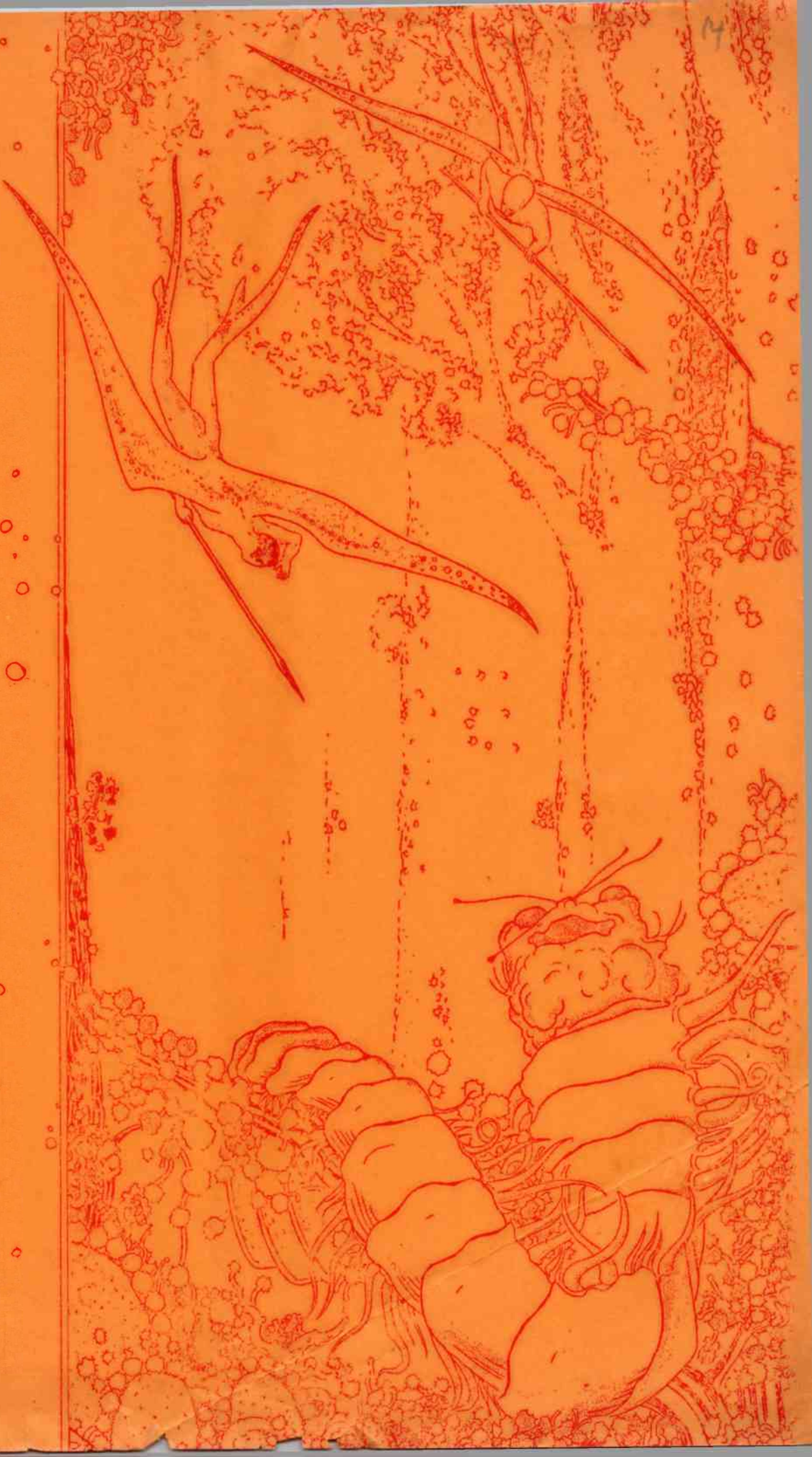


紅樓夢





PERHAPS I SHOULD APPOLOGISE FOR NOT APQLOGISING

how much time I try to take to think out what will appear in FAPA the result is a hodgepodge, including the leaving out of things where they should be included (such as reference of the American Weekly in an article on White, de Camp and other child geniuses), and the inclusion of inconsequential—such as too many letters. As I only have one stencil I intended to smoothe the wording, out the stencil with smooth edges coming and going, and iron out all involved sentences. But I have too much on my mind.

I've noticed that speculation on the future seems to be the main job of some radio and newspaper guys. On one page of a recent Los Angeles paper was the declaration that L. A., because of its spread-out population, would not be a good A-bomb target in any future war. The heavily-concentrated population of such cities as New York or Chicago made these veritable ghost-cities...Then I read another story over in a corner that quoted some "atomic scientist" as saying that in event of a future atomic war an enemy would bomb the ocean between Catalina Island and the coast, and the spray would poison the air in the Los Angeles area—that the city would be abandoned in the event of an atomic war.

I can get some

Some people have the idea that there is something scientific about socialism. Some people think it's something like a style—a modern device that is stylish to profess. In my mind these people seem to be the follow-the-leader folk who pick their leader then stick to him regardless of his future idiotic traits. There are people today who, without using the word socialism, thinks it is proper for them to dictate to others—tell the public what is right and what is wrong—in other words to rule. There is a big problem in our land to keep away from the precipice of dictation in government.

As an adventure story OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET is readable, and contains a slight hint of philosophy, but nothing like Lewis' SCREW-TAPE LETTERS. Its varying kind of extraterrestrial life leaves the feeling of sensing a fragment of something too big to see at once...that more time is needed to sense even the basic essentials.

TOWER)



ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK

a continuation of stan's crud....

...This page is perpetrated as the result of goading by Len the Moffatt. He keeps his copies of the mailings neatly contained in their mailing-envelopes, and so I see there is a few items that I should comment on. The many discursive words about the social, political and perhaps moral life of mankind as it is lived in this day reminds me of a couple of pieces of fiction that have come to my attention recently. One is the pocket-book edition of Mark Twain's A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. The other is the movie of the same.

As entertainment I usually enjoy Bing--he seems calm and relaxed and at the same time an individual. As the main character, the characterization of him seems rather far-fetched. Twain's writings contain elements of satire that the cinema version leave out completely--also the inability of the folk and the "royalty" to comprehend even the simplest idea of human justice or social rights. The book contains so many elements of inverted thinking that seems to parallel the thought-patterns of others who have little comprehension of social justice.

As criticism of the way the movie version varies from the book, I would say the way they chopped up the gimmicks and the timing of the story is equally disturbing as is the lack of consistency with what I judge is the mood of the story. Names are the same, but the parts or people to which the names have been attached has been rearranged with a fine disregard. It is something like making a political satire into a comedy without much thought behind it. I missed the more deft handling of the introduction of the inventions just being introduced into the world at the time Twain wrote the story...missed it in the cinematic distortion. That's what I get reading it just a few days before seeing the movie.

As light buffonery the movie was worth the time spent seeing it; except for the girl-friend of Bing the movie version was not too unnerving to me. But as a variant from the idea of a satire or a sort of socialized look into slave-days where there were two stratas of society and one expoused knighthood as a holy cause and despised peasants were less than free even when they wore the title of freeman. Maybe cinematic masters have the right to make a big change in the mood of a story when they buy up or inherit a story.

.....  
GAD, SAID LEN...

And I, Stan, agree. Despite all the talk about that tool of mankind, the atom bomb, I still have the feeling that Earth will have a future. And it's even possible that there will be a few of those stumbling creatures, Man; I have recoiled from the fear of destruction. How long is a piece of earth uninhabitable by plant or animal life after a fission bomb has spread its light across the landscape? I need to know for my peace of mind; after only a few months people were swarming over some of the Japanese targets. I have heard that there should be residue in the very soil of such a place--residue of plutonium, or uranium. Perhaps a gas cloud could form after intense bombings, to sweep across lands to decimate the countryside. But after a few months swarms of refugees might re-enter the areas formerly bombed out, and thereby be able to evade further bombings. If there will be any...-Stan

= Len's  
Den =

...the age-dated bier...  
for that still-born  
magazine...Moonshine....

14 March 49:

Numerical expression of my  
opinion of FAPA's Winter-1949

Bundle: 3.5

Which means nothing unless you  
know I use a one-to-five-point  
scale, as follows:

- 2. Excellent (in fact, perfect...)
- 4. Good (half the bundle rated 4)
- 3. Fair (the other half...)
- 2. Poor
- 1. Lousy
- 0. No item present

Now which should I list? The ten mags rating 4, or the ten rating 3? Neither... If this frustrates you, drop me a card and I'll let you know which number your mag won, sometime...

Comments later on several of the mags and contents thereof; but right now I want to tell you of a dream I had the other night. Let's see how much of it I can remember...

I seemed to be walking in the farm country of western Pennsylvania. I remember leaning on fence which closed in a rather large and non-descript pasture or field. I was talking to a farmer and his wife. Conversation unremembered. Then it seemed the farmer and his wife ignored my presence and began to discuss their "hired hand". They were deciding to fire him. I can remember the wife's voice coming as tho from far away tho she and the farmer stood near me...

"Herbert isn't doing so well as a farm hand."

I looked out across the field and saw a lone figure approaching, walking slowly toward s the fence and me. I heard the farmer say:

"Here comes Herbert now. Shame we havt to fire him."

As Herbert came nearer I seemed to "lose track" of the farmer & spouse, They seemed to disappear. Didn't see them walk away. Just...gone.

Herbert was standing on the other side of the fence now, facing me, looing quite serious, hand to moustache, eyes moody, silent...

"My God!" I exclaimed, "It's Herbert George Wells!"

((In my dream I didn't know that H.G. Wells was dead. The Wells in my dream was neither ghost nor optical illusion. It seemed to me that Wells was still among the living. I was merely shocked at the fact that H.G. Wells was a farm hand...))

I leaned over the fence and peered at him.

"I know you," I said, "You are H. G. Wells, the famous author..."

((continued--next page))



len's den

((cont'd.))

Moonshine

He nodded his head, very slowly, verly sagely...Yes, he was H.G. Wells, the famous author ...

"I've read many of your books, I'M quite a fan of yours," I told him.

"Yes, I've written much for the pulps and the movies," he said, slowly nodding, "Adventure stories, westerns, whodunnits..."

"And," I said, "And you havw also written...science-fiction!"

He nodded his head. Yes...he had also written science-fiction...

"I've heard your stuff on the radio too!" I cried, "Especially The Time Machine. It's been broadcast many, many times. Sometimes they follow your story, sometimes they dont. And I saw it in the movies too..." ((In my dream I seem to have The Time Machine and Things To Come confused. That is, I think they are one story and when I say I saw The Time Machine in the movies I am really thinking fo Things To Come. I didn't realize my error until shortly after awakening...))

He just kept on nodding his head, very wisely, looking almost sad. I began to feel sorry for him. After all, he was about to be fited and someone should break the bad news to him. Still, I didn't feel up to it. But maybe I could do it in a roundabout way...

"Did you ever think of making a come-back in the writing field?" I asked him.

He nodded his head, as always.

"Why not try it?" I said, "You might become famous all over again and wouldn't have to work bn a farm..."

He kept on nodding his head.

"Tell me, Mr. Wells," I said, "Tell me, did you ever hear of David H. Keller, M. D.?"

Yes...he had heard fo David H. Keller, M.D.

"He made a comeback, you know," I said, "He began to write for fan magazines and got famous all over again. Maybe if you tried writing for fanzines..."

He kept on nodding his head. Yes, maybe he would tryw riting for fanzines...

"Tell me, Mr. Wells," I said, "Tell me, did you ever hear of a fanzine called....Moonshine?"

Herbert George Wells began shaking his head in the opposite dijection. From right to left and back again. Quite negative and

((continued--next page))

len's dan

((continued))

Moonshine

not very slowly either. I woke up.

So help me, people, that was my dream as well as I can remember it. I don't dream (that is: have dreams which linger in my conscious memory) often but when I do...

\*\*\*\*\*

Now for some comments on the last mailing:

Happy to see the History of the Future Cards again. Elmer still printing them?

Item's...oops...items I liked best in Sparx were Ed Cox's short-short and John Strange's poem. Why?

For some reason, Casper Scatterday's Quest reminds me of Phillip Wylie...or is it Wiley?

Demund is not my pen name. Nor is it Stan's pen name. Guess again, Coswal...Sneary does not go in for the weird. The dragon on the back cover of Moony all served to attract attention to those words of vast import: South Gate in '58! I still have the Lovecraft set, the date at this writing still being 14 March 49. But I intend to advertise in FanAds, so better hurry...

Harry (Warner) has credited me with some of Stan's Stuff. (Stan: Sign your name to your Outlook column in caps.) T'was "Stan's nurseryman" who had the "novel" ideas about Negroes. So I refer you to my co-editor and...Stan, I refer you to lines 13, 14 and 15 (counting from the bottom of the page), second page, Horizons #37...

It's getting late...more of this at a later date...

\*\*\*\*\*

15 March 49:

Ron makes Ethiopia sound like an ideal spot for ye bombdodgers. In fact, Addis Ababa is now near the top of my own list of "faraway places callin' to me"..... The desire to travel was not dampened by my wartime wanderings, despite the inevitable disillusionments. For instance, I found "glamorous" Wakiki Beach to be a strip of coral-filled sand; most uncomfortable to bare, occidental feet. But I would enjoy a return trip to Hawaii (under my own orders), to visit all the Islands, go inland, meet the people. Would like to see Japan again too. This time, I would seek and expect to find interesting places and peoples and if "glamour" reared its purty head I'd give a nod of appreciation but would not be disappointed if it failed to appear.

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16 April 49: The postmailed mags (Wild Fair, Synapse, Matrix) rec'd, read and too late to be rated. ::s Hope Seattle's shake-up didn't unseat Speer or his sense of sane soberness or sober saneness. :: Rt. Hon. Winnie Churchill sez ~~great~~ fear (of a-bomb) keeps Russia from making cold war hot. Rt. Hon. Juffus sez fear more than greed motivates Soviet designs on the USA. Len sez fear can cause greed and lack of education causes fear. And greed can cause the lack of education... Shall the circle be unbroken? Reminds me of the old question about the chicken and the egg. We're pretty sure the egg

((Jack knows enough to turn to the next page...))



len's den

((continued, of course)) Moonshine

came first so maybe Egg Foo Speer is right about fear being the basic cause. ::: Attention Coswal: I finally got read of the HPL book and booklet. Also the mags I had advertised. See what you missed by not buying promptly from Big Hearted Len?::: Comes now a belated book review:

Life Everlasting and Other Tales of Science, Fantasy and Horror-by David H. Keller, M.D. Collected by Sam Moskowitz and Will Sykora. With a Critical and Biographical Introduction by Sam Moskowitz. (Avalon Co., Newark, N.J. 1947. 382pp. \$3.50)

The Introduction: Rambling but interesting. My chief criticism here is SAM's references to Keller's unpublished works. These references are sometimes too obscure and somewhat frustrating to one who has not had the opportunity to browse thru the good Doctor's private library.

The Novel: Life Everlasting asks (in so many words) this question: 'Would you rather be a sterile immortal or a potent mortal? A very important question, simply stated. Would you rather live forever-- or have kids?

This story was first published serially in Amazing, July & August, 1934. The basic idea for the tale was novel then and it is just as thought provoking today. Of course, the story comes to a definite conclusion, gives a definite answer to the question, an answer--which for the benefit of the few fen who have not read this tale--I will not reveal here. Keller's simple style makes for easy reading. Over use of coincidence and too much "plot thickening" detract but little from the overall value of this worthwhile novel.

The Short Stories: The Boneless Horror, No More Tomorrows, Heredity, The Face in the Mirror, The Cerebral Library and The Thirty and One gave me various degrees of entertainment but not enough to warrant re-reading in the future. However, A Piece of Linoleum, The Dead Woman, Unto Us A Child Is Born and perhaps The Thing in the Cellar are not only worth re-reading but worth the price of the book alone. Of course, I think The Thing in the Cellar has been over-rated as "the greatest horror story in the English language". I don't believe in "greatest stories" anyway.

Keller is at his writing best when he deals with the stuff of which newspaper stories are made. MAN KILLS WIFE; CLAIMS 'NO MURDER' SUICIDE DESPITE TWENTY YEARS MARRIED BLISS If these headlines seem familiar to you it may be because you read the daily tabloids. You can find "human interest" stuff like that in 'em every day. But you won't find them as well-written or as logically and honestly presented as you will in such lovely little items as The Dead Woman and A Piece of Linoleum. In the latter medium, the tales are told by a writer and a doctor. In the former, the tales are told by hacks and "doctorers". The book is neatly printed and bound. D/w has an eye-catching pic by Russell Swanson. A good photo of Dr. Keller appears opposite the title page. I would recommend this book to all stfantasy fen; seems to be something for everone in the volume. Which is prob'ly what Moskowitz and Sykora were thinking of when making the selections. I won't criticise them for using material which has already seen reprint because I am glad to get this collection of kellervarns in one handy volume. -lim

This is the fourteenth ish of MOONSHINE, Twin Gardens Pub for FAPA  
The cover was drawn, stencilcut and mimeo'd by Howard Miller.



# COMES WINTER

-by DEMUND

## Moonshine

Brid was struggling for his life in the way that he and his kind had for eons. During all of the time that his kind had existed.

And now--as in the past, repeated, countless times--it was happening to him. The cold was in his innermost joints and he made only a shaky, wabbling progress if it could be called progress at all. As had his ancestors ages before and their descendants after them right up to Brid, he was trying to mount the barrier, to struggle through it to the vast spaces beyond...beyond and escape! But he was handicapped. Yes, handicapped as all have been come the time of the Cold. He was not able to rise in the manner that he of his race had been provided. So he tried--as always--to mount the Barrier in preparation of surpassing it and making his way to freedom as had unnumbered ones before him. He knew it was possible, But the cold... cold that hampered his limbs...cold that slowed his thinking and weakened his body body processes... He crawled along the almost endless stretch of the long platform that seemed to extend into infinity. And before him was the Barrier. Transparent and impregnable. Solid as the cold ground. Harder. But he knew there was a way to pass through. If he could only get to it and seek it out. But he couldn't even get up over the base which was made of yet a different material and which he had climbed many a time before without difficulty. He struggled up to it and up the sheer side of it. Up... higher...higher...and failure! His grip slipped and fell to the surface. He wasn't much damaged but he knew that he couldn't keep taking this sort of punishment indefinitely.

And he swam in a numbed daze as he renewed his efforts. His mind wandered to the days before. Back to the time when he was whole and happy, with the warmth of the Warm Season on him and the time of food and plenty. The luxuriousness of his past life faded as the aching cold in his joints, in his whole being became almost unbearable. It seemed to be an eternity before he was able to reach the base again. He tried to mount it--and couldn't. He tried again, made a little progress, then fell back. Onto his back! He was in an almost helpless position now. He tried his natural means again and futile it was. He had not been able to use this means of locomotion for a long time...the cold prevented it for it made him too weak. The cold had been here for a long time... He was trapped on this long plain before the Barrier, without food and without means of getting food. He was weak and the Cold was setting in... He ceased his efforts. He knew with a sickening inevitability that he was doomed. He was dying. The Cold was final and his fate had been sealed by this unrelenting Cold which would not give way to a warm spell. A warm spell was Brid's only hope and there was no hope for Brid now. The Cold covered him like an invisible blanket, a blanket of death...

\*\*\*\*\*

The woman shivered and walked over to the window to gaze out over the bleak country-side. She turned to her companion.

"It'll snow out pretty soon, I bet. First snow of the winter ought to be along anytime." She paused and glanced down at the windowsill. "Yes, it's pretty cold alright. The flies are dying off."

The End



MOONSHINE MEMOS:

"....have you read

THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE ?"

That's what fans are saying nowadays. They are talking about that fabulous fanzine published by The Outlander Society. Now we do not claim that The Outlander is wilder than Wild Hair or more neatly mimeo'd than Shangri La or has prettier lithos than Fanscient (in fact, The Outlander has no lithos...but just look at that artistic, printed cover!) but we do think that you'll have the time of your life reading the thing.

Copies of the first issue are still available, I think. Better rush your dimes or dollar to : Mrs. Freddie Hershey

6335 King Avenue

Bell, California

so you can enjoy such happy items as: The Evolution of The Bonzo- by Alan Hershey (Bonzo is a cat but not just an ordinary cat...), I Was The Slave in Forry's Garage- by Freddie Hershey, Lowell Observatory Observes Rick Sneary Day, Poems by Con Pederson and Stanley Woolston, worse verse by Ijm, funfiction by John Van Cpuvering (who is editor of this first issue) and....Filings From The Chain...select ed excerpts from the Outlander Society's roundrobin which takes you behind the scenes and gives you a close-up view of the Outlanders and their outlandish doings... All this for but one dime per copy.

The second issue (edited by Con Pederson) is now in production. Reserve your copy now. There will be the usual delightful stuff by the Outlanders...plus: I Was A Spy At The North West Con- by Guest Outlander, Forry Ackerman. What happened behind the portals at Portland? Ackerman's report is a revelation....you'll revel in it....

And after reading either or both issues mentioned here...you too will be collaring the nearest fan and screaming with glee:

Have you read THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE ???"

////////////////////////////////////

Joe Kennedy*	Forrest J Ackerman*	John Strange*	Jack Speer*
Rick Sneary*	George R. Fox*	Len J. Moffatt*	Charles Burbee*
Francis T. Laney*	E. E. Evans*	Dale Hart*	Alan Hershey*

\*These are the people who have written for that printed fanmag:

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR Edited by J. Stanley Woolston and published by that worthy gent on The Lilliputian Press at 12832 S. West Street Garden Grove, California

A few copies of the first ish may still be obtained at a dime per. Second and future issues...15¢ per copy. Have you subscribed?

.....

SOUTH GATE IN '58!!!

Cinvention deserves mention, whether or not it is your intention to be there and stand at attention when they sing the National Fanthem...deserves your dollar too.....