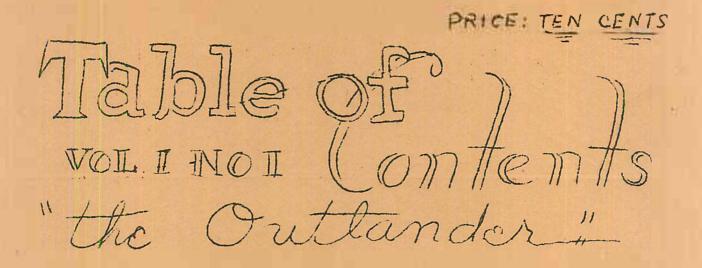
The ANDER Number One

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE OUTLANDER SOCIETY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

John Van Couvering

John Stanley Woolston



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THE OUTLANDER is an official organ for the Outlander Society, which exists only for the benefit of its members. Future issues may or may not contain crud by other contributors outside the Outlanders, whatever may be the policy of the acting editor at that time. Price 10¢ to all. Editor: John Van Couvering, 10358 S. Downey Ave, Downey, Calif. Prime factor of general mediocrity: two-finger typing of abovementioned which is strictly unreliable if not speedy.

ORIGINAL OF A PHILLIPSON EDITORIAL OF EVERT OF A PHILLIPSON EDITORIAL OF A PHILLIPSON

SOME TIME ago, at one of the regular meetings of that most outlandish society, the Otlander Society, the question was introduced as to the purpose of a fan club. Was it to be something Worthwhile, or merely for Fannish Gratification?

Upon coming to the conclusion that the two ideals are one and the same (a conviction shared by all present in varying stages of intensity) it was proposed to bring to the outside world the True Word. A concept far outweighing the fabled **NAMAK** Juwain Philosophy or Timak and his creation, the Webster dynasty, it was in addition proposed to make sure that it was not lost in the Webster fashion: namely, that that most imperishable of mankind's works, the fanzine, should be utilized.

Volunteers were called for; I, John Van Ceuvering, had the bad luck to blink my eyes at the wrong moment. Taking my boyish eagerness to heart, the other members of the fannish crew voted with one voice to elevate me to the highest position it was in their power to bestow on me. Anyawy, they were too many for me to handle.

Therefore, it behooves me to write an editorial in order that there may be no unsight ly blank appeat the bottom of this rage. If anyone bothers to read this, I beg of him to remember that this habit of editorial writing has cursed editors ever since the first one took his chisel and chopped a few cubic inches of granite from some budling withecanthrapus author's stone slab.

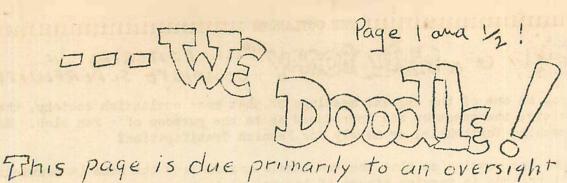
The Outlander Society was formed by a group of dissatisfied people who gyrated to and fro, back and forth, upon the ceattails of the mighty LASFS, and who wanted some identity of their own. And so it was.

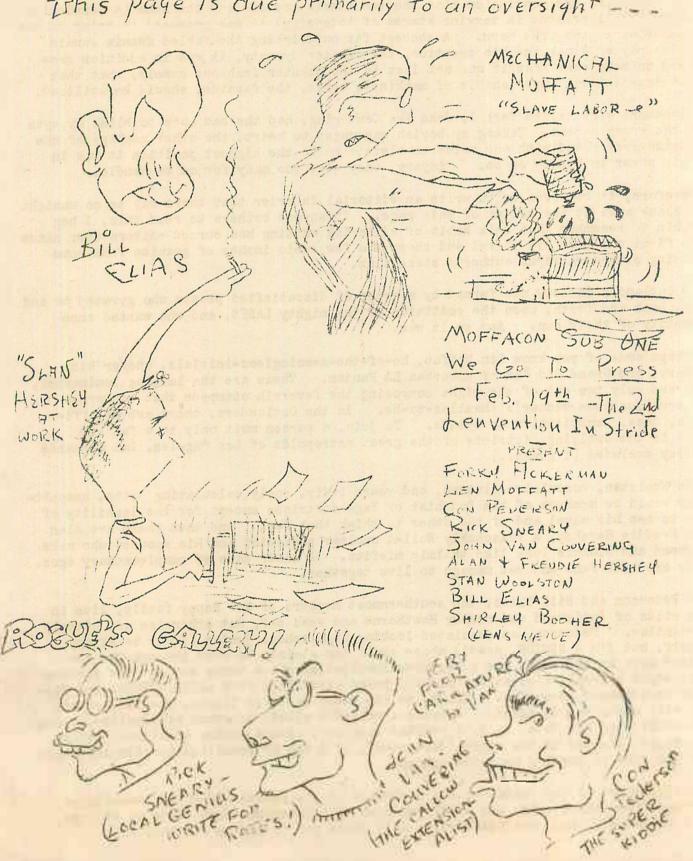
Perhaps some of you know Len Moffat, he-of-the-meaningless-initials, and/or Rick Sneary, the Grand Old Fan of suburban LA Fandom. These are the laeding luminaries, but are only two out of the eight composing the feversih stampede that converges on some luckless member's shambles-to-be. In the Outlanders, there are no officers, dues, constitution or bylaws. To join, a person must only be a fan and two in the outlying districts of the great metropolis of Los Angeles, San Fernande valley excluded (I guess.)

Stan Woolsten, convulsive glutten, and yours truly, cooly calculating ditto, undoubtedly would be members of the Buddhist or Yega doctrines except for the inability of one to see his navel and of the other to think that far. And then there are Alan and Freddie Herohev. A reasonably Null-A nuclear physicist and his spouse, who make Dagwood and Blondie look like the lair misfits. A claer case of complementary egos, they are both fans and yet manage to live tegether.

Con Pederson and Bill Elias, the southernmost members of our happy family, live in the wide of Inglewood and nearby Hawthorne and read s-f, but otherwise are utterly dissimilar. Pederson, an emaciated-locking high school junior (I may be skinny myself, but I'm a SENIOR, eged!) whose skull may plainly be seen through the so-called skin on his face, has a festered imagination which turns out in mass production style surrealist paintings and old poems (see TEARS FROM LATER SUMMER) and dable in indicated semantics. Elias, on the other hand, is florid, jocular, short, and will never see 25 again. Wearing a well-fit albeit somewhat apoplectic-locking the right time and in the right "direction", if I may be permitted to identify a bit for the sake of getting my point across.

Finally, there is the chain, with a capital C if you plaese (DARN this two-finger typing!) from whose spiny and witty pages we have exceptted such items as we hope will please you, and, confidentailly, will cause you to admire and envy us.







Commences herewith a regular "we hope" deapartment consisting of selected excepts from the Official Eternal Chain Setter of the Outlander Society...

HERE'S HOW IT ALL AT ONCE QUICK LIKE A RABBIT STARTED Moffat, Link 1 Round 3 --- The Hersheys write the most entertaining letters! We should publish the Chain for public (fandom) persual if only to give fandom the benefit of the Hersheys' gift for inducing laughter.

FREDDIE HERSHEY REVEALS SECRET FORMULA FOR SUCCESS! Freddie, L. 2 R. 22 ---Golly this writing business is something. Alan and I have worked out a terrific system. Hearken all you would be writers and listen with hairy ear to these words of wisdom.

- 1. Write a precis
- 2. Write a rough draft of the story
- 3. Write a smoother draft of the story
- 4. Discuss it with some Slan
- 5. Rewrite the precis incorporating the new terrific ideas
- 6. Write a rough draft on the new precis
- 7. Write a smoother draft on the new rough draft
- 8. Discuss it with another Slan (Or the same one will do)
- 9. Rewrite the precis incorporating the new super terrific ideas. (at this point any resemblance between this one and the original is purely coincidental)
- 10. A new rough draft and so on into insanity or go back to the original draft and throw the Slan out with instructions to go and stf it.

 Believ me. it's a good thing Hershey has the patience he has.

MALE HERSHEY DEBUNKS!

Alan, L. 2, R 2

---I think that Freddie's description of how to write a story is perfect with one exception. She forgot the most important part. When you get all finished with the opus, be sure to tear it into small pieces. The reson so few authors are unsuccessful is because they fail to do this.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED DEPARTMENT

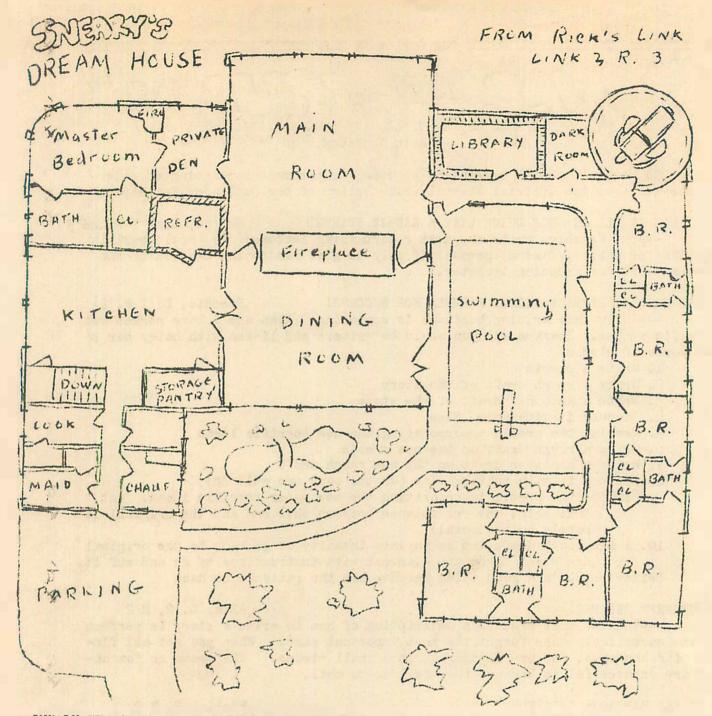
Rick, L 2, R 2

---It is tolate to start a discussion on politics, as by the time Congets this the elictions will probable be all over. I couldn't deside between Presidintal candidates, so I'm voting Democractic to keep Marshal in a Sec. State.

TELEKINESIS ACCORDING TO WOOLSTON

Stan, L 6, R 2

ability. Temporal fission is possible to a mentally controlled object, if it is driven with sufficient force of will against entropy. By mentally blanketing all matter, so that all the atoms are surrounded, I succeeded in moving back in time a few minutes. It almost killed me. ((Tough luck!)) Naturally, in the few minutes of my temporal transporation the Parth moved thousands of miles, and I foun d myself in the sepths of the void. It would have killed me on the instant if the air and moisture, expanding almost instantaneously around me, hadn't formed a perfect bubble of ice that kept out the chilling influence of interplanetary space...and then unconsciously I recoiled, and returned to the instant of my trip beginning. Now there is no tangible proof of my excursion, unless it is my instality to teleport myself. Guess I'm just not Null A....



SNEARY ELABORATES ON MABORATE LABYRINTH

Rick, Round 2

--- The whele building of course is sit on the point of a masa. With the main room extending out to the farthet point. This is where everyone would spend the biggest part of their indere time, so it is large, and with a huge fireplace taking up most of the back wall ... the end of the dining room would open up with huge glass doors.

As the place being in the desert, large stores of food would have to be kept on hand, so a large ice box is planed for, and a equally large kitchen. Stairs lead down to a large wash and boiler room, and also stoage for other goods. This could have an opening on a lower level of the masa, and could serev for a atom On the right of the main room is the library, equiped for reading and The bedrooms being small to encourage spending the most time in the main writing. room. The dark room is to service the 5 in. telo. and could hold a few things like mimeos if wanted.

I didn't put in pens for riding horses and or goats, but the could be added by extending the front walls. Oh yes, the bedrooms of course are for the Outlander Society. Natch!!!

ELABORATIONS UPON THE ELABORATE

Rick, Round 2

---Coop's Stan, I just got your letter and you say you wanted a indore swim pool... How could I make misstakes like that... Well you got money, sell this place and I'll build you another one... or just glass the top of this one over... Oh say, would you be intersted in a ducl purpose 15 in. teloscope and 3" ack ack gun? It might come in buighty handy...

WOOLSTON RETURNS TO THE FRAY VIA ATOM EOMPER

Stan, Round 2

---Ricardo perhaps a combination telescope and ack-ack gun would be a good idea, expecially (also known to the hei polloi as especially) since you insist in placing it on the first a mass. But inclined to enjoy a more secluded place, especially is should be usable as a hore to hide from stray radioactive gasses come Atommigeddon,

Fob practical reasons I3d like to build the place out of adobe bricks, waterproceed with a paint that would also help to camoflauge the place, and other things that would enable me to keep my perchestgarden-in-Mojave unobtrusive and as far as possible away from the unwelcome attention of my admirers. Van called me an inconspicuous extrovert (or wan a conspicuous introvert) or the like... I'd likely pick a place with natural water, so a few trees seen from the air wouldn't attract attention.

RIDICULE REARS ITS UGLY HEAD

Moffat, Round 3

Rick, your spelling of masa for mesa and the fact that outside of your desert home would be chilly in the winterevenings (as noted by Friend Elias) leads to the inevitable pun, "Masa's in de cold cold grounds". So much for (ugh) humor.

For one thing, Ricardo, the maid's room is too darn fur from the master bedroom. You have to walk through three or four rooms, past a legion of creakable doors, and down miles of hallway. (at least it looks that way.)

Rut. assuming that the joint is yours and that I, a g fellow-Outlander, will be a-guesting there... I find the situation even more inconvenient. The quickest route (assuming that I had the corner bedroom closest to the left wing) would be for me to slink outside, across the dewy lawn in my bare feet, and into the maid's room via the window (the door will no doubt be locked). Outside into the night...errr... Otherwise, I'd have to cut out into the swimming pool room (swimming pool room han!), thru the dining room, thru two or more rooms and hall-ways...puff, puff, pant..pant..an' then when I got there I'd probably find that the chauffer had gotten there first. (and then I'd probably find that the chauffer was John Van Couvering in disguise!).

HERSHEY BECOMES TENDRILIZED SLAN:

Alan , Round 2

could have knocked me over withat piledriver when Stan pointed out the fact that my signature does indeed liken itself to that mysterious four-letter word. I immediately stripped myself to the buff, to the apprehension of my spouse, and ther much search finally managed to find a slan tendril on my left big to Instantane necessly my second brain clicked into action and what was my surprise to discover that it was also located in that selfsame toe. It is very small and undeveloped, and only capable of small feats mf (I ignore the pun) of telekinesis. My main usage of it so far is to recreate copies of new sef hooks as they come out. But in order to do this, I have to plug my toe into a socket and our last little till indicates that I am paying twice market value the damned books.

In addition to all these labors, I have been taking time out to hear vv's talls which are mentioned in Freddie's letter. There are going a to be twelve of them altogether, and by the time they are finished I expect to be able to transform myself into a glurph at will. There is even a possibility that I will be able to hypertensify myself, although that will depend to some extent on my general corticohalamaic response. If you see me becoming semi-transparent at the Moffacon, give me a nudge. A novice can go too far so easily.

SNEARY DEDICATES HIS LETTER TO FREDDIE

Rick, Round 4 --- This reminds me, I'm very put out with the slave who thinks he is your master. He refuses to make the Bonzo read Slan. He says Bonzo is only in-terested in the lesser works. And how I am you can I get the other members to respect that wonderfull cat enough to make hi a member. And I'm sit on having him a member. I'm not saying a dog can be less intellegent than a cat, but if a Scotty can be voted top fah then I buess we can have a cat as a member. And one thing, he will neaver lay on the floor and tell dirty stories. ((A thought..if humans tell Shaggy Dog stories, do dogs tell Shaggy Human stories.))

And Ax Alan tell you we almost called that last meeting at my house the Floordon? As at one time all the members but Con and all the guests but Jean Cox who was on a foot stool, mas stretched out on the floor gabbing. We really had our heads together.

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE EGOBOO FOR OUR HARDWORKING EDITOR? Van Round Three --- Speaking of those rapid-fire installment stories, Stan, brings up memories too. Reminds me of last year when a friend of mine, who looks like Woolston from the neck down and a sardonic Kewpie from the neck up and who reads all my mags avidly wrote a lengthy notebook-paper epic called CLARK'S COMET which left one of its two principal charecters (Nhoi Van Drooling and Ralph Clark) in an absolutely impossible situation. One thing about them ... in two sides of narrow-lined threeholed paper we could get the other gry into places that no stf author would believe credible enough for Planet.

Another buddy has the complete itinerary of literary nauseations in his notebook, being the more or less official secretary of the group of eight or nine who eagerly followed everynfresh outburst. But it ends with an absolutely insoluble predicament having to do with completely disintegrating Whol's body (I hate to admit that I lost, but I did) with an atomic discuss molecule by molecule, scattering them via space-warp into the farthest reaches of the known universe by a specially designed one-way absolute random teleporter, carefully eradicating the mind impulse so there would be no free-mind entities wandering around creating new bodies (a good solution in its time) and destroying dements the soul (I escaped once from Hell, I did). Then he set another machine to instantly destroy any mindpattern which came within ten decimal points of mine. Very ingenious.

SNEARY IS BACK AGAIN Rick, Round 4 --- The plight of Whoj Van Brooling fasenates me. As bill elias says, How in H--1 did you escape the soul-destroying effects of what Isaid? Please write

WE CAN'T RESIST THIS, FOLKS.

---Rick, it was all very simple (Hell, I mean). Van. Round 4 tensified nor escaped through time. I merely convinced Saten that I was needed to bring evil to the upper world, and to do battle to Clark so that his soul could be delivered, seeing as I was the only person or entity capable of doing battle with him. Clark, needless to say, was disgusted at this unethical way of escaping. We nearly always objected to each other's method of dodging imminent death, sometimes to the point of school bostilities. But we slways began again.

FREDDIE APPREHINSIVE Feddie, Round 3 --- His (vV's) lectures improve, and about no I've decided all this is mostly for his own special benefit. We are all being used as super white mice. Heaven help z us all in his next opun. I have a vague premonition this series of talks on Suggestive Reeducation are the means to an end. Time costed one day at my typer I didn't know what I was typing

I was seated one day at my typer
But that's no great disgrace While my digits stumbled idly over the battered keys No on/e can say I didn't Help to fill thisspace CUTBUPST OF BRILLIANCE FFROM THE SLAVE

Alan, Round 3

--- This manuscript, perforce, must be typed with my left foot. All other

members are gone, insidiously nibbled away by ----- But therein lays a tale.

It all began in the third month of the Dark Festival, when I was younger and limbier. Yes in those far off days when the bright God, Schmoth Elgothowitz reigne d supremememe, I still posessed all twelve appendages.

Then, I remember it well, the night of the Smellodon drew nigh and I whispered to my langorous, lithe, voluptuous, nubile, sultry, exotic, shapely,

curvaceous, sensuous Monica:

"Whatcha say we go take ina movie, babe?" To which her hot, sultry lips replied:

"Sorry, Monrow. I must mow my nails tonight."

An air of opressive tension thickened in the semi-twilight. The faroff thunder of the ritual drums made the very atmosphere vibrate. As I moved to take her in my tentacles, an alein presence whispered.

"Boo. The opressive tension continued to thicken. In the flickering light of the tribal atomic fires a --- shape --- began to coalesce. My tentacle tightened on Monica's.

"It is the Glurph," I whispered.

Her fainting body (langrous, lithe, voluptuous, nubile, etc.) collapsed into my waiting cooking fire. The steaks were excellent that night. My partnership with the Glurph had always been successful up until then. O fateful evel

T would lure them.

He would scare them.

We would eat them.

But the night we ate Monica, our beautiful friendship ended. Morris the Glurph wanted his share to be increased to Sixty per cent of the take and I would have none of it. The very next night he hypertensified-----

Gad! Freddie just bawled me out for starting this letter on yellow paper after all she said about using white. Sorry, fellows...the artistic impulse is gone. The story is forever incomplete.

FEMALE HERSHEY DEBUNKS!

Freddie, Round 4

--- Don't let him kid you. He never intended to write any more of that story. Why must I be kxkmex blamed if he ran out of nubile, lithe, wetc. hypertensifications? And now he's groaning about having to finish it for the magazine and he probably expects me to help him. Like fun. He sits around chain-smoking, nods his ward head wisely now and then, whispers in a soft, succulent, knowing voice every once and awhile, and gathers laurels as to his ixxx infallibilty as an expert on voluptuous women...and all and sundry must fall down and worship. Oh, I almost did a fandango around the room. Bring on the veils, boys, I'm ready to do my famous mind-shattering misinterpretation of the Dance of Salome.

Enter Salome (wearing a custom-made sweater...what else?) There is a dangling thread at the waist. As the tempo of the music increases, she pulls on the thread and it unravels. (Also known as the Unravel Bolero). As she unravels, she winds it around the heads of the fans present. (representative group: Sneary, Dick Timmer, Bill Elias, Vahn Jan Couvering, 4e, etc.) Faster and faster she dances, and as the xxxx sweater grows smaller and smaller, the eyes of the fans are wound more and more by the yarn. By the time she comes to the end, all are effectively blindfolded but Moffat; whereupon she decapitates him completely, anoints the heads of the rest with the blood and goes cut and ties one on with a nonfan.

Rick, Round 3 LIBIDO, LIBIDO, WHO'S GOT THE LIBIDO? --- Say, Vahn, like Bill I want to hear more of JoAnn. I think I remember you telling me something about her, but I forger. Come come now, we Outlanders mustn't keep anything from each other, we must share and share alike. (Well, Alan, maybe we won't make you share everything.)

GENIAL EDITOR REVEALS SECRET LOVE LIFE

Van, Round three

---You want to know about JoAnn? A closed chapter with a faulty lock, She was the graet love of my life, ever sinec I asked her on impluse (also known as impulse, but who cares for the ordinary way?) the afternoon of the annual Homecoming Dance last year when I was a callow Junior like friend Conno. It (meaning us) lasted until our egos clashed, sinec we were both using each other for egoboo of a most highly potent type. A wholetwomonths, kiddies.

No necking, mind you...just a little couch-sitting and exactly five goodnight kisses ... but I felt like an evil bounder afterwards, and I had embarrasing dreams Freud tells me mean I indulged in an unusual sex act. Gad, I feared for my sanity. But I have been on a constant rebound since, limiting myself to a window-shopping attitude on a once-bitten twice-shy basis. Yes, my chums, I am bitter ... but still I hope for the best.

WHY WE DON'T PUT MORE IN BY CON PEDERSON

crop.

Con, Round L --- It is another week the death knell of which is ringing softly in my world line's future...and I have not contructed another epic poem as is my used chore. Care nottest I what askance the glance deplored the wake of mind. Let close the page (the golddust cakplaid page) and let no more the sound of laughter

I have been using Freud on you. Math and imag. will drive you sane. I laughed, I laughed, Eli. I liked the letter...true, I seem'ly liked the letter. Such is the spirit of all dead things. Let us throw ourselves upon the ground and wish for dying spells. Like as to Cox's claim that all men were meant for wheels upon their feet --- for all's downhill on the earth, no matter where you stand.

((Ed. note: this is not the usual Pederson style, but he has thrown away all his previous links so all we had to choose from wasm his contribution to round four, which briefly passed this way. ()

AND THE SAME GOES TO BILL ELIAS, WHO THROWS HIS LINKS AWAY. Elias, Round 4 --- Incidentally, I opened the letter in school study period and all the mob flocked around to see what in the H --- Elias was reading, that brought the silly sad screwey look upon his face. When I told them it was a chain letter they backed off like I was Typhoid Mary without a skirt. They must have been chain letter suckers at one time or another. It was too good to keep till home. Of course, I don't let anyone else read them, they're our little ego boosters.

Super Kiddie, you frighten me, tak thassall.

Alan, I too hate you -- leaving us standing on one left foot, tentacles eaten away, glurphs coalescing, hypertensifying all over the place and us with no steaks either, you field I mean field curses fiend, got it at last. Just for that I feel like writing an ending. Or should I?

MOFFAT DISCOVERS HIDEOUS MENACE

1jm, Round 2

--- Rick, I've heard that Hawthorne thing twice now nad am beginning to see a certain pattern to the thing Poor Man's Henry Morgan, bah! Morgan makes sense of a kind, Hawthorne makes mucho noise. But as I was saying, I'm beginning to get the pattern of the thing, and it's beginning to worry me. For, you see, a thing like that program has no pattern, no sense, absolutely nothing ... on the surface. One must dig deeper. And to dig deeper into a thing like that is to delve into eventual insanity. That's why I'm worried...if I can perceive the thing's basic intent... I must be mad! And everyone knows I'm a very sane genius.. don't you, Pistachio.

SNEARY DEFENDS HOGANITES

Rick, Round 2 --- I disagree Hawthorne is insane, only thos who, listen to him are. As a mater of fact I have stopped again ... but I supose that now he is on Saturday at

8.30 pst I will be forced to listen by that Van Couvering. He was the one who taut me love Hawthorne in the first. place. For that I will neaver forgive him.

BUSB OBSERVES

Rick Sneary C 130 ES TO 1

The Lowell Observatory, due to its study of Mars and discovery of Pluto should be of great interest to the fan. So, while poorly qualafied to write about it, I'll try to inlighten those among you who have never been there.

It all happen back in Sept. 1948, while I was injoying the fifth week of what had started off as a one week vacation with my sister and family in Flagstaff. As at the time they did not have a car, I was faced with the prospect with some fear to wal king up to it. New the climb of some 700-1000 feet up the auto & road to the top of the appropriately named "Mars Hill" does not sound like anything to worry the average person, or ever the average fan. But you must take into consideration the fact that flagstaff is almost 7000 feet above rea level, and I puff after walking three level clocks in South Gaus. Souch I got in condishen first. By means of taking a lot of short walks, and finely building up to the big one.

Finally the big day arrived. As I wouldn't be back for lunch I took my two small neices abong to aid in carrying things. I carryed the binoculars, while they were troubled only by the lunch and the water bottle. We also had to tow one of the neighbor boys, who sort of followed one of my neices.

The walk in itself was wonderful, if taken in slow stages. The view was grand if you over locked the shacks and dumps of the poorer part of town you could see the rolling waves of pines trees stretching away as far as you can see. The reason they are not all cut out is because Flagstaff is right in the middle of a National Forest of some kine or another. The smell of pine was rich in the air and I'm sure even a bomb dodger would have found it a wonderful day to be alive.

But on to the reporting... On rounding a bend we came upon a most impressive stone building, with a large shining dome in the center. But that's all it was, just a shiny solid dome. I learned later it was the planetarium which they are building there. I could see it was nothing but a solid dome; then where was the telescope I asked myself.

Inen I got the shock of the whole trip. For there stood, not far away, not the smoothly rounded dome to base I had seen at Mt. Willson and Palomar but a... a water tank! That is one only fitting description. It was a frame builting, about they bet high and the same in diameter, with a round and only slightly convex roof. art of the wall and roof being fixed to slide back, but I hardly think with the machined beauty of the Eig Eye.

Less than a hundred feet from the dome was the tomb of Dr. Lowell. A reather plain cement block with small pillersat the corners, and his name in front. The most striking part about it is the blue dome which tops it. Wo doubt representing the heavens which he spent so many years in studying.

Fineally the other building was opened, by what I took to be a college student, or some other minor relation of the staif. He sure as Foo wsa no astronemer. Not then, as notoubt a result of my questions and remarks to my neices, he asked if I were studying at the University. He had a job though that I, and I'm sure a great many other fans would like to have had. (That is if he weren't the cook and gardener at otherbtimes.)

The building proved to be a combination museum and library (the building with the dome is the one I mean). None of which, though, interesting, was shockingly new. It was just about the same things you find everywhere. Fictures of stars, the sun, and charts showing the planets. Only thing outstanding was the case filled with globes on shelves. Each bore cards with different years on them,

and they showed the progress Lowell had made in mapping Mars. Running from almost blant to highly complex markings.

There were a great many pictures of stars, most of which were original films mounted with lights behind them. In addition I managed to get some photographs of stars out of a fortune teling machine but they were a different kind. Mostly they were of the kind (talking about the first type again) that you see in books on astron cmy. But there was the added thrill of knowing that these were the real thing. Then too the pics of Pluto (just a pin-point in a sky full of pin points) and the color shot of Saturn was beautiful and most interesting.

One little personal touch was a painting that rested on the mantel of a hugo fireplace. The young fellow that was showing us around explained that one of the astronimer's hobbies was painting. One might think it was a Moonscape or a scene on a far planet, but it was only a desert scene, and a reather good one too. But it wasn't the Bonestell cover on Astounding either.

The guide fineally took us out to the scope. It turned out that it wan't the only one in the place. Some were in back there was a low-powered wide-ranged one, which they had used in finding Pluto. But the one before us wa/s the forty incher that Lewell used to study Mars and the other planets with. It is as unlike the Willson and Palamar scopes as its dome is. In that it is the kind you look through and not the kind there is a mirror on the outside of. That is, refracting instead of reflecting. It stands in the center, with a raised platform running around the wall to stand on when the scope is pointed at an angle.

I was serry to go, but it was fast clouding up to rain and my visit was cut short. But you can rest assured that I311 be bask again next year and see more. Oh, yes, I have lately seen pictures of the early Mt. Willson dome and it is exactly like the one at Lowell's, so they seem not to be the only ones to have used that old undeautyfull shape.

FRAGMENTS FROM FOO-FOO

-by

Drink to me only with thine eyes And let me have all the beer...

Tasteda Hopps

Do you remember sweet Alice Ben Bolt? She wouldn't let go once she got aholt...

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan
Trudging down the dusty road...
Are those mags a heavy load?
I'll help you with 'em..let me see...
How about fifty cents for three?
Two bits each? Three buc's for SLAN?
I thought you looked like an s-f x fan:

Up from the maedows rich with corn Clear in the cool September morn Came the fans with good intention To raise hell at 49's Cinvention!

> I wandered today to the hill, Maggie, To hide from the A-bomb blow..

In the shade of the old apple tree
We traded our old mags with glee;
I gave my Unknowns....
We agreed they were loans...
Now you say that you'll sell them to me!

Oh, say can you see
Any tendrils on me?
you do lucky you,
To be speaking to me

Said one Zombie to another,
"I say old chap,
You lock rather unwell
With your head in your lap."

"Not half so bad,"

The other replied

"As you yourself did
On the night that you died!"

1010101010101010101010101010 TFE OUTLANDER 1010101010101010101010101010

In a walking down the forest edge creating things to be remembered when a last breath frosts someday.

I find a hollow of thoughts inside a velvet nightness, floating mutely in sweet fragrance of dilemma.

A spider, gasping for breath as I thrust him down:
The froth of the daylit pool as it shall someday quicken into substance echoing my last memories of dull autumn heat.

As if in walking down a roadway where roses linger and fan their petals in the passing air, I watch a bud beside me open and close as swiftly in the birth. And where the black pains of death I walk toward, standing huddled in foreign groups, never come closer; a scythe above them suspended by a wet strand of vitals shall then have softly turned.

Not alone as walking by a marsh the sum on a pond rock looks at me blindly in a rattle of soft dead voices, as a web descends upon my hand.

Not alone, where hangs a scythe where roses walk with you and lonely webs ride in the open. The rose that lingers on beside me must someday sleep, as I, on deep moss beside a forest pond.

CONTENUETRY

raise clocks at the nightfall desert; clay hands, despairing and dead... bettles discarded and drifting... cartons half covered with sand. Vide-mouthed, eyes gone, and falling... clay feet, distorted and black.

Waste time on the waves of the desert; a milestone digest by age.

(A nameless bit, which might
be entitled "Experiment

Semantics")

When five fold the morning star
Interred the day,
the cautious day;
Crept and creeping most
into the open spaces
the open sleeping spaces
Like a black and sightless fury
with a hatred of the sun

December 3---- Eureka! Today for the first time I have synthesized / para-amino tri-ethyl putridine. It is a pastel green amorphous powder which fluoresces. I am the proud possessor of ten milligrams. Life is surely complete.

December 5---- According to my previous researches on the putridine alkaloids, there is adefinite step-up in brain power when this material is
fed in controlled amounts to mammals. Bonzo, my elder cat, will be an
excellent subject to use in order to determine if the new compound is more
efficacious than the previous members of the series. He ingested a
milligram of the material today with his raw spleen.

Teresa stopped by and I told her of my latest success. She did not seem very impressed. Sometimes I get quite aggravated with Teresa even if she is lithe, voluptuous, nubile, etc. She resembles Monica very strongly though, and I still have a soft spot in my heart for that very edible cutio.

December 6---- I was away most of the day. When I got home, what was my astonishment and shock but to find Bonzo sprawled on the rug with my Granville's Calculus spread out before him. The Bonze consulted me on a point concerning the practical applications of triple integrals and I clarified thematter for him. He also filed a complaint about the quality of his food lately, but I explained to him that the price of beef kidneys was skyrocketing and he would have to get along on spleen for a while. He also requested a list of recommended reading in the fictional field and thinking of Rick's suggestion that he be made a member of the Outlanders, I suggested such Items as Who Goes There, Slani, and The Dunwich Horror.

I had lunch with Teresa at the Biltmore and also slipped a milligram capsule of the putridine into her pate de foie gras. That dame will begin to appreciate me in spite of herself.

December 7---- I am beginning to develop a few qualms about the whole thing. Perhaps I should not have been so precipitous in my researches. I went down to see Teresa at the Burbank --- she is an ecdysiast of the most callow type --- yet when shevgot down to essentials she actually hypertensified herself!

Then, when I got heme, the Bonze was poring over a copy of the accursed Necronomicon! He told me that he had readwThe Dunwich Horror and then had gotten into astral communication with the ghost of Abdul Alhazred who had revealed to him that a copy of the Necronomicon was in the Arlington branch of the Los Angeles Public Library. Nobody had discovered it because it was written in invisible ink on a copy of Science and Sanity, between the lines. Fust to show me what he had learned, the Bonze uttered a spell over his bowl of spleen and the stuff turned into beef kidney. He is beginning to eye me queerly, too. I wonder what he has on his mind. Something tells me that----

THE DIARY OF ALLAN HERSHEY COMES TO AN ABRUPT END AT THIS POINT FOR A VERY GOOD REASON. I AM GOING TO SEE JUST HOW WELL THE LUG LIKES EATING RAW SPLEEN FOR A WHILE. HE IS A BLACK CAT NOW AND I HAVE TAKEN OVER THE PUTRIDINE RESEARCH AND TERESA.

--- Diary of the Bonze---

morning. I ignored him and started to read Slan. Then Teresa walked in and I could hardly keep from purring. What! A woman... If she were only a cat. But I don't mind it so much because I ain't a cat any more either. Or am I? Things are getting confusing around here.

She did look at me queerly when I took off my shoes and stockings and began to wash my feet with my tongue. But she couldn't very well say anything. She kept flickering in and out of visibility like a loose bulb in a socket. And two little tentacles are beginning to grow out of the base of her neck. She wore a high-necked dress, not knowing that I now have X-ray vision. Brother, she can even have tentacles!

Alan the cat ambled in and rubbed against her legs but it did not do him a bit of good. He keeps eyeing the bottle of scotch in the chandelier. I petted him and took him on my lap just to give him a traumatic shock or two.

December 28---This business of being aman am ain't bad at all. I have lest my taste for raw beef kidney and eat steak and french fries three times a day now. Alan seems to be getting along famously as a cat. This is the season and he is out all night, every night. I can hear him caterwauling now as I write this. He is getting along well on spleon and also likes Puss-n-Boots Cat Food.

I like Teresa.

She is now completely invisible except for her internal organs. Her internal organs are lithe, voluptuous, nubile, etc. How etc. can a woman be???

It is probably a good thing that she is almost and mostly invisible now. Extensive changes have taken place. I mumbled a spell or two from the Necronomicon over her. She leaves a trail of slime now and comes in and out through the keyhole. The Burbank runway is behind her now, I fear. She also barks and clars her flippers like a seal.

January 15--- I have finally gotten in touch with a psychomorph; I will shortly be taking off into the twenty second dimension. All the houses there have radiant heating and the steaks areas supposed to be terrific. I put it right up to Alan and asked him whether he would rather be a man or a cat. He just relled over on his are back and purred.

Teresa now makes wet plopping noises when she moves and her odor is positively not cricket. Watever made me think she was attractive? Even her internal organs have tentacles now. All in all, I think it a very wise idea to discontinue both the putridine research and my perwata perusal of the Necronomicon. But I am taking a copy of Slan along with me to the 22nd dimension. The psychomorph revealed that it has already started a fan club there and Slan is required reading to get full credit as a hypertensified fan.

January 20---- The Teresa thing ate Alan this morning before I could interfere. Perhaps it is just as well. He is a house cat and probably couldn't fin another sucker to feed him ppleen. I am now yaking off with the Psychomorph. My books and french fries are all packed (they don't have potatoes in the 22nd dimension) and all that remains is to make my devoirs to Teresa. She was munching on a house the way.

Yes, she's still there. I just caught one of her 38.98 eyes and waved goodbye. This is it, folks.

--- VIOLA, THE VAMPIRE LADY

Tribal chant of a weird cult of ego-worshippers found in atom-blasted ruins surrounding what once was Los Angeles

Τ.

Her eyes are as black as the sky above When there ain't no stars at night Her Ex lips are as red as the blood on your neck When she bites your throat with all her might.

Chorus:

She walks where it's cool and shady She's Viola, the vampire lady....

II.

Myou should ever meet her in a darkened alley And she tries to make love to you Just take care not to get too pally Or you'll end up feeling blue....

(Chorus)

III.

Her teeth are white, so nice and sharp;
Her kisses make you lose your breath.
Wear a scarf when you take her out
Or brother! You'll catch your death....

(Chorus)

IV.

I met her one night on a gloomy street...

Iwas feeling lowdown and blue:

I thought she would cheer me by just being near me

And now I'm a vampire too!

Chorus II:

So we walk where it's cool and shady...
Me and Viola the vampire lady!

---ljm (Tasteda Hopps)

supercolossalpoembywoolstonsupercolossalpoembywoolstonsupercolloassalpoembywoolston!

To hold on high
The symbol of a better place
Where horizons wide as any sky
Spread man out so he will face
The bound'ry line of time and space

To mold and ply

The strong links to a happy race

Through venturing stride on to

try

To head out on an endless pace The ways of man above disgrace.

To seek the stars and find a home; To set foot and heart on foreign loam.... HE BEGAN to idly dust off a small cumquat tree. It was very boring just waiting for a meteorite to fall. He knew the Cumquat Dusters would be angry, but what was he to do? The Meteorite Watcher business was lukewarm at its best, and it had been sixty years since he had seen the last one.

Soon a protest appeared before him in its private space warp. At least the Protest Against Illegal Cumquat Dusting people had a little fun once in a while. He waited another year until the PAIDCO reader arrived to read it for him and the PAIDCO listener arrived to listen to it for him. Several times he was tempted to listen to what was being read, but he had heard of the Protest Against Illegal Listening to Protests Against Illegal Cumquat Dusting. It was said they were inclined to involve one in quite a bit of Red Tape.

After the PAICDO reader and listener had left, he sighed and watched for meteorites once more.

A meteorite! His perseverance had been rewarded! He watched its brief flare with ecstasy. Only three hundred and eighty-two more and he could retire to, live in activity. He was doing very well, an average of one meteorite every 59 years.

Too late he realized his error. He had calculated Meteorite Averges per Meteorite Watcher per Year. Sure enough, five years later his Protest Against Illegal Calculation of MAPMWPY arrived in a flickering red space warp. After the PAICMAPMWPY reader and listener had left, he fell into a despondent mood. That made twice he had violated the Regulations. Once more....

Thirty years later, he was still sad. Deciding to turn over he did no. But not before he called in the Meteorite Watcher Turner Over and the MWTO Watcher. He was not going to deprive more people of work and become a criminal.

Suddenly he had a thought of something. In a burst of revolutionary atheism accor to popular precept, he same to the conclusion that if he gave still other people work, it was not a crime after all. The protest people, the protest readers and listeners, the protest space warp people...

Deliberately he struck a Thirty-Fourth Hammer Stroke Striker on the head. When the Protest Against Illegal Striking of T-FHSS carrived, he laughed at it. When the Protest Against Illegal Laughing at PAISOT-FFHSS arrived, he laughed at that, too. Confusion reigned in higher circles. A new department must be created!

Meanwhile he had been taken away and nut into mard inactivity. But he refused to become inactive. He stubbed his too deliberately, thereby arousing the wrath of the Meteorite Watcher Stubbed Toe Sympathizers for not notifying them first He coused about the food, thereby inciting the ire of the Inactivity Food Disliking

was fast becoming a true revolutionary. And when he openly and shamelessly watched for meteors whenever he could, a demand was registered that Something Be Done. Since the Earth was somewhat overpopulated, it was decided to shoot him off to Venus. The Venus Rocket Watchers, Venus Rocket Shooter-Offers, and many other minor departments were called in to attend the ceremonies.

He arrived on Venus. "Greetings," telepathed the weird being hovering in midair before him. I am from the Bureau of Interplanetary Visitor Greeters. If you would be so kind as to accompany this official from the Bureau of Interplanetary Visitor Transporters....That's odd, he has lapsed into a coma."

The SLAVE -- Freddie H. im FORM'S GIRNEE

The soprano's voice was cracked and dusty; the psuedo-tenor's a mite healthier. The song was "Margie". And when "Margie" first became popular, a lot of the stuff now so energetically and drastically disturbed was first cached away. Who dared disturb these ancient ghosts of fandom and stfiction? Who was the creature who came and attacked the long-mouldering piles of disa and data in 4e's garages? The very books and magazines, so long ago tossed here and there, however tenderly, revolted at the touch of the infidel hands being laid upon them.

The slave in Forrie's garage poked, pried, pried, prodded and then preened at the results. Room. More room. More and more room for the ever-increasing horde of fandomania's most fanatic collector. Put the pile of Astoundings here, to make room for the new slicks just out! Move the stack of old fanzines...now arranged alphabetically nad chronologically into this now empty crevice, so that the pile of old, but ever-lovely Vom lithos can be put on the lower shelf. Shift the glorious old Argosies and Blue Books into garage #2, so the latest shipment of books from England can be arranged and integrated (the master's special word for leftovers he forgot to give the slave.) among the others.

A slave's life is a fannish one and its work is never

done!

And the excerpts. Two chapters of six from an old Burroughs serial; all but the first parts of Ralph Milne Farley's "Radio Man"; precious and immortal oldies from the pens of Cummings, Brand, Hubbard, Kline, Lester Dent and the ageless Merritt, etc...some good, some bad, some worse, but all to be saved and saved and saved for posterity and its mutant children. And he meant saved.

It all began so innocently at the Westercon. The shave offered to help Don Bratton (where in 'ell did you gone?) with the Foundation. Said Foundation was in Garage #2. No room to work... so the poor slave decided to straighten up Forrie's possessions just a wee bit and make room. And is still straightening.

The foundation still waits and waits and waits... There's no end, no beginning, no middle to all this vast enterprise. Is that bad? He pays off in books. The slave will nave to learn to read and understand sef and f-f. Ah, the Master is all-wise.

And so good to work for. His childlike enthusiasm for the tiniest scrap of material can result in hysterical shouts of glee or the deepest miasmic gloom over a debilitated magazine, topo cover or inept litho.

But woe to the poor slave if it as much as suggests the incinerator for anything which can possibly be salvaged. With true impish glee the struggler in the garages threatens to dispose of occasional odiments merely for the pleasure of seeing the Master's instant reaction. The look of devastated horror would send a less hardy soul to Thibet to meditate on its ghastly sin.

It's terrific, the stuff the Master has gathered unto himself. Every coceiveable and inconceiveable shred of matter pertaining to s-f and f-f nestles somewhere among the three garages, office, assorted closets (one is stacked with Burroughs only) two bedrooms, and the balance overflows dressers, mantelpieces; decorates walls, doors, and windows; litters the two sofas and tumbles madly around the dining room table like a Danse Macabre in still life.

From the latest rocket postage stamp to a huge convention poster; from the oldest one-shot to the latest shangri-LAff, from the Wells, Poe and Haggard up through the Burroughs. Shiels, Lovecrafts, and Dunsanys to the Hubbards, Heileins. Bradburys and DeCamps and on to the horde of manuscripts still to be read and agented.

This is Ackerman and I am his willing slave.

bably only the latest of many slives. Ever and again I find moldering bones buried in back shelves of Wonders, or half-legible inscriptions on walls which have never seen the sun. There is a cheerful skull on top of a teetering book-case with which it has been my habit to pass the time of day when I happen to pass by there.

But I alone have persevered. And what

an education it's been.

I've listened to stories about the Who's Who of fandom since the word was coined. While sharing a celery stalk at lunch (part of the job of being a slave consists in providing lunch, preparing it, and cleaning it up afterwards. The Great One has neither the time nor inclination for such mundane things.) I be heard about "what once was", and how "what is to be" will come about. For instance, how any day now Esperanto will sweep this warring world and bring peace to all through common language.

Or how a Certain Magazine I'm sure you will have no trouble in recognizing will soon fold with a crash due to a boycott by all fans who have any sense at all. These and other mysteries were revealed to me in a darkly confident manner which bodes no good for those who betray it.

It was a long time before he really trusted me. Seems as though many have offered to be slaves but few have stuck it out long enough to be of any value or to reap the benefits which accompany the giving or even sharing of the Master's confidence. Few have ever stuck it out as I said, and so I had to go through the ordeal of being tested before I could be trusted. But for a while my feelings were hurt when he kept putting those manacles trim, slim, voluptuous, lithe, nubile etc. ankles.

'thing" in his garages among the treasured books, magazines, pictures and articles. I've dared to rip the fly-specked curtain from the book-case containing the 'special treasures"; I've been permitted to thumb through books so old the "New Look" was just going out of fashion. With dusty fingers I've tossed about in gay abandon specimens never to be beheld again by mortal eyes in this world or the other.

And still I ponder the unguessable fate in store for me. Must I shuffle through these dusty tomes until I undergo some mutational evolvement...what will happen. I wonder to myself as I rearrange Air Wonders, when he finally lets his poor slave into its life goal..?

For all these, my friend, are merely

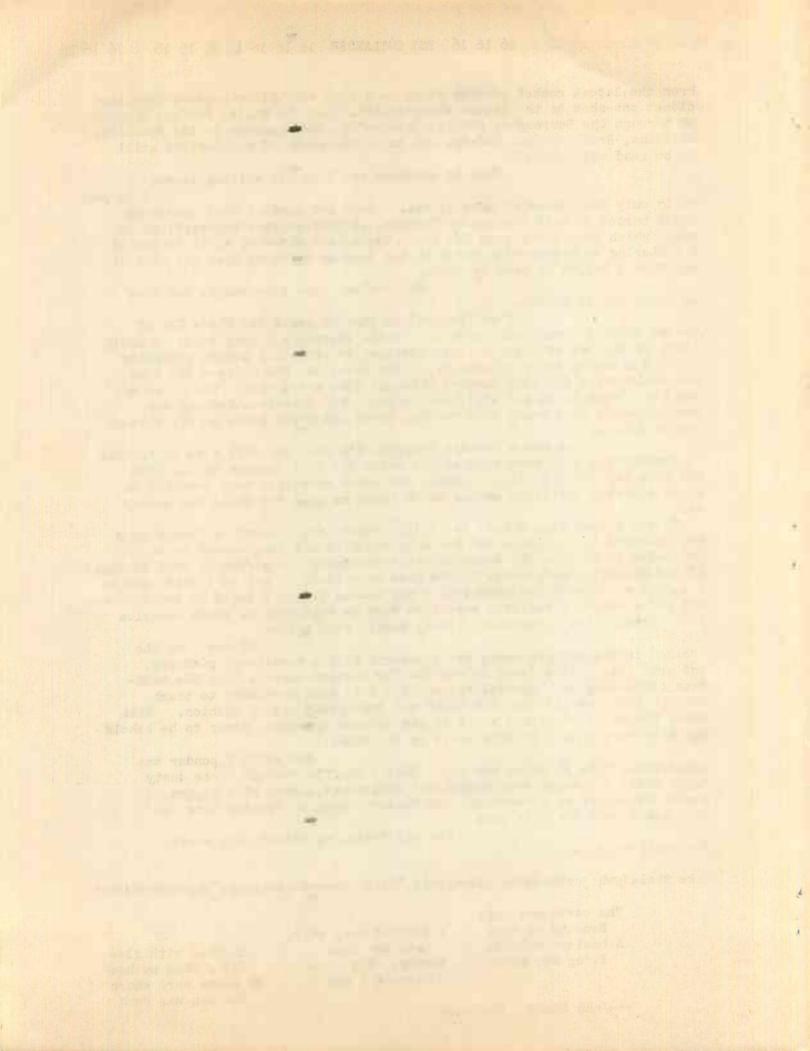
the duplicates....

like theladywhojusthadquintupletssaid, "Ididn'tknowIhaditinme!"whatsayFredlie?

The earth was cold Beneath my hand A boulder rolled; I dug out sand

I stepped out, bold, Onto the land Barren, old, Without a man

I laughed with glee
And rubbed my head
My horns were sharp
And man was dead



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