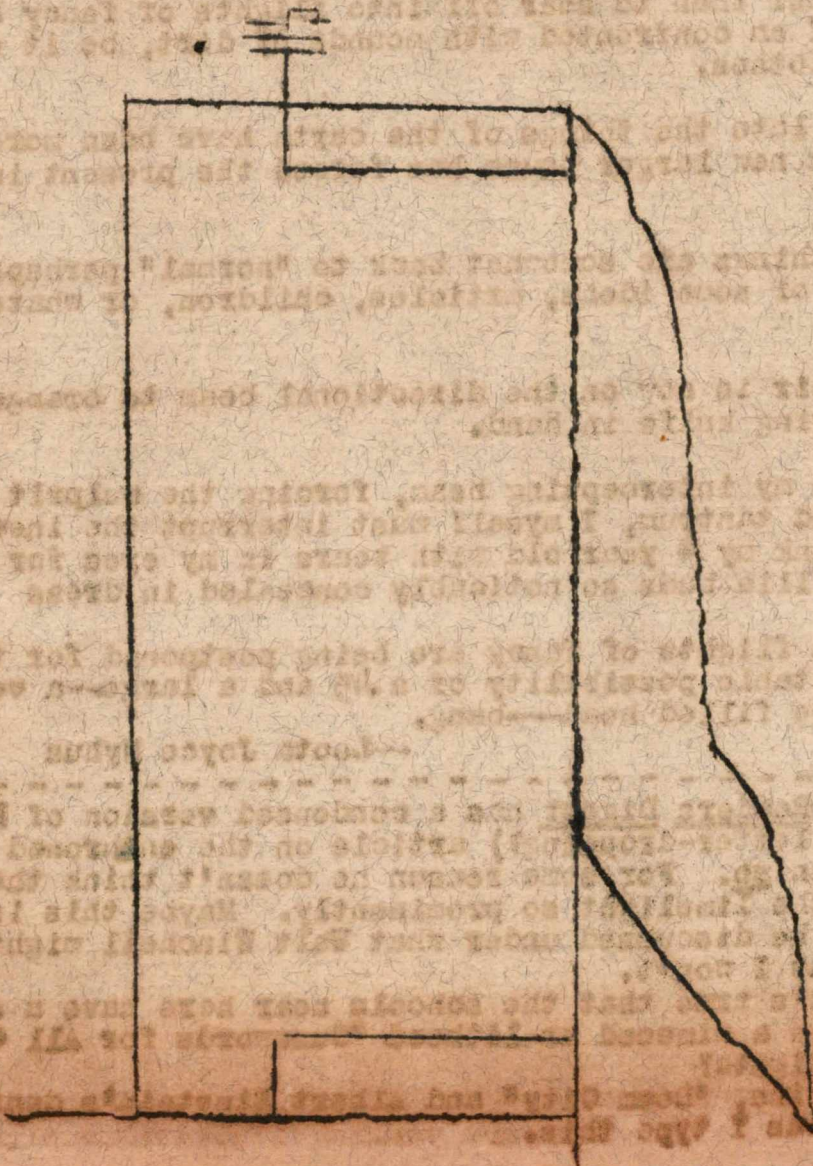


MOONSHINE

JUNE 1955



MY DAZE

by Leota Nyhus

(This arti-cull came from my sister No. 2)

My alleged humanoid brother asked me if I would like to write something for "Moonshine."

As I am sort of occupied, in wholesale lots, with three offspring plus friend husband, it is seldom that I get a chance to pilfer my brother's magazine shelves for reading material.

My near 6-year old tendrillless son must be developing a new type built in radar. Some magical type ray that is attracted to candy, cake, etc. I don't think there will be much market value for this among parents, but perhaps it can be altered to pick up sand, toys, snails and anything else that adheres to children.

The girls, ages 3 and 4, are still normal, preferring dolls and cowboys to the more high type mental disease of space jive.

My husband, even more earth bound than myself (or children) seems to prefer tinkering with the insides of car, washing machine, lawn mower, etc., rather than to soar off into flights of fancy as I am prone to do, when I am confronted with mounds of dirt, be it on floor, children, or clothes.

Admittedly of late the things of the earth have been more permanent. Moving into a new larger house has forced the present into the foreground.

However when things are somewhat back to "normal" perhaps Stan will be the recipient of some ideas, articles, children, or whatever the muse dictates.

The son and heir is now on the directional beam to oranges or apples, as witness paring knife in hand.

As I switch on my intercepting beam, forcing the culprit to go off into tangent and tantrum, I myself must interrupt the inevitable collision, to thank my 4 year old with tears in my eyes for a lovely fistful of Camillia buds so noticeably concealed in dress pocket.

As you can see flights of fancy are being postponed for the more humdrum and inevitable possibility of a .45 and a large--a very large--hole in my space filled head--bang.

—Leota Joyce Nyhus

The February issue of Readers Digest has a condensed version of Phil Wylie's (how's that for letter-dropping?) article on the enthroned brat, which first appeared in pb. For some reason he doesn't think the tots should be given the limelight so prominently. Maybe this is a subject that should be discussed under what Walt Winchell might call "ejjication". But I won't.

I wonder if it's true that the schools near here have a sort of informal textbook in a mimeoed or lithoed "Cusswords for All Occasions"? Shall I investigate?

The Saulk vaccine, "Doom City" and Albert Einstein's death are recent news items as I type this.

ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK

by Stan Woolston

I believe it's an old tenet or principle of FAPA that there is bound to be a certain percentage of members who will use the last-minute privilege of the post-mailing to get his needed credits in, and that he will probably (a) put in the bare essential, and (b) do it in the most lazy and lackadaisical manner. In the past I have squeezed through with what appears a minimum of effort, but I insist that at least it was not lack of interest. Like the murderer who screams, "I'm sincere!" I insist that behind this addled head is a thinking organ fairly oozing with the will to do better than before.

My worst habit, I'd say, is letting things pile up. Even the knowledge of the principle of scheduling does little good with such an attitude. For about a month I have been trying to get a spare week to work out material for two publications, MOONSHINE for FAPA and THE OUTLANDER for the fanpublic. Much of that other pub is done, except for stencilling and headings, so I've turned to you at last.

I wrote to Bob Tucker when the matter of planned changes in the FAPA constitution came up, and that worthy lad sent me carbon copies of his outpourings, and so provided added fodder for comment. Without digging the letter out, I may go into some of the items here, working on the principle that if I remember it it may be important.

About postmailings, I think it should be retained, but if the members want to fine the user by insisting on double amount or some such deal I won't object. I feel guilty every time I use it, anyway; there must be a reason I do so often but I don't think I'll use the word that comes to mind as it'll be slander.

Increased activity--upping the number of pages to be required, or number of copies--both seem doubtful in value. That is, I wonder who will figure out what figure to set. For ten or even twelve pages a year I might go along with, at the present number of copies I make (70). But if the number of copies raise to much over 75, my antiquated mimeo would be about shot. As it is, I raise the stencil to ink with a brush halfway through or a bit more, as I like clear copies.

Reading over the Constitution while consider loopholes in that document does bring up places where it's apparently incomplete, or out of date. I feel, though, that the a-j groups have it way over such organizations as N3F in the efficiency side; this group has one purpose, which can be fulfilled through the mail very well, while N3F is so multi-purposed that the human element is apt to cause a "bollix" quite often. Incidentally, I'm speaking from cold experience as the group gets an annual shuffle which often means policy changes before they can be actually put into effect efficiently. FAPA, with its clear purpose, can get along with a couple of officers, while N3F almost requires the same number of active members of a small town (ten to 25). Or are my figures wrong?

Getting back to changes in FAPA, I'm in favor of a continuation of the officers as they now stand. Maybe some officers are not as active as others, but anyway they can be around in case of emergency. Four isn't too many to be combersone to work together, even by mail.

ABOUT POSTMAILING

The only objection I have with postmailings are the chance that every member wouldn't get a copy. Oh, I admit there may be a larger chance that there will be some real crud in them, but only because of the attitude of the composer that reflects near-desperation. To prevent cessation of membership some people will have to write down the first thing that comes to mind, and such a policy is apt to be crud-inspiring.

If a certain number of extra copies are demanded by the OE--say ten instead of the couple that are presently needed--for all postmailed zines, and a sum (to be decided by the constitutional rewrite group) assessed at the same time to cover any postage from anyone not receiving a copy, my objections to postmailings would be completely filled.

Of course the OE would have it as his duty to list all postmailings, as he does now, for the next issue of the official organ. However, that would be easy when he receives the extra copies.

SKYHOOK

Redd Bogg's magazine, whether conceived as fanzine or semi-pro, has always struck me as one with a definite personality. It seems to reflect interest in the world as it is, should be and may get around to being sometime. It quotes thinkers, gives opinions, and reaches out to tie in the interests of others with my own.

If I'm not mistaken, the Skyhook Balloon, made by General Mills, grew out of experiments in laminating plastic that was given to them during the war because they laminated their flour sacks. Regardless of the reason or lack of it, the GM people did a good job, and got a balloon that would lift (I believe) about 70 pounds of payload, and the flimsy balloon weighed only a few ounces. Seventy pounds of instruments are quite a load, and so air-to-ground radioing of upper-air weather could go on for days at a time. I believe that some were sent up and allowed to ride the rivers of air all across the U.S., for example, before deflated and (usually) recovered. This gave the weathermen the grasp of long-distance predicting they now brag about. Or at least it has been so claimed by some.

There is a kind of criticism that is somewhat superficial, that is much like the letter-writer who calls faults to the attention of the editor. A fault can help ruin the atmosphere of a story, but of course that kind of criticism is not necessarily anything more than a sort of back-patting, self administered. It's a "see how wise I am" sort of thing. But it can be a sort of beginning step for real interpretive criticism. It's a step above the "I liked it though I don't know why" attitude. In Robert W. Lowndes' article. I'd call this semi-criticism.

Semi-criticism is associated with tyro criticism, perhaps. It may be less sure of itself, less broad in its aims. It may suggest a willingness to reserve judgment for a time, until the critical abilities "ripen."

FAPA comments are quite often in this category. They aren't necessarily of the same inspiration as other "schools" of criticism, as I believe both the writer and reader understands the limitations.

FAPA CRITICISM AND THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Lowndes' article in the seventh ann-ish of Skyhook says something about the value (or lack of value) of FAPA criticisms as far as they reflect on real values of a piece. This suggested a line of thought which, though not related very closely with his article, I'll impose on youall here.

If FAPA criticism has a purpose, I would suggest it be that of serving as a link or chain to stimulate a conversation-atmosphere in the fanzines affiliated in this group. Some more cynical member than I might say it's all for sweet egoboo, but I'd say that is more a joke than reality.

Perhaps a few eager newcomers to fandom might find the FAPA commentaries ego-inspiring. If they do, it is probably because they arouse interest (or maybe disgust: sometimes the uncritical can't interpret a reaction to differentiate between the reason for the outpouring of "egoboo"). If they try to read ego-lifting "messages" into these personal comments, it may lead to eventual loss of interest, and at the end of the year of membership they may drop out.

I would suggest that FAPAns need an aid to inspire the free-flowing of words. It has been in my mind to write to a number of members who find it hard to be represented outside of their last-ditch attempts to retain membership, set up a letter-exchange, and perhaps use that method to help bridge the gap between one last-minute rush and the next. At least we might discuss things that we could put on stencil, and a mutual resolve to be more active may be stronger than a single resolve.

The psychology of resolutions is a matter I've done a wee bit of thought on recently. It seems to be the custom to make a list of resolutions at the beginning of a year, hold the breath in an attempt not to forget and break the resolution, and then when at last the inevitable happens, give a sigh of semi-regret and forget the whole mess. Of course that is silly all the way. The habit of not being active in FAPA is stronger than a "one-shot" resolution to be active. I believe the SAPS way to overcome inactivity is to insist on a zine or some sort of activity each halfyear. Though it's easy to find excuses not to support it in FAPA, there is a strong case for such a policy if the intention is to increase activity. For the habit of being prolific is more easily achieved when the member starts in to get out the material and keeps at it consciously even if he once forgets.

So I am wide open for suggestions on now I can trigger my own activity in FAPA. After all these years I'm not as leery as I once was at putting things into these pages, though I still am more critical of my material than I am conscious of values. That is, I avoid whole types of material: my fiction and my poetry, for example. I've had both published in other zines, and at this time have recieved several with fiction, poems and articles, most of which I'd have hesitated publishing myself.

I've corresponded with many of you, in the past if not recently. If any of you have something of interest and want it published outside of your zines, you might send it to me. I'd prefer it limited to a few pages, though, and prefer non-fiction. And write, eh?

MR. SHAKESPEARE OF HOLLYWOOD

A few years ago I saw my first Roy Rogers movie, and a few weeks ago I discovered Julius Caesar (who I see I can't even spell the name of). I don't remember for sure where this was produced, but the above title seemed eye-catching so I typed it anyway. I'd like to make a few noises about this film.

I have been a Shakespeare-avoidist for years, and in the future I will be the same. Despite the fact that once or twice I had almost a feeling of association with the characters, mostly they were so much above life-size that they impressed me very little. All spoke ringingly--and as a result nobody really stood out for dialog reasons, for me. All were windy cusses. Loquacious. Shakespearian.

I have heard that Shakespeare was a rewriter of old plots, and that they were often produced with a lack of ostentation in sets that left much to the imagination of the hearers. If the "theatre" was anything like it is now, I would suspect that there were a bunch of enthusiasts hanging around, including many semi-amateurs who would like to get on the stage and make a noise. Shaky has a way with the words, and he could "handle" so many characters that it would probably afford a wonderful chance for one of the secondary parts becoming theirs. But not being much of a ham, I find the production too unreal for me to suspend my disbelief in it enough to enjoy it.

THE BIG URANIUM RUSH

Along with talk of civilian defense and the test on "Doom City", recent week-ends have been noted for uranium hunting. For curiosity I sent for a free booklet which is put out by the Precision Radiation Instruments, Inc. It's called "64 Questions and Answers on Geiger Counters and Scintillators." I got the address from a paper-back publication purporting to give 1001 valuable things' location. That is, it gives the addresses of some "free offers," and I sent for some of them with very little results. Some of the things were out of stock, etc.--but I got two of those booklets.

A local camera store has information on rush sites, equipment and the like either for sale or rent. The manager told me quite a few week-enders were renting either counters or the much more sensitive scintillators. My impression is that hundreds of untrained people are taking a fling at being prospectors over the weekend or on vacation, renting the equipment, buying the maps, etc. Maybe it is a new California hobby.

THAT L.A. HOBBY SHOW

When I attended the hobby show the first time there was a table for LASFS abutted (or I should say next to) one for an AJ group. I went again this time, and neither group was represented. But I spent about 8 hours going around, gawking, gabbing and taking notes on articles I may never write. Those historic headlines (mostly from front pages) held my attention for a while, and I copied the second paragraph of the 3-inch story about that Kitty Hawk flight, which described the craft as being driven by a propeller and having no balloon attachment. This story was almost buried among the ads on an inside page...The Pacific Rocket Society display interested me especially,

as it had a variety of mind-catching features--a German rocket from California Institute of Technology (I believe), some instruments and a testing "spindizzy", a projected rocket kit (plastic tube, a C_2O_2 (or was it a H_2O_2 capsule? One or t'other) capsule. Idea: drop the capsule in water-filled rocket and generate thrust. Sell for five or so dollars. Fault: the plastic wasn't strong enough, and no other strong or cheap material has been currently found.

Barney Bernard is Secretary of this group, and keeping in touch with people has kept him jumping, he told me. I'd just written to him the week before. Now he's studying to speed up his typing.

He had the sequel or next story by the author of DARK DOMON-ION (only his paper-backed book had the right name--Dominion--mentioned on the table of contents page).

LETTER FROM RICK SNEARY

Some time ago Rick wrote a round robin to a bunch of those creatures called Outlanders by themselves. I'd like to quote:

I still have roomers in my ventilating system. Or, in other words, I wheeze in a breeze. About at the same level of good health I was at when I first knew most of you.

Result is like before, I have become interested in my old hobbies. Dragged out my stamp collection, and all the oddments I have gathered in the past ten years, since I stopped being so active to take up fandom. I have soaked, sorted, transferred, catalogued and filed. Now all my foreign stamps--approximately 4000 or so--are in the one book.

Letter writing has picked up too. Not just my few remaining fan friends--I don't do enough to have anything to say to them--but a lot of new people. I have even written two fan-type articles, and a few letters of comment to fanzines. If this enforced idealness lasts I might become a fan again.

To turn to Stan's idea on typer-ribbons. Well, first, I oil mine when they get dim. I suppose you all know that a small amount of fine machine oil applied to the ribbon--not too much or the oil stains the paper, but enough to soak through all the ribbon--softens the ink, and makes it almost like new. Even at my writingest, I could get a couple months more use out of a ribbon this way.

Talk of plans to evacuate Los Angeles fill me with a feeling of futility. Admittedly it would be nice to get out, if possible, but we all know what the roads are of a Sunday. And even if they turned out-bound streets into freeways, one accident could gum the works. And there won't be enough cops to do the only thing possible, merely drag the wreck out of the way.

I have just interrupted this to go hang a sword over my bed by a thread. I guess I like living dangerously. Actually, I've had it since my birthday, when Jessie and the Wilson's presented me with this old Jap Navel officers sword. ((Or maybe it was Naval...)) But up till now I have not hung it officially. It's actually over the side wall, and my radio. Being sheathed, I doubt that it will ever fall and impale anyone or thing. My bayonet almost got the plumber though. It is mounted on the edge of the desk's bookcase. My room would have comforted me as child: 12" cleaver, 6" hunting knife, pellet pistol over bed-post. I look like I planned a last-ditch stand from bed. ~Rick.

THE ART OF BEING ME

Or, Stan Woolston Exposed

If Moonie is going to be an expose rag for once, I can think of no better subject than its ego-centered editor as subject, and as exposor as well. If I were to ask you might demur, so I'll hastily pass that detail by and get the thing started.

As I said elsewhere in this mailing, I'm a bit leery about the sort of stuff I put in this publication, mostly because there is the danger of it being labeled "all-crud." Though not as egotistical as some critters, I try to balance things out, and don't strike out at random just for effect. On the other hand, I'm not afraid to disagree with other folk if I think things are going wrong.

What brought this subject to my attention is a bit of thought I've had on my past fan-life. I've attended local fan meets in the guise of an Outlander. My a-j "life" is dedicated to FAPA. In N3F I've been immersed up to my ears, and this demonstrates my stubborn streak, and challenges me to try at teamwork with a few handicaps, with the distance between me and the others being one of the big ones.

My stubbornness is a key element in my nature, I think. As I still read a lot and have many more interests than s-f and fandom, the old bugaboo of time has to be faced almost always. I've found I usually get five or six hours sleep a night, which is a bit too little for my needs. At times, such as now with a double deadline (for Moonie and The Outlander) I don't have a chance on week-ends to catch up with a few hours sleep. Well, as a result (a) mistakes in spelling, (b) errors of judgment (including omissions of a word or so that is needed to clarify thought), and (c) lack of planning is apparent in every one of my FAPA productions. I note all 3 items are to be seen in my misspelling of Dr. Salk's name in these pages.

I am a frustrated perfectionist. After the above paragraph I hasten to add "would-be" before "perfectionist." If I had the time there is more of a chance I could avoid the evidences of my imperfections. Actually I am too much of a putterer to be either efficient or a first-class artist; my interests are wide, so I indulge myself instead of studying or specializing in one subject. If I interpret myself rightly, this indicates I want to know everything, be able to do just about everything; and in line with this I look at myself and the wide world with an inclination to smile or laugh, and still take it fairly seriously.

I believe that despite my failings and my somewhat childish outlook, or maybe because of it, I am an individual. Perhaps it should be stated instead of implied: one of my dislikes is the person who rubber-stamps the world as it is, or his little corner of it, just because it's familiar. It may be one of the attractions of what I still call "fandom" that most people seem to consider it natural to express opinions. If someone's views are not like mine, they are still interesting, either for their own sakes, for the way I may alter my outlook to agree or become more firmly convinced that my own attitude is the best, or because of the way they're expressed.

I don't believe that in every way, in every day, I'm getting better and better. I do believe in doubt, including a dash of doubt of my own views as presently expounded. And I do believe this is the last page of the June 1955 MOONSHINE from 12832 West Ave., Garden Grove, Calif.

A FAPA publication.—Stan Woolston