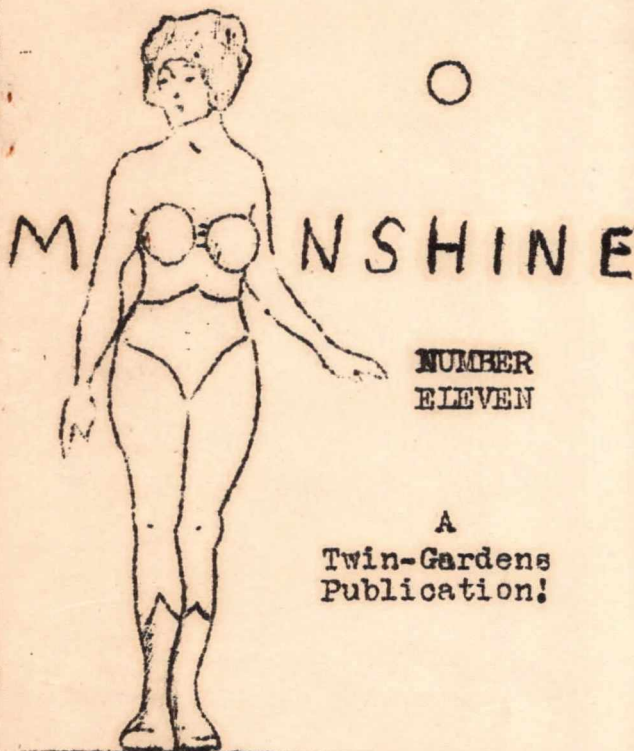


Fantasy Amateur Press Association

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MOONSHINE is edited
and published by:

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and

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Stanley Woolston
Len Moffatt

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EXCESS GAG-LINES DEPT:

Subject: The Sneary cartoon on page seven. ("Mam-eeee!")

Other gag-lines suggested were: "Suzy, come back to me!",
"I'm in love with two sweethearts.", "I love my wife but
oh you squid!"

Any more suggestions?

Aw, shaddup!

and published by:
H. O. W. S. I. N. E. in edited

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Garden Grove, California

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Publication



Stanley Woolston
Jan. 1946

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Subject: The Smery cartoon on page seven. ("Jan-see")
Other gag-lines suggested were: "Guey, come back to me!"
"I'm in love with the sweethearts," "I love my wife but
on you again!"

any more suggestions?

1, checked

ONE ST(F)AN'S OUTLOOK

-by Stanley Woolston

A WORLD OF A—AGAIN

Aha, so Moonshine gets in the "A" list of Startling's review column. I'm torn between two urges—I could leave well enough alone, or I could try to get in on future ego-boo. In the latter case I would try to arrange to get my Outlook inside Moony. ((You're already in, chum...ljm)) It'd save two staples too... Think I'll send my printed mag, First Person Singular(SIN for short), to the Startling department to see what he says. Just finished printing it and this weekend will begin the main mailing of copies to paid-up subscribers. First ish, one dime. I promise future issues won't exceed fifteen cents per copy. Plan to have a larger selection too, if I can get good copy.

I note that George R. Fox is the only non-fapan in SIN's first ish. If you wish to keep up this record, send me your flights of fancy or simple wordage. Articles, non-fiction material preferred.

But harking back to the sub-title of this, I'm now situated in Moony on a parasite basis, with the help of Len the slant of Bell Gardens. I'll be praying that, if future issues get to the Startlink dept., it won't be out of the "A" class. If so, I hold myself ready to plead guilty for my null-ability.

CONCERNING "PROBABILITY"—ZERO!

Somehow one subject in the last FAPA mailing has stuck out in my mind, and it inspires me to a bit of thought-extension on my "article" of so-called random motion as a motive force. The fact that I got two such interesting commentaries as Speer's and Rothman's has stimulated me to still more wild speculation. As before, I'm not saying I believe any of this—but it did inspire a couple of excellent comments!

About a week ago I cut into one of those University radio programs in which an astronomer was "sounding off" on man and his place in the plenum. He spoke of eventual interplanetary travel but poo-poo'd intersteller voyaging as involving too many lifetimes to be practical. He expressed a personal belief that Mankind wouldn't kill itself, even with the a-bombs and germ cultures it has at its disposal. His conclusion was that most of the troubles with Earthmen today was that they were infantile(or was it "juvenile"?). Eventually, he said, Mankind would grow up, become more adult. ((Ay, even hath the great Ackerman cried, "Grow up or blow up!"...ljm))

There he ended, with a nice big question: what is adulthood? I could speak of several people who seem more adult than others and classify them in different ways. Or I could recall to mind the environment of these people--the folks they come in contact with(often older) often gives a semblance of adulthood that is surface-deep only. The pseudo-adult may fear to show a sense of humor, for fear of being thought less grown up. He may have no humor and think he is adult. But a real adult should feel at ease in most possible environments... and capable of some flexibility in outlook and orientation.

Then I wrote about Einstein and "probabilities" I was thinking of the difference between orientation headed for a "stable" world of

((continued on page three))

the kind the people of a century ago took as real, and the apparent world of today that has the unsettling factor of a cosmos in flux, with even matter subject to change under certain conditions. When a child grows up with a certain orientation common, he does not fear the world, but finds his place in it easily. So the child of tomorrow won't have the problems of the grown-up of today--if the orientation is there for him to learn.

But I dither. Analogies don't always hold up, but if each particle was a billiard ball, I wonder if it'd be possible, by slanting shots so the bounces won't be direct reverses, to get a group of them moving in one general direction, roughly parallel so they wouldn't bounce one another. Of course, inevitably, molecules moving like this would hit others not moving in the same way, and so move haphazardly again. I notice an Astounding book review mentions that in small containers, at comparatively short intervals, half of the volume is empty and all the gas in the other half, due to "random motion" of gasses. That, Jack, should be one case in which there is observed fact behind randomness. Your comment that common objects might "stick fast" seems to me to be unlikely, as even if the two areas are for a time "sunk" into each other they would have to move out when their motion returns to normal, as the two objects would otherwise occupy each other's space.

As a control for this unmapped motion, how about chilling to zero absolute?

I'm inclined to think chance is the "answer" to more than a few cases of "wild talents" and unexplained happenings in this world. Today it seems that, as fiction seems to need "logic" (meaning lack of chancy things, among other things), we transfer this fictional criterion to the real, material world around us. Yet some scientists speak out that you could throw "heads" on a coin a hundred or a thousand times in succession, given enough time. (Or maybe you couldn't throw the heads) So the possibility of this happening has nothing to do with misunderstanding of what chance really is. I'm thinking of writing an Unknowish yarn about a place where the unusual is common; I might even label the place "Earth, 1948"....

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS-

-on the last mailing, that is. Using the scientific method of listing likes or dislikes and ignoring many "good" listings.... MASQUE of the half-mailing is before me, and as yet unread, except-for some reason-the Ashley yarn, which I also read hastily to my brilliant, slam-like but not fan-like mater. It inspired chuckles; however, I hope it's the last "special issue" for one entity, except Rostler maybe. I enjoyed the first ish better, Art article and all, (I should say the art especially as this ish seemed less lively)...

BURLINGS--Sneary's dissertation on "what is the universe" was interesting indeed. Quite unlike his story in SIN, but still good. And I'm not in favor of selling Sneary short; I'm against slavery. However, I bid one buck...Rest of stuff is stuff, burb froth.

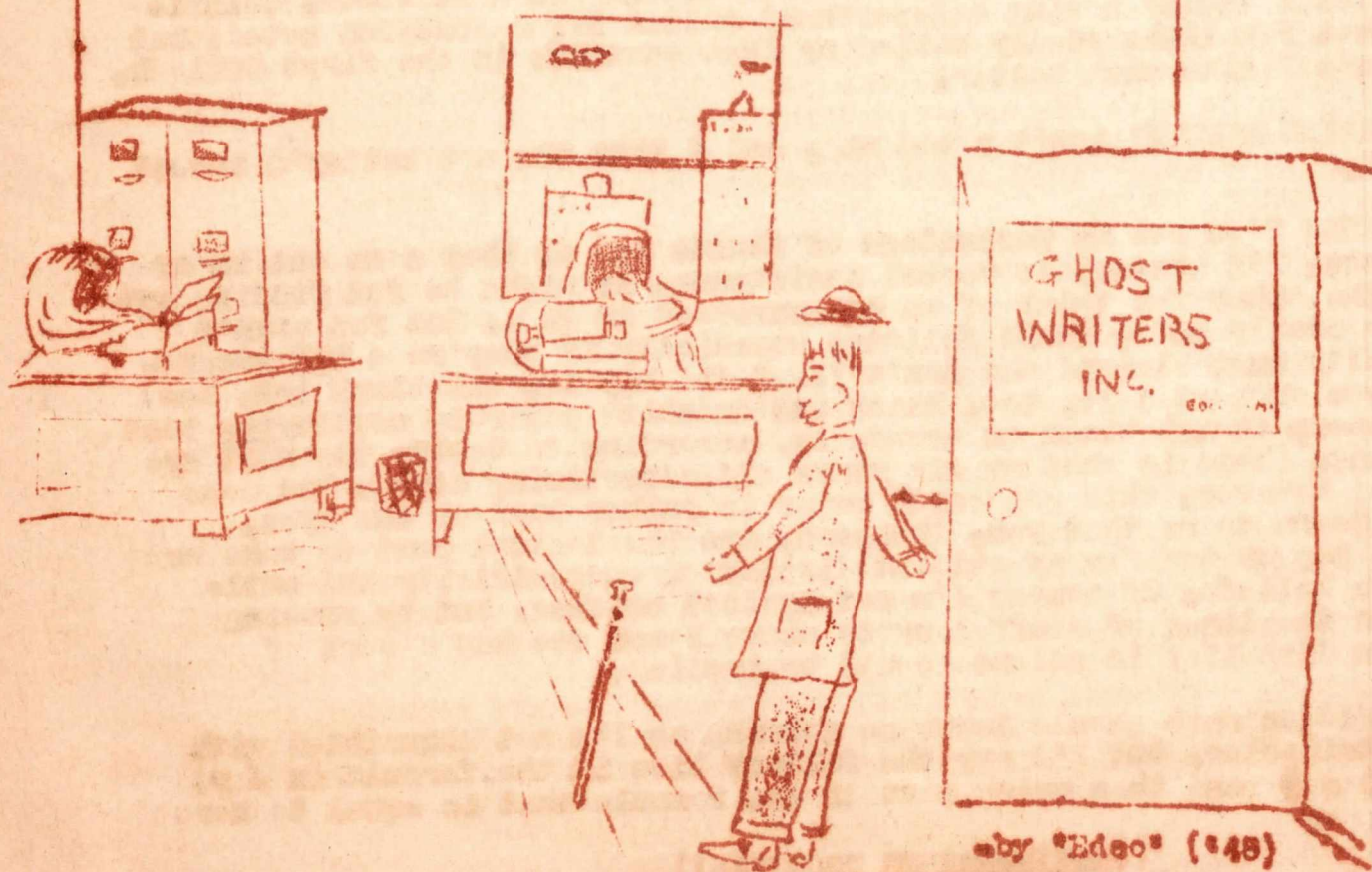
INSIDE EAPA My wbits aren't all with me as I can't remember the name or author of the other mag with the special mailing this time. I wanted to comment that he must have me confused with another lad, though; my name is Woolston, not Woolstein.

((continued on page five))

COXTOONS-



-by "Edco" (948)



-by "Edco" (948)

STAN'S OUTLOOK ((continued from page three))

The article in Hoony mentioned Einstein because I read a couple things by him recently, and he seemed to best personify a certain newness that has become a part of the aggregate known as "science". Guess this last is aimed at Speer; when I cannot extend an article directly I toss in stuff that isn't directly pertinent, but might explain my reason for it. If FAPA was a mere mundane APA I'd feel guilty.

FANTASY AMATEUR: How about you putting on a poll for me? For me to get a single vote is rather incredible.

SYNAPSE: I've already blathered a lot on this'un and could all night. But your challenge about the elements of science being basically one of interpretation... I was thinking of many of the items I spoke of in the "Concerning 'Probability'—Zero!" paragraph I wrote before this, the fact that chance, for one thing, seems almost outside the scope of "defined science". To my mind it seems that definition of the universe is the logical basis of physical science, as this thing called chance seems to control (control implies reason, which I didn't mean) so much this thing called existence. As stf has made familiar the idea of plural worlds, and their very nature seems to exclude observable proof of them, even if a mathematical proof of their existence was made it'd be only theory... Plural worlds, worlds of if, chance--these are the things that aren't material enough to be checked by man's science, at this stage. In more material ways there's confusion too--the difference between recognised fact on the level of the scientist and that of the layman.

DAMBALLA: Neat. Snaky cover. PRISM: I could say, is delightful--well in keeping with Gorgon. The creature inside the cover, however, doesn't appeal to me. Looks like she's sitting in a mud-bath. Coincidence of a "Stan" having a department called STF & NONSENSE noted; that was what I halfheartedly called my fapa comments in the first Outlook. Mullen's I like much better.

DISTURBING ELEMENT isn't a bad mag, and I like the art better'n latest MASQUE.

PLANTUR: I've got my percentage of faults and as they come out in my writings, I'd appreciate verbal assistance. It might be fun finding out what the other fen think of me as expressed in FAPA. But fen aren't fit to really judge their fellows, especially if they're a bit psychologically unstable (and who isn't?)... I did buy Len the black ink, before you suggested it, too. Black ink on white paper is usually the best mag-paper though black on orange is, according to tests, the most eye catching. (This is what my six years old advertising course has done for me) However, this goldenrod paper is rather hard on the eyes. Hmm. Seems to me that you, Thompson, are the logical gent to take me down a peg or two for my evident display of egocentricity and anti-science beliefs. Of course I'm not against science, but by reading between the lines of stuff I wrote above I can see how a sort of Fortean disbelief in science could be implied.

STEALTHIC on math should leave me gasping as I'm not acquainted with its intricacies, but I'd say the fallacy lies in the formula $(x \neq y)$ $(x - y) = 0$ and then using part of the formula that is equal to zero

((continued on page six))

STAN'S OUTLOOK ((continued from page five))

to divide by. Logic is part of math as well as the ability to cancel mechanically.

OBSERVATIONS on the idea of a "democratic" communist state, with two parties, is one that is perhaps possible. If Russia had ever had a bit of democratic background in its history it's even possible that their Revolution might have developed into a two-party socialistic state, with perhaps Trotzki and Stalin as leaders in the two branches. But Russia is totalitarian, or one-party. France might someday become socialized without being communist (in the Russ pattern); then, it's probable, they would be opposed by the more conservative groups, just as in the past the Republic has been opposed by groups advocating royalty. I'm trying to imply that the "second party" might not be democratic, while the socio-communist one is. I would think it would be more likely that European country, if it turned socialist (or democratically communistic, as you tag it) would not be limited to two parties and like the multi-party governments that can exist only as long as there is a passing agreement; a three or multi-party system leads inevitably to a rule by minorities (unless some of the parties are only nuisance parties, and very small).

SKY HOOK'S promised Torcon report is awaited by me eagerly. Boggs--REDD--Boggs has a good item throughout; I especially liked his comparison of the A book and mag story among the reviews.

ESDACVOS is one mag you have to read between the lines.

FAPASNIX-GOOD to read; I liked Ed. Cox's stuff in this mag. When I read a lists of "bests", especially when listed in order of preference, I'm inclined to be amazed at the genius of the fan involved, especially when tales of so many types are involved. As time goes by, even the same persons changes preferences, I believe. Speer's review of part of the Buck Rogers saga enlightening.

I'm skipping mention of other stuff due to untimely end of stencil being imminent. Part of some mags, and all of Laney's memoirs are as yet unread, due to interference of SIN among other items. Burb postcarded today I might send the first ish free thru fapamailing, as an ad, and to get subs. I may do that, Burb. The darn thing cut a hunk of time from my usual activities, and as there's no fan near to help proof-reading there are several mixups here and there. I set the type in spare time and printed it the same way, on the press in the garage. In some future fapamailing I may put out a special one-shot zine (printed on Lilliputian Press)...You send me your general-interest fan stuff (articles, reviews) and I ILV put out a printed fapazine with it enclosed. (If I doublecross you and it turns up in SIN I'll give you several copies to pay for it...) How's about it?

--jsw

EYE-REST DEPT:

"GEORGE"

-by Demand

Damn them! They think I'm nuts just because I tell them about something they never saw before and therefore can't believe. Well, I'll soon be out of this booby-hatch. George will sure as hell get me out when he finds out what's happened. Anyway, he's what caused me to be tossed in here, in the first place!

The brain-doctors gave me the once over, trying to find out what caused my "fixation" of such a strange creature. The old b__-__! If they'd have seen George they wouldn't think I was nuts; they'd run away, screaming in terror! The first sight of George usually does that to you unless you are from Ganymede or have lived there and got used to the things.

George...one of the race of creatures that inhabit Ganymede... Harmless, if not bothered and can be made into good bodyguards and servants. That is, if you live on Ganymede. If you stay on Ganymede!

But the prospecting craze wore off after awhile and I had to return to Earth. And I just couldn't leave faithful old George behind. He might be able to exist on Earth but would my fellow-Earthians like him? I doubt if there are over a thousand people on old Terra that know of the existence of these strange critters. Explorers and a few Government men might, but little or no publicity has been given about Ganymede's weirdest natives. And very few of those "in the know" realize how intelligent the critters are. They are a couple of feet taller than a man, normally...unless they shrink a little, which they can do at will. They have several heads; nothing like an earthman's head... And are practically indestructable. I have seen hunks of their heads torn off and then grow back in a few days. Not many of 'em and only old miners who penetrate deep into the ragged hills of Ganymede ever saw any of them... Some of the old prospectors living back on those hills have one as a servant and companion. They are very associative.

Yeah. George was really attached to me and I just couldn't leave him behind when I went home to Earth. Doubted if could ever get him onto the planet without being rayed down, the both of us. Then George ups and produces another marvel from his bag of tricks. He demonstrated that he could become invisible at will! By manipulating his outer layer of skin. Prob'ly a Ganymedian "protective coloring" sort of thing. Maybe the science boys can explain it.

All I know is, George could become invisible and I was able to smuggle him onto good old Mother Earth and out to my little country home...where I intended to spend the rest of my days, in peace and all alone. Spent a week teaching him to run things and get him used to the house. It was simple to do as all I had to do was think instructions at him. George--and his--kind--are telepathic.

Then--me of all people--got lonely and invited some guests for a week-end. I ordered George to stay invisible while the guests were around but one night he must have decided to relax a

(cont'd)

"George"

(cont'd)

-by Demund

bit, figuring no one would be wandering around outside at night. One of the men(half-drunk) came running in from the garden, screaming that he'd seen a "monster", "monsters" in fact. I tried to explain it all away as an illusion brought on by over-indulgence in my stock of liquor. It went allright until the same man, walking in the garden next morning, saw George's tracks.

I thought hard at George to get invisible and out of the vicinity for awhile and tried to explain evderything. I'd erased his tracks if you could call them that, as George has no feet or legs and tried to calm the scared guy down. Finally got him to lay down in his room and then I tried to expain George to my guests. I told the plain, unvarnished truth. And they didn't believe me at all! Thought I had only imagined George too! I started getting a little worried then as I had erased the tracks and only one man had seen them. I could have called George back and let them see him but I was afraid the shock would kill some of them right off. I wanted them to get a mental picture of George first...sort of prepare them, you know. But I just couldn't find the words to describe George completely and they kept butting in, saying I was crazy. Space-batty, they said. Too much prospecting on other worlds. And living all alone in the country when I was on Earth.

Then the man who has seen George came downstairs and told everyone that now that he'd rested a bit-he decided he'd only imagined seeing a monster and that the tracks could have been made by anyone or anything.

I was in an awful predi⁵ament then. Everything went all to pieces. A terrible argument started and I ended up trading punches with one of them who thought he was an interne and I was a maniac. Then they all jumped on me and "restrained" me til a booby-wagon was called for and arrived to tote me off to this lovely padded cell.

I quieted down so I'd be in a nice, calm mood to convince the brain boys that I'm not balmy. But they asked me all sorts of nutty questions and when I told them about George they said, Sure, Sure, but I could tell they were merely "humoring me"... I tried to get them to contact the Bureau of Interplanetary Flora and Fauna but they wouldn't bother the Government with the ravings of a madman.

Now they got me in here, in this padded cell. If I'd have kept talking and resisting they'd have put me in a straight-jacket. Guess they are going to give me shots to make me "feel better". I know. The cure for nuts. But I'm not nuts so what will their "cure" do for me? They wont listen to me. They tell me, Sure, Sure but they think I'm crazy. The stupid, pigheaded b_____: I'll show them. I'm really angry now. I'll show them. The hell with all of'em! Been thinking like fury for George to come. He should be here soon. He'll come invisible and bust this joint wide open. And we'll blast off this planet and get out to Ganymede where we belong.

Someone is screaming downstairs. Not an inmate; they're all kept up around here. Now. Another noise. Yes, it's George...that's

(cont'd)

"George"

(cont'd)

-by Demand

the noise he makes when he's angry. That a racket; must be tearing down the place.... Just instructed him to show himself. That'll damn well prove to them I wasn't crazy! Now they can see what's ripping them apart down there.

Here he comes. Right outside now. There goes the door, just like cheese.

Hi George! Let's get the hell out of here....

The End

IT'S HERE! NOW! THE "DIFFERENT", PRINTED FANZINE!

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

FIRST
ISSUE
OUT
NOW!

One thin dime will bring you a copy of the first issue of this neatly printed fanmag from:

Stanley Woolston
12832 S. West St.
Garden Grove, Calif. U.S.A.

First issue contains poetry by John Strange, hilarious fiction by Rick Sneary, an article by George R. Fox, a column by Len J. Moffatt, a book review by Forrest J Ackerman and editorial notes by Stanley Woolston.

Future issues(perhaps two more this year!) will contain items by Jack Speer, Joe Kennedy, Moffatt(Again? Yeah, again...), etc. plus a lettersection and SINTilating comments from the editor's notebook.

Send that dime and ask for info about future issues of "SIN". Don't delay. Today's the day. Don't be too late! It has been widely and wisely remarked that a good, printed fanmag is indeed a rare item. You wont want to miss out on

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

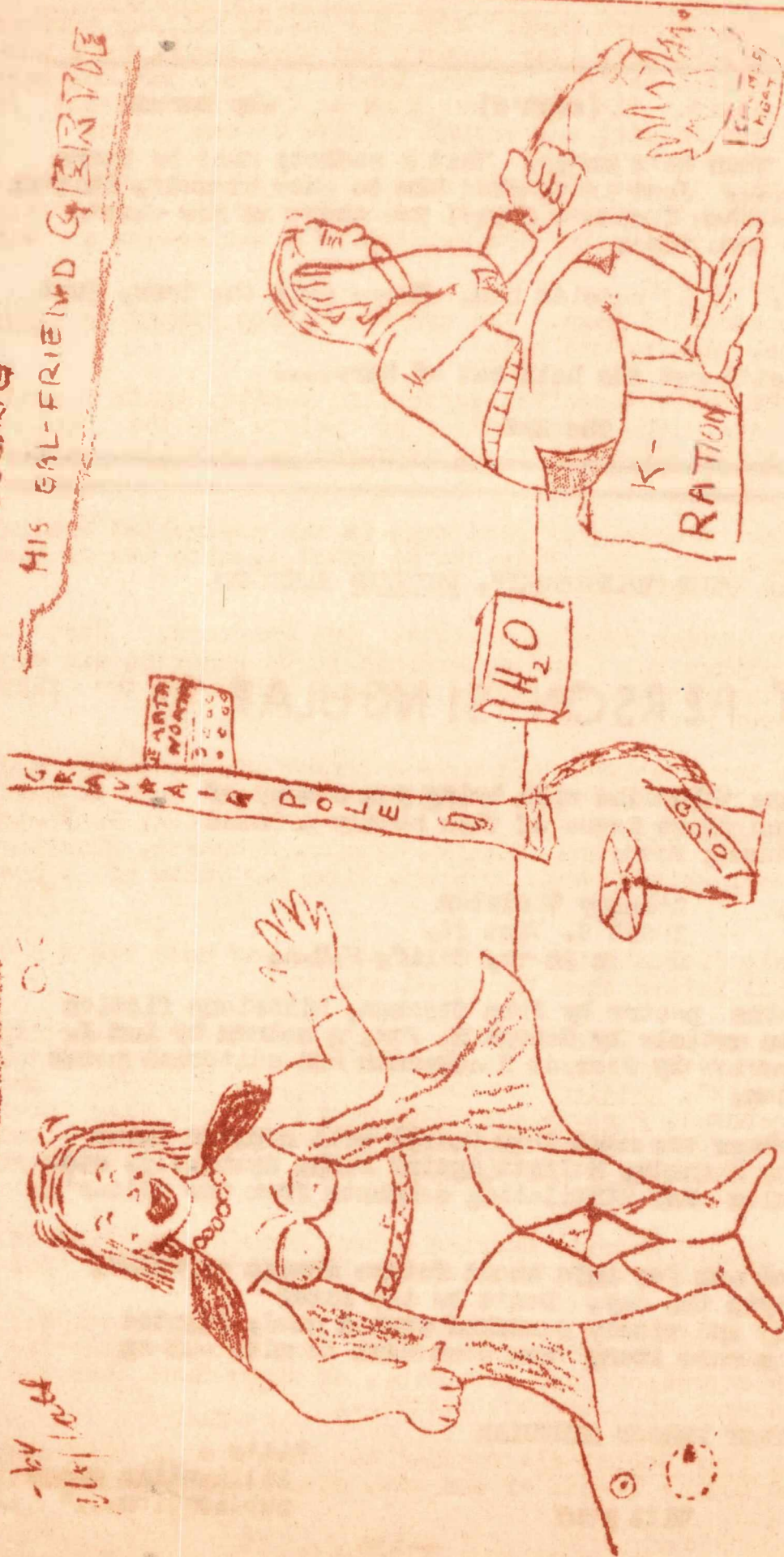
Will you?

"it's a
lilliputian press
publication..."

SPACE-BO HUNK NO. 2

BY
1/10/44

INTRODUCING
HIS GAL-FRIEND GERTRUDE



SPACE RAFT VN-1 U.N.S. VENUS

PAT. PEND.

"A JOURNEY TO A STAR WOULD NOT BE VERY FAIR—AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU!"

*Len's
Den*

The numbers game: When the Spring Mailing arrived I read each item therein and gave each item a numerical rating. 10 was tops. No zero ratings were given. The mere fact that an item was present in the mailing was enough to give it one point.

There were 30 items in the original bundle. They received a total of 213 points. Dividing this total by 30 we arrive at the following average: 7.1 Not a bad rating for the mailing as a whole—on a one to ten point scale.

Then came two postmailed mags. The average rating jumped to 7.12½. A jump of .02½ points. Again, not bad.

And then came the Burbee-inspired postmailed bundle. Again I read, rated, added and divided. The total number of points for the entire mailing (39 items in all): 264. The final average: 6.76-12/13. A bit of a drop, wot?

Why? Were there not a couple of good mags in the postmailed bundle? There were. More than a couple. Four, to be exact....with two of them rating really high on the gizmometer.

The cause of the sudden drop is obvious. One sheeters. Most of them deserved zero ratings but I was determined to be generous and even the lowliest of the low rec'd a one point rating. Otherwise the final average would have been much lower.

But despite the low average there were a number of excellent mags in the last mailing. I list here the mags which received an 8 or more. They are, in alphabetical order: Ah! Sweet Idiocy, Damballa, Fanomena, Fantasy Amateur, Grulzak, Horizens, Masque, Merger, Neophyte, Phanteur, Plenum, Prism, Skyhook, Snix, Sparx, Synapse, Time for Union of the Free, Vampire Index.

If your mag isn't listed here, don't weep. It may have rec'd a 7 rating—which is still better than the final average.

And now I'd like to say Thank You to: Miltv for his constructive criticism of FAPA and of this mag in particular, Speer, Warner and the others who liked "Electa", Rotsler for the free copy of Neophyte and for his artwork in general, Burbee-Laney-Ackerman for their fine work as fapa-officers, the ego-boostical poll, their mammoth mimeographical output, Mullen, Hansen, Spelman, Lyon, Coslet, etc. for bringing those beautiful new mags to FAPA.

And don't sell Sneary short! Barring a-bomb wars (or any kind of war!), earthquakes and the like, t'will surely be: South Gate in '58!

The first ish of Ed Cox's mag reminds me of the early (hecto'd.) issues of this mag (not to mention a few of the more recent-mimeo'd—issues!)... Being in correspondence with Edco, we understand that the future issues of Esdacyos will be more readable.

As is obvious, Stan Woolston's fapamag has merged with this one. Watch for bigger and better issues of the new, co-edited....Moonshine!

I CAN HARDLY
WAIT 'TIL

SOUTH
GATE
IN
'58



-by Rick Sneary ('48)