



MOONSHINE

Number Twelve

Fall—1948

A Twin-Gardens Publication for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association

Featuring: Len's Den—by Len J. Moffatt, 6766 Hannon St.,
Bell Gardens, California

Stan's Outlook—by J. Stanley Woolston, 12832 S. West St.,
Garden Grove, California

STARRING: A Cover by HOWARD MILLER

sothereiwassurroundedby5000shreddedwheatbiscuitsandnntathingtodefend
myselfwithbutonelonericekrispie!!!sothereiwassurroundedby5000shredded

((advertisement--what else???))

NOV JUST LOOK HERE NOV.... BIG HEARTED LEN offers you the following bunch of 2nd hand promags for only six (6) bucks, postpaid too, anywhere in U.S.A. too; a couple of the mags are in lousy condition; most of 'em are in fair to good condition; as you can plainly see, I'm asking the cover price or less for these mags, in most cases less..... But you gotta buy the bunch, as listed; none of the following will be sold seperately via the railways...too much trouble...So rush your six bucks to ljm, mucho pronto...Here's what you'll get:

FANTASTIC NOVELS March 1948

AVON FANTASY READER # 2 (came out in '47, I think)

THRILLING WONDER STORIES Dec 1941, Dec 1947, Feb & April 48

STARTLING STORIES Nov 1941, Nov 1942, Winter 44, Nov 47,
March & May 48

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES April 1942, Dec 43, Sept & Dec
1944, March & Sept 45, June,
August & Dec 46, June & Oct 47,
Feb, April & June 48.

ASTOUNDING STORIES Dec 1936

27--count'em--27 mags at a bit less than 23¢ per mag! Send \$6.00 now!

Big Hearted Len Moffatt 6766 Hannon St. Bell Gardens, Calif.

~~~~~  
ALSO FOR SALE: The Arkham House edition of H.P. Lovecraft's  
BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP The dust-wrapper is  
a bit torn but the book itself is in good condition.

Plus: The famous printed booklet

RHODE ISLAND ON LOVECRAFT (in very good cond.)  
Edited by Grant & Hadley

Both the book and the booklet for only...twenty dollars (\$20.00)  
Postpaid, anywhere in U.S.A.

((If you want either of the items autographed by HPL it'll cost  
you one million dollars extra for special serviced costs, etc.))

Send your filthy lucre to Mercenary Moffatt(c/o Big Hearted Len)  
6766 Hannon Street, Bell Gardens, California.....

((end of advertisements))

## *\* Lan's Den =*

First of all a numerical expression of my opinion of the last (SUMMER) Mailing (including the two postmailed mags but not including the Postmailing yet to come from Burb, Laney, etc...). This time I use the 1 to 5 point system, rather than the more inaccurate 1 to 10 point system. 5 is excellent. 4 is good. 3 is fair. 2 is poor. 1 is lousy. No zero rating for the usual reason; mere presence of a mag in the mailing was enough to give it a rating of 1...or more. So...thus far, 24 items (not counting ballot). 87 points given out of a possible 120. "Average" is: 3.62½.

Items rating 4 or 5 were (stand by for ego-boo, lads!) Ah! Sweet Idiocy, Burblings, Ego Beast, Fandango, Fanews Portfolio, Fantasy Amateur, Galactic Island, Horizens, Light, Loxygen, Prism, Sky Hook and Thots.

### Random comments:

D.B.'s one-sheeter was reminiscent of ex-fan, ex-fapan lrc for some reason or another. I liked Alvin Laney's poem...for some reason or another.

No, Harry, as far as I know Yerke hasn't pub'd the rest of his Memoirs. Stan was referring to an ancient copy of M.O.A.S.F. (Part One) I let him borrow and somehow it got mixed among his Spring EAPA Mailing. So....

Funcyclopedia had a laugh here and there.

Sorry to hear of Dunk's misfortune. Hope he is OK now. Appreciated seeing some of those pics again. Have most of 'em but they are buried midst my old mags and were just fond memories in the back of me mind til now. Especially the People Stories cartoon. One of the best fantastic cartoons of all time. Kennedy's depicting of fannish personal was chucklesome too...

Boggs' Davey Rockett yarn is an old joke in a futuristic setting, but still funny...

I have a 1917 copy of Mitchell's Drowsy. The illustrations are credited to Angus MacDonald and the author. I assumed that the author did the fairy-tale-like chapter headings because MacDonald's name is signed to the beautiful, full page pics. Unless MacDonald and Mitchell are the same person I have at last enjoyed the rare and wonderful opportunity of correcting an expert on things bookish!

The short-short in Klugg was an old story in a futuristic setting. Fair writing in spots but still a "hearts and flowers" sort of thing.

So native Californians are addled by earthquakes? Could be... tho I think the reason for the plethora of perverts and crackpots in and around LA is the same reason why other big cities have a plethora of perverts, crackpots, etc. Simply because they are big cities with growing populations. There is bound to be more of each kind of person as the population goes up...over a period of time, that is. The climate here may be more conducive than other places and I suppose the crackpots, etc. find it easier to operate in

(cont'd...)



LEN'S DEN (cont'd)

an "all year around outdoor climate". This is not a defense of the native Californian. They can defend themselves if they feel they should. I've been out here over 2½ years. Came because of the climate(hah!) and the job opportunities. Would rather be in Arizona but there are fewer job opportunities there, so...

Sneary's Lost in a Bookshop was funny in places too, I presume the John in the story was a certain fan from Downey, Calif.?

Crouthb's Torcon "emories is the first full-length report I've read to date((the date at that time being 23 Aug 48)) and very entertaining. Les seemed to be combining the "factual reporting" system of Laney with the "fanish enthusiasm of Forry, tho Les wasn't as hypercritical as Laney.

So now we speak of Laney and his memoirs... I'd say FTL's descriptions of the various LA fen I've met are fairly accurate. He tends to be hypercritical...but I haven't met all of the LA fen(both past and present) and so cannot say whether his accuracy of description holds true in every case or not. Of the few local fen I've had any personal dealings with I have found nothing irreparably wrong. None of them tried to lead me into the more perverted byways of life. During my few visits to the LA clubroom I was treated with politeness by some, with indifference by many. A couple of'em were even friendly (no, not that way, Burb!)....Getting to and from Bixel Street(or any part of LA, for that matter) is a pain-in-the-neck to me as I must travel via streetcar and bus and spend more time traveling to and fro than I do at wherever it is I'm visiting.

A special burst of ego-boo to Walter A. Coslet! At last somebody "got" the nova-gold feet cartoon which appeared at the end of (and in conjunction--conjunction with; now there's a neat trick!) Stan's article in Moony #9. If anyone else "got" it, they didn't mention it. As Coswal the Toastmaster said, I shoulda made the "X" more noticeable...

I'd rather collect sf mags and books than trolley cars tho I can hardly be considered a completist collector of anything.

\*\*\*\*\*

Add Fan-Tods to my list of "best mags in last mailing"... Gardner and Davis stole the show in this postmailed ish of Efty. It brought the "Average" up to 3.64...

Then came the final(we hope!) postmailed bundle from LA. Despite fact that it contained a couple of workwhile items, the "Average" dropped to 3.48-12/31. O well. Maybe future postmailings will improve. If Burb/Laney keep postmailing bundles after each regular mailing we may eventually have eight mailings a year regular as clockwork! Eventually there may be more mags in the postmailed bundles than in the regular mailings... Eventually there may be post-postmailings for those who missed the regular and the postmailings... Eventually.....If this goes on..... Is Burb to EAPA what Higgs is to the NFFF?.....Who said that???.... Hang onto those reins, Sneary...dont let Old Wild Hoss Burbee get away from us....that goes fapa over the hill...32 mailings a year... Pistachio, get yer thumb out of my beer....Oct 22, 1948.....ljm

-Moonshine-

## ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK · Fall Fapa



### Twists and Turns--in the Ratrace

Don't try too hard to find anything deeply meaningful in the above--it is merely a reflection on the mental frame my mind finds itself in, as it teeters between typing a stencil for the mailing on the brink of the deadline, preparing for a dash of 1 1/2 hours duration to L. A. in the morning to see Stan Mullen, at the home of Phil Rasch, and pretending that I'm not in the midst of a page in composing a Joe Kennedy article for First Person Singular. It's hard to gather my thoughts for mailing commentary, especially as nothing of cosmic unusualness has hit my eyes this time around.

In the postmailing, which I read a couple days ago and hid under my crud somewhere, it is the "apologetic" mag by the female fan that stands out as the most readable. Shucks--I can't remember details, but with my mind wandering, and a radio going in another room, meebby I have an excuse...URP isn't polite. That's why I remember it.

FAN? --I'll try again: Fan-Dango (YOU capitalize it, please) This matter of dodging atomic scare-spots, via the footloose, though Spartan, life has its implications and the matter of sickness and individual strength and capabilities, as well as mental attitudes, will surely be an important factor if such a mad state of affairs ever comes to pass. But existing and "thriving" in the sense of enjoying fully seems to me to be two different things. I personally have a left foot that at times refuses to cooperate. It twists. I, despite this, work at a job where the others don't even know my foot has anything the matter with it. In the wilds I'd probably have to hobble around if I was unlucky enough to stumble at the wrong time (unexpectedly). So if I was forced to the Spartan life, I'd try to find a snug cave, or a clearing to build a lean-to against, the weather until I could find materials for a shack. I would be as apt to survive as anyone, because I wouldn't challenge the conditions so much; I'd try to use my mind to think out short-cuts and ways to do things easily. But this wouldn't be an "easy life", of course; in the wilderness, to retain a feeling of contact with the world seems to me to be a necessary requirement, just as knowledge that there are other folks than I in this universe helps keep me from completely toppling from my mental ladder. Which reminds me that it's possible that it will be the aberrant that will be best able to adjust to the way of the outdoorsman...What's this about selling Sneary short? I'll send in my bid under special wrapper...

The Convention issue of LIGHT (36) worth commenting on, if only for the reports. A good job, and one of the neater zines.

STEFANATIC, mimeoed, should be something really readable. As it is, my eyes protest. Small (2) columns are unnecessary; they waste space and are, I'd bet, twice as hard to read...twice as hard to type.

The opening essay in AD INTERRUPTION (The Atlantic Monthly) draws a wrong conclusion, as a great number of the fantastic-minded among the Californians are imports. Perhaps the quaking serves as a sort of psychic magnet; the "sensitive" ones are bound to make the exodus from their land to the land of the Earthquake. Probably similar to the death-plunge of Lemmings. Oh, yes...

I'm inclined to say that, as Dave Thomas in Klugg 2 says, events considered improbable might well take place, given time. I suppose Miltie considered "improbable" comparable with "impossible". Or did I say this before?--Stan Woolston X



## NEGROES AND THE FUTURE

Recently, in this medium-size town, I heard a view on the "Negro problem" that seemed novel enough for me to mention it here. It was expressed as the result of a talk-fest between me and a local nurseryman, a guy who has just about decided to retire, to travel around the country to see the sights.

It's one of my pet non-fannish pastimes to draw likely-seeming people into conversations on subjects as varied as atomic physics and race hatreds. But it was this man that started to speak about the subject, after discussing on evolution, history of religion (which seemed to be something of a study with him, though he claimed to be an atheist). In the following paragraphs I'll try to paraphrase a few of the points he mentioned; consider them as reporting (though not very accurate) of his expressed beliefs. I suppose there is no need for me to note how they are similar, and how they vary, from others who "hate" the Negro.

I didn't take notes on the discussion; therefore I didn't remember the number of black (sic) slaves he said were brought to the U. S. by the Northern ship-owners to sell; anyway, he said, the increase has been so great that ten percent of the population here is Negro. Unlike many men who speak about the "Negro problem" he did not berate them as the "cause" of their own problem; however, he said he thought that if President Abe Lincoln had shown guts and sent the freed slaves back to Africa, instead of giving them the choice of going to Liberia or staying, there would not be so much strife and ill feelings as now is prevalent in the South. He noted the increase of the birth rate of illiterates, and claimed that when a Negro became educated he wanted to predominate--that only ignorance is holding them down today. And, he said, in future years, with the continual decrease in birthrate of the white races, it may not be many generations until the "whites" may be the minority race in the U.S.A.

That's the main part of his dissertation. His words and expressions were no more emotional than the usual (sic) native of this sphere. In his way his speech (on religion and comprehension of the Universe, as expressed to me at other times) shows imagination if not genius. I hereby present X, the Nurseryman, as a master of Aristotelian logic...

## SPEAKING OF FANZINES--

Somehow the "Worst Fanzine Ever Published" title seems misapplied on the cover of THE NEW LOXYGEN Number 4; perhaps, though, this is due to the world-shatteringopus by the genius who resides at 2962 Santa Ana St. in South Gate. Despite the cover pic of a block-headed fan, the issue fairly glows with the induced radioactive luster of Friend Sneary. I've thanked my lucky stars that Rick is willing to go in for the activity he does, and rate LOST IN A BOOKSTORE as worthy of a fannish oscar. Now, who is planning to start Fan-wide (and reader-wide) search for the best in all kinds of imagi-fiction fields? I don't want to forget to mention Rick as one entitled to at least one oscar (though I'm sure he'd rather have a Black Flame)...

In Galactic Island, Coswal (in commenting on CANADIAN FANDOM No. 14) speaks of O<sub>2</sub>, H<sub>2</sub> forming water with an explosion; maybe I'm wrong, but H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub> changes into water slowly, and a hydrogen atom dissipates in the process. It is one hydrogen and two oxygen that explodes to form water. (Just to heckle you--as you can me, who speak of general semantics without knowing fundamentals) how can an atom bomb "prove" anything?