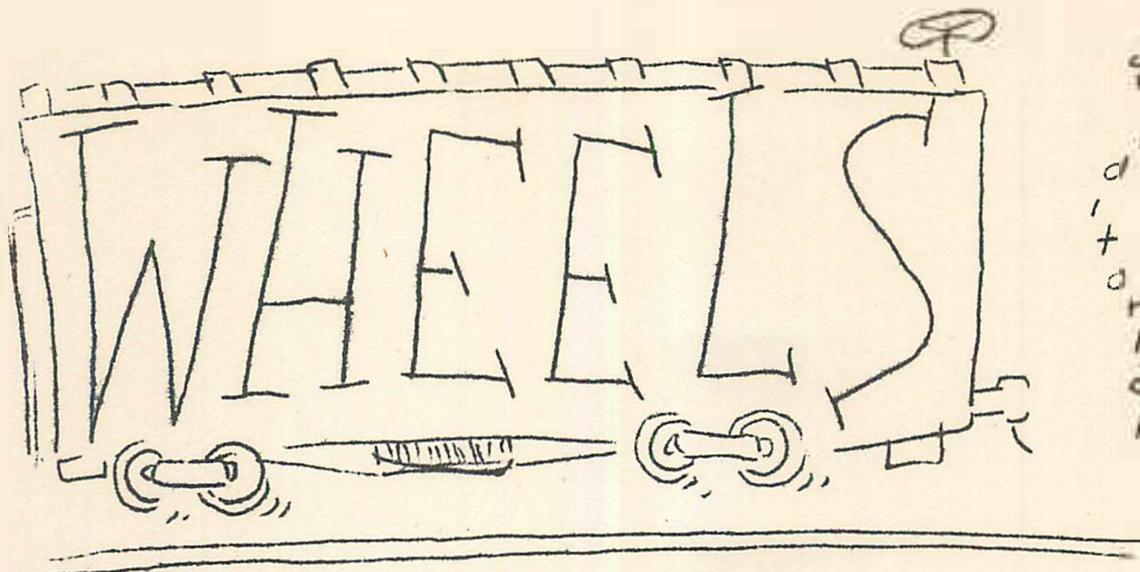


The **OUTLANDER**

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE OUTLANDER SOCIETY
JOHN VAN COUVERING, EDITOR





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In the mills of the gods (where they grind things exceeding fine) there are wheels upon wheels, rooms and rooms full of the things. One of these wheels, stuck off in a dusty corner, is the OUTLANDER revolving membership. Its cogs are sharp and shiny, its shaft is well-oiled, and it turns and turns without affecting any of the many other wheels and without any apparent motivation.

Upon this wheel is stretched a tortured form. Slowly, slowly the wheel revolves towards a juncture with a large, well-blooded grindstone. Eventually, the form is, like all the rest who are subject to the mill of the gods, ground exceeding fine. Do I shriek? Do I writhe? Dam'right I shriek and writhe. But to no avail. the wheel turns, once more Team editor of this magazine.

And oy, such a magazine! All but completed, it lay in unstapled confusion on the shelves of the Ingraham den of Lasfas. There was Daugherty and the lithoed cover? Daugherty returned from Mexico to tell us sadly that Pederson's prize-winning bit of fan art was unlithoable. So Woolston indianed up another hunk of Manila stock and we have now the usual printed cover.

Where was Van Couvering and the Norwescon Report stencils? Alas, this doughty son of the sophomore class at Fullerton J.C. was inadequate to the task. He had only one head, one pair of arms and legs. He was not up to producing things for demanding professors, eager lasfasians who had made him editor of Shaggy at the same time, despondent Outlanders who wanted a magazine even if they couldn't have their assorted wives, fiancees and California homes.

Today, in half an hour or so, I brave the snarling hordes of Christmas shoppers, the cheerful idiocy of the Los Angeles transit system, the tormenting thoughts of another \$1.38 slipping away every hour I am absent from my beloved job in the Terminal Annex Post Office... so that, with Helene and Rick, and a firm jaw, I shall attempt a Caesurian delivery of the abortive Shaggy and Outlander.

Now, for a Sneary-ordered commercial: Pay up. You owe us money.

Subscription expired. Still with us?

Complimentary copy. Hardly any obligations.

Published by the Outlander Society. 15¢ per copy.

Send all monies to Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ave, South Gate.

Filings ————— — FROM THE CHAOS

THE OTHER editors of this sterling magazine have always reassured themselves, when the going got tough, that there was one part of the 'zine that they wouldn't have to worry about...the ubiquitous FILINGS. "Always good for half the mag," they murmured happily. But what about the time when the revolving editorship clicks around, like the wheel of fortune, to yours truly? Then...ah, then! "The burdens that others bear seem half so large to me..."

VAN COUVERING'S MANEUVERINGS

Van C., Link 4, R. 9

---If you're going to go in for time-travelling only to civilized eras, I'm blamed if I'd want to live anywhere but in the present. ((Ed. Note: this was written B.K.: Before Korea.)) Fooey on outdoor toilets and slops on your head as you walk down the street.

However, I must admit a long-suppressed desire to get in on the California gold rush. Now, with a reasonable modicum of chronological leeway, one could read up in the encyclopedias or mining textbooks, and then sort of lead the way to the best strikes. Buy up the land from the Spanish, or stake a number of claims, and then let the others mine your gold for a fee.

And then, after the cream has been skimmed from the gold rush, I'd go back to Southern California and make a few investments with my gold dust. Buy Searles Dry Lake for five bucks or so, get mineral rights for Signal Hill, and put a few hundred acres of scrub land in trust...say five hundred acres of Wilshire real estate and a hundred acres north of the old Plaza where the Civic Center now stands.

...Monday, in English, Mr. Borst began to speak of inductive logic and thence to evolution and from there, by some means, to the theory that the human stomach reproduced the amoeba's method of enveloping food by actually being outside the body, being nothing more nor less than a fold of skin with the belly button being the place where the string was drawn tight.

It was a fascinating bit of whimsy. Mr Borst smiled his angelic smile, and smiled even wider when he saw the girls in the front row registering shocked disbelief. "Don't be shocked," he admonished. "Don't you know that anything common to both sexes can be discussed in mixed company?"

He paused to let this sink in. "In fact," and the smile became a grimace of joy. "since sex is common to both, we should also be able to discuss that in mixed company..." The class hung on his pause. Something good was in the wind. "When I was a boy," he began, "there used to be little books called, 'What Every Young Man Should Know' and 'What Every Young Lady Should Know.' The boys all read 'What Every Young Man Should Know,' and the girls all read 'What Every Young Lady Should Know.' As a consequence, we were all right up on the latest dope." When the uproar had died down, we went back to evolution.

STANLY THE MANLY

Woolston, Link 5

--Lately I've not heard of the matter of the "religious fanatic" who desired to become an Outlander. I hope this means that he has drifted away. As we stand an Outlander is free to speak his mind in any matter; with such a character as the gent in question seems to have it would be practically impossible to speak without self-imposed censorship or a possible eruption of a kind that I don't appreciate. I believe that this could be considered the blackball effect, and though I'm not an avid vetoist, for the future well-being of the clan I make this statement.

Faulkner's rendition of the smudge opus reminds me of an item in the daily paper which suggested that smudge might be useful in time of imminence of atombombing. In the fog, the bomb might miss the target. Ah, happy thought. I can see it now...

But I'm worrying. What if the creatures tried to bomb L.A.-- maybe New Hampshire Street, or Bell, or B. Gardens, and hit Garden Grove instead? Maybe my hoard of surplus Army suntan oil wouldn't get its workout then. I hate waste.

ROARS FROM RORY THE SUPERANNUATED DEMON

Dotty, Link 6

--Notes from the "IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK" crowd.

Editorial from the Covina Argus-Citizen:

"Everyone who believes that the joys of living exceed the sorrows had better concentrate on having fun this summer. Take that long vacation trip you have been putting off for so long. Get in more golf and fishing. Invite the neighbors over for canasta.

Enjoy the summer, for there won't be any winter! That, at least, is the inside dope from a usually reliable source -- a Navajo medicine man who has caused quite a sensation down New Mexico way by observing that the ants and squirrels aren't bothering to store food any more.

Man, having developed A Bombs, H Bombs, and guided missiles -- capable, we are told, of blowing the world to smithereens -- is driving himself mad trying to figure out how to avoid using them. The ants and the squirrels, apparently, don't hold much hope for his success. Like the grasshopper, they're going to have fun this summer."

Rick, the poetess you mentioned who puts out Different is Lilith Lorraine*, who is now soliciting poor little amateurs for her new thing, Challenge, and when sent she tears them to pieces with cutting sarcasm, no constructive criticism. Ye heifer was not sucked in on this deal, but a friend was, and sent me some samples of the Lorraine's mode of encouragement, together with a more or less veiled suggestion that if the author would spend money for L.'s book, on how to write poetry, it would assist the budding poet immensely. As big a come-on as the new Shaver mystery in aSF.

*A phony name if I ever heard one!

HEN TRACKS IN THE SANDS OF TIME

Rick, Link 7

--What think you of the idea of Euthanasia? I am for it. I base all my knowlage only on one radio discussion, and my own mind, but still... It seems that this is the only modern way of elimanation of the chaff from the wheat, so to speak. In olden times the weak died, for there was no way to help them, but now science has reached the point where people fear death from overwork, rather than illness. (Hart trouble is overwork?) I am a cold fish I guess, but I see no reason to burden the world with the mentally ill, or to leave our ill to suffer.

I fear death hardly at all, if it were to come on me quickly. But the pain of an illness and the slow death, I would not like to think on. --Think to of the lives ruined, for care or worry over a helplessly ill (mind or body) loved one. The world is overly filled now, so why not away with thos that are but with us in body, but away from us in mind or spirit---

There is ofcourse the point of ethics, the taking of a human life. But one might say, that if we have the right to prolong life, then we should be able to end it. I am inclined to think it might be well, to mow down the halt and the lame in the world too, that can but imperfectly do their share, and are a blot on the eyes of the rest. A pure world, to bread a super race... Yeah, and I say this, feeling that I'd be ons to get a whiff of gas too. So whatif an artist or two gets pooed off, it will be made up in time.

POSTSCRAPS

Pederson, l. 8

--It rained a little yesterday, but not enough to alleviate the current drought. Lightning pretty close...one bolt out by the highway. Sounded like an atomic bomb must sound from victim's-ear view. I love thunderstorms. So violently futile.

Have currently been saturating myself with Erskine Caldwell literature. God's Little Acre... Trouble in July... House in the Uplands... Journeyman (which is the best damn satirical suchnot as I've read in quite awhile.)...am gonna start in on Grapes of Wrath pretty soon...have only skimmed it...Caldwell (forgetting Steinbeck for the moment) is purty good, but not as good as Faulkner of course. THE WILD PALMS is my favorite of the Faulkner line. It is a book of despair. So is SANCTUARY ("season of rain & death"). Borrowed Ernie Pyle's HERE IS YOUR WAR but doubt if I'll read it. Books boorish. Also best of Damon Runyon, which isn't best of writing. I don't care for Damon Runyon. Maybe it's a sacrilege, but I just don't care for Damon Runyon.

Enough.

ANON, THE WESTERCON

Moffatt,L.l, R.¹⁰

--Westercon III is history and glorious history, too. We made money. We made numerous people happy. We had a hell of a good time ourselves. The Outlanders have proven that an informal fan club can do as much as (ay, more than) any formal outfit in putting on a good stf conference. I have no fears regarding South Gate in '58! I know damned well we can do it and do it well! We have proven to ourselves as well as to some 130 other people that we are capable.

Sure, we had a lot of good breaks. We got some fine pics for the auction and what with 11th hour pics from Campbell and unasked for (but most certainly appreciated) paintings from Bonestell, personally delivered by Dr. Richardson himself! Everything went according to schedule. Even van Vogt was interesting.

I had lunch in the basement with a girl from Laguna Beach, Mari Wolf, who may come a-guesting at the next Outlander meet and--who knows--maybe become an Outlander if she continues to please us all. ((Ed. note: this is the prize understatement of the year!))

Since Honorary Members don't get to write in the Chain they should at least be mentioned each time around. So: Ed Cox. Forry Ackerman. Patrick Antonio Mac-Beerstein.

FREDDIE ON THE GO

Female Hershey, Link 2

--Jesus, we had a meeting. Hal Curtis, my guest, brought his wire recorder and if any gang of people ever want to have fun, just record a session around a floor. Sorry I had to throw you out when I did, but I knew tomorrow would come

and things would go on, and they did. Did they ever!

And I'm over my ears in back house work. The garden is beset with weeds, the birds eat the apricots, the cat is desexed--poor Inky--the presses turn out more and more mags and books, people like mad are auditing each other QUIet now, while I let you in on a secret. Even Ian has gone Dianetics happy and Tuesday he and Eph Konigsberg audited each other for an hour, and I dash madly around. Everybody wants to get rid of their engrams but Freddie. She's too busy gathering more. Someday it will be that I am the only non-clear in fandom. Then I will start out all fresh again with a new bunch of fans and dither away like mad, instead of lying on a couch all day repeating over and over again, "I don't want to be a clear, I don't want to be a clear," so come on in, the booby hatch is fine, once you get used to swimming in green ink.

With

the Westercon all over, dear John can stop worrying if all the stupid bidders will come back and ask for their money. You should have heard him as I did during the auction. He held his lovely head in his hands and wailed and wailed, "They must be crazy. They'll want their money back. It's too fantastic. Look at all the ten dollar bills. My God, has everyone gone mad? It can't be real, etc. etc." ((Ed. note: the mad scramble for the pics affected Sneary too. He would take all but a few of the bills and put them under a box lid on the table. By the end of the auction, it looked like two-thirds of a watercress sandwich.))

THE MASTER MUTTERS

Alan Hershey, L. 2

---I suppose I really have to louse up this link with a rendition of some sort of parts of the late unlamented Westercon. Keep in mind that all characters in this have no resemblance to caricatures either living or half dead.

On each side of the hall, a line of three tables was set up and covered with white paper. On the right hand side were placed all the pics except the Bonestells and the fan art. On the left hand tables were firstly the Ackerman book display, then a Shaggy and Outlander display and finally more books and fan art for the auction. In the rear of the hall was a table on each side, and propped up on panels on these tables was the very impressive and gawdy display of Dave Fox' collection of dustwrappers...hundreds of them, or so it seemed. The Bonestells hung in lonely grandeur on the wall.

After Rick had gotten things started from the platform by giving a brief history of the OS, Freddie was introduced as chairlady and made several remarks and announcements, and it wasn't long before the first feature event of the day took place. This was the round table book review which was performed by Fox, Hershey and Konigsberg with Daugherty acting as introductionist and moderator. The books, which comprised all those issued in the first half of 1950, were divided into four categories: good, poor, mediocre and excellent by unanimous consent of the reviewers. Each book received a separate 1 minute review, the members of the board alternating in giving out with their opinions. Three books were selected for longer reviews out of the thirty covered: Gather, Darkness by Lieber, Side-ways in Time, reviewed by Fox, and Exiles out of Time by Bond. The first two were classed as excellent and the last was one of the poor ones.

After the book reviews, which took about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the luncheon intermission took place. When the suckers had returned, the drawing for the Door Prize was done by Mari Wolf, our potential new Outlander. After several misfires the prize, which was a huge door donated and hand decorated by JVC, was awarded to Albert Hernhutter. He was quite delighted with it, and there was no need really of the consolation prize of a Forrybook which cost us MONEY.

THE WORLD OF 2150 AD

In the current issue of Shangri-La, official organ of LASFS, the entire magazine is devoted to the opinions of what ten or twelve celebrated names in the fantasy field believe the world of 2150 will be like.

The issue was the brain child of E E Evans, and a very clever idea for a truly excellent magazine issue it would have been--- if the contributors had contributed anything.

Unfortunately, instead of using present facts on hand, waiting to be put to use in any conjecture of a world of the near future, these contributors saved themselves a great deal of thinking by either being wholly facetious, pessimistic, or imaginative. The end result was a rather mediocre issue of Shangri La---a swell conception which unfortunately had a miscarriage.

Two hundred years isn't such a terribly long time in the future. Two hundred years in the past, the groundwork for the political systems which are still more or less in existence to-day were being laid. The church centuries had come to an end---in the totalitarian sense---and the centuries of materialism and self-determinism could definitely be seen ahead. In the moral and ethical fields, the romantic legend was in full flower. Pamela had successfully defended her virtue for a thousand pages. The "happily ever after" ending to human affairs was firmly entrenched. In the field of science, Newton, Priestley, Cavendish and Lavoisier were all either living or lately dead.

What groundwork can we see today for a world of the future? Keep in mind that it is impossible to make any sort of complete survey of human affairs in a couple of pages. Keep in mind that we are very close to our subject and that only large possibilities can be considered. The offchance of a landing made by aliens of the Alpha Centauri group has to be deleted. The possibility that we will reach Mars and it will be found to be habitable also has to be eliminated.

Let's face the scientific trends toward advancement which are perceptible to-day and see where they lead.

1. The structure and function of the human mind.
2. The structure and function of the human body.
3. New sources of power.
4. New means of communication.
5. New sources of food.
6. New means of transportation.

Scientific trends in these fields appear to be most significant to the writer, although another dozen categories could easily be thought up. These trends are virtually certain to act as the focal points in the development of any future civilization, because they will determine Man's future environment. If we are willing to admit that the environment shapes the man in an overall sense, not only as a unit but primarily as a society, then it is inevitable that clarification of advances in these categories should give us one or two ideas about the world of 2150 AD.

The structure and function of the human mind and body is one of our newest sciences. In fact, these subjects cannot yet really be considered sciences because of the stringent limits to experimentation which our present system of morals imposes. Nevertheless, some progress is being made, particularly in the more ephemeral psychologological sense; and the realization that the field of psychosomatics is one of the more important branches of study necessary to keep Man well and whole is firmly entrenched today. At the same time, the entire theory of disease seems to be about ready to undergo a metamorphosis with the discovery of the new pharmaceuticals—cortisone and ACTH.

Both of these vital concepts in medicine today, when one analyses them to see what they really mean add up to but a single answer: the human mind and the human body cannot be studied separately because the body is a function of the mind and the mind is a function of the body.

This concept is in strong contrast to our views today which set up the mind and body as distinct entities which "happen" to be contiguous but are entirely separate. This materialistic viewpoint has been with us for quite a few centuries, but is about to go by the boards. 2150 AD will probably see a complete revision of the materialistic concepts which are the basis of our entire civilization to-day.

Our potential new sources of power immediately bring atomic energy to mind. But this may well be a fooler. Our best bet for future power is not the atom per se but the much more copious and more easily available solar energy which makes the amount of energy available from the atom look sick. The people of 2150 will probably be using solar energy extensively.

The food problem is acute to-day, and always has been acute in human history. In the past, enough food has been more a problem of distribution and transportation than any thing else. But the problem of quantity is now with us, even if we assume perfect distribution and transportation. Within fifty years, our world population will probably be up around four billion. In 200 years, assuming no unbelievable catastrophes, there will probably be between ten and twenty billion human beings on the face of the earth. In some people's opinion this would be an impossible situation. It would be impossible in our present world certainly, but might be quite possible in the future economy of 2150. First of all, it would require

Where does all this lead? It can lead to only one thing, obviously. The same thing it has been leading to for 2,000 years. The end result will be a single world government. A socialized world government in which the rights of Mr. Average Man are both protected and limited. Russia is approaching this end from one extreme. America is approaching it from another. In between somewhere lays the mean, and that mean will probably be the world of 2150 AD.

There has been almost nothing said about what can happen to our systems of morals and ethics in two hundred years. One reason for that is the short time involved for changes to occur. It is the writer's belief that present religious systems will be almost dead in that length of time---or at least comparatively so. Religion died hard because of the tremendous appeal it offers to Man. It is very nice to think that some higher power is watching over us, which is more or less responsible for our actions. In that way, we don't have to be responsible for our actions ourselves. It is very easy to believe that each man has his own soul which lives after him when he is dead. The soul of course is pure, and will have a swell time if the body has not perverted it too much while he was alive. Yet when we look around us at Nature, we see many other living things which are born and procreate and die to make room for the next generation and give their nourishment back to the soil. What's bad about that? Why doesn't a spider have a soul? Because he is not divided into a mind and body, some people would say to-day. But we are beginning to see that people are not divided into a mind and a body either. They are a single organism like anything else.

In the field of sex to-day, woman is still struggling for recognition of her value as a person. Extremes are the rule, just as they have always been the rule. The feminists to-day see themselves doing everything that men do, only better. In 200 years, both sexes will realize that there is a place for both and that place is not the same. The battle will still be going on, but it will be a more clearly understood battle and the woman will not have to fight either undercover or unnaturally.

Our present censorship laws and unwritten codes will probably be considered the height of barbarism in 2150. The shame of nudity, the strict tabu against descriptions of intercourse in books; the entire attitude that sex is evil because the body is evil will vanish as religion and the splitting of Man into a mind and a body begins to vanish. There will no longer be any need for people to sublimate their emotions in movies and best sellers under the guise of amusement and there will no longer be the necessity of the happy ending when the hero clinches with the heroine and the picture or the book ends.

It is very difficult to predict what will happen to the family system in 200 years. It may still be in existence on a much firmer level because the two parties involved have a much firmer idea of what constitutes a marriage. Another possibility would be the group marriage, in which half a dozen

worldwide regulation of food supplies. The government of the world---and there would almost of necessity have to be but one central government---would have to calculate in advance the amount of food necessary in the world. Methods of distribution of this food would have to be completely worked out and the food producers would receive a guaranteed stipend for their wares. Every bit of arable land would be in use to its capacity and the growth of materials which in a food sense are luxuries, or inefficient from the standpoint of nutrition would have long ceased. Fast turnover crops of maximum food value would be the rule.

After the world population level of 20 billion was reached, there would almost have to be strictly enforced birth control. Therefore, our world of 2150 would almost inevitably practise birth control and the people's system of morals and ethics would be closely tied up with this concept. The desirability and value of children would be highly magnified.

Methods of communication have reached a rather high level and it is doubtful if the next two hundred years will see a great deal of improvement. Most of the improvement will probably consist of refinements rather than new innovations.

Methods of transportation in a worldwide sense will probably be much the same only more so. Transportation within a city or even between cities in the same land mass will probably undergo radical changes. The monorail car system and the subway will become more and more prevalent as time passes. The automobile is probably on the road to extinction. It is a luxury item which a world economy could never afford. The Heinlein system of moving belts presents a distinct possibility. It is also possible in a 20 billion people world that travel will be restricted to necessity or education, and aimless wanderings would be discouraged.

It is easily seen that the day of the racially underprivileged and the day of the industrially underprivileged is almost over. India is about to emerge from the unbalanced state that has been its lot for millenia. The same is true for China. A single century will probably be sufficient to bring these two important peoples up to the level where they are capable of feeding their population. The South American continent has attained a civilization in a remarkably short time. Russia has sprung up from the virtual barbarism of half a century ago to become one of the two major world powers to-day. In each case, the means of doing so might not have been approved by the rest of the world, but the bare fact remains that the things that men do have their impact on other men and become part of their environment. If an industrial revolution starts in Europe, it spreads to America. The influence of new forms of government in Europe and America influence the future of Asia. The totalitarianism of Europe and Asia influence America. All human progress and change, whether it is considered positive or negative must be felt in the rest of the world because our communication and transportation systems and methods of conveying learning have become so good.

or a dozen people get married. Such a marriage would probably be more stable than our present system and offer much less chance of ruining people's lives because of its very structure. It would also offer much firmer ground for children to walk on. The chance that there will be no family system in two hundred years is very remote, I would say.

What would the people of 2150 do for amusement? It is very difficult to define amusement. With people who are not as unbalanced socially as we are, who are better pleased with their occupations and who feel a closer relationship with their fellow men and with nature than we do, the necessity of fields which are categorized as amusements will probably be greatly lessened. If there are movies, they will probably begin where boy clinches with girl and go on from there. Art and poetry and music appear as a blank in the writer's mind. Their future cannot be predicted. Music will probably exist and be stronger in its appeal than ever. It is quite possible that visual and odor music will also spring into being. I see no future for either art or poetry.

That's about all. As I look over the end result of trying to delineate the world of 2150 I feel very unsatisfied. But the OUTLANDER Mag only has a certain amount of room to offerings of such gibberish. At least I feel that I have made a sincere attempt to visualize what might happen in two hundred years. That's better than those "names" who let Evans down so thoroughly.

Alan U Hershey



the Suppliant

By
MARI WOLF

Midnight strikes. The witching hour. But no, that is behind me. Old-fashioned and forgotten....

I turn away from the window and stumble across the room in the dark. Past the stacks of Astoundings. Past the table of borrowed Unknowns... No pentagrams, no broomsticks—not any more. I am a fan and believer in Foo.

I say my prayers quickly and hop into bed. They are such simple prayers. No black masses. No incantations over the vials of writhing blood. Those are dark things, pushed now into the deep recesses of my mind, forsaken. I am a fan and there are no other gods but Foo....

Sleep comes quickly, without the usual gnawings at my mind, without the feeling of something creeping up out of a hidden hiding place, mocking me.... Sleep comes; I sink down into it; I drift off into darkness, and the name of Foo is upon my silent lips....

How long I sleep without dreaming I do not know, but I hear the voice, far-off at first, calling to me, whispering over and over:

"Come. Awake. You who have called upon my master...."

The words are strange, low-pitched and liquid, as if in a foreign language, but I understand them easily enough. Slowly I open my eyes, thinking I have been dreaming, and that now the dream is, of course, over....

But it isn't. The stranger stands beside my bed, smiling down at me in the moonlight. His face is puckish, long-eared and triangular, but it is human enough. His body is human too, lean and classical, almost statuesque. Perhaps it is this humanness of his that makes his tail such a complete anachronism. Though it is, I realize, a very simple, normal tail, long and muscular, with a slight kink at the end, like a Siamese cat's.... I must be staring at it, for he waves it now, to and fro, very gracefully, and I sense that he is most proud of it....

"Who are you?" I ask.

"Such a trite question," murmurs my visitor, "A pity. You looked as if you might be original. But no. You say the same things as all the others..."

"That," I ask with as much dignity as I can muster, "do you expect me to say? Certainly not, 'How nice of you to drop in. So glad you could call.' After all, this is the middle of the night. Hardly the time to expect visitors...."

The being nods. "That's right," he says. "You humans do sleep at night, don't you? You have such bad habits... Everyone

knows that the hours just before noon are the only ones in which sleep is really restful....Well, aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

"My certainly. Sit down, whoever you are. Don't pay any attention to me. Just make yourself at home....Look out!"

My warning is too late. The idly waving tail reaches back too far, and the Astoundings tumble, clattering, to the floor.

He turns, gestures, and they float back up onto the table.

"Oh, yes," he mutters, "Astoundings. I used to read them, when I was young...I rather liked the 1953 issues, didn't you?"

.. Then he remembers. "No, of course not. You live in only one time zone, don't you?"

Never, I think, will I find out who this creature is, why he is in my room, or what he wants....Therefore, why bother? I'll just catch up on my sleep...Besides, I'm dreaming anyway....

"No," he murmurs. "You're awake, in a sense. And if you insist on being stupidly human, I'll introduce myself. Etiquette, hmmph...I'm Drigha'clioprix. You can call me Pete for short..."

I hold out my hand. He shakes it, gravely, with his tail.

"And I am here for a very good reason," he says. "It has come to the attention of...of Him who shall not be named...that you are, shall I say, different from your kind. You have possibilities. You shall have your chance. It is not everyone, however hopeful, who is called in the service of my master...."

My heart leaps. It is for this I have waited. To be called to the service of Foo....It is for this that I have burned the Volumes on Vampirism and the Tomes of Ravished Tombs.

"I follow," I say, and he reaches out his hands to me....

Smoke, and a faint odor of brimstone as the smoke envelopes us. It clears, and we are standing in a meadow, moonlit and still, with hills rising around us and the great gnarled tree trunks stretched out, fallen, beside us.

"Come," says the other--Pete. "I want you to meet your clansmen."

I laugh. No relatives of mine have ever followed the god of fen. No kin of mine live by night, nor whisper spells to the waning moon....

Far away I hear hounds baying. Hounds? No, the wail is too drawn-out, a wild howling. Pete smiles. "The clan gathers," he says.

They race into the meadow, twenty strong, lean and long-fanged and hungry-tongued. Wolves. They form a circle about us, saliva dripping from their jaws, looking from me to Pete, waiting. And then their leader, a gaunt grey wolf with a tattered hide, trots up to me. I shudder, drawing back, as his nose rubs my ankle. But he is only shaking tails with Pete...

"Your kinsman," Pete says, "several times removed, of course."

"How do you do?" says the wolf politely, in a language that is not English, but unmistakably lupine.

For a moment my manners desert me. I goggle at him.

"That's a fine way," snarls the wolf, "to greet a long-lost cousin."

"Cousin?" I squeak. "You?"

"Of course. Isn't your name Wolf? Well, that proves it. Names don't lie. You're a Vere, and naturally don't remember. But you'll learn. You'll like the pack, and the blood trail, and

the warm kill...."

Pete and the wolf exchange glances. "You're right," Pete says. "One musn't have a human form here."

He gestures toward me. "As you Were," he says, his tail describing a seven pointed arc through the air. "As you Were..."

It is hard to stand up straight. I find myself bending, my hands reaching for the ground. How silly. I look down... at the long grey fur sprouting on my wrists, at my claws. I try to cry out, but my tongue is too long, and my fangs get in its way....

"Good stock," says Pete, reaching down to scratch my ears.

"A true Were-human!"

The pack leader bares his teeth at me. "Come on, recruit," he says. "We've a lot to do tonight."

He howls, and the pack bursts into cry about him. Then we are off, running through the night into the forest. It is wonderful to lope four-footed, to sniff the game-scented air, to howl loud with my kinsmen. It is good indeed to pick out the smell of deer, and sense the rabbit cowering in its hole. It brings a taste to my mouth, a warm, wet, salty taste. It is hard now to remember that I am--was--human.

We come to another clearing and the voices cease. We creep in, low on our bellies, for there is a feeling of awe about this place.... Ahead of us, on a decaying stump, Pete is sitting. Apparently travel is easy for one who can live in many time-zones at once.

"Why are we here?" I ask and get nipped for my impertinence.

"You will see. Look, they are coming!"

Above us, circling in over the treetops, fly the bats, and behind them, the others glide in... There is something wrong here, I think, for since when are there witches among the followers of Foo? They swoop down, broomsticks rearing and plunging like unbroken horses, and their shrill cackling drifts down to us. And mixed with their laughter is the spitting fury of their coal-black cats...

The witches land, grounding their broomsticks and settling down into a circle around the great, raised mound in the center of the clearing. Now it is silent.

"It won't be much longer," whispers the wolf at my side.

The rats are slinking up out of the underbrush now, and the dark, crawling things are creeping out from the undersides of rocks. A snake slithers by me, into the center of the witches' circle, and everyone sighs, "He will come soon..."

I look at Pete. I still can't quite accept him. His tail still surprises me, though I now have one of my own. A better one than his, at that....

Pete does not seem the least bit impressed by the ceremony. He is perched on his stump, whistling through his teeth, reading. I slink up to him.

"That's that?" I ask, wondering if it is some new incantation

"This?" Pete shrugs, "Oh, it's just to pass the time. It's that story of Bradbury's that he's going to write next year..."

He grins at me. "Go back to your cousins," he says. "Then you've been here as often as I have, you'll be bored too."

I start back. Something is wrong, I think. Something is very wrong. These--can they be spirits of Fen? I yelp as a bur

sticks my hind foot, and I have to put my paw in my mouth to get it out. There are some things to be said against this shape, all right...

Now the witches are wailing again, the words of a spell I do not understand. They gesture, swaying toward the stump...Behind me, Pete is whispering with the snake. I cock my head toward them, my ears pricked, trying to hear what they are saying, but even with my new acuteness I can not quite make out the words... Then I hear "recruit" and a low laugh.

I flatten myself until my belly rubs the ground, and edge toward them. If this concerns me, I want to know it. They do not hear me come, and I work so near that Pete's catlike tail is within snapping distance.

"A good trick indeed," the snake is whispering. "To steal one away from the Other...But if the recruit finds out..."

"Then that happens, it will be too late," laughs Pete. "Once a Were-human has stood within the circle of our master and sworn allegiance, he is forever ours...Even the power of Foo himself can not save them then."

Foo? But I am a believer in Foo, and these are....

A puff of smoke, but this one a towering column, grey and sooty. There is someone in the circle now, arms upraised, on the mound, and the witches bow silent before him. He is black, greenish-faced, and his lemon-colored fangs shine in the fire-glow about him... .

He turns now, facing toward me, stretching out his arms and beckoning to me, where I lie hidden behind the stump. And Pete sucks in his breath as he turns and sees me behind him...

"Come," says the black one. "Come to me...."

I start toward him. I can not help myself, even though I hear Pete's chuckle behind me. And then I hear the voices, the beetles chirping under my feet, the bats whispering from the tree-tops....

"Ghu, ghu....great ghu...."

And I know that I am lost, following a false god....

Pete walks beside me, and the cat tail twitches about my feet. It is too much. I call to my humanness, and leap at him, my fangs driving deep into that tail...I can see his face twist with rage, and then the others swarm toward me...

"Never will I serve ghu!" I cry. "Never!"

They are about me, tearing, spittle-chinned and horrible, and ghu sweeps the flames toward me....I am lost.

"Help me," I cry, trying to stand erect. "In the name of Foo, help!"

In the name of Foo.... There is a thunderclap and the creatures around me fall back, their faces twisting strangely.

"Foo!" I cry, "Foo! God of fen...."

A shrieking cry, and Pete dissolves before me, and farther away, ghu draws back his smoke, wraps it about him like armor...

"Foo!" I cry again, and the fog envelopes me and the voices fade away and there is nothing....

Slowly I open my eyes. I am in bed again, in my own room, and it is morning. I sit up, looking down at my hands--human hands, touching my face--a human face. The dream has been very real. Bad dreams often are.... I get up and walk to the

window, picking my way through the stacks of fan literature. It's over, I think. I'm awake.

...I see the magazine, then, lying crumpled on the floor in one corner of my room. Idly I pick it up, smoothing out the pages.... Bad dream....

Bad dream? I look at it again, and wonder.... For a moment I seem to feel wolf-hair hackling on my spine, then I shrug. Oh well, I think, this is one time when I'll really scoop Ackerman....

I put the 1953 Astounding on the table and go down to breakfast.

-finis-

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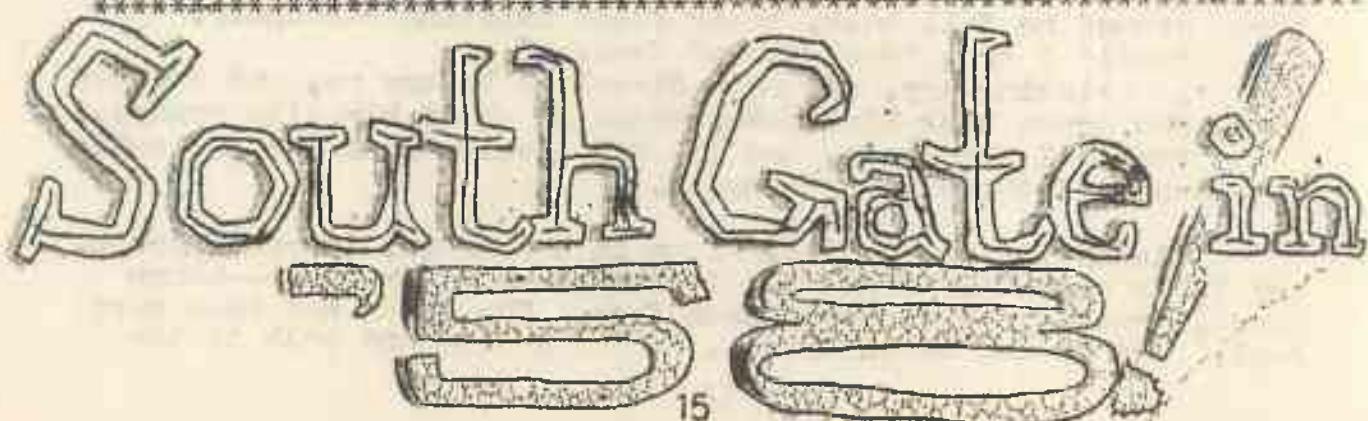
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OUTLANDERING

On August 19, 1950, the Outlanders gathered again at Rory Faulkner's, in Covina, for what turned out to be a most interesting and informative session. I had gone out earlier on Thursday evening to try to be of assistance, but there wasn't too much I could do except pick posies, rearrange a few chairs, trundle a reluctant Korzybski (the Hershey car, La Salle, vintage 1937) to gather the bales of food from the market, and swoon with the heat. Friday was a scorcher. I finally figured out that Covina lay in some sort of a "pocket" and suffered continual weather inversion. Alan and Curtis laughed, but whether because my facts were wrong, or because I sounded naive, I'm still not sure.

Mari Wolf brought most of the gang up about 2 P.M., and thank Foo for Mari and her automobile. Helps the transportation problem no end, and made it possible for me to go to Dot's earlier. (For the edification of our subscribers, Rory and Dot are one and the same.) With Mari and her adoring Len Moffatt were Rick Sneary, Stan Woolston and the Master Hershey.

During the heat of the afternoon, a mite of business was transacted, mostly about getting OUTLANDER #6 ready. It was decided to hold off this issue until Rick and Mari return from the Norwescon. A financial report was given in a rather haphazard fashion, and we are very solvent. The dear, wonderful Westercon really put us in the running financially. No earth-shaking decisions have as yet been made as to what we are going to do with the loot.

As the late afternoon shadows began to fall, the gang broke up into two parts. Rick, Len, Stan and Mari remained indoors on Dot's slithery rug and plotted trips into space. I saw sheets of paper with all sorts of mathematical formulae lying around, and I guess they made it back O.K. from wherever they went.

Alan, Dot, Hal T. Curtis, a member of the Pacific Rocket Society and guest-visiting, and myself sat outdoors on the lawn and read. I found a journal from the American Rocket Society, and Curtis sat absorbed with Ray Bradbury's "Martian Chronicals". Dot and Alan chatted about the special guests, for whom we were all waiting expectantly.

Dr. Robert S. Richardson, well-known astronomer from Mt. Wilson, known to sf fans as Philip Latham, and his attractive and charming wife and six year old daughter Rae arrived at 5:30. We all came to life and the inside-the-house gang came out to get personally acquainted with the Dr. and his family. Both Dr. Richardson and his wife found us not too Outlandish apparently, and were not appalled by our bare feet, and casual banter, and almost

immediately entered into the gay meeting-less type meeting.

Then the sumptuous repast! Even if we do nothing else well at our get-togethers, we do eat well. Set up in the living room, buffet style were huge platters of fried rabbit, potato salad, baked beans, tossed salad, pickles, olives, and all the drinkables that Dot could think of. We heaped our plates shamelessly, and went back out on the lawn in the cooling breeze to gorge ourselves. It was mighty fine grub, and every one did justice to the wonderful dinner, which was topped off with ice cream, covered with crushed strawberries.

And no dishes to wash. The paper plate is a wonderful invention. John Van Couvering arrived breathlessly just before we got through with dinner, but lost no time in catching up with the rest of us. Poor John, he had been slaving at the paper box factory, where Len Moffatt also works. Covina also got lost to him on the way out, and since Alfred Korzybski said that maps are an abomination, he just wandered around Azusa and points east, west, north and south, until he probably smelled the fried rabbit. No too great harm was done.

After dinner, Rae Richardson commandeered some of the Outlanders into play. Mari bore the brunt most beautifully, permitting herself to be all sorts of things. She was a train, a train track, the train roundhouse, and later a fine horse. Mari has had plenty of experience with horses, having a beauty of her own. Rae was happy. She had brought her paper dolls; Dot had supplied the sectional plastic train, and the boys were all very gallant. I even heard one offer of marriage. She declined.

Dr. Richardson and his wife told us about the new home they are building in Altadena, and brought along the only piece of furnishing they have to date. This is an excellent original oil painting by Chesley Bonestell, illustrating one of Richardson's articles. The painting depicts an infrasun, over a group of stark black mountains. In the foreground, erect and almost human, stand a group of cacti, greenly gazing at the phenomenon. It's a wonderful picture, and Richardson is justly proud of owning it. Bonestell, who so generously donated the original oils that made our Westercon auction such a success, as generously gave this picture to Richardson, when he expressed his admiration for it. This same picture was used as a cover illustration for a recent *Astounding*.

In E. Everett Evan's "Shangri La", the latest issue of the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Dr. Richardson has a clever three page article, on his concept of the world of 2150 A.D. On seeing a copy of the Shaggy, he was interested to read what other well-known sf and ff authors had to say on the subject, and found this issue of the Shaggy quite interesting.

About 8 P.M., we had our show. Len, the greatest showman this side of Mars, cooked up the deal, which was a side-splitting satire on the Hubbard talk at Shrine auditorium. 17

After a hurried briefing in the back room, I was permitted to assist as the reverie patient, and although Len upstaged me mercilessly during the session, the gag was well received. Mari was introduced and questioned as the "clear". It is impossible to describe these antics because you would have had to hear the original talk to appreciate the numbo-jumbo Len used. Suffice to say that in his demonstration of the Great Grubbard interviewing a prospective Dianetic patient; playing both roles with the assistance of two coat jackets and two chairs, Len left nothing to be desired in his interpretation.

After he rested

a bit, he did a one man musicale, in which he told the story of his love-life. In original songs, he sang? (Len's voice leaves much to the imagination) of his early frustrations with the various types of girls he knew. But now, the last refrain told, he had found Mari, the search was over and he was content, "The Young Ones" as Rick has so aptly named them, announced their engagement after the show. Very fannish'.

Little Rae Richardson began to get weary about 10 P.M., and her father decided she had best get home to bed. The parting was so friendly, and they so sincerely said that they had had such a good time, that we were left rather shiny inside. The good Dr. also invited us to Mt. Wilson for a personally conducted tour of the Observatory. We wish him all sorts of luck in his writing and hope his new agent will place his stories and articles all over the pulp and slick field.

We settled back with ourselves now, and the talk became a bit wild. Stan went off and typered out a poem, that reminded me much of the still missing Con.

As it got later and later and we subsided more and more, the talk became more gentle and desultory. But not for long. Rick dragged out Curtis' Hermes (the cutest, most compact little foreign typer I've ever seen) and round and round the room he asked each Outlander to describe his dream house or apartment. This is part of a project that Rick and Con have been working on in their letters to each other. The gang really dreamed up some doozies, with Alan taking the prize for the outlandish arrangements, machinery, shapes and sizes of things. I won't spoil the boys' future article by telling any more now.

Weary, worn and happy, Alan, Curtis and I left at midnight. The rest stayed well into the night. Another Outlander meeting has passed into time. The next will be held at Mari Wolf's in Laguna Beach on Sept. 23. We'll be reporting from there.

---Freddie Hershey

Outlanders Three at the NORWESCON

Rick Sneary & Mari Wolf

At 5:30 pm, August 29th, Atomic year Five, Outlanders Wolf and Sneary clambered aboard a Northbound Owl and headed off toward the Norwescon. But it wasn't until the train was well underway...until, in fact, it had topped the first of the Coast Range and was dropping into the inner valley...that we really began to believe we were on our way. For the threats of train strikes, ill health and high prices convinced us we were never going to make it.

As the night wore on, we again had reason to doubt, for the Owl, being overloaded and minus one of its usual two locomotives, stalled on a grade. There we hung for half an hour with our train lurching back and forth trying to take up slack and get underway again. Finally a light behind us brightened the track. It was a freight train following in our wake. But it didn't hit us. Came the dawn. We still moved forward, slowly, although we were a couple of hours late... a state of affairs we were soon to grow used to.

Finally we reached Oakland and boarded a ferry to San Francisco, the city of eternal fog, and set out for our first goal, the Vienna Art Exhibit. We had only a few hours to spend there, and it wasn't nearly long enough to absorb all the paintings, the statuary, and the objets d'art. We roamed through whole rooms of Titian and Tintoretto; we practically climbed into the cabinets holding the bowls full of the German Imperial Court's semi-precious stones. We saved the Collini Gold Salt until last, of course--and it was much more exquisitely done than could be portrayed in any picture. When we left the exhibit, we were almost jaded with color and form.

Thursday was mostly travel. Before leaving Los Angeles station, we had joked that we were going by cattle train, because the Owl and Klamath were so slow. But we hadn't realized that we actually were going by milk train. We soon found out. Every time we passed a clearing we stopped and took on a few cans of milk; every time we passed a trailer or tent we stopped and unloaded a few cans of milk. We were very glad to reach Portland-- only an hour late.

Finally we came into the Portland station and were warmly welcomed by R.R. Phillips and other fans who had come to greet us. They signed us up, saw us fed, and allowed us to go to bed at 1:30--the earliest that we made it to bed until the convention was over.

Friday morning the Norwescon began officially. We started in by greeting friends and our fellow outlander, Stan Woolston, who had arrived by car, and Farry Ackerman, who had come by faster train. We sat by the reception desk and watched the names pour in. Doc Smith, Poul Anderson, the deCourcys, E. Everett Evans, Bea Mahaffey, Rog Phillips, and Howard Browne were the first pros to show up. Along with them were fans like Walter Coslett, Bob Johnson, Harry Moore, Ray Nelson, and scores of others.

OUTLANDERS THREE : SNEARY AND WOLF

After lunch we went out to the first of the scheduled events--a special showing at Portland's own planetarium. This was slightly smaller in scale than the one in Griffith Park, being merely a domed room. We all filed in and sat on the floor, while a young man with no special knowledge of astronomy lectured us on constellations. He didn't make too many gross errors, though.

That evening the program was supposed to start off with a discussion by Sneary and Davis on Public Relations. Since no one had said anything about it to Sneary beforehand, he was just as happy when Davis never showed up and they had to cancel it.

The evening was taken up by films and recordings. From Australia, the Sidney Futurions sent two records of greetings and fanish introductions. Joe Kennedy sent an old home movie, *The Death of a Spectator*, a surrealist film showing most of the once famous Spectator gang. Morris Dollins sent a more professionally done surrealistic film, which featured a number of the old LASFS members. Cickerman brought films of some of the more prominent of the current members, and an old attempt at a sf movie called "Monsters on the Moon," and an all too short strip from an unknown German movie showing a space ship going to the moon and returning.

About 11 p.m. the official part of the meeting broke up, but the unofficial part of the convention was just beginning. Up on the eighth floor the famous convention poker game began; it was to last until four in the morning.

And on the different floors fandom held open house, with fan and liquid refreshment circulating freely. The house detective circulated freely also. If fans were not supermen (and superwomen) it is doubtful that they could stand this double life for very long...

Saturday morning was the Swap Session. As was typical of all morning sessions, it was poorly attended, and none of the host group arrived to take charge. Having nothing to swap, we didn't notice how things were going, but we assume a few fans managed to make trades.

The afternoon session really marked the beginning of the convention, as it began with the introduction of the better known delegates, both fan and pro. Besides those already mentioned, there were fan George Young, Martin Alger, Norman Stanley, Will Sykora, Roscoe Wright, Stewart Macchette, Claude Degler, Bill Knapheide, Bob Tucker, Earl Korshak, and John Millard.

After these introductions, the guest of honor, Anthony Boucher, was presented. He began his speech by going over the sf publishing field and discussing the number of inexperienced publishers who were flooding the market with their products, and how movie companies were turning out such films as *Rocketship X-M* ..all in the name of science fiction.

There was quite a discussion on the future of science fiction in general and of science fiction books in particular. The consensus was that the field had a bright tomorrow unless it is dragged down by the flood of second-rate material which could alienate the prospective reader.

The break for dinner will stand out as one of the high points of the convention for us, as we were swept up into a whirl of people and drawn first to the bar and then to the dining room. Here sneary found himself sitting at one end of a long table where, with the exception of Wolf on his left, he was the only non-pro. All the pros except Doc Smith and Ted Sturgeon (at the next table) were drawn up before us,

OUTLANDERS THREE : WOLF AND SNEARY

In the evening the first thing on the program was the presentation of recordings from the radio show Dimension X. Several selections were played, the best of them being the last half of Heinlein's The Green Hills of Earth. Immediately afterwards came the auction. There were perhaps two hundred items to be disposed of, including books, original illustrations, and covers. There were even a couple of Bonestell paintings that had been bought at our Westerncon III and then turned over to the 'orwescon. They brought double or triple the price paid for them at the Westerncon, and prices were comparatively high on other items too. Generally it appeared as though the fans were "loaded." Korshak, too, was a fine auctioneer.

Seeing how expensive everything was, we lost interest, so we can't report closely on sales. But the cover painting for "Dear Devil" went for \$35 which as far as we know was the highest bid of the auction. There were so many items that it took nearly four hours to dispose of them, even though the auctioneer bundled up handfuls of lesser work and sold them grab-bag fashion for 75¢ to \$1.50. By the end only a few die-hards remained, but the bidding stayed high. Although no official figures were released, the take was rumored to be over \$650.

Again the fans drifted off to the rooms upstairs, and the night's less serious entertainment began. Both the Detroit and Washington groups were holding open house, and there was a general wandering back and forth between the two. Everyone had a fine time talking about past conventions, dianetics, and Oregon liquor laws---and everyone had fun looking out for the house dick too.

At 2 a.m. it was rumored that someone had opened the convention hall again, and that there was a BIG party on down there. So the groups all trooped downstairs to join it. But instead they found Ken Arnold, the man who first reported a flying saucer, playing tape recordings of his talks with two women who claimed to have seen "little men about big enough to walk under a car" come out of one of the saucers. He also played a tape of an interview with a radar technician who claimed to have seen radar images of things which could not be seen by unaided eyesight. A good fifty fans were trapped and had to sit and listen for over an hour. What went on after that will remain unreported, as we then tumbled into bed.

The Sunday morning session started out with talks about fanzines. Representatives from the two represented APAs gave reports on their groups' activities, and what one had to do in order to join. Then the different aspects of the field were discussed by prominent fan. The advantages and disadvantages of the mimeograph were gone over, and some suggestions on how to build your own mimoo were given. George Finnegan talked of the troubles the Rhodotragistic Digest had in starting; Don Day recounted the possibilities and advantages of lithography, and Bob Tucker added some practical demonstrations on how to drum up a lithoed mag.

In the afternoon Arnold was back to give a repeat performance for the full assembly. Due to a limited time allotment he did cut much of it, and as a result delivered a more personal talk. The most remarkable thing he said was that he now believes the saucers are really something alive--beings that may live in our outer atmosphere and explore down here, just as we explore the ocean bottom in bathyspheres.

After Arnold all the pro writers got up and told what they are doing and gave their plans for the future. Doc Smith's were the most definite, as he has mapped out two new series. One will be on the "Storm Cloud" theme; the other will be an all-new series with a "New Universe." This latter will be a chain

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of novels so constructed to form a complete story when combined.

The others all told of hopes for more stories and gave hints as to what they were intended to be. Bob Tucker is still working on detective stories, pointing out that they, not science-fiction, bought him a new car. But in his new book, Red Herring, he will continue his policy of using fannish names for his characters.

In the evening came the fab demonstration of the TeleMatter Radio invented by Professor John de Courcy. After the Professor had explained the theory behind the matter radio with an erudite speech which left his audience gasping weakly in the aisles, he unveiled the pilot model of his invention. For his first demonstration he endeavored to teleport his wife from her room upstairs into the cabinet. The teleportation was successful, but unfortunately Mrs. de Courcy was unprepared and arrived clad only in a towel. Everyone with a flash attachment got a good picture.

DeCourcy then transmitted Joe Salta from the cabinet to the rear of the hall--or, he tried to. Joe disappeared, but he didn't reappear. The professor began searching for him with the matter radio, but succeeded only in picking up a bellboy, whisky and ice, a disembodied arm that lit his cigarette, and a monstrous BEM. Finally, just before Joe's friends lynched him, he managed to bring Joe back, slightly the worse for wear after having been dropped in an open man-hole by the matter radio.

Next Forrest Ackerman gave a talk on dianetics, to which Ted Sturgeon added a few words. After the talks, a general discussion on the new science of the mind followed in which the audience, mostly non-fans who had kicked in with a dollar to attend, went over the same questions that Los Angeles fandom had been hashing over for months. We went out to dinner.

At the witching hour of midnight a troop of over 450 card-carrying members marched over to a local theater to see a special showing of Destination Moon, which was not due for general release in Portland for another week. Before the show, Forry gave a rundown on the film's background; then he settled back to see it for what must have been the fourth time. We had seen it once or twice ourselves, but each time it gets better.

There was still another dianetics session for those fans who never say Bed, in the hotel lobby from about four in the morning until seven, when everyone adjourned for a bit of late supper. During the session several people went into reveries and Forry sang the famed dianetics song, "Glezz," what the non-fans on their way down to breakfast thought is not known.

Monday morning the national fan clubs held their business meetings. Sneary, as president of the NFFF, was feeling a little guilty about arriving forty minutes late, but no one else was there any earlier. So he decided to call off the morning programs. Martin Alger said Sneary was being dictatorial and suggested impeaching him. Sneary seconded the motion and counted the votes, thus making it illegal. After that about 25 fans settled down to discussing whether or not local conventions or conferences more than one day long hurt the national convention. And even if there should more than one convention per year. The only decision, after a long and heated argument, was that the majority favored going out and having lunch.

That afternoon over 140 actifans attended the Convention business meeting. They had to decide whether to congratulate both science fiction radio programs

OUTLANDERS THREE : WOLF AND SNEARY

(Dimension X and 2000 Plus) or only one (both won); whether to go on record as being against Communism (no, it was laughed out); whether to censor any conference pretending to be more than just a local affair. And, of course, to select the site of next year's convention. Will Sykora, who couldn't sell Communism in Russia, put in a bid for the Queens AFL. George Young put in one for the Detroit AFL. Harry Moore made the bid for the New Orleans SFS. After about forty minutes of speeches, during which the Outlanders decided not to put in a bid for Elizabeth, New Jersey, the vote was taken. New York received two votes; Detroit, 29; and New Orleans, 102. Moore was immediately rushed by people wanting to join the Convention Society. While the votes were being counted, Sneary delivered an address on behalf of the Outlander society, boasting South Gate in '58.

That evening the Fanquet was held, at the nominal cost of one dollar. The three Outlanders, who arrived late, were seated near some of the old-time fans who were well in their cups and as a result couldn't tell how the dinner program went, there being no Portlanders on hand to keep peace and quiet. Past conventions have received bad write-ups and have been called juvenile; it's the juvenile actions of some of the older fans which are responsible.. the young fans are much quieter.

The entertainment for the Costume Ball was presided over by Ted Sturgeon, well-known singer and story-teller. The songs ranged from blushing red to deep purple. A "thing" was presented by Forrest Davis, apparently a take-off on semantics, dianetics, cybernetics and a lot of other stuff. A conservative estimate as to the number of people who walked out put it at about 35. Some people thought it uproariously funny... their outlook perhaps influenced by the amount and kind of beverage they had been imbibing.

The costumes were in many cases highly original, including a Hubbard hero in armor and blue-face, Boucher as a cover from one of his new books, and several others as drunkards. The newspapers took their usual gag photos, giving the usual gag impressions in next day's papers. After dancing to a rather poor band, everyone began to drift out and go home. Within a few hours the lobby and mezzanine were deserted, with only a few Detroiters reeling through at intervals. The convention was over for another year.

* * * * *

In retrospect, we would like to offer awards to a few fans for action beyond the call of duty. Especially, to Wally Weber, better known as Tuesday (he was on hand much quicker than Friday) who served as right-hand fan to the entire committee. He spent the four days carrying cigarettes, mixing drinks, running errands, minding children, and in general keeping the minor details running smoothly. Also a toast to Gertrude (Nameless) Carr and our own Mari Wolf ((This is Rick's doings, not mine. M.)) who between them held down the reception desk a number of mornings and afternoons when no Portlanders were in sight.

Also in retrospect, we would like to say it was a fine convention, well worth cattle-training up to attend. Now we can settle down to looking forward to New Orleans in '51.

And, of course, South Gate in '58.

30-30-30-30-30-30-30-30

South Gate in '58, I say!