

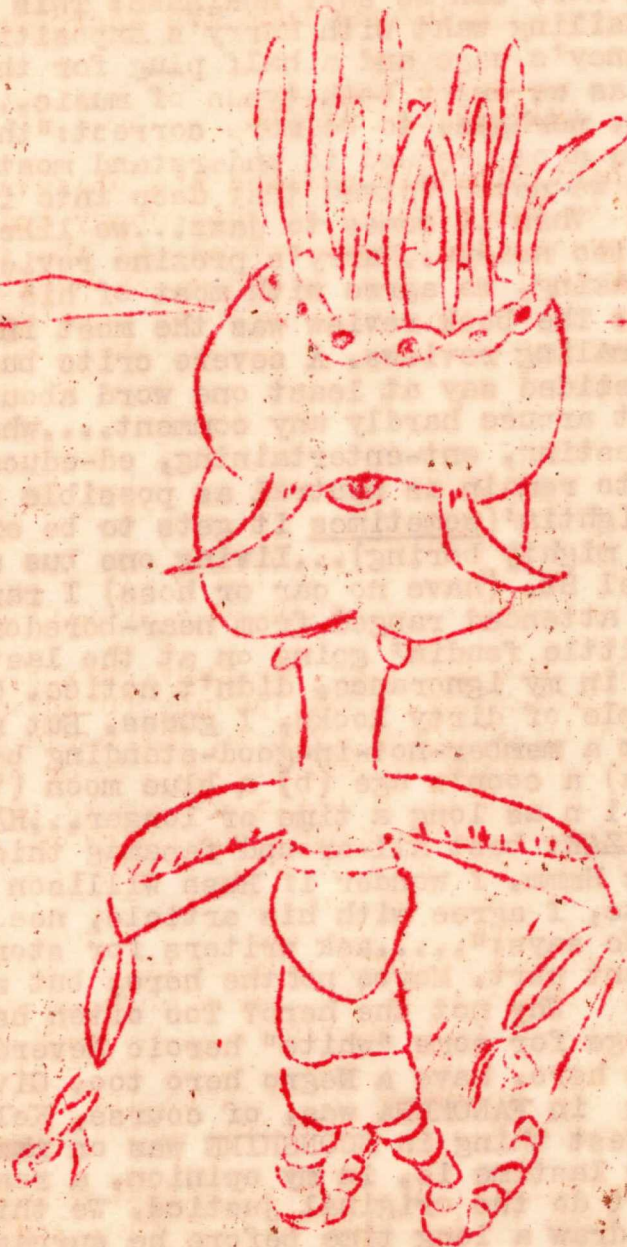
Len's Den

~~RECORDED~~ 26 Dec 47: At this writing we have seven stencils out for this ish and an idea and the materials for a different type of cover...Readers of this mag will note (with interest—no doot) that the article by Stanley Woolston has three titles. These titles were suggested by the author and your humble and ignoramic editor couldn't make up his mind which one to use. So we said to us, we said: Why be half-safe? And why be stingy? Use all three titles! Be generous to the good readers of your unworthy mag-ette. Let 'em take their choice. So, kind reader, take yer cherce. Speakin' of Stan (otherwise known as jsw), he will have in this or the next mailing a mag of his own, being a new member of this fine, old fan organization. (FAPA seems to be just about the only fan organization left that can be considered both fine and old.) We thinks (plural for methinks...) Stan is collecting enough fapacredits this time what with his articles and monster-pic and poem in this ish of Moony and if he brings out his fapamag too.... He is ~~also~~ considering making his printed mag-to-be (SIN---~~stingy~~ just barely mentioned in last ish of Moony, remembah?) a fapamag too. That is, he'll print a special edition for fapa. Time will tell. In re Stan's monster-pic this time: Artist and Editor had different ideas as to the "explanation" of this issue's Monster I've Known. We wont print 'em here as we'd like to hear the viewpoints of other interested fen and dinnae wanna bias 'em with our impression and Stan's ~~mag~~ original impression of the thing. So tell us, amigos: What is it? Why is it? What is it doing? Or is it? Etc..... The Space-Bo' Hank cartoon in this ish was reproduced from the third ish of Moony which appeared before outraged fapaeyes in the Summer 1943 Mailing. Hope the reproduction is seeable...we're not very good at stylus work and the original (in this case) wasn't much to work with...Will continue a series of Space-Bo' Hank cartoons if they meet with enough approval. ...Since we are making like an editor, we suppose we'd better make some sort of statement of policy about the proposed fan column in Amazing. We've said this stuff before in letters to Fandom Speaks and this is the last time we say it anywhere. We hope, List ye children to these immortal woids. IF we published a subscription zine we prob'ly wouldn't send it to Amazing for review. We dont read Amazing. If we had a spare copy around we might send it to Startling because once in a while we do read SS and TWS. Now Burbee is OE of FAPA. He sends these mailings to Amazing and SS. We dont read Amazing and only read SS when the lead novel looks like it might be good. But we dont care where Burbee or any future OE of FAPA sends the spare mailings as long as he obeys the constitution and makes sure that each fapamember gets his or her envelopes each quarter, etc, etc. We think Burbee is being fair enough by stating that he'll remove your mag from the envelope for Amazing if you so desire. Like we said, we dont much care one way or t'other. We dont read the mag in question. Like as not, anything the Amazing reviewer has to say about Moony will be derogatory (hah! An unconscious pun....derogatory!....ouch!) since ye editor of Moonshine is inclined to make obscene npises at Amazing and its hokum. So we wont even bother to read the proposed review section. We like amateur publishing because it is fun, because it is instructive, because it gives us a bit of ego-boo. Tis doubtful if the proposed column will be instructive (to us, that is) or make with the ego-boo. We just wont rate it. We join

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Len's Den (continued and concluded)

with our weary readers in saying, "So What?..." ~~What~~! What a long-winded way of saying that we don't like Amazing but we don't care who reads our fapamag... And now a ~~few~~ ~~few~~ few brief comments on the Fall 47 Maling....PLENUM: Milt's Philcon write-up was both instructive and entertaining. What more can we say? HORIZENS: This could be called a Music Appreciation Mailing what with Harry's Exposition on the classical stuff and Laney's page and a half plug for the old Satchmo. Enjoyed both articles as we enjoy both types of music...depending on the mood we are "in" for, perhaps, to be more correct: "the mood we want to be put in"....). We don't pretend to understand most of the symphonic and operatic stuff; we never delved that deep into it. But some of it does give us a "bang". When it comes to jazz...we like it blue...we like it hot...but not too noisy...Harry's prozine reviews are interesting and, generally speaking, we agree with most of his views on the various mags...FRAPP'E: The book review was the most interesting item in this ish. Also the maling reviews. A severe critic but an honest one. TANGENTS: int. (Have decided say at least one word about each mag or sheet-6 even those that arouse hardly any comment...whatever that means. int means interesting, ent-entertaining, ed-educational, etc...) FAN-DANGO: Am trying to remain as neutral as possible in all this fussin', feudin' and fightin' (sometimes it gets to be excitin' but there are times when it gets mighty boring)...Living one bus and two trolleys away from battered Bixel St. (have no car or horse) I rarely get to club meets. Meetings I attended ranged from near-boredom to very interesting. There was little feudin' going on at the last meeting I attended-er--unless I, in my ignorance, didn't notice. Oh, there were a few cracks and a couple of dirty looks, I guess. But no hollerin' or hittin'...Reckon I'm ~~am~~ a member-not-in-good-standing because I haven't been to a meeting in (a) a coon's age (b) a blue moon (take yer cherce) and haven't payed dues in as long a time or longer...HALF LENGTH ARTICLES # 1: int. GRULZAK: best all-around fapamag this time. int.ent. and ed. too...PHANTEUR: Hmmm. I wonder if Russ Willison could be.... may be not. At any rate, I agree with his article, needles s to say. Except for one thing: He says:".....ask writers for stories in which Negroes play an important part. Maybe not the hero, but at least the hero's friend and aid." Why not the hero? Too often has the Negro been portrayed as a stooge for some "white" heroic Neverdowrong. If we must have a white hero, have a Negro hero too. Give'em equal billing, in....Best thing in FANOMENA was, of course, Keller's satiric Eugenic Fan...Best thing in MOONSHINE was on ~~the~~ the mag. Stan's Monster coverpic lasttime is, in my opinion, a real beauty. The reproduction doesn't do the original justice. We think jsw, staff artist for Moony, will draw a long time before he surpasses this monster-creation. He will, no doubt...and when you do, Stan...remember Moonshine....ATOTE: diary was interesting in spots, boring in spots...GLOM:int.ent. FAPA FLYPAPER: ent. ELMORMURS: int. MAJOR DISASTER PLAN: glanced thru it but doubt if I'll ever read it...SLITHY TOVES: Liked the poem after the second reading. Prose was interesting, too and the quotations entertaining enough to warrant being quoted. Nice cover pic of Hippocraties too. REQUIM: int. SPARK: huzzah for the cover! contents were ent. too...SNIX: ENT... WILD HAIR:int.,ent. but hardly ed. And I think that's all of'em including the postmailings. Poddin me for changing from we to I in midstream but making like an editor is too much of a strain in these after-Christmas surroundings. But I wanted to get these sfencils cut while I had all this extra "spare time"...Best Wishes!



MONSTERS I
HAVE KNOWN
(# 4)

Looking At "Reality" Through Speculation

What's Real? (A Theory and Controversial Fields of Thought

A Glance Into the Macrocosmos

by
Stanley Woolston

As a young man, Albert Einstein checked his observations on how Nature seemed to work with the systems of philosophy and physics of the great thinkers who preceded him and worked out the theory of time-space interrelationships that has made his name so popular with the science-fiction authors. He avoided the trap of considering the teachings of others as iron-clad laws and thus developed a structure that today is considered closer to the truth than any other theory on the make-up of the Universe. So, in a few years, a young man revolutionized several sciences by his own clear-headed investigations into some of the more deviant parts of the "Natural Laws". Einstein has done what few of us--even with the inspiration of science-fiction behind us--have done. He has personally investigated the Universe and, with his mind, built up an understanding that explains more than does any other law of the cosmos. He has sought coherency, a basic reality.

But what is Reality? The question, in many guises, is forced into our consciousness many times a day. Some people build up a philosophy to describe the relationship of themselves to the world around them... but-as a rule-the system is based on self-deception or an emphasis on ego. ((Editor's Note: Or both)) A basic system is needed to explain the interrelations of physical structures, one everyone can use. The works of Einstein serves in many ways as such a key--as a descriptive key that locks together mass, matter, energy and time.

Except for the "proof" that the Atomic Bomb gives, many people would still think of Einstein as just a mathematical crackpot. Of course, many still do. Perhaps it's the dependance on close observation on the orbit of a tiny planet, Mercury, or the actions of an electron orbit jump in an atom that makes the works of Einstein seem scientific mumbo-jumbo. The language of mathematics itself is a riddle to many of us...especially the revolutionary type that "explains" relativity.

It takes a psychological willingness to mentally focus ourselves into surroundings other than that of Earthian normal before we can start to conceive the vastness of General Relativity. A reader of science-fiction should have an advantage in understanding the workings of the Universe, for the "edge" of thinking in a conservative pattern is broken. As the psychologists explain, before any action can be done the mind must be ready for it. Pre-thought on any possible action or pattern of thought will make that action or thought that much easier. By repetitions of cosmic themes, the mind of the fan becomes willing to accept certain things as possible and even logical.

It would seem logical that the first space-travelers will have to be mentally acclimated to conditions of un-Earthly isolation, to conditions of no gravity and vast spaces all around the few habitable rooms of the space-craft. Even a healthy, "psychologically-tested" mind might be unable to reorient itself to conditions outside Earth.

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((continued))

by Stanley Woolston

Some day a real study into this problem will be needed—on the day space-travel opens. ((Editor's Note: May we suggest a couple of "days" before? Mais oui...))

One of the greater, and more apparent, parts of our visible universe is that pulsating orb, the Sun. In the early stages of Man's growth on Earth, many people considered the Sun a god, a giver of life and (I think) wisdom. Its mass is pretty close to that of many stars, but its size is much smaller. It is, in fact, a midget sub and a variable star. As the most apparent object in the heavens, it is natural that it should hold our attention and arouse our curiosity. Considering the distance and extremely unstable atomic condition, only the expenditure of much mental effort could make the physical structure of it available for Man's store of "knowledge". Even when astrophysics has its heyday—with travel to other planets possible and the ultimate examination of all the unnumbered worlds—the Sun will still be quite unattainable unless a perfect shield could be made for a space ship. And then, with a perfect shield, the conditions inside a sun couldn't be detected... only samples could be ladeled out and this partial sampling might prove insufficient as far as finding what conditions are.... Once again, imagination must be used or this "final mystery" of astrophysics might never be solved.

While reading through a book called "Mathematics and the Imagination", by Edward Kasner and James Newman, I was attracted to the many stimulating ideas on number, time and "laws of chance". One of the "laws" expressed was (roughly) that in chance notation of atoms in a rock or other "heavy" object, the direction of the random motion of the atoms might be, at some instant, in one direction, and so the "heavy" object might then rise against the pull of gravity. Of course, with the millions-to-one chance of any atoms moving in a straight line, you might have to watch a rock for billions of years before it suddenly levitated itself heavenward. But if some chance would "cause" this to happen—the result could well be a reverse-meteorite (If some law of chance could be controlled, the result would be a superior "space drive" for your spacemobile. It would be closer to perpetual motion than any other kind of energy source, for random energy is always with us. ((Editor Again: Because it is a "poor" energy source, eh?))) Carrying on the thought of random motion, I formed a bubble-thin theory that I hereby set forth for some astrophysicist to puncture.

Of all the wonders that haunt the mind of man, the mystery of his origin perhaps rates highest. After that, or before that—chronologically, is the mystery of the origin of the planets, a brain-teaser that has had many answers in the teachings of many gods and the journals of science. And, of course, the pages of science-fiction.

The laws of probability are today very vaguely expressed and are not completely worthy of a place in the classification of "science". However, a certain ground-work has been started—with a mathematical basis forming that which may make more of "reality" apparent to the that inquisitive seeker of knowledge and know-how, Man. One of the troubles with Mathematics as a tool is that the mind of a human is incapable of extension into very great numbers. While we have learned how to count into large numbers we get lost in their vastness easily. A million seconds is a confusing concept to all but the most

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/by Stanley Woolston/

mathematically sophisticated. Yet, tied in by mathematical hyroglyphics, a structure of knowledge has been built up that would be impossible without its aid. Mathematics will serve as a prime tool in the days to come in ways only vaguely guessed today.

Without using mathematics, a mental pattern of the Sun may be developed. Atoms of various elements are mixed in an ionized state so the outer(chemical-reacting parts) of the atom are split off. These elements are intensively charged and the random energy causes them to dance around like specks of dirt in boiling water.

These "guesses" on solar conditions are based on observed conditions in laboratories and flights of fancy of astronomers. Pardon me if I overstep this boundary and extend into guess-work suitable, perhaps, for stf alone.

To the astronomer a Nova appears as an intense flash of light that seemingly explodes a usually low-magnitude star into an inferno that sometimes outshines the brightest of normal stars apparent in the heavens. What Novas are is a problem to the theorists of both science and science-fiction.

It is not a new concept that given enough time the random motion in an object or a mass will move in one direction. If this happened there would be a sudden and violent action. The mass would gain speed, like a racket under full thrust, as the mechanical energy became directional.

If this would happen in a star, the result would be interesting—if the star was far enough away! As the mass of "activated" material became in effect a body with speed and therefore a unity of its own, it would push through the surrounding mass of star, and intense pressures might be built up. It is possible the direction of its movement might be at a tangent or near-tangent to the surface of the star. This would cause a recoil-action and set the star spinning, if the mass involved was large enough.

But if the mass was hurled in a direct line from the center, it would cause no spin. Inevitably, if the speed was continued long enough, it would be hurled into space as a lump or a tanderil of molten matter. If the star was set spinning the mass would tend to describe a curve and form an orbit, so the end-result would be a captive world. If the lump was thrown directly away from the star, it could topple back—a near-miss as a planet-bearing effort but tending to further disturb the stability of the star.

As a star loses a piece of its mass two things might happen; either it would rupture the surface of the sun as it left, or the masses would sperate without a great strain like, in reverse, two bubbles blending into one. If the disturbance was of the intensity to tear the surface of the star greatly it would release internal pressure and energies and the resulting blast might take on Nova force. If so, it would threaten to destroy the planet-to-be, so if this line of thought is worth-while, the result would be no surface disturbances great enough to release internal heats.

Some great erruptions of the Sun, though not of the power to cause the birth of planets, have ocured in recent years. These lumps of matter are hurled out...then topple back as the pressures needed aren't "generated". It has been suggested by astronomers that such a mass could cool by expansion in space's vacuum, then harden and shrink. If a near-miss as a planet would travel many times the diameter of the parent star and cool enugh so that when it fell

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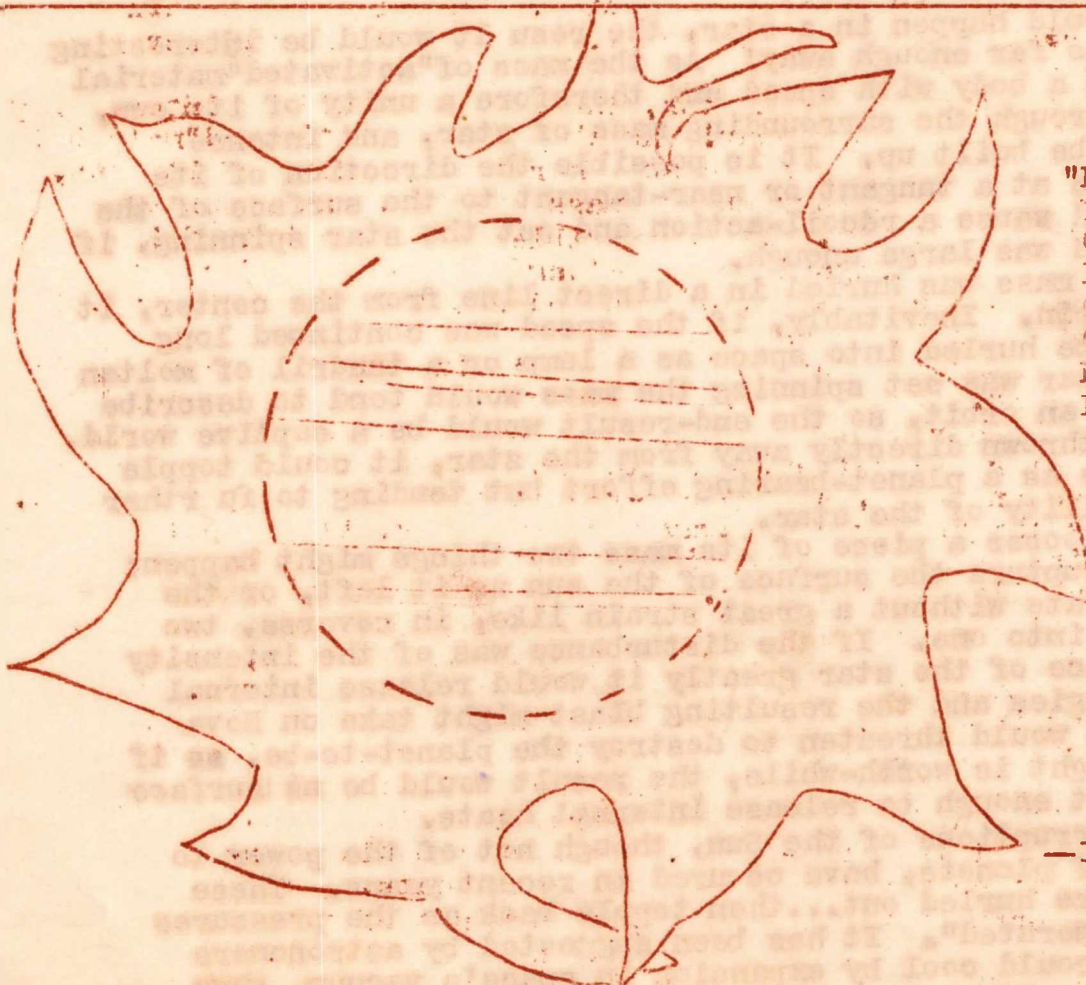
by Stanley Woalston

back into the parent mass it caused an explosion by the sudden dipping of its chilled mass into the star, it might tear aside the surface-areas on a scale great enough to cause a Nova to develop. (Of course, two heated objects could blend whereas one cold and one heated would cause a reaction of possible great violence.) *

This, of course, is the wildest speculation. I'm giving it as a speculation into an unexplored region of our universe, not as a reality but as a challenge to opposition...or even as a base for a pseudo-science story. If we may consider all Man's past history as a preface to tomorrow, we may also think of it as a beginning of our human race in an outward expansion to fill the habital worlds of space. It is a pleasant circumstance that Man was not born blind, or the Stars might be forever unknown and the challenge they hold go untaken.

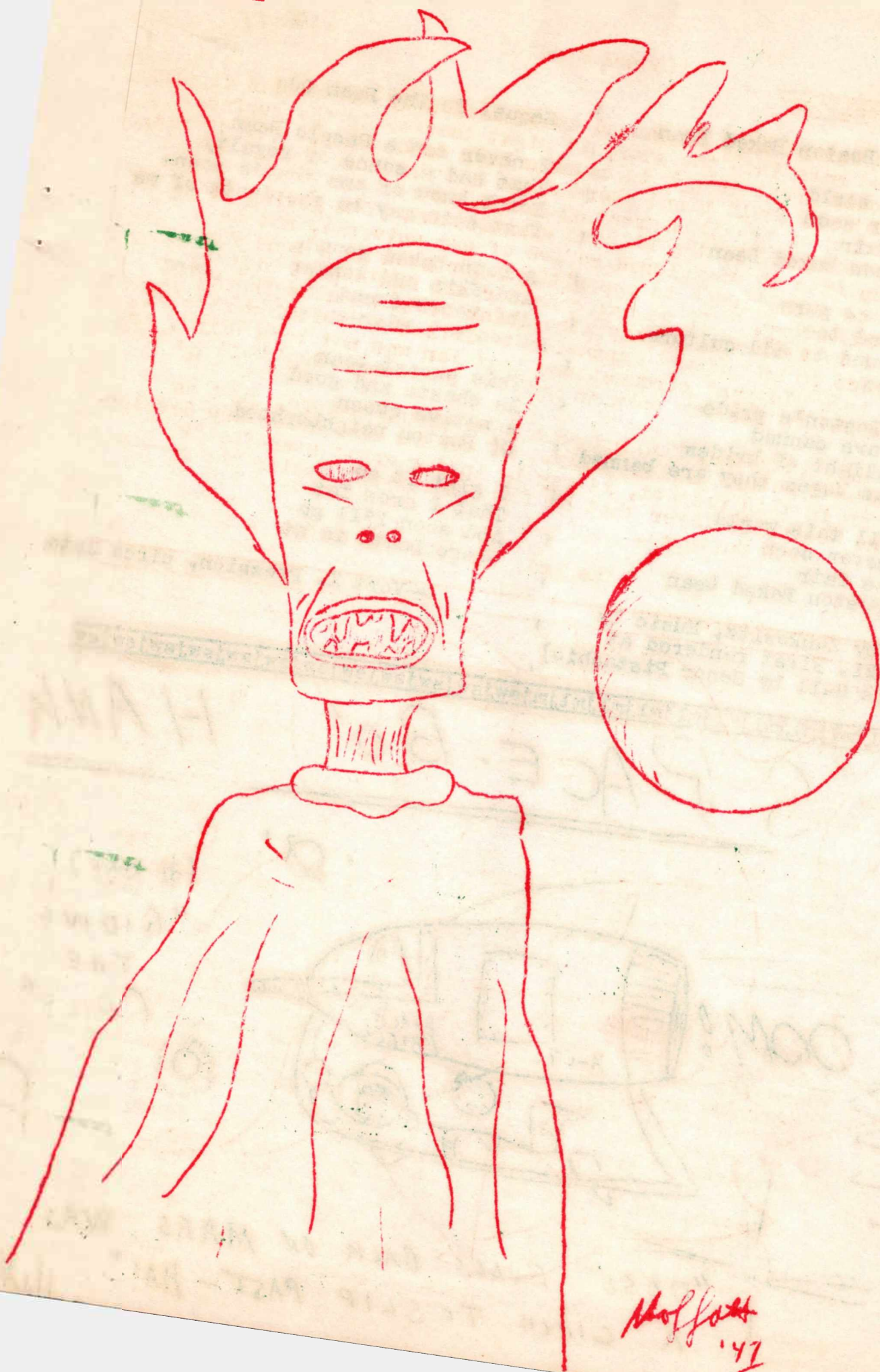
Some day, it seems, Mankind as a race should mature, just as each human must mature individually. If the future holds any development for Man in this respect, it may be in the great star-fields outside the Heavyside Layer that he finds his feet, facing the challenge of a raw Universe.

The End



*
"KEEP
YOUR
COLD
FEET
OUT
OF
MY
BACK!!!"

-ljm



Moffatt
'47

((Editor's Note: The following Space Ballad--a folk song from the future--was written by the late Blaine R. Dunmire and--if we remember correctly--Martin Cramer. We couldn't find our copy of the original...so 'tis reprinted from memory... -ljm))

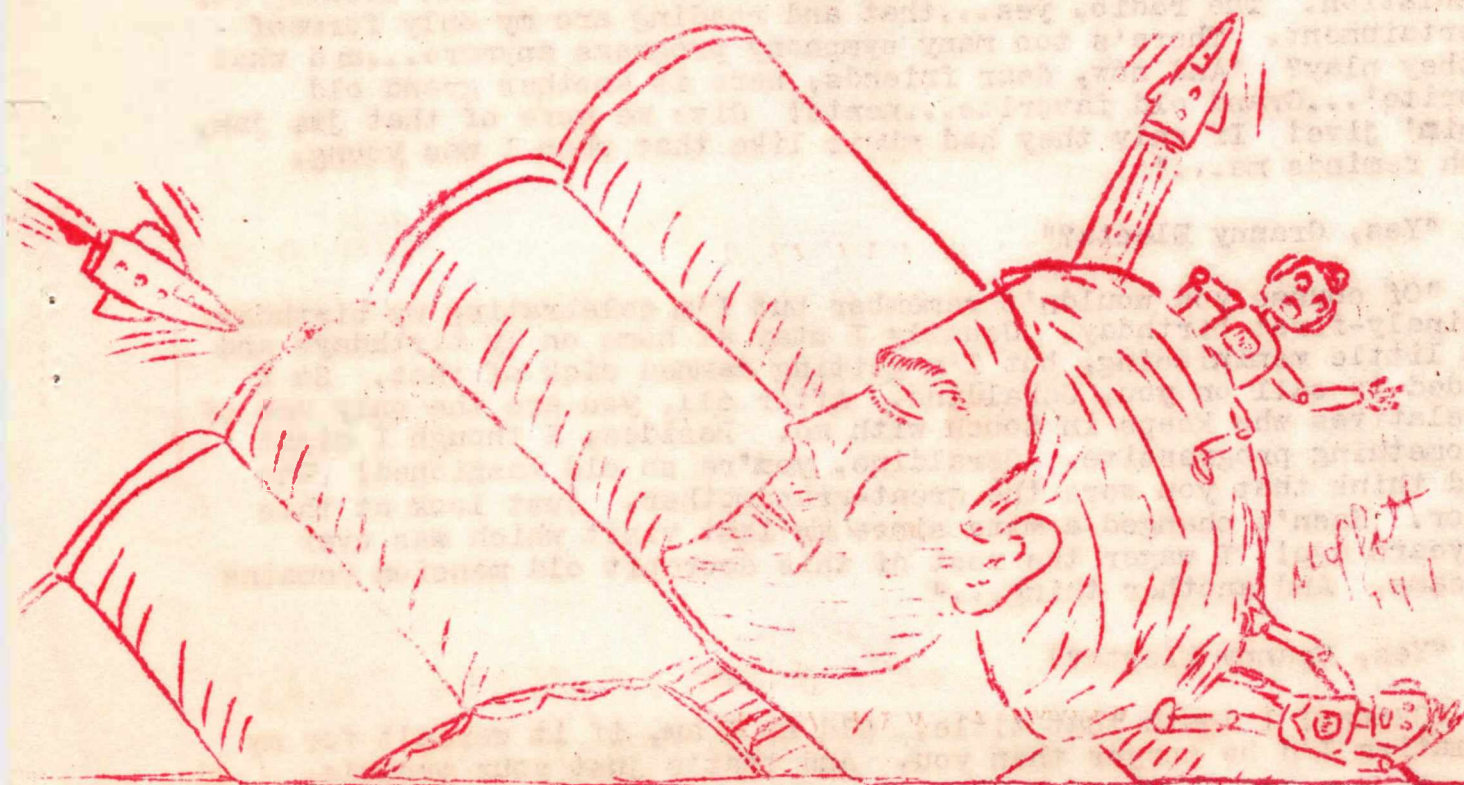
A Spaceman's Dream

Last night as I lay sleeping
I had a dream so fair
I dreamed that there were robots
A-playing through my hair
I dreamed that there were rockets
A-whizzing past my ear
But when I 'woke I was pleased to find
That they were far from near

Chorus: T'was only a dream
Just a spaceman's dream
As I lay on those cold rocket tubes
T'was only a dream
Just a spaceman's dream
As I lay on those cold rocket tubes

On a spaceman's life
Is quite alright
For a robot or Martian, tis true
But Earth, you see
Is the place for me
Under Terra's ceiling of blue

Chorus: T'was only a dream
Just a spaceman's dream
As I lay on those cold rocket tubes
T'was only a dream, etc...



ELECTA

-by Len J. Moffatt

"Granny! Granny Electa!"

"Don't 'granny' me, Geraldine! Just open the door wide enough to let me through. Well? How are you? Have you heard from Wilbert lately? That young whippersnapper never writes to his dear, old Great-grandmama but you'd think he'd write to his only sister, at least...No! No, don't take my arm. I'm perfectly capable of caning myself into your parlor. Ah! Still ou trageously decorated I see. Geraldine, why won't you give in to modernism? For a gal that's only in her thirties..."

Electa paused for breath and seated her spare frame in an ancient, overstuffed chair. She clung grimly to her silver topped cane and cast wrinkled scowls about the dusky parlor.

Geraldine lowered her plump body onto the sofa and smiled—almost grimly.

"Granny, this is so unexpected. I mean...how...how on Earth did you get here?"

"How else would I get here except by train, you ninny. Oh, don't look so shocked. I'm not so old that I don't know my way around. So I sit out there in that old country house and rot, most of the time. And no one but those simpering servants awaiting my demise, hoping that I'll be generous in my will...Ah! The fools!"

"But you have your radio, Granny. You love the radio..."

"Don't speak to me as though I were a child. I'm not looking for consolation. The radio, yes...that and reading are my only forms of entertainment. There's too many symphony programs anymore...and what do they play? 'And now, dear friends, here is another grand old favorite'...Grand old favorite...nerts! Give me more of that jim, jam, jumpin' jive! If only they had music like that when I was young. Which reminds me..."

"Yes, Granny Electa?"

"Of course you wouldn't remember but I'm celebrating my birthday, my ninety-first birthday. Usually I stay at home on ly birthdays and o a little reminiscing, but I'm getting damned sick of that. So I decided to call on you, Geraldine. After all, you are the only one of my relatives who keeps in touch with me. Besides, I though I might do something progressive. Geraldine, you're so old fashioned! One would think that you were the great-grandmother. Just look at this parlor. Hasn't changed a mite since my last visit which was over ten years ago! I wager the rest of this decrepit old mansion remains the same. And another thing..."

"Yes, Granny Electa?"

"Granny! I loath that title. Old as I am, if it weren't for my rheumatism I'd be spryer than you. And that's just your trouble.

Electa
(cont'd.)

Almost forty years old and no husband. Why I was married at sixteen. Poor old Jasper...just couldn't keep up with me. Died at sixty-five and me still raring to go. Well, don't just sit there goggle-eyed. Aren't you going to fix me up with a spot of something? We must celebrate my ninety-one years, y'know. Ah, yes. Nine more to go. Then I'll be ready and willing to say the hell with it and go on to meet dear Jasper, wherever he might be..."

"Would you like some tea, Gr...er...Electa?"

"Tea? Tea! If you haven't anything stronger than that, skip it! Oh, my aching back! You wouldn't, of course. Wilbert, at least, isn't so Puritanical. Leastwise, he wasn't last I heard of him. Where is he now, by the way?"

This time she stopped for an answer, cocking her grey old head to one side, adjusting the angle of her chic hat.

Geraldine related the latest escapades of her rascally brother. Electa replied, half in defense of her great-grandson, half in derisive jest concerning his "doings". Thus the afternoon wore on; Age and Vanishing Youth in semi-polite combat...

Perhaps it was fortunate that the alien space craft landed silently on Sandon Street at one o'clock in the morning. Sandon Street, like the other streets of this small midwestern town, was quiet, dark, and peopleless at this particular hour.

The space craft was about thirty feet long, streamlined in shape and had no visible hatchways or portholes. Presently, a section on one side of the ship slid back and a shadowy figure steeped out into the street. At first glance this figure might be taken for a rather grotesque looking human being, but closer inspection would reveal that, despite its semi-human appearance, this being was obviously a visitor from some faraway world, a world similar in many ways to our own planet but dissimilar in certain other ways.....

He (for it was a male) stood over six feet in height, wore close fitting garments that covered his spare frame from shoulders to soles and a metallic cap that perched on the back of his bald skull. It was his face, when compared with that body so straight and tall, that testified to the fact that he had been born and reared on another planet. His face was a mass of wrinkles. A snub nose and tiny mouth were almost lost within that grotesque corrugation. Only the perky ears and beady eyes could be clearly perceived on that seemingly-ancient head.

The alien man talked silently to himself.

"These erections must be dwelling places. It is their night... Perhaps I could steal into one of these buildings and make a...er... scientific survey. After all, that is the purpose of my trip here, although the Board was not in complete favor of my journey. I think I shall enter this one...."

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Electa stirred in her sleep. She was dreaming of her youth, of the days when she and Jasper had, after a series of flirtations and soft pettings, decided that they were in love. She rolled over on her back and a slight breeze from the half-open window caressed her time-worn features. She smiled dreamily and then a sharp rheumatic pain brought her up to a sitting position. She sat, wide awake, and cursed in three different languages.

"Shouldn't have left that window open. Fresh air and plenty of it, I've always said, but it sure raises the devil with my..... afflictions.....Awk!"

A man was climbing through the window. At least, it looked like a man....

The tall, shadowy figure moved to her bedside and towered over her. She opened her mouth to scream and then quickly snapped it shut. The man was talking to her, telling her to be silent and she would not be harmed.

But—wait! He wasn't talking. She couldn't hear anything. Yet he had just said....

"Oh, my aching back!" she murmured, "Mental telepathy!"

The man's thoughts snapped into her brain. /can/

"I am sorry to learn of your pain. Perhaps I ~~help~~ can help you...Yes, it is—in a way—mental telepathy."

"Who...are you?"

He told her his name and where he was from but she didn't understand. She understood that he was from some faraway planet but the name and places he mentioned were not familiar to her.

"I don't understand your name. I get it...I get it...You said: 'My name is...' and then the thought is so twisted I can't understand it, let alone pronounce it. Likewise the name of your planet...Ah! This is bosh! I must say that you are an imaginative burglar and perhaps possess extraordinary powers but..."

"Look at me more closely," suggested the alien, "Wait...do you have some sort of artificial light?"

"That button on the wall there..."

He strode to the far wall and fumbled for the light switch.

"Perhaps you had better prepare yourself for a shock," he said, "You see, I was told on my home planet—by an Elder who had visited here, ages ago—that the people of this planet were ugly, according to our standards. So...I might appear ugly to you...according to your standards..."

"I'm prepared," Electa said grimly, "Are you?"

Finally the light flashed on and the alien turned to face her. They both gasped—but for different reasons.

Electa saw an old man's head on a young man's body. The alien man saw....

(cont'd on the next page)

Electa
(cont'd.)

"Well? What are you staring at? I'm not that old even if I am a little shrivèled."

"Nooo...no, of course not. The Elder I mentioned was wrong or else the people of this planet have changed. You...you are beautiful, so young, so fair..."

"Are you kidding, Mister?"

"What?"

"Are you joking?"

"Joking? Oh. Oh no. No, I mean it. What is your name. Think it slowly and perhaps, with my stronger brain, I will be able to understand it."

"E-lec-ta."

"E...lec...ta... Yes. A beautiful name, though it has no meaning in my tongue...but beautiful to my mind. And your face, your figure—fairer than any of the women of my world...and it has been a long time since I have seen any of them. And you are so young, so fragile. You are ill too but I can cure you..."

"I'm ill alright. Ill in the head, I'm beginning to think. If this is a dream, don't wake me up. No one has called me young and fair for a long time. Listen, Mister, I'm ninety-one years old and in my right mind—maybe. I don't mind being joshed a little, even by a strange man. But let's get to the point. What's this all about?"

"Ninety-one years...Oh, no! You couldn't be! Why....Ah! Of course! Ninety-one years, according to the way you figure time. But in my world you would be perhaps...sixteen. Yes. Sweet sixteen...."

"Sweet sixteen—huh! Then your world must be vastly different from this one. Say! If that's the case, how can you live here? I've read a few pseudo-science takes in my time. You're not wearing a what-de-yacallit?...space-suit or helmet..."

"The atmosphere of this planet is similar to ours...a little more dense here, I believe. I would not want to stay here very long."

"Then why don't you leave and let a poor old lady get some sleep?"

"Because...I think...I think I have fallen in love with you. No, please don't be alarmed. Hear me, please. Come with me to my world. There you will be treated so that you may become one of us. The atmosphere alone should do wonders for you. I can't explain all of the scientific technicalities because you wouldn't understand them anyway. But your illness will be cured...you will be able to live again and love again as you have done in the days of your youth on this pitiful planet. Please say you will come..."

"You mean...you mean..."

"Precisely."

"Mister, you may be a charlatan, or a madman, or you may be really what you say you are. But, by all the pink-toed plutocrats on the planet Pluto, I'm going to accept your offer. One or both of us may be crazy but I think I'm beginning to like you a little too...Besides...at my age, what can I lose?"

Swiftly the alien man picked her up and held her close to his thin chest. His thoughts came as a soft, carressing murmur.

"E-lec-ta, my love..."

He wrapped a blanket about her and, carrying her over his shoulder, climbed out of the second-story window. He descended to the ground by the way he had come: the vine-entangled lattice-work. Then he ran swiftly to his ship with his precious burden.

Once inside the ship with the hatchway safely closed, he laid her upon a long, narrow bunk and gazed down at her, fondly.

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Electa
(concluded)

"Well?" She smiled up at him.

He darted to another section of the ship and then was back by her side again. In his hand he held a small gadget that greatly resembled a hypodermic needle.

"The first treatment will begin now. It will put you into a long sleep. When you awake you will feel much better and we should be back on my home planet by then."

She smiled again.

"Before you give me the treatment," she said, "I would like to ask a favor of you. Since I can't pronounce your real name, would you mind very much if I called you Jasper?"

"What?"

"Jas-per."

"Oh, Jas-per. Does it mean perhaps that you love me too? Is it a term of endearment?"

"Yes, in a way. May I?"

"Of course, my love."

"Thank you, 8Jasper'..."

He inserted the needle and presently she slept.

The End

ad lib/ Have you heard the Abe Burrows show, Sat nite, CBS? (He's on at 9 PM Pacific Coast time. Consult your local paper or radio guide for time and station.) We recommend this fifteen minute program to fellow-gen because it is "fennish" in appeal, tho it could hardly be considered science-fictional. Perhaps fantastic or "weird", but not stfnal/... Burrows was (and still is, we guess) a gag writer and script writer for both radio and movies. He became the life of various Hollywood parties by simply sitting at a piano, banging it with determined if not musical fists, and singing his own song-parodies in a N.Y.-accented voice which has timber, if no pitch... He also does satirical take-offs on radio's "homely philosophers", Hollywood's oorny movie plots, radio's irritating advertising, etc. But his cynical song-parodies are best of all. He classifies each song according to "type". A couple of his titles are: The Girl With The Three Blue Eyes and Oh How We Danced ON The Night We Were Wed, I Needed A Wife Like A Hole In The Head. Some of you have (no doubt) heard Burrows but if you haven't...treat yourself to a really funny, "different" fifteen minutes. Catch Abe Burrows..... -ljm

We are having difficulty with this issue's cover. Maybe it wont turn out the way we wanted.... At any rate we'd like some comment -pro and con—on the cover and the mag as a whole. This is the largest ish of Moonshine to date. We make no promises for the future. There may or may not be larger issues of Moonshine. It's a cinch there will be smaller ones... -ljm

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