

THE OUTLANDER

Official Organ of the Outlander Society

Stan Woolston, Editor

Send Letters to Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California

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Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
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(All blank spaces on this page are
hereby reserved for doodling)

~~THIS MAY BE AN EDITORIAL.~~

I'm in the mood to write stuff for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, so naturally I'm beating out more editorial blah for the Outlander. But this has happened before, so it's just about what I expected. Fanning is like that.

I dedicate this issue to Rick Sneary because there are so many reviews in it. Rick, you may know, considers reviews to be bad. He doesn't like them.

..... Len is breathing beerily in my ear, and suggests we label The OUTLANDER "The Honest Fan-Mag."

John Van Couvering is on his knees on the floor, chewing on a sugar-coated doughnut (to supplement the beer he just drank). On the rug before him is stamps--a whole stack of albums, cigar boxes of stamps, mint stamps. I believe his drooling might destroy some of the better stamps.

Anna, Rick and Len are discussing, gently of course, the trouble with the LASFS mimeo. Something is wrong, I gather. Anna is cranking the thing; it's her first contact with the infernal machine. As yet it has not become a vice.

Shirley Jean just finished off a stencil by a brief Bantam-eye view of Bradbury, and we're well on our way of getting another OUTLANDER out.

It was suggested that I list all the Outlander Society members with addresses, but I am going to be stubborn and forget about it. I know who they are, so why should I bother to list them?

All material in this issue is not covered by Copyright protection. In fact none is. I feel most of it is strong enough to stand up for itself.

Either Freddie or Con (Pederson) will edit next OUTLANDER. This is Number 7 on our irregular publication non-schedule. It's rumored that the next editor is planning a quicker job than I did. And on this happy note I stop...

Stan Woolston

Ah--it took too hours to write this. If this was for FAPA I'd have four pages at least...

I see Anna Sinclair Moffatt is doing the Table of Contents artwork; it's a future city as seen by a thousand-eyed Venusian hoag-fly.

This is an Editorial?

Filings from the Chain

Square pegs
in the Outlander
round robin

selected by John Van Couvering

STAN AND DELIVER

Woolston, Round 10

---I've just bought a book on Basic English. So far I'm in the process of learning what it is, what its purpose is. Already I am wondering where I can get a list of Basic Spanish and Basic French and Basic Everything lingo books so I can see about learning Iroquois and other intriguing things. When I finish this book I'll probably write an article titled BASIC FANDOM, but what it'll be about is still beyond me.

Well, FAPA has been making changes. A boy named Ackerman has been dropped for not paying up or giving out with the proper wordage. And Milt Rothman has been dropped for lack of dues. Milt gets a wife and forgets fandom. ((Significance here? Ed.)) This is probably Ackerman's reason... or one of 'em. And Len is thinking of both-- of the duties of being espused and of quitting MOONSHINE. O-- time has made its bruising marks, and maybe FAPA is dying. Well, I will probably see its final gasp if it does, now.

Punchline deleted by request...

CAPITALISM IN THE BUD

Faulkner, R. 10

---It seems I missed a lot by not going to the Norwescon, but then you can't go everywhere. I have started a kitty for N'Yawlins, so if I am still a fan next year there will be something to go on, and if I am not I can still get a mink coat with it.

I still can't see dianetics. I have been told I should have an open mind on this. Fine!! but there is no good getting a hole in the head. In Los Angeles methinks this new Science has been reduced to absurdity. I give it six months more at the most.

I have discovered why Judy Merrill's new book, SHADOW ON THE HEARTH, irks me so. It's a soap opera pure and simple, with atomic trimmings, all told from the viewpoint of one of those impossible housewives that bleed from the heart daily every hour on the hour over the radio. The story in itself is so darn good it does seem a shame to queer it by the treatment.

Are any of youse guys familiar with an fond of "The Discourses of Epictetus?" Alan is the likeliest to know it. I used to sandwich it in between more frivolous readings and found it full of guts.

I would like to know why I am getting more and more unstimulated. It may be just an overdose of Covina, or perhaps I should start smoking opium. Perhaps a change in scenery is indicated, such as Apple Valley or Colorado. The grass on the other side of the fence looks so good, and the fence between just makes it better. I never stayed this long in one place since I was fourteen, and maybe that's the trouble. Just the gypsy in me. I would like to put a bundle on my shoulder, take my foot in my hand and head off along the byways. Dam a country that has become so civilized people think you are loco if you want to walk places. In this town if I walk after dark all the dogs along the way bark as if I were a burglar, and it is very embarrassing. The only good walks I had was when I was running around on top of Wilson. Hey, don't you boys going to the South Seas need a good cook?

((Ed. Note: the following are excerpts from the last link of Mari Wolf, who is now wife to a prominent member of the Chicago group of publishers and editors. It is somehow always my lot to announce another Outlander dropped by the wayside.))

MARI DOINGS

Wolf, r.10

---We are supposed to write intelligent and philosophic comments in this epistle of Wisdom? I have spent the last week reading the old links, and the past afternoon reading the current ones, and my head is bowed humbly. I feel neither intelligent nor philosophic at the moment. And when I glance down across the table to where the end of this sheet of paper keeps hitting Mother in the wrist as she tries to write, I shudder. It was sheer bravado that made me select this small hunk of shelf paper for my link; but if Moffatt and Sneary can do it, so can Wolf.

This has already cost me a scolding by the local policeman, and almost a fifty cent fine. I came out of the post office a while ago, the Chain clutched to my bosom, and hopped into the car, which was resting in a ten minute only parking place. Then I began to read...and read...and read...About forty minutes later the officer rapped on my window...Tis lucky that I can look wistful on occasion, else I would even now be down washing bars at the jail house or whatever it is they do to people who can't pay their fines. What fan would take fifty cents downtown even if he had it, anyway?

How much further out of the world can you get than Laguna? Yes, it's the Town that is Different, all right. Down here everyone has a totally different set of values from those extant in the rest of society. People are divided into Lagunatics, who do anything so long as it is (a) quaint and (b) unreasonable, and tourists, who do anything. The favorite pastime during summer is watching tourists and feeling superior to them. Not that it is hard to do, but I fear that they have the same glint in their eyes while watching us. ..Tourists. Sunburned or vampire-white, clad in plaid slacks, fringed beach hats, diamond-studded dark glasses, torrycloth pup tents or almost nothing...we love you all. As long as you keep spending money here, that is.

THE OLD BOMB-DOGGER FROM THE FARAWAY HILLS

Sneary, r.10

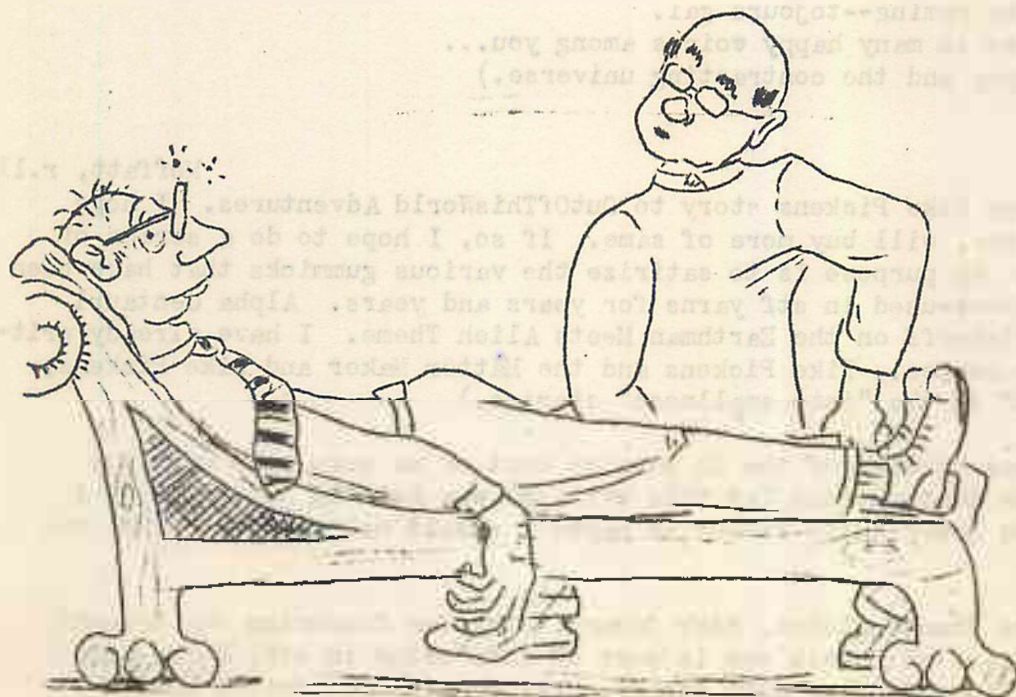
---I agree that we lack tradition out here.. Or rather, it is beaten out of us. I can't think of any more beautiful, or sutting to my moods than those costumes of the early Don's.. The more leasurly, friendly and maybe a bit more colorful side of early California life has always been one of the brite spots in history for me. Not that I read history much. It has for some reason a tendency to depress me. --Yes, it is to bad that we keep what little tradition we have here only for holidays, and then cash in on it. Perhaps if we hadn't been quite

Sneary continued

so rich and beautfull a land, we would have been a more peaceful and happier one. ... Anyway, it would have been well to close the border fifteen years ago, and just settle down. Admitting future Outlanders, ofcourse. Maybe I just imagin it, but I'd like to return to the days of the rancho's, atleast for a little while, just to see if they were what I think.

Dotty remarking about walking reminds me that as a result of leading a slightly more nocturnal life in the last month or so, I have found that walking home at night can be very enjoyable. Around 11:00 or 1:00 things are nice and still; it is, thanks to our climet, seldome cold, and usually I'm in good spiriets. I'm almost tempted to go out, just to walk by night. ..But I might start liking it... And anyway, it seems a waste of time... But I have found, atleast, that there is a time of day, when the streets of the city are left to those who like to walk alone.

Say, you people, (excepting Con and Mari) remember the dream I told you about, inwhich I found myself in a circler hall, with four doors opening on a dance floor, onwhich beautfull enchanteresses danced with men that were but shadows? I got to thinking, and it suddenly came to me, that this was darn close to reality. The first you remember was a dim lit night club with a redheaded sophisticated city girl... Helene?...Then came the dark, exodic, the 'far-away-places', and glamor...Freddie?... Next, light and sunshine, radiance and fairness...Mari?... Three enchatresses alright, with the proper coloring to match the dream. Each with a different color hair.--But as you also remember, there were four doors, and the last, so the dream goes, was where I met my fate. ((Details mailed upon request in plain wrapper..Ed.)) I wonder, anyone see a curvey little blonde fan around anywhere? It worries me...especially as I don't know the Freudian implacations (and to ill ajusted to want to.)



"On the other hand, Mr. Degler, let's face it... Maybe you are inferior!"

LO, FROM THE WILDERNESS

Federson, round 10

A last ditch stand.

None of you have heard from me (this I know; aside from Jesus telling me, I have 14 letters as yet unanswered, some of them important)

and will continue to hear little for the duration of my exile.

Nevertheless,

I am not one to be incommunicative, so I will bend all my words to you into this single epistle.

To Rick, I apologize first, and I note owing one chess game, plus outhouse serial.

To John, who shamelessly bombards me from all sides, I apologize perfunctorily, fraternally, and without dirty words.

To Bill, who continues to shuttle forth and back across the stage, undismayed, Koreated.

To Alan, to whom I pledged eternal correspondence and telepathic beer-drinking recently.

To Len and Stan, the sad-eyed duo of the hinterland.

To Dorothea.

To Freddie, even if she is back on the continent, as I hear rumored.

To Helene, a friend I have almost lost contact with by hording reams of manuscriptery belonging to.

School is over circa June 7th.

Immediately I will be coming--tojours gai.

My credo participates in many happy voices among you...

(I believe in polygyny and the contracting universe.)

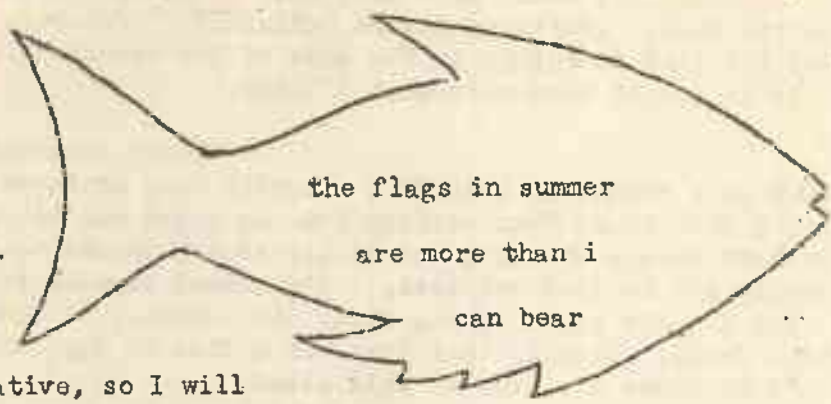
MEET THE AUTHOR

Moffatt, r.11

---I've sold one Pike Pickens story to OutOfThisWorld Adventures. I hope DA Wollheim, the editor, will buy more of same. If so, I hope to do a series of Pike Pickens yarns. My purpose is to satirize the various gummicks that have been used, mis-used and over-used in stf yarns for years and years. Alpha Centauri Curtain Call was a takeoff on the Earthman Meets Alien Theme. I have already written two more in the series.. Pike Pickens and the Matter Maker and Pike Pickens, Puppeteer (a takeoff on the "into smallness" stories.)

There was no December meeting of the OS because most of us were busy with the Christmas rush. The last meeting (at this writing) was held in November, if I remember rightly, on Lower Lanto Street so maybe I should make with a brief report.

Present were Stan Woolston, Rick Sneary, John Van Couvering who brought one of his buddies name of Cookie who is sort of interested in stf, Forry and Wendy Ackerman, my Niece Shirley Jeah Bocher, Helene Mears and friend Howard Topp. Topp is from Downey and evidently wants to join OS.



He invited us to his place for a meeting anyway and if we can get in contact with him soon enough 'tis possible that the January meeting will be held there. ((We did and it was..Ed.))

The Ackermans left early but the rest of us kept yakking. ((After a swig of Burgermeister beer, so did Cookie. Had a date.)) Around 10 or 11 p.m. somebody (prob'ly Helene) got the idea we should all go down to the Tiffany Club in LA and listen to Muggsy Spanier and his Dixieland Jazz band. Everyone agreed it was a good idea, so we did, crowding into Topps' car and Alan's LaSalle, Korzybski, to make the trip. The Tiffany turned out to be a clip joint with a 2 drink minimum and damned little scotch in the scotch and soda. But the music was fine and we had a hell of a good time. Oh yea, Robert Mitchum was there, as a customer, not an entertainer. He looked like he might wake up someday.

As for giving John tips on how to get along in the service... well, it is like giving advice to newlyweds. You have to take it as well as dish it out. Specific instances...like how to jump ship from a troop train. First of all, you kill the sergeant. But don't try to dispose of the body by shoving it out a window. Get two or three buddies in on the deal. They can assist you in doing in the Sarge and assist you in dragging the remains into the head. You then lower the corpse's trousers and sit him on the stool. He may not co-operate at first but with a little muscular persuasion you can get him unbend or bend in the position desired. Dangle a cigarette butt from his lips and then shove off. Thus it will be hours before anyone discovers that the sarge is not suffering from dysentery and you should be well on your way to Upper Katchelkicklekalkan. Any questions?

SCOTS WHA' HAE

Hershey, r. 11

---I am seeing a great deal of a Scottish girl, Mary Gibson, who is staying with the Ackermans for a couple of months. The situation appears to be fairly serious, and I have taken steps to find out about going to a Scottish university this summer on the GI Bill. Tis a race against time because the bill ends for me on July 25 unless I have started school by then.

What shall I study? I do not know for sure, but it will not be science. At any rate, it would be a fascinating adventure, replete with Hiellands, Lowlands and Loch Lomonds.

Getting to go abroad has turned out to be quite a complicated proposition. First, the university has to accept you; then, you have to have written proof of guaranteed living quarters in the country; then you have to apply for a passport; then, you have to have immunization shots; then you have to apply for a visa; then, you have to get steamship accomodations, which seem to be scarce as good news these days; then, you have to figure out how to scrape together enuf money to do it all in the first place. In the end, I may have to take the low road to Scotland.

Lemuel called me this evening to announce his intended marriage to Anna Sinclair. Ah, times do change, don't they? Things keep happening thick and fast to the OS and it looks as if they will continue to happen thicker and faster. The odds are fair that hershey will become the most outlandish member, answering the roll at a distance of 6000 miles. Oh well, the fundamental fact of life has been and always will be change, and who would have otherwise? Not I, quoth the theater cashier.

"She said she'd do anything for a pink goat, but in a way she can't button it."

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

... Van Couvering
 ---I am against all this newspaper-sized linkage. I got so tired trying to keep yard-long links from smothering me as I lay on my bed reading them that the muscles in my right arm crystallized and now tinkle pleasantly as I type. Ouch.

I have often wondered who Rick is talking to in his links. Everything is so im-
 personal. "Stan's link was good, but there was something..." and so on. Is he
 merely thinking out loud, or is he discussing with us the person he is talking a-
 bout? In fact, what is the writing psychology of the chain linker? In fact, who
 am I talking to...?

Having a nice quiet cigarette on the church steps with Cookie
 last night, and we got to talking about a self-regenerative cigarette that would
 last a lifetime.

A certain strain of yeast would be developed which, when exposed
 to a match, would burn with a tobacco-like odor; lots of smoke too... Each smoker
 would buy his little tube, containing a concentrated nutrient solution and a colony
 of the prolific yeast. The yeast would grow up into a battery of cylindrical
 holes in the upper part of the tube. When the smoker wanted a cigarette, he would
 push a little button, a tiny knife would snip off a loaded cylinder and pop it up.
 Push pull, click click. Presto, a cigarette.

Elderly gentlemen would take up
 yeast-breeding as a hobby, developing rum-and-maple yeasts, eucalyptus butterscotch
 yeasts, caramel and dry sherry yeasts. Sounds good.. just like hunting dogs or
 gladioli. People would buy a "Nicotube" like a car or radio; the older it was,
 the less lively the yeast and the longer it would take to get a cylinder load.
 Of course, the flavor would be the same, and perhaps a new stock of yeast would
 fix it... a specially developed "neutral" yeast that would leave the flavor alone.

American Tobacco Company, announcing the new 1973 model, would declaim: "It's
 new! All new! The New Lucky Strike Nutritube! Luckie's radical new nutrient
 gives those grand cigarettes an even fresher taste, an even faster growth! With
 Luckies' famous Eternal Coal, the match that never goes out, and the new selection
 in flavors and color, Luckies lead the field! Remember, only Luckies give you
 the original Eternal Coal, the exclusive Secret Formula Red Yeast, and the brand
 new Photogrow nutrient, all in one tops-'em-all cigarette! Remember, in '73,
 Lucky Strike still m. f. t! Available at all drug and candy counters."

...And
 then there's the original Van Couvering relaxochair that will make me a rich man.
 After the cubistic block of thermoplastic has been delivered, the client dons a
 specially-made all-encompassing suit lined with asbestos, high-resistance wiring and
 finally a thin glass-fiber covering, going from the inside out. When the client
 is perched uncomfortably on the sloping block, the salesman turns on the juice.
 Gradually, the buyer finds himself sinking into the softening mass. He luxuriously
 wriggles his buttocks, scrunches his feet into the end blocks and with a deep sigh,
 relaxes completely. In a moment, the salesman turns off the juice, the client
 steps out yawning sleepily, and a service man with a heated knife pares off the
 overflow and with a buffing wheel smooths off the impressions left by the wires.
 Ready for delivery, the most comfortable and simple chair in existence...

next round if Uncle Sam doesn't see me first. Magna cumquats.

See y'all

a plea for dianetics

ALAN HERSHEY

It has been just about a year now since Dianetics loomed on Fandom's horizon. Looking back on those days, it is amusing to remember how some fans immediately dived into the fray, either on one side or the other. In most cases, there seems to have been an almost immediate decision about whether Dianetics had anything to offer or no. A bystander who had a good knowledge of the people involved could have easily predicted, I believe, which fans would go overboard, which would become anti-Dianetics, and which would straddle the fence.

In my own case, I became a fence straddler, and still am. I found the theatricals which became attached to Dianetics very regrettable. I thought immediately that the concept of the clear was strictly from hunger. And I thought that many of the personalities who immediately latched on to the new science of mental health left something to be desired. But I read the book and decided that Hubbard had said several things which were of interest. I criticized him for borrowing so very freely from various branches of psychology with no references at all. I criticized him for his complete lack of documentation. I thought that the book was poorly organized, and could have easily been compressed into one fifth the verbiage. But I still thought that Hubbard had said something which was of interest.

Fandom certainly considered it interesting, at the start. For a while, Dianetics looked as if it might replace science fiction. Then the reaction set in. Dianetics was placed in more or less the same category as politics. Tabu. The fans even became somewhat ashamed of having their names attached to Dianetics. And I think that except for those who went overboard, that is the way things stand today. Dianetics appears to be dying an ignominious death. It has run the gamut from the heights to the depths.

The influence of words on people as words has been recognized for many years in the fields of linguistics, general semantics and psychology.

Let me make a couple of quotations from the Ogden and Richards book, "The Meaning of Meaning," published in 1923. For those of you who are unacquainted with these men, they possess an international reputation in the field of linguistics.

"This simple case is typical of all interpretation, the peculiarity of interpretation being that when a context has affected us in the past the recurrence of merely a part of the context will cause us to react in the way in which we reacted before. A sign is always a stimulus similar to some part of the original stimulus and sufficient to call up the engram formed by that stimulus.

"An engram is the residual trace of an adaption made by the organism to a stimulus. The mental process due to the calling up of an engram is a similar adaptation: so far as it is cognitive, what it is adapted to is its referent, and is what the sign which excites it stands for or signifies." (Page 53, 1945 edition)

The word engram as used here is not Hubbard's engram. It is used here to refer to sign situations, as distinguished from symbol situations. As a note of interest, I might also mention that it (the word engram) is not original with this book, but does have a reference to a previous book by Semon, Die Mneme.

But let us go on to look elsewhere in this book. If we go on to page 243, the authors pose the basic problem of a science of symbolism: "How far is our discussion itself distorted by habitual attitudes toward words, and lingering assumptions due to theories no longer openly held but still allowed to guide our practice?" In other words, the authors are saying: how often are we apt to confuse symbols with the actual situations for which they stand?

From this we can arrive at Hubbard's conclusion. If an engram as used by Ogden and Richards is a conditioned reaction to a sign situation, and if it is common practice in our society to confuse the sign with the symbol for it, then the possibility of a conditioned reaction to a symbol situation stands almost without question, and, in many cases, is liable to affect almost everything we do.

Hubbard goes on to say that when the organism is under stress of any kind, it is particularly susceptible to such sign-symbol situational mixups. This is also quite reasonable, and quite well documented. To give a simple example, I quote from page 52:

"The most celebrated of all caterpillars, whose history is in part recorded in the late professor Lloyd Morgan's Habit and Instinct page 41, was striped yellow and black and was seized by one of the professor's chickens. Being offensive in taste to the chicken, he was rejected. Thenceforth the chicken refrained from seizing similar caterpillars. Why? Because the sight of such a caterpillar, a part of the whole sight-seize-taste context of the original experience, now excites the chicken in a way sufficiently like that of the whole context for the seizing at least not to occur, whether the tasting (in imagination) does or not.

The crucial point in accepting Hubbard's dianetics lies in acceptance of the postulate that the organism under stress accepts symbols for their literal meanings and forever afterward utilizes that symbol sequence in all adjustments to living. This final point is something about which I cannot argue or give references. Nor can I argue about whether "returning" to the stress situation and recounting it will remove the "charge" on it.

All I can do is point out that in present psychological methods, recounting of these stress experiences in one way or another plays a very prominent role. The idea being that reacquaintance of the individual with these past experiences will give him "insight." Insight might well be defined as the ability of an individual to distinguish between reactions to present situations in past time and present situations in present time. In other words, renewing the individual's ability to change with changing situations, instead of losing all flexibility.

General se-

mantics tells us that words are only tools to describe our environment, but that most people are continually getting the tools mixed up with the actual environment. They are "mistaking the map for the territory." Aristotelian logic certainly fosters literal interpretation of situations to which we are exposed, and our civilization is based on that form of logic. It is generally accepted that almost all of our thinking is done on the symbolic level (i.e. in terms of words) and not in terms of images. The structure of our language is such that it is very easy to confuse the symbol with the sign which it represents.

If we assume that Hubbard's dianetics is another way in which to give people perspective toward the relation between symbols and signs, it isn't too difficult to find it more palatable than if we accept Hubbard's theories about why it works. A theory is only a working frame of reference; a tool which has to be changed to fit changing circumstances. As long as the theory works without too many exceptions, it is a good tool. When the exceptions become too unweildy, or a simpler and more easily used tool is found, the original one is dropped.

So, it can be seen that there are many sound points established in the field of human thought which dianetics has adopted into its own structure. Whether the conclusions which have been formulated into the dianetic theory are true or not is completely unimportant.... IF THE METHOD WORKS.

The scientific approach might be described as follows: Take your available information on a topic. Formulate a theory which covers the facts. Extrapolate further facts from the theory. If they are incorrect or partially correct, revise or discard the theory in favor of another. Continue the process ad infinitum.

There is no particular reason why fandom should be concerned with whether dianetics is hokum or a "new science" except for the purely fortuitous circumstances connected with its formulation (Hubbard being an sf author, the first blurb being in Astounding, &c.). The rise or fall of the dianetic theory with the practising psychologist. It is only by experimentation and the continuous accretion of information that its value in therapy can be determined. That is a matter of years, not days or months.

The practice of dianetics by John G. Public is not desirable until some idea of long term results as obtained by qualified scientific observation of the methods have been obtained.

Then what is the point of this article? The point is this: Don't reject dianetics because it is stylish to reject it. Don't defend it with a martial spirit because you feel that it has been helpful to you. Allow it to go its course (which should never have been a highly publicized course) and allow people who are better qualified to judge it do so, based on results. Don't confuse the personalities involved in dianetics with the theory. Dianetics is dying in the public eye. But it is possible, and indeed

probable, that it will be investigated eventually by qualified, impartial observers. If it has merit, it will be incorporated into the body of psychological theory. If it hasn't, it will fade from the face of the earth except for crackpot promotions.

Dianetics is only a symbol. Don't respond to it as if the word were a bogey. The symbol might be a good description of the territory. It is not for you to determine, unless you have tried it extensively and extensionally, and even then, your conclusions should be limited and subject to change.

--Alan Hershey

BEER AND THE SUPER STATE

--Yasmin Linestrone

Beer as a prime mover in many fan activities, such as publication sessions, sex orgies and fake suicides, makes certain that its use will continue even beyond the demise of the NFFF manuscript bureau. When the Super State is declared, and fandom takes over the secular world, the only thing that will sustain the reign of the Super State is beer. For be it assured that the Super State will rise or fall on the quality of its propaganda, procreation and euthanasia.

With beer replacing the church as a moral power...since the sober person is much more capable of double-crossing his neighbor than the cheerful lush who spends his time in the bar...crimes of violence will decrease in direct proportion to the tonnage of beer per capita consumed. If one's wife runs off, the sober man will think it quite disgraceful of her and is liable to try to do something about it, causing embarrassment all around. But the drunk, between swallows, will heave a sigh of relief and order another in peace.

Free Beer instead of unemployment insurance would keep the jobless happy and harmless, thus insuring against a second Coxey's army marching against South Gate, the new capital of the Super State. With nobody working and everyone drunk, the nation would be helpless. But not even communism would want 350 million slobbering drunken bums on its hands; what price classless society when an Astor and a Kellback lie side by side in the gutter, singing "Banging away on Lulu."

No quarter would be granted that enemy of the State, the sober man, when it reached the zenith of its power. Hordes of drunken maniacs in souped-up cadillacs would crush him to a pulp on the highways; his married life would be sheer hell, with his wife sleeping her drunk off all night long in a stupor. Should he produce an heir, a bleary wife or nursemaid would leave it in a supermarket and drop it on its head. The human race, under the Super State's all-seeing guidance, would culminate its existence as its final act to the universe, amid broken bottles and piles of bloody scrap, and leave its marinated and well-preserved corpse for the curious examinations of extraterrestrial explorers.

Who's for some suds, boys?

THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER, by A. E. van Vogt. Greenberg Publisher, N.Y. 1951. 231 pp. \$2.75

Gather 'round all ye olde time van Vogt fans because this is what you have been waiting for. And if you happen to be new to the science-fiction field and are looking for a book to keep you interested in reading s-f, you too should lend an ear.

"What's happening to the Old Master of S-F?" everyone has been asking. "Is Dianetics lousing up van Vogt's writing career? Will he ever write another Slan?"

There was doubt, grave doubt, exhibited by more than a few long-time readers of s-f. And there still are many who are willing to cry out that van Vogt is not "with it" anymore.

True, he is writing another Slan. And that, moan the mourners, is the trouble. He is re-writing that masterpiece and although the writer of it could perhaps stand a bit of polishing here and there he should never change it. He has no right to change it. Slan belongs to the fannish ages now. It should stand as is, a shining symbol of one of the greatest superman tales ever contrived by mortal man.

Well, I have moaned a little myself. From what I hear via grapevine Slan will be changed considerable and I too am not happy with the thought.

Then there was The House That Stood Still. According to many readers it should have stood where it started and never have been written. It seemed to confuse and/or disappoint the fans who were expecting another masterpiece from the master. But one shouldn't expect masterpieces (even from the masters); one should just stand by in readiness to appreciate them if and when they do appear.

The Voyage of the Space Beagle was greeted with enthusiasm and some criticism. Readers were happy to have these famous shorter stories in hard covers but a few complained that they were not tied together properly or that there should have been no attempt made to tie them together.

Which brings us to the subject of this particular review and about time too! If van Vogt had never written Slan and the other monster-type stories I think his place in the s-f hall of fame would have been made secure by The Weapon Shop series. As most of you know these tales deal with various kinds of super people too. There is Gayle Clark, the callidetic giant, Hedrock, the immortal man, the Weapon Makers in general and poor McAllister, the typical brash reporter from the Twentieth Century who gets himself stuck on one end of a see-saw in Time. All through the novel--into which these tales have been skillfully blended--the poor guy seesaws backward and forward in Time. Maybe van Vogt just doesn't like reporters.

((continued on last page))

Two Book Reviews

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON, by Robert A. Heinlein. N. A. L., Signet Books, 168 pp. 25¢.

Four short stories taken from the original edition published by Shasta Press. "Let There Be Light", "The Roads Must Roll", "The Man Who Sold The Moon" and "Requiem".

This pocket size edition is a neat and loyal reproduction of four of Heinlein's best stories. If you already have the hard cover edition(which also includes "Life-Line" and "Blowups Happen") you may want this pocket book for the purpose of selling science fiction to your friends. A story like "The Man Who Sold The Moon" is especially suitable for selling s-f to non s-f readers.

The cover is an excellent illustration, giving the buyer a clear idea of what to expect inside. It shows a number of people on a moonlit landscape with a rocket silhouetted against the moon.

BEYOND THE MOON, by Edmond Hamilton. 168 pp. Also a Signet book, reprinted by arrangement with Frederick Well, Inc. 25¢

This was originally entitled The Star Kings and is essentially the same galactic adventure story that first appeared in magazine form. I do not, however, remember it to be so encrusted with foot notes explaining terms elementary to the science fiction fan but probably new to the general reading public.

The cover is a lunar landscape showing Saturn against a star filled sky. Really nice! Too bad it has nothing to do with the story inside.

In the story, John Gordan's mind travels into the future to inhabit the body of a scientist-prince of a Star Kingdom. He finds himself the principle pawn in a galactic war.

Betrayed by his most trusted friend, he flees from the Cloud Men in the company of the beautiful Liana.....

An entertaining evening's reading.

—Anna Sinclare Moffatt

WESTERCON IV...in 'Frisco...in '51!

Snick

NOLACON in '51!

Snack

SOUTH GATE IN '58!

Day on ?????

how we lost

snick-snack day

---WE OUTLANDERS, like many organizations, have an Official Holiday. What makes the Outlanders' Official Holiday somewhat different is that it's strictly unofficialand we can't find it.

There are some of the nouveau outré who don't think there ever was one. But those of us who know better...Sneary, who found it originally; Hershey, in whose dictionary it was found; and myself, are convinced that Snick-Snack Day is real.

Like most momentous discoveries, such as synthetic urine and the Bunsen Burner, the finding of Snick-Snack Day was an accident. Sneary was searching through a mountainous Webster's Unabridged one night at the old Hershey location in Bell, looking for the word "sedigenous." We all thought that it was a good word, and when it came out that the Webster's people didn't think it existed, we got busy and, applying the Lewis Carroll "portmanteau" logic, defined "sedigenous" as "sedimentary sedition," or arm-chair treason. Chuckling, Sneary leafed on through the book.

Suddenly, he voiced a hoarse cry such as must have passed the lips of Goodyear when he found his india-rubber raincape melting on the radiator. "Look!" he cried, "look!" Startled glances passed between Hershey and I as we rushed to where Sneary was sprawled gibbering before the huge dictionary. "Snick-Snack Day!" he gasped.

There it was, in black and white, the words "Snick-Snack Day." Our eyes met in solemn dedication above SNEERER-SNORE. Snick-Snack Day was henceforth the Outlander Official Unofficial National Holiday.

For six months we waited, waited for The Day. Der Tag. "Well," I said one day, "May 23 will soon be here. Snick-Snack Day."

"It's May 29," said Sneary over the phone.

"I thought it was the twenty-third," I said, crushed. I was humble and sad.

"No," said Sneary. "Twenty-ninth." He paused. "I think."

"You're right," I said hastily. "I remember now. The twenty-ninth. That's it."

"Yeah," he said. "I'm sure that's what it was." We passed on to other topics, such as had anyone gotten a letter from Pederson lately and ha ha wasn't it too bad about dianetics? Thus did we lightly dismiss the first indications of tragedy.

Time passed, and one day in April we were inducting three new members into the club: Anna Moffatt, until recently Sinclair; Shirley Booher, who is young and pretty; and Alvin Taylor, who is young and susceptible. Sneary, determined to do our first mass initiation right, stood in a darkened doorway and intoned a long list of solemnly sworn oaths which would have been rather dramatic had not the older members been sprawled about on the furniture giving him hell. His official position as Welcomer was entirely unofficial and we were not letting him nor the

inductees forget it, lest they fall under the carefully Sneary-sponsored impression that he was God.

His final injunction, as he wistfully fingered the spot where a good long cape would have hung, was to faithfully observe Snick-Snack Day. The initiates goggled. Several rather unexpected things had been demanded of them, but this one definitely came under the sub-topic of Improbabilia.

"Snick-Snack Day," said Sneary, rolling his R's luxuriously, "is the Official Unofficial Outlander National Holiday. We shall celebrate it with High Mass and a fish fry 'n' perloo." It's on May 23rd, next month."

"Twenty-ninth," I said.

"I thought it was the 23rd," said Sneary, shifting uneasily on his feet of clay.

"No, it's the 29th," I said. "You told me that a while ago."

"Oh," he said.

"Oh, well," I said casually. "Magna cumquats."

"I've got Hershey's old dictionary here, now," said Moffatt. "The two-volume one." Sneary quickly gave the novices membership cards and went and got the book.

After a while he said, in a small voice, "Er...do you think it might have been Snack-Snick Day?" The gay conversations ceased as we stared dumbly at him.

"No," said Hershey. "It was Snick-Snack. S-N-I-C-K. Snick."

Sneary leafed frantically. "It wasn't snip-snap, either," he said in an even smaller voice. Moffatt went over and began leafing too. They looked at S-C-H-N-I-C-K, in case it might have been an old German holiday instead of English, and Snicker-Snack, and Holidays, and Old English, and Greek Mythology..."You can find a hell of a lot of things in Greek Mythology," as Moffatt put it...but it was no use. Snick-Snack Day had disappeared; the Outlanders were without their holiday!

"I have an idea," said Hershey idly. Nothing ever disturbs Hershey. He just sits and dribbles smoke; you can almost hear the gears whirring smoothly inside him. "It seems that someone or..." and here he leered happily..."something has stolen this holiday from the Outlanders. And the best detectives always reconstruct the crime..."

Sneary was way ahead of him, leafing madly through the S's in search of sedigious. He didn't expect to find it, but he didn't find Snick-Snack day in the process, either. So that was a flop.

May 23 and 29 have passed since then, and nothing has happened; there was a small earthquake in Armenia on the 23rd, but nothing came of it. The Outlanders have so far survived many disasters, but losing a National Holiday is a new one.

We have one last resort before we expend the fabled riches of our organization in a gigantic effort to build a time machine in which to return to Merrie England and search out Snick-Snack Day in its natural habitat. We are going to operate on Sneary's brain in an effort to locate the Snick-Snack lobe. But we held back by the fear that if we are, after all, only figments of his mind, we would die with him.

What have we done to deserve this? May Foo-Foo protect us all...

SOUTH GATE IN

FIFTY EIGHT

RICK

SNEARY

THE SPREADING COLUMNIST:

SPACEWARP, edited by Art Rapp, was one of the most popular and widely read fanzines of the last couple years. Its popularity in 1957 was due largely to its numerous popular columns edited by some of the best writers in fandom. When SPACEWARP folded, following Rapp's return to the army, his stable of columnists were left with out-bones, and had to take on the job of putting out the magazine himself. So, in the last few months these different columnists have been slowly been reappearing with their same column in widely scattered mags. With this scene moving to THE OUTLANDER. After all, where could you find a more fitting place than the magazine of the Society that is going to sponsor the 1958 World Convention....

HAVE YOU BEEN INTERVIEWED LATELY:

Time was when a fan had to brake his neck, get burned alive, or run down the street waving a bomb to brake into newspaper. But since the millennium arrived and started paying taxes, fans have been tripping over members of the Fourth-estate right and left. We have had write ups in NEWSWEEK, TheSaturdayEvet, and now in LIFE. Fans, often upset by bad write ups in the past have learned to look long and well at any gift house of free publicity. So it has been with the LASFS, our subsidiary to the North.

In mid winter they were visited by two men who said they were from Colliers, and were getting material for a possible article on s-f. One meeting was turned over to them to ask questions. Such as why did all science fiction writers come to the West coast, and weren't there a lot of crack-pots out here? They seemed disappointed when they learned that actually only a writers were out here, but switched to asking for predictions about the future. Having come up with the A-bomb and radar we were now expected to dream up some new predictions of the future.

The rest of the questions went the same way, as they did a few days later at an interview with local pro-writers arranged by Ackerman. The writers quickly sensed as we did that these men were out after a sensationalist type article, full of mad scientist and deros. Our quiet and good natured van Vogt became so insensed over line of questioning, and its all to a parent end, that he got up and walked out.

Next came a man from LIFE, with the news that his magazine was planning to do an article on science fiction, and that local representatives were being sent to all the major fan groups. Like the other two, this man admitted to knowing nothing about s-f, but he went about his interview in a more friendly and business like manner.

He was interested in getting facts about fans, their names, ages, and what they did for a living. His other questions were more intelligent too, as they were related to trends and reasons for science fiction appeal. He admitted it would be easier to write about the more colorful aspects of fandom, but seemed to understand our point of view about not wanting to be made out a bunch of juveniles of crack-pots. He even expressed the opinion that it would be better to get pictures, such as ones of John Taine with one of his fantasy's in one hand, and a Mathematics book in the other, rather than a Buck-Rogers costumed fan. As it turned out they didn't use either.

Now that the article is out, it appears that LIFE has followed the middle of the road policy all the way. In the opinion of some, so much was left out or watered down in the article that we have been damned by omission. While they say nothing we can claim untrue (even the Dianeticist... can't take exception to the low cut they received) they imply or leave unsaid so much that we are left in a poor light. One can not but wonder upon reading an article on a subject one is well acquainted with, and seeing what is left out, whether or not they don't do the same with all the articles they run.

But to get back to LASFS and its visitors. In May they were visited by a man from the American Broadcasting System. Although he was not a producer himself, he and others believed that it was possible to interest a sponsor in a good science fiction video program, if he could be convinced that there was a big enough audience wanting such a show. His idea was to organize fandom into a big drive to demand the kind of show they wanted, and then to turn to a sponsor and say "We will put on the kind of show they want, and you can pay for it."

Unlike the others this man was a reader of science fiction, but knew very little about fandom. The club tried to explain that it would be hard, if not impossible, to organize fandom for such a drive. He was somewhat discouraged by all this, and the usual fannish habit of hageling over details. On hearing from him a few days later, he said that his friends and he had decided that maybe they would start out with something a little less pretentious. He was interested in getting in touch with van Vogt, in regard his semi-animated T-V film series, which he was working on last year. I fear instead of having a video-show we could call our own, we might merely lose one of our top writers to the Martion Torture Box.

DIANETICS AT THE CONVENTIONS:

Two of my fellow fan columnist, Rich Elsberry (ODD) and R.J.Banks Jr. (QUANDRY) have been arguing whether or not Dianetics should be part of the program at the Nolacon. While I am not personally interested in Dianetics, I do not see why it should be band. I feel that they would be making a mistake by taking up much time with something that was not of interest to so many convention goers. On the other hand I remember

that there were Dianetic sessions at the Norweacon, one of which brought in a lot of paying outsiders. I didn't mind ~~these~~. I just didn't go to them. There are ways people to talk to or places to go around a convention. If nothing else you can get caught up on your sleep. Something that many fans get all the little of. Yeah, Dianetics might be a good chance for people to relax. If they hold them in the morning, no one but Dianeticist would show up anyway.

THE TRUTH ABOUT DEGLER:

In the past few months there have been a number of rumors circulating about one of fandoms most colorful characters, Claude Degler. It started when Easterian fans read a newspaper report of a Robert Degler of Newcastle, Ind., who had committed suicide after killing his mother. It was assumed by most fans that this was really Claude. But it seemed hard for me to believe, because I had talked to him out here, only a few days before. Infact he was quite worried as he had not heard from his brother. Infact he said a telegarm had been returned to him marked "addressee deceased."

I wrote to fans in Cincinnati, asking them to check into the mystery from there. A phone call to Newcastle police confirmed the newspaper report, but shed no more light on the question of whether it was Claude or not. But the fans there did confirm that he did have a brother. Thus it appeared most likely that it had been the brother who had died, not Claude.

This was confirmed a couple months ago when he was again seen by West coast fans. He approached a number of the less antagonistic local fans, trying to borrow money for a trip to Portland. He also apparently visited a number of local fans to whom he was not known personally, and represented himself as a Portland fan, who having lost a job in San Diego, was trying to get home. Van Couvering, one of those visited, offered to bring this "stranger" over to see me, but he objected quite strongly. It would be a bit awkward if you were known by different names by two different people, to have them get together. At any rate, it would appear that one of fandoms more famous members(?) is still with us.

NEWS BRIEFS:

England: Ackerman reports that the auction held at the Convention there was a financial failure according to US standards. An original Bradbury manuscript sold for less than a dollar, and a revised issue of *Slan*, with marginal notes by van Vogt almost went for less than the price of the book alone. Los Angeles: Ray Bradbury has just announced the birth of his second daughter, Romona. Father Bradbury has also just left for New York, for more talks with his Publishers. It is hoped he will be back in time for WESTERCON #4, to be held in San Francisco June 30- July 1.

April 16, 1951

Bell Gardens, Calif. --- It was probably quite obvious to my kind and-I hope-patient readers that the last issue of The Outlander, Number Six to be exact, contained a quantity of dated material. We had planned to bring out a special issue of the mag right after Westercon III in June, 1950. It was going to have a lithographed cover from an original painting by Con Pederson. Unfortunately, the Pederson original would not litho so--as always--J. Stanley Dependable Woolston came through with one of his time printed covers. The issue was to feature detailed reports on our more-than-successful Westercon. For the most part, it did, but by the time said "reports" reached mimeo'd form Westercon was really history. By then it was time for some of our members to shove off for Portland and the Norwescon. We decided to wait until their return so we could have a write-up of the affair included in the issue. Which we did.

But in the meantime the Outlander Society as a whole suffered a series of shocks because of various changes in the lives of several individual members. Eventually the mag was all mimeo'd and stored in one of Sneary's fabulous closets, waiting to be assembled.

Finally--in February of this year--it was assembled at one of our meetings and mailed out shortly thereafter by Workhorse Sneary, the keeper of the monies, the most fab ODer of them all!

Stan Woolston was "selected" to be the editor of the next issue, Number Seven, which you are now reading--we hope.... (Freddie is scheduled to edit Number Eight)

As far as I can tell The Outlander will continue to appear as regularly as it has in the past. As you know, we have no definite schedule but pub an ish when we have the time, money, editor and inclination. The OS has had plenty of money since the Westercon III auction and seems to have a sufficient supply of inclination. "Time" and "Editors" are only incidental...

Catching Up With The Outlanders: (or what has happened since September, 1950; a few facts to further confuse you...)

Mari Wolf is now Mrs. Roger Phillips Graham and is living with her husband in New York City. *** The October, 1950 OS meeting was held at Woolston's in Garden Grove with just three members present namely the Hub of the OS: Stan, Rick and yours truly. However Rick reports that it was the longest OS meeting on record, lasting nearly two days.... **** The November, 1950 meeting was here at my home in Bell Gardens. We had a houseful of people and the meeting moved around midnight from Lanto Street to a clip-joint in LA where we stayed until 2AM listening to Muggsy Spanier & His Dixieland Band and inhaling cigarette smog, well-watered scotch, etc. ***** The December-January meetings of the Outlanders was held on February the third, 1951, at the home of Howard Topp in Downey, Calif. Topp is not an Outlander but an excellent host. Van Couvering and Dottie(Rory) Faulkner were missing at this meeting but Freddie and Guest Outlander Hal Curtis, just back from a sojourn in old Mexico, were there and all of the other Outlanders, save for poor exiled Conno.

((continued next page))

One of our guests, Miss Mary Gibson, is a fair lassie all the way from Scotland--a real Outlandererrrrr! Another guest came all the way from Arizona by way of Hollywood. A certain Miss Sinclair of ... will hear more later... ***** On February 15 the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society had its annual Meeting. The new winner who told the most words the previous year. ... there were two guests of honor since two LASFS members tied for first place. They were Dave Lesperance, OS Retired and Pike Higgins Moffatt, OS Inspired. On that same day (at exactly 2:14 PM) Miss Anna Katharine Sinclair became Mrs. Leonard James Moffatt. So the Fanquet that evening was a kind-of-a-wedding feast for us. Many, many thanks to everyone for being so nice to us! Three other Outlanders helped to make the Fanquet the success that it was, namely Alan Hershey, Rick Sneary and Forrest J Agentman. *****

The February meeting of the OS came to life at 236 1/2 N. New Hampshire, Hollywood, Calif. The fab Ackermans entertained the fab Outlanders and other guests including Kriss Neville, Mrs. Lynch and son Dennis and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beaumont. Dottie and John made this meeting but Freddie and Hal were off to Baltimore.*****

The next meeting was held at Sneary's in South Gate on March 24th. Sneary, Woolston, Van Couvering, the Moffatts, my niece Shirley Jean Booher, Alvin (Dude) Taylor and Forry Ackerman. Taylor is a "Prospective Outlander" and will be sponsoring (i.e. providing the chow) the next meeting which will be held here at Moffatt Manor. on April 28. Which brings us up to date, more or less....

Rick Sneary is going to business college; studying bookkeeping, math, typing and...spelling! Alas! What has fandom come to with Sneary learning to spell??? I suspect that the Kasier Business College will be teaching a new subject before long...yes, Snearyese! How can they resist it? Perhaps in time the entire world of business will adopt this new form of spelling and offices throughout the country will be brighter and happier places in which to work.

Alan Hershey is planning a trip abraad. If things work out he will be attending the University of Edinburgh in bonnie auld Scotland this Autumn. At this writing the Ackermans are on their way to England in particular and Europe in general. They should be back with us before Alan shoves off. If this mania for mortatin' continues Anna and I will prob'ly get the wanderlust, and take off for a tour of Upper Katchlekicklekalkan (not to be confused with Lower Katchlekicklekalkan).

Van Couvering is hoping he wont have to go and make like a soldier 'til after Con Pederson's return to Califanna and local Outlandia from Fansykvania where he now sulks in exile. He hopes to back with us this Summer. We too eagerly await the Conno's Return.

The Denis Library: ADVENTURES IN TOMORROW, Edited by Kendell Foster Crossen. Greenberg:Publisher, New York. 1951. 278 pp. \$3.50

Ken Crossen, the capable editor of this stf anthology, is a man who has "been around" in the writing field for some time. He once was editor of Flynn's Detective Magazine and has worked as writer, editor advisor and reviewer in radio, movies and newspapers. His chief reason for selecting these stories for this collection was that he liked them "for one reason or another" and hopes the reader will like them too. For the most part, this one did.
((continued next page))

LEN'S DEF (continued and concluded)

The stories are listed under four headings giving a sort of "history of the future" effect although all of the stories do not deal with the same future. The first section, Atomic Age (1960-2100), contains two stories which are practically the same story told from different viewpoints. Flying Dutchman by Ward Moore and Ray Bradbury's There Will Come Soft Rains, the latter of the two being the most effective in my opinion. The Mute Question by Forrest J Ackerman is a bitter bit of whimsy, a typical Forry-shortened short-short about mutants. The best story in this section--and the best story in the whole book--is Walter Van Tilburg Clark's The Portable Phonograph. It is at once beautiful--and bitter.

The second heading, Galactic Age(2100-3000), re-introduces A.E. van Vogt's excellent Automaton with its funny(meaning humorous, not queer)Freudian ending and C. L. Moore's classic vampire-type tale, Shambleau. Restricted Clientele by Crossen, Himself was well written and interesting but an old plot to most stf readers. Isaac Asimov's Christmas on Ganymede was presumably supposed to be side splitting humorous stf. I prefer Asimov's robot stories...

The third section, Stellar Age(3000-10,000), featured some fine Theodore Sturgeon in Memory and some really humorous Henry Kuttner in The Voice of the Lobster. Exiled From Earth by Sam Merwin, Jr. should have been written by Heinlein. Leigh Brackett's Retreat To The Stars was another "old hat" stf peice, nicely written.

The Delphic Age(10,000-1,000,000), the last subtitle heading, presents three well-written stories, one of which is an outstanding time travel tale. Transfer Point by Anthony Boucher is not quite up to RAH's By His Bootstraps but on the other hand is certainly several happy levels above...say, a Pete Manx story. Robert Arthur's Evolution's End is a good example of the old "Adam and Eve Begin All Over Again In The Far Future" type of story. Bruce Elliott's The Devil Was Sick was clever but "for one reason or another" did not impress me.

Crossen's Introduction(with its wonderful title Houyhnhnms & Company) should have been mentioned first, I guess, but then I don't want to be classified as an orthodox reviewer... I'm afraid I must disagree with a couple of his statements but have neither the time nor space to go into a discussion of them here. Suffice it to say that the Intpduction was an interesting and at times amusing "history" of science fiction.

Seven of the fifteen stories in this anthology are worth having between hard covers and as the book is well bound and printed on good stock, I recommend it at the price asked.

-ljm

IT ISN'T TOO LATE TO GET YOUR COPY:5969 Lanto St.Bell Gardens,Calif.
THE FAN DIRECTORY (Sponsered by the NFFA and the FF)

Printed by Stanley Wholston at his Lilliputian Press.
Compiled and Edited by Len J. Moffatt, from whom you can buy it
at 25¢ a copy. (no stamps please!) THE FAN DIRECTORY contains
over 400 names and addresses of fans, writers, etc. plus other
fascinating information and is Cross Indexed!

Ston Press Book Review (cont'd)

So...for the van Vogt fans of yore we have a new book and a good one despite the fact that the story content is not new to them. For the new readers we have a book which is positive proof that the Old Master can still arrange and re-arrange words in an interesting and entertaining manner.

I think there is still hope and if you agree with me the best thing ~~for us~~ to do is let van Vogt know. Publishers and editors are vitally interested in readers' opinions too.

It is possible that van Vogt is too busy with other things to write real s-f anymore but perhaps letters and reviews of constructive criticism and praise when praise is called for will help to lure him away from the pseudo-realism of Dianetics and back into the writing of realistic science-fiction. (and--I hope--Unknownish fantasy!)

He has proven with this book that he can make old material as ~~entertaining~~ and as thought-provoking as it ever was and there certainly must be other unwritten s-f epics up his mighty mental sleeve. Shall we give that sleeve a gentle tug?

The book is well bound and has a beautiful and dignified dust jacket.

-Len J. Hoffatt

Tell here I am with a whole half of this page to fill up and being unable at the moment to think of anything unique or original we are now going to have another review. Stan has just handed me a pocket-book edition of The Martian Chronicles and I became immediately interested in it since on the cover I find an attractive male. And being a female I find it enjoyable to see something on the cover of a pocket-book besides the undraped figure of another female. And I believe a majority of my sex will agree with me on the subject.

This Bantam Book contains the complete text of the original edition. Not one word has been changed or omitted. At least that is what I find written on the last page of the book.

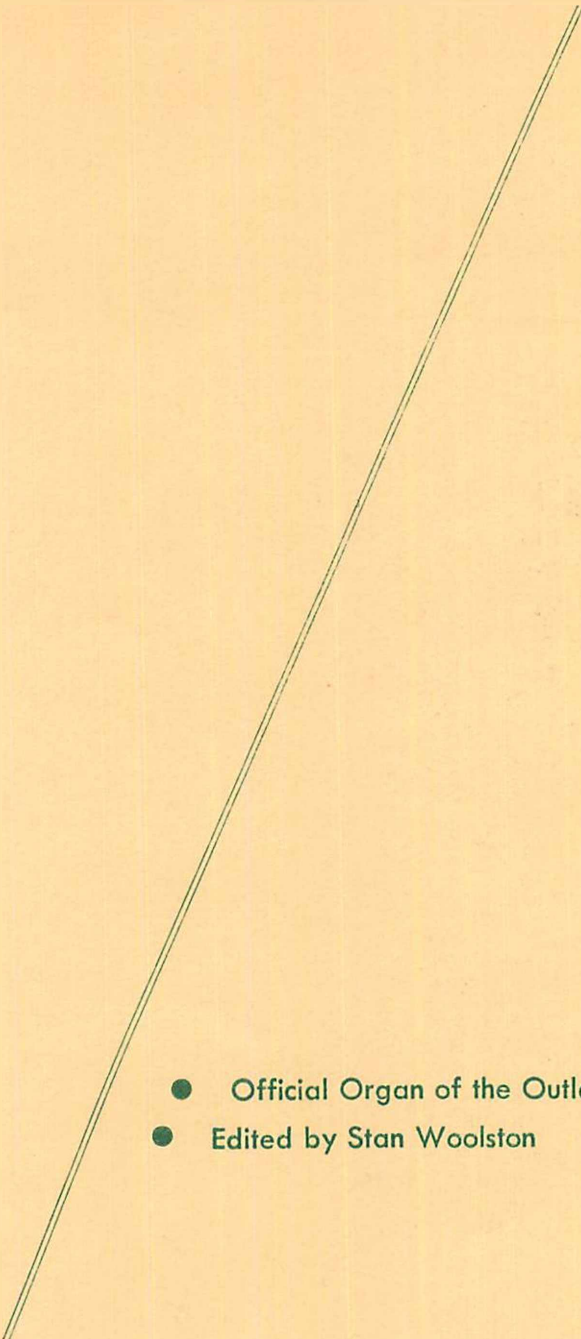
On the back we find a picture of the author, Ray Bradbury, which incidentally is the same as the one found on the back of the original edition.

Between the front and back covers mentioned above we find the exact same stories as found in the original edition.

Having reviewed this book from cover to cover I shall end this inspiring review and give Omar a rest.

- S. J. Bocher

THE OUTLANDER

- 
- Official Organ of the Outlander Society
 - Edited by Stan Woolston