

The •

Official Organ of the Outlander Society

# OUTLANDER

*Third Issue*

*Co-Edited by Freddie and Alan Hershey*



Freddie Hershey • Alan Hershey • Rick Sneary • Len Moffatt • Bill Elias  
John Van Couvering • Con Pederson • Dave Lesperance • Stan Woolston



It says in the good book of fandom that if you are an editor, it is your sacred duty to write an editorial. Not being practised editorialists, we will try to stall along for about ten lines, saying nothing. After all, what is there to say? You all know about the exorbitant price of cigarettes, the decline of Astounding, and how to tie a Windsor knot.

Besides, the gamut of human knowledge is well covered in this masterpiece of fanzines. We have bathtubs, goblins, time travel, nudes, horror, pathos (no byplay on that last, please) and ibble-dibble. There is even some high class cartography.

Why quibble? The truth of the matter is, the cover alone is a masterpiece, well worth ten cents. And we give you not one cover, not one and a half covers, but TWO covers! Who cares what is in between?

And what IS in between was strung together by ye co-editors, freddie hershey and alan hershey, ably abetted by john van couvering, ye olde original Chain Filer.

This publication is issued spasmodically by one or more of the HOLY NINE, and sells for the pittance price of ten cents. The next issue will be in the capable hands of stan woolston.

OUTLANDER #1 and #2 are no longer available. If you want this one, get on the beam and send your dinero (no stamps, please) to freddie hershey, 6335 king ave. bell, 6alifornia.

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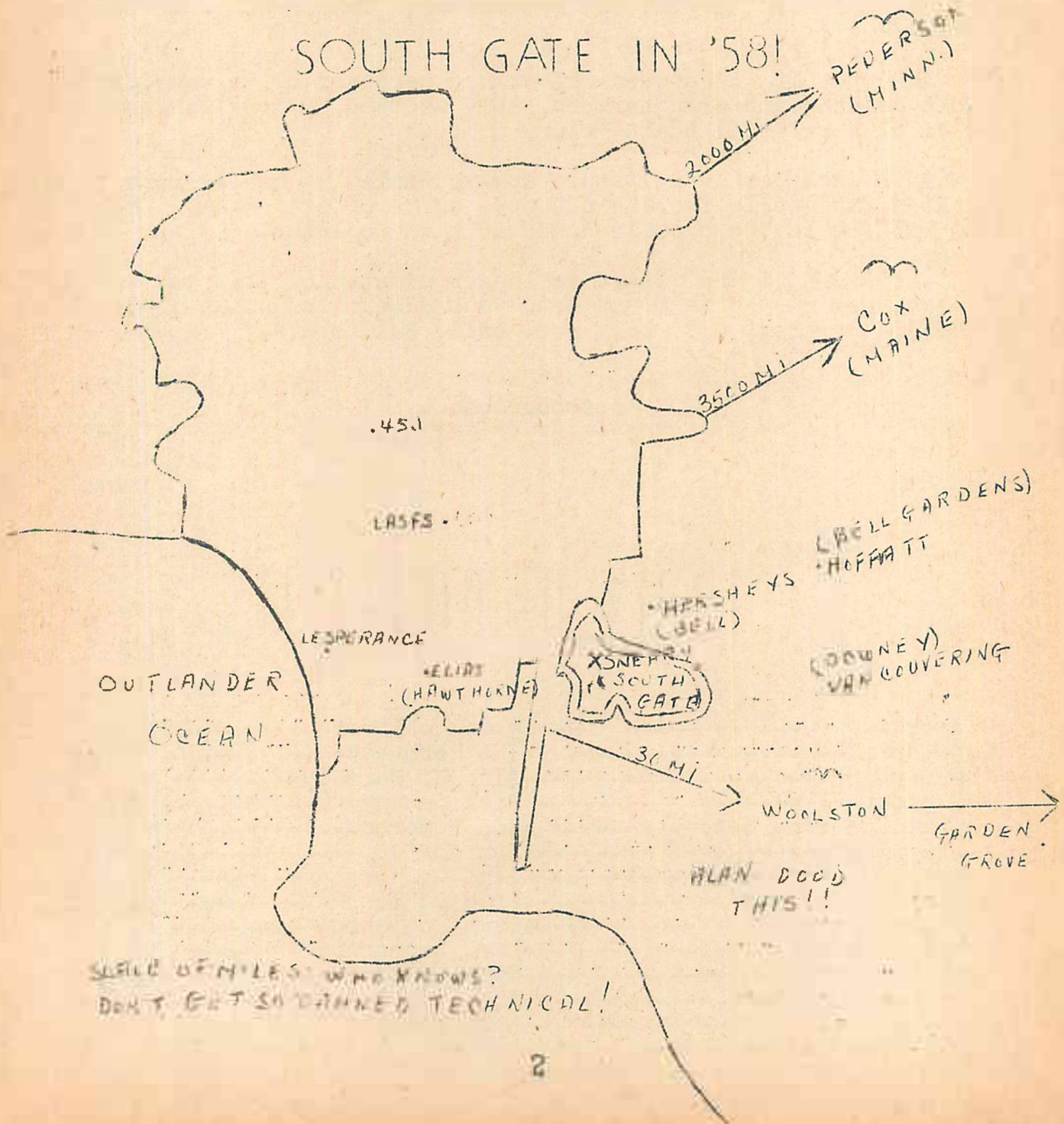
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# THE LAND OF OS

Every once in a while someone writes and burbles: "where the Hell is Bell? Or, how do you guys expect to put on a Convention in '58, if South Gate ain't, in the U.S.?"

The lump of metropolis you can't help seeing below is the fair city of Los Angeles, or most of it. Almost 500 square miles of bad-lands. On the outskirts of this sprawling giant cling the Outlanders, inhabiting little municipalities of which there are billions around good old L.A.

## SOUTH GATE IN '58!





# BLACKOUT

RICK SNEARY

"I was seated on the edge of my coffin reading the copy of "Blood Curling Horror Tales" edited by Miss Susan Prim. The fume on my lip was not from the beer, and the damp wetness on my forehead was not from the three frogs. I had just reached the most horrible spot in the super horror attraction of BCHT. The mad, muddering dead vampire feind had just mudered the hero by chopping off his feet and pulling his bones out from the bottom. Just as he ripped all the cloths off the heroin in preperation for his next dastredly deed of mad, muddering feindish insaine lust, there came a knock on the door.

**Knock.**

I trembled so much that I blew out the candles and the large, dead rat I had been sitting on fell to the floor.

**Thump.**

Then there was the creak of floor boards, and a tall figger entered the room. I screemed, for it was the face on the cover of BCHT. I ran from the room, posing only long enough to pick up my headsman ax and fling it at him.

It wizzed thru him I'm sure, for it was covered with black, sticky stuff when it embeded itself in the wall.

I rushed upstairs, but I heard the footsteps behind me. I turned, and pressed a hidden lever, and the floor opened below my onknown caller. I started down the stairs, confadent that he was now desolving in my tub of hot lime, but just as I neared the opening I saw a hand reach out, and draw the rest of the horror out of the pit into which it had slunged.

I screemed, and fled back up the stairs. At the head I turned and threw a match into a drum of oil I kept there, and rolled it down on him. It exploded half way down covering everything with beautiful roaring flames. And out of this, out of this raging inferno, walked the horror, the smell of hell about him. I drew my three guns and I fired point blank, but all the bullets seemed to pass right through him, as he kept coming, reaching out a hand toward me...

I must have gone a little mad then, for I forget what happoned then. But the next thing I knew I was out on the roof. My cloths were in rages, and I was covered with blood; my own I felt sure, as some still driped from the place my nose had been. Below me the house was a mass of flames. And their, on the other end of the roof, coming toward me was the thing, black as the Pit, and swaying slowly from side to side... Slowly, slowly advacing toward me. Extending his long boney hand toward my thought. It was allmost on me. I had nothing more to defend myself. There was only one thing left to do. As it lurched for me I leaped into space.

But to-late. A steel like hand closed on my leg, and drew me back fro the salvat on of death. In my hour of judgement my courage returned. I turned to face the horror with a brave smile. I knew that this was the end, but I would die like a man. The undescribable horror lurched closer and in a dry as dust voice rasped out..

"Hay

mister, there is 124 due on this letter."

END

S O U T H G A T E I N ' 5 8 !



SWAMI  
PEDERSON  
SEZ:

I've just realized there is quite a drawback to this Outlander chain letter. If we contract any more members, they will undoubtedly join the Chain Gang. And you know what that means:

Round 73: Well, well gang....this is old Hugo Turnbuckle of 734 N. Gluepot Drive, Pismo Beach, Calif. I finally got the crate from Henry Clogwheeze in Pomona containing the 73rd link of the Outlander Eternal Chain Letter. Incidentally, heh heh, Hank---I enjoyed your little account of the tenth anniversary of the Outlanders at your house. And the plans made for next year's South Gate convention.

"Well, I've been a member a year and a haly now, and was sure glad to get the chain letter at last. I'd better hurry up with this, tho. Lessee.....I send it on to Bertram Bullfiggle, 4334 Oatmeal Ave., Alhambra, hey? I'll have to keep this link short---only have a fourth of a ream of paper.

".....Well, it's finally finished. Only 53 pages this time, and I had it two months. I tried not to date the material. After all, I won't get my link out again for three years."

Some fon, hey keed? Pass the moustache cup, Father Sneary. Thank yew. But let us continue this sordid tale. Think of it, Outlanders. The seed of our own destruction is latent among us. Our own society-ridden mores, stfictional tho they may be, will know no bounds should the moon be reached, our soldiers invade Mars, our radios tune in Mercury, or Venus' soldiers invade Earth. Then science fiction, our binding theme, will be everyday pulp fiction. Slicks will convert to atomic furnace gizmos instead of wounded mountain ponies. "Life" will have to adopt the selling word Fantastic before its trigger title of to-day if it expects to keep up with the reaction motor pace of to-morrow's visionary public.

For then, dear friends, it will be a gold seal honor for Mrs. Grumbacher to be a member of the Outlander Society. It alone will have the power to veto proposals to incorporate new organizations in a paranoid but bedrock smug fandom. Delegates will camp on Washington sidewalks, demanding recognition. Mrs. Grumbacher and her sister cannibals, ten million strong, will march in upon the Outlanders----last outpost of Southwest Fandomania----since it alone maintains the social criteria, bearing festered crumpets and spiked tea. (Thank you, Wylie).

Naturally the OS will expand with the speed of thot. We will have to make laws, rules and other legal impedimenta in order to keep ourselves to ourselves.



Then we will begin to bicker. Dissension in the ranks! Acivil war is abrew! No longer a good old bunch of fans, the Outlanders claw and clamor as each blow serves symbolism for a tree crashing to earth, or rather, to Venus; a nail pounded on Mars; or a new artificial tidal wave on Deimos. Bitter times will come upon the Outlanders when the world discovers them.

Or even sooner. Perhaps the expansion of the Oz will warrant a phenomenal chain letter, such as inferred above. It will come to you every three years, regular as a plague of locusts, replete in its familiar, battered crate, a thousand old addresses scratched over and written on. But one day, some poor neophyte will slip up. For a return address he will put Outlander Society Official Chain Letter!

And that will do it. The Express Co., already made filthy rich by that familiar old crate--rich from the pinchpenny pockets of starving but loyal Outlanders--will gasp in dismay at the last two words of that epitaph. A CHAIN LETTER! Torn between Capitalism and the Deep Blue Law they will finally either a) privately blackmail every Outlander so that they will starve and drop like flies in the streets, become winos, or join the Foreign Legion....or, b) they will, with Aristotelian precision, declare to the law that the crate is full of money, thousands of doubloons plus currency, just waiting for the lucky person at the end to clean up. Assuming that "b" is true, here come the now bloated ranks of the OS, sobbing into their starched collars, cringing as they march into court. Long rows of them, each guilty of the Black Deed--circulating a Chain Letter.

The judge, sworn in, immediately glimpses the fateful box and declares that only A-1 Dillingers could be guilty of passing swag like that around in a coicle. Figuring the contents in the millions, he would probably hang us all. Or perhaps distribute us all over the nation's prisons. They would shortly become so swollen with---ugh---OS that the old prisoners (cutthroats, swindlers, murderers, maniacs, thieves and second hand bookdealers), the really dangerous elements of our dear Americanus Societus would flow out of the top of this sea of stripe-suited inmates. They would flow right out over the walls like so much beer. They would overrun the country, murdering, robbing, committing, selling books--until some Dick Whittington should chance along and round them up. Or maybe they would take control of the country--majority rules, you know. Immediately the LASES would be reinstated after three years of disbanding (due to overfrequent raids and investigations by the gendarms). All fandom would break loose. The world would be in panic. Women and the children screaming, mad scientists exploding, brave men, mad dogs and Englishmen slaughtered like so much pork on the hoof in the streets, cities crumbling.

While some fans, The Outlanders, probably the only ones in the world who could rapidly invent some gizmo to get everything back to normal (since that's probably all the narrow-minded legislators would request) would be put in their prisons. And most of them drunk on the beer that the rushing foam of old convicts left behind.

What to do? A nation bubbles under a sea of desperate and casual monsters, crime is rampant and quite amok. What to do? The OS, now residents of Sing Sing, Alcatraz, Tehachapi, Joliet, Lincoln Heights and Siberia--calmly take in the Armageddon outside, they the only respectable remnants of civilization... all clothed neatly, all fed adequately, all busy building atomic bombs and guns and knives and B-29s in the quaint little workshops

Recreation time spent in leisure at their hobbies.

In revenge, wardens are lynched, guards flee. The guns are confiscated by well adjusted Outlanders, used to keep citizens and other riff-raff from escaping into their cozy prisons. Can't you see Young Fan Elmo Gleep, avid Amazing Reader, clutching with sweaty little hands his favorite submachine gun, gleefully shooting people off the grey walls like clay ducks at a shooting gallery, as they in vain try to sneak into the safe and sound prisons.

The bloodstained motto over the door of the Rock (Home of Contented Convicts) will be replaced with "Unit 63--- Outlander Society". Eventually they will tunnel between prisons, go underground, become heroes. Or at the last moment decide to vacate to their asteroid 4,000,000 miles (then turn right) from Mars. But too late. Perhaps as their giant spaceship rockets away, a pardon will be radiod to them and they will all quietly die of sensitive fannish heart failure. Perhaps it will be their own atomic bomb, placed there by an innocent TWS devotee, catching them before their initial blast-off. But it will come. Maybe a frozen death in deep space. Or of Thirsting to death, having carelessly forgotten to take anything but water along. But it will come.

And in that last moment, before final death comes, they will think back on their foul deeds. Perhaps, if they could live life over, they might have done better. Remember when that poor fan made the mistake of scrawling CHAIN LETTER on the crate was decapitated? Poor innocent friendly imbecile. Remember, when the 85th OUTLANDER was published, just before the judge passed sentence? And the editorial in it that suggested they change from 8 point Bodoni Medium to the old Cheltenham Medium, or else spend less money for half-tones? How dear to the hearts of true fan such trivial memories were. And in that last moment before death came, how timeless and immortal the innocent little things like eating cat-meat instead of hamburger dropping an IEM machine on the director of LASFS for a gag, or giving an author's wife a nitroglycerine hotfoot, thinking it was a mere candle. What gay, fannish events.

But they will go to their deaths, I'm sure, quite resigned, when they realize that it was inevitable. How indeed, could they circumnavigate the intricate sequences that were destined to bestrew their complex paths? Would YOU dynamite your friend in order to change an event-line in the ultimate scheme of things, so that a chain letter should not assume gargantuan proportions? Would YOU comb your buddy's hair with a hatchet in order that he should not confess the contents of a certain bulky crate of paper on its return address? Would YOU mow down an entire OS meeting with a 50-calibre water-cooled belt-fed machine gun so that they should not spend time inside grey walls? Would YOU drop rat poison in the potato salad or Paris Green in the punch, so that a nation should not eventually become crime-ridden as a result of the feasters' carelessness? Would YOU knife the hostess in the back to keep a meeting from voting for the bastard you poisoned to become a member and later misaddress a crate? Would YOU behead an honorary member to prevent him from joining the express co? Would YOU be host to the slaughter of innocent fans, guiltless Outlanders, so nobody would ever know your motive, just because YOU thought they were destined to be the biggest bunch of treacherous lice in history?

Dam'right.



# ExidLINE Soren Moffatt.

The gloom descends  
All reason ends  
Farewell, my friends  
I go now

The darkness falls  
No city calls  
No barker bawls  
No show now

The Great White Way  
Has seen its day  
Tho now will pay  
For laughter?

No movie stars  
No dim-lit bars  
No trip to Mars  
Here after

No farmer sweats  
No wife begets  
No barnyard pets  
No meadow

No gurgling gut  
No stinking slut  
Seems clean now—but  
The dead—O!

No mason paves  
No madman raves  
No grass-green graves  
To mow now

The gloom descends  
All reason ends  
Farewell, my friends  
I go now



# MOUNTAIN INCIDENT

ALAN U.

HERSHEY

Endicott cursed the slipping shale, his gutted plane and the blasting, all pervading heat. And kept climbing. The cuts and abrasions he had sustained from the crash tormented him more each moment. The limp grew worse as he slipped and floundered upward on the treacherous shale. And the sweat dripped steadily from his stringy frame.

But high up on the slopes of the mountain he could see the cabin. He had no food. Thirst caked his mouth. Ahead lay dubious shelter. He racked his brain for the tenth time trying to figure out some reason for the cabin's existence on top of a mountain in the middle of the Great Australian Desert.

It was impossible. There could be no reason. The area was waterless and devoid of any source of food. Nobody would climb the mountain but a desperate man, willing to risk his neck because he knew there was no other hope of survival.

But there the cabin stood, and moment by weary moment he drew closer. It could be no mirage. In his relief he grew careless. The shale began to move ominously. He summoned his last reserves of strength and dived just in time. A rumbling minor avalanche dusted its way downward, obliterating his trail.

The cabin door was closed and he could hear no sound within. He told himself it had to be deserted. But he knocked anyway, his heart pounding.

The door swung open. He heard no steps but without a doubt, the door stood open. A tiny chill raced along his skin. He took a deep breath and went in.

The old man sitting in the wicker rocking chair had a kindly face. At least the part of his face not concealed by the luxuriant white beard was benign and smiling.

Endicott made his salutations and cast his eyes around the cabin. It was a neat and well appointed place, and surprisingly cool after the glittering heat of the shale mountain.

"You look dead beat," the old man said. "Shuck yourself out of those clothes and take a hot shower. Then I'll dish up some chow and you can hit the hay."

Endicott wondered briefly where on earth the old man got the water for a shower, but decided that the shower would be proof of its own existence. He took his shower. Therefore it was there. Therefore it was possible. It was unpleasant to resume his dusty, sweaty clothes, but he had no other.

The old man had a tasty meal waiting for him. He pitched in with gusto, firmly banishing all disquieting thoughts about the size and quality of this meal in the middle of the wilderness. When the first



pangs of hunger were stilled, he began to chat with his host.

"Call me Mort," the old man said. "Everybody does."

Endicott wondered who "everybody" was, but he said: "After this kind of reception, Mort, I'll call you angel."

The old man chuckled. "I've been called that, too, along with ten thousand other names."

Endicott had a strange dream.

He dreamed that during the night the old man shook him awake. When he opened his eyes he was lying on the shale of the mountain and there was no cabin. Mort stood over him but it was not the Mort of his waking hours. Even as he looked at him, the old man grew taller and taller and taller until he seemed to tower into the very sky. His lineaments changed and he became a golden skinned giant of surpassing beauty.

The transformed Mort spoke. His voice had the mellow tones of a bass viol. The very stars in the firmament vibrated to it.

"Carol Endicott. You have come to the mountain of death. Once in a millenium a mortal child finds his way into the sacred fastness of Israfel. Your luck has been good, as far as it goes. But we must test it yet again.

"Each mortal who finds his way here is entitled to one cast of the dice with me. Such is your privilege. If I win, you will be returned to a place of safety, unharmed. Nothing lost, nothing gained.

"But----" the voice deepened and the very ground shook----"if you win the cast of the dice, you are entitled to one wish. You may wish for anything you desire and it will be granted to you."

Endicott picked up the pair of dice from the shale. Gold, inset with diamonds, they lay heavy in his hands. He shook them and tossed them out. The number was seven.

Then the dice drifted into the giant hand of the dream colossus, and drifted out again upon the shale. The number was six.

"Think well before you wish, Carol Endicott," the golden figure rumbled. "you have won the toss, and one wish is yours. Be moderate. A wise wish and you will gain much. A foolish wish and you will regret much."

Endicott thought about his wish. In his dream, the dream was not a dream. He had a wish to make; a wish that could make him all-powerful; or wealthy beyond the dreams of men; or irresistible to any living creature; or lucky beyond the scope of the laws of chance. He toyed with many wishes. All of them left him unsatisfied until he thought of the perfect wish. In itself it encompassed all wishes, for the other wishes followed automatically.

He made his wish. "If it is within your power, " he said, "I wish for the gift of eternal life."

The colossus looked down on him sadly. "Your wish is a bad wish, But you have made it. It is yours."

When Endicott woke, the bearded old man was making breakfast. He thought about the queer dream for a moment, but one look at Mort engaged in the prosaic business of preparing food, and he dismissed it from his mind. His exhaustion was gone and he felt ravenous. He fell to the meal with a will, and it was only when such disquieting thoughts as a hot shower, or bacon and eggs for breakfast in the midst of the desert intruded on his peace of mind that he felt disturbed. Or when it occurred to him that "Moet" was one of the many names for death in his world.

He probed at the old man trying to fing out his history, but he did not get much satisfaction. Mort told him he was an old prospector who had settled down to spend his last years here, among the scenes of his life's adventures.

He questioned about the food and the plentiful water, but the old man only muttered something indistinguishable into his beard. When Endicott repeated his questions, he pretended not to hear.

Finally he gave up and began to discuss ways and means of getting out of the desert. Mort gave him careful directions. By heading due east he could follow a line of water holes that would see him out of the desolation in about seven days. The plane was much too badly smashed to even consider repairs. A trek by foot was the only way out.

Endicott decided to take off that very afternoon. He had a tiny compass which should see him through. Mort was willing to supply him with a goodly amount of food and water. All he needed to get there was a little luck.

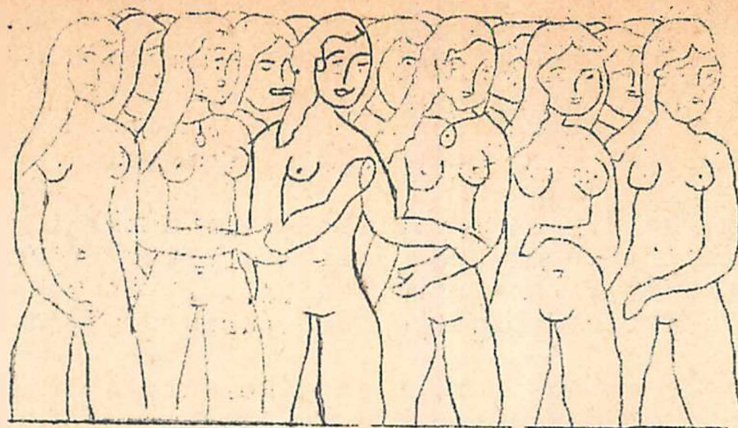
The old man stood in the doorway of his cabin and watched Endicott go. Once, Endicott looked back, and through the glittering heat waves rising from the shale, it looked as if the old man had straightened and grown in stature and his skin had turned to gold. It shook Endicott and he did not watch his steps. He slipped and heard the beginning rumbles of the shale. But this time he could not get his footing in time to dive. The rock fragments seized him, and carried him, and washed over him. And washed over his thoughts, blacking them out.

When he returned to consciousness, all was darkness and all was pain. Intolerable weight pressed upon him and he could not move. As the eternal seconds passed, Endicott knew with awful clarity that he would never be able to move again, even were the weight removed. For his body was a pulp, ground in the mill of the rock slide.

The dream had been no dream. His wish had been granted.

## THE BEGINNING





## IS "SHE" NECESSARY?

BY

FREDDIE HERSHEY

The "she" I am about to discuss will no doubt raise a storm of controversial argument among the predominately male membership in fandom. However, nothing daunted, I am wading head first into what I am certain is no new refrain.

It all started at Forry's one Sunday evening. The Ackermans and Hersheys had been to the beach all afternoon, and were relaxing after an excellent dinner prepared by Wendy. Conversation was the sort you might expect after a day of unaccustomed fresh air, lots of food, and general relaxitude.

Then, Forry found a small bundle and opened it. Seems it contained a stack of fanzines that he once had sent to a fan and that had been returned to him. Gently the package had been mouldering for two or three years. I started very casually to look thru them since Forry said they were some particularly good specimens. The little imp that had been nagging me for a long time---off and on---on this topic, nagged again and before I could say "Westercon" the four of us were embroiled in a hot argument. Gone was fatigue, and the poor blood that had rushed to ease our full bellies, had to dash back to our brains.

The "she" whose necessity had bothered me for so long is the gal, blonde or brunette, redhead or platinum, real or dyed, in color or in black and white, who is too often "glorified" a la nature or nearly so in the fanzines. I would pick up a fanzine, turn the pages and read a story, poem or article pertinent to our common hobby, and would be intrigued and gratified by the industry, time, effort, talent and money the fan or fans put into their publication. And I would feel proud to have some small part in fandom.

I would turn another page and there, lithoed, mimeod, crayoned, dittoed, drawn in pencil or ink, the female form divine would confront me-----floating in air, quivering in space, lying in the bullrushes, or just gazing nakedly into nothingness. No reason, no explanation, no story content to justify her. She is here, buster. Whatch gonna do about it?

I'm gonna gripe about it, and I know my gripe is not a new one. So no one can accuse me of seeing things that aren't there. This has all been done before by fans of yesteryears. I am now quoting from an article written by David H. Keller for the Fan Artisan of May 1948. He is discussing the illustrations of sf and weird pulp prozines. He makes the same complaint I am making for fanzines.

"While no purist, the covers leave me cold. It is difficult to determine the necessity for an endless number of semi-nude females, all threatened with the same biological calamity, however indicated. It is equally hard to analyse the reason artists produce such pictures and editors publish them".

Now, I, too, am no purist and the morals or lack of them in this argument is of no consequence to me. And understand too, that unlike Keller, I am not concerned with the breast-plated, semi-nude heroine who decorates the covers of the prozines---to lure the slobbering, frustrated male to purchase and so learn of the merits of a Van Vogt, Bradbury, Kuttner, etc., via the exalted and misused female form. There is a purpose and a necessity for this gal, who undaunted by space, cold, heat, vermin and bug-eyed monsters awaits her heroes arms with only a shred--here and there--while he, poor, strong, heroic male is toggled out in a space suit, helmet, covered all over from head to foot, covered all over with clothes and gadgets. What a hero!

Nor am I discussing the bebubbled, bebutterflied, bestarred, and bedabbled heroines inside the covers of the prozines. These so-so nudes float about creating and uncreating situations. They have some reason for existence. They are fairly well drawn, fairly well reproduced and generally illustrate a dreamy version of the wheel that makes the wheels go round in one of the stories in the mag.

The "she" I'm so unhappy about is the one that drifts indiscriminately into view on the covers or inside the fanzines. She is the handmaiden spouted forth by a goodly portion of our most active fans; ardent enough to put out a fanzine. Who is this gal? Where did she come from? Who needs her there and why?

Is she art? No, I'd hardly say so in the majority of the cases. Some of the pictures are so poorly done that I, as a woman, can justly laugh. Besides, is unrelated art the hobby?

Is she weird? If she is and done by Bok, then I say she is justified. But I cannot see that most of the fanzine nudes are scientific, fantastic or weird. They are too much of a sameness. Like a good story bastardized by repetition at the hands of poor story tellers. No, she is only a nude, another nude.

Is she the illustration of any of the stories poems, articles? No, again. I have no brief to make with these, altho fanmags could show a little more imagination than they do in illustrating their material. Of course there is always the thought that even a very poor squiggler can draw or copy the bare outlines of a nude and that it might take talent or ingenuity to do something else.

In going thru a batch of fanzines that were left in my garage by a fan (lots of room even now) I found that there are a lot of very fine fanzines, that have no art work at all, and so I cannot know what the editor would do if any contributing artist suddenly came to him with his version. And there are excellent fanmags that exist happily without our



unrelated nude among their art work. Like the present Shaggy. But then there is no one around to do any art work to speak of at LASFS now, Was the days, before my time, when there were artists to dress up the Shaggy with its share of nudes.

This general all round practise of nudifying zines is a common stunt of the adolescent fan. He can show how adult, daring or esthetic he is in his copying of the prozine and long standing fanzines. He usually knows next to nothing about women, nude or otherwise, and his pathetic efforts show it pretty obviously. And the long time fan, who has been putting out a rag for years, what excuse for him? He is very often replete with wife and kiddies, and/or extraneous love lives. Still frustrated? Must be. And how about the few female fans who put out fanzines? They too have fallen in line by dragging this poor babe about in various and sundry artistic and psuedo artistic poses. Dresses up their mags no end; can't lead to being called a prude; causes all sorts of comments, no doubt; but is "she" necessary?

I've heard all of Forry's and Alan's arguments for retaining this unrelated babe. Oh yes, both of them are in full accord that she stay. Their arguments differ radically, however. And I was happy to find that Wendy sided with me in most of this. Now I'm a bit curious to find out what my readers think on the subject. I gave this talk at LASFS and the reaction was very stimulating, revealing and very informative.

Let me do some summing up. I am not taking the attitude of a censor, and not concerned with the so-called morality of the question. I'm all for nudity, but less in the fanzines and more in reality. I'm not arguing about the prozines, or books, art folios, jacket blurbs or even the artistic worth of the females in question. I am merely asking someone or anyone to give me a valid reason for the nude art work in fanzines, where it has nothing to do with the hobby or the subject matter.

Is that asking too much?

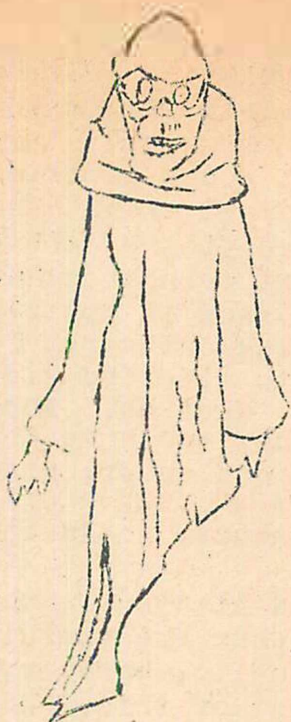
THE END

Big black blot  
cutting off the light of the heavens  
including the stars and even the sun.

My mad mirth  
only accentuates the terror  
of a world that is dying now.

Soon stark silence  
will come to this trysting place  
that might have served as a step to the stars

I T  
by  
stan  
woolston



# Goblin!

BY

DAVE LESPERANCE

(Reprinted from "Lycurgus" of  
San Jose State College of  
March 1948)

"Shhh," hissed Jeannie softly, looking stealthily over her shoulder. She pushed the door open a little wider and peeked in. No one in sight. She slipped softly into the house, held the door open more than was necessary, then closed it. Upstairs she went like a whirl ind, her feet pounding like croquet mallets, and a shadow bounded up beside her.

In the kitchen the little girl's mother shook her head in despair. Would that little sprite never learn? Out of earshot before you could correct her. The lady returned to her cooking.

There was a moment's peace, little more, and then the ceiling above the kitchen began to rattle as though someone was irregularly tapping it with castenets. Light, rolling little patterings, as the fairies danced there in ivory shoes.

Jeannie's mother raised her eyes speculatively. Should she call out and tell her daughter that if the noise didn't stop at once there would be trouble? She decided to let her daughter tire of the game that she was playing. But Jeannie did not tire. Half an hour later the fairies still danced on the ceiling above. The patterings had not ceased for a moment since her daughter set foot inside the room.

Curious to learn what the new game was that her daughter found so absorbing, the lady slipped up the stairs and opened the door of her daughter's room just a crack. She had a fleeting glance of two little cubes swooping through the air to dive like little seagulls into the cushions of the chair in the corner.

"DICE," shrieked the horrified lady.



"Oh, isn't it a lovely game mother? Look at all I've won," said Jeannie and indicated a little pile on the floor. In a neat little mound lay a half dozen little wax figures, stuck through with pins, several dog's ears, a couple of gall stones, and a book on black magic.

Eyes wide, the good mother gasped her loathing and astonishment.

"Where did you get those engines of hell?"

Jeannie looked around, savoring her mother's mystification at the talismen.

"I won them," she revealed, all smiles. With a dramatic gesture she pointed over her mother's shoulder. "From him."

Thanks be to God that the poor woman had no more than a brief glance at the hideous apparition that hung in the air behind her. Those bleak ruddy eyes, swimming in a pool of darkness; that hulking demon cowed in the black of the pit itself. It vanished like the things on the edge of our vision always do when we look straight at them.

"Oh," squealed Jeannie impatiently, "you scared him." Tears began to well in her eyes. "Maybe he'll never come back, and he had so many nice things I could have won."

"There, there, child," her mother comforted. "Don't be afraid. There wasn't any thing there. Now let's get rid of this dirty old rubbish."

Jeannie exploded into sobbing pieces. Through the flood of tears two ideas came out quite strongly; (1) that the dice were NOT horrid, and (2) that the dice were NOT to be taken. After a half hearted refusal her mother soon melted and consented to let her keep the---she swallowed when she said it---toys.

With that the lady left her daughter and went downstairs. Try as she might, she could not forget that macabre pile. Before long, the elves began to dance on the floor of the room upstairs. Jeannie had apparently returned to the dice. For several hours the patterings continued, then stopped. The abrupt lapse into silence brought mother away from her book. Wearily the lady arose from her chair and ascended the stairs to her daughter's room. Cautiously she slipped open the door.

There, in the middle of the floor sat Jeannie, a sad, regretful far-away look on her face, her chin cupped in her hands. The pile of talismen was gone. Beside her lay the ruined remains of a ransacked piggy bank---empty. The mournful look on Jeannie's face told quite clearly that she was feeling the trials of the gambler; knew what it was to be wiped out.

THE END

\*\*\*\*\*  
SOUTH GATE IN "58"

# THE TUB AND I

STAN  
WOOLSTON



Len Moffatt has accused me of bathing too much. I insist that this is untrue.

It is, you understand, only after the mutual confession session of past Chain Links that I feel it is safe to reveal my most secret hobby to you-all. Somehow, when the name of Bathtuu Artist comes into the conversation, there are snickers and snide remarks.

One of my hobbies is to draw on the surface of a scummed tub in the gentle, flowing and intricate patterns that this art medium alone makes possible. It has some of the esthetic qualities of finger-printing, but still retains a personal characteristic and charm. And it is ego-centric for a hobby, for most of the things you do in the tub are for your eyes alone.

There is an exception to this general rule, one that came to my attention as a result of a chance conversation with a man I recently met on a street car, while going to work. He informed me that he too is a tub fan.. Then he pulled out a series of photos, some mimeod sheets, and other stuff and let me take a look.

It was then I saw the concrete indications that Tub Fandom is being organized. Photos showed individual set-ups---swirl designs, some intricate scenes even---and other things that would take up too much time and space to discuss in detail.

The pack was on the tenth mailing of the TAPA---Tub Amatuer Press Association. All over the hemisphere enthusiasts send their latest projects in mimeod magazines with photographic records of their artistry. It seems that most members have cameras in the ceiling over their tubs that take pictures when the bulb is pressed. Sometimes, in the swirl-art, the picture or design shifts rapidly, and so timing is of vast importance.

Tub-art is, I learned, the reason why dozens of people who bathe daily get out of the tub dirtier than when they get in. For example, one man of TAPA wished to get a finer-line detail in a pattern, but his ball point pen would not work. In exasperation he tried a fountain pen, and consequently is a bright blue.

Other hobbyists have better luck. One, who sports a fan zine called STATUESQUE, has just designed a metamorphasizing creature half man, half wolf. It's made of pressed together Ivory Flakes. Its maker says it is the only werewolf that is 99 & 44/100 per cent pure.

Editor of the SOAP DISH is now doing more intricate artistry than carving soap but that is what he used to do. His latest is a cat and dog scene around a fire plug, done in brass. The copy explains the details. First he used seven boxes of lemon gelatine, and when it started to harden he moulded it in the scene. Then he dipped it in a nearby gizmo and copper-plated a shell over it. The editor modestly says it took second prize in a recent style



show as a Woman's hat.

STALACYTE is the zine of the crystal-grower. He has evolved from epsom salts to more intricate salts, and recently poured together some chemicals that, instead of forming many tiny crystals formed one big one with him in it.

He is now rapidly re-covering,---after being rescued by three firemen with axes.

One bathtub hobbyist is on the best seller list. He writes by long hand; his first novel was written completely under water. He is now putting the finishing touches on another, written with a dip pen. HE uses ink instead of water in the tub.

.... The branches of tub-hobbyism are all together too complicated to be summarized in a few pages. Raising tropical fish is the avocation of one; he specializes in fast breeds that can get out of his way when he immerses or shifts position. Perhaps an even more colorful tub is sported by a Cincinnati fan; he grows flowers by water culture. Intricate pictures, formed completely by parting, twisting, waxing and otherwise arranging the hair on his chest, attracts another.

Despite accidents, which statistics show occur more commonly in the tub than any other household spot, membership in TAPA is up to its required 50 at all times. The latest word is that TAPA members are working out plans for a national convention in a large swimming pool.

If YOU wish to live dangerously I suggest you investigate the wonders of Tub-fandom.

THE END

oooooooooooo

#### SURREALISTIC NEO-POETRY EXEMPLIFYING THE IBBLE DIBBLE ULTRA-SONNET

Ibble dibble ibble dabble, have you anything to babble have you  
anything to say?  
Ibble dibble ibble dabble, would you like to wrestle, would you  
like to pray?  
Have you any golden garments have you any angel's wings have you  
any other things  
Or do you like the world of nonsense better than the world which  
stings?  
Oofus doofus oofus dorfus, what is life but just a circus in a  
tent with peaked top.  
Oofus doofus oofus dorfus, here we do the things that please us,  
do not stop do not stop,  
Take your time you've plenty of it, time to raise an awful stink  
And then when you are thru dear, do not loiter, do not loiter  
on the brink.  
Oogle boogle oogle bangle, don't you feel your nerves a-jangle  
in this rush?  
Oogle boogle oogle bangle, take the world in its stride do not try  
to hide in the brush,  
Have you nothing else to mangle but myself and you?  
There is nothing to be gained if you end up maimed in condition  
you will rue.

Anon. U. Hershey

THE  
WESTERCON

(ANNUAL WEST COAST CONFERENCE)

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS HALL

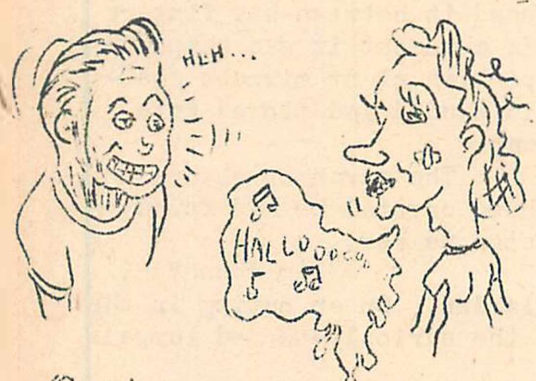
VENICE AND FIGUEROA  
LOS ANGELES

OCTOBER SECOND

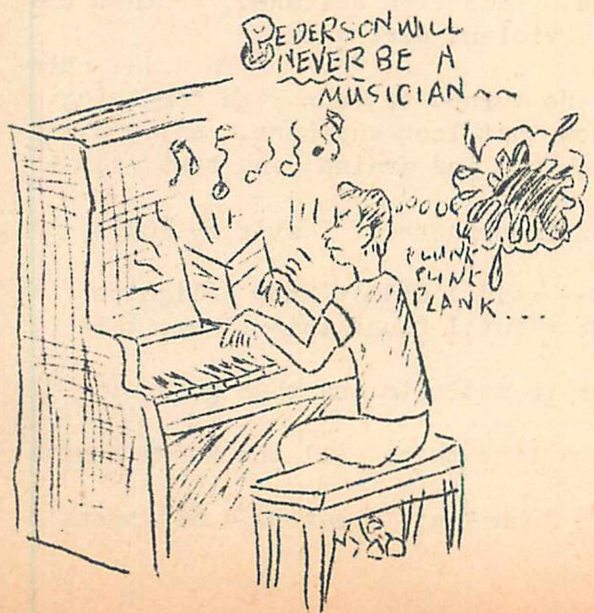
1949



# PEDERSON IN FOCUS



oops! well, it looked  
GOOD FROM THE... REAR



LOOK WHO IN-  
HERITED FIRECRACKERS  
FROM HIS COUSIN  
IN IOWA -





# FILINGS

FROM THE OFFICIAL ETERNAL OUTLANDER CHAIN  
edited by john van couvering

Passing Glance: the Outlanders, feeling ambitious, have so speeded up the Chain's passage that we have two rounds to deal with instead of the usual one. They will be presented in chronological order, so if you see the same name twice, it isn't egoboo, it's necessity.

THE BUDDHA OF GARDEN GROVE DISCOURSES WITH HIS NAVAL

Stanlink, R. 5

---Did you hear, a cat sat on it? First a baby did a bit of splattering of colors, then a cat tried to hatch it. Then some so-called art judge gave it a prize, or at least the title of "excellent modernistic art"; a would-be artist's gag. Surrealism might have a place, if it stimulates thought, but some disconnected stuff...art? Some of it is as bad as the early religious pictures wherein angels flit and halos glow.

"He Knew Conrad Peder-  
son."

He was not in the mood. Jelfecker Hoshnimin sat back on a cushion of cultivated amoebae. He picked up a rock and squeezed it between his fingers until it shifted its shape like a lump of clay. In a moment it was shaped like a cup, and with his free hand he picked up a pinkish giant mikrobe nestling nearby and squeezed until a clear, thick liquid exuded and flowed into the cup. Jel drank noisily, then threw the cup away.

The stranger cleared his throat again. Jel looked down at the multi-hued crystal he had found between his toes and the stranger took a hesitant step nearer.

"I'm John Van," it said stridently, striding forward. "I'm an Outlander. On an outing in the desert, hunting rock." He looked wistfully down at the curiously-formed lumps underfoot.

John Van was a splinter of a man with a soralet nub. One hand carried a ball-peen hammer, and the other held open the gunny-sack that hung from his neck, bulging with the weight of samples. His lips quivered, so that the cracks in his lips looked like crevices in a violent earthquake.

Then Jel stirred, his pallid face taking on new color. He turned to John with something like animation. "A fan!" he said. "I'd know that look anywhere. Ah, the glory of rock-- the beautiful, multi-hued and shaped and grained and textured rock." He drooled.

"Science-fiction," John interrupted. "That's my FORTE. Charles. Pun. Ha."

"The NAAA kicked me out-- said I didn't know a lignite from a-- a ferrous participle," Jel frothed. "But I found this place, this paradise, this haven."

"I roam the wilderness to meditate and thus go great," John Van explained.

"No NAAAns know of things like this. All the known stones and others still...all mine."

"Rather," said John Van, "greater." His teeth showed a lustrous white.



They found the body the next day. It had on a shirt, and a gunny-sack around the neck was filled with rocks. And, behind cracked lips, they found....

No stony  
white teeth.

SHORT CIRCUIT

Elias, R. 5

---For the benefit of the slobs who couldn't or wouldn't make the last meeting (?) of the Society at my house I wish to go on record as saying it was a dripping success. Without the official welcomer things didn't get quite a good sendoff and all Elias could do to salvage things was to get everyone pleasantly mellow, including himself.

Incidentally, I just noticed how little that clever boy Len has to write. He handles the crud sheet angle so netafly that we don't realize he only has to write one page to finish his link. Neat, huh? I vote for more Len, especially his poetry or whatever it is.

As to history, as tomorrow is the anniversary of D Day I'll tell you just what you asked. I went on the beach in France, about nine in the morning on D Day. Then line was 1/2 mile inshore when I got there. Also I was in the winter affair, having come in from Southern France into the Bulge (belgium) to try and stop the breakthru. O.K.?

POESY BY MOFFATT

Moffatt, R. 6

---I was standing by the river  
The Rio Hondo River  
I was standing by the river, river  
Rivering  
You know, it's more damned fun rivering  
Than anything else I know  
Especially, Rio Hondo Rivering by beerlight.

Some people prefer Monongahela Rivering  
Just standing by the Monongahela and rivering  
Rivering by the light of the smog-encrusted  
Fog-enlusted, dog-disgusted  
People bones.

Some people prefer people who  
Prefer Styx Rivering  
Sing out! O ye who river by the Styx  
On second thought  
Be still  
Silent rivering is impossible, he said,  
But try, she said, for mayhap they hear  
In the Oklahoma Okie Cafe.

Standing by the Rio Hondo River  
Rivering, rivering, rivering  
By beerlight.

O! Portent pantleg!

---Walleyed Hicman

I go around asking people, have you seen my t? It's the last t. Not the one before the last, but the last t. It's just a little t---not a big T---just a little t, mind you, but it's mine and I'm lost without it. Makes me feel blue and write lyrics for blues songs and sometimes I even get t'ed off. And I'll rrrrip out the tongue of the first character to call this "the bitter t of geheral Len".

((Ed. note: The Chain, as of Round Six, was re-routed to compensate for our wandering members. Sneary and Elias were shuffled further down the list, and Dave Lesperance, our new member, was put into sixth instead of ninth place.)) }

RING OUT, WILD BELLE

Freddie, r. 6

---This is the first recognition in print of our new member, Dave Lesperance and his alter ego, Tommy. And altho Rick is the official Greeter and I am a cad and a bounder to take advantage of the fact that he is departing for Arizona, I greet you Dave. Are you always as well-behaved at meetings and parties? Tommy is a fine specimen of an alley cat and you may bring him to meetings again, at least here.

I dreamt a dream last nite in which I was giving a party. Everybody who was nobody around town was there including A.E., Brad Raybury; Bryce Walton and his charming wife at whose name Con swoons dead away, etc. etc. At the height of the festivities, the door bell rang and there stood Persecuted John. He smiled merrily into me questioning eyes.

"Heard you were having a party, so I just thought I'd come over and have some fun!" I'm telling you kids, it turned out to be a dilly of a nightmare.

And here it is tomorrow and a scorcher and I have promised...no, not to take a bath or hit the sack, but to go beaching at Venice with the girls. Yes, my doubting brood, I do have female friends and I do spend some time with them. Not much, but as much as is left over after the Master, the Outlanders and the Lashfasians get thru. Not many, but of women quite enough for me. They don't feel that I persecute them and it's a small relief.

MOUTHINGS FROM THE MASTER

Alan, r. 6

---The second announcement concerns the famous one act play known as the Fantastic Fan Poll composed by Tennessee O'Sneary. On June 23, 1949, this great opus was presented to Lasfas with incidental music by the Hersheys and Elias.

They tore the rafters down. They unanimously re-elected me Director. Now I really have it in for Sneary. If the irresponsible jerk had not traipsed off to Arizona, they might have elected him. Now I am known as F.D. Hershey.

The sad moment of parting from Superkiddie came this week. Yes, Conno is no more of Los Angeles. Whether he returns in the Fall or no rests with the fates--- and Elias. We shall all miss him muchly alas, and hope. We will burn joss sticks for him. Con-fidentially, I don't care whether he comes back or not. We have all his magazines in our garage.

L.A. FANDOM EXPOSED

John Van, r. 6

---I had a girl friend once who lived for nothing but the day when she could go to Paris and live the gay life. When I happened to mention my various meetings with some of the habitués of the House on the Hill, she was thrilled, but utterly. "Real Bohemians!" she squealed. "Oh, Johnny, tell me more!" So I did. I hope Evans, Willmorth and the rest never hear of some of the things I attributed to their "lax" morals and "basically unhappy" life. My stock rose considerably after she learned that I had lived; but I still laugh to think of the way I painted those good honest fans. I hope Peggy never goes slumming Bixel Street way and is introduced to EEE. "Oh, Mr. Evans! Johnny Van Couvering told me about you! Do you really seduce the landlady to get out of paying the rent? And is that really marijuana in your cigar? ---" Oh well, Evans doesn't like me too well anyway, ever since the night I popped my bubble gum at a meeting. If this gets around, I might as well forget fandom. I put this in the chain only because I trust you loyal Outlanders. Don't I, loyal Outlanders?



That Hershey party (after the Tackett Welcon) was something. After Lesperance had shocked me by smilingly drinking gin and coke, nothing more could happen to me. Bill and Freddie don't know how close I came to trying some myself...! But luckily I managed to break away and engage in a discussion of contraceptives, which led to Catholicism, which led to dirty jokes, which led to nauseating jokes, which led to a dissertation on St Francis and St Augustine, which led to the discovery of Alan under the coffee table, which broke the flow of conversation.

#### HINDUSTAN, PAKISTAN, AND POINTS WOOLSTON

Stanlink 6

---Len has accused me of bathing too often. I insist that this is untrue. It is merely that one of my hobbies is to draw on the surface of a scummed tub in the gentle, flowing and intricate patterns that this medium alone express. It has some of the sthetic value of fingerprinting. Tub-art is, to the best of my knowledge, why many people get out of the tub dirtier than when they got in....for there is naturally experimentation.

For example, a friend of mine had an unfortunate experience while experimenting with crystal growths in the tub. Tiring of epsom salts, which are interesting and intricate enough when mixed with harmless food colors, he mixed up some salts of his own and put them in his tub. After a few minutes splashing in the mud, which stuck to his fingernails, it hardened into a curious lump that succumbed only when three firemen with axes attacked it.

....I am thinking of developing a bite-size pretzel, made of hollow, waterproof dough, filled with beer. The advantages are obvious...if you like beer, anyway. I personally like my pretzels unsullied.

#### ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES LESPERANCE

Dave, R. 6

((Ed. Note: This, Lesperance's first link, was double-spaced and on one side of the paper yet! To what depths can an ambitious would-be Bradbury sink?))

---At the Lasfas meeting last night Freddie asked me if I had received the chain. I had to admit that I had. She asked if I wouldn't write my link and get it off as soon as possible. I attempted to decline, saying that I wouldn't feel like a member in good standing unless I left the chain letter laying around until a few of the earliest links have turned yellow, as I see some of them have. But my resolve crumbled, as all resolves do, before Freddie's persuasion, so--

Freddie suggested a brief recap of my life. Very well. I entered the world in the Chicago Lying-In Hospital on a blizzardy January day in 1930, or so I am informed.

While going to high school in 1943, I came upon science fiction, in a pocketbook of that title. I liked all the stories in that little anthology immensely (it is still my favorite collection) and would have given anything to have read more like them, but didn't know where to find them. So that thread in the labyrinth of my life met a blank wall.

In 1947, we moved to California. We stopped at the San Pablo Hotel, up in Oakland. At the third day, the boredom was nearly maddening me, and I had to find something to do. My mind ran over the usual pastimes. None seemed appealing. Then to my mind came the image of a ragged-edged magazine, the cover of which I had glanced at from Chicago to the coast a dozen times, but had never really looked at. I was surprised to find that this particular cover remained a complete picture in my mind. Wishing for something to break the monotony, my mind fastened on that cover.

The composition of that painting was magnificent; it was a scene in space, with a large ship under attack by a fleet of smaller ones. The little ships seem not to have been there a fraction of a second before; an explosion in their midst seems actually to be coruscating.. I think that if I were for-

fortunate enough to sell a story, I would be willing to spend the whole check to buy the original of that painting.

By now you know that this was the cover of Edmond Hamilton's The Star Kings. And the novel made an impression on me equal to that made by the cover illustrating it. So I had rediscovered science fiction, and this time knew where to find more.

...Remember the San Pablo Hotel in Oakland, when I was bored and wanted something to do...What if I had gone to a movie?

#### FLAGSTAFF FLASHES

Rick, round six

---Say, got a nice letter from the L.A. County Museum Directory about my article on rockets. Said he would be glad to forward the other on for me. Spent most of the page regretting that we don't have science museum. Said they can cover only history and animals, and the State Museum isn't big enough. Said they need a new one. It's sort of thrilling to get a letter from someone big.

Was reading a reather interesting thing the other day. It was comparing geniuses with the "living fossils" such as the armadillo, anteater, two-toed sloth, duck bill platypus. Specialized animals, that can only live under certain circumstances. In other words geniuses are in ways better than the average persons, but nature has not adapted them to survive. The average person has a better chance to get along after the Blowup, so maybe we fans (in our way genius) are like the old monsters that wasted their time building up shells of bone tell they were unable to move about and find food. Gad.

By the way, I have gotten two letters from New Mexico, one from Arizona and one from N.Y. asking about joining the O.S. I tell them sure, but it is a long drive...then try and sell them on Young Fandom. With all its 20 members and \$20 tres. With Ed and Art ((Cox)) running the O\*O, and Ed or Arneice as Sec-Tres. we are bound to have a better year of it. And this year, unless somebody keeps active I will give him the boot. As President, I have the right. If I get into the Presadency of the NFFF I'm going to do the same thing there. Just call me Herr Dictator...

((Ed. note: Pederson, stir-crazed in the Minnesota wilds, broke out in a prodigious link the likes of which will probably never be seen again. Illustrated in color, with twelve pages of phact, phiction and phoolery, it is worthy to be installed in the Smithsonian. We reproduce THOT, subdivided into "Orientation", "Chain Mail", "Pot Yuk", in fragmentary excerpts below.))

#### WHY THE POSTMAN HAS FLAT FEET

Conno, Round 6

---Len, "Exit Lines" was one of the best damned poems I've ruined by illustrating yet. tho I agree with Rick that "Seems clean now--but...the Dead --O!" was a very disappointing spot.

Freddie Hershey....this gal is getting old. Just look how her typing gets slipperier and sloppier as toxic poisoning creeps slowly along her world line. (I said nothing about her lines). And Alan, did you stoop so low as to get a new ribbon for the Flaming Dragon? As you see, I got a new one for --oh, oh. Rick, think me up a new name for me Royal, quick.)

Say, whatever happened to Ed Cox? I think he is no longer an actifan, but then neither are most Outlanders. So that wouldn't keep him from staying an honorary member. As Laney said to Burbee about Burb's enforced NFFF membership, "What makes you think even death will save you?"

Stan is the only consistent easy-letter-writer among us, so help me poo. That may require an elucidation,



but what I mean is that he apparently needs only a piece of paper to write a letter. Or a pencil/pen/typewriter to help. And he can write and keep writing until ghufu day. He is our own personalized National Monument, a dyed-in-the-rabbit fur phenomenon. I vote for more Stan Woolston--wait a minute. On second thought, that mayn't be such a good idea. He is nearly a whole Outlander meeting in himself already.

Your deluxe pretzel packet of beer might revolutionize the beer industry. Imagine people and Len going out to purchase pretzels the size and shape of the frosted malt cups or ice cream cones, full of suds. It would nodoubt have an effect on the Pretzelbenders of America to an even greater extent. Instead of tediously slapping dough about a mold all day, or however they do it, they would be replaced by big ice cream cone making machines that would make, instead, beer cones. Another half million unemployed. Maybe. I don't like pretzels anyway. Beer likewise.

"You really should be able to become more active without the distraction of personal contact." An acute observation, Rick. I am, but only in regard to the chain letter ((and how!)). There are no stf mags to be had anywhere, and I can't seem to bring myself to write letters.

For a guy who has scores of pens and pencils, none of them work ((sic.)). I am too lazy to sharpen then pencils and the pens all leak; the automatic pencils are busted and my ball-points are dry. But they leak anyay. Safer to use a pencil. Anyway, I spent all my money foolishly. I bought three boxes of .22 shells (shorts) for target missing and now they are all gone. Besides the gun broke. But I succeeded in target missing.

Have you ever had an impulse to kill a song writer? Have certain songs ever provoked you to the extent that you would wish the writer to step in front of you so you could kick his legs out from under him, step on his face, and push in his skull with a crowbar or fire-tongs or some other Perry Masonish thing? Like an old eggerate...or an egg-shell? Better yet....it's the singer who is the motivating force of such things as "The Hucklebuck" which titillate your subthalamus. Why not take his scrawny 10%-a-record neck in your grimy paws and with the most exquisite torture uppermost in your soggy mind, push your crooked sweaty thumb-nails into his windpipe and deflate him, like the overripe squashy beachball bladder he is, watching each putrid note of "The Hucklebuck" dribble from his lips, or make him sing "Freddie Fisher is a Bum" to its out-of-tune abortive bars? To the chant of "Songwriters are No Damned Good" let us each strangle our Victrolas in the hope that all future tune-tramplers will be drowned at birth. Gahh. OO I wish they'd put Rise Stevens back on..

#### LET THE WEST OF THE WORLD GO BY

Elias, Round 6

---My trip from Calif. was a wild and wooly one. My buddy Smitty cancelled out at the last minute and decided to drive home with me instead of flying as originally planned. Then the damn landlord was out on vacation with his secretary and we couldn't leave until Monday (original date Friday) The so-and-so refused to give me back my refund because I hadn't given him 30 days notice to vacate, because really I didn't know if I was going to leave in 30 days or not, soooo, I lost about fifty bucks.

From then on it was swell, beautiful scenery, fine roads, etc. We went north to Salt Lake City, thence due east, skirted the badlands, plowed into Chi, then southeast thru Ohio. We split the driving and made the run in about 2 1/2 days by the clock.

For a change of pace let your ears be battered by a description of my little green W. Va. Paradise. The important feature is the beautiful Ohio which meanders in an elongated S bend by my town. On my side (W Va) the bank slopes upward from the river for about one block, then levels off and extends back for a distance

of one mile, then gradually gives way to rolling hills and woods. Directly across the river is another small town, population 4000, that extends along the river bank for about five miles. It is only about three blocks thick, being backed up by cliffs sheer and high, standing out brown against the green foliage. Ripley says it is the largest town in the world without one cross street-- they all parallel the river or make one junction.

Anyway at night their neon signs make a beautiful reflection on the water and it is still one of my favorite pastimes to get a motorboat or canoe and glide along in the reflections. Like living in a fairy world or winken, blinken and nod stuff.

My home, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  blocks from the river, is still high enough that as yet the mighty floods haven't reached us, except for the year 1937, which was an alltime high. Then Old Man River snatched a pair of back steps which we had at the time and was satisfied. You see, the father of the Mississippi must have a piece of property each time he comes visiting or else dire things will happen. We now have concrete steps, so he will be displeased should he come again.

Anyway, floods are fun here and all the occupants of the town take them in holiday spirit. We know in advance of their occurrence and the speculation as to how high the water will reach reminds me of Sam Clemens' famous frog derbies or the breakup of the ice pack in the Yukon. Schools are out, churches suspend service and all is merry. I get my boat put, everyone else does the same, and we have a time rescuing people, outhouses, etc. floating down the river.

I remember the 1937 flood well. Our town was completely isolated for days, not even radio contact outside (what a setting for a world holocaust unknown to Our Hero!) until the State shoved a bulldozer through the back country hacking out a road to bring us supplies and medicine. We didn't need it, as all the stores had stockpiled advance supplies, but it was fun for all, and they thought they were heroes for 'rescuing' us all from a fate worse than death, so why should we spoil their egohoo?

Did you boys ever make a slingshot to shoot the little birdies with? Well, I did once, actually and truly. Only I made the slight mistake of taking the tube out of papa's car (spare wheel) and because I couldn't get the tire off, I cut a hole with my little old knife right through the casing from the outside. That the hell, I had to have my piece of rubber, didn't I? Anyway, being quite young and cute then I got away with it. My pop was one up on me then and still is. He can cuss in Welch or whatever it is. Sounds like a mixture of Yiddish and ancient Sanskrit to me. It comes in handy too, to use on income tax people and democrats.

A little anecdote popped into my mind just now. We were standing in Army HQ in Burma one night battling the breeze when the telephone rang. One of the lesser brass answered it, muttered, "OK, yellow alert," hung up the phone, turned around sleepy like and said Yellow Alert, then like a delayed react on in the movies screamed MIGAWD, and turned and dived out the window toward our shelter a few feet away with me right on top of him. You see Yellow Alert meant the little yellow men were right on top of us with their bombers and sure enough in a couple of minutes we got our usual bomb. That was one of the few times I ever saw a real double take and I snicker when I recall it.

Let me go on record as saying I am prejudiced against Rio. I once was cooped up on a troopship with 3000 drooling morons in that beautiful harbor for three days, with armed guards patrolling the decks so little will and his buddies couldn't go ashore to where all those lights, music, gals etc were. It will take a lot of Rio before I overcome that disappointment.



AND SO BEGINS ROUND SEVEN

Lon, Round SEVEN

---Outlander House, commonly known as Outhouse. Shades of Sears and Roebuck, Jawn! Reminds me of the old ballad we used to sing about Please Don't Burn our Outhouse Down. Very sad.

Beer in pretzels? Bah! I like my beer unsullied.

Dave mentions the "what if" motif in his link. Sometimes it is fun and it's constantly instructive, pointing out the fact that environment rules us. For instance, if I hadn't quit smoking a couple years back I might be out with a fair-looking wench right now instead of typing this letter and drinking beer. Well I might be drinking beer but I wouldn't be typing. Tell ya about it sometime.

Con's history of the future of the O.S. was esmithian in its epic quality. Yas'm friends, if this goes on...

Seriously, tho, we will eventually have to have more members and a regular place to meet (and a few rules and regs) if we want to build the OS into a club capable of crating a convention in South Gate in '58. (!!!) Or am I looking too far ahead.

FREDDIE'S FANTASTIC FOOLERIES

Freddie, Round 7

---Len is sitting on the couch with Blackington on his lap. Blackington is purring away like mad and the sappy grin on Len's face is almost classic. I think that now Porrie has gotten married it is time that I started marrying off some of the eligible young men in our group. Looking at Len's kind (what kind?) face, I have decided he should be next.

Good idea. He's the right size, age, size, interested in the female sex, working and too happy-go-lucky. Besides, we need some more gals around. Oh, the more I think about it the more I like it. If we all get together and concentrated real hard on this, and send Len some suggestions on the type and color and size and mentality that we can all tolerate (the hell with what he wants) perhaps by the time the winter solstice rolls around, we will have a nubile etc. etc. etc. etc. wench to welcome into our collective midsts.

Len just moaned Oh No! And added "Such cupidity!" The smile on his face is no longer a happy one.)

Malaria, mosquitoes and whatnot, I am still going to Ceylon with Bill. He sent me some pictures of the place, and I like. Rio isn't bad, but nobody has offered to take me there. So there. Any offers?

Stan, the rabbit was wonderful and the pics weren't half bad. I had me an elegant time at the meeting in Garden Grove. Can we do it again some time? You are really the most Outlander ish of the Outlanders. But when it comes to bathing, I can go you and your friend one better.

The doc says an epsom salt bath every night and stay there for half an hour. Holy Klono, half an hour! What to do? Read! Sure, but does Alan let me take the Limited Editions into the tub? You answer that one. Can I handle a big book, while I am doing bicycle exercises? Answer again. In dire desperation I've evolved a set of bath stimulation situations.

One evening, I sneaked in under the biggest bath towel I could find the latest copy of thrilling Wonder Stories. I soaked and bicycled, bicycled and soaked, and Bradbury got the best washing of his career. The next evening, I smoked and soaked, soaked and smoked, and under cover of a bathrobe got away with that free book Unger sent us, when Alan ordered Skullface, and sailed the Argo on the placid waters of the Bell River that empties into the sewer that NOW YOU KNOW WHY OUR BEACHES ARE POLLUTED

--- the LAST ---

empties into the beach surrounding Muscles Beach.

It's time for the bath again, and I'm trying to think of a way to take the Flaming Dragon into the tub with me. Got it. I'll set it on the edge of the tub, and have my paper, bath salts, epsom salts, bubble bath, bath oil (shall I use soap?) and towels ready, tie up my hair in a handkerchief. Oh, do I look awful. I twist the upper part of my torso so, yes so, and peck away.

What exstasy!

What glug, glug, bubble bath in my nose, no doubt. What am I typering? Shlop, I am practically submerged now, and only my hands and eyes are clear. Save me, ye elder Gods, save me. I have to finish this some way and glug, shlop, flub. Tell you what. I'll go back to just soaking. The Elder Gods have more important business elsewhere and it's not to be now.

SUMMING UP BY THE ELDER HERSHEY

Alan, Round Seven

---It is veeey discouraging to be confronted by eight page links, twelve page links, hand illuminated links, especially when a guy can only type at a rate of 1 1/2 words a minute. Something tells me that if I can't get my auto-typor-telopathometer perfected one of these days, there will have to be a secretary. One with wings, of course, so that she/he/it can deliver this letter to the next recipient, one John Van Uncouthering. Or should I speak derogitastistically about the man who is about to lengthen the Filings to half the magazine plus artwork?

The outstanding contribution must be laid at the door of that great artist, commentator, critic, bibliophile and maniac, one Con Pederson. Obviously, here is a masterpiece of gnawing at the Chain, a labor of love, and it's about time he turned out a decent letter.

Methinks

our new sucker, one Dave Lesperance, will make a mighty link if someone can talk him out of the double spacing. He writeth most well, but much too carefully for the kind of crud we wanna read, methinks. Let's see if you can't get to do your next one, dave, after about six straight scotches.

Then of

course there is the great JSW whose bathtub episodes would delight the heart if enlarged into a novel. Sneary's letter was its usual inimitable self, though straining at the leash for such places as South Gate (in 49), Bell, and perhaps even Los Angeles.

And finally, Elias comes through with some very pretty reminiscences. Who could ask for a better chain letter? "et's all pat ourselves on some convenient hunk of body and retire, shall we? If we disbanded right now, I could stop worrying about the intricacies of turning out Outlander #3 and life would be simple.

I will append a short report for the benefit of our missing members who could not make the Moffacon in August. By two the meeting was meeting. Much photographing of fans ensued, while Ack pounded away at the stencils for the next Shaggy. VC showed up about four and stayed about an hour. Long enuf for a game of chess and a chicken dinner before going home for dinner. Hershey wended his way to pick up Wendy in HuntingtonPk around seven and when he got back, the great Moffatt purchased about seventy gallons of ice cream. Van Couvering missed this and will probably kill himself when he hears of it. The usual auction was held, with two magnificent items: The Kid from Mars, hot off the press, was donated by 4SJ and won by our lordly host, and two new pocket books donated by the Hersheys (The Scarf by Bloch and Cave Girl by Burroughs) and won by Acker (HOW does the man do it?).

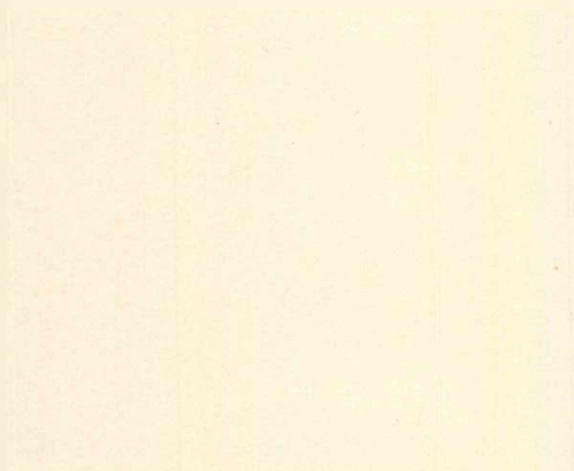
It should not be forgotten that the beauteous Moffatt neice was present and said she would come to the next meeting at the Hersheys. It was decided that Sneary was NOT present, but in a little brown box in Flagstaff waiting until the Grand Reunion Meeting. So be it.



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Freddie Hershey • Alan Hershey • Rick Sneary • Len Moffatt • Bill Elias  
John Van Couvering • Con Pederson • Dave Lesperance • Stan Woolston