would do his share the world might be saved from the various impending disasters that we read about and hear about and about which little or nothing is done. Let ice cream be our watchword. It is good for the soul. Join with me in my crusade to spread cheerfulness throughout the globe and dispell selfish morbidity.

Serve Ice Cream!

-finis-

MOONSHINE

RECOMMENDATIONS

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

J. Stanley Woolston
12832 S. West Street,
Garden Grove, Calif.

Frustration

Into my dusky, dusty den did I crawl
 And now before my cobwebbed desk I scrawl
 Upon a scroll so ancient that it tears at my pen's bite
 I write a tale of terror in the dark and dismal night...

The moon was hid behind a cloud
 The howl of the wolf was faint, not loud
 And all the rest was still
 Then from the earth a noise came
 So faint--yet clear, a clanking chain
 And all the rest was still

Up from the earth arose a ghoul
 (Half-chained because of a broken rule)
 And all the rest was still
 It gazed about and nothing saw
 It opened wide its gaping maw
 And all the rest was still

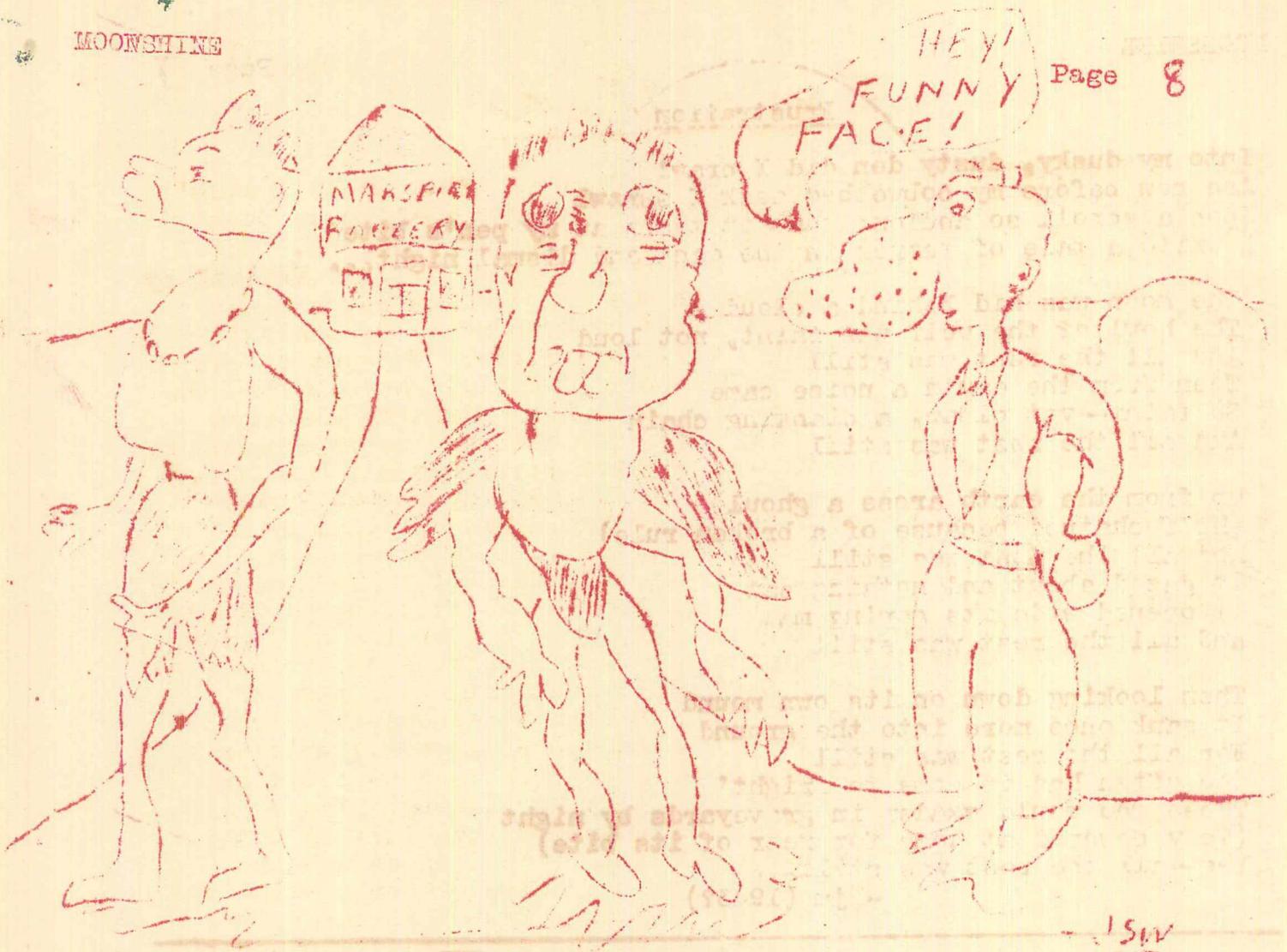
Then looking down on its own mound
 It sank once more into the ground
 For all the rest was still
 Too often had it come to fright!
 Those who would wander in graveyards by night
 (They covered at home for fear of its bite)
 Yes--all the rest was still....
 -Ljm (1943?)

Song to Moonshine

Moonshine, moonshine...
 Painting the world
 With a weird design
 Causing strange shadows to fall
 Causing strange voices to call
 Bringing both beauty and blight
 Joy and sorrow to the night
 What a fantastic feeling is mine
 When I walk in the night
 Filled with fear and delight
 Basked in the brightness of moonshine...

-Ljm (1947)

It's SINSational! It's SIN! SIN is the nickname of that new
 fanzine...FIRST PERSON SINGULAR which is edited and published
 by Stanley Woolston (12832 S. West Street, Garden Grove, Calif.)
 You won't want to miss this mag. It's different. It's printed!
 Contains articles, fiction, features by such famous fans as
 EJ Ackerman and such inferior fans as Ljm. One dime will bring
 you a copy of the first issue--if you hurry! It's SINSational!



SAY! Take a real good look at the three creatures in the above cartoon. Aren't they sad looking characters? That's because they have never read SIN.

SIN, short for FIRST PERSON SINGULAR, is a new, different fanzine. It is edited and published by the man who drew the cartoon up there. You know, the guy that is doing the Monsters I Have Known series for this fapomag. Yeah. J. Stanley Woolston. That's who. YOU will find his address here and there in this issue of Moon-shine. Twelve! Eight! Three! Two! South West! That's the signal! That's the code! That's the street and number of the address where you are going to send one dime pronto if you want to obtain a copy of SIN's first issue. Garden Grove (not to be confused with Bell Gardens) is the town, California is the state. SIN is the mag. The mag with articles, fiction, features, pictures, cartoons, etc. by famous, unfamous and infamous fen.....SAY!

JADAJADA JADAJADAJINGJINGJING JADA JADA JADAJADA JING JING JING JADAJA

Len's Den

be

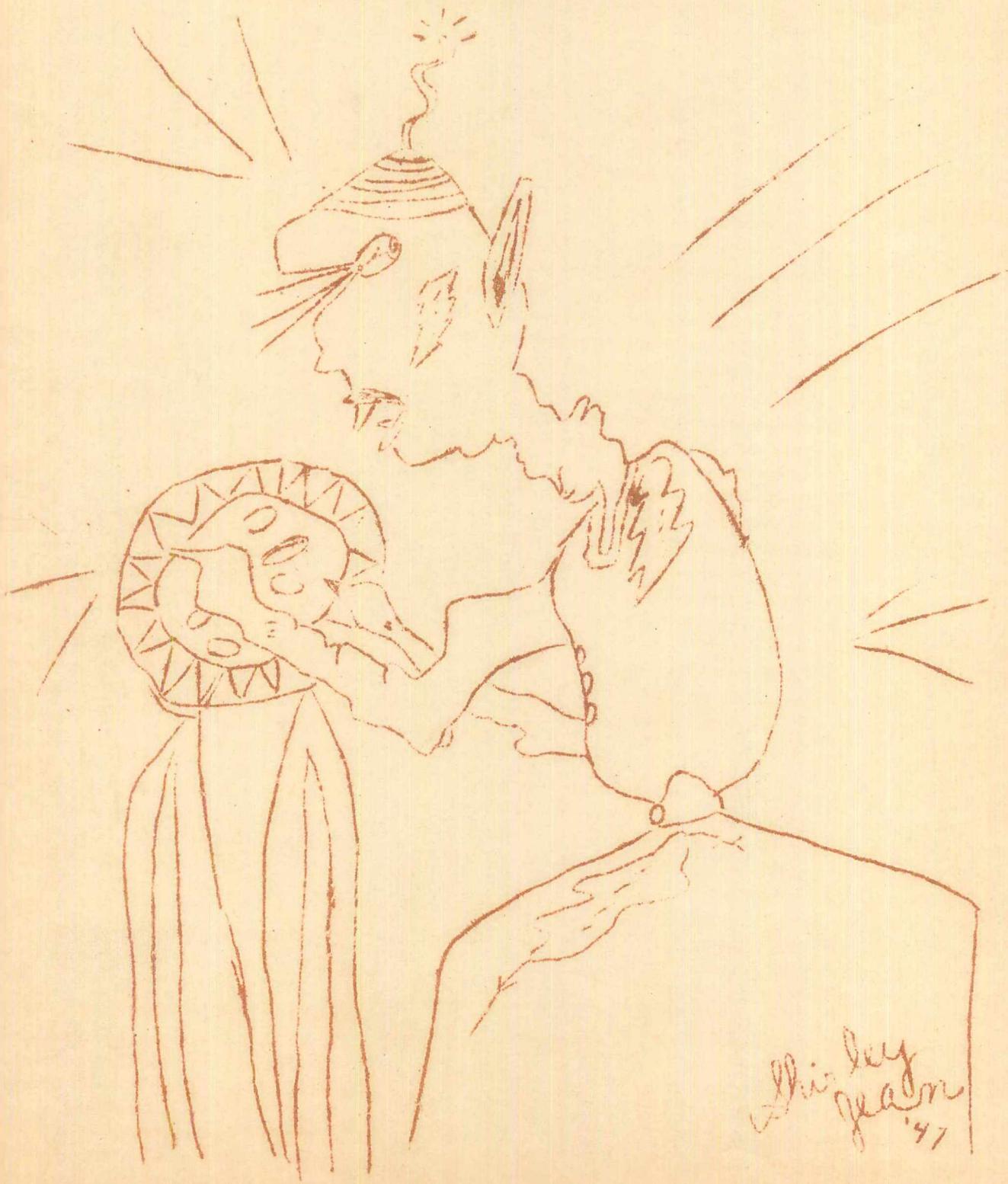
YEAH, I KNOW... This was going to a twenty-page ish. Well, I didn't really promise one. Just said maybe. So... maybe nexttime... Doubt it, tho. Lack of time, money and material are the reasons. But getting back to "nexttime". Hope to have a science article ~~XXXXXX~~ by J. Stanley Woolston, also another in the Monster series, a poem by Red E. Ward, and prob'ly some stuff by Vranduski, or Zankowitz or Pistachio ~~xx~~ and yours truly, too. :::::::::: We want to get this ish of Moonshine in Burb's capable (fapable) hands before the deadline. Mailing didn't arrive til Sept. 30. Warner's Election Report arrived next day. Didn't get to vote but have no objections to election results and if we did—so what??? :::::: Haven't had enough spare time to completely absorb the Summer Mailing but will make a few hurried coments on what we did peruse. The Mailings as a whole, seems to be quite naughty. Tsk, tsk... Like the neatness of Ichor; poems seem to be neatly written too. Guess I liked Johnston's best::::: This time I read PLENUM and understood it...or, at least, savvied more of it than I did when Kilty took off on the high math binge::::: My one sheeter should answer Jack's quiz as to me beliefs. (By the way, the title "Len's Den" shall henceforth be a part of Moonshine. If, in the future, I must publish other one-sheets, they will have different titles.) The Bughouse Blues was written to entertain, not to enlighten. Said Jack: "Len reasons a little wrongly when he says, etc. etc." Sez Len: No kidding? :::::: Know a nice, secluded spot in Arizona where the grim art of bomb-dodging might be carried on successfully. It's deep enough in the mountains and far enough away from big cities (Phoenix being the biggest city in Arizona) to be out of danger from both the actual a@bombing and the "after effects", thinketh I. Unless, of course, the more advanced bombs can knock out the whole state in one blow. The place could be self-supporting if run properly. A few people could live here for quite some time if they were willing to put up with a rationed diet, (And who wouldn't?) Diet could include vegetables, fruits, fish-and beef and pork too. Had I the dinero that is where I would be now—or, at least, I'd have me a "reser- vation". It's a tourist spot. Would like to own the place but would be satisfied if I had enough money to pay my room and board at.... The Natural Bridge in northern Arizona. :::::::::: I think it is taking me longer to cut this stencil than it took me to cut stencils for the rest of the mag. (In fact, I didn't cut all of the stencils. My neice helped.) Too many interruptions. In too much of a rush. Too many irons in the fire and not enough time to work the bellows::::: Lady next door was stabbed (with a knife) tonight. She's in the hospital now, has a 50-50 chance to live. Her boyfriend did it because she wouldn't marry him, or something. He was drunk. He had a knife. He wouldn't take No for an answer. So now he's in jail and she may die. :::::::::: Other interruptions ~~XXXX~~ include various radio programs. Some of them I listen to. :::::: Want to get this cut tonight so I can crank the mineo tomorrow or the nextday and get in under the deadline. So, on late PM of Friday, Oct. 3, 1947... I bid thee all adios til nexttime, which will prob'ly be next year so Happy Holidays to y'all too!

James Blair

James Blair was born in Scotland, 1713, and came to America in 1730. He was a Presbyterian minister and a prominent figure in the early history of the United States. He served as the first president of the College of William and Mary in 1776. Blair was also a member of the Continental Congress and played a significant role in the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. He was known for his eloquence and his commitment to the principles of liberty and justice for all. Blair's influence on the American Revolution and the early development of the nation is well-documented. He died in 1786, leaving behind a legacy of leadership and service to the young republic.



Handwritten signature or name, possibly 'W. G. ...'



Philip Key
Jan 41