

The **Outlander** NUMBER FOUR • STAN WOOLSTON, EDITOR

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Stan Woolston Len Moffatt John Van Couvering Con Pederson*

• SEND LETTERS TO FREDDIE HERSHEY, SECRETARY, 6335 KING AVENUE, BELL, CALIFORNIA

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Letters should be sent to the Secretary and not the current editor. Freddie will be the Chairlady of the West coast conference this year in L.A. - see ad in this issue. The conference will be early enough to keep away from the usual seasonal heat - except for the heated controversies that often develop among friends. Will you attend? You can drop Freddie a line to that effect, or a letter of commentary on this issue, by writing to:

FREDDIE HERSHEY

Secretary, 6335 King Ave, Bell, Calif.

• Editorial lip-flapping

THIS SIDE OF LIMBO



This issue of The Outlander is different from previous issues in several ways. First, I, Stan Woolston, am editor. More regrettably, the department Filings From the Chain is missing.

Len Moffatt and Rick Sneary will take over as editors next time, the second time there has been a plural brain in charge. Filings should be with us again by then, if its hiding place is located by the Outlander bloodhounds who are on its trail.



This is probably the place to complain of the lazy-minded Outlanders in our midst. (This will not be a confession of my shortcomings, but of certain others.) I am thinking of the evident trend to serialize stuff for this mag. The seven pages of story-sequence by Moffatt shows an admirable desire to get the most out of an idea. Alan Hershey is to be commended for his column (or I should say department, as this is a magazine, I hear). Perhaps the fortieth issue of this publication will have one of his question and answer sessions in the issue that will be distributed in the convention halls at South Gate of 1958.

.....

The idea of rotating editorship is a concept dear to my heart. The relaxed way the Outlanders approach the problem is pleasing, too; somehow I'm inclined to pity a prozine-editor, with his space-charts, his harrassment with the fannish commentators and more so the boys from Circulation who don't think that the best is being done for Dear Old Our Mag. Rotating the editor, and even co-editorship, is bound to result in an unevenness of style that might seem out of place in the prozines, but for an amateur publication this liability can be an advantage. When a magazine, pulp or "otherwise", limits its story-type too closely, there's bound to be some unnatural decisions when the few possible stories are dug out of the hundreds of manuscripts that arrive in the mails. No wonder many science fiction mags get in a rut of "one type" stories for issue after issue; even with the wide theoretical range that stf encompasses, there is bound to be style or mood-copying by the less polished author from what is considered the best authors in the field. And individual editorial workers--the ones who choose the stories, especially--will unconsciously or otherwise choose stories with a certain slant over other stories. It might be fun if some less-popular stf prozine would alternate or rather rotate editors to note the different "feeling" a certain editor gives to a story-selection.

Anyway, fanning should be fun. I enjoy it. But now I must stop this first-person editorializing, yes?



1- Conference in L.A. - 1950
2- SOUTH GATE in '58!

Adios -

"I"

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF YOUNG FANS

par professor ricardo sneary

They say that it is an inherent instinct of all species of animals to think first of self preservation, and then of the propagation and reproduction of his kind. This then is also true of that queer animal that haunts magazine stalls and smoke filled rooms, the actifan. We are indeed a fiery race, and it may be that this inner fire is our greatest handicap. For fans, even if there were enough female fans, do not breed true. A fan is not born, but seems to burst, full grown, from the shell of a seemingly normal and average human. Therefore we must capture these bright new fans whenever we see them, and swing them into the mad world of fandom, to replace those that wander off in search of college or Albert and Pogo Comics.

Now, the new fan you meet might be of any age. He might have started reading stf with the first issue of Pappa Gernsback's mag. Or he might have just read the latest AS, which he found stuffed in an asi-can somewhere. Each new fan is a problem in himself, and the wise actifan will treat him as such. In this article I will try to give you a few pointers in handling that hardest of all to handle, the Young Fan. Most of the knowledge has been gleaned from personal experience with local new fans.

To start at the beginning, we will say that you are an actifan, and are expecting a call from a new Young Fan who you have never seen personally. Now, Young Fans usually travel in pairs, when first they set out to visit some older fan. This sets up a problem for the actifan, as one of the two is almost sure to be a mirror-fan---one who has merely the reflected enthusiasm of his friend, who has no doubt been talked into reading a few stories. He then insisted in pouring out all his thoughts and ideas to his slightly dazed companion, until he almost believes he does like it. The actifan must carefully divide his attention between the two fan till he is reasonably sure which is which, and then forget the mirror-fan. He wouldn't be likely to come back in any case, as he will think you are nuts. The Young Fan will probably drop him too, as soon as he realizes there are other intelligent people to talk to.

The actual feeding of Young Fans is usually quite easy. Being only slightly different from young boys (or girls) they will eat almost anything. They are very easily satisfied; not expecting much; they will be satisfied with beans and hamburgers, if that's all you happen to offer. As eating quite often allows a Young Fan to relax and become more friendly, you are advised to keep a close watch

on him throughout the meal. For should the conversation become heated while eating, the Young Fan is apt to eat plates, flowers, and the extended hands of fellow diners.

Conversation is, of course, one of the most important parts of a fan meeting, and when it is with a brand-new Young Fan it is even more so. You must remember to be witty, charming and above all friendly. Even if, as the saying goes, it kills you. He may appear to have an I.Q. of 65, and not have taken a bath for a month of Thursdays, but be good to him; he is the hope of fandom and might be another Dean Boggs or Rick Sneary.

Actually, of course, most young fans are clean, and not the unintelligent slobs their schools have confined them with. You will probably get a kick out of his enthusiasm, and remember when you were a young fan and thought Captain Future was wonderful. Don't laugh, either, when they babble of world-shaking ideas, or their own private plans to sit fandom on fire. Just because you tried them and failed is no reason to spoil his fun.

But on the other hand it is a good idea to try and channel some of his energy into the right direction. Your young fan is going to find fandom twice as interesting if he is busy doing something in it. The first thing, of course, is to get him to sub to some of the sub zines, and then to try his hand at writing for them. There are always some fan editors popping up that will use almost anything. And there is nothing that will compare with that first thrill of seeing his name on a title page, even if it is a crummy zine.

There are all sorts of other projects you can start them off on. If you are really good you can get them to do some of the things you have thought of and never had the time to do yourself. Of course never rely on them to finish what they start. A young fan is inclined to flit from one bright idea to another, and if he has to work overlong on a thankless job, he might give it up. If you happen to be a fan editor you can, of course, draft him in for a little literary and a lot of manual assistance. Oddly enough some young fans get a kick out of stacking paper and assembling mags. Of course you must get him to write to out-of-town people. You probably know a few fans that have been wanting a letter for a few months. Get him to write them, and keep them too busy to miss you.

Talking to a young fan is possibly one of the greatest opportunities for first hand ego-boo an actifan ever gets. All you need do is casually mention some of the vast store of fan-information you have gathered through the years. An article could be written on the reaction to finding out all the Kuttner pen-names alone. Later, when you have passed on most of the common knowledge, you can turn to bits on news and gossip. Being an older fan you are naturally better informed on the news of the day, and you have an excellent opportunity to impress the young fan with this fact. (Flash a letter from some big-time writer, and watch his eyes bug.) It is wise though, to leave yourself a small backlog of information and news to fill in the low spots in future conversations. For if you shoot your bolt the first time, the young fan might find out that you

aren't much smarter than he is, and then where are you?

The first thing the young fan will want to see is your collection of mags and books. This is always interesting to the host, too, as you might not have looked at those mags for a couple of months your self.

It is a good idea to stand rather close to the Young Fan as he examines your mags, and pass on little bits of information about the different items. Such as how you like the lead story, the extra-good cover, the trouble you had getting it, etc. Don't make your guest feel that you are going to pounce on him, though, if he mistreats one of your mags, even if you are.

He will undoubtedly ask to borrow some of them, or at least make it clear that he would like to be asked to borrow some. This places you in your greatest dilemma. Chances are you are one of two types of fans:---One kind thinks of his collection every time he hears a fire whistle, and sleeps with them in his room so no one can steal them. The other kind don't care much for the old things, as long as they get them back sometime. In either case you should beware. If you lend them you must face the fact that a young fan is as apt to sit a wet coke bottle on a 1930 Astounding as he is to use a 1947 Amazing to kill flies. But if you don't loan them some, you are sure to make him feel you are unfriendly and stingy. Therefore the only reasonable middle-of-the-road course is to flatly put a limit to the number or the age of the magazines borrowed. Do this of course as unobtrusively as possible.

Of course the simplest way out is to merely drag out a box of duplicates, and let the Young Fan pick them over. Or if you find one with money you might try selling him a few, all the while impressing him with the great bargain you are giving him.

As I said, never try to discourage a young fan more than you can help, as it usually proves disastrous inasfar as his enthusiasm goes. And there is one subject on which you must use your utmost tact. That is the subject on putting out his own fanzine. Of course one of your first acts will be to show him your vast stacks of fanzines, and also to get him to read some of your deathless words. In time he will get an urge to put out a zine of his own. Here you may have to work fast. There was only one fanzine to my knowledge put out by a young fan that was good from the first issue on. (That was IF!, edited by Con Pederson.)

So you must try and forstall the day as long as possible, for a bad zine will receive no response or bad, which will hurt the Young Fan. Try to divert him as long as possible, but once you can stop him no longer it is your duty to help him as much as possible. Not so much with the manual work, as the new fan gets the greatest kick out of seeing the mag grow under his own hands. But help him plan formats, the mag's policy and style. And write for it. No matter how bad you know your own writing is, it is probably not any worse than his. And better you should take part of the blame for it. After all, didn't you start the little jerk in fandom?



The dust out of Syrtis Minor wears on this year,
said the old man standing.

Wears on with Pole floods in the Blue Cap Melt.
Standing as he was
with three rabbits
sequin furred
looking up at him
looking up at his face.

The soil has poor consistency
dipping as he spoke
his hand,
grey hard and blue venous,
his old hand into the soil
the grey soil.

It lacks nitrogen and moisture for plants,
It lacks spirit, as it were;
It has no life left.
No life in it.

the old man looked up,
the rabbits
paused on glittering haunches
looked up at him
looked up at his tired face.

It has nothing but death to grow in it
said the very old man standing
to the silken clothed animals
gathering
their flowing limbs
upward in the air
up on their feet into the bad air.

Nothing but dead things to digest
and the man fell down
down on the crystal dust
down beside the foreign metal;
and the rabbits
silk swathed
strode back to the city
the red shadowed city.

CON PEDERSON

Guest

00 BE GLAD YOUR MAN'S A FAN! 00

BY FREDDIE HERSHEY

Well, the Westercon is over, and once more I've had the opportunity to get a good view of the various and assorted conglomeration of males that make up the bulk of local fandom. Quite an assortment! As I sit here with my Westercon booklet in front of me and glance over the list of names that are inscribed on the autograph sheet, I can safely say to all the women that have husbands, lovers, boy-friends sons, etc. in fandom: be glad your man's a fan.

For we have the sum total of every kind of genius and near-genius in captivity. No ordinary fellow becomes addicted to the peculiar type of frenzy that leads to active or even semi-active fandom. And even the quasi fan, who creeps out of hiding only for a conference is no ordinary chap.

The following order of masculine fan is only of my making. Any woman can do her own in any fashion to suit her individual taste. But to my mind first and foremost in abundance and interest are the group of intellectual introverts.

These shy and charming fellows stand slightly aloof from the rest with a quiet air of assumed indifference; busily watching every one with half-closed eyes, and wondering what to talk about should they be accosted by a strolling stranger. At the drop of a book offered to one to autograph, he will assume a lofty air and inform the lucky chap that there will be with us this evening so and so and so, and then ask a bit diffidently if you have read the latest Astounding and isn't that rag going to pot terribly.

If encouraged he will launch into a learned discourse on how the latest works of Ray's are monotonously the same, and what in heaven's name Van expects of his readers if he keeps on dishing out the same Semantic crap. Knowingly he will tear apart every story in the latest Startling, Thrilling Wonder, Famous Fantastic, etc., and then inform the now bewildered stranger that the good old days of sf were never like this. He ought to know. Hasn't he been reading the stuff for nigh onto umpty years? And never giving the poor chap a chance to say his piece will sagely nod his head in shame that so good a thing is now in the hands of such rank amateurs and poseurs. Then, sadly, with a cigarette dangling indolently from the corner of his lips, he will wander off to a corner and wait for the next unwary soul to approach him. This genius has it all figured out and it's pretty difficult for the unprepared one to argue, so overwhelmed is he, usually, by the certainty and vocabulary of the great intellect.

Then there is the fan who reads everything and like nearly everything. When he accosts you, as he invariably does, to autograph his booklet; and he gets every one's name, he will gush forth with a glowing account of the simply terrific story that Ray had in the last Thrilling Wonder and how does the boy manage to do it every time and still be so wonderful. And of course, you are simply thrilled to death at the news that Van is having a new novel published and what

about the people that used to scoff at the now accepted hobby? Yes, what about the poor fools who are just now awakening to the wonder that that has been about them all these years? "We'll show them a thing or two", he grins happily. And still chortling to himself in glee goes off to show some other wanderer about the hall.

And let's not forget the fellow who has had a hand in the big affair. Happily he goes from friend to visitor, showing him where the obvious exhibits are, who is who milling around the floor, what the various pictures and posters mean, and assuring him that the best and most are still to come, and not to go away and if there are any questions just to feel free to ask him. This genial soul, would-be-master-of-ceremonies at any affair and general factotum is all keyed up with the holiness of his work and dashes about spreading good cheer and beaming friendliness upon everyone, and wearing his dazzling smile to a frazzle. He speeds by the desk, nods genially to the visiting authors, assists the booth-takers, herds old friends and enemies together willy-nilly and speeds on again. Every fan should try it once or twice. It's an education in itself to run an affair.

Then there are the spies. The spies poke their noses into every conversation they can, dash off into a corner to compare notes, smirk at the collected idiots and seemingly wonder why they ever bothered to attend. Yet, if approached, will make the same banal remarks and insist that they are here in the best spirit of friendliness and for the best interests of fandom. And how well you are looking, and isn't it true that so and so has been drummed out of LASES? Jolly fellows, brothers to a Revolution headsman, waiting impatiently to get the hell home and pound out an obituary or two. Every conference should have a few. It lends all sorts of spice to the affair and keeps the local yokels on their toes.

The bully boys with wares to sell are here also. From the forgotten crannies of their attics, garages, closets, and bookcases, they have hauled out a mess of stuff that they no longer need or want, and hope to pass on to you. How can you resist their bargains? Their enterprize should make their women happy. Also, if only the deserving fan had the dinero to purchase. Sadly they stand by their tables, eyeing each passer by with the same look in their eyes as the merchants on Main Street, ready to shove "this rare copy of Astounding, in practically mint condition at this ridiculous price" at you. And by golly, the odds are that you do purchase a magazine that you think is missing your collection of Startlings of 1942, and of course when you get home, you find that you need the copy before and after that one. But maybe next year you will get a booth and start unloading so you can buy the new books that are coming out.

And the poor, bewildered adolescents! With dazed expressions they watch the old time fans address the authors by their first names, and then go shyly to a member of the committee and hopefully ask if they can be introduced. These youngsters never travel alone. Usually by two or three they come creeping in, are obviously quite thrilled by the badge which they receive at the door, and then just stand around lost for a while. If some kind soul approaches them, they look at each other waiting for one of them to speak up first. Then, with a rush, all begin at once. If properly taken care of and permitted to shake some great hero's hand, they will stand by with open-mouthed

wonder while they hopefully extend their programs to be signed. During the day, they will examine time and again the pictures on the walls, the loot up for auction and the stacks of mags and books for sale. Poor little boys. It may be their first taste of this sort of thing and unless they are forever frightened by one of the intellectual in-troverts, will go home that evening to prepare themselves for earnest endeavor. After all, a conference is also a crusade and the young are most easily influenced. Lucky boys. If they stick around, in a few short years they may move up into one of the other categories.

Let's not forget the old fan, who having been reminded that a gathering of the clan is in the offing, comes down to look the situation over. You can see the years disappear as they greet old acquaintances, and the "do you remember when so and so did such and such's" become a jumble of happy and unhappy reminiscences. Somehow they manage to convey the idea that while they are just as happy out of fandom, that they have left a large segment of their lives behind, and could be coaxed back. The now active fan upon seeing and speaking with him has the uncanny feeling that all too soon this will be himself, and may make a silent vow to prolong the day as far as is possible.

To round out every affair are the sprinkling of super scientific fan. With becoming distaste one such watches the frenetic enthusiasm that is being thrown around for inferior stuff. Ask him and he will tell you that "There is but one God and his name is Campbell" and all the rest of the stuff is so much balderdash. After all, if one is to carry candles, let it be only to the highest altars. No compromise, never, never with the inferiority of lesser lights, and upon the plane of every level will quietly insist that his is the only true (in quotes, of course) concept. To prove his point, he will refuse your cigarettes, ignore the can of beer that you may offer him, and only collect a few chosen names in his souvenir booklet. He also writes.

Many also write. The market is terrible. The crazy editors are spurning their deathless manuscripts and look at the trash they are printing. Big names are all they want, while the poor novice at the game has to settle for Los Quantos Fantásticos and the bit of ego-boo the fanmags give. Why don't the editors scrap all their tired old material, and give these blossoming authors a chance to get their tired old material into print? Plots and ideas for plots float above the smoke of the hall, and each assures the other that idea is terrific, and why hadn't he thought of it. But of course it's only a new twist on the story that Smith wrote ten years ago, but of course it's still terrific!

And surrounded by adoring admirers are the professional authors. With toothy smiles they accept the adoration of the fans. So polite, so helpful, so untiring in their encouragement of the more enfeebled ones. Half blindly, they sign their names to the myriad of books and scraps of paper that are thrust upon them, and each in his own fashion agrees that it is a pleasure and an honor to meet with their readers. I wonder, as I watched them. Wouldn't they rather be home and not know who reads the stuff they grind out? Maybe I'm wrong.

To finish, let me throw in the few crackpots that are invariably attracted to such an affair. There are the drinking gregarious ones, to whom every affair is a signal to pour some sort of alcohol into

their gullets; the mangy ones, who go around scrounging cigarettes, food, books and magazines; the wolves, who come to ogle any presentable female, preferably one with a well-known fan; and the last but not least lost soul, who thought we were giving lectures on spiritualism. Take your pick.

And don't get me wrong. I loved it. I worked like a dog for it. It was terrific. My best friends and enemies were there. I plan to go again and again, as long as I can. My man's a fan too, is your, and why not?

-----000000000-----

FANATOMY

AS

EXEMPLIFIED

BY FAN ART

Fanartists have been subjected to ridicule, approbrium and the most callous criticism that sensitive, temperamental souls have ever been called on to endure. Especially the nudes, in the better - but mostly worse - fanzines have come in for some particularly satirical comments. And why?

The fanartist only draws what he sees - namely, other fans. (Don't get me wrong, pals, - fans are not addicted to posing for each other in the absolute!) They simply look at one another and imagine what's underneath all those sloppy clothes.

Hence the weird anatomy. Take, for instance, the symbolic nude male figure. The artist fondly hopes that, except for a couple of universally ignored details, his creation will resemble one of the better put together movie heroes. It does not. The muscles are lumpy, the joints bend in the wrong direction, and the whole gruesome mess looks as if it were assembled from deteriorated rubber and second hand hardware. Fortunately, the male form is only used when absolutley required.

It is on the female form that the most loving care is lavished. These lithe, willowy, double-breasted gals with elongated gams have an anatomy like nothing under heaven and earth. Where do they keep their internal workin's? Or do they reproduce by parthogenesis? It is hard to believe that these creatures are counterparts of fem fans. However, I think they must be drawn wholly from imagination and the posters in front of the Burbank Hollies.

I am just looking forward to the day when human mutations begin to appear. When these are combined with the products of a fanartist's unhealthy imagination, our simple little fanzines will bristle with arms, legs, hips, etc. - especially etc. - that exemplifies the best in Weird and Science-Fiction artistry.

RORY FAULKNER

"Letters
... from The
Fandomain"

Being bombarded from all corners of the fandomain; that mythical critter, the Editor, is forced to turn butcher and carve. Too many good letters have made this necessary, and many of them could be used in their entirety. I'm hoping that these next few pages do not turn out to be too much on the "ghu, gosh, oh boy" side. There is a danger that the personality of some letters may be altered; I hope not. And we (the Outlanders, that is) hope that this will not prevent any future comments from speeding from out your way, to 633b King Ave., Bell, California.

WILLIAM BERGER---912 East 140 St., Cleveland 10, Ohio:

You wanted to know how I liked your mag.

It's excellent and has plenty of original twists.

In the third issue, the article "Is She Necessary?" is a piece of muse which every fan who likes nudes in his fanzine should read.

Being only a reader of science-fiction, the writings about the members of the Outlander Society was interesting from a psychological viewpoint. I often wonder what type of personalities active fans were. Let's have more of such material.

"The Tub and I" was the most humorous article in that issue.

And now a few suggestions and gripes. Why is there an Indian on the cover? Don't you think a spaceship or futuristic city would have been more appropriate? An article on how science-fiction could be improved should be printed. Fan mags lack these types of articles.

((The population of the Indian world is growing. The Indians represent the future. Cities are passe. Doesn't Charles Horne say so? We must look to the future.))

BILL VENABLE---32 Park Place, R.D. #4, Pittsburgh 9, Pa.:

I have now OUTLANDER No. 3 before me; that milestone in fan literature, so brace yourself for criticism of zine and general gab into the bargain (and it is a bargain).

So this is the fabled OUTLANDER! The cover was good, the editorial terse; the cartography I cannot judge as I have never seen L. A. or surrounding region, or any map of the same. Sneary's story; HOORAY! There will no doubt be some cynics who will call it "Juvenile" but I think it was a masterpiece. Pederson's effort was humorous but done a bit too brown. Exit Lines was a good pome; you seem consistently to have good poetry, at least in this ish. Is She Nec-

essary? was a bit exaggerated, but foony, anyways. Mountain Incident was too serious to go along with the whole attitude of the mag. Goblin was excellent. The Tub and I, like the writings of a man by the name of Steve Lescock; get what you can out of that....ibble dibble is cute (only adjective I could think of... I didn't like it either). Think I'll join the OS. And filings from the Chain... interesting. HMMMMM. Doesn't this sound like a letter in the pros?

Another thing about the fanzines is the constant(almost) reference to beer, scotch, gin, and other alcoholic condiments (do I mean condiments?) (Roscoe only knows.) I was amazed to find that Peder-son admitted that he doesn't like beer; cheers for you, Con. Neither do I.

((So Con doesn't like beer. I don't like beer. Rick ditto. And J. Van Couvering hasn't indicated any desire to rip off the top of a beer can with his fangs yet. If Outlanders are any indication, beer and other drink are not necessary for continued life. But then Len and his sotted friends, Pistachio, Vranduski and Zankowitz lead him the hard path to likker---and the Hersheys welcome him in his thirst. This is wrong. Only rhu-barb juice is fit for fannish consumption. I have spoken.))

W.S. HOUSTON---116 Church St., Greensboro, N.C.:

Enclosed is .30 for which send me a renewal of subscription. Enjoy your paper very much.

((Thanks. But why? That's what we wanta know. WHY))

BOB TUCKER---P.O. Box 260, Bloomington, Ill.:

It required no great amount of coaxing to want to make me mail you a comment on the third issue of the OUTLANDER, which came yesterday. The article on that budding American genius, the fanzine editor, and his penchant for using "nude women" in his publication, is the reason for all this. I'M one of these parties who have been battling for an improvement for years. And only once have I succeeded.

All this brings me to another, but related subject.

A few days ago I wrote the Portland Convention Committee and suggested some items which had never appeared on a convention program before, wondering out loud if such items might not liven up the gathering. One of the things suggested was a fanzine class for editors and would-be editors, something along the lines of a writer's conference where lecturers attempt to show the beginning writer how to do it. About 75% of the fanzines being published today are in need of improvement, and my idea was a morning session where editors could learn to improve. The article on the nude in the OUTLANDER would be right down the alley---could Freddie Hershey make it as a speech?

((When Madame H. was aroused from her shock at reading your letter she was heard to say, "That's a terrific idea. But does Bob know that the Outlanders are putting on the 1950 Westercon in L.A.? Maybe we could try out his idea, and let Portland know what happens."))

ED COX---4 Spring St., Lubec, Maine: . . .

As were the first two, this third OUTLANDER was very good, all round enjoyable. I still like "Filings" best! Rick's short is only too true. Three times within a very short time recently, I've had to pay 3¢ more to get some of my mail.

Gee, Alan, thanks for including me on the map!

Con Pederson's "Swami" pages were o.k. Nice example of how to work yourself up into a lather over something. Not that I mean that he is serious, but it is a very good example of writing that type of article.

"Coblin"---ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Indifferent, I guess. The little girl should've disappeared with a blood-curdling scream...Mother rushes upstairs. Girl gone. Girl lost....

"ibble dibble..." Gad, how could you do this, Alan?

Liked Con's picpage. I could use a lots more of this. That is, I could stand to see a lot more of this.

Enjoyed Bill Elias' description of the floods and stuff in the "Filings". Sounds like fun...except that too much money and more money is lost each time.

((As an honorary Outlander, you're entitled to speak out on anything. And what about fandom in Maine? Maybe we can pry this out of you on your way to Portland. And we'll put you up, but don't expect to sleep here any more than you did at the Cinvention!))

PFC. CLARENCE LEE JACOBS---RA 19235 355, 519th Signal Service, Fort Monmouth, N.J.:

The OUTLANDER itself, is, to avoid flowery phrases, one of the best things to sneak up on fandom since the tragic demise of LeZombie! Tho containing much egoboc, which in itself adds to the individual charm of the magazine, OUTLANDER is QUITE a publication.

Its legibility and "Chain Filings" were my favorites in the mag. Too often the hopeless slen has a hard time reading fanzines, but not the OUTLANDER. Everything is nicely clear, no eyestrain, no strikeovers, and no misspelling!. And that's good! "Chain Filings" fannishly whacky---nuf sed!

The OSevolution provided enjoyable moments also, the (plug) in case of military dictatorship, fandom need not fear---Servifen, Inc. (Ed's note---This sterlig organization is the letter writer's brainchild, and may every tendrill on every servifen be curly) would make sure that the slannish society would have a prominent place in the New Order.

((In many ways yours was the most incredible letter this ish. The holes in this version of your letter come to you through the courtesy of the OS.))

DON DAY---3435 NE 38 Ave., Portland 13, Ore.:

As usual, the OUTLANDER has its own inimitable flavor. It is by far the freshest thing to hit the fanzine field lately. It is really nothing you can put your finger on---just the happy aura of a bunch of little geniuses having fun.

Under this category comes Alan's map, Rick's opus and Con's word of foreboding. Since I detest most poetry and Len's didn't pain me too much, it must be wonderful. Alan's "Mountain Incident" is mildly colossal, (How about sending the FANSCIENT some things on that order?). "Goblin" too, is excellent, with Woolston's "Tub" and Alan's pome back in the aforementioned category.

"Filings" remains one of your outstanding features, tho I fear some of ybuse is becoming a bit studied in your cuteness, possibly because you are now writing with thw thot of reprinting in the OUTLANDER, rather than just letting your hair down among friends.

I have been saving the article, "Is She Necessary?" for last. I will probably surprise you by saying that I agree wholeheartedly with your premise that the unrelated nude has no place in fanzines. In fact I will go even farther and state my objection to all unrelated pictures in fanzines. As you will note, I practise what I preach as virtually all artwork in the FANSCIENT (plug) is illustrative.

Herewith a couple of dimes for the OUTLANDER.

((You have quite a little fanzine yourself, Don. FANSCIENT is the best rated zine among Outlanders, except for the OUTLANDER, for some reason. Alan U. habitually practises the Null-A pause, but we'll work on him to get his word-manufacturing for you))

S/SGT. LE ROY TACKETT---USMC, Guard Co. Marine Barracks, USNS, Treasure Island, San Francisco, Calif.:

Received OUTLANDER-3 complete with two covers some time back. A wealth of material in OUTLANDER-3. Seems to be mostly by Outlanders. A strange coincidence. Somehow or other a Lasfser seems to have sneaked in, but he shall be ignored. The material was (a) good, (b) bad, (c) indifferent. Moffatt's "Exit Lines" I shall take up with Moffatt. Tks, tsk, Hersheys, those typographical errors. Course I shouldn't be talking but then I'm not putting out a magazine. "Filings" quite interesting. Don't drop it. Will say that you must be a clean bunch of Ozzers with all that bathing.

((What happened to the a, b, and c? Thought you were going to do some rating and you wander away to the Little Men's Science-Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society. You're so right too. Always plug your own. We do...))

And that, dear readers, is that for the nonce. Four pages of letters first crack of the bat. Want more egoboo, want to see your priceless thoughts in print, want to have your deathless criticisms obeyed---write some letters. They too will be cut, exerpted, loused up, but we love 'em---kkeep 'em rolling---Many thanks.

DEUX ASKS MACHINA

--by that rattailed filer himself,

John Van Courching

THE ULTIMATE OUTLANDER sat before the time which shimmered green-
lily in the dim light of the bedroom, studying it interestedly.

"In the ordinary course of events," he mused, "a time warp would be some-
what out of the ordinary. Therefore it influences the course of e-
vents out of the ordinary, and in that case a time warp is in no whit
surprising." He was not surprised.

He continued his cogitation.

"There is no reason for its appearance; accordingly, it should have
an unreasonable appearance." The warp's surface was now covered with
realistic reproductions of Washington Delicious apples with worms in
them. It was, truly, extremely unreasonable looking.

"Since this follows the line of fantasy rather than science fiction, there be-
ing no scientist to explain things, I shall ask for my three wishes."

He made his wish, his first one.

The telepathometertyper appeared
with a twang of ruptured probability lines.

The ultimate Outlander
took his position on the low couch before a bank of receptors and be-
gan, "I was born in a small town in the Middle West. My life began
at the age of 14 with an old copy of Astounding. It is to this---"
His head rested uncomfortably on the arm of the couch so he put a
pillow under his neck and continued, dreamily reciting his tale.

The
machine clicked and clacked, and the Ultimate Outlander's voice
droned on.

Finally, late in the evening, he said, "---my voice droned
on." His story was done, and he stretched and swung his legs over the
edge of the couch. A great stack of paper awaited his eager eye,
neatly cross-stacked in reams.

It was nearly daylight before he had
done reading it and stood up, dabbing at his eyes with a handkerchief
and muttering, "great, great!" He determined to send the manuscript
off immediately, so as to begin his destined life as the greatest
being on the face of the globe.

* * * * *

"I take it you are the publisher, sir," said the Ultimate Outlander,
thrusting a rejection slip covered with four-letter words and ex-
clamation points at a pair of feet resting on the littered desk.
A haggard face appeared and leered at him incuriously from behind
the pages of a magazine offering photographic proof of the benefits
of actinic rays on bare flesh.

"I am curious," began the Ultimate
Outlander pontifically. The face observed, nodded solemnly, and
vanished once more.

"---to know how your office boy managed to obtain my manuscript, and what malicious ignorance prompted his minuscule of a neo-thalamus to gibberingly scribble obscenities upon a rejection slip and then with a braying of hoarse adolescent mirth, send it off to me." He elaborated upon the theme for a good while.

The face appeared, and spoke of matters biologically improbable, mainly in the imperative. "Go to hell," it concluded, with the air of a man adding a flourish to his signature.

The Ultimate Outlander made his wish, the second one.

The magazine fluttered to the floor. A faint smell of brimstone hung in the air. "Disappointingly unspectacular," murmured the Ultimate Outlander, pausing long enough to tuck the abandoned magazine under his arm. "Abandoned magazine," he chuckled. "That's a good one."

He considered, reclining once more on the low couch before the receptors. "I have matured," he decided. "Autobiography is inelastic; I shall experiment in a new art-medium available to my developed personality." The time warp shimmered greenlily, evanescent sawfish circling lazily through it with gills waving slowly.

He made his wish, the third one.

There was another twang of broken probability lines.

The Ultimate Outlander lay back on the low couch and shut his eyes, the better to concentrate. "Only my own thoughts, my thoughts that are truly deserving and original and wonderful will be recorded now," he jubilated inwardly.

"My subtlest tinge of feeling...the wave of ecstasy at the sight of a new Astounding, the lonely feeling one gets in a bookstore that carries no back issues of science fiction mags, the empty sick despondency when your favorite mag does not appear on the stands...all this and more will be caught and expressed in undying prose....I shall enclose a mere fragment in the Chain and save the rest for Posterity."

"The machine records only great, shattering thoughts." He lay and thought and mumbled for many hours, his face for once stripped of its impassivity and forbidding stern scorn as he poured great, shattering thoughts into the noiseless machine.

Then he arose and turned eagerly to where the pile of manuscript waited.

There was nothing. The time warp shimmered greenlily and was gone.

* * * * *

MORAL : Self-expression is all right, but don't carry it too far.

* * * * *

Report from Little Siberia

Just seven years ago this week I began to accept the grim reality that I was leaving Minnesota, and must readjust myself to the turbid scheme of things in Southern California. Six and a half years after that, I had another grim reality confronting me: I would have to leave California and readjust to the sluggish drift of Minnesota life. Now, after six months of it, I find myself a stranger in my native land.

It is winter. In Los Angeles people are walking on the streets with an occasional drop of rain chasing them under awnings, with fog in their frontyards in morning and smog in their backyards at night. Always the sun hangs around noonhigh. But here there are no people meandering on the streets. In fact there are not even any streets. This is Wilderness, buddy. And it is winter. It snows here in winter, and gets cold. Very cold.

That is the major difference between Minnesota and California, and if you hadn't heard it until now—got educated, chum. I mean cold when I say cold, too. I have been laid up with measles for the last three weeks and haven't been exposed to the current fury of the Lower Arctic lately. But my room is upstairs, on the Northeast—the coldest place in the house, not even barring the refrigerator. I might as well set up a cot in the cellar. This means that Pederson is no longer writing Significant Literature. He is forced to tickle his typewriter downstairs where it's warm, amidst a flurry of fidgetty females and clanking dishes that makes cogitation a miracle of willpower.

The only improvement from this migration is that my foot is becoming normal. Let me explain: Over a period of two years, the big toe of my left foot acquired masochistic inclinations, due to the barbwire festacles of torturing a chronic ingrown toenail. I have now ceased ripping my toenails out by the roots. I realize this implies the loss of a neurotic compulsion—it also is a result of keeping my socks on night and day. I see my bare feet only on warm nights.

In general it is a dire situation. Science fiction magazines are practically unheard of. A few of them are to be had only at the Greyhound Bus Depot in St Cloud, and then only during certain phases of the moon. St Cloud is an attempt at a city, composed of 25,000 inhabitants, twenty miles from here by oxcart. The first and last impression of this firetrap is a zigzag of clotted streets, scurrying Spaniel-eyed hagwives doing their last minute shoplifting, criminally insane drivers careening their mangled Fords through gangling groups of women and children desperately attempting to cross the sidewalks to safety on the street, smoky old buildings with shiny stores in them that carry anything but what you want: five art stores to find oil canvases though oil paints are as common as bushy moustaches in Moscow. And as an example of the Minnesota student, nine-tenths of them will go to their deathbeds unshaken in the grisly belief that the walls of every convent are stuffed with the remains of newborn babies.

Respectfully submitted, this 15th day of January, 1950

Col Pederson

THE QUESTION AND ANSWER FAN

alan w. hershey.

It isn't easy to be sure that every fan will take the wrong road. The fan who comes to a crossroads in life deserves to have someone to turn to for fatherly advice; someone who will supply authoritative answers in print so that when crisis comes, disaster will be certain.

This column is respectfully dedicated to that purpose, and if it ruins enough lives, the OS will gladly continue it in future issues.

Q: When I take a girl out on a date and begin to talk about fanzines, fan clubs and sf, she invariably becomes bored and doesn't date me any more. Fandom is dear to my heart. It is the subject I like to discuss best. But girls are dear to my heart, too. What shall I do?

A: There are several methods of handling this situation. Castration is very effective and usually does not interfere with fannish activities. On the other hand, it does eliminate the sheer waste of time which is spent with girls; time which could be far better spent writing letters or articles or stories, or turning out 'zines.

Another approach is the post-hypnotic goodbye. After yacking the girl to the point of insanity all evening, just at leave-taking, throw her into a deep hypnotic trance. Order her to forget all your conversation of the evening. She will be glad to do it, and you can start afresh on the next date with her.

Q: Now that science fiction has become a big thing commercially and the market is flooded with books and prozines, I can no longer afford to keep up with everything that is coming out. My psychiatrist tells me that this may eventually bring on a traumatic shock. What shall I do?

AA: If you can afford a psychiatrist, you can afford to keep up with the field. I have an ugly suspicion that you are an imposter. Every true fan knows the answer to your question.

All you have to do is borrow a copy of the mag or book you want, insert it in the Matter Duplicator, which is given away free to all NFFF members, and an exact duplicate is formed.

Q: (Note: sent in by the same imposter) Even if I could afford to keep up with the new publications, I would not have the time to read all of them. Do you have any solution for this problem?

A: This question, quite obviously, has been formulated by some spy--perhaps a fan from another planet. Everybody knows that the Matter Duplicator solves this problem nicely.

Instead of inserting a book, merely insert yourself. When there are three or four of you, the reading problem becomes no problem at all.

Another solution is offered in my article on Dr. Hefness Pubwallie, "A Hero of Science," published in OUTLANDER #1. Growing a half dozen eyes and arms has essentially the same effect.

Q: I am a new fan, and when I am in a fannish group I here everywhere fans using expressions like BEM, FOO, CRIFANAC, etc. These words mean nothing to me and when I ask some fan what one of them means, he usually smiles in a very superior fashion, or giggles insanely, and that is the end of it. I am very eager to get ahead in fandom. Is there any way I can learn about these secret words?

A: The correct approach to this matter is not to learn the secret words, but to invent your own. When such words enter the fan vocabulary they have no meaning at all.

For example, take the word BEM.

At one of the world conventions, a bunch of fans were drinking cokes and the gas from the coke repeated on one of them. The sound he made sounded like "bem"! The others of the group were terrifically impressed and the word BEM swept fandom. Eventually it came to the ears of Forrest J Ackerman and he set up several nights trying to invest it with meaning. A friend of his happened to write Forry a letter at this time in which he described him as a bug-eyed monster. The Master immediately applied this meaning to the word BEM.

Another example is the word FOO.

This word originated from the fact that all fen are always either worn out or about to become worn out. When they are in this condition, they go around mopping their brows and muttering "phew"! This is supposed to indicate that they are worn out. Several years ago a new fan who was hard of hearing kept hearing other fen mutter "phew"! while they

mopped their brows. To him, it sounded like FOO. Then he heard fan after fan say, "Phew! God in heaven but I'm tired." To him, this became, "Foo, God of fen by Amtara." He wrote about it to Forrest J Ackerman who had Foo included in the Fancyclopedia as god of fen.

Q: Lately I have seen the name, the Outlanders pop up here and there. Who are these ubiquitous Outlanders?

A: (Free Advertisement) Any fan who writes letters to the OUTLANDER magazine asking who the Outlanders are---is a true fan. But I will be lenient with you since this is the last question in the issue and I have to climb back into my hat-box in fifteen minutes. The name of the club originated from Lovecraft's famous anthology "The Outlander and Others." We are a bunch of things that crawled up out of the ground and became fans.

The first meeting of the group was held on All Hallow's Eve, 1946. The reason for this date was that we had no food, and were all hallow.

Half of our members were eaten during the first meeting, and this allowed the rest to survive until the second session. As each session passed, the membership was halved. At the present time, only I am left.

The next meeting of the Outlanders is sceduled for to-morrow night. But I cannot wait. I have already begun to gnaw on my left foot, so it seems expedient to close up this column for the night.

I will probably enf up by being only half the man I was.

#.#
#####

A fly-boy stolz a rocket plane

Around the sky to frisk -

Now don't you think he was a fool

His precious # ?

WESTERLON

NUMBER
(a rendezvous with the
Outlanders)

THREE

DATE: June 18, 1950

PLACE: 617 Venice Blvd, L.A.,
Knights of Pythias Hall
(near corner Venice & Figueroa)

TIME: 10 a.m. onwards---

PRICE: Non-cents-ical

PROGRAM: Art, book, and mag auction,
Movies

Speakers { Prominent authors
Working authors
Prominent fans
Wealthy fans

-----Yakking-----Autographs-----Egoboo!!!-----

DON'T MISS

this annual WEST COAST CONFERENCE

First Act to SOUTH GATE^{in '58!}

Part One

"Cask Aid"

WHEN the letter postmarked "West(By God)Virginia arrived I tore it open hastily for an epistle from Honorary Outlander Bill Elias is indeed a rare thing. I read the letter several times and each time grew more certain that Bill was kidding. I couldn't see the point of his jest, however....unless a package of some kind really did arrive in a later mail. Otherwise the letter was a hopeless attempt at (1) humor, (2) drunken writing, (3) drunken humor in writing, (4) or something.

But then as we all know.... But first the letter:

"Dear Len, The other day I happened to be browsing thru one of my father's old coal mines and came upon a passage that had a hold in the wall. It looked as though some miner had struck the wall with his pick and said pick had went right thru. In fact, the wall seemed to be a natural(?) partition between the passage I was in and a natural(?) cave. I sue the question marks advisedly, in the light of what I discovered. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

One of Dad's miners was with me (a personal escort, no less) and I asked him why this phenomena had not been investigated. He said Hell they didn't bother digging in that direction because the vein didn't run that way and Hell there was a chance that the "cave" might be a gas pocket and Hell there was no point in wasting good Union labor in exploring when there was coal to be mined. Hell. That's what he said.

So I borrowed his pick and hacked at the wall myself. It gave way easily enough under my powerful strokes (puff, puff) and you know what? It was a cave of some kind, almost a passageway except that it came to a dead end. We sniffed around but there was no gas smell. Just smelled damp and musty the way a lot of underground places do.

Almost directly in the center of the floor sat a large wooden cask. I immediately thought of moonshiners but wondered why there was only this cask and no other sign of the gay art of distillery. I won't go into the boring details of what happened next. The cask was brought above ground. ((It took six men to lift it and carry it out to the coal car.)) I was eager to open it and inspect its contents and began looking it over more closely to see which would be the best way. I noted that a peculiar odor was attached to the thing but it didn't smell like moonshine. Smelled more like wine. Then I remembered that I had signed the pledge. I didn't dare open it myself and besides it seemed heavier than a cask of wine (or any equivalent liquid weight). And there were the miners standing by, waiting to get their share be it wine, gold, moonshine or Dewey buttons. There was only one thing left to do. Send the cask to the Outlanders. Let those daring souls investigate this mystery. Curious as I was, I did not dare. I know that the next meeting is at your place, Len, so I'm sending the cask to you by Railway Express. You can have a Grand Opening next Saturday at your house, etc., etc., etc...."

The cask did not arrive in time for the Outlander meeting at my place but was delivered the following Monday. When I got home from work that night my mother mentioned its arrival and--like Bill-- I was eager to open the thing.

While I was looking for a tool to pry it open, I walked Vranduski, Pistachio and Zankowitz, the big three of beerbottle fame. They assumed that I was about to break open a giant keg of beer and stood by with gleaming eyes and cupped hands. I informed them that I wasn't sure what the cask contained, that it was probably some kind of joke, that it probably was nothing but water...

At the mention of the word "water" they immediately uncupped their hands. But they were still as curious as I was and Zankowitz suggested we move the cask to a more convenient location...their trailer home (next to the Oklahoma Okie Cafe) for instance. There we could pry it open with a "borrowed" crowbar and "investigate" to our heart's content. Since we could not lift the thing, we tipped it over and rolled it. We rolled it all the way, from Pannon Street to the trio's trailer. (They have no car; rent the trailer) The crowbar was "procured" and Pistachio, world's champion pryer opener, went to work.

There was a crash (the lid), a splash (the liquid) and Pistachio who had caught some in his mouth shouted: "Fuzzah! It IS wine!"

Vranduski tasted it and so did Zankowitz. They identified it as one of the finest Madeira wines they had sniffed and slurped. I tasted it too but I still prefer beer.

My preference for beer became even more acute when the gentleman with long, gray hair arose from the liquid depths of the cask, adjusted his iron-rimmed spectacles on his nose and yawned, showing a wide expanse of toothless gums. His wine-soaked clothes looked like something out of the American Revolution.

Pistachio fainted. Vranduski stepped back and looked hurt at the stranger's rude interruption of their "investigation". Zankowitz just stared.

I was little stunned myself. Finally I managed to speak, for I had recognized those features, those clothes...

"It's...it's..." I blurted, "I'd know him anywhere. Just like his pictures. Quick! Help him get out of the cask. It's...it's..."

The man in the cask weaved back and forth and looked like he was trying to make up his mind whether he should sink back down into the wine or climb out. Finally he made a noise.

"Hic." said Benjamin Franklin.

Zankowitz--still staring as though he were cold sober--helped me help Franklin out of the cask.

Vranduski was trying to revive Pistachio by waving an unopened can of beer under his nose. This didn't seem to help much so he

reached for the canopener and obviously was going to drink it himself. Pistachio immediately leaped to his feet, grabbed the can, bit it open and had half of it drunk before Vranduski fully realized that he had been duped.

Somewhere in the back of my mind I was wondering idly how long Vranduski had been sating that can of Pabst, meanwhile marching Frank-
lin up and down the length of the trailer, stopping now and then to slap his face and rub his wrists.

Zankowitz snapped out of his stare-gazing and observed that the sun had come out from behind a cloud of smog and that it might be ad-
visable to give old Benjamin a shot of California cure-all sunshine. So we did.

The sunshine worked wonders. Old Ben seemed to soak it up fast-
er than Pistachio and Vranduski were soaking up the wine inside the trailer. Finally Ben shook us off and stood up under his own power. He waved his arms, grinned slyly, took off his spectacles and wiped them with a flourish in the tail of his coat, put them back on with a-
nother flourish, hemmed, hawed and then let out a warwhoop that must have sent chills up and down the spines of the customers in the nearby Cafe. It didn't chill my spine but I suspect my eardrums took a beat-
ing.

"I learned that the last time I was awakened," explained Ben, "Giving vent to one's feelings...shouting out a battel cry of freedom... makes one feel better..."

"The last time you were awakened?" I said.

"Yes, back in 1890, you know. The current year is 1990, is it not?"

"1949, Mr. Franklin," I said, "Say...you--er--died in 1790, didn't you?"

"Yes, young man, and was resurrected in 1890 as per my request. You should know all about that." He made some peculiar motions with his hands and at looked at me slyly out of the corner of his eyes. "1949, you say? Ah! Ahem! May I ask why I was resurrected 41 years ahead of schedule?"

"I think there has been a mistake...an accident, that is." I said.

"Mistake? Accident? Come now, young man, we do not make mis-
takes!" Once again he made the hand signs and looked at me as though I should completely understand him.

"I'm affraid I'm not a member of that society," I said, indi-
cating his hands.

"Not a member? Not a member! For Heaven's sake, may I ask how you managed to come upon my Secret? How did you discover that, that, that...Oh! Eh! Eh! Ah! It never fails!"

"Hah?" I inquired. He seemed to be in pain. He had stamped his foot in his agitation and had evidently stamped it a bit too hard...

"The gout!" howled Ben, "Soon as I get a little life into these old bones the ~~gout~~ gout attacks me and makes life miserable...Eh! Eh! Ahhh!"

He seated himself on the trailer's doorstep and stretched out his legs in front of him. The expression of pain passed (or was masked) and he held me with his eye again.

"Now tell me, young man, how did you discover the Secret. If you are not a member...or descendent of one of the charter members...Explain, explain...I am all curious to hear..."

I told him what had happened. He remained quite calm during my recital of events and didn't interrupt except once when I used a word which he didn't quite understand. (I was later amazed at how quickly this aged gentleman "latched on" to modern ways of talking and acting. He is one of the most adaptable persons I have ever met.)

When I had finished, he rose grimly to his feet and asked for food and drink. We apologized for our neglect but he waved apologies aside; he understood our reaction to his sudden appearance. Suggesting we leave Pistachio and Vranduski with the wine cask, he indicated that we should lead him to the nearest restaurant.

However, Zankowitz remained behind...to "watch" his two friends. He was interested in talking to Franklin but Franklin would probably be around for awhile whereas the wine he had come in was fast disappearing down the gullets of Pistachio and Vranduski. Zankowitz wanted to take notes on their respective capacities, as well as occasional sips of the wine itself.

A Downey bus came along and--as every Bell Gardens busrider knows--the Downey bus goes thru Bell on its way to Huntington Park, so Ben and I boarded the bus. (Ben looked puzzled, then pleased. He did not make a spectacle of himself by becoming frightened or asking obvious questions.) I was much amused as Franklin sternly stared down the various goggle-eyed people who gawked at and whispered under their hands about this visitor from the 18th Century. I told Ben I was taking him to my friends, the Hersheys of Bell, who would be interested in meeting him as well as feeding him. He nodded happily.

It was late in the evening and since I had gone without dinner I too was a bit on the hungry side. Freddie fed us both--all the while smiling at Franklin with her tongue in her cheek. She just wouldn't believe that it was really Ben, thought it was hoax cooked up by Bill and me. Alan made no comment. He shook hands with Ben when I first brought him in, asked him if he liked the weather in southern California and then went back to his reading (an ancient Astounding SF)...

After eating potatoe salad, weiners, coffee, etc. I reclined on the couch and watched Ben brouse thru the Hershey's collection of Limited Editions. Freddie continued to smirk knowingly and finally

asked me in a stage whisper, "Where did I dig up this character? I kept telling her that Bill dug him up, that I pulled him out of a cask of wine, that if it wasn't Franklin the guy was a super-Houdini...well, we got into a discussion over it and kept trying to get Alan's opinion but all Alan would say was Urk and sometimes Urk, Urk if the story he was reading got especially thrilling.

Ben took no part in the argument, just hummed to himself and perused the books. One he looked up to remark that that This "was Perfectly Wonderful, smiled benignly at all of us and picked out another book to inspect. I think he mumbled something about a "printer's paradise"...but whether he was talking to us or to himself I could not tell.

I was beginning to get sleepy and was trying to keep awake as there were a lot of questions I wanted to ask Ben and couldn't decide where to begin...and Freddie kept interrupting my thots with some new argument to support her theory that Ben was a hoax. Finally, Ben stood up and asked where he might find a good hotel or inn.

"Although I have been in a state of suspended animation for many years," he said, "The past few hours have been tiring and I'm not as young as I used to be..."

Alan looked up from his magazine and opened his mouth. Smoke came out. After the smoke had cleared away, we could hear the words coming through.

"You may as well stay here tonight, Mr. Franklin. We have lots of bed room. I think its time for me to go to bed too. Moffatt, has your last bus gone?"

"Well," I said, "Well..."

"I'll drive you home," said Alan.

I bid Ben and Freddie Good Night and Alan drove me home. Just before I got out of the car I removed the cigarette ashes from my left ear, swept aside the one-man smog and spoke to Herbhey thru the mist.

"What do you think we should do about Franklin?"

"He's a smart man," said Alan, "Why don't we let him figure that out."

"Check!" I said, "Good Night, Alan, Thanx for the buggy ride..."

Alan said Good Night and drove away.

After hitting the sack I began to wonder how the terrible three had made out with the wine, if they would remember to return the crowbar to the bouncer at the Oklahoma Okie Cafe, and what Benjamin Franklin would figure out.

The dawn came up like thunder and it was a long workday. Evening found me once again at the Hershey's where two other Outlanders--Rick Sneary and John Van Couvering--had gathered to meet Bill's

"discovery". But Ben wasn't there. Freddie explained that she and he had been out shopping all day, getting Ben rigged up in modern clothes.

"That an ordeal," moaned Freddie, "He didn't have any money but we managed to get some for him by putting one of his diamonds in hock..."

"Diamonds?" said Rick.

"Diamonds!" said John.

"Diamonds," said Freddie, "He has several. Where and how he got them he wouldn't say. All small stones but large enough to keep him in money for awhile."

"He's still out shopping?" asked Rick.

"Who knows?" shrugged Freddie, "He says he wants to explore, move around, meet people, observe. You can imagine his curiosity..."

"Yeah, sure," said John, "But will he be back and do you really believe that he is Ben Franklin?"

"If he isn't, he's the world's finest actor," said Freddie, "I used every trick I could think of to make him give himself away but now I'm convinced that it must be him or a perfect facsimile. I told him we would probably have a Special Meeting of the Outlanders Here Saturday and he said he'd be back by then. Wanted to orientate himself first..."

"You mean we'll have to wait til Saturday?" I groaned.

"Right!" said Alan U. Hershey, climbing out from under the coffee table with an armful of cats, magazines, cigarettes and potatoe chips.

Saturday finally came and present at the meeting were: The Hefsheys, the Hershey cats, Dot Faulkner, Porry and Wendy Ackerman, Rick Sneary, Stan Woolston, John Van Spuvering and Jim. And Benjamin Franklin tastefully attired in tweed trousers, polo shirt, sneakers and contact lenses.

We reclined on couch, chairs and floor and gazed expectantly at our visitor from the past. He was sitting in Alan's favorite chair and was clicking the reading lamp off and on, off and on, off and on...

He smiled at us and said, "I take it that I am expected to say a few words. You are no doubt wondering how I came to be here. Well, stick to the point and you won't have to point the stick, as Poor Richard would say...them, well, how I come to be here is for the most part a Secret...which I am not at liberty to divulge. However, I see that some of my letters and autobiography have been published and part of the secret (coupled with what Friend Moffatt has already told you) can readily be found by the industrious reader. So much for that.

"If you have any questions to ask concerning my Day and Age please reserve them for later in the day. I would like first to discuss something else. As you may know, I was resurrected for several weeks back in 1890 but as I had a rather rough time of it then I was not able

to satisfy my curiosity as much then as I have been able to the past few days. In fact, I spent most of those weeks in jail and when the Society managed to obtain my freedom it was decided I should be put out of sight for awhile and so, ahem, back into the wine cask. But I'm getting away from the topic I would like to discuss.

"I would say that I was indeed fortunate to get in with such a group as you...ah..Outlanders. This--er--science-fiction business intrigues me. During the past four days I have spent my time in getting acclimated and though direct contact with people and daily events help a lot in such a process, time spent in your wonderful public libraries is certainly not wasted time. What I'm trying to say is I have done quite a bit of reading of your modern literature.

"Now one of the stories I found most engaging was The Time Machine by an English writer...ah...Wells? Yes, H.J. Wells...Very sharp fellow for an Englishman. I also looked up Einstein and other reference material and after much reading, cross-checking, questioning of the librarian, etc. came to the conclusion that it could be done. You are no doubt aware of the fact that I have several small inventions to my credit..."

He paused long enough for us to inform him that it was H.G. Wells and were aware of the fact that he was scientifically minded.

Then he went on to describe how he would build a time-machine if he had the materials to work with. He wanted us to help him build one as he was desirous of seeing into the future and into the Past, BF (Before Franklin)...and that that said t.m. would be more comfortable than a wine cask. We agreed and he provided us with a long list of materials to obtain for the experiment. Our excitement over the project kept us yakking all evening. Gad! We almost forgot to eat. Some of us doubted the workability of a gadget made from such a hodge-podge of parts but Ben's confidence in the project was great enough to keep us all interested.

I can't reveal everything here but some of the needed parts were washing machine, 60 Watt light bulb, two sheets of onion skin paper, dried orange peel, a long extension cord, pound of lead, etc. Why he wanted a complete washing machine I'll never know for he used only part of its motor and the rest of the washer was sold for junk. It was a cheap, second-hand machine anyway,

Ladies and Gentlemen, Benjamin Franklin invented the Time Snatcher in the Hershey's toolshed on December 4th, 1949. He thought it was going to be a regular time machine in which one could jockey back and forth thru Time but it turned out to be a snatcher...but what a snatcher!

The first person we snatched out of the past was William Shakespeare.

He arrived, cursing us in iambic pentameter.

((To Be Continued))

The

Pioneer

Still Here

SHANGRI LA

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society is the pioneer science fiction group in this Southern California district, and it is still "around," organizing group activities, holding meetings, putting out the club magazine, SHANGRI LA.

To many readers of imaginative fiction, SHANGRI LA is the only fan-contact they have. If they are close enough, they might find that by attending meetings they will increase their acquaintanceship with the world of science fiction fandom, its authors and special meetings, as well as regular meetings with the usual talks, discussions, and the like. The group is large enough for a variety of programs without too much repetition, yet compact enough so anyone can become a friendly part of the group in a short while.

Like many other groups, LASFS has worked out a plan of Associate Memberships for members who are too far away to attend meetings regularly. For the sum of \$1 annually, you can join under this plan. For this price you get the club magazine, SHANGRI LA. Other details of this plan are:

You will be notified of all Special Meetings of the club.

You will receive an ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP card.

If the club produces any other publications during the year you will receive a copy of same. (One shots, bulletins, etc.)

So mail your dollar today to:
The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society

1305 West Ingraham

Los Angeles 14, California

THIS BIG BARGAIN DEAL IS RECOMMENDED BY The Outlanders!

ATTENTION

FAN ARTISTS

Get In On Westercon III's Fan Artist's Auction Contest

On JUNE 18, 1950, the Third Annual West Coast Science-Fiction Conference will be held in Los Angeles, California. Westercon III will be sponsored by The Outlander Society.

One of the main events at Westercon III will be an auction of sfantasy books, mags and original illustrations. And one of the features of the auction will be the fan artist's contest. Here are the details:

- (1) Send your drawing, painting or whatever type of artwork you do the best, to Len J. Moffatt, 6766 Hannon St., Bell Gardens, California. Your entry must be at this address before June 1, 1950.
- (2) The fan artists' originals will be auctioned off at Westercon III. The artist will receive 50% of the price paid for his or her original. The other 50% goes into the Westercon fund, of course.
- (3) The entry which sells for the highest bid will be considered the winner of the Contest and the artist who submitted the winning original will receive all of the price paid for his or her original. The buyer willing, the winning original will be featured on a lithographed cover on the first issue of The Outlander Magazine published after Westercon III.

Remember: It must be an original painting or drawing.

It must be in the hands of Auctioneer Moffatt by June 1, 1950.

And the address is:

l e o n a r d j a m e s m o f f a t t
6766 Hannon Street Bell Gardens, California

The Outlander NUMBER FOUR • STAN WOOLSTON, EDITOR

*Dorothea Faulkner Freddie Hershey Rick Sneary Alan Hershey
Stan Woolston Len Moffatt John Van Cowering Con Pederson*

• SEND LETTERS TO FREDDIE HERSHEY, SECRETARY, 6335 KING AVENUE, BELL, CALIFORNIA