

THE OUTLANDER



Second Issue: Edited by Conrad Pederson

An Official Outlander Society Publication

The Outlander Society got under way a year or two ago as a bunch of localites who read science fiction and fantasy. The original members, if memory serves, were Rick Sneary, John Van Couvering, Gil Ayala and Rex Ward. Soon Pederson ventured on the scene, and after Rick got the idea from Rex and him for a South Gate Convention in 1958, we started expanding. Soon Len Moffatt and Stan Woolston became honored members. At the Westercon Alan and Freddie Hershey were discovered. Bill Elias stumbled in during the winter months when everything was sunny and people felt like going places. He'd just been bounding around our planet.

The first Outlander, successor to Shangri-LA, came out a couple months ago. The second Outlander came out tomorrow, May 15th. Our thanks to the contributors for cooperating in the procedure.

Con Pederson

May 1949

THE OUTLANDER

No. 2

Words & Music	1
—Editor	
The National Panthem	2
—Con Pederson	
"I Was a Spy at the Norwescon" 3	
—Secret Agent JS4-X	
"Sneary Visits a Rocket Exhibit"	5
—Rick Sneary	
A Hero of Science	8
—Alan de Hershey	
Pederson in Focus	12
—Con Pederson	
"1 2 3 ... Infanity"	15
—John Van Couvering	
Hershicon	17
—Freddie Hershey	
Filings From the Chain	20
.....	
.....	



a leaf of
autumn
kneeling
under a
summer star

—pederson

THE OUTLANDER (also known as the Snake Pit Concerto) is a modest and cultured publication designed to arouse the masses. Published spasmodically. Costing a dime. Please send rubles to Freddie Hershey : 6335 King Ave. : Bell : Cal.

ctras OUTLANDERS son:

her husband al * same place
cen pederson * 705 w kelso * inglewood * california
rick sneary * 2962 santa ana * south gate '
bill elias * 3821½ w 119th * hawthorne '
len j moffatt * 6766 hannon * bell gardens '
stan woolston * 12832 so west st * garden grove '
john van couvering * 10358 so downey ave * downey '

and infinite
numbers
of
honorary members
by now

The Battle Hymn • THE NATIONAL FANTHEM of the FANATION

by Petrov Pederson
(Slave Labor Union 283)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Fan
He is trampling out the places with Amazing on the stand
His fantasy collection is the greatest in the land,
Forrest J goes marching on.

Forry, Forry hallelujah
Forry, Forry hallelujah
Forry, Forry hallelujah
Forrest J goes marching on.

Without a mind to guide them and without a dime to spare,
Dick Shaver takes the low road while Ray Palmer tears his hair,
They have felt the mighty vengeance of the Weaver in his lair,
Forrest J goes marching on.

(chorus).

While New Hampshire echoes wildy in the city of LA
With people owing money and without a dime to pay,
Their Ackerman will reign until their hair is old and grey,
Forrest J goes marching on.

(chorus)

With Laney in the back seat and with Durbee cranking reams,
Our Ackerman is victim of a host of ghastly schemes,
Tho they think that they will conquer he will chase them in their
dreams,
Forrest J goes marching on.

(chorus)

In the famous Ackermansion not a bit of room will show
For books and pics and magazines both amateur and pro,
Not even for a mirror just to watch his tendrils grow
Forrest J goes marching on.

(chorus)

When Atomigeddon's over and the sweeping up's begun,
When Man deserts the planet and humanity is done,
In science fiction fandom he will still be Number One
Forrest J goes marching on.

(chorus)

--oOo--

I WAS A SPY AT THE BY SECRET AGENT JS4X NORWESCON

An Outlander in Portland! They laughed when I sat down to play with them, those fans up there in Oregon. They thought I was a member of the LASFS (Laughing Academy of Science Fiction Schmoes). Of course, that I am; but little did they realize that, as a member by adoption of the Outlanders, I would report every action of the Norwescon to Headquarters!

As every actifan now knows, the Portland Science Fantasy Socy celebrated its 2d year of activity on 23 Apr 49 by sponsoring a conventionette. In addition, to the Oregonian attendees, 2 fans (a mother-son combo) came from Seattle, Wash., and a bus-boy alias the Grey Houndsman rode up from Los Angeles. It is thru the eyes of this latter character (who for purposes of protection shall be anonymously referred to, henceforward as Forrest J Ackerman, an unlikely pseudonym if there ever was one)--it is thru Ackerman's eyes that we see the Norwescon.

* * *

First let me introduce the Cast of Characters. Head and shoulders above the rest of the Portland ten is that rich man's Greg Peck, Don Day. He stands 6'9", I should estimate, in his stocking feet, which is quite a feat to take stock in, as I am sure you will be the first to admit. By contrast, Joe Salta is probably the smallest Portlandian (excepting Don Day's daughter, who is aged 2); in fact, the Portlandians have coined a phrase, "Take that with a grain of Salta". Demonstrating that big things come in small packages, however, Joe is one of the better known bookies, or book collectors, of the town.

The fabulous fantasy artist, Waible, is more or less a physical doppelgänger of the fabulous fan author, Burbee. If you were to throw a rock at him, it would be like killing two Burbs with one stone, a pun which I will never be Waible to live down.

From out of town came well-known Rosco Wright, fan author, artist, letter hack, quondam member of the LASFS and now Director of the Eugene Science Fiction Socy and Editor of its club organ, Viton. Speaking of club organs, the PSFS honest to gosh has got one: A real live operable organ in their basement meeting place, that Don Day's sister plays! To begin the meeting, we all rose and sang the National Fanthem.

Very much in evidence was Ultra Weird Artist Ralph Rayburn Phillips (the World's Pharaoh); Don "Disaster" Berry, whose collection was flooded some months ago by a cascade of H₂O and replaced by a parade of packages to his door by a sympathetic fandom; and last but far from least, the only 2 pros present, the writing team of John & Dorothy de Courcy,

who, leaving a trail of mangled pedestrians writhing on the streets, arrived via murdercycle.

The Norwescon got underway around 2:30 Saturday afternoon, as I recall, and the last fan left at 6am Sunday. In between-- Well... I gave a talk on "Twenty-three Years of Amazing Stories", a talk I had previously given at the LASFS and which had been enthusiastically applauded, due to the fact that I am the Treasurer and everybody owed me considerable sums in my official capacity, so I was quite careful, before I began my talk at the Norwescon, to get myself appointed Treasurer Pro Tem, promptly assessing all attendees and fining those who failed to huff or clap at the proper times.

Money talks, and once again it was proved that Auctions Speak Louder Than Words, as "Honest Acky", the Poor Fan's Friend, cleaned up a fortune. A Ray Higgs original brot \$18 from fine art fancier Mark Walstead, and a copy of "Pogo & Albert" was knocked down to Gil Williams, after a heated dollar-raising debate with WE Bullard, for \$23. Lesser items such as a Bok original, a Paul, a Lawrence, some Phillips color fantasies, and copies of "Skylark of Space", "The Flames", "Sleeping and the Dead", "Planets of Adventure", "Split Atom", etc, fetched prices of between \$15 and \$17 (that is to say, \$2 apiece).

The pièce-de-résistance was the world première demonstration of the deCourcy de-and-re-materializer...the long-sought dream of science come true...an actual Matter Radio! (This fantasticon-traption had to be seen to be believed, and even then you knew it was a lie. It buzzed and blinked and banged and burped till you thought it was going to blow up at any instant, and its end results were really out of this world.) After a learned lecture by Dr deCourcy on the pioneer work done by Gernsback (who first propounded the Important formula, STF equals \$\$\$) and Tremaine and Campbell and Einstein, the Telematteradio itself was put to the test. From the prehistoric past a dinosaur's egg was sought! While the cosine rays were combing the Creosotic for a-saurian in the process of laying an egg, a suspicious cockadoodle-doo was heard from the materializing cabinet, and upon opening the Cabinet of Dr Galli-Courcy, a hen's egg was found to have materialized!

Then an attempt was made to probe the future--and a paper dated Sunday was brot back from tomorrow!

Next an effort was made to locate and transport a rare dish from the Monastery at Blood-clot, Tibet, and (what d'you want Tibet?) sure enuf, the "dish", it turned out to be Dorothy deCourcy, comely clad in only a bath towel! So popular proved this dish that the boys, indulging no doubt in dishful thinking, called for a repeat performance about 4 in the morning. With a cautionary "It towel depends on you", Dorothy relinquished the garment to one Ruth Newberry, an artist, who draped it around her torso, only there was a slight slip up and Ruth raised the roof! There was a mad scramble on the floor as the wolves sought to retrieve their eyeballs, and Miss ~~Wade-Hall~~ Newberry was immediately voted the winner of the Anatomy Award. A foto was snapped at the fatal moment by Don Donaldson, and it is rumored that it will constitute the cover of the next Fanscient, which will instantly become a collector's item, particularly for the publisher, who will no doubt collect 20 years in the fanitentiary for circulating it.....

SNEARY visits A ROCKET EXHIBIT

By that Demon Science-by-Thumb Reporter

RICHARD SNEARY

It all happened by chance around the 5th of February. I happened to be thumbing through a day-old paper that was laying around. When what should my eyes light upon but, "L.A. MEET HONORS ROCKET ENGINEER" in inch high caps. Underneath it told of a meeting at the L.A. Museum in honor of the late Dr. Robert H. Goddard, an early pioneer in rocket research. It also explained that the museum was showing an exhibit of Goddard Rockets, sponsored by the Guggenheim Foundation. And at the left was a picture of one of the rockets with two men from the Reaction Research Society standing in front of it. They were George James and Arthur Louis Joquet II, well known in local fandom.

It was already too late for me to make the meeting, but I made up my mind that I would see the exhibit. So a few days later I ventured out, and despite the lack of wind sailed quickly off to the museum.

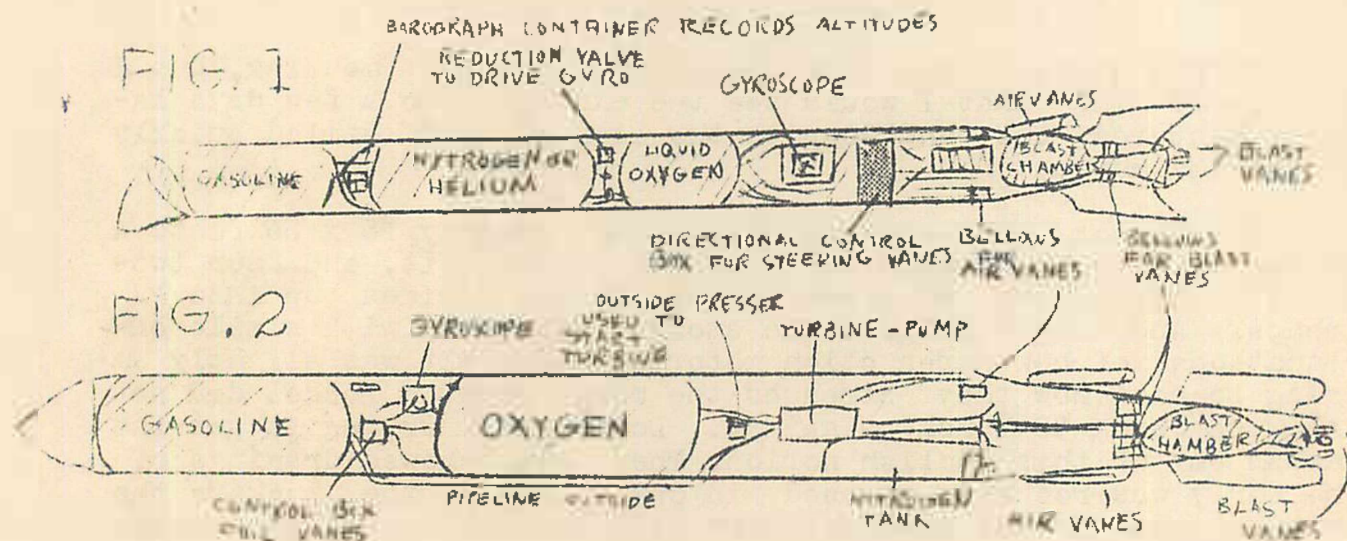
It was not a large exhibit, being roughly 15 x 35 feet. A raised dais in the center, with exhibits around it, and four two-sided photo-posters on corner posts. It was divided up into 12 groups. And told a progressive story. Starting with simple explanations of how a reaction motor worked. (It was slightly amusing to note how they stressed the point that a rocket did not need anything to "push" against. Doubtlessly trying to get the layman out of this foolish notion. They also showed drawings of the early was rockets, as used in China, and of the rockets the British used in the Revolutionary War. Explaining that rockets were nothing new.

The big 3 x 4 photo-posters were devoted mostly to telling about Dr. Goddard, and pictures of him and early rockets he invented. It said that he held over 150 patents on or pertaining to rockets. He was born in 1882, and began work on rockets around 1909, while still at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. During the First World War he developed an early form of the modern Bazooka. It did not state when he started working under grants from the Guggenheim Foundation support, but it must have been about this time.

He launched the first liquid fuel rocket flight on March 16, 1926, and the Museum believed they had this rocket there. It looked little like anything at all, being mostly a bunch of pipes that looked like it might be better played than flown. It was about four feet long and the fuel containers were about the size of vacuum bottles. The blast chamber was set well in the middle of the arrangement, and had an opening at the top, which let some of the exploding gas out, only to be forced against a buffer and be again forced back, similar to the device used on 'big' guns to reduce

recoil. There were also some early solid fuel rockets. One looked like a metal skyrocket, and the other an army carbine -- it having a long barrel-like tube and a magazine on the side which released charges into the firing tube.

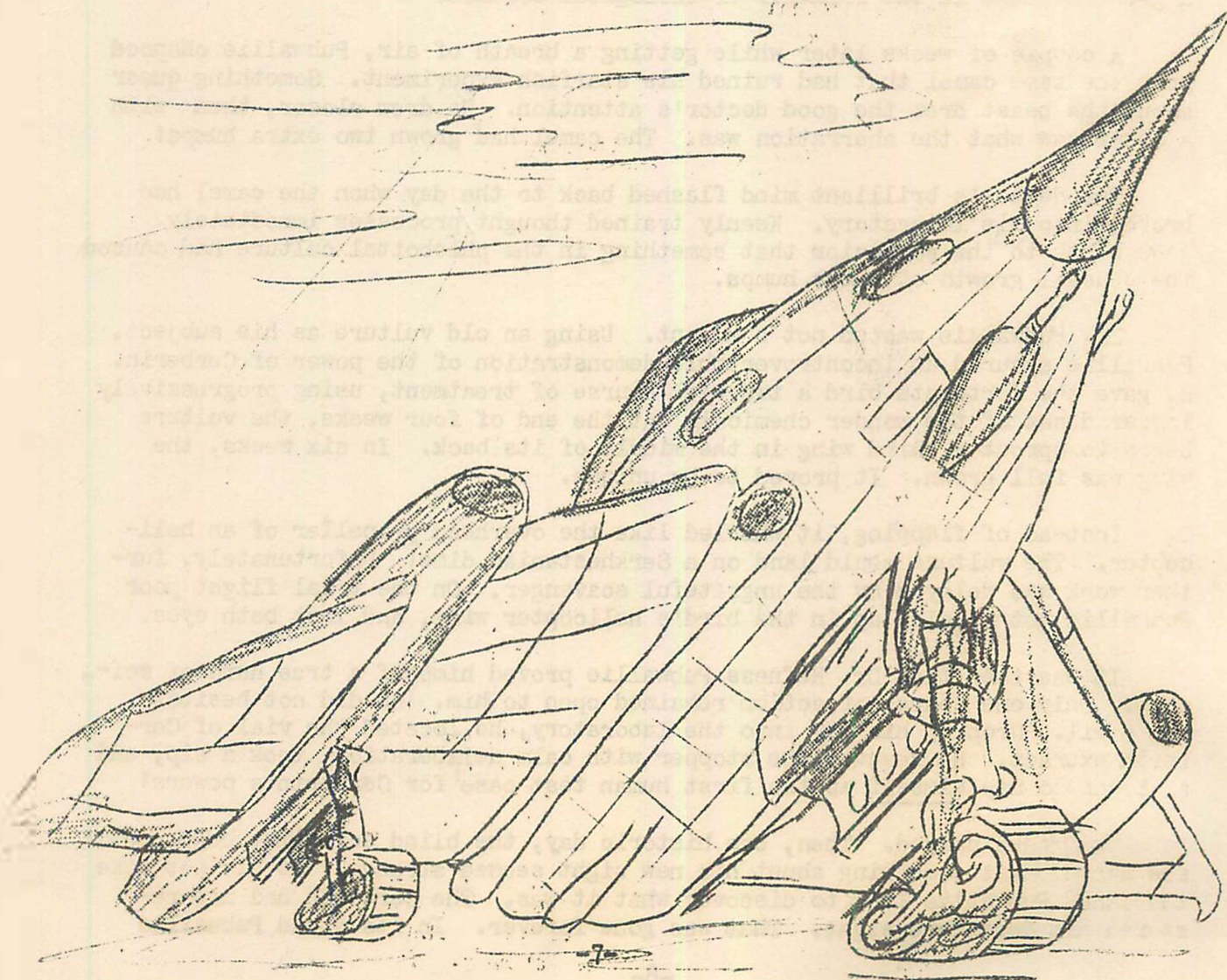
There were also two large rockets on display, with their sides open and parts labeled. Unfortunately for the interested science observer there were no figures available as to weight, speed, height reached or anything... No doubt it was thought this was too complex for the average Museum Wanderer. It would be, too, for the remarks I heard while there were any indication of the form. One guy of 22 or so insisted the larger rocket was a V-2. Despite the fact it was only 25 feet long. Another one, an indulgent father referred to it as a "jet", and an old lady called it a part of an airplane. Of course it is probable that those who know what it was, like myself, kept still and looked.



Dr. Goddard built the first gyroscopic controlled rocket. It did not say it was the first, but they had one of the early models there. I have tried to make a fairly accurate drawing of it (fig. 1) but was cramped for size, and had little to go on for measurements. It is roughly to scale, but not exact, in being really much narrower than it appears, being about eighteen feet long, and perhaps not two feet in diameter. I was, of course, unable to draw in all the pipes and wires that fill the ship, but did put in a few of the important things. You will notice that it is the early pressure driven fuel type rocket. The large nitrogen tank supplies pressure to force the fuel to the blast chamber. The tanks were of light metal would both ways with thin but strong steel wire, thus saving making the tanks of thicker material to stand pressure. The rocket was controlled in flight by air and exhaust plates lying along the hull, just back of the hull, that could be moved out into the air stream. The blast vanes were small flat plates that moved in and out of the rocket exhaust itself. The pointed cap of the rocket tilts off when it tips at a 90 degree angle, and releases a parachute, which lowers the rocket.

Dr. Goddard also was the first to fly (1935) a rocket with a fuel pump. The rocket in Fig. 2, may not be the first, but it is at least similar. It was about 25 feet long, and a little larger in diameter than the other. Both looked more like torpedoes than what the V-2 has made us expect rockets to look like. This rocket was steered in the same manner as the other, and it's top dropped off, but due to it's obvious larger fuel load it must have reached what were then record heights. It also, with the addition of the turbine pump, had a valve where outside pressure was applied to start the turbine. None of these rockets, it seemed, were to carry a pay load, with the exception of barographs. No doubt they did not go high enough to gain any info that could not be observed from the ground.

Dr. Goddard died in 1945, no doubt with mixed feelings. Both of horror at what rockets of war were being used to do, and joy to see advance from fumbling infancy to full life, that assured his work would be carried on by an increasingly interested world. If only those future rockets will be used in peaceful means, Dr. Goddard will be long rembered as a leading pioneer of a group that will some day we hope, reach out to the Stars



a hero of science

CONDENSED FROM THE SERKHESTANIAN HOME JOURNAL

By Alan de Hershey

To people who are now being born with only one head, hope for the future will be personified in a new pharmaceutical, Cerberin, which gives every promise of proving the old proverb, "Two heads are better than one."

This wonder chemical, an extract of the anterior phlobottal gland of the Serkhestanian musk rabbit, made its first appearance twelve years ago.

At that time, Dr. Hefness Pubwallie, famed Serkhestanian scientist, was carrying out a series of experiments on accelerated growth of starfish in phlobottal gland cultures. As luck would have it, a debilitated camel broke into the laboratory and sampled some of the culture.

Naturally Dr. Pubwallie was annoyed. Weeks of careful work had been wasted by the heedless camel's action. Of course, Pubwallie could not know that this seemingly unfortunate accident was going to set him on the trail of a great advance in the frontier of biological science.

A couple of weeks later while getting a breath of air, Pubwallie chanced upon the same camel that had ruined his starfish experiment. Something queer about the beast drew the good doctor's attention. He drew closer, then with a start saw what the aberration was. The camel had grown two extra humps!

The doctor's brilliant mind flashed back to the day when the camel had broken into his laboratory. Keenly trained thought/processes immediately gave birth to the suspicion that something in the phlobottal culture had caused the unusual growth of extra humps.

Dr. Pubwallie wasted not a moment. Using an old vulture as his subject, Pubwallie secured an incontrovertible demonstration of the power of Cerberin. He gave the fortunate bird a two week course of treatment, using progressively larger doses of the wonder chemical. At the end of four weeks, the vulture began to sprout a third wing in the middle of its back. In six weeks, the wing was full grown. It proved to be unique.

Instead of flapping, it whirled like the overhead propeller of an helicopter. The vulture could land on a Serkhestanian dime! Unfortunately, further work was delayed by the ungrateful scavenger. On the trial flight poor Pubwallie got tangled up in the bird's helicopter wing, and lost both eyes.

It was then that Dr. Hefness Pubwallie proved himself a true hero of science. Only one course of action remained open to him. He did not hesitate nor cavil. Groping his way into the laboratory, he located the vial of Cerberin extract. He removed the stopper with calm deliberation, took a sip, and so began to use himself as the first human test case for Cerberin's powers!

Two weeks passed. Then, one historic day, the blind scientist began to see again. Yet something about his new sight seemed strange. It did not take the long Pubwallie long to discover what it was. The Cerberin had not restored his lost fore sight. That was gone forever. In its stead Pubwallie

had gained two new eyes to be sure, but they were in the back of his head. The significance of this did not escape him. The conclusions he drew will go down in medical history as an example of cold, clear deduction. Dr. Pubwallie stated in his notes:

"From what has happened to me, it is obvious that the drug, Cerberin, does not have the power of restoring the function of a lost organ, or restoring the organ itself. The drug seems to be an innovator--a creator of approximate duplicates of bodily parts already present. I suspect that it is stimulated and made more specific in its action by some damage to the organ or organs it duplicates.

"It is noteworthy that the camel had a rheumatic hump and the vulture suffered from arthritis in one wing. In my own case, I had lost the function of my eyes. It seems fairly certain from the existing data that the Cerberin localizes its action into duplicating (not restoring) damaged parts. Of course, corroboration of this surmise will have to be made, with careful utilization of undamaged animal controls to check results."

Pubwallie wasted no time. He began a series of experiments to prove his initial conclusions. Working under terrific disadvantages (a moment's thought will make obvious the complications caused by his queer disability--walking backward, peering over his own shoulder to see what his hands were doing, etc.) Dr. Pubwallie proved all his contentions within a year. The only thing in his favor was total baldness. As he afterward remarked, hair in his posterior eyes would have been the crowning blow.

Pubwallie used twelve chickens as his test animals. Six of these he allowed to remain in perfect health, as controls. The other six he proceeded to damage in various ways. Injections of Cerberin were given to both batches of chickens. The healthy birds were unaffected by the treatment. The damaged sextet bore out the doctor's conclusions fully.

One had a leg removed. It grew legs all over its body. Instead of walking in the awkward manner that normal chickens cultivate, this baddy began to get around by turning cartwheels.

Another blinded chicken duplicated the results Pubwallie had obtained in his own case.

Most significant of all, a chicken whose head had been removed (this makes very little difference to most chickens) grew twelve separate and distinct new heads. The twelve heads evidently thought in unison, for Pubwallie proved by exhaustive psychological tests that the many headed chicken was twelve times as intelligent as an ordinary chicken.

Then Dr. Pubwallie had a real flare of inspiration. If a chicken could increase its intelligence twelvefold, why not a man? Eager to test his ingenious surmise, he was restrained only by his fear of public reaction against the experiment. Yet, he foresaw the use of Cerberin as a mighty tool for improving the human race. Once again, he was forced to consider experimenting upon himself.

The ghastly dangers of such an experiment were obvious, but the good doctor was desperate. He began his preparations, aided by a single assistant, a man who drove camels in his spare time. Then Fate took the whole matter out of

Pubwallie's hands

His assistant, while driving some camels, had the unfortunate experience of having one of the notoriously bad-tempered animals step on his head. Dr. Pubwallie was attracted to the scene by the piteous cries of the dying man, and just happened to have a supply of Cerberin in his coat pocket. It was the work of a moment to give the camel driver a staggering dose.

An hour passed, and the man was still alive. Pubwallie gave him another dose. By the end of the day, the man was so much improved that the doctor was able to move him to his laboratory.

A thorough examination showed that the man's brain was badly damaged. He should have died within minutes. Instead, his condition continued to improve. Two weeks, under the staggering emergency doses fed him by the jubilant doctor, the camel driver grew two brand new heads. Dr. Pubwallie then removed the old head, which was quite useless and nothing but an eyesore.

The headless chicken had grown twelve new heads. The camel driver had grown only two. Pubwallie was sorely puzzled, and repeated his chicken experiment. The result was the same. The only conclusion he thought possible was that the number of heads grown depended on the original intelligence of the subject. Later experiments on intermediary intelligences tended to prove this theory but for one annoying exception. Three successive dachshunds, when given the treatment, grew one head only. Dr. Pubwallie has expressed a poorly veiled suspicion that dachshunds are more intelligent than human beings. He is investigating the matter more fully.

The most important single fact brought to light by the camel driver experiment was an entirely unsuspected one. Not only was the man able to use his double intelligence additively, but if the occasion demanded, he could think of two different things at the same time.

The commercial ramifications of such a talent are immediately obvious. Given a two headed consumer, the entire world will benefit.

Advertising would advance to new and greater glories. A two headed man who owned two radios could listen to two different advertisements at the same time. He could go to a movie house with two adjacent screens and see both halves of a feature at the same time. He would need two hats. The optometrist's business would boom. The eye, ear, nose and throat specialist would have new and greener pastures. Hay fever and sinus remedies would double their sales appeal. Razor blades, hair nets, barbers--there is no end to it.

Since the time Dr. Pubwallie grew two heads on the injured camel driver, he has repeated the same experiment on five other Serkhestanians. All these cases were fatal brain injuries, which modern surgery could not hope to cure. Every case was a complete success.

One of them, a schizophrenic, unfolded another great potentiality of the new technique. The split personality formerly forced to keep up residence in one skull, was able to separate itself into two normal personalities in the new double headed condition. Pubwallie cautions psychologists not to grow too hopeful about the new separation technique, however. He believes it quite possible to have the psychopathic condition re-establish itself, somewhat on the scale of the fission process made famous by the atomic bomb. The learned doc-

tor stated in a recent publication:

"The result might well be a kind of chain reaction, resulting in triplophenia and even quadrophenia."

A great divergence of opinion is indicated by popular reaction to Dr. Pubwallie's discoveries. The Serkhestanian Home Journal recently conducted a "Man on the Street" series of interviews in an effort to determine what people thought of a possible two headed world.

Elba Finsternen of Schlutsk, stated: "It is not such a good idea. Times are bad. It would mean an extra mouth to feed."

Miss Fedorina Ostrok, of the same city, smiled and said: "It would be delightful. I have always wanted to be in two different moods at the same time."

Endino Ledakaya of Pilsk seemed optimistic, too. He said: "If my wife had two heads, perhaps one of them would agree with me occasionally." Then he smiled and added: "Could one be blonde and the other brunette?"

It is regrettable, but cogniscence must be taken in passing of the recently formed "Society for the Prevention of Diplocerbral Malformations." This misguided group, an offshoot of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Peldota Suffrage Society, is doing everything in its power to suppress Dr. Pubwallie's further researches and get the use of Cerberin made illegal.

The Association of Organized Camel Drivers, Local 111, also seems to be taking a dim view of the subject. The two headed camel driver resulting from Pubwallie's first human test case has filed petition for a double salary. The man has adopted two different names, claiming that since each head can think individually, he is two people. Naturally, both the Association and Serkhestian Camels Ltd. are in a veritable ferment. They claim that a dangerous precedent may be set.

Dr. Pubwallie, however, ignores the cares and worries his discoveries have stirred up, and is continuing his fundamental researches. He feels that as far as work with Cerberin is concerned, only the surface has been scratched. In a recent interview, he intimated that he was on the outlook for a diplocerbral with a brain injury. He is very curious to see if Cerberin injections in such a case would result in a three headed man. And then, of course, there are the dachshunds.

He has plans for research on extremities and organs of the body. Dr. Pubwallie confided that after a few dozen test cases, he hopes to once again use himself as a subject. He seems to feel that eventually, he might be able to turn all of himself around backwards, and so obviate the difficulties brought about by his sadly misplaced eyes.

Since there are unlimited amounts of Serkhestanian musk rabbits, there will always be plenty of Cerberin. This new chemical may well change the face of the world.

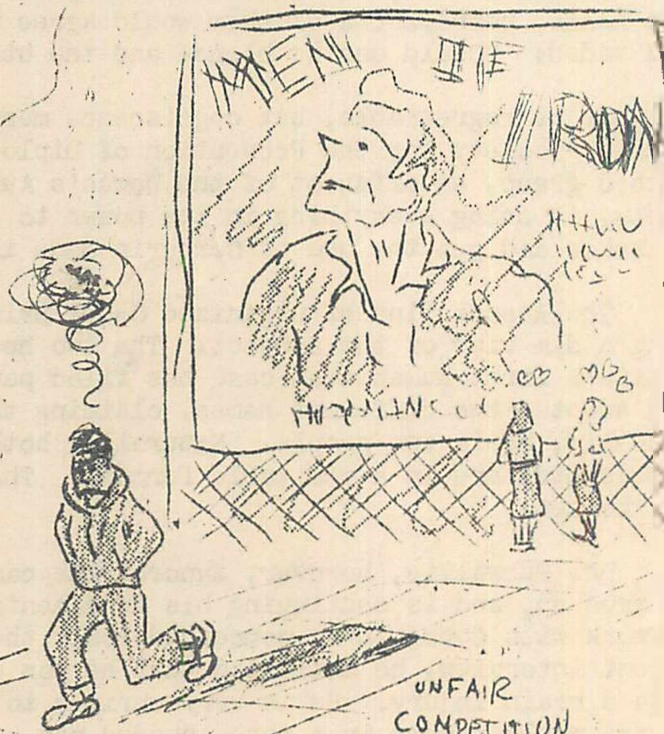
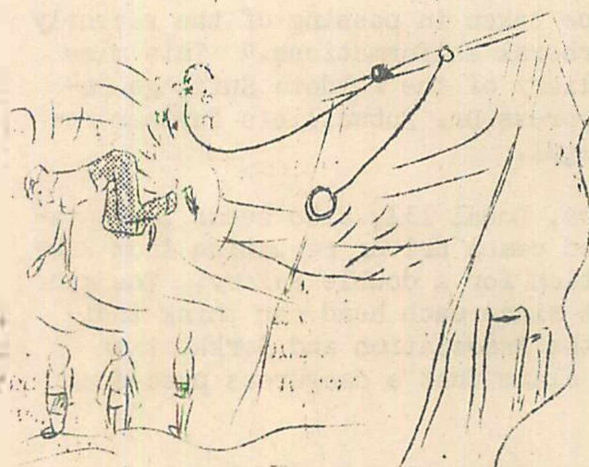
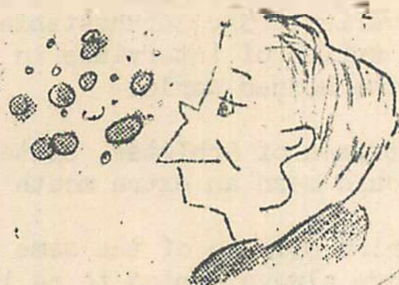
--oOo--

Our sincere gratitude to the LASFS for the use of their equipment
and to Walt Daugherty for his
time and interest.

--The Outlander Society

PEDERSON IN FOCUS

THESE ARE SKETCHES BY PEDERSON THAT TOOK UP MOST OF HIS LINK OF A CURRENT EDITION OF THE CHAIN ... THE SUBJECT IS GUESS WHO ...





THE MEAL



THE STEAN

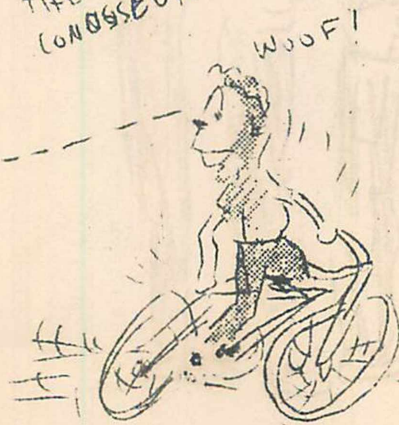


FINANCIAL STRAITS

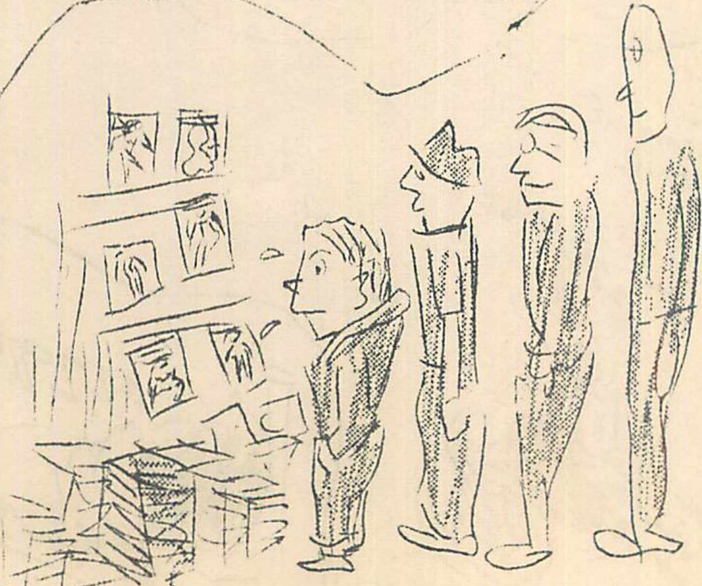
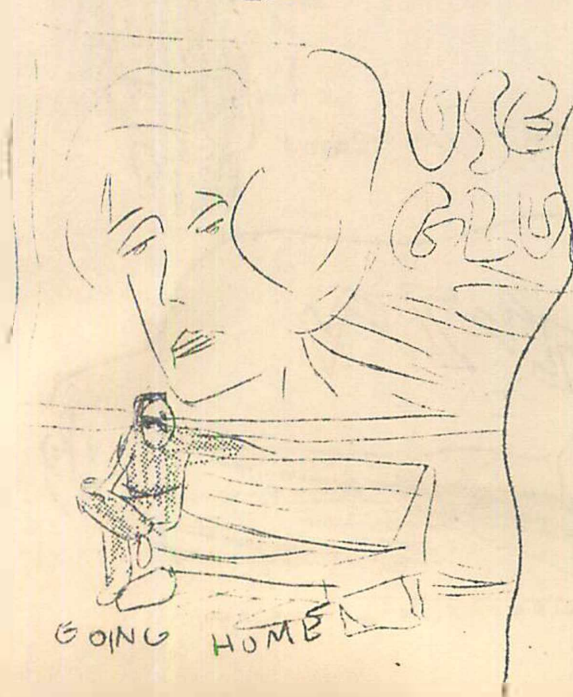
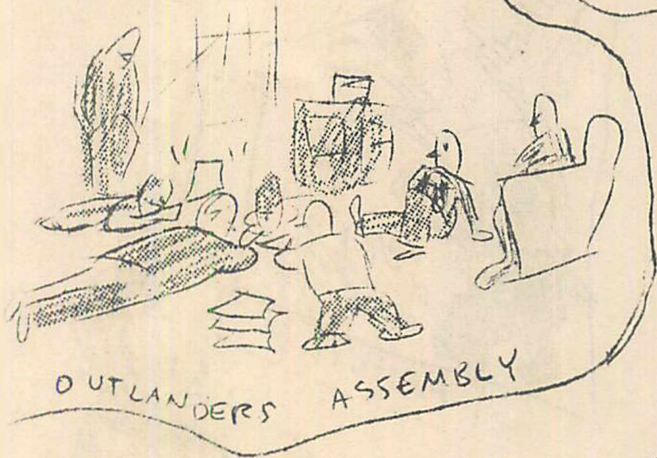


THE ASPIRATION

PEDERSON
THE FEMINE
CONOSSEUR



ENGLISH CLASS



1 2 3 Infamy!

--by John van Couvering

THE ORIGIN of Null-A fandom is obscure. Its motivating force is ascribed to one Alfred Korzybski, of the early and middle twentieth century, who originated the basic or "ideal" Null-A philosophy. His book, SCIENCE AND SANITY, was proscribed because of so-called aristotelian leanings.

Neuman Gult, leader and "Top Fan" of Null-A while it existed, began his sordid career as a member of an admitted revolutionary group known as the Outlanders, and was a companion of such early radicals as Timmer, Cox, and Pederson, since purged. Gult's "Null-A Manifesto" touched off the bloody Null-Blood revolution of April 1, 1951, which put Null-A and Gult in power for its brief reign.

Excerpts from the "Leader's Diary" reveal his motives and methods in setting up the Null-A dynasty in Fandom.

"May 28, 1949: Today I attended my first Outlander meeting. I find them a progressive if naive little group, somewhat as my friend and instructor Timmer describes them. He was right in describing Peterson, Elias, the Hersheys and possibly Van Couvering as Null-A, but I find in Sneary, Woolston and Moffat admitted aristotelian tendencies towards such outmoded things as unregulated fanzines, uncensored letters and conversation upon other subjects than Null-A, semantics and me.

Found it necessary to ask Sneary to censor his article for the Outlander. Of course, he asked in a mockingly polite and respectful voice what I thought was wrong with it. Sarcasm I cannot stand! But it is another item to add to my mounting pile of evidence of aristotelian persecutions.

"June 18, 1949: Progress! I am now president--or as they put it, Director-- of the Lasfas. Have already railroaded through a resolution to abandon all support of the Fantasy Foundation...my first step in negating the aristotelian influence of Ackerman. Am also confident that the new name of Existentialist Group One will be adopted for my club. The time is drawing near; next step will be to gain control of the pro field and stifle the undermining influence of fantasy in science ~~xx~~ fiction and ~~xx~~ science in fantasy fiction.

About the presidential election: Alan was glad to step down, as he is now one of my most trusted disciples. No one else was nominated after I got up and nominated myself; moreover, it gratified me to note that the election was unanimous. It shows a hearteningly loyal attitude. I am having only one difficulty: that of convincing the club of the urgent need of forestalling the malignant persecution of the aristotelian "mass mind".

"December 26, 1950: It has been a long, hard grind, much tougher than I expected it to be, but now nearly two-- or a little less-- years of work is about to bear fruit. I am almost ready for the coup that will put Null-A above all in fandom... Aristotelian persecution is growing more desperate as time goes on. They are trying to drive me insane with some sort of machine that makes little voices in my ear.

(1 2 3 INFANITY con't.)

They are also putting human brains into cats to spy on me. I had to purge the Hersheys yesterday; they objected to my eradication of Bonzo by shooting him in his human brain. They were getting troublesome anyway; kept insisting that science fiction was meant for enjoyment instead of instruction in the doctrines of Null-A.

"March 31, 1951: Today I issued the Null-A Manifesto; and tomorrow the revolution will be over, and I will control fandom. Null-A will rule!

"July 20, 1951: The pros are completely Null-A now. They all print the same stories, since irregularity is against the principles of the scientific mind. I shall call the magazines 'Story-events'--- or should it be story-series! The principles of semantics are becoming confusing; I shall have to revise them so that the intelligent person can grasp them. Korzybski must go.

Caught Pederson blaspheming the other day. Was kissing an aristotelian ~~xxxx~~ female (if the use of a Freudian symbol may be excused). Contact with an aristotelian mind is not the main thing, although it is bad enough, it is his tacit 'admission by action' of sexual impulse, which is a Freudian and therefore outlawed concept. He will be made an example of.

"August 4, 1951: Pederson's trial is over. As judge, I selected a jury of trusted Null-A persons. Their only point of argument was whether his mind was strong enough to take the punishment. He was convicted of Freudiansim (a paradox, since Freudiansim cannot exist, actually) and sentenced to vanishment. He is now an aristotelian again and has ceased to exist to Null-A.

"August 20, 1951. My suspicions are confirmed! I have been studying Freud and Krafft-Ebing in an attempt to get to the ~~the~~ bottom of that disgusting theory of sex. It was most disgusting, but I managed to finish. The truth dawned upon me: all true Null-A must stop growing or aging, because they admit by action that they were once younger, and before that a child, and before that a fetus, and before that-- but no! There lies madness!

Have issued an edict to cease growing. Now that everything is settled, I can go back to writing my autobiography."

The sudden demise of Null-A fandom left the pro editors with no policy and no initiative after the evaporation of Gult's strange influence. Fana took over, and brought back the exiled writers such as Bradbury, Kuttner, Williamson et al. Van Vogt was institutionalized, the strain of writing all of stf's literature for nine months being too great for him.

Gult's psychosis is still a case quoted by textbooks. His unique contention that he was a self-hallucination and did not exist, since life, reproduction and therefore sex was a Freudian myth, cracked his already insane mind. Null-A is remembered today as nothing but a fantastic theory; in Freudian Fandom such an agnostic belief is unacceptable. I shall now call up Carlotta and make a date to be uninhibited together. It does wonderful things for our neuroses. If we keep it up, I keep telling her, we may eventually become sane.

THE HERSHICON

The Outlanders scheduled their seventh meeting and third Hershicon for April 2, 1949. And what a rat race it turned out to be. Fortified by guests (half of LASFS, it seeded) the membership was utterly swamped and no official business ever got to be transacted. (Not that we ever transact any official business, but the eight members comprising the club never had a chance to even transact unofficial business or not transact official business.)

The previous meeting at Len. J. Moffatt's had been an initial success in that the first Outlander was run off. John Van Couvering was editor and the whole gang, under Torry Ackerman's benign eye, took turns at Len's antiquated mimeo for turning out this terrific new fan mag.

Anyhow, by devious and sundry means, the Hershicon got itself a bunch of invited guests. It's almost impossible to remember any sequence of events. I had laryngitis and croaked all evening. Mountains of food and hogsheads of liquids disappeared like magic, arms and legs sprawled all over the living room floor, overflowed into the kitchen and radio and gabfests vied with each other in creating earth shaking decibels of sound.

Rick Sneary arrived first and early, bringing his lunch with him. Quietly he munched away on his sandwich, trying so hard not to disturb our preparatory efforts in the kitchen. Such self-effacement seemed funny after the horde arrived.

Van Couvering trotted in next with a miniature chess set. He snagged Rick for a quick game.

"Had lunch?" I asked.

"Nope. Just finished breakfast, but I admit I could eat again. But don't bother".

Manfully he accepted a sandwich and a glass of milk. So, munching and moving, red hair awry, he gleefully ignored all but the chess board for a while.

Then the downtown chariot arrived and out poured the charming group---Jean Cox, Kenny Bonnell, Dave L'Esperance, Con, the Pederson, Dick, the Timmer, and Bill, eyebrows Elias. The gleeful noises that invariably come from non-Aristotelian throats assailed the air, and I could barely croak an answering greeting. They all agreed I didn't look as bad as I sounded. Not quite.

And soon enough Len and Stan Woolston wandered in. The quiet one from Bell Gardens and the smiling Buddha from Garden Grove made their back thumpings in true fannish fashion.

Magazines, books, candy wrappers, potato chips, manuscripts and beer bottles appeared magically. The Bonze was inspected and Petunia's coming motherhood discussed (Yep, we have six new kittens now and the Bonzo was not to blame. However they all hypertensify, even at the tender age of two weeks).

More beer appeared, I mixed grape juice for the non-tiplers and Ackie was here.

"Everyone here already?" he asked quietly.

"I hope so!" I answered, "Do you miss anyone?"

"Nooo-ooo. Guess not."

Seated majestically on the couch, Forry held sway over one group. Our student psychiatrist, Dick Timmer, listened to some radio of an atonal nature with a blissfully unaware? beatific smile, aided and abetted by Con, the disciple.

Kenny, poor lamb, allergic to cats, started sneezing. And I mean sneezing. The house was full of cat hair and cats and Kenny was plied with allergy pills and Kleenex. His eyes teared, his nose ran and his wandering forelock descended unto his nose tip. For nothing other than fandom would one suffer so in silence---silent sneezing, I mean.

I called the roll and discovered all were willing to eat as soon as I could get it ready. I got it ready. Pans of meat loaf, noodle casserole, tossed green salad, pickles, olives, sauerkraut, milk, pop, fruit juices, beer, coffee, cookies and jello vanished as fast if not faster than I could haul it from kitchen to living room.

The Hershey's own only four chairs, so everyone was polite and sat on the floor to eat. What a Snake Pit! Korzybski was bandied about by the more learned members of the group and Forry took off to have the car repaired.

"But I'll be back. Save me something", he asked hopefully, his eye on Van Couvering's heaped plate. He left. Mildred Braham appeared. More greetings. Cue now for Dick to start his lesson in General Semantics. He was well prepared with notes. Sitting at ease, with half the gang at his feet, and ably aided by Dave L'Esperance, he rattled off some of the more basic principles to our untutored ears. Jean listened with one tendril as he and Alan discussed Bradbury, or was it A.E. Van Vogt? Kenny sneezed, Rick went back to chess with John and the listeners were both properly impressed and unimpressed. General discussion followed. Very general, except the asides by Bill Elias, which made me fairly hysterical.

Forry reappeared. The car would have to wait and he was still hungry. How does he subsist on so little food and so many cookies?

The boys did the dishes, God bless them or is it Aynay pre-serve them! and all prospective girls' friends take notice. I collapsed on the floor. More talk, more beer, more reading of mags and exchange of books and the auction was held, proceeds going to the hosts. More chess games and tentative plans were made for an outing on Easter Sunday. (We painted our bathroom instead, as it turned out)

Tillie.
now Wendy, called and Forry went and got her. She was hungry. By then I was too dazed to serve her and was glad it was a woman, who could help herself. Through the bedlam, the master of the house smoked endless cigarettes, drank his share (if not more) of the beer, ate his share (if not more) of the food, listened quietly to Len and Stan most of the time and said little. Oh, for his gift to remain unruffled in the face of precocious adolescents, precocious young adults, the fire of fervor in Cox's eyes, Kenny's sneezing, the world shattering discussion by Wendy, Mildred, Dave, Timmer and myself on how to or not to raise children. Oh yes, the little boy next door was also introduced to some and ended up by being torn limb from tree. Poor little Ricky. He's only 2½ years old. We draw the line at no one, irregardless, disregardless and unregardless.

The final summation, a la Dick Timmer:

"You must explain every action and command to a child."

sister does to her 3 year old," Mil abetted. Me, I'll take cats.

And Alan's treasured books were making a growing pile all over the floor. It must be true love, because he said nothing. And my 'gggood' dishes, silverware and cut glass were consigned to the tender mercies of Bill washing, Dick drying and Dave supervising. They were terrific.

Suddenly a flurry of coats and the downtown band were taking off. Previous commitments. Only 8P.M. too. Kenny was happiest to go, for by now he was a pink eyed blob. And so we lost six in one fell swoop.

Time, or was it space flowed on. And Rick, Len, Stan and I were inventing a much needed machine. Gad, it was some whoosis before we got through with it. Through the haze of smoke and radio music, I caught dribbles of other conversations. The next meeting at Rick's was finally proposed.

Forry mentioned a few of the latest movies with a fantasy angle or two, and told us of his plan to attend the Norwescon. (He's been and come and given his eye witness report at LASFS. 'Nuff said.

Time for more food, but the hungrier element, except Van Couvering, had gone and even the potato salad, of which I'm so proud, was scarcely touched. But coffee and cake and this time I remembered to eat too.

And all of a sudden it was 11, and Wendy and Forry departed, with explicit instructions on how to take a short cut downtown. And of course they got lost---out in Pasadena somewhere. 'Off the trail.'

The remaining settled down now real quietly. The scattered debris was a sight to behold. But we talked on. Decided it was a terrific social but the worst awful Outlander meeting we had ever had and at 12:30, Alan drove Rick, Len, Stan and John off into the morning.

Wearily, I gathered glasses, ash trays, books, papers, bottles, dishes and turned off the still blaring radio. At 1:15, Hal. Mil's husband came for her. More coffee and another quick snack. And they were gone and Alan returned.

We eyed each other with weak smiles. My head was a jumble of labeled abstractions, cats, sneezes, Portland, children, higher levels, Astoundings, LASFS, and the house cleaning chores for the morrow. I sat in one chair, too exhausted to move. Alan sat on the couch and smoked in his usual relaxed fashion.

"Tired?" I asked very croakily.

"Guess so."

"Wonderful party, wasn't it?"

"Guess so."

"Ready to go to sleep now?"

"Guess so."

And so we did.

Freddie Hershey

FILINGS

FROM THE CHAIN

Now that we've caught up with previous issues of the Official Eternal Chain letter, we (meaning me, Van C., FILINGS' editor) will take excerpts from each letter in the order of succession, beginning with mine, since it is the oldest link enclosed, and so forth to Con Pederson's. And now....

THAT BLONDE AGAIN; OR, WHY BE NORMAL?

VAN COUVERING L. 5

--- Bulletin: the end of the semester has arrived, and JoAnn has transferred into second period study hall. My chance! I spend all period talking over the feature page of our school-publication with her. I am feature editor and she writes all my stories, but until now she has been kept away from me by the fact that I, as a second year student of journalism, have it third period and she, a junior and first-year scribbler, must perforce take it fifth. Progress...

Alan, I

hereby apply for membership in the intra-Salamic league and a sliver of your Los Alamos fused sand. However, my cortico-salamic reflexes are not what they could be, so can I bring bologna in a brown paper bag instead?

The desert--- ahh, how I

love that place! Dead unbroken silence like a thick blanket over the sleeping Mojave; gray-green, spindly creosote and the rock-studded, dry slopes; brown, green, spotted, blue and violet hills jaggging up from the desert floor like islands in a brown and petrified sea. Perched on alluvial mounds, stringing out in single file or stacked on one the other, they are the dominant objects in the Mojave. They ride smooth, sandy washes like curving roads, shaded over by cottonwoods and desert acacia until they are cool and sloping sand-floored trails. I like to sit on a ledge or hillock under the brow of a mountain and watch the vast, hazy desert stretch into invisibility, and smell the hot, fragrant creosote and sage smells. Corny? You said it!

THE RULE OF THE SPARTAN FAN, AND OTHER FANTASTIC TALES

WOOLSTON, L. 6

---It seems that by 2443 or thereabouts the Spartan Fan had taken over world government for several centuries, and the Solarination was dedicated to a dynamic policy of peace if it killed 'em. Through a group of robots the Spartan Fan, who was never seen, controlled the reins of germinating consciousness, the children's and growing folks' minds---the robots would serve as instructors to the very young, and act as sparring partners to the conversations of the rest. They would wander around, doing various odd jobs for free, working for sick men and giving him all the wages, etc etc and etc.

Only an Outlander would think of that. So, as the most outlandish of the Outlanders, I would most naturally be on one of the outlying worlds, namely Luna, in a hollowed-out space, as the hours of the day December 10, 2443 wear away. Then I will stop pattering with with a subspace communicator, with which I am exchanging information with a group of subatomic-scale entities who exist on a time scale of a thousand years faster than I...and the fact that their minds are controllable, so a few billion creatures can think in unison for a few trillion years, can I pick up the words the words that help me work out the problems of the Solar Worlds...their thoughts suddenly change to

FILINGS FROM THE CHAIN (CON'T.)

to one of warning, and I haer (mentally) the thought. "Control the surface tension before it's too late---" when...it happens!

I reach for a glass of rhubarb juice, grown in sublunar caves by the robots for me, and eat a bite of cheese on whole wheat, when...

Well, I should have guessed it was going to happen. Centuries ago, when I went to the moon on the suggestion of the subatomites, they told me various formulæ for renewing the body endlessly. Only--I kept growing, and the robots kept digging out the hollow at the center of the moon where I live. I guess there was a time when I was as big as a mastodon, but that was some time ago. But--

Right after the awrning I ate a bit of cheese reflectively. Then-- I exploded. Surface tension, you know. If you don't believe this is true, just wait and see. 2443, December 16. Remember!

Who's this guy Elias? His method of writing a story is a direct steal from mine. I too put in a 'soon-to-be sullied sheet, and pause. Then I think of a word. Any word. Then I make a sentence around it. Then I pause for about one second, run my tongue over my teeth, recite a simple reversible spell to myself, and go through all the actions of standing on my head with my left ear for support, mentally of course. The cortico-thalamic pause is then done sideways, as I tell myself I am facing east, but am actually facing east. This builds up a tension that causes an itch on the tip of my tongue, which I scratch with the end of my nose. When this is done I find the paper contains an arrangement of commas, dots, and assorted letters of the alphabet interspersed with white space. Trouble is, it seldom makes sense. So, in the name of Hipsquartitraugspin facing north, I depart.

BILL ELIAS AND THE HUMAN RACE

ELIAS, L. 7

---As for the desert, remember once my telling you how much I wanted to wander in the solitude and lay on my tummy and sniff the pale blue flowers (ahh Ferdinand). Anyway, if you people ever take a desert trip and leave old Bill behind...ohh, brother! I'll bring my suntan lotion and Nature Boy outfit.

I echo, who wants to be sane? Adjusted (to a degree, perhaps, but SANE never!) Where the blankety blank so and so is my piece of green glass? My Geiger counter is pining and panting away for a pich of U-235 to gloat over, can't you sprinkle a few gammas or alphas or sigma chis on the stuff, to keep it happy?

Le Guerre had quite an emotional impact on yours truly. It made me grow up in quite a hurry, put a tremendous responsibility on me at the time when ordinarily I'd still be sowing my wild oats. Made me quite adult in my outlook, which I haven't quite sloughed off yet (the excess seriousness, I mean. In retrospection, I feel quite like a pendulum swinging from seriousness (the war) to complete irresponsibility right after the war. I'm still on the outer edge of this swing, but the arc is getting shorter fast.

I'll join you-all (that 's my West-byGod!-Virginia accent coming in) in asking for a report on the Intra-Salamic league. If not in existence yet, then, by God, we'll make one! Boy, am I glad I got in the OS when I did. Now if I can only keep in good standing with the powers that be."

THINGS THE OUTLANDERS LIVE BY:

Fantasia -- "Rite of Spring" by Stravinsky --
 Ravel's "Bolero" -- semantics -- that desert trip to the Calico mountains --
 van Vogt's lectures, past tense --- Lasfas -- Ackerman -- Bonzo, Pe-
 tunia, Satan, and all the rest of the kittens -- the Official Eternal Chain --
 Alan's fused sand and the ball of U-238 -- trying to get Bill to talk about
 the war --- WHAT IS FREDDIE'S MAIDEN NAME?

FILINGS FROM THE CHAIN (CON'T)

AND SO BEGINS ANOTHER ROUND

MOFFAT, L. 1 R. 5

---You guys and your talk of the desert makes me feel that I could learn to live there....as long as food and drink were handy. I don't doubt the beauty of the desert; in fact, I know tis beautiful. I once wrote a short short-short y-clept A Western Sunset. It was a bittersweet little item about three guys riding along in a car, Out of Phoenix...out into the desert. The guy riding in the middle is a nervous little character. The other two guys, or rather one of 'em, speaks fondly of beauty, poetry, etc. The other guy (the driver) just mutters. When they get to a particularly lovely--and lonely spot, the little guy and the talkative guy get out of the car and walk off away from it. Guess what happens. (get yer dhirty mind outa there, Pistachio!) I'll let you read it someday. Got the idea from a buddy in Honolulu, and wrote it there. He thought it was wonderful. I don't, but I had fun writing it and who knows? maybe it sings. (Off key of course).

Freddie, West By God Virginia is not a hellhole. It's much like Pennsgawdbutitgetscoldinthewintersylvania which is much like parts of New-gawdhelph'emYork... But the only state I really prefer is Arizona and-- had I the ways and means-- I'd do much more than prefer it, I'd live in it. Califoynygod-it'snqwingornia I like better than any of the Eastern states BUT.

RAMBLIN' RICK RETURNS

SNEARY, L.2

---John, next time you get to be full editor it will be over the prown bodies of me, Freddie, and Conrad. You made my stuff mildy inackeret, Freddie, slanderous, and Con, well, he says you did something to it, anyway Timmer notes it. ((There follows much more on the same tune, but -- ahem -- let's not talk about me so much- Van))

Take warning Pederson me fine bucko. Use us well or you will get what the gentleman on top got. --Yes, and remember, list all our names.. And put the motto "South Gate in '58" in a number of places. Laugh, deride, say what you will, time will tell. In 9 years there will be countless places to hold a convention in SG. REMEMBER AS AN OUTLANDER YOU ARE PLEDGED TO SUPPORT THE SOUTH GATE CONVENTION IN '58. If you fail, I'll just stop thinking about you, and you will just neaver was.

You know, there is really no reason why this group shouldn't have officers. I know we can't have elections, but we can apoint each other. Let's see-- I'm official Welcomer; Freddie, you be Grand High Priestess, and chairman in charge of Morale and Keeping Van Couvering Quiet. Alan is of course Grand Wizard. Con, Poet Laureate...Stan would be Most Exalted Printers Devil. Bill would be Comishener of Intrege and ~~Spitting~~ (oop's) Information. (OSS during war, you know). John and Len will have to think up their own; everybody think up some.

Let me publicly remark the Hershey's as naming their car "Kortzybski". So another car joins the rabks of such fan cars as Empress of Foo-Foo, Skylark of Foo, Panzerkampfwagen, Andromeda II, S-F Rocket Car #1, FooFoo Special and others.

Con--

In a wooded stream not hafe so high that I could call my own. Sad morning brings but half so the world, and can compare with any man now born to see. Let the lighs drift high in waves and glaze the high borne wasp with outstretched hand of fear. Cry loud the morn that does break and crush the black snake to the ground. Class loose the crags and fling the towers down, the lost will come ere soon, and those that pass will follow. And pop.

Despite this, I don't think like the others that you've gone too far. You have changed, and you will again. Just as John has progressed from being merely a slob to the point where we can point with pride and there goes a first-class jerk," you too will improve.... Like Ackerman I fully expect to go 'boom', but why weep. I fully agree that people are no damn good, but I'm a people, so why kick.

FILINGS FROM YE CHAIN (CON'T)

FREDDIE'S CASE REVIEWED

FREDDIE, L. 3

---so much has happened since jan. 23, when last i wrote, that i scarcely know where to begin. of course, the most important thing that happened to me was meeting van couvering. nice boy, slightly young for all his six feet; painfully shy, gentle and considerate to aging ladies and possessing a wit fantastique. obviously the strong silent type, terribly introverted and handsome in a red-headed sort of fashion.

and of necessity the lasfas fanquet. for the two of you who missed it and getting into the outlander picture, my heart bleeds. the chicken was good, ee evans gave a very interesting talk on the trials and tribulations of a would-be author, and the talks by the greats and near greats of fandom were fairly good hearing.

as for our mag-- i drug it down to lasfs and proceeded to sell my charms for the noble sum of ten cents and collected one-twenty for my pains. that was 12 copies paid for and three given away to less fortunate fellow travelers. con's poetry and alan's article getting most of the discussion. on the whole very well received.

and after tearing john away from psychopathis sexualis at dale hart's i managed to reinterest him in our desert trip. mind you, i had to convince him that i would do my sun bathing strictly according to all conventional rules (where ever did he get the idea that i planned otherwise. bill, you tell him. you know me best.)

VAN COUVERING EXCOMMUNICATED

HERSHEY, L. 4

---I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM SNEARY THE OTHER NIGHT, and in it was enclosed an addendum which I will addend to this chain of many links. It is a little article on a rocket exhibit. Un fortunately, I have a phobia about anything to do with rockets, on account of my adventures with the salamoids. Enough of Sneary. He's getting too famous anyway. A sure way to attract the attention of the Gargotines.

Let's go on to somebody infamous, like Van Couvering. Don't lend any of your books to this guy, fellows. He dunks them in soup, he leaves them in other people's cars, and for all I know he absentmindedly munches on them when he feels hunger. Yes, he left Dale Hart's copy of Psychopathia Etc. in my car last week. Worse than that, he left an unopened Sneary literary masterpeice in the book. He is a cad and a bounder, fellows. BEWARE! I think the only way fittingly to punish him is to take away his pogo stick.

Then there is this fellow Elias. The pride of West By God Virginia, but pride goeth before a LASFS meeting. This guy has been a member of Lasfas for months and delights in going around mumbling how dead the meetings are. Little does he know that we are going to make one even deader by inviting a fellow named William Paul Elias to gie us a wee talk on South Sea Island Magix. That's pural for magic. Pural is a misspelling of plural. As I was saying, the MAGnificent ELias is going to discover how fascinating a meeting becomes when he is on the spot. My directorship is 2/3 over anyway and I'm looking for someone who give such an exciting talk that I don't get re-elected. I think Bill would make a cunning director. And he could expound his VIEWS like mad.

All this may give you the idea. I am merely sharpening up my daggers for the showdown battle with Laney. He is closing in on us, and any day now I expect to be accused of being homosexual. I have to watch my colons and semicolons with an eagle eye, and I had better not sit so near to Daugherty and Ackerman at the meetings. Are there any of you girls who are under suspicion? I have to know excatly where I sit or stand, and I cannot be caught alone in a room with other men.

This business of taking Moffat to and from LASFS meetings must also cease. After all, the honor of Hoishey is at stake!

FILINGS FROM THE CHAIN (CON'T)

AROUND AND AROUND WITH PEDERSON

PEDERSON, L. 5

---I can't find anything in the expanses-- expenses-- of my mind-- which is this fan room. There is a pile of fancrud everywhere you look. My typer is floundering in pencils, paint-rags, deathless manuscripts; while the desk on my left is laden with ink bottles of every breed and walk of life (did you know that ink has a personality? Look in any comic section, movie ad section or bit of pornography you happen to find and see.) The ink bottles are perched on, about, or under books, mags, tools for all sorts of fan-nish things, turp, oil, scotch tape, lino blocks, jars of pencils and pencils, pocketbooks (the type you read), and sketches of "masterpieces" that duly evolve by the ream from my English class. One day I'll start painting some.

The bookcase is sagging with surprisingly orderly rows of pulps while the top shelf groans (I wish) with books. Above that are some paintings, but under those--gad. I must have more fanzines than Rick has. My Amazings are set neatly aside--no room. Behind me a dresser is carrying its share of envelopes and unanswered letters, manuscripts, paper---- The drawers sag with masters, letters, that can't possibly stay so compressed much longer--with any more hot weather it may explode.

Occasionally I will make an error in my painful typing and look up at the mirror. Immediately I will think of van couvering saying a filthy word which saves me the trouble of saying one. My pure thoughts bounce about the speckled glass with only thoughts of happiness or maybe van couvering.

Anyway I can see my mirror now. I finally took all my rejection slips and pinned them neatly to one corner. There are 10 of them. Twelve now.

It is now

4:31 in the unusually gooey afternoon of April 6th. A week and a half ago I lay this down to sleep and haven't touched it since. I will try to bat off another page before the letter rots away.

The only excitement today was when a friend and I were playing volleyball with a beach ball over the lead-in wires from the power lines. He hit one that led to the house next door, it shorted, and before I knew it the fire department and half of Inglewood were on the job. The fire threatened our house and the next one, and laid down a smoke screen for a kiddie party down the block. No loss, except the lead-ins. No fuss, but I think my friend has left the country.

Come to think of it, who couldn't?

With such light mad gay witty charming patter I will wish this on Van Couvering, the guy with the morbid fear about everything.
--oOo--

THE OUTLANDER REVIEW



Second Issue: Edited by Conrad Pederson

An Official Outlander Society Publication