

# The OUTLANDER

Number One

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE OUTLANDER SOCIETY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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---WE

Page 1 and 1/2!

# Doodle!

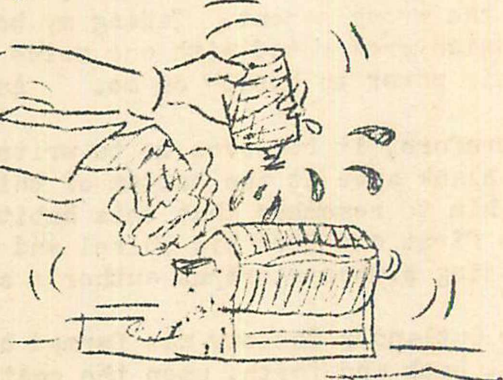
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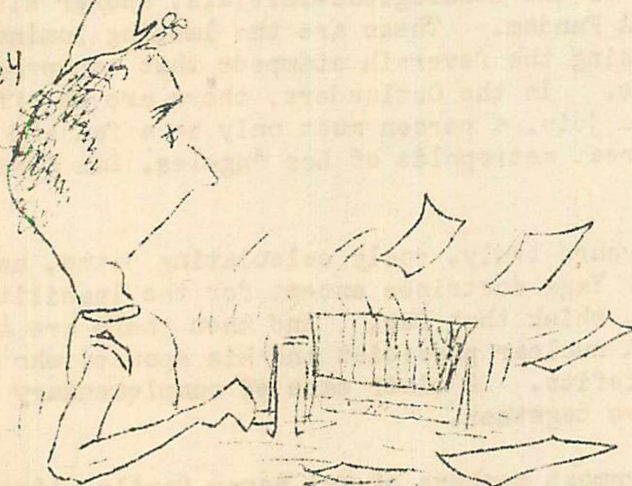
BILL ELIAS



MECHANICAL  
MOFFATT  
"SLAVE LABOR"



"SHAN"  
HERSHEY  
AT  
WORK



MOFFACON SUB ONE  
We Go To Press  
- Feb. 19th - The 2nd  
Convention In Stride

PRESENT

FORRY FICKERMAN  
LEN MOFFATT  
CON PEDERSON  
RICK SNEARY  
JOHN VAN COVERING  
ALAN & FREDDIE HERSHEY  
STAN WOOLSTON  
BILL ELIAS  
SHIRLEY BOOHER  
(LENS MEISE)

## ROGUE'S GALLERY



RICK SNEARY -  
LOCAL GENIUS  
(WRITE FOR  
ROGUE'S!)



JOHN  
VAN  
COVERING  
(THE CALLING  
EXTENSION  
ALIST)



CON  
PEDERSON  
THE SUPER  
KIDNIE

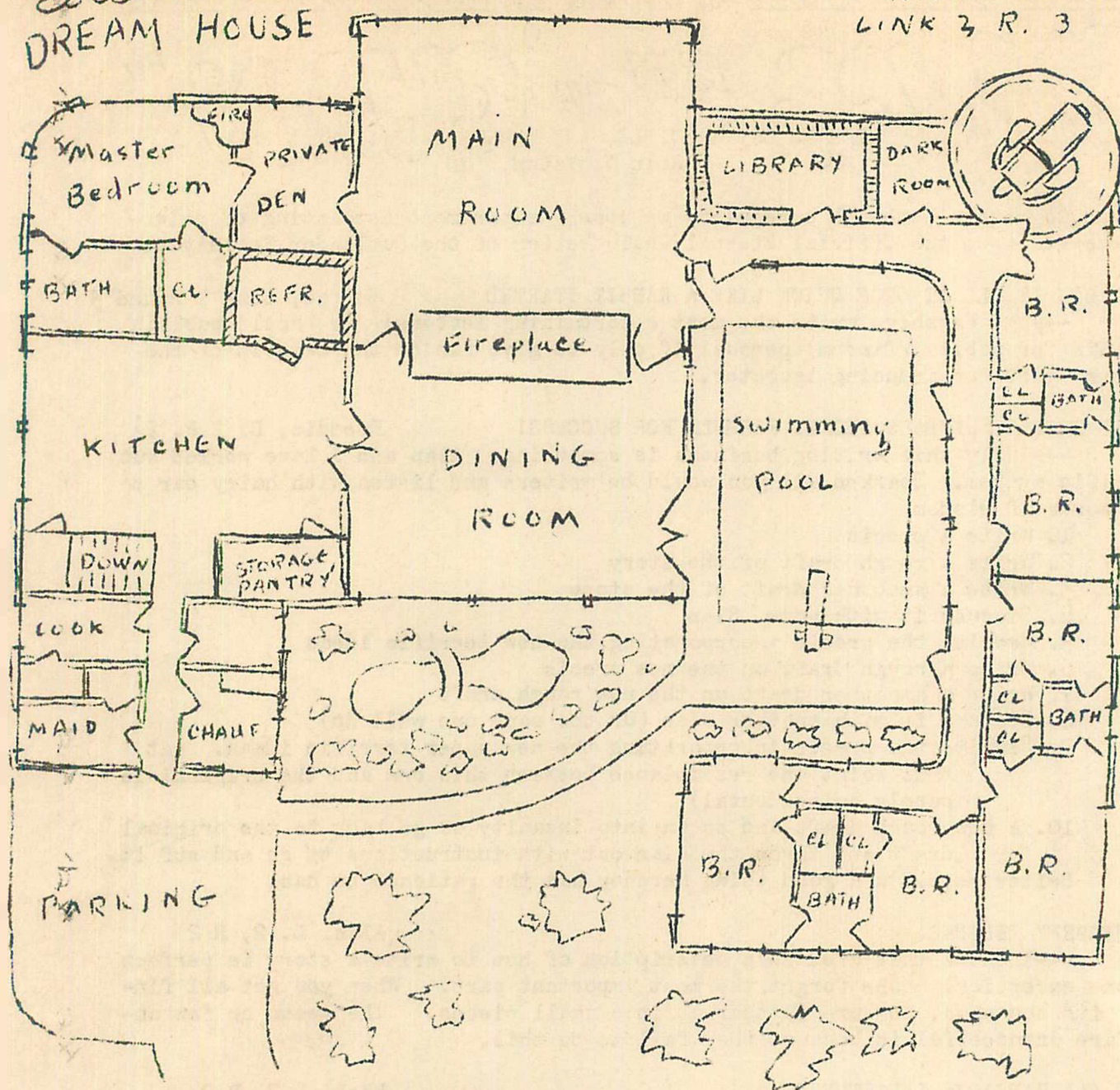






# SNEARY'S DREAM HOUSE

FROM Rick's LINK  
LINK 3 R. 3



## SNEARY ELABORATES ON ELABORATE LABYRINTH

Rick, Round 2

---The whole building of course is sit on the point of a mesa. With the main room extending out to the farthest 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 planned for, and a equally large kitchen. ~~But~~ 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 mesa, and could serve for a atom shelter. On the right of the main room is the library, equiped for reading and writing. The bedrooms being small to encourage spending the most time in the main 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!!!



THE OUTLANDER

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 mistakes 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 interated in a duel purpose 15 in. teloscope and 3" ack ack gun? It might come in 'wighty handy...

WOOLSTON RETURNS TO THE FRAY VIA ATOM BOMBER

Stan, Round 2

---Ricardo, perhaps a combination telescope and ack-ack gun would be a good idea, especially (also known to the hoi polloi as especially) since you insist in placing it on the top of a mesa. But I'm inclined to enjoy a more secluded place, espceiallyas it should be usable as a hole to hide from stray radioactive gasses come Atomnigeddon.

For practical reasons I'd like to build the place out of adobe bricks, waterprooef'd with a paint that would also help to camoflaughe the place, and other things that would enable me to keep my Berchestgarden-in-Mojave unobtrusive and as far as possible away from the unwelcome attentions of my admirers. Van called me an inconspicuous extrovert (or was it 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 BEARS 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 ground". 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.)

But.. assuming thatnthe 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...Errrrr.... Otherwise, I'd have to cut out into the swimming pool room (swimming pool room! hah!), thru the dining room, thru two or more rooms and hallways...puff, puff, pant..pant..and 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

---Any resemblance of my signature to Slan is purely coincidental. You could have knocked me over witha 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 after much search finally managed to find a slan tendril on my left big toe. Instantaneously 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 & (I ignore the pun) of telekinesis. My main usgge of it so far is to recreate copies of new s-f books as they come out. But in order to do this, I have to plug my toe into a socket, and our last electric bill indicates that I am paying twice market value for the damned books.

In addition to all these labors, I have been taking time out to hear vV's talks which are mentioned in Freddie's letter. There are going 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 cortico-thalamic 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 interested in the lesser works. And how I ask 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 intelligent than a cat, but if a Scotty can be voted top fab then I guess 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.))

most called that last meeting at my house the Floorcon? As at one time all the members but Con and all the guests but Jean Cox who was on a foot stool, was 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 characters (Who? Van Drooling and Ralph Clark) in an absolutely impossible situation. One thing about them...in two sides of narrow-lined three-holed paper we could get the other guy 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 every fresh outburst. But it ends with an absolutely insoluble predicament having to do with completely disintegrating Who's body (I hate to admit that I lost, but I did) with an atomic disintegrator 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 somehow the soul (I escaped once from Hell, I did). Then he set another machine to instantly destroy any mind-pattern which came within ten decimal points of mine. Very ingenious.

SNEARY IS BACK AGAIN

Rick, Round 4

How in H--l did you escape the soul-destroying effects of what I said? Please write more.

WE CAN'T RESIST THIS, FOLKS.

Van. Round 1

---Rick, it was all very simple. (Hell, I mean). I neither hyper-  
tensified nor escaped through time. I merely convinced Satan 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 actual hostilities. But we always began again.

FREDDIE APPREHENSIVE

Feddie, Round 3

---His (wV's) lectures improve, and about now I've decided all this is mostly for his own special benefit. We are all being used as super white mice. Heaven help us all in his next opus. I have a vague premonition this series of talks on Suggestive Reeducation are the means to an end.

I was seated one day at my typer

I didn't know what I was typing

Wearily scratching fleas

But that's no great disgrace

While my digits stumbled idly over the battered keys

No one can say I didn't

Help to fill this space

























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 lost 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 spleen and also likes Fuss-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 oozes in and out through the keyhole. The Burbank runway is behind her now, I fear. She also barks and claps 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 are ~~are~~ 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 rolled over on his ~~xx~~ back and purred.

Teresa now makes wet plopping noises when she moves and her odor is positively not cricket. Whatever 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 ~~perusal~~ 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 spleen. I am now taking 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 across the way. ~~Yes~~ Yes, she's still there. I just caught one of her 558,982 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

I.

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.

If you 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...  
I was 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 fly  
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....













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