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For the  
August 1957  
FAPA mailing

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This is MOONSHINE, published for FAPA Mailing Number 80 by Stan Woolston, editor and publisher, at 12832 West Ave., Garden Grove, California.

#### EDITORIAL

I had hoped to make this a sort of shiskabob, with material from Rick Sneary as well as Len Moffatt distributed in-between the hunk of gristle, or whatever we should call it, of my own stuff. As it is, Rick at this time hasn't sent in a selection from his South Gate castle, so I suppose with a bit of mental adjustment we might call this a rather odd sandwich with Moffatt and his den providing the ham and me the rye.

Look closely, though; you WILL find Rick is represented here....Rick is back at work at Gair Chemicals, and probably after the Westercon (see report herein which, I assure you, is very incomplete) Rick hasn't had a chance to write.

#### THIS IS A PERSONALZINE

and so naturally I'm going to get personal. Len Moffatt, as you can plainly see if you turn to Page 12, would like to see WAWillis attend the 1958 Worldcon, and so he has been turning his inventive mind (also his wife has been turning his mimeo) to getting started towards that goal. The Sneary booklet is one move in that direction. Well, it seems he got a letter from WAW who said that he thought Len's idea would cut in on the support of TAFF, and that he had started TAFF and didn't want to cut into its effectiveness. Also there was something about advising Len to turn money received over to TAFF or to the SOUTH GATE IN '58! fund.

Len said he would like to hear the opinion of fans--including FAPA folk--on whether they would support his WAW TO THE GATE project and also not cut contributions to TAFF. You might read the ad Len composed for this issue of Moonshine; you'll see that Len's reasoning was not unselfish, and that as far as he's concerned WAW would be "paying his way" by publishing his observations. I know I'd like to read more of his HARPings.

So...Would you please write to Len and vote on this? His new address is: 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.

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The lack of a printed cover this issue is due to fear and trembling due to receiving a post-mailing today from Coswal, who comments that he cannot depend on Uncle Samuel's mail to get third or fourth class mail to the OE in time. Actually, I prefer a printed cover, even though I sometimes feel that my glorious words are more fitting for a personalzine. My renewal money will be sent off tomorrow, and this "magazine" will soar across the continent some time thereafter. As it is after 1 a.m. now I have a suspicion that it will be another day...This is a Royal Blue stencil, with film attached, and I'm feeling very kingly as I type this last stencil...Comments appreciated  
\*Who stole that O? ... --Stan Woolston



## ONE FAN'S OUTLOOK

by Stan Woolston

My blathering this time will probably be as informal as any of the past, but because the device for indenting has fallen off and I've no time to repair it, paragraphs will start perpendicular to the cliff of words beneath it. But if I feel bored with such a style, I reserve the right to go back to nonstop paragraphing; as this is a sort of anniversary issue, it would be appropriate.

Forrest J Ackerman (Forrest J is a good Ackerman) was "last seen" by me at the four-day Westercon X, July 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1957. Although he's "given up" FAPA, he still makes the rounds of the fangatherings and later this year will scoot (or swim) over to the Loncon, and afterwards be guest of honor at the special German con. I'll write something about W-X on another stencil. I am not a good society editor, but maybe you'll be amused at some of the goings-on in this part of fandom. I was.

In

Len's Den you will get the low-down on why this is a special issue of MOONSHINE, complete with Moffatt. I've always thought of this as Len's zine, and maybe this explains why most of the issues I've edited were mostly a column (One Fan's Outlook) with other things added. I've usually just let the magazine grow, commenting when I thought it best, adding other material when I could inspire someone to write something (or use other methods of intrigue that most fans know about after a few years in fandom). I'm glad Ken is back this issue; with Rick Sneary (whose material hasn't arrived yet--and it is my birthday today, July 16) the ish will be The Hub in action again. (Len, Rick and Stan--the Hub Bubs.)

### The Case Against Washington

This sub-title really shouldn't be taken seriously, but I feel like opinionating about something a Washington-area fan has been messing around with. To be nasty, I won't mention his name, except to say that he is considering what I consider an unwise innovation in counting FAPA requirements. He wrote me saying he did not intend to count the letters written by me (and used in the OUTLANDER magazine which Rick distributed in FAPA) as part of my activity requirements. I told him I considered letters very definitely were fannish fare. I believe that if FAPA is to be made into a place where the TYPE of contributions for requirement are to be decided by officers, that it will lead to a form of interference that is inadvisable.

As for my own activity requirements, I intend to have more than my 8 pages in this mailing; however, although I did not write to have the case "reviewed" by that other Washington officer, I feel that the membership and not the officers should decide on what the activity rule should be in the future. I will vote that there be no limitation as to type of material except good taste or legal requirements as are necessary to get the mailings through the mails, be made by an officer. With the recent change in the Constitution that cuts out the waiting period for paying dues and for the receipt of last mailing...well, I think things have gone too far in the direction of limitation..The intent seems to be to freeze out some persons these officers have decided are less worthy than others.  
\*this is MOONSHINE

a FAPA publication\*



FAPA to me is a place to let off a little steam now and then, a place to feel the pulse of others' fanviews (and views not related to fandom too). There has been musical discussions, material about movie folk, personal news, details of material written for "the market," and other stuff that to me is quite worth-while. Also there has been some contributions that I thought were ill-considered for the audience --and I'd include poorly-reproduced stuff and material that looked tossed in for its sales value. With the cost of postage I think the inclusion of material that is likely to be unappreciated might be criticised; however, I do not feel that such material should be used to influence anyone to try to push through a ruling that would outlaw material of any certain type.

Perhaps what I feel is the motivation for all these special rules that limit the freedom of activity of the members may not be the real reasons. In any case, I suggest that the members be the one to make rules.

I believe the time to make rules of limitation is BEFORE the rules are to be put into effect, too. So I protest, and ask the proper officer to re-examine the matter of trying to tighten up rules that I believe don't exist--the granting of arbitrary powers of decision for officers to count requirements other than for the "8 pages or equivalent" that the Constitution requires.

### Constitutional changes

Bringing the FAPA Constitution "up to date" is a worthy idea, as far as I'm concerned. If someone wants to have a vote on giving less than full-page requirement for certain kinds of material (reprint, letters, etc.) I'd be glad to have them send around a petition. When the petition is signed by a suitable number, or when a group of officers suggest the vote, I'll be glad to read about it. (And I'd probably vote against it too.) Ah, democracy...

### Inside Woolston

I don't know why the emphasis is on me so strongly here; I feel like apologising. Anyway, while on the derogatory subject (when I should be talking about YOU) here is the latest details about myself: my trips to the doctor (to get my muscles exercised) are now every 2 weeks or so. I advise you not to become paralyzed, and this suggests you don't let a dentist get close enough to poke a needle in your jaw.

These days I'm dodging cats. We're taking care of 2 kittens while a friend recovers from a broken hip.

### Inside Moffatt

I butchered the ad-stencil to put on the new address; Len and Anna will move in about a month from their famous Lanto St. address. This means by the time you receive the mailing he should be there, and if you write for the SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY Len will probably open the envelope in his Den. From his description it appears to be a very nice place, and I'll probably see it when he moves. (I'll help him.)

I hope to have some commentary on the last mailing plus the Westercon X report--plus a few other items...

\*this is Moonshine



# LEN'S DEN

\* \* \* \* \*

## Moonshine Memories

Well, now the way I heard it someone (I think it was that rascal, Redd Boggs) told J. Stanley Woolston (A Good Man--and probably the world's most active sfan) that it was time for an Anniversary Issue of this ancient FAPA mag, and that such an Issue would not be complete without a column by the mag's original editor and publisher. After searching for several days through his vast accumulation of FAPA Mailings, NFFF Publications, general fanzines, promags, books, unfinished manuscripts, unassembled copies of The Pickpocket's Manual, woodcuts, type cases, odd lots of mimeo and printing papers, linotype slugs left over from The 1950 Fan Directory, etc., etc., (no "Len's Den" would be complete without a few "etc's"... ) the Great Woolston discovered an old, beat-up copy of Moonshine (dated for some time in the Forties); after perusing the mag for several seconds he found my name listed as Editor-in-Chief.

"So," he murmured quietly (as only the Great Woolston can murmur quietly), "It was Len who first distilled Moonshine..."

It must be admitted that he did come to a rather hasty conclusion regarding the origination of this mag, but one can not blame him too much for not wanting to search further back into fanhistory and into his tremendous Collection...

It was then that he began bombarding me with postal cards: "Boggs says you should do a Den for the upcoming Annish of Moonshine..." "You were the original editor of Moony, weren't you???"

"How many pages do you plan to write? How about cutting your own stencils..."

"Rick will loan you his stencils if all you have now are diagraphy stencils."

"Who is George W. Fields?" "Have you started your Den for Moonshine yet?"

"Rick is going to write something for the issue too. You want to be in the same issue with the Great Sneary, don't you?" "What is diagraphy?"

"Warner says you should have your column in my hands by July 15..."

"Despite our long-standing friendship, if you don't have the Den stencils ready in time for the Annish I will bring into force my fabulous powers of TK and spirit away Anna..."

After this threat to my beautiful and intelligent wife, I had no choice in the matter. After all, she is the Chairlady of The South Gate in '58! Planning Committee, and without her firm (but lovely) hands on the reins we would have one hell of a job of re-organization. There was only one thing for me to do to save "South Gate in '58!" from a fate worse than debt: write the damned column and keep the usually-jovial Woolston in a happy frame of mind. (I have seen his scienti-magical powers perform wonders before, and know whereof I shudder. What other Fan has the Strength and the Power to levitate Forrest J Ackerman?)

It was decided that I should write a "historical" column, one filled with fanostalgia and memories of my fapast...

(Thus ends the first stencil of this special column. I must go to bed now. Anna is waiting. She says she has another great idea for the '58 Convention. As Secretary, I must take notes....)



### LEN'S DEN (continued)

"It would seem to me that memory is more like stars: some bright, some dull, but all there, if you know how to look for them."

-Rick Sneary

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the problem: knowing how to look for those memories of the past which would be interesting to the fapates of the present. Fortunately, a few of you have been in FAPA for more than a mere decade and may very well enjoy a bit of fanostalgia by an old ex-member, so I guess I'll have a few interested readers anyway... (Incidentally, the above quote is just a sample of the wit and wisdom of the Sage of South Gate to be found in Selected Writings of Rick Sneary.... Plug: See ad for same elsewhere in this issue: Unplug)

Now I could dig through my own complicated collection of fanzines and other stfantasy items, and try to put together a complete set of ljm-edited Moonshines. Then I could jog my memory by referring to them as I write this column. But, lads and lassies, I just ain't gonna. T'would take too much time (and work), and I have barely recovered from going through Sneary's weighty collection of mags, pro and fan, (gleaning material for the above-plugged booklet) AND this may be considered an easy task. Unlike Woolston and Moffatt, the Great Sneary keeps his mags in alphabetical and chronological order (insofar as it is possible), neatly packaged in big manila envelopes, on shelves that are easy to reach.

So, like they say on Madison Avenue, I'm going to write this one off the top of my head. Oh, I'll do a little mental dredging, and whatever floats to the top will likely be scooped up and plopped onto stencil. I will attempt to deal only with my fapacareer, but if I should stray from the fapath occasionally, don't get your testicles in a turmoil. It may prove to be interesting.

As close as I can figure, this should be about the 15th Annish of Moony. I think I joined FAPA in 1942, and know I brought out two issues before I went into the Navy in 1943. (I picked the Navy in the hopes of getting out of a lot of hiking, but methinx "boots" march as much as Army trainees, and later, when I was a hospital corpsman attached to a Marine rifle company, overseas, the duty proved to be just like any other infantry outfit.)

These first two issues of Moonshine were very poorly hecto'd, and the less said about their content the better. I remember suffering from the barbs of such famous fapacritics as Ole H.C. "Hiss & Tell" Koenig and Mental Giant Al Ashley. As I recall, Harry Warner was a little kinder, expressing a liking for a cartoon I used in one of the issues. What I'm trying to remember now is how I got into FAPA in the first place. I guess, though, that in those days if a fan really wanted to be somebody he had to join the newly-formed NFFF, write letters to the prozines, subscribe to the "cream" of the fanzines (especially Spaceways, VOM, Le Zombie, Widner's Fanfare, and Unger's Fantasy Fiction Field), and join FAPA. There couldn't have been much of a waiting list then (if any); in fact, I think I was invited to join by one of the members--and shortly after receiving a sample mailing I was notified by some bloke from way out in Casper, Wyoming that I had just become a member, and would I please send my dues to him, Elmer Purdue. I did so, borrowed a hecto-jelly pan from my good friend, the late Blaine Durnmire (he was killed in WWII, one of the greatest losses in my life, in or out of fandom), and proceeded to mush out those first horrible efforts. (Skipping back to that list of actifan-requirements, there is one I never did really fulfill. I



### LEN'S DEN (continued)

never became a prozine letter-hack, due perhaps to the fact that I never bothered to write to them, save for a few letters to Super Science Stories in re their fan organization, The Science Fictioneers. I started a chapter of this club, hoping to organize all of the fen in western Pennsylvania. The WPSF had about 8 members at one time in its short career, from all over the western part of the state, and the hopes of Dunmire and Moffatt were high. However, the war, the tides of time, and gafia on the part of the most of the members dashed these fannish hopes to the cold, cruel, hard, realistic ground. Actually, there were more than 8 members, but I am recalling only those who, at the time, seemed to be real, honest-to-Foo, fan material. A couple of my letters or "reports" were published in SSS, but I don't think I bothered to comment on the mag's stories. I'm wondering if I hold some sort of a record, being one of the few pre-war fans who did not write for the lettercols of AS, ASF, SS, TWS and PS...)

The membership of FAPA in the early Forties were either a bunch of big hearted fans or were very patriotic, or both. Or perhaps the club's present-day prestige was not yet established and they were hard up for members. At any rate, my name was kept on the roster during my sojourn in the service. I think all we service fen had to do to remain a member was pay our annual dues. This procedure was not peculiar to FAPA, however. Most (if not all) of the other fanzines (I remember Tucker's Le Zombie, in particular) were sent to servifen for free. I had most of my favorite fanzines sent to my home address, where my mother faithfully kept them in good order until I returned. She didn't then (and doesn't now) understand why this stfanning thing is so fascinating, but after receiving some kind-worded notes from people like Tucker and Walt Kessle, I think she decided that perhaps fandom wasn't such an oddball thing, after all. They might use strange and weird terminology and have nekkid wimmin on the covers of their mags, but at least they acted--or reacted--like everyday people, proving that they were pretty nice human beings no matter how much they tried to disguise the fact.

After the war I returned to Pennsylvania in the middle of a cold, cold winter. It seemed twice as cold to me, having spent the previous year and a half in the Pacific. A cute little redheaded Irish girl kept me on the gafia list for another couple of months. She was interested in fantasy and Writing, and--except for such facts as the differences in our religions (she was Catholic and I was Protestant) and the differences in our opinions regarding the Only Place in the World to Live (she favored New York City and I was California-minded)--it seemed an almost perfect match. As far as I was concerned the religion-argument didn't bother me. If we had kids I was perfectly willing to raise them as Catholics, as long as they learned the Golden Rule. (I probably wouldn't have felt this way before the war, but my attitude towards life had been changed and was even then still in the changing stage. One doesn't cast aside one's childhood teachings overnight or even in a couple of years, despite the shocks and disillusionment one may suffer.) But I was pretty damned insistant about coming to California and she was just as stubborn, holding out for New York. It couldn't have been True Love, I reckon, as here I am in California and last I heard she was happily married, has several children, and is living in Ohio...

I arrived in Bell Gardens in February, 1946, but it was several weeks before I looked up LASFS and the old Slan Shack on Bixel Street. (I knew how to find them, having visited Morajo and Kepner at the Shack, during the war.) Gafia still gripped me, and I was doing such non-fannish things looking for a job, and trying to get settled.



### LEN'S DEN (continued)

The story of my second visit in Slan Shack, my joining of LASFS, the Pacificon, etc., would fill up several columns, and I am trying to get back to my fapalife and Moonshine... The third issue of Moony was mimeographed, thanx to Al Ashley, who run off my poorly-cut stencils on the old LASFS machine. As I recall, his fee was quite nominal. (Of course I wasn't a servifan anymore, and besides it seems I had plenty of "spending money" in those days. I thought nothing of donating ten or twenty bucks to a fannish cause, mine or somebody else's...)

I told Al I was in the market for a mimeo, and kept heckling him about it. Finally, at the Pacificon, he took me by the arm and led me over to Walt Daugherty, who for once during those three hectic but wonderful days didn't seem to be busy, busy, busy...

Al said something like: "For Chrisakes, Walt, will you sell this guy that old mimeo you got stashed away!" Now if Burbee was writing this he would probably have Walt say: "Which one?", but I don't remember Walt saying anything like that. I don't even remember what I paid for it. (As I said, I had plenty of spending money in those days...) However, Burbee to the contrary, I have never felt that I got a gyping on the deal. I certainly got my money's worth (whatever amount it was) of fun out of the gadget, and Walt (reacting perhaps to my obvious enthusiasm for the con he was running) threw in several cans of colored inks, lettering guides, styli and sundry other supplies, some of which I never actually used. That, chillun', was the old Moonshine mimeo. It worked something like this: You put on a pad. (I got several vari-colored ink pads with the deal too) Over the drum part, that is. You brushed in the colored ink of your choice. Then you put on the stencil. You put a sheet of paper in the feeding tray. You turned the crank, and studied the results. Too much ink? You ran a few crud sheets until the ink coverage looked about right. Too little ink? You removed the stencil and brushed the pad thoroughly with some more. On, stencil. On, sheet of paper. Turn crank. And so on, feeding one sheet at a time for the required 65 copies.... Still it was quite an improvement over the old hecto-mess.

When I dropped out of FAPA a few years back, I bequeathed the old Moonshine mimeo to Stan Woolston. I understand he still uses it occasionally, though it does have a broken handle, and he does have another machine for more strenuous crifanac.

Needless to say, the Moonshines from '46 on came out in a variety of colors. I like to think the material improved over the years too, as well as the readability. Of course a number of fapates did object to colored inks, but as no one agreed on which color they liked best, I didn't let it bother me too much. When the readability was poor it was not due entirely to too much or too little ink. I was cutting stencils on an old pre-war Remmette (which I affectionately called, Omar the Typer, having developed a fondness for the astronomer-poet's philosophy).... Both the platen and the type face were in beat-up condition, and when I see what a wonderful job this recently acquired electric typer does, I pause to wonder how in the hell I ever managed with old "Omar".... I feel the same way about the old Moony mimeo too, when I see how easily my wife runs off SCIENCE FICTION PARADE on the automatic-fed mimeo I got for ten bucks from Paul Turner. (He only paid \$7.50 for it, but I felt that after his trials and tribulations trying to get Shaggy out, he deserved a "profit".)

As time went by, I had the good fortune to make friends with two wonderful human beings, Rick Sneary and Stan Woolston. Stan was my first co-editor on Moony, and later, Rick joined FAPA and became a part-owner of the old



LEN'S DEN (concluded)

mag. Later, John Van Couvering and (I think) Con Pederson were to become "co-editors", briefly.

Perhaps I should list some of my "favorite FAPA memories"..... The most consistantly well-written and interesting mag: Horizons, of course. Even when it was hecto'd (or ditto'd?); even when it was lightly mimeod on yellow second sheets. (I hear Harry is using white paper nowadays....).....The two covers done especially for Moonshine by Howard Miller, who probably thought the mag needed some dressing-up. He sent one of them to me, already on stencil, and the other already run off, so all I had to do was staple it on! ..... The Monsters I Have Known series of drawings by Woolston (as well as his writings and the writings of Sneary)..... The "clever" covers I designed for the mag, like the one where I patiently assisted my then-little neice (she's married and has two kids now) to paste silver paper "moons" on black art paper, sixty-five times. The "moons" were the punched-out holes from a die-cut circle display carton we were manufacturing in the paperbox factory where I worked. (For the benefit of the curious, I'm still working there, but in the sales office.) Someone said when he first felt of this particular mailing package, he thought half dollars were being distributed..... Another cover I liked was the one with the bathing suited girl, whose breasts were utilized as the two O's in the cover title, MOONSHINE.....(This should have tipped off some of the older members that I wasn't quite the "blue nose" I used to be in the pages of VOM...) .....The time I made myself Dictator of FAPA, based on the fact that the constitutionally-required number of members didn't bother to vote in the election on which I had been appointed Official Teller. This left me the only official officer of the club. The old officers' terms had expired. No new officers had been officially elected. So I named myself as Dictator and appointed the persons who had been running for office(there was only one for each post) as the Acting President, Acting Sec'y, etc., except that I did appoint Sneary as the Acting President (with the actual president serving under him) so he could be Prexy of FAPA, NFFF, and Young Fandom all at the same time. I think I made other appointments too, and declared that all of these officers should carry out the duties of their offices just as they would had they been actually elected, but that I, as Benevolent Dictator, was in charge of the whole FAPA operation. Laney and Burbee (and others) thot this was a good kick in the pants to the lazy members who didn't bother to vote(just because the election was a sure thing anyway), and that I had pulled the greatest and funniest stunt of my fan career. I, of course, was inclined to agree with them on this point. However, one member, at least, felt that the whole satirical bit was in bad taste, saying that the evil of real-life dictators was too fresh in our memories. Maybe he thot I was really serious about taking over the club, or--more likely--did not believe as I do, that one of the best ways to fight such evils (be it dictatorships, lassitude on the part of club members, bigotry, or wothavia) is to make them appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world, lampoon them, hit'em where it hurts with good solid satire. And I still believe that way. Good honest laughter is a wonderful weapon..... My report on Speer's visit to L.A. Jack, 4e, Elmer and a few others, including Dale Hart and ljm, visited some "different" nite spot for Jack's benefit. I remarked that Speer had "unstuffed his shirt". I had met him at the Pacificon and rec'd the impression he was a super-critical cold fish. But on this visit, he drank beer and lived it up with the rest of us, just like one of the boys, as they say out at the office. One of the nite spots was a lesbian hang-out, a fact I was reticent about reporting in that old Moonshine.... Maybe I didn't want to feed more grist to the Laney Mill. ::::Have been wondering which would "run out" first; me, the stencils or the correction fluid. Looks like it will have to be me.....hoop la!

-Len Moffatt

\* \* \* \* \*



## Westcon X Report

SPACE EMPHASIZED AT TENTH ANNUAL WESTERCON

by JSW

.....  
:HE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR was barely under way when the tenth annual west coast conference for s-f fans and pros started on July 4. Westcon X lasted for 4 days, at the Hotel Knickerbocker in Hollywood.

Theme was "It is Not a Sin to Think," and various talks and symposium "The Night People vs. Creeping Meatballism" touched on aspects of the theme. Mark Clifton was the Guest of Honor, and at one of the occasions that he spoke during the 4 days he gave his background experience in industrial personnel work, then a consultant for engineers. After one of his talks (during the banquet) a couple of motion picture directors had him cornered and were trying to get him to write a script with a robot slant. He told them he was probably the only writer who hadn't written a robot story, so he referred them to Anthony Boucher who was in another circle nearby. Clifton said it was the fifth time he had turned down motion picture offers, and that he had experience enough in the field to know their problems and what they wanted was emotional (or horror) stories which they thought was SF. (He had been talking before the group about the difference between SF and regular stories: the usual non-SF story is oriented around fist or other violent way to solve the problem (revolver or automatic) and SF assumes that a man might be a thinking creature.

Mark Clifton does public relations work, serving as the in-between man to public and the engineers, humanizing their scientific problems. Maybe I should say as middle-man of ideas between the engineers and the businessmen. He seems to like his work (but didn't like an older job--writing ads for Alka-Seltzer).

I don't know how many FAPAns have attended cons, but of course the attendees proved that they were "Night People" and somehow I felt very few were active practitioners of meatballism. Maybe one of the points of the talks was taken for advice: that the general public tends to follow the historical attitude that thought is somewhat immoral. The villain in most main-stream stories is the only person with ingenuity, for example. And children are taught not to think by over-fearful, over-protective parents. In the Garden of Eden only one entity showed wisdom--the devil--and the "tree of wisdom" bears bitter fruit. (The Shadow Knows.) As usual, my notes don't reveal which talk or "discussion" the specific material refers to, so this MIGHT be the talk on Saturday (round-table talks on "The Philosophical Basis of Science.")...

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society "got in the act" for their usual Thursday-night program, and Barney Bernard talked on "The Place of the Amateur in Rocketry," and Ted Johnson (with a t) pointed out some info on the Vanguard project in San Diego, where he is working, helping on the satellite observation station there.

\*This is MOONSHINE



To track the satellites there will be 6 channels, and messages will be "triggered" by sending up a signal. This will prevent release of the information prematurely--while the station is in-between tracking positions. As such, the station will have a double duty--to scan the stations (and thus check their position) and to monitor the information. Location of the station is in a wild area, with scrub brush and cacti. Nearby the interceptor rocket that sits on its tail for vertical takeoff was developed. (NOW do you know where it is?)

Friday program included showing of some color slides prepared by Jon Lackey, a fairly young man. Scenes of Luna and other worlds were "mocked up" on a table top, using drifts of dirt, artistically-laid colored sand, dummies and other "props." Some scenes used dry ice, volcanic rock and a variety of materials. A table with a sample layout was displayed for all Friday and the next day, and it had a sighting frame to show the proper angle to get the best effect. He explained his technique for doing background shots (use of screen of a translucent nature with projected backgrounds, or paintings dubbed in, etc.) In talk with him I found out he has "script" on cards for a series which will be a travelogue of the heavens, and he hopes to finish it by early next year--maybe show it for pay. Some of the scenes are remarkable, and all show initiative and care.

Other astronomical displays: Chesley Bonnestell paintings, insured for \$3000 each; color paintings by Cobb and Neutzel were also on display. Pacific Rocket Society showed some of their rockets; a bit of motion picture monster that Paul Blaisdell fixed was there too.

Ed Clinton Jr., to carry on the space theme, appeared in his adaptation of Arther C. Clarke's BREAKING STRAIN. On last day a talk by the Cooper Development Corp. was scheduled, and a control-pannel for sending up as many as 12 rockets in a salvo was displayed at the back of the room as well as some of the rockets and parts for space research. The man at the Cooper display told me that already, as part of the Geophysical Year program, this board had been used to send up preliminary test-rockets for the program.

I've emphasized the "space" aspects of the "Westercon", but of course Ackerman and others were around to talk of their specialty. Len Moffatt cornered old women who just crept into the room out of curiosity and got \$1 for one of the Sneary booklets (well, he did get a dollar from one lady who lived there)...Hal Curtis, and wife Freddie, as well as Mari Walf borrowed my room to change into swim-togs to take advantage of the pool...

Films I didn't see were THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, METROPOLIS, SHANGRI LA or was it LOST HORIZONS and DESTINATION MOON. Immediately after the business meeting (where the SOUTH GATE IN '58! group got the Westercon bid, to be combined, we expect, with the world-con next year) I left, missing a talk, a movie and the final farewells. Walter Daugherty was imported from Santa Ana to be auctioneer. I met a few "new" fans, renewed old acquaintances, and had fun. And Elmer Purdue and Charles Burbee were there. Was?



## INSIDE HUMAN BEINGS /

by Stan Woolston

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: N most of my FAPA writings informality is the watchword, which is another way of saying that ideas aren't always "thought through" as thoroughly as they should be. If I had thought, before writing the "on stencil" material about Westercon X in this issue, for example, I might have left out some of the details on the talks given and rewritten them as "my own" material. This is the trouble with not being as bright between the ears (an odd play of words, that) as I might be. I give this as a tip to the younger members of FAPA.

By synthesizing some of the things said at cons, in letters, read in Saturday Review and Astounding's pages, I still think there could be material for a number of articles, however and irregardless of what I've just written. John W. Campbell has been editorializing about "psi powers" and hieronomic machines (or however he spells the word) and there is enough in the human mind to start several good arguments on this material alone. Lately the feeling seems to be that "magic" of the sort that involve levitation, "spells" and the like may work, but that perhaps "scientific attitude" has cut into the reputation of these "psi powers".

I would like to see what other FAPfolk think of the whole matter. I'm sure that it would be interesting.

I have an idea that the mind of many people is closely aligned with the ancient magic beliefs, and the widespread following of such beliefs as astrology, good luck charms and superstitions might be used to "prove" the case, on one side of the idea. On the other I could borrow some of the things discussed at the Westercon and say that except for persons trained in science and engineering (or to a certain degree the readers of s-f) folks usually don't consider scientists as exactly human. If the public considers facts inferior to emotional values, it would seem inevitable that opinion will be more apt to prevail than fact or "justice."

If the mind is influenced by superstitions, perhaps the "lucky pocket pieces", the "hexing" and such hang-overs from ancient times might have much more than the law of averages to "prove" they work. Also, if astrology (for example) proves out for a good percentage of the believers as far as good and bad days go, etc., it could be that it is by way of beliefs influencing the persons. Or it could be that the symbolism of the "astrological chart" has some real (or psi) influence on the individual, and serves as a sort of "magic spell"?

Hieronymous machines were promised but not produced at the recent Westercon. I'd like to see a few of them. Has any FAPAns made one? If anyone has, and tests are going on, I'd like to hear about the results. The charm of the "machine" is that if it doesn't happen to work the failure can be excused on the grounds of psychic interference. This is like the "disbeliever" at the seance who "blocks" materialization of the ghostie, only "more scientific," I suppose...



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# WAW TO THE GATE '58!

We shouldn't have to tell you fapates about WAW, sometimes known as Walter A. Willis. WHY we want him (and his family) to attend The World Science Fiction Convention, to be held in Los Angeles, California, over the 1958 Labor Day Weekend, under the SOUTH GATE IN '58! banner, is also pretty obvious.....

We want another HARP STATESIDE; we want to read a Willis Report on the Convention that grew out of a living fannish legend. There is also the fact that we rather like the guy, but then—who doesn't?

So let's all pitch in and help the WAW TO THE GATE legend come true, even as the SOUTH GATE IN '58 legend is coming true. If each and every one of us donates as much as he or she can afford, we should raise enough money to convert a fannish dream into actual reality.

Our First Step for the WAW TO THE GATE Fund was the publication of:

## SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY

This neatly diagraphed booklet features a beautifully printed cover by Woolston, a back cover by the one and only Atom, and between these covers are selections from the letters and articles of RICK SNEARY (who also needs no introduction to fapates), from 1944 to 1957, including two full-length articles: A Fan Visits the LASFS, and Care and Feeding of Young Fans.

The only way one may obtain a copy of this fabulous publication is to make a donation to the WAW Fund. The minimum donation accepted is 25¢, but we are hoping that most of you will be able to do better than that. And please send m-o-n-e-y, not stamps or postal cards--although enclosing a 3¢ stamp along with your donation would be mighty thoughty of you, as that is the mailing cost per booklet.

Incidently, all of the money collected from the distribution of the Sneary Selections will go directly into the WAW Fund. The booklet itself is already paid for, thanks to certain local angels. They are not expecting any refund for the money, time and effort they spent for the booklet's publication.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY is available now, so now is the time to make your donation to a worthy fannish cause, and receive in return a priceless package of fannish pleasure! Address your donation to:

Len J. Moffatt

(new home)  
10202 Belcher

Downey, California

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# SOUTH GATE IN 58

## RICK SNEARY

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Vote for Sneary, he's been sick. wht

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Somewhere in the o-o there is a list of those standing for election. Among them you should find my name listed as being a candidate for President. As I am one of the newest members to rejoin, it is appropriate that I say a few words about why I am running.

Mainly it is because it is part of the dream. "The dream" was one of those crazy fanatical ideas. Something to talk about on a lazy weekend when you have nothing new to talk about. Or at least that is about the way dream that became known as South Gate in 58 got started. There were all sorts of ideas that went to make up the dream. One of them was that I would be President of FAPA during the 1958 Convention. When my last term as President was up, and I'd appointed myself Official Ex-Vice President for nine years, I also promised to run again. I wildly dreamed of being a key official in everything again, and rising to a unmatched pinnacle of.... Well, I have forgotten what I thought it would be a pinnacle of, but it was something. There aren't so many clubs in fandom these days, but it is still part of the "dream" to be able to speak for FAPA at the Convention. With California having the largest number of members, it seems fitting to have one of them in the highest office, the same year the Convention is here. FAPA will be able to take a more active role, if only to assure that the Committee doesn't get too serious. And I would like to head up the local contingent, to welcome the out-of-state members.

Ofcourse I don't mean to act as President only during the Convention, but throughout the year. I'd like to try and return things to its old air of informality and ease. The Fantasy Amateur seems crammed to overflowing with rules and new rulings. With judgements and directives. When I was President there never was all this fuss. The job was a sinecure, and I mean to try and make it one again. Not by shirking work, but by eliminating much of the fuss. Let things get done the easy way, and don't make mountains out of mole hills. Or Constitutions into Bibles. My only rule will be, follow the course that is the cheapest way for the group. Elect me, and see a return to peaceful reports.

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Vote for Sneary, he kept us out of war. ceh

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Nineteen-fiftyeight, or fight. tsr

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Westercon X was a strange affair this year. Held over the four-day Fourth of July weekend it is probably the biggest conference in the country this year. Yet there was no attempt to publicise it though-out fandom. Infact, if they had, no one would have known the Committee out side of So.Cal. For the second year running, it has been in the hands of egar, hard-working neo-fans. The result has been more show and display, and less fannish doings. Ofcourse, CalFans are as hard to control as any, so there were plenty of fannish asides.

As with all fan gatherings, the most importen thing is who is there. This one held a number of supprises, which included a great dissapointment for me. The Mr. & Mrs. Kuttner attended the Con on Friday. I had to work, and thus missed seeing one of the few people I have never met that I still frounch to see. There were other big names that day, encluding Doddles Weaver an Joe Frisco.

Two names also familure to FAPA allso showed up, much to the supprice of we few actifans attending. Saturday, a lean young fellow in Navy Whites came up to me and introduced himself as Max Keasler. It was a little pointless to ask him what he had been doing, but it appeared that he had not been very active in fandom. He didn't even know that LeeH was editing again. Unfortionetly I wasn't able to talk to Max very much, and he dissapeared again before night, never to return. Maybe if there had been more fans he knew.....

If he had been back the next day he might have suffered the same supprise I did. I had sneaked out for a sandwidge durring the auction, and on the way back started to pass a lean, dark hair fellow standing on the corner looking a little lost. "No, it couldn't be" I said to myself. "But I said that once before" So I turned back with a questioning cry of Burbee. Yes, it was Charle Burbee, Living Legend, and he was looking for the Westercon. It seems he had been out looking for player-piano rolls, and had promised to meet Perdue at the Con.

I escorted him inside and we soon had a small gathering of old LASFS members; Perdue, Ackerman, Moffatt, Bonnell, pluss acouple new fans that knew Burb. And, as if we had staped back into a ten year old mold, Walter J. Daugherty who was actioneer, complained about the disterbance and asked us to leave .

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Vote for Sneary, he'll bring the "boys" back home. dar

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We agree with Willis that girl fans are prettier than the average. And I'm even happier to report there was more cleavage at this Con, than ever before. They even got Vikki Dougan to come and ware (see.) her gown with reverse cleavage.



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Tip a canoe and Washington too. bull moose

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For those of us on the South Gate in 58 planning committee, Westercon X was a sort of primary election. Anna Moffatt put in our bid for the next Westercon, which we would hold as part of the Worldcon, just as San Francisco did two years ago. There had been a group in the Oakland area that having sponsored the last Westercon had talked of giving a Convention. We had been a little worried least some sort of ill-will developed. But the other group was there and announced their support of our bid. This, along with the support of the Little Men, means Califans stand united.

Ofcourse the support of all fandom seems to be behind us. It is just a little frightening to see what we have wrought. And we wonder if we can come up with a Convention worthy of all this. Ofcourse the answer is we can't. That is it won't be a bigger or more elaborate Con than ever before. It won't because we don't feel it is very fancish, and it is expensive. After all, most of us on the Committee have been fans for over ten years, and we have always been committed to putting on a Con for fans. One they can afford, enjoy, and remember pleasantly.

One of the ways we hope to achieve this is through better planning. One of the biggest headaches is programs that fall apart when people don't show up. Offend because the person didn't know they were expected to speak. To try and overcome this the Committee has just been enlarged by the addition of Rog Phillips who will be Program Chairman. As a fan and pro both, he is, we feel, idea to contact people and make arrangements for their appearance. And big enough to follow through-- to the bar if need be, for straying speakers. With Honey on Registration Desk, two of the biggest headaches are in their hands..

We, the Committee that is, have decided on the Hotel Alexandria in downtown L.A. as a site. It is a big, commercial hotel. That is to say its rates are as low as we found, and they are used to conventions. Single rooms start as low as \$5, and can have a banquet at prices starting at \$3. There is a fine lounge on the second floor along with the meeting hall. This, the Ballroom on the main floor and three exhibit rooms we get without cost, if we fill up 150 rooms one night of the Con. Thus we hope everyone will take a room at the hotel. Or, two rooms.

Newest of our volunteer helpers are the Dietzes of N.Y. They have offered to coordinate travel plans from the East. Get people on the same plane; find rides for others; and plan what ever else is needed to ease your getting here. They are also going to help Atom sell memberships at the LonCon..  
Vote for Sneary and put an end to twenty years of reason. rsn



Tip a census and Washington too. Will Moore

For those of us in the South since in 55 planning committee. Westwood I was a sort of primary election. Anna Wolff and in our old for the next Westwood, which we would hold as part of the program. Just as San Francisco did two years ago. There had been a group in the Oakland area that having sponsored the last Westwood had failed of giving a Convention. It had been a little worried about some sort of ill-will developed. But the other group was there and someone took support of our bid. This, along with the support of the Little Men, means California stand united.

Of course the support of all London seems to be behind us. It is just a little frightening to see that we have brought. And we wonder if we can come up with a Convention worthy of all this. Of course the answer is we can't. That is it won't be a danger or more elaborate than ever before. It won't because we don't feel it is very limited, and it is expensive. After all, most of us of the Committee have been here for over ten years, and we have always been content to put in on a day for time. One they can afford, enjoy, and remember pleasantly.

One of the ways we hope to achieve this is through better planning. One of the biggest problems in programs that fail apart when people don't show up. Others because the person didn't know they were expected to speak. To try an overcome this the Committee has just been enlarged by the addition of Don Phillips who will be Program Chairman. As a fan and pro-both, he is, we feel, able to contact people and make arrangements for their appearance. And big enough to follow through to the best of need for, for staying speakers. With Harry as Registration Desk, two of the biggest headaches are in their hands.

As the Committee has to have decided on the Hotel Alexandria in town from 1.41 as a site. It is a city, commercial hotel. That is to say it's rates are as low as we found, and they are used to conventions. Single rooms start as low as 15, and can have a private at prices starting at 25. There is a fine lounge on the second floor along with the meeting hall. This, the Ballroom on the main floor and three exhibit rooms we get without cost, it will be 150 rooms and right of the Sun. Thus we hope everyone will have a room at the hotel 1.50, two rooms.

Most of our volunteer helpers are the likes of M.T. They have offered to coordinate travel plans from the East. Get people on the same planes and rides for others; and plan what ever else is needed to make your getting here. They are also asked to help with reservations at the hotel. We hope for many and that in twenty years of travel.