

# MOONSHINE

NUMBER 30

AUGUST 1962

*TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE*



FOR THE HUNDREDTH FAPA MAILING

# MOONSHINE

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August 1962

Twentieth Anniversary Issue  
1942--1962

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Mimeographs.

## EDITORIAL

When talk first started of what should be done to celebrate the 100th Mailing, Len and I decided that there had to be an issue of Moonshine in it. We ofcourse had the usual big plans for the issue. We hoped to have material by all those who had ever appeared in it, as well as from all the old co-editors, (of whom there are almost as many as editors of Void.) I'd planned a index to the first 38 issues of Shangri-La Affairs as my part. It would be the biggest issue ever. (Not hard to do.)

My Index turned out to run 17 pages, and that was to many. It will have to appear as a especial project one of these days. Ofcourse as we never hear from Van Couvering, and EdCo was busy having a baby -(Congratulations Ed & Anne)- we didn't get anything from them. Then I had to go FAFIA for a time, and it looked like I might not make the issue at all. But Good Buddy Len got work and talked Tacket out of material, and wrote stuff his self. He even got a printing cut made for the cover, and got our other Good Buddy, Stan, to print it up for us. So it started to look like we were going to have a magazine after all.

Finally I decided to re-run something I had done for Five, the CAPA Official Fanzine, which with a little re-writing might go here. I'd first done it as a gag for LASFS, as something to fill in the time while we wated for Tucker to finnish his new edition of the Neo-Fans Guide. Mine was supposed to sound tired and cynical, but I guess I haven't the glooms it takes to do it right.

Now Stan says he may have some material run also, to add to the end of this....so, it will be an issue that we atleast can well remember, and hope it will not become lost among all the literary works of Publishing Jaints.

rms

# LEN'S DEN

I was going to reprint the entire first issue of Moonshine--all three pages, using the office ditto machine. That first ish was hectographed, and I had hoped to reproduce it as exactly as possible, including every typo, misspelling, and immature thought--using purple ditto carbon to obtain the hecto-effect.

Oh, it was going to be a real Collector's Item. (Who else would want it?) So I dug out my lone copy of the ish--and found that I could not read it. The hectoprinting has faded into a mess of blurs. It is almost readable--but not quite. Twenty years is a long time.....

I think I've written more than one piece on "Moonshine Memories", and rather than reprint--or rewrite--them, I thought it might be interesting to talk about some of the persons who have contributed to the old mag over the years. Although the first eighteen issues of Moonshine were primarily Moffatt-dominated, a goodly number of ghoud fans helped to make them more interesting and entertaining than they might have been, had they contained nothing but the writings of ljm.

As Tony Boucher would say, let's all be sure we are properly charged--fill your glasses, ladies and gentlemen, and join me in a toast to the many makers of Moonshine. Friends, I give you--my friends:

Blaine R. (Doc) Dunmire== Doc was the first trufan or actifan I met. He was a fellow-member of The Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers, editor/publisher of two short-lived fanzines (Stellar Tales and The Ghoul), and provided the use of his hectopan for the first three issues of Moonshine. For the first issue, writing under the "Orator" by-line, he contributed a column calling for more maturity in fandom. (Yes, t'was ever thus...) Al Ashley, and perhaps others, accused the "Orator" himself of being immature, and from where I'm sitting now it would seem that both sides were equally correct.

Doc was my best friend, so of course I am prejudiced, but I think he would have become a favorite fan, as well as an outstanding pro writer, had he lived. Sometime he sounded ponderous and pseudo-intellectual on paper, but in person he was as friendly a chap as you'd want to meet. Sercon, yes--but who wasn't in those days? He had a sense of humor, a sense of what was right, and he certainly possessed the courage of his convictions. He would have outgrown his paper personality.

I was overseas in 1944 when I received the news of Doc's death. He had been aboard a troop transport, on his way to Europe. It was sunk, and all hands and passengers reported deceased. I still miss him.

Pearl A. Cavitt== She wrote a one page essay, entitled "Death", for the 2nd issue (dated Spring, 1943). As I said in that issue's editorial, she was "a semi-fan living in Ohio"...."Feature Editor of her high school's newsmag". Wonder what ever became of her? The essay was about what you would expect, but I still like my heading and illo for it...

(Moonshine Nos. 3 and 4, one hecto'd before I joined the Navy, and the other mimeographed for me by Al Ashley after I'd moved out here in 1946, were strictly ljm-issues. So was No. 5--my first attempt at mimeography, save for a one page poetical essay, by my late friend, Doc Dunmire. It was titled "Where Dreamers Seek", and I published it with the thought in mind that perhaps he had found that "place where Dreamers seek".)

Shirley Jean== My pretty neice, folks. She helped me in many ways on those early issues of Moonshine: cover designs, working on the machine itself, cutting stencils, collating, etc. She never did become a really active fan, though she was quite a reader. (It runs in the family.) Later, she joined the Outlander Society. She is now Mrs. Roy Mehan, and the mother of two boys.

Stan Woolston== I met Stan at the Pacificon in 1946. We got together shortly thereafter, and I got him to write an article (One Fan's Outlook) for the 6th issue. Later, he used the title for a column, as well as for his own fapamag. Stan, and Rick (whom I also met at the Pacificon), are my two best friends.

I still like Stan's "Monsters I Have Known", a series of illos he did for Moonshine. To Tell All about Woolston in this limited space is simply impossible. If you have ever met him at a con, or visited his home, you would have some idea of what I mean. But only "some idea". You'd have to have known him for as many years as Rick and I have to truly appreciate the man, his mind, his creativity, his delightful sense of disorganization, his gregariousness, and his generosity.

Daniel Semaj== Ummm...oh yes, that was me. I've always liked the name Daniel, and Semaj is my middle name spelled backwards.

Martin Cramer== I know nothing of this early-days fan, other than his collaboration with Doc Dunmire on a futuristic folk-song, "A Spaceman's Dream". I published it in the 9th issue, Winter, 1948.

Ed Cox== Edco made his first appearance in Moonshine in the 10th (Spring, 1948) issue with a "Guest Monster" illo. (I must remind Forry that I was publishing a "monster mag" years before he started his...) Ed also had some cartoons, labeled "Coxtoons", in No. 11, Summer, 1948. I can't Tell All about him, either, on accounta he's married now....

Demund== This Mysterious Writer had his first story in the 11th issue, which, incidently, was the first Moffatt-Woolston Publication. Burbee, among others, liked Demund's short fiction, and wanted to know who he might be. Well, it was E. Moonshiner Cox...

Rick Sneary== Rick's first appearance in this old mag was also in that 11th issue, with a cartoon and a backover illo, the latter plugging South Gate in '58! Ten years later he got his wish... I could write pages about the Squire, and most of it would be true. But he'll Hit Me if I do.

Howard Miller== One of my all time favorite fan artists. And not just because he did three beautiful covers for Moonshine. I've seen his fine work in other fapamags, Ronel's, for instance. Howard is the big, friendly, beer drinking type, with sardonic comments on fans and fanning.

Roy Tackett== If you can find a copy of No. 13 (February, 1949), read Roy's story, "A Change of Station". It's a short, mood type piece about a Marine being transferred to our U. S. Naval Base on the Moon. Year: 1964.... It deserves reprinting for more reasons than one.

Alan Hershey== Alan's only appearance in Moonshine was in the 15th (August, 1949) issue with a reprint from the Outlander Magazine: "A Hero of Science". It was a take-off on Paul de Kruif science-hero stories, and one of the funniest



things I've ever read.

Alan was, and is, a chemist for a paint and varnish firm. He was one of LASFS's better directors, and an Outlander par excellence. I could tell about the time he fell asleep under a coffee table while Bradbury read us one of his stories. Alan was a Constant Reader (who, obviously, hated to be read to), and an Expert Floor Sleeper. I have pictures to prove it. At last report he was happily married and the father of several children.

John Van Couvering==His first appearance here was also in the 15th issue (the first Moffatt, Woolston and Sneary Publication) with a cartoon captioned "The Ultimate Finlay". It showed a huge bubble with hands and feet sticking out from behind it. Later, John appeared in the 18th issue as our new co-editor. John is probably best remembered in fandom today as the Outlander who walked thru a glass door. True, he was somewhat of an "accident prone", but his writing talent was obvious, and, wherever he is, I hope he is putting it to good use today.

Dorothea M. (Rory) Faulkner== Grandma the Demon, loved by one and all, was, and is, a ball of fire. Age and poor health haven't slowed her down too much. She attended the 1962 Westercon here in L.A. with her lovely granddaughter, Jani, whom we hope will also find fandom to be a happy hobby.

We have never agreed with Rory politically, but we love her for many reasons, such as her gutsy approach to life, and her own love of imagination, the stars, the dream that man will not be chained to Earth forever. And, of course, her wonderful sense of humor. Her poem, "Weather Report From Mercury", appeared in our 16th issue.

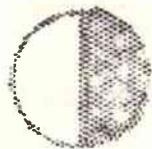
And that about does it. I have mentioned only first appearances or only appearances. I could have made the column much longer by listing all of the items by Rick, Stan, and others. There was quite a lot of Good Stuff in those first 18 issues, as well as quite a bit of crud. Now that I have them out here handy-like, I may just sit back and read them all, every one.... Fanostalgia is a turrible disease.

So this is issue No. 30. Twelve issues published by Rick and Stan (together or separately) since I dropped out of FAPA in 1950. What time did you say it was?

--Len Moffatt

+++++

# WEATHER REPORT FROM MERCURY



The cold back side of Mercury  
It never sees the sun  
The air is frozen solid and  
The rivers do not run

The sunny side of Mercury  
Is always boiling hot  
You cannot shelter in the shade  
There is no shady spot

The small, sad man of Mercury  
The shadow's rim must ride  
His front is cozy in the sun  
But oh--his cold back side!

--Rory Faulkner, 1949

\* \* \*

# ROY TACKETT'S "ESCAPE FROM YUMA"

When I reported to the air station at Yuma last March, and informed the C. O. of my unit that I would be retiring in a few weeks, I placed that gentleman in something of an awkward position. As I was senior to the other enlisted men in the unit I had been slated for assignment as NCO in Charge; however the short time remaining on my service made such an assignment a bit ridiculous. So rather than interrupt the already established routine I was made something of a free agent, with no particular duties. I could come and go as I pleased....

This resulted in my having a sudden surplus of free time--which, when coupled with my somewhat bookish nature, led to my becoming a regular fixture in the station library, rather like an additional piece of furniture.

The station library at Yuma is quite small, and contains not more than a dozen science fiction books, all of which I had previously read. General fiction and non-fiction are not quite that limited, but a quick check of my main subjects of interest disclosed that there was nothing new there either, so I settled down to a period of really mining the shelves in hopes of turning up something of special interest.

This involved starting with the first book under A, taking out every volume with an unfamiliar title, reading the blurb if there was one, and glancing at a few pages at random. This is a process that guarantees looking through books that haven't been opened for months or years and, indeed, finding some that have never been taken off the shelf before. (On the whole, the library at a Marine base is a rather lonely place.) It also guarantees that otherwise empty hours will pass more or less pleasantly.

The A's produced nothing. The B's gave up a small nugget in the form of "The Beasts of Tarzan", and I spent an hour or so with the Ape-man, something I hadn't done in years. The C's, D's, E's, and F's produced only dross, but in the G's I found "Crusoe Warburton", by Victor Wallace Germain. This book was published by Coward-McCann in 1954, but I had not run across it before, and I haven't heard it mentioned in any fannish discussions. It turned out to be an enjoyable lost race fantasy. Full of inconsistencies, to be sure, but nevertheless enjoyable, and, after all, fantasy isn't meant to be consistent.

Cecil Warburton, a rather remarkable young English naval officer, was stationed in South African waters at the end of World War II. An individualistic type with a bit of a temper, he had struck and killed his overbearing commanding officer, and is en route to England, under guard, to stand court-martial for mutiny and murder. Two days out of Capetown the cruiser on which he is a passenger is struck by a hurricane, a tempest of truly gigantic proportions.

The radio antennas are swept away, and the ship, unable to make headway, and in danger of being torn apart by the heavy seas, turns to run with the storm. For eight days the hurricane drives the cruiser towards the southeast, and in a moment of horror she is ripped open by the shoals of an uncharted island near the Antarctic Circle.

Through luck, Warburton is swept overboard on a cork raft, and cast up on the island. When the storm abates he discovers: (1) that he is the sole survivor of the wreck, (2) that the island is deserted, and (3) the wreck of the cruiser lies only partially submerged, not too far off shore. It sounds rather like "Robinson Crusoe", doesn't it? But there is a difference. Where Crusoe was melancholy and despaired of ever getting off his island, Warburton is confident that he can return to civilization, and turn a handsome profit. As I mentioned, Warburton is rather remarkable.

He is, he realizes, on an unknown island in a portion of the world where not even the whaling ships sail. The cruiser was wrecked some 3,700 miles from its last reported position, so there is no danger of the island being accidentally discovered by an air or sea search for the missing ship.

He decides to strip the wreck, store the booty on the island, and build a boat in which he can return to civilization. He will then charter a ship, return to the island, pick up his loot, and sell it on the world's black market. A ship is a floating city, containing vast amounts of machinery, tools, and other necessities of civilization. In addition to its major armament, a warship carries a large quantity of smaller weapons, including rifles and hand guns, all of which find ready buyers in almost any portion of the world.

So strip the cruiser he does. Using water power to generate electricity on shore, and diesel and gasoline engines aboard the ship, Warburton, who is something of a mechanical genius, designs a series of powered trucks and hoists, and systematically takes the wreck apart. As the summer draws to an end he has enough arms, equipment, machinery, and what-have-you stored in various caves on the island to bring him, he estimates, over 250,000 pounds in cash. And in those days the pound was worth about five dollars American.

However, the antarctic winter is approaching, and his immediate need is shelter for the cold months ahead. He realizes that he will not be able to leave the island until the following spring. He builds a house in the cleft of a cliff, installs some of his salvaged furniture and appliances, and powers it with electricity generated by a water wheel. Part of the house is an extra-large room in which he can work on his boat during the months ahead. The completion of the house gives Warburton his first chance to relax in months.

He awakens the following morning to the realization that he has nothing to do (he is not yet ready to start on the boat) and loneliness sets in. In an effort to shake off the mood he puts to sea on his raft--which is now powered--for a day's fishing. He finds no fish, but he does find something else. He sights a sail.....



"Yes, it was a craft of sorts, and no European craft from the look of her. She had one big mast in the center, with what seemed to be a topsail, and two diminutive masts fore and aft, stepped in the very eyes of the bows and in a corresponding position astern. He knew of no European rig like that, and her bows and stern seemed somehow to curve upward."

She is also obviously in distress, wallowing in the sea without a hand at the helm. Warburton boards the ship, and discovers five women and two men suffering from starvation and thirst. He tows the ship to his island, installs the seven persons in his house, and then takes a good look at the ship. She is built along the lines of a Viking ship, but mounts such innovations as flintlock cannon, chronometers with a strange time system, and a globe which showed no markings except for some strange islands, seemingly near his own. He concludes that she comes from some undiscovered civilization lying near the Antarctic Circle.

Warburton nurses his seven charges back to health, and learns their language. (He has a talent for languages.) His guests are Dalonorma, deposed queen of Asmalla; her daughters, Mazzie and Iranya; and their four servants. Asmalla, he learns, is a small kingdom in the unknown archipelego, the whole of which is called Thessotama.

Thessotama is located at least 2,000 miles from the nearest land mass. Its ships are capable of no more than inter-island sailing, so it has no knowledge of the rest of the world. The archipelego is made up of three major islands and several smaller ones. The total area is about three times that of England, and the population numbers about 85 millions. The culture of Thessotama is roughly comparable with that of Europe at about the end of the 17th Century.

Warburton sees in Thessotama the opportunity for him to play the role of Cortes and Pizarro. Dalonorma and her refugee retinue are more than half convinced that his 20th Century appliances and machinery are magic, and that he is something of a god. He encourages this belief and convinces Dalonorma that his magic will enable him to overthrow the usurper, and restore her to her throne. He takes the queen for his wife.

The following spring they return secretly to Asmalla, where Warburton arms those who have remained loyal to Dalonorma with modern weapons. Asmalla quickly falls to him, and--trading as much on his reputation as a god as on his knowledge of war and his modern arms--he soon conquers all of Thessotama.

Warburton is acclaimed a god-emperor, a position suited to his purposes. He institutes a six-year plan to pull Thessotama into the 20th Century, so that he may meet the rulers of the outside world as an equal. As mentioned before, he is a remarkable man. He founds a university, and becomes its main teacher; he is determined to bring in European technicians, so he conducts classes in English and French; he builds modern steel mills and armaments factories; he introduces electrical power and motor vehicles, and the beginnings of representative government for the whole empire--but strictly subject to his control. At the end of the six-year period Thessotama is a fairly modern nation, and Warburton is ready to establish contact with the outside world.



However, he has been listening to radio broadcasts from various portions of the world for almost a year, and is troubled by what is developing. He considers his empire, and what he has accomplished in Thessotama. He ponders the advantages and disadvantages of bringing his empire into contact with the rest of the world.

His final decision proves just how remarkable a man he really is.

"Crusoe Warburton" is not really an especially remarkable book, even though the hero is a remarkable man. It contains many errors and inconsistencies, such as the statement that it took Warburton five years to build a radio station powerful enough to receive broadcasts from the outside world. Any of the cruiser's communications receivers would have permitted him to do this, and it is inconceivable that he would have overlooked the ship's receivers in his zealous stripping of the wreck. Indeed he uses the ship's radio system as the basis for his own stations.

None of the characters, other than Warburton himself, really emerge from the pages, and Warburton is larger than life--a mechanical genius, a linguist, a military strategist, an engineer--a man of truly heroic proportions. As such the reader finds it easy to identify with him, although some may find it distasteful to do so.

For Warburton is a snob, a firm believer in the superiority of the white European, and a proponent of the caste system. When he rescues Dalonorma and her retinue, he recognizes the queen and her daughters as "ladies of quality" and the others as servants, and wastes no time in putting the servants in their proper place. He is arrogant, presumptive, and vain. He does not hesitate to use any means to further his own ends. He has redeeming features in that he is not a fanatical Christian, as were the conquistadors, and he is a realist. (He briefly considered returning to England and reporting the wreck, but decided that the Admiralty would add theft to his court-martial charges.) And, for all his faults, he possesses not only intelligence--but wisdom.

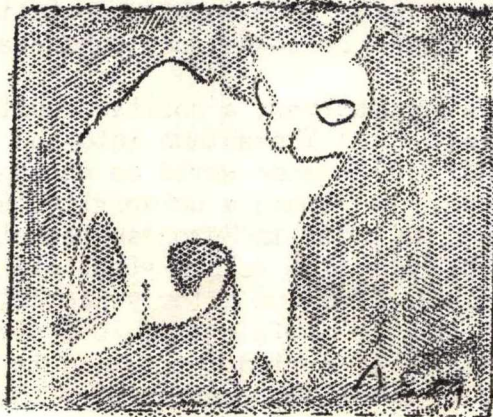
It was worth sifting through all the gravel on the library shelves to come up with a nugget like "Crusoe Warburton".

-Roy Tackett

THIS

IS

NOT---



---A CAT!

# RICK SNEARY'S OLD FAN'S GUIDE

ACTIFAN: A fan who can't think of anything better to do.

APA's: A fanzine boarding house.

AYJAY: Furor scribendi.

BEANIE: A hat with a fan both above and below.

BHEER: A fannish lubricating liqued.

BNF: Some one a great many fans know.

CHICON III: A charming Convention.

CONFERENCE: Convention for the provincials.

CONVENTION: A family reunion for orphans.

CORRECTION FLUID: The water of forgetfulness that washes away our sins.

CRCOGME: To be ployed speechless.

CRUD SHEETS: Unassembled fanzines.

The CULT: It certainly is.

DITTO: A purple pain.

D.N.Q.: A lock on the door after you have set fire to the barn.

EGO-BOO: The current that keeps fans going.

ESFA: The center of the Feud World.

FAN: One who revolves rapidly and produces a good deal of wind.

FANAC: Work.

FANARCHIST: A group of fans that are a little bomby.

FAN CLUBS: Something used against non-fans.

FANDOM: The whole mish-mosh.

FANNISH: Being nuts in the expected manner.

FANTASY: That crazy Wizard of Oz stuff.

FANZINES: A place to say things you wouldn't in a private letter.

FAPA: A grave yard with a waiting list.

FAUNGH: To want something fannishly.

FEUD: A battle between paper tigers.

FLAT BED PRESS: -(Censored.)-

A FOCAL POINT OF FANDOM: You.

FOOF00: The devil ghu say.

FOUT: Something to say when you are being a dissa-pointed fan.

FUGGHEAD: Some one with a hole in his mind

GAFIA: Finding a seeming bet-ter use for ones time than fandom.

GESTETNER: One of those big sporty forigen mimeos with wire wheels.

GHUGHU: The ditto of FooFoo.

HOAX: Old Chineese joke; "I almost somebody else."

HUGOS: An award for having more friends than some-one else.

IPSO: A de facto fanzine.

KOOK: Some one who acts like a fan but isn't.

LASFS: A Shangri La were every one grows old.

The LITTLE MEN: Literary Giants on a small scale.

MIDWESCON: A Con of lost re-sorts.

MIMEO: A machine that some times produces fanzines.

NEO-FAN: Some one a lot of fans don't know.

N.F.F.F.: The proof of the Natural Futility of a Fan Federation.

OFFSET: A black mark left over from the last revol-ution.

The OLD GUARD: They all died at Waterloo.

PRO: Some one making money out of being a fan.

PRO MAG: Something that once published Science Fiction and Fantasy.

PSI. Pie in the sky.

PLONKERS: They'er dryer than zap guns.

SAPS: Self explanatory.

SCIENCE FICTION. That crazy John Glenn stuff.

SHAGGY: A hairy fanzine.

SENCE OF WONDER. Not under-standing what you are reading.

SLIP-SHEET: To put old crud-sheets between new crud-sheets.

STAPLES: Little bits of wire that fall out of a fanzine untell you try to open it.

STENCIL: A 20th Century clay tablet.

TAFF: A way of getting funny talking guest for Con-ventions.

TYPER: The tip of a fans paper tongue.

ZAP GUN: Wetter than a plonker.



FAN MEMORY . . . . . by Stan Woolston . . . . . 1 .

The mind of fan is a reminiscer. A reminiscer recalls things past--and that suggests there must be something to remember. Fanac is the field in which the fan gets the habit of reminiscing--and as such it is one in which general empathy is strong. In FAPA especially this spreads to other areas--discussing of sports cars, jazz, classical music or other desired specialty of individuals involved.

Fans are emotional as well as intellectual creatures; perhaps in some ways they meld the two better than the average fist-jab-to-chin oriented person who seems to work mainly by reflex action on the physical level. Perhaps the term "intellectual" is used too much and a more realistic understanding could come about if we took a fuller look at the more total picture of fan, including the emotional basis of his activities. To a degree that is what I intend to begin here.

FANHISTORY some years ago was published by Lee Hoffman, and this to me is an example of a reminder of things past. I think it suggests a memory of a period in which fandom was a thrill to Lee, and perhaps other such projects might have been the same. To a degree it may be that AH, SWEET IDIOCY was such a thing to Francis T. Laney--but if so I am afraid he let it go so far that his sense of fannish wonder had been supplanted by a habit of criticism which is a sort of counter-feeling to this thrill in the area of fandom or fanac.

Walter A. Willis recovered from a period of gafia and is now coming to Chicago, though a few years ago he did not take the opportunity to come on a special fund when it was offered. I'm glad he is coming, even though I might not meet him--but in the context of this article I might say that he has displayed here, and in the past, quite a few examples of the fannish sense of the past.

WAW was one of the fans that was active in fandom when the call "South Gate in '58!" was heard--and he rallied around it the year before the Solacon, because to him it seemed fitting and a worthy thing to support. Of course the ten-year battle-cry of my friend and yours, Rick Sneary (with the help of another mutual friend Len Moffatt) was not ten years of preparation for the worldcon but it was a hope, sometimes vague but sometimes quite vivid, and the three of us exchanged many RRs or carbon-letters on the subject, and it was more than mentioned in personal meetings with other fans, thru correspondence in general, and in other ways. We speculated then--but before the ten years were up some fans entered fandom to hear the phrase ringing in their ears, and they had an emotional empathy towards the phrase.

Yes, fans are emotional as well as mentally oriented. In fact, in the case of the idea of "South Gate in '58" it could only be an idea due to the rotation plan adopted earlier unless someone acted to change things--so WAW and others got the idea of a Worldcon in London. As in life, emotion and ideas mix.

For several years before the convention in 1958 it seemed that disrupting influences might tear the idea of an annual worldcon to bits. Emotional entanglements with a sort of permanent world con group to sustain the knowledge and historical records of the past

took on monstrous form in the minds of some of the fan writers, and part of this was due to the abrupt way it was organized without any real feeling of belonging in the mind of the fans of the time. In more recent times somewhat the same approach was used in introducing a "fan awards" plan: in both instances the real objection may have been there were no emotional taglines, no element of discussing or relating the idea to "fan-ownership". How this touches on the fan pattern of thinking things out for themselves is the reason I bring this up now; it could be subject for article of its own.

Mainly the approach in both of these instances was to attempt to bring about a project full-blown, or nearly so, before fans had a chance to discuss it. I believe much of the dislike of this is result of ignoring the desire of fans to think their way through an idea. Harry Warner has said he believes there is no reason the fan awards should be disliked as much as the hue and cry suggests--and I agree. (Even if I'm rewording his views drastically!) Lack of emotional time to make up one's mind is apt to stimulate a "NO!" response.

The Warner fanhistory project will probably be as important in the fanworld as any other project there ever was, as far as interest goes. FANCYCLOPEDIA one and two had emotional empathy aspects written all over it, I would say--but with the Warner writing ability and acquaintance there is a good chance it will be closer to fannish life or to more groups in fandom, as well as being written without some of the cutting satire of some other fanhistorical material in the past. As anecdotes from various groups are written, I can imagine the fans involved reading and reminiscing. In the hurry of fandom many old-times acquaintances and friends are pushed from the forefront of the mind, and correspondence may stop with a person appreciated more than those you write regularly now, for instances; such a project is not merely a historical works, and it is in the emotional tag-lines that such a project has its strongest importance.

I would imagine that most con reports gain their main interest from the sense of recall and empathy they bring about.

Some fan say, or assume, that fans are a few steps above the average joe in intellect. I suppose everyone believes those in his special group are superior in some way; we can see their values. I believe that, by the metamorphosis of thinking in ideas and to a degree imitating the scientific process (or perhaps what we assume it is) after reading about it in fiction, that many science fiction reading people have turned their ways more towards the intellectual. They have upgraded their ability to emote, to a degree, by the kind of reading they do, so it is more often in control than the average joe you might meet on the street.

The mind of fan is a reminiscer, and also an imitator--we imitate to some degree the things we admire or appreciate; they become a habit of thought. Perhaps some of us are downright hero worshippers. Conan has his supporters--and may represent the more violent kind of hero-worship in science fiction, pointing to a possible alignment with violence instead of intellect. Tarzan is a wild one--not exactly a brainy one--and the Mars stories of Burroughs are not really much different. The special publications for Conan, Tarzan and other robust heroes suggest that they are perhaps more apt to have their outspoken following than other more "mental" ones.