

THE  
NUMBER  
FIVE

# **OUTLANDER**

SPECIAL WESTERCON 3 ISSUE

Edited by Len Moffatt and Rick Sneary

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# THE OUTLANDER

Number Five

Special Westercon III Issue

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THE OUTLANDER, published irregularly by The Outlander Society of southern California, is now 15¢ a copy. However, old subscriptions will be honored at the previous price. The rising cost of paper and postage has made this slight rise in price necessary. Please send all letters and subscriptions to: **FREDDIE HERSHEY**  
(no stamps please) 6335 King Avenue  
Bell, California

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SOUTH GATE IN '58!

# EDITORIALS

-OR THREE  
IN ONE  
"OIL"

Moffatt Just told me to write a half page. So.. I don't know why I'm co-editor of this issue. I was away on a short vacation, and when I got back I found I had been named co-editor.

Now on most zines this would mean reading all the material, cutting half the stincels, and slaving all day over a mimeograph. But not the OUTLANDER. This is the third stincel I have cut, (Len cut 6) the rest of the members cut there own. John Van Couvering, The Filing Editor, did more than any one else. The mimeo running has been done mainly by Alan Hershey, with help from Len and Irea Rosen.

Our cover was done of course by STAN WOOLSTON, who has done all our other covers. No Indains this time, or hadn't you notest? Our next cover may be a little different, as we hope to have a Lithoed one, done by some well known fan artist. We are holding a fan art contest at the WESTERCON III, which we are sponcering. An if all goes well, we will use the winning picture as a cover on THE OUTLANDER #6.

One point we would like to make.. WE WANT LETTERS... THE OUTLANDER, even at the new price, is loosing money, and only the ego-boo we get from letters keeps us interested. So I warn you, if you want to keep seeing us every three four months, keep sending thos letters, (beside the money, of course.) We will try to use as many as possable, not louse them up to much.

Yours.

Jr. Co-editor Rick Sneary.

Sneary insists that I finish this page. No doubt I will. Composing on the stencil is a hell of a way to write an editorial or any kind of derthless prose fpr that matter. Oh well. Who reads the editorial anyway? But if you are reading this, you'll be pleased to learn that Dot (Grandma the Demon) will be editing the next issue of this fine fifteen cent magazine. People are going out to eat and no "editorial" is going to keep me from answering chow call.

Happy Days! (and nites too...)

-Len Moffatt, Sneary's Slave.

REPRESENTING A GUEST EDITORIAL by John Van Couvering who edited the first issue of The Outlander. Say Something Already, John.....

Belay that, Moffatt! Things are bad when they get a poor tired swabbie fresh off a destroyer to fill up the last few lines. (We and my one stripe in the naval reserve! ) There's more?

(Thank you, Admiral Van Couvering!) This is Page Two



# 19 FILINGS from the CHAIN

---CONDUCTED BY THAT RANK FILER, *John Van Couvering*

YOU WILL notice I refrain from using the editorial "we". Mark Twain remarked that the only people entitled to that plural form of address were the Holy Trinity and people with tapeworms. There's a lot of material to file, after our lamented lapse in TO #4. But first, I reproduce a touching domestic scene as related to me by Madame la Hersh.

"I have just finished two links of the Chain," said Alan, looking up at Freddie with eyebrows judiciously cocked. "They're damn good!"

"Whose are they?" asked Freddie, somewhat startled.

"Your old one and my old one," Alan said, lighting up another Pall Mall.

## HUNT'S BRINGS OUT THE BEST

Van C, Round 7

((Ed note: this was written last August, when Van Couvering worked the long night through at Hunt Food's canning plant in Fullerton. He came home groggy and light-headed to write his most monumental link to date, a 10-page section of sheer delirium. Bide your while, gentle reader, while we hurry through.))

---The peaches started well, if slowly, at 7:10 p.m. promptly. Wonder of wonders, our hideous contraption was working well; no cans jammed in the sealer, no cans mashed in the syruper, no cans got speared in the lidder. When the "lunch" period arrived, I spent a lonely 45 minutes between 12:15 and 1:00 a.m. with a copy of Coronet and a stale lunch. The run stopped at 4:15 a.m. I, of course, cleaned up, and hosed off the three machines that make up our menagerie on Line A, which kept me occupied until 5:15. Then I only had to wait an hour and fifteen minutes for the first bus, go home, wake everybody up, eat, wash, talk, and finally go to bed at 8:00. It's a lonely life.

Gemini, He's Taurus Shirt, a one-Zodiac play in three Tarot decks and an extra joker:

Enter PISTACHIO, munching on a beer can. LEN, seated before his typer, accosts him.

LEN: Mumblemumble....gleep...groan....bibble-bibble. (Twists tie about his neck and gives gruesome imitation of a man dead on the gallows for a week.)

PISTACHIO: Chain here again, huh?

LEN: (Nods wearily and tries weakly to spit on the typer, but manages only a vindictive drool down his shirt front.)

--THREE--

FILINGS : FOUR

VRANDUSKI: (Enters L. bearing bibs, towels, funnels etc. Dresses Len appropriately after wiping him off, then produces a large key and looks questioningly at PISTACHIO.)

PISTACHIO: Not yet. He's gonna try to write it himself again. He gets the mailing order down all right, but then... (VRANDUSKI nods understandingly, goes resignedly off and returns with a straight jacket.)

LEN: All right, all right, you win. Trot 'em out! (Pushes typer away after dribbling triumphantly on the spacer bar. Petulantly eats Beerpretzels while PISTACHIO, VRANDUSKI, and ZANKOWICH laboriously open a trap door set in the stone flagging and lower a hand of bananas through.)

(Enter GHOST WRITERS up center, chattering and scratching fleas. When all fifty million are present, LEN dons his Simian Legree costume and they set to work, each WRITER hit one key and returning to the end of the line.)

LEN: (Shoos WRITERS below again after two pages are done, entitles the paper "From Random House", slips it in the envelope and sends Chain off to Hersheyd.)

ALL: A merry Christmas to all and a jolly Good Night!

STAN GENTLY FLUTTERS TO EARTH

Stanlink, R. 7

---As of about fifteen minutes ago, I have just about decided to attend the convention in Portland. Mother has a cousin there, and I may be able to stay there. I've been California-bound (in the stationary sense of the word) ((by stationary I mean in the sense of permanent)) (((by permanent I mean in the sense of stuck here))) --yes, California-bound for about half my life, and I yearn to see new horizons. So, come depression, war, or pestilence, I'll probably go via bus, or private car, or thumb up there.

Are you going, huh?

.....  
I just thought, we've had oats at the Outlander meets...Bonzo and Tommy and Blackington...but no dawgs, except Len's Rascal. This is unfair to Houndom.  
.....

This, like all the others, is a crud-sheet I'm doodling on with words. I dedicate these words to Popeye and Mortimer Snerd, two examples of American culture.

I FLEW TO MARS--YES, I DID, ACTUALLY AND LATERALLY. AND IN THE REFRESHING ZESTFULNESS OF THE ATMOSPHERE BETWEEN THE WORLDS I DISCOVERED A NEW TRUTH. ZYZO IS ALL. I AM ALL. ONLY ONE HEAVEN-BOUND WOULD UNDERSTAND THIS. IF YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS YOU ARE DOOMED TO THE ETERNAL FIRES OF HELL, UNLESS---

THE RISE AND FALL OF LESPERANCE

Dave, R. 7

((Ed note: the last FILINGS contained Lesperance's first link. This one contains his last. So do Colleges make ex-Outlanders of us all.))

---Oh, yes, here is a jolly bit of news. Last night, I gave up smoking. Yep, finished with the weed, stogies, fags, gaspers, coffin nails, etc. What do you get out of it besides an empty pocket and cancer of the lungs? Been 24 hours since I had a smoke. Big red hot olinker in the bottom of my lungs. Little devils dancing back and forth in front of my eyes. Puttuie! So there. (I expectorated in the little devils' eyes.)

STOP MOFFAT MOVEMENT BREWING IN LASFAS

Los Angeles (UP). Recently, Len Moffatt won his third book by the devious and underhanded method of getting the right ticket in a drawing. In the cloakroom afterwards cautious voices were heard, suggesting that Moffat was a telekinetic freak



## FILINGS : FIVE

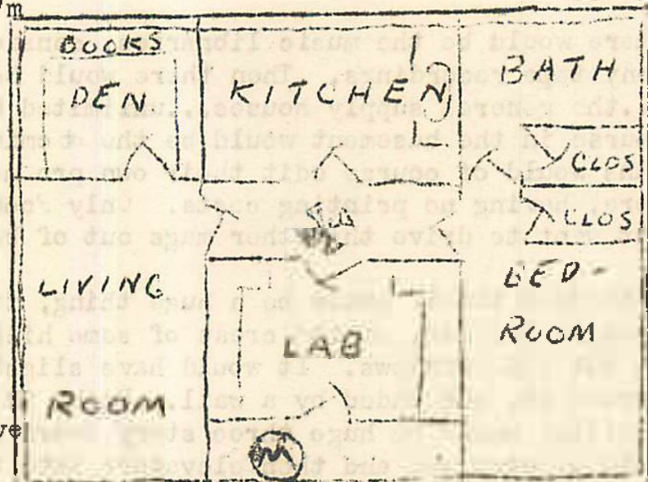
smuggled in by Rhine, of Duke University. An alternative, that he has an agreement as to terms with the chance puncher, is also being considered. At any rate, if Moffatt should win again, the password is "Blunt instrument."

Girls over at UCLA very pretty. Am sitting next to a young chick in my shakespeare class who, on first lookover (I didn't overlook her, you may be sure) seemed pulchritudinous. Haven't accosted her yet. Let her get used to me first, then comes the proffered friendship. Heh, heh, heh.

### THE BIBLE OF FOO-FOO

Rick, R. 7

---Now take Foo-Foo (or FooFoo)...I'm sure you all know that is the name given to a mythical ghod of fandom. I was to late to be around when it was going strong, but have read about it. And so, got to thinking, what if there was one. With so many fans thinking about it, it might be formed. If so what would it do to/for fandom. The answer I worked out is most involved, but I find it fasanating. You see, he would be grateful to his followers, but not want them to get soft like the other old religions. If he gave them to much, they might drift away from being fans, and he would lose 'em.



First would come the "cell" which each true follower of FooFoo would be intitled to have. To pass into your cell you would merely think about being in the "cell" and you would slowly sink through the floor, and drop into the "cell" at the point marked "X" on the drawing. To leave, you would simply reverse the procedure.

The Lab would be the resl nerve center of the whole "cell". Inothe space marked "M" would be the master machine (as yet unnamed.) It would suply the fan with all his needs, for a complete and icolated exsistance. By dieling numbers found in a catalog he could receive food stuff, paper and printing suplys, poster paint, soap flakes, zinc dust, pots, pans, and any of the many things he would need to run the place.

He can also get servants and unaforms. On official occasions fans would be required to wear a set garment. It would be a deep blue with black boots and the pants tucked in the top of the boots paratruper style. His shirt and cape would be blue. In full dress, the fan would also wear a sword. When a fan wants something done, he nearly diels, and a sorvant steps out of the machine and does it.

But not everything. Firstly, each fan must spend at least six hours a week in study. The white robed scientist sorvants are available as teachers, and will teach the fan anything he wants to learn. Each fan must also put in either 15 or 30 minutes a day in some kind of sport, or exercize. (Ach, Big Brother FooFoo is watching you.) This though doesn't have to be in the "cell" but can be "Outside."

He must also do at least 50% of the work on a 'zine himself. Each fan will strive to do his best, for he will be wanting to be voted one of the top 50 or 100 fans fans of the year. The top fans will be able to spend a year in the Cathedrel of FooFoo, a monstros building in Southern California.

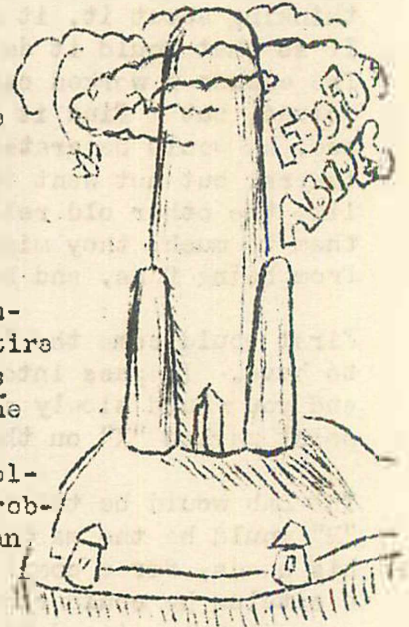
It will be central clearing house for all Foo activities. Fans living there will not need to do outside work, as they will be kept busy working for FooFoo. There will probably be something like a twenty-four hour work week for all resident fans. (Each fan will have his own "cell", reached by a regular door. He may bring any fan members of his family with him, and they need not work. But non-fans of course will not be allowed. The reason being that the servants of FooFoo cannot be seen by mortal eyes. This is to keep them from being sent out into the world to do work fans might do.... They will also have a slight unearthly air about them to keep any fan from being content to live only with his servants.)

There would be any number of jobs for fans to do. Vast libraries, infact three: science fiction, near fiction and non-fiction. The libraries will try to hold a master copy of every book published, so as to be able to duplicate them at will and send them out free to fans who write in asking for them.

There would be the music libraries, consisting of all the records ever made and many tape recordings. Then there would be the film library...the numerous Labs ...the general supply houses...unlimited truck fleet, also an air-fleet. Of-course in the basement would be the atomic piles, and printing presses. The fans would of course edit their own pro mag. They could ofcourse pay the writers more, having no printing costs. Only FooFooians would see it, because we would not want to drive the other mags out of business.

The Cathedral itself would be a huge thing, towering 100 stories in the air, on the crest of some hill. It would have no outside windows. It would have slightly rolling land around it, surrounded by a wall. Right in the base of the building would be huge three story doors that would lead into a entry way and then elevators into the great hall.

This is only an incomplete word picture. ((Ed Note: the uncut version of the incomplete word picture covered two entire sheets of paper, single-spaced. Think how incomplete this word picture here must be.)) It is impossible to convey the amount of detail I have worked out. I'll just add that I have thought of tests for people claiming to be fans, rebellions by the people, churches, conventions, publication problems, ad infinitum. Just shows you how involved a mind can get on un-importen stuff.



#### FEDERSON POPS UP

Con, Round 7

---To heck with this. It's too goddamn cold to circulate blood. Then why should I go to all the trouble to write a critique of all these stupid letters that should be in West Virginia by now? Why in hell doesn't somebody write me? Just because I'm 2000 miles away from LA and I'm not around to smile out of the corner of my mouth every time Timmer makes a sonorous observation about the way Freddie Hershey is supposed to think, or eat potato salad with my fingers or manfully guzzle a glass of Acme while actually under the painful wish that it were coke or something that tasted good, or looking through my tattered surplus air force jacket at a bang bang B picture from Patagonia, or trying to keep a nosy cop from smelling my breath while I nervously try to explain to him what the hell I'm doing on 7th Street at 3:30 in the morning and that the magazines under my arm are not pornography but just science fiction. For not at the present doing one or all of the aforementioned I have been excorsized from that ignoble institution, The Outlander Society Honor Roll and Letter Writing Service. In other words nobody writes me either.



ANOTHER MILESTONE PASSED

Moffatt, R. 8

---The Route:

1. Len Moffatt 6766 Hannon Street Bell Gardens, California
2. Freddie Hershey 6335 King Avenue Bell, Calif.
3. Alan Hershey 6335 King Avenue Bell, Calif.
4. John Van Couvering 10358 S. Downey Avenue, Downey, Calif.
5. Stan Woolston 12832 S. West Street Garden Grove, Calif.
6. Dorothea Faulkner 164 Geneva Place Covina, California
7. Rick Sneary 2962 Santa Ana Street South Gate, California
8. Con Pederson Rte 1 (c/o O. L. Olson) Clear Lake, Minnesota

I note with interest that this typer is starting to spell like Sneary's...What Strange Influence does the Sage of Souse...cops..South Gate have o'er usall...

Sometime I'm going to have this letter in my clutches and have lots of time on my hands and then you characters better have your blinders and sungoggles ready. I will turn out an illustrated, illuminated (lit up?) de-doodled edition of Link One with pages and pages of pictures and photographs and dirty jokes, etc. So help me.

But right now I am going to hit the sack and prepare this chain for dee-liberry to de Hersheys.....

FREDDIE LOOKS BACK OVER HER FIRST YEAR AS AN OUTLANDER

Freddie, R. 8

---In the early part of January, the van Vogt lectures were the big deal around town among most of the fans. From these talks later came the gobs of hysterical conversations that were bandied about the Hershey floor. February finds a lone record of a meeting at Len's, an occasional visit to and from Rick, and the LASFS banquet for Ev ((E.E.Evans)) which most of us attended.

And along in here somewhere in middle March I saw another type of fanfest, the real beery type, at Dale Hart's. On April 2nd, the real big whing-ding occurred here at the Hershey's. Everyone was here and such talk!! I can see the bright shiny eyes strewn around all over the place, and I doubt if any of you realized how much it meant to me.

More and more and oftener I now recall the frequent visits that the boys made here. They helped me paint the house, they mowed the lawn, they read the books and mags, slept over, ate the food I half-flung at them, and washed dishes.

We gave Alan a surprise birthday party on June 13th. The Master was really touched, and I was all in for days afterwards. Con took off on June 28th, and with Con gone, William sat and sat, and sadly, I saw Bill on his way on July 18th. But we bore up nobly under the strain and went out to Garden Grove for our July meeting. Van Couvering still managed to eat to capacity and Forry sat and looked like an owl and smiled soft, soft smiles at questions and answers alike.

Rick gave us a terrific meeting on October 29th, and Dot Faulkner was invited to join our peerless ranks. Davey came and went very rapidly; school called and John went proudly off to college also. The '49 Westercon came and went and now the Outlanders are going to do the job in '50. Gee, I'm a bit scared. It is an awful lot of work and we better be good. We better.

CLANK!

Alan, R. 8

---On looking through the letters, the first thing that hit my eye was the Elias resignation. Since Bill has alawys been a most desirable member, I hereby suggest that Bill become Most Honorable BY GOD WEST VIRGINIA OUTLANDER... In other words according to this dammed typer---3/4 God and 3/4 Outlander. This



adds up to 15 and several potentially startling ideas but let's not investigate them right now. After all, we are the people who will rule the Sevagram. Or didn't you know I was actually a robot?

Clank!

Seated here this Friday evening, I am still somewhat in the fog that confronted Sneary, Moffatt and Hersheys when they returned from LASFS last night. Visibility was so bad that I received the distinct impression that the fog was trying to see through me. Everyone had perfect confidence in the driver they said, while chewing on an elbow (anybody's elbow), but unfortunately the driver whose name was Hershey had no confidence whatsoever in the driver. He mumbled something to the effect that the evening reminded him strongly of one of the closing scenes of The Unpleasant Profession of Johnathon Hoagg by Heinlein. Sneary immediately spotted the reference just like nothin, but it still reminded me of a story by Heinlein.

#### IMPRESSIONS AND REPRESSIONS

Van, R. 8

---I have a poll of my own, too. If you had three beautiful girls (this is just for you boys, now) where would you prefer to live, chronologically and geographically speaking?

Me, I'd take Southern California about zero point zero zero A.D., when there wasn't anybody around but a few lazy Acorn-Eaters and the place was just like God made it. It must have really been beautiful, with the green plains up against the hills and the L.A. river flowing through Cahuenga pass and down across the open plain to the wide beaches and the Pacific. (the old stuff about it being a "desert" is true out around Riverside and Pomona, but in the Whittier narrows, the El Segundo hills, Point Firmin, the San Gabriel valley, and the once-pine-covered Temescalas that stand behind Whittier, it was green and well-watered all year round by the constant sea breezes.)

Think of the abalone and the fishing, the deer, rabbits, grizzlies, quail; the scenery, the weather, the beaches; spend the summer in the mountains at Big Bear, the winter in Palm Canyon, where the mountain streams run down through desert canyons filled with groves of Washington palms.

Or, to make it ideal, why not have it this way:

- (1) Three girls and yourself.
- (2) Two girls and a heap of rifles, fishing rods and tackle, ammunition, hammer, saw, nails, canvas, brace and bits, matches, hatchets, knives, kitchenware, spears, boat plans, trade stuff, and yourself.
- (3) One girl, all the equipment above plus seeds, sprouts, grafts, plows, hoes, files, axes, horses, chemicals and instruction manuals, and yourself.
- (4) No girls and a time machine.

The ultimate, of course, is three girls and the time machine. Oh, boy! But that's sheer communism...you gotta work for it, it says here, or you don't enjoy it. On the other hand, stolen fruit...

Somebody mentioned a grand membership drive in 1957 for the Oscon in South Gate in '58. It's a great idea...but of course, we'll have to liquidate them all afterwards. I begin to catch the insidious thought behind those notations of Sneary's at the Moffacon.

"If Slaves Were \$100." Hah. That's one solution. Line up the pauperized "angels" of our giant production and put the Bhubbling Bhudda to work, mesmerizing them.

"Your name is Jelfecker Hoshninin," he drones, "you have no desire but to serve your owner...you are a slave...sleep...sleep...hee hee hee huh huh!" The glassy-eyed automatons move in lock step towards the waiting trucks, and father Sneary stands to one side consulting his great file of amassed records and giggling horribly.

Or, if Woolston's voice has failed him, as a result of leading the thrice

FILINGS : NINE

daily chants to FooFoo, we come to the next notation, <sup>"Ways of Murder,"</sup>/ At the Moffacon he put this question to the group as an "interesting experiment" to find out a good way to eliminate undesirable individuals from the American scene. We now understand his true motive.

Here is Alan, botulizing the victims' string beans; Van Couvering greans under the weight of a huge jug of metallic mercury to pour in their mashed potatoes, while Sneary skulks about with a monstrous hypodermic filled with double distilled nicotine behind his back. A grim gathering.

The scribbled reminder, "Cost of Boxes," which was a mystery to all present, now becomes clear. Frugal Sneary. Even if FooFoo will provide the ingredients, there is still the problem of all those bloated kidneyless nitric-acidified stiffs to dispose of. Sneary thinks of everything.

PEARLS FROM THE MOUTH OF THE BUDDHA

Stan, R. 8

---Ha. Just heard how Christianity has spread the art of the Kiss throughout the world. Except in mostly un, or nonChristian lands, the kiss has taken its place as the symbol of affection. Yet once it didn't exist...the early cultists (Christians) used the kiss as a symbol of their group...a symbol of friendship. Then some husbands complained that some of the lodge members seemed to prefer other members' wives to the heavily whiskered males, so the head men set up rules against kissing except between "brothers." Naturally a sort of bootlegging grew up...France adopted it, and then all the rest of the Christian world.

This history note thrills me. It inspires me. I suggest that FOOFOO be given a symbolic greeting.... Each Believer will carry a stick in the form of a ruler seven inches long, and when they see a fellow-cultist they will beat him/her over the head with it. From three to seven taps, according to the Rank of the individual. The Rank will depend on a modification of the chickens' Pecking Order.

Fannish peck-position will depend on the number of fanoffices held, the position your mag is voted in, the number of clubs you are a member of. Rick would naturally be Top Rooster. Moffatt is a second-liner; he can beat only FooFooers who are of lesser rank...and he taps 'em six times. The non-club member is bashed over the head with a ruler and until he is signed up by the club recorder he is considered very inferior. Rick, of course, strikes anyone, including Herr Dictator Moffatt, whom he meets. Except Van Couvering and A. Uranium Hershey, who are too tall and must be made to bow servilely.

GRANNY THE DEMON APPEARS ON THE SCENE

Dotty, R. 8

---The day I longed for and dreaded at the same time has at last come to pass. I am on my mettle. Freddie, you have been an Outlander long years before I got in ((One, to be exact. Ed.)) but I know what you mean in your link. To me it was a perfect miracle, to have such a swell bunch accept me as their equal and to make me so welcome. And don't you say it is only a hot flash!

To tell the truth, for seven years I have been dead and didn't know it. Kept wondering what that smell was. Read all the old magazines in solitary state, and had no one to argue with and spilt hairs and herrings with until I found LASFS. I never felt really at home, though, until you-all took me in.

I guess you all know of the trip to the moon I took with Forry and Wendy Ackerman. I know, from what little I saw, that this "Destination Moon" is going to be quite a picture. I enjoyed very much talking with the various actors, especially the two who entertained me with an account of the eccentric amours of young Erroll Flynn and his grammar-school girl friends. Which same would not do for publication in a place as this.



DEAR HEARTS AND GENTAL PEOPLE

Rick, R. 8

---But I was thinking back to the first Westercon myself. That was a turning point for me too. I had been Sneary the Hermet of South Gate up till then. After that I spread out. But that first impression! I was wondering around, looking for Len and the others, to see about going. There he was talking to this good looking gal. (That's our boy Moffatt every time.) I walked up and he introduced me to a Mrs. Freddie Hershey who was supposed to live as close to us as Bell. Hmmm I thought, sizing her up... nice looking, never heard of her though. Must be a new fan, acts like it too.

I asked for her address so we could see her and her husband again, and try to get them interested in our group. My program book was pushed into the hand of a tall, distinguished looking fellow, who was told to write their address under her name. (Which I had gotten before, and still do not remember doing.)

I remember how our little group trundled off, and admitted that none had the nerve to ask if they had a car, for fear it would sound like we wanted a ride, which we did, and how Len and I laid the groundwork for the unwritten laws that now govern our group...

All this talk about more members in 1957-58. We don't need more. The Con will be put on by a Society (if present convention systems prevail) with the OS at the top, but with notable LASFS members in it. Hundreds of outsiders would pay their buck and become Society members, not OS members. No need to poison a soul.

Since you've been gone, Con, it is Len that is taking your place. Freddie is working hard on our smiling beer soaked lad, trying to make him take the fatal step. Got a few prospects lined up, but being fans they are full of neuroses and probable are controlled by a two headed Martian or something. He talks about a girl back East, but I think it is a smoke screen.

I have thought of a new word, which I want someone to invent something to fit... It is "button-tack"... It is a wonderful word, as I'm sure you will agree after repeating it aloud a number of times.

SOUTH GATE IN '58!

FLAMES FROM THE FROZEN NORTH

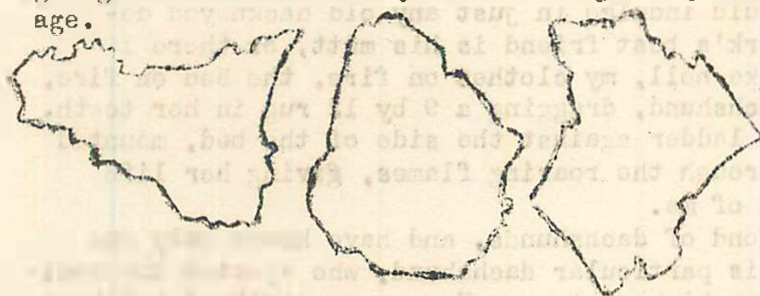
Con, R. 8

---Looking, for instance, at Alan's love for dachshunds. All I see is a mammalian version of a Studebaker, built low and close to the ground. And a most esthetically displeasing color and form. They walk the noisiest of dogs, due to the rapid chatter of their tiny legs snaking them across the floor. All in all, unless you like phallic symbols running loose all over the front room, I would not have a dachshund.

But Alan would merely recount their intelligence, which they have amassed stores of in excess of any other critter, he would say, their patience, and run through a whole list of their desirable traits which would seem to put Badger Dog on a pedestal. In making a preference, you abstract the desirable qualities; in a negative taste, the undesirable qualities are hewn loose from the total Dog. Q.E.D.

This talk about being someplace with three girls is fascinating. I would like to be around Chichen Itza or some other Mayan city when it was flourishing. The only thing I could really object to is their quaint method of worship. They reputedly tossed a couple of choice virgins into a 200 foot deep well; if they lived, they were made queen and given all sorts of honors. (In Samoa a virgin didn't have the same religious value, but they came in handy socially.)

Since John and I are turning our escapist thoughts towards the South Seas, I too would like a cozy little island, replete with Ceylonian wonders and Polynesian bare boobums. There is a fly in the ointment, tho. Three girls are going to be awkward if you haven't got any village authority or even any village.



**YE QUIZ:** Whoever correctly names the three sketches of land areas to the left (not to scale) will be awarded a chocolate covered snowball.

Must be off. I have to file the buttons off some fencing rapiers.

Happy

Groundhog Day.

AND SO BEGINNETH

Len, R. 9

--- Three women...desert island...how long? Depends on the girls' ages. Wouldn't want them all the same age, if you follow me. Does this include subs to the stfantasy mags and a life membership in the History Book Club? Could I have three different colors of women? Say, blue, green and purple? Would one of them have a built in phonograph and a large collection of jazz and classical music? Could I have my typer and a thousand reams of beer can labels? (Gotta have something to type on.) Of course you know the simplest way to carry beer can labels. All in all, it sounds like a good deal. I'll try it for nine months and see what comes of it.

If I lived in Minnesota maybe I would turn out 18 pages of stuff too. Or maybe I'd just freeze to death. Come ye back to FandOLA, Con!

Outlander # 4 is out and it seems Rick and I have been "kicked upstairs" to do the fifth issue of Fandom's Finest. JVC has been instructed to use as many pages as he wants for the Filings column for # 5, seeing as how # 4 had none. Well, I told him not to go over 15 pages (half the mag) and methinx, as does Rick, that he won't use more than eight or ten at the most. ((Methinx youthinx wrong. Ed.))

Now remember, kiddies, this ish # 5 is gonna be the special ish for Westercon III, sponsored by ye OS, so let's make it hypersuperpeachycreamwhoopeddoo! The Several Out of Time serial will be continued if the reader's response to Part One is no comment or better. I was quite hopped up over it when the Idea first hit me, but time, time, time....well, you know how it is with time.

THE WINNAH AND NEW CHAMPEEN---

Freddie, R. 9

---To date I've been crowing that perhaps here at the Hersheys were the gang able to give fullest reign to their innumerable inanities, relax, and really do whatever little things came into their betendrilled heads. And maybe I have been right. But that is a thing of the past. I yield, and happily, my crown to Dot.

From the minute we pulled up the road, and saw her signs of greeting and directions to the house, I knew that sinking feeling that every fighter must feel, when he meets his match. Gad, what a simply wondrous house for meetings!!! And the veriest veriest perfect house for an Outlander to have.

As soon as the Korzybski crew came in, took one look at the 20' by 8' rag rug on the floor, slithered it around under their feet for a moment and kicked off their shoes in glee, the party started, and until we left at 12:30 a.m., we never stopped a moment. Dot made that rag rug, and even now in the cold light of a gloomy Sunday morning, I can chuckle as I visualize her making it---bumping along on her fanny, following the ever growing contours of this thing she began, and can't seem to finish off.



EMANATIONS FROM THE HERSHEY MOSTELRY

Alan, R. 9

---DACHSHUNDS!

Phallic Cymbals!

Therein lies a tale, my friends.

Pederson seems to think I would indulge in just any old hackneyed defense of the dachshund, such as a jerk's best friend is his mutt, or there I was in the burning house, snoring like hell, my clothes on fire, the bed on fire, when in dashed Matilda, my trusty dachshund, dragging a 9 by 12 rug in her teeth. She shucked off her corset, placed a ladder against the side of the bed, mounted it, and carried me down to safety through the roaring flames, giving her life for mine and making a rugged man out of me.

Actually, I am just mildly fond of dachshunds, and have known only one in a long and checkmated career. This particular dachshund, who sported the moniker of Brunnhilde, was not of the very highest type. Her young girlhood had been spent on the docks of Hamburg in the company of the dirtiest bunch of dogs you would ever care to meet. Her mother was a blowsy bitch who spent every scent she had on carbonated liverwurst. Her father was a waterfront tough of the worst variety, an ex-member of the Longdoggerman's Union, and although a lot of the boys thought he was a howl, most of the more refined Hamburgers thought he was a cur.

Brunnhilde never fitted into the life of the waterfront. She aspired to higher things. That's how she got involved with this Great Dane, Bruno. He was a handsome dog with a wandering eye who had drifted down to Hamburg on a Danish bark. Bruno knew his way around, and it didn't take long for Brunnhilde to catch his eye. At this time she was thirteen (months) and he decided to let her grow out a little.

When she was sixteen, he began to close in, and Hilda knew for the first time how it felt to be dogged at every step. Just when she was about to give up hope, she met an old seadog named Sykes. He was a fatherly old mariner who had shipped in on an American Freighter, and Hilda told him how she was being hounded.

Sykes was a soft-hearted old mongrel, and offered to help her stow away on the freighter. He sneaked her into a case of salami and the next thing she knew she was in New York. There she and Sykes parted company, and for the next six months Brunnhilde led a dog's life. The New York waterfront was just another waterfront to her. Her foreign looks did not make her lot any easier. All the gay dogs around town considered her fair prey. But she managed to retain her pristine purulence by never turning her back on anyone. (This is only possible to dachshunds, who can face both ways at once.)

But even Brunnhilde could not hold out indefinitely. Starvation and loneliness conspired to turn her into a prostibute. She turned to walking the streets, alas, and even wore snoutstick.

Brunnhilde's fall from grace lasted for several months, and only ended when she got religion at the Bowowery Mission. From then on she never slipped again. After a couple of months as a social worker, she came to California.

This is where her path crossed mine. I met her down at the bus depot at Sixth and Los Angeles. I was just an atomic bum at the time, and when I was bending down to pick up a butt, my eye met Brunnhilde's. As my gaze traveled down her sleek though shopworn length, I made up my mind to adopt her.

It was only shortly after that that it happened.

There I was in the burning house, snoring like hell, my clothes on fire, the bed on fire, when in dashed Brunnhilde, my trusty dachshund, dragging a 9 by 12 rug in her teeth.....

Damn this guy Pederson anyway!

Young Yosef Kennedaskina walked steadily through the snow. His left ear was frozen where the victory cloth of his cap wore thin, and there were no soles on his paper victory shoes. Beneath the coating of slush on his face, there was a grim countenance, evidence that young Yoie was pursuing a Cause.

Frozen next to his skinny side, under his right arm, reposed a manila envelope made of victory parchment. He glanced about furtively, as though in fear of some interloper.

At last, a door loomed through the blizzard. He extended his left hand feebly, probed at the cake of snow, and finally succeeded in opening it. He slipped in, half-frozen, and was met by a blast of putrid air. He realized he was safely home.

"Mama, please to bring hunka black bread for your liddle loving Yuniör. Also ice pick so can moving feet." Immediately an old hag of fifty swaggered through the foggy hovel, lugging an axe.

"Standing still, dear liddle monster, so loving Mama can slice off the icicles. Is being bad winter this summer."

"Is being coldest place in Siberia, am thinking. . . Where Papa?" Yosef continued to hug the sleet-laden envelope closely to him, as he felt for his left ear and staggered towards the table.

"Papa gone over Comrade Yarboschlitzky to offer vak-fur blanket for poor freezing cow Sadyvitch," answered Mama Kebbedaskina as she stuffed a few crumbs of black bread and goat cheese down Yosef's throat.

"Being good deal." Yosef promptly lay the envelope on the table, where he cautiously opened the clasp. He glanced nervously at the door, then extracted a single, lurid magazine from the depths of the package. "Looking, Mama. A science fiction maggingzine!"

"Oh my Yoie! What the Stalin doing you with decadent capitalistic literature? Getting sick at stomach me: tp thinking I have juvenile delinquent in house. There getting cheap American propaganda?"

"On last dog sled from Verkhoyansk being delegate to 1954 science fiction convention at Nome, who is taking wrong reindeer trail and getting somehow into (ugh) Russia. Saying delegate, he was due in Nome for the 'Gnomes' convention which is being 12th science fiction convention. Is giving liddle Yoie this science fiction maggingzine which is calling Amazing Stories."

Mama Kennedaskina snorted and lit up her pipe. "Fuh--typical capitialistic emotionalism intended for bourgeoisie peasants."

"Not saying, Mama! We less being even than bourgeoisie peasants. At cover looking, Mama; is saying 'Special This Issue...A Startling Thrilling Supercollosal Spectacular Fantastic Breathtaking Saga of Space and the Fearless Men Who Protect the Kerbsene Springs on Arcturus 5...RIDERS IN THE VOID, by George Bernard Shaver.' And being under all this yellow print is picture pretty young naked wooman."



"Holy Lenin--my liddle Yosef! Looking at low degrading American pictures! Being last straw! is unbearable to see young healthy stupid mind led astray. Giving magingzine so can burning in fireplace; need to melting icicles on chimney anyway."

Yosef recoiled in terror. "Wait Mama! Looking first at young handsome muscular man in picture which trying shooting funny looking ox with four arms which trying to knock off pretty young naked woman! See, there under blue print which saying, 'THE BARNACLE-MEN OF GANYMEDE, A Titillating Exciting Two-Fisted Action-Packed Bloody Novelette of the Spaceship Vampires by Fog Phillips!'"

"Hmmm...Not bad," observed Mama K. "Is reminding me of your (ughh) Papa--in his younger days, of course. Hokay, is letting keep magingzine. But what else having inside?"

Yosef sipped docilely at a cup of black victory coffee and turned the frosted pages. "Is being story by Alexander Spade, calling JERRY WHATZIS AND THE CASE OF THE HAUNTED HELICOPTER. See picture of tin man trying to push funny airplane through decadent capitalist skyscrapers? And here one naming THE GREEN MAN MEETS THE BROWN BOLL WEEVIL, all about King of Boll Weevils and plague starting in cotton plantation on Mercury to extorting millions rubles from filthy rich capitalists who are helpless until musclebound green hero coming down from space like millionaire out of Moscow."

"Say, Yosef, what this? 'The Clobber House.'"

Young Yosef read swiftly for a few minutes the new text at the back of the magazine. Then, a strange weird light came into his eyes...

\*\* \*\* \*

"Dear Comrade Ackerman:

"Is being eight months since last writing you. Bad news. When first receiving Amazing Stories from you year and a half ago, beginning new life for little Yosef. Was glad getting smuggled to America three issues my fanzine Frozen Stf and getting back several copies new decadent American science fiction magazines. One year ago was sending first story, THE BLIZZARD OF OZ for your trying sell. Then had plans for opening Siberia Science Fantasy Society. First two members were Mama and me, and last month succeeded in acquiring one slightly used atomic physicist who just escaping from salt mines.

"Having start project to come to America for South Gate Convention four years from now, and make bid for 1959 convention in Verkhoyansk. However, coming last night 500 armed soldiers who dragging SSFS off to stand trial for subversive activities.

"So now am sitting writing this with peince charcoal on hunk salt, and will send hunk salt by good friend here to Verkhoyansk. There trust will be posted and arrive safely in America. If receive hokay can arrange smuggle reply back in two years.

Random Forever,

Yosef Kennedskina"

# Report 2 from Little Siberia

AN OPEN LETTER FROM CON PEDERSON

15 February 1950

Dear Accomplices:

FLASH!! Con Pederson, backside of the Outlander Society, is sick again. Already afflicted with measles and an earache which resulted in poor hearing in the left ear, Li'l Pederson is currently the victim of pneumonia.

Pederson, author of several bestsellers (How to Tell my Home from a Hole in the Ground; I was Russian Propaganda; How to Stop Worrying and start raising Hell), and currently working on other projects (among them a sociological study to determine the causes of an insidious rumor that he has yellow hair), has this to say---

Have I stayed away too long! This miserable climate has lifted off whatever weight I once had on this bony persecuted frame and left a shambling wreck. I now take my iron pills and consume gallons of coffee between ravenous meals in an effort to preserve the spark of life. This is what you get for trying to be a poet.

Hospitals are horrible places. They stick you into a towering bed, half-naked, and never let you alone with your misery. I often tried to lose myself in writing or drawing or something of equally vast significance, but always a nurse came charging in to stick a large, if not gargantuan, blunt needle in your hip. (I always referred to the area as my butt, but they say hip and I suppose it is technically correct.)

Or they jab your fingers and suck the blood out of you. Once a nurse tried to take a blood sample that way and it ended up that she had to stab me three times. It seemed she couldn't squeeze any blood out of me, and rather than lay my arm over a chair and stamp on it, she just kept jabbing me. The ghoulis instrument they use for this process looks like a fountain pen but feels like a stapling machine.

As well as that, I now have an enema complex, 1,900,000 units of penicillin (at approximately \$3 a cubic centimeter: \$18.00)



and a curious mistrust of shifty-eyed janitors (that is, before he came around and showed me some new solitaire games--not a bad guy; a real gone Swede.) Whenever a door opens, however, one should call out, "Who goes there, friend or enema?"

And the way they administer the penicillin makes one wonder if Sir Alexander Fleming receive thousands of threatening letters. They roll you on your side, stand back a few feet and heave the hypo as though they were spearing a walleyed pike. If you are unfortunate enough to have a thermometer in your mouth at the time you get a mouthful of mercury when the harpoon hits you.

Oh, yes, thermometers...they toss these in your mouth every couple hours and forget about them; if you have more than three thermometers in your trap at one time you are asked to notify a nurse.

They wake you up at 6 a.m. and you fumble around in a wash basin. Then you go back to sleep muttering, until they wake you up at 7:00 and roll a breakfast tray under your chin. At 11:00 you get lunch, although you've just finished breakfast, plus a reprimanding look if you can't finish the predigested heterogenous substances. Then you starve until 4:30 and supper.

It got boring. I suggested wheelchair races or a dart game using hypodermic needles, but the nurses remained content to go on with the mundane course of things: stabbing patients with weapons a foot long, floating them in pools of splashed alcohol and lurking about with enema equipment, waiting for a delinquent bowel movement.

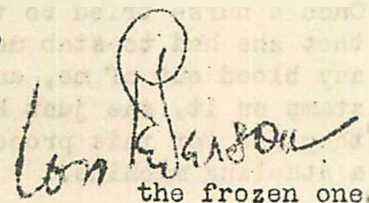
In the turmoil there was one little nurse that provided a source of awe and speculation: she was an exact duplicate of what our beloved Freddie Hershey must have looked like in a younger edition! She wore no makeup, had raven-black hair, the same dark features, rather plump and not overly pretty, but had a nice personality. She was similar in actions, expressions and the way she bawled me out. But never so dynamic as the Fair One. Nevertheless the resemblance was amusing.

I was in the hospital eight days. The bill (sans medical bill) was \$86. I am now home, out of school again, and enchanted.

This should explain any delays in answering some of your recent and not unappreciated letters, Outlanders.

Time marches on! Pederson gropes.

Love,

  
the frozen one.

Synopsis: The Outlanders find Benjamin Franklin preserved in a cask of wine. Ben is revived, "latches on" to modern ways, and invents a gadget called The Time Snatcher...

Part Two

Pungent Pun Gent

The first person we snatched out of the past was William Shakes--peare. He arrived, cursing us in iambic pentameter.

Mr. Shakespeare had been composing a sonnet when the Snatcher grabbed him and the shock had caused him to lose the thread of his verse. When he began to take stock of his surroundings he wondered aloud whether he was in Heaven, Hell or Gone Mad?

Ben explained to Mr. Shakespeare what had happened but he had to call it Magic instead of Science. Mr. Shakespeare was satisfied with a magical explanation tho he said he'd never had any real belief in anything supernatural til' now. He called Franklin "Prospero" and then--very hammy--danced around the Time Snatcher chanting "Double, Double toil and trouble..."

After several weeks of book-browsing and general conversation with the Outlanders, Mr. Shakespeare seemed quite happy in his surroundings. He refused, however, to leave the Herkhey house--which was just as well as he also refused to wear modern clothes. And there was no use arguing with Mr. Shakespeare who was well aware of the fact that he was a genius.

One day I caught him using Alan's best pen to copy quotations from one of Alan's Limited Editions. When he saw me watching him he hurriedly thrust the notes into his pocket and put the book back on the shelf. The title caught my eye: "Collected Works of Shakespeare."

"Why Mr. Shakespeare!" I said, "Why are you copying your own stuff?"

He hemmed and hawed a bit and finally admitted he was copying down the plays he hadn't written yet (at the time of his Snatchment) so he wouldn't have to write them when "released from this Temporal Captivity." This, I think, proves for all time that Shakespeare did not steal from anyone but himself!

At the next Outlander meeting Mr. Shakespeare was our Guest of Honor. (Ben hardly showed his face; he was busy tinkering with the Snatcher.) Honorary Outlander Ackerman was also present...

4E: Say, did you people hear about the science fiction fans in the leper colony? They held a "leper-con"...

Shakespeare: I have heard much of this Con. Is he a leper?

Freddie: You mean Conno? No, no--he's not a leper. Who wants coffee?

Jim: If there's a fee for the "caw" I will not crow...

Shakespeare: If there be no wine I'll quaff some beer. Mr. Ackerman, I am told that you do deal in the selling of writer's wares.

4E: I do not deal in old clothes, altho I imagine the clothes



you are wearing would sell for a fabulous sum to some fabulous collector of curious clothes...

Shakespeare: I speak not of my apparel but of me grrreat and gulorn--rrrious posey!

4E: If you sell your psey you will be de-flowered.

Shakespeare: My plays, man, my plays!

4E: Your place? That place? Where? I'm not a real estate agent...

Shakespeare: You block, you stone, you worse than senseless thing!

4E: Yes, an agent is often a cents-less thing...

Shakespeare: Ah! Then you admit to nonsense!

4E: Ask me how many pancakes I had for breakfast. Go on, ask me!

Shakespeare: I do not understand.

4E: Go on, Mr. Shakespeare. Ask me. Be a sport. Ask me how many...

Shakespeare: Very well, but then you must heed that which I wish to say. How many pancakes did you have for breakfast?

4E: Et tu, Brute!

Shakespeare: I think I'll go out and watch Benjamin awhile...

(Exit WS)

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We were having our third round of coffee and cake when Mr. Shakespeare came running in, wild eyed, waving a copy of the first issue of the Outlander Magazine.

"Why has this been hidden from me?" he howled.

"What's been hidden?" we chorused.

"This...this...these..wonderful...words, words, words..."

"What words?" we asked.

"Lend me your ears! 'In a walking down the forest edge creating things to be remembered when a last breath frosts someday..."

"It's Con's poem!" cried Van Couvering, "Mr. Shakespeare likes Con's poem!"

"I laughed, I laughed, Eli!" bellowed Mr. Shakespeare.

"He's reading the Filings," Van Couvering breathed reverently, "The Filings from the Chain..."

"Let us throw ourselves upon the ground and wish for drying spells!" roared Mr. Shakespeare, eyes damp with tears of joy. "There is this Con...this kindrid soul...this literary twin! Where?"

We told him. Mr. Shakespeare then made a long speech which proved to be his exit lines. I can't remember it all but it had something to do with rogues and peasant-slaves, and kings, and noble Romans. He wanted to go to Minnesota and visit Pederson. He needed transportation. He offered a kingdom for a horse. (4E punned on this one too but this is a family magazine?) We took up a collection and bought him busfare to Clear Lake, Minnesota and a long overcoat to cover his quaint attire. Much as we enjoyed his company we were glad in a way to see him go. He was beginning to have a displeasing air about him. Mr. Shakespeare never bathed.

((To Be Continued))

# GOING UP!

With patience and love, in Williamsburg  
They fashioned a tribute to by-gone folk,  
To show how the old life was sweet and good,

But in Alamogordo a new dawn broke!

They dammed up the time-stream in Williamsburg,  
And captured the past with invisible bars;  
They built them a village self-consciously quaint,

But in White Sands the rockets strain toward the stars!

Oh, there's nothing for us there in Williamsburg -  
Not for us are the ruffles, the old time grace;  
We're the power and the flame and the clean-cut steel -  
We're the Young! We are those who will conquer Space!

—Dorothea M. Faulkner

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P L A Y

-by

T H E R A P Y

Freddie Hershey

In the past, I've been only too prone to write lightly for our fanzine, but then, maybe I had no reason to do otherwise---or no knowledge. But of late, a serious project has taken up some of my time, and I'd like to tell you something about it. I haven't been doing it very long, and there must be all sorts of information that I do not know, but these are first impressions and they hit home so strongly, that I feel I must pass them on, if only in the part that I have experienced.

No ex G.I. in his right mind any longer wears his ruptured duck. The war has been over too long, and it is better to forget, ignore and otherwise skip lightly over the fact that there was a war. Or is it? Do those of us that sent our men away, or went ourselves dare forget? Occassionally we see someone or know someone that suffered physical wounds in the war, but not too often. And those that have, have had these years in which to made a readjustment. We accept these men with hooks instead of arms, with wooden legs, remade faces, blind, lame and halt. We accept, because they are a part of our landscape and the human mind learns to accept, where acceptance is necessary for survival.

But what about the mentally wounded? These we slyly hide away, and seldom see, if ever, and hear even less about. And their numbers increase with frightening rapidity, now, these many years after the shooting and the drumming of drums are over. Boys and men, girls and women, whose insecure upbringing gave them neuroses that could not withstand the additional pressure of the traumatic shock of war. And those that were able to withstand the hot war have come back to live in a cold war world, and of these more are crumbling mentally every day.

I have been privileged to see some of these men and women. I have no idea how many there are all over the country, but the number must be frightening. At Brentwood Hospital, out at Sawtelle, I have seen a couple hundred. I suppose I can truthfully say that they are well treated, considering that it is impossible to give each case the individual treatment that it might require.

The wards are clean, the men seem well fed and reasonably happy; the girls are permitted to wear what they please; there are radios, television sets, canasta cards, magazines and books, and play therapy arranged by the Red Cross and other charitable organizations. That's where I come in.

Thursday evening is the time allotted for the Grey Ladies of the Red Cross to bring cheer to the psychopaths. This cheer they have been bringing since the war, and many of the women have their hearts in this work (to a fine degree.) That's the great trouble. They mean so well and are so unequal to the task. Some are afraid of the patients; others consider them unclean; some are pitying to a maudlin degree; and but two or three that I have seen so far, have any idea of the problem.

To the rest, on Thursday evening, they put on their Grey uniform, (expensive, and paid for by themselves) drive out to Brentwood, arrange the baskets, gather the song books and are ready to devote 2½ hours to this needy cause. If my criticism of these well-meaning but inadequate women is cruel, it is only because it hurt me so.

To go on; the baskets are large and contain fruit, generally red apples and pears, cigarettes, peanuts, mixed hard candies, etc. I haven't as yet found out where this all comes from, except that the cigarettes are donated by the large cigarette companies.

The head Grey Lady then assigns the women under her to the various wards, and each Grey Lady usually has two entertainers with her. The services of these entertainers are also gratis, and of an exceptionally high calibre. Singers, pianists, violinists and other instrumentalists are what I have seen and heard to date. And before I go any farther, let me state that there is no praise too great for all that I have had the honor to meet. It is remarkable to me that the attitude that these artists have toward the mentally ill is so realistic and healthy. And believe me, they are well loved in the wards, even by the most advanced cases.

Before leaving the Red Cross office, Grey Ladies and entertainers are supposed to leave their purses and all personal possessions and take only their ministerial music and coats. Some of the wards are in buildings a good long hike away. The Grey Lady in charge of each group has keys. These keys will open gates around buildings, and the front doors of these buildings. After you enter a building, each door is carefully locked behind you.

The evening night nurse superintendant checks you carefully and phones up that you are coming. Along numerous winding corridors you quietly follow the leader, and sense the tenseness as you go. You speak in whispers, tread softly, see and hear nothing and keep to-



gether. You have strict orders not to wander away anywhere by yourself. (Some of the patients ARE violent; you know.)

The last door leading to the ward you want is opened by the floor guard, or ward attendant, as he or she is called. My first trip to Brentwood sent me to what is called the 'entrance ward'. Here were about forty men, who have not yet been permanently assigned to any of the other wards. Some can hope to be discharged right from here, if they respond to treatment, but others will unquestionably be reassigned, according to their classification. Most of the men were dipso-maniacs, with a sprinkling of drug-addicts, schizophrenics, and a few abnormal sex cases. Of the forty, at least one third were negro. All lumped together awaiting the psychiatrists' decisions.

My first visit did not start auspiciously. We were short handed, and I was going to have to both play and sing all the time. Since participation on the part of the boys was the desired goal, I would be handicapped by being bound to the piano, instead of free to circulate around the room. As I mulled this over upon entering the recreation room, I was aware that the room was charged with something alien, anxious, fearful. I wasn't afraid, I knew. What was wrong?

I stood still in the doorway, as the Grey Lady started passing among the men with her basket. Three men rushed forward to me. All were in their early thirties. They were dressed in pajamas, unshaven, eyes bright with unnatural flush and obviously excited.

"Don't be afraid, Miss. One of the boys had a very bad seizure just a few minutes ago, and the boys are still upset about it."

"You're new here, aren't you?"

"Gee, that's a pretty shiny jacket you have on. Can I feel of it?" (Black satin) And feel it he did, closing his eyes, caressing the soft cloth, gurgling softly to himself.

The piano had to be brought in from another room, so I elected to watch what the boys were taking (or rather, being given) from the basket. They are not permitted to touch the basket or its contents. And what did I discover? They wanted red apples. Red apples! Red apples before cigarettes. Red apples before candy, peanuts or anything! And upon thinking about it for a minute, the reason was clear. The room was drab, windowless, with plain tables and chairs. The men had to wear sleeping clothes; they were permitted no watches, rings, matches or anything pretty, colorful or bright. They reached for the shiny red apples out of their hunger for color, fondled them, and many were still uneaten when we left.

The cigarettes were handed out lavishly, but the Grey Lady or attendant supplied the light. The nuts and candies were poured into the

hands of the boys after being measured out with a small cup. But they may have as much as they wish. They are not greedy, altho some of the boys hoard away a few cigarettes. They express gratitude shyly and at great length, altho I thought I could detect dislike for the woman who was passing among them with her so-bright smile.

The piano arrived, and I hastened to sit down. About half a dozen boys immediately came forward and started to go through my music. Their fingers were practised.

"Play the Desert Song, will you?"

"Yeah, and then will you sing Kiss Me Again? It's my favorite."

I turned to see that the Grey Lady had perched herself upon the center large table with her basket beside her. She gave me the 'go ahead' signal. Near her a small group of negro boys were laughing and talking in loud, clear tones. I had been warned that there would be distracting noises. On the floor near the piano, an overlarge young man, wearing only the bottoms of his pajamas, sat tearing pictures out of an old Saturday Evening Post, and drooling to himself. In one corner an elderly man lay sprawled on a couch, his back to center of the room.

As I struck the first chord on the piano, a few boos and catcalls resounded through the room. "Don't mind them", one of the boys at the piano begged. "They'll stop in a few minutes if you don't pay any attention".

"They're still upset about that other guy. Please, just pretend they aren't doing it", another pleaded.

I pretended and sang three songs in a row, savoring the applause that grew with each number and the growing number of boys that shyly made their way to the piano. I sang for half an hour filling requests from among the meagre sheaf of music that I had brought. The boos and cat-calls had stopped; the negro boys were still talking and laughing, but softly; the elderly man had turned around to face the piano; and the glandular case had arisen, taken a stance in back of the piano, and was making lascivious faces at me, the drool still making its way unheeded down his bristly chin.

The Grey Lady came forward and passed out the song books. These contain about every well-known song, loved and sung by groups since many long years ago, and a sprinkling of war and post-war popular tunes that have become more or less classic. She took over and told me what numbers to play, and to try to get the boys to sing along with me. Some had already been singing along to my music, but softly and mostly to themselves.



It was hard work at first, to get the boys to sing aloud. I'd play and sing a song about three times, before anyone would timidly chime in on the chorus. But once the ice was broken, I would have to play the same tune another four or five times, until finally nearly everyone that was standing near the piano had at least tried to sing along. The boys began to ask for their favorites and I was hard put to keep up with their clamor.

The Grey Lady also had favorites, and I was plunged into despair at some of her choices. These were usually war songs, of the calibre of When Johnny Comes Marching Home, etc., and her idea was that most of the men would know them. Shades of shame! But I did as I was told and tried to ignore her choices in favor of the ones the boys made.

Can you guess what they wanted to hear? Here are a few that we sang over and over the first hour and a half; Home on the Range, Home, Sweet Home, Juanita, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, Darktown Strutter's Ball, Deep River, (and the negro boys came and sang and thanked me with their lovely dark eyes, and I felt like a heel and tried not to cry) Londonderry Air, There Is A Tavern In The Town. Do you have an idea now what they wanted? Yes, but why hadn't I brought some opera, or heavier stuff from my own? Would I next time? And I realized that I had been accepted. They wanted me for a next time.

I got tired and hot (the wards are terribly warm) and I wanted a drink. I stood up to take a break for a minute and to go out into the hall to the fountain---and a steel hand descended on my arm. Two wild eyes glared into mine. "Where you goin'?" It ain't time yet for you to go. It can't be time yet. Where you goin'?"

"I'm just going for a drink in the hall. Will you please come with me and show me where the fountain is?"

"Sure".

We went out into the hall, the fingers still clamped into the muscle of my forearm. No one noticed. I bent down, took my drink, still held, and was escorted back to the piano.

"Thank you", I said to the now embarrassed and slightly frightened young man. "It was kind of you to show me where to go." He smiled, relaxed and remained quietly at the piano. I sang on, and now there began to be sounds of harmony in the room. If only I weren't bound here to the piano, I could encourage it. My unspoken wish was granted.

Thru the door came another singer and her personal accompanist to spell me. This was what I had been waiting for. The singer had a wonderful voice, a vast repertoire, an excellent accompanist, was a handsome woman, well dresses, and well known and beloved by the boys. She

sang three songs of her own choice, but obvious favorites, for the applause was an ovation.

We again went to the song book and now I could circulate and talk a bit to the individual boys that had not come into the group around the piano. My throat was raw from singing steadily anyway. I came awake from my reverie as I realized that I was being addressed.

"You have a wonderful voice. Will you be coming back? But even if you do, I suppose you will have to go to the other wards." He was so tired looking, but so gallant.

"Do you have any arias from Carmen? I love Carmen. Don't you? And I bet you can sing it too. You're just right dark enough. I'm Spanish. Getting out in a few days. Sorry I won't see you the next time you come." He winked at me knowingly.

"May I see your watch? I won't hurt it. Really I won't. May I see your watch? Please let me hold it a minute." (The Grey Lady shook her head 'no', but I pretended not to see, took off my watch and handed it to the serious, dark, brooding looking young man before me. He turned it over and over in his fine looking hands, and then saw that I was looking at his fingers.

"Oh, I'm a doctor. My name is Dr. Sachs. What's your name? You look foreign. Have you ever been to Palestine? You remind me of my wife. I've been here so long. It's lonely for me here, when I'm rational. I'm rational now." He rattled on, not waiting for an answer or comment. He turned the watch over and inspected the serial number on the back. "0343633. This is a lovely watch. Who bought it for you?"

"My husband", I answered. He looked at my wedding band, and his eyes grew hard, his face tense. "This watch is new, and your ring is old. That's incongruous. Why aren't they the same?"

"Because I got the ring when I was married nine years ago, and the watch was a present for Xmas last year."

"Yes, that makes sense." And he put the watch back on my wrist very tenderly, looked at me closely again, thru his thick lensed glasses and softly whispered "Sylvia, Sylvia".

Then almost angrily he half turned aside; turned back and said, "You're not Sylvia. Sylvia is my wife. You're not my Sylvia. You're somebody else's Sylvia. Aren't you going to sing anymore? That's why you came, isn't it? He walked away.

I sat on the arm of a couch and sang along with the singer at the



piano. The three men on the couch finally were persuaded to join in. So, slowly walking around the room, I tried to get each man or boy to participate if only for a few minutes. They Wanted individual attention, even when they visibly rejected your offers.

Too soon the time was up. Before I could gather my music, two other incidents happened in quick succession. A negor boy came over to me and lifting my hand, he kissed it. Then he stood still before me and waited. I smiled and said I was undeserving. At that it became a game, and a few others had to kiss my hand.

Then another, older, came by and asked me aside.

"You going to be coming back soon?"

"I hope so. Why?"

"Do me a favor?"

"I will if I can. What is it?"

"Next time you come, will you bring me a saw, knife and a length of rope?"

"You know that I wouldn't be permitted to do that. Don't you?"

For answer, he suddenly gave a loud yell that curdled my blood. "Down with Brentwood. Down with Brentwood." The attendant led him out of the room to the dispensary. He went quietly.

As we gathered our music, and started down the corridor to the first locked door, half of the boys escorted us, getting another last cigarette or apple from the Grey Lady, and urgently asking us to return next week.

There was actually much more. I can remember the eyes of a few boys, that were obviously doped to keep them quiet. They sat listlessly all evening, not entering into the play at all. All evening they sat, with far away looks in their eyes, smiling or frowning to ~~out~~ themselves, and occasionally muttering to themselves. Some few were charged; their eyes feverishly bright, their voices too highly pitched, and their hands too nervously pawing through the music.

And the two or three that kept making salacious gestures with their hands and bodies, when they thought no attendant was looking. The man, about 45, who kept unbuttoning his pajama bottoms, and then as quickly rebuttoning them; the bot who wanted to see the inside of my mouth, so he could tell if I needed any dental work; and the quiet lad, who kept insisting that he was O.K. and would be leaving any day now. (I later discovered that he had been there in that ward for al-

most three months.) And the boy who wanted me to play some "boogie", which unfortunately I do not know, Let me not forget the one that, frightened at my newness, climbed under the table, and wouldn't come out until I started to climb under with him and to sing to him there. His natural gallantry would not permit that, so he came out and sat on the table, while I sang near him.

As we wended our way back to get our purses and possessions and find out what happened in the other wards, my head was a turmoil of impressions; grief, joy, and anger at the necessity of all this. And there is much more. There are other kinds of wards in which I have sung---for women, for would-be-suicides, for catatonic trance cases.

I'm told that after a singing session the boys and women are in much better humor, sleep better that night, quarrel less among themselves, behave better and generally give better responses to treatment and medication.

There is so little that we know to do in the way of therapy for the mentally ill. At any rate, we do not think that this sort of play therapy can do any harm. Other organizations provide other types of entertainment and recreation. Movie, radio, stage and TV stars are often giving shows for the boys; the Y.M.C.A., Rotarians and other civic-minded groups provide some outdoor activities, and there are dances held in the big Quonset hut, on the grounds. The men in this particular institution are fortunate in that they are near such a enormously large entertainment center.

But what about the others that aren't? And what about the men who daily seek aid, or are sent by their relatives and friends? The number of cases increase with alarming rapidity. World War I and II are still depositing their burdens on a nation possibly girding for World War III.

Maybe after that one, we will not need to worry about the psychotics---or anything else.

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EDITORS' NOTE: We found the above serious article most interesting and would like to know what our readers think of it. If you want to comment on it and perhaps ask for more on the same subject, write to Freddie (who is also our Unofficial Secretary) at 6335 King Avenue, Bell, California. Freddie says that she has a lot more material on the subject and is willing to write it up if you would like to see it in future issues of The Outlander. Let us know, please, will you?

-rms & ljm



*"Letters from the Eds."*

Dear Freddie:

Imagine my surprise when I received another issue of "The Outlander". Thanks a lot for sending it to me. I presume you sent it.

I especially enjoyed Ricks article. It sounds to me like he's had some sad experiences? But I think its all too true. I know just what he means. ((Not really sad, he added other's experiences to his own. Ed.))

The article written by you was also very good! Altho I've never had the good fortune to attend a convention - and never expect to - the picture you drew was very graphic. I almost feel as tho I'd been there. ((It is our opinion that the article would have been even better if she had discribed the types of female fans at the Conference, but that was as impossable to do, as it would have been for a male to have discribed the fans as Freddie did. Ed.))

'Anatomy by Faulkner - was terse and to the point. I've often wondered myself how those would be artist could live among humarous and still draw such wierd female nudes.

Sincerely; Arniece Gurley, Oswego, Ill....  
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Dear Freddie:

Thanks for my copy of The Outlander #4. Pederson's "Report from Little Siberia" irked me just a little. It is not that cold here! I don't consider 20 below anything to complain about ((We don't eather. At that temature we would have frozen todeath long ago. Ed. )) When it gets down to 50 below then you have a right to squak. Con is just slightly predujiced against the Minn. winters as compared with the Cal. winters. It might be that Con has been away from fans to long and in that case he should come down to a MFS meeting. He would then no longer complain of no fans -- he'd be sick of them.

Rich Elsberry, Mpls., Minn.  
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Dear Freddie:

Question #1 in Alan Hershey's column was especially interesting. If anyone is as wrapped up in SF and fandom to the extent that he can't talk of nothing more he should give up one or the other. I'll take dating over fandom anyday of the week. You can drool over ASF, write long letters to the prozines, but I dare anyone to prove that you can't have more fun on a date then reading the latest issue of Astounding Slop Fiction.

On the other hand science fiction and fandom in moderation is OK, but don't get in a rut by reading it all day and night. After a while even ASF will sound corney. ((You'll be sleepy too. Ed. )) Anyone want to argue the point?

Les Fried. Louisville, Ky. .  
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Dear Freddie:

I just received The Outlander #4. WOW! What a zine!!  
Dennis Lynch, San Marino, Calif.

Dear Freddie:

I have here somewhere, Outlander-4, edited by one Stan Woolston, the Benign Bhudda. The cover is nice. What happened to the Indains? The Outlanders should design a trade mark (science-fiction type, ofcourse, make a linoleum block cut of it and print it in the middle of the blank space on the cover of each issue. That suggestion may be had for free. ((Thank-ye, we will take it at it's worth. Ed.))

Len's serial shows promise. This could turn into one of those things where everyone gets into the act eventually. I can see such characters as Roger Bacon, John Campbell, Napoleon, Catherine the Great, Ed Cox, Palmer, and Ug, the caveman, getting into this one. Should be fun. Go ahead, Len, run the thing for 24 installments. But first buy some Correction fluid. ((What! And raise the cost of the mag? None you mentioned will appear eather. It all has reasons. Ed. ))

Ya wanna report? O.K. All in the issue is good. "Guest" and "Fly-Boy" indifferent. How about improving the mimeographing...

Roy Tackett, San Francisco, Cal...

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Dear Freddie:

I like The Outlander...I like it very much. Your little article was cute...-I'm going to startle you out of your senses at the NORWESCON, though. I'm very strange looking, do not wear glasses, look very normal, and am too outspoken. Undoubtedly Freddie, you've missed Fans of my reather quaint type..\*(Kinely define the word "normal". A "normal" what? Ed.))

Worth commenting on was "Fly-Boy", which was undoubtedly the most charming bit of insignificant poetry to appear as yet in 1950...

Just one thing anent D. Faulkner's piece. I disagree, at least in part. If some of those gorjus gals, as portrayed by Gaughan, and Flautt (she's only appeared in ORB #4)((A plug? Ed.)) are any judgement, I must say that fandom has some of the prettiest and certainly sexiest girls I've ever haven't had the pleasure of knowing. Also, Jerri Bullocks' decidedly undresses, and also (at least, I suppose, from the femfan standpoint) almost as sexy, males, in a few years, there are going to be new fans (products of the meeting of two fen in holy matrimony) which will outclass in every way, the top box-office movie stars of today. ((But is an interest in fandom inheritable? Ed.))

Bob Johnson, Greeley, Colo.

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Dear Freddie:

This issue of the OUTLANDER transported me into the heights of delirious joy. Brother, it was good. Very good. A real work of art. It has improved greatly over the last ish, almost 100%, in fact. Which means laurels for you OUTLANDERS to recline on, (( isn't there a saying about not resting on yout laurels? Ed.))since the last ish was better than the average fanzine. Which leads me to two conclusions by the process of inductive reasonings: (1). That, in view of the improvement between this ish and the last, OUTLANDER #5 will be colossal. And (2). that in view of the rate of improvement, reasoning backward, OUTLANDER #1 must have been atrocious. This proves the fallacy of inductive reasoning, since I am reasonably sure that OUTLANDER #1 must have been quite good. From now on I shall reason by syllogism, i.e. Major Premiss: That the Outlander gets better and better ad infinitum with every ish; Minor Premiss: That this zine I received is The OUTLANDER; Conclusion: That this ish must be so good that to read it all at once would kill me from sheer aesthitic pleasure.

Bill Venable, Pittsburgh, Pa.