

THE
OUT

Number Eight

LANDER

Official Organ of the Outlander Society

EDITOR: CON PEDERSON



FIFTEEN CENTS !

NUMBER EIGHT

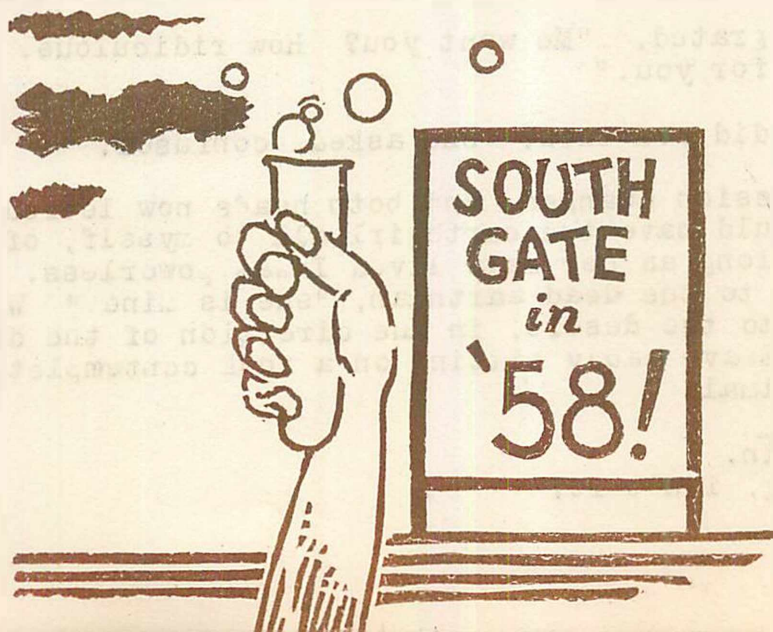
Con Pederson, editor

OCTOBER 1951

The OUTLANDER

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THE OUTLANDER, a world review, is published with incredible irregularity by The Outlander Society. Address mail to Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California.



A MATTER OF TASTE

by Alvin Taylor

Esavo fled over the hot red sand, her feet churning in frantic haste. Behind her she could hear the heavy, lumbering gait of her pursuer, the sound pounding in her ears. She tossed a quick glance over her shoulder and saw that it was gaining. Realization caused her to redouble her efforts, her mind screamed for more speed from muscles already pushed to the limits of endurance. Every second counted.

Ahead she could see the clustered mud-huts of the village, mounds of brown clay spread over the desert in haphazard fashion. If only she could reach safety before it caught her--she trembled at the thought of a fate worse than death. To think that she, a Esavo, member of the royal house of Douk, should be the object of that horrible monster's passion filled her with revulsion. Just a little further to safety!

The uselessness of flight began to weigh on her, despite the approach of the village¹. Just then a ditch sprang up² before her. She fell forward, sprawling on the sand. Realizing the immediacy of danger, she rose to go on, but it was too late. The monster ~~was~~ upon her; saliva dripped from its mouth, its eyes were slitted with an unnoly lust. Esavo tried to scream but the sound froze in her throat. It came closer, mumbling all the while in some harsh, alien tongue....

Suddenly it stopped, stood up straight, sighed, and crumpled to the ground, a look of amazement on its evil face. Crimson blood began to trickle from a small blue hole in its forehead.

She turned with sob of joy, and beheld Sambo Wambo, the King's right hand zoher, leaning casually against a rock, ray gun in hand. She ~~rushed~~ forward and threw herself at his feet. "Oh Sambo Wambo, for saving my life I offer myself to you in talu!" How handsome he is, she thought, standing there with his fine scaled body, six strong tentacles and twelve powerful legs. Built like a stud bulldozer, she thought. She gazed in admiration at his two noble heads and eight clear eyes. How wonderful and brave! Her gaze turned to one of puzzlement as she noticed the look of contempt on his left face.

"You?" he grated. "Me want you? How ridiculous. I didn't kill that earthman for you."

"But why did you then?" she asked, confused.

His expression changed, and both heads now leered crookedly at her. "So I could have the earthgirl all to myself, of course," he replied. "As long as her mate lived I was powerless. But now..." as he gestured to the dead earthman, "she is mine." With that he bounded off into the desert, in the direction of the distant spaceship, leaving Esavo sadly sitting on a rock contemplating the ways of the male animal.

1. See Einstein.

2. Bewildering, isn't it?

FILINGS *from the* CHAIN

Con Pederson, guest Tiler

PRATING APACE

Van Couvering, Round 11

---I am rapidly becoming dissipated to an extent unbelievable. I thirst for beer; I bum sour Tom Collinses off of nervous band leaders (trying to sell us his band for the spring formal down at the Newport Yacht Club) and I am no longer noble and forgiving when a dame does me dirt. Inky and I are becoming leaner and livelier together. But I don't chase gopers.

While down in the green green pastures of Laguna during Easter vacation, I gamboled and lost. No details (the new, silent Van C has arrived) but I made a bad guess and reaped the results.

Life goes on, as life has a habit of doing, and the usual things are not happening. I'm not getting any richer, younger, handsomer, sexier or sadder. It may be from setting pins every night for a week now or it may be the spring weather or my income tax refund from Uncle, \$68.80...anyhow, I feel good and as usual, when I am feeling good I refuse to think about the future.

((The following is what as known as, SADDEST WORDS OF TONGUE OR PEN DEPT., or, be young while you can, you fool you!)) The way it looks to this humble person, I am going to have to leave the gay life at Fullerton and go into durance vile at Angalus Paper Box come June 15 with the unoriginal intention of making tons of money. This horrid move is necessitated by the fact that the greensward of UCLA, not Fullerton, will resound to the tramp of money-laden feet...mine...in September. Father spake and I hearkened.. UCLA ho.

* * * * *

It must be the balmy breezes or something. I am getting irresistable urges to write love poems and ditch classes. I sit, doing nothing, in an uncomfortable position on the grass and I think to myself, "Shall I go to psychology? No, the hell with psychology." and remain sitting on the grass with an eye to the aimless clouds. I don't even feel like reading much except Thurber and H Allen Smith and Don Marquis and Roark Bradford, P G Wodehouse and Shellabarger and Kenneth Roberts and...where's that bottle of beer?

I think a day or two with people would drive me back to the old stand, but I can think of not any nicer than just people like Ralph and Jack, Coonie, Len, Stan, Darrell...even the evanescent face of Pederson...god how I long for the day when he bounces back like a hungry little Puck into our midst.

Ah, Shirley, you darling you called me a tall, handsome devil. Ah, Ethel, beloved, you said I was clean-cut. Ah, Pat, you obvious hint, you teased me really sharp. Ah, Carol, my platonic though well-fleshed companion, you gave out that you thought me a real catch for some lucky gal. Bless you, bless you all. I spring, I leap, I tumble through airy hours....

And so, like the old soldier who never goes dry, I'll just fade away....

---I've read a bit in my gotta-work-but-don't-feel-in-the-mood outlook. Mostly it's something titled THE ART OF READABLE WRITING. It's been at my domicile for weeks now; I captured it from the local library, read it, and was trapped. Strangely enough, it seems to be a logically-arranged book that interests, not for any fictional content or jazzed-up style, but for its simplicity. I am now a simplicity-firster.

The principles are many, but it seems that spoken lingo is the basis of the style the book aims a guy at. Grammar? 'Tis a hangover from old man Aristotle--the idea each sentence needs to have a beginning, middle and end, for example. And modern English--especially American--just doesn't fit the style of the Greek language. One chapter quotes from Shakespeare to show that actually the split infinitive, ~~ending sentences~~ on "of", and other details frowned on by grammarians are actually aids to keep thoughts flowing easier. And that's what makes a sentence readable.

...Do any of you know any blind stfen? I guess they might get it on radio or have it read to them. A future project of mine is to put out a small fanzine in braille. Yeah--imagine the sheer terror of a Bradburyarn when you can feel the horror-words with your fingertips....

DOWN WITH THE FENCE.

A ROW OF DOT'S

Faulker, Round 11

---George, the super-cat that condescends to live with me, is a real Outlander cat. In a remarkably short time he has learned to come at the toot of a small plastic bugle. No more do I have to split my lungs calling for him when I desire his company. More, I think he has learned to distinguish between the calls. "Assembly" brings him picking his way through the unmowed grass in a leisurely and dainty-footed fashion, "Taps" he either obeys or disregards, according to how many girl cats are out that night or whether the moon is full, but when I blow the mess-call there is no hesitating--he arrives by leaps and bounds and makes for the plate under the stove immediately. Cats can be a lot of fun. I like their self-sufficient nature and their (almost) impeccable manners in the house. I would rather have a cat than a husband.

...Have been indulging in my one weakness--reading the "Saint" books for the hickety-first time. I am always surprised when I come on the one science fiction story in the bunch: THE MAN WHO LIKED ANTS. It is a really spine chilling tale. In this yarn the Saint gives a very sardonic estimate of the human race, "The human race is a repulsive, dull, bloated, ill-conditioned and ill-favored mass of dimly conscious meat." Thank the lord, I piously remark here, that we fen are not as other men.

ON THE GATE

Sneary, Round 11

---I have just given the String to Alvin, and now will start on the great joy and light of my life.. The folks have just left for the desert for four nights, so barring a call or visit from some one, I have the next five hours to spend on this.

Well, well, we have a whole pannel of new shinning young faces with us this time. I didn't welcome you much in the String for lack of space, but by now you will be well settled into our group... It is quite ture, in that as you will be seeing a lot of us, we as your invirement will influence your life. Now in my case, the talk about opera made me interested. I listened to more of it than before and have gotten to the point were I do like some.. John also converted me into a Pogo fan.. We have each become some what interested in the jobs and hobbies of the others, so that we might better talk about what interest our friends.. I predict that Sherley and I, with a little help from Curt, will stir up interarting in facts about accounting before long.. Of course, newest ones, you will have an influence in shapping our interests too.. You will be molding us at the same time. (We are the moldiest bunch of fans you will ever see.)

While I don't drive a car, I've done a lot of auto riding in the last 23 years. But strangely enough, there is still a thrill about riding on a public transit line. Especially on street-cars. Streetcars are much more interesting than busses. Busses are too much like cars, and they are more 'bumpy'. But on a streetcar, you have only a swaying motion, and a closer feel of movement. You can almost feel the road slipping by underneath you. The swaying car can be anything you want to imagine it to be. A rocket, or helicopter. Or maybe a speedy little boat. -- Ever stand in the rear of one of the older cars and try to watch the sway? Or lean your body so that you won't have to grasp anything when it stops or starts? It's quite a little game. Of course it is best when there are only a few people on the car, like late at night. Then it seems mysterious. The driver relaxes too. Often he will get into conversations with the passengers. It is a long run into LI, and you can build up quite a acquaintance in that time. Ever sit way in the back of an almost deserted car, and watch it's noise swing slowly around the corners? Look down the long aisle and see the little people at the other end.

Then there is ofcourse story ideas. If I was a writer I'm sure I'd get a good supply of ideas just from riding on a street car. There is the story I have wanted some one to write for years. That of a whole street car suddenly being transported in time or space some where. See how the people work out, cut off from their normal environment.

You know, I read a ticklish problem in ethics the other day. In the last war we tried Germans as war criminals, for either fomenting the war, or for atrocities during it. But what of the Red? What if the U.S. tries them and finds that Russia was guilty of starting the war? And, Chinese don't fight war the same way. They don't take prisoners, and haven't in all their history. And they don't expect it. Thus when they shoot our men they are only doing what is expected by their codes. And can you convict a man of an international crime, who is within his own code? It is a question to kick around in a philosophy bull session, or maybe even an OS meeting.

INFLATE MUMBLINGS

Taylor, Round 11

---Dots and jots off the cuff and a few off the sleeve

Has anyone noticed:

The growing trend in science fiction to slick type of stories

That Bradbury has hit his peak and is going down

The growing number of grade Z sci movies

That Brooklyn has never won a World Series

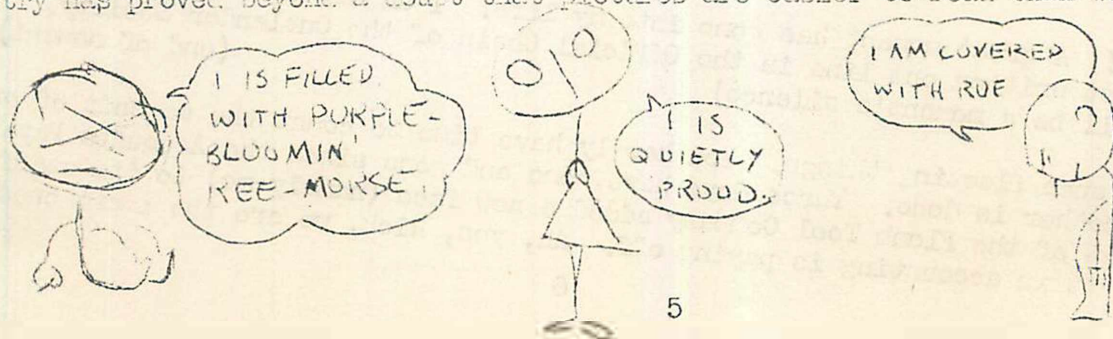
And that July 5th usually follows the 4th

?????

SPEECHLESS

Pederson, Round 11

---With the successful growth of the string (TTUUK) letter it would appear that an Outlander is required to never close his or her mouth. But the new Thor, the world-minded link, will hereafter continue to uphold its fearless policy of more charming design and cuteness and less chatter. After all, the comic book industry has proved beyond a doubt that pictures are easier to read than words.



WHAT NOBLE UNIVERSE

---Since I wrote my last link (in January!) I have experienced a kind of change of life, i.e., I got married. Everyone of course is well aware of the fact that Moffatt is married. Right down to the last t and I am happy to see that most people are spelling my name with both of the t's these days. However very few people pronounce the second t when they mention my name; if they do it is usually by accident. Sometimes I slip up myself and say Moffat instead of Moffatt but I doubt if anyone notices.

I'm still not sure just how married people are supposed to act in public. It doesn't worry me too much as I do not always act the way one is supposed to act, anyway. I am immune to etiquette unless it seems practical to me to act in accordance with the rules & regulations laid down by Emily, Lord Chesterfield and others of the ilk.

Sometimes I think you can't win. So a married couple acts very discreet in public. Soon everyone says, "Well, that's marriage for you. The honeymoon is over. He sits on one side of the car and she on the other. Etc..." So you kiss your wife in public, hold her hand, hold her on your lap or sit on hers. Then everyone says: "Gawd, how mushy can you get? They certainly don't act like respectable married people. Flaunting their passions and contentment in the face of their friends. How uncouth! Etc..." It seems one must find a compromise... a sort of fence-sitting position where you appear to all concerned as happily married and yet not too too mushy. But I have a lean rear and fence sitting has always been an uncomfortable position for me to assume. I'd rather sit on my wife than on a fence any old time.

So much for

cold, clear logic.

...I have finally named this ~~Q. B. J. J.~~ illiterate typos. Omar. Omar the Typor, lover of life, liberty and the pursuit of nonsense. The moving carriage shifts, and having shifted, moves on... nor all thy curses and 11th can haul it back to cancel half a line, nor all thy beers wash out a word of it....

Anna Moffatt, Round, 12

THE SECOND HALF

---Pistachio having come and gone, and the blueberry rolls mixed and put away to raise, I seat myself before Omar and wish I had him trained as well as my husband. Having clarified myself out of the appearance of conceit to a more accurate interpretation of my wishes, I proceed... To wit..... Hum... Ahem... SOUTH GATE in 58... ((All good Outlanders clear their throats with these words.))

Alvin called a little while ago to inquire if Con was over here. Trust that he hasn't joined the Army or worse returned to Pennsylvania while we were all unaware. His parents haven't seen him since yesterday. Perhaps he has faded into the smog and mists among us as all legends should, unseen except as a haze on the horizon, unfelt save as a smart in our eyes, un...ah...sensed save as a scent of burning chemicals.

I have nothing else to write about but my husband hovers over me muttering dire threats if I fail to produce at least 4 sheets of gabble. ((Together the Hoffs hit 7 pages...that makes 5969 lanto the House of 7 Gabbles.))

Booher, Round 12

AH...!

---AH! A great moment has come into my life! I am off on a new adventure! I have just written one line in the Official Chain of the Outlander Society. (end of moment)
(There will be a moment's silence)

Days are such fleeting things. You hardly have time to count the seconds of one before another is done. Three days have come and gone since the Accounts Payable Department of the Flank Tool Company added a new face (namely me) to its staff. My interest in accounting is paying off. Ah, yes, Rick, we are the smart ones!

I find Rick's version of his streetcar ride quite true. It has become a part of my life. I find myself mixing with the masses who leave their homes in the wee hours of the morning and traipse off to work on the "J" car only to turn around and traipse right home again after a day's labor. Unlike Rick, seated in a nearly empty car, I find myself standing in the middle of every kind of humanity. Big people, little people, old people, young people, rich people, poor people. You meet them all. You hear snatches of every subject under the sun. And since I have no one to talk to, I find myself listening. Perhaps I should take notes.

SINGING THE NAVY BLUES

Van Couvering, Round 12

—I am starting this thing in a serious mood tonight. This is brought about by my imminent withdrawal from mankind into the ranks of horrid regimentation. This is June 28, Saturday night. I should be out raising hell. Unfortunately—I never know how these things come about until I am stuck with 'em—I have been lounging mumpily at home since six, when I left Con off at home so that he could not ready for a beach party instigated by Playboy Taylor. This beach party, I might mention, was a boy-meets-girl affair, and the Minnesota Mauler was meeting—symbolically—Shirley for the first time. Taylor, that blot, had thumbed through his little black book and rousted out another of his supply of beautiful blonde atheists. I stayed home. This is a great evening. Whoopee.

with the moozie. Such commercial art; sounds like a Mozart overture. Soon we will hear PORTIA FACES JOHN'S OTHER HUSBAND and I will flee to KFAC like a good little genius.

SCOTS WHA HAE OUR HERSHEY ALREADY YET

Prol. We'll miss our little Hershey;
We'll see his face no more...
May, it isna puppy love
That this doggerel is for.

Chor. Give my regards to South Gate,
Remember me to old B.G.;
Tell all the gang I'll soon be home again
Wherever that may be...

Oh, show me the way to go home
I came over here to get a mate;
But no gal alive can turn that drive
To be there in '58...
On Land or Sea or Foam
Where'er my heart may roam
Ma kiltied legs will turn again
To my old Outlander home.

I think I have the knack of snearyizing now. You just ramble on while waiting for some kind of thought to hit you. Of course, a pica typer and one side only of the page does help some. I am also using my communist grandfather's typer. This typer has undoubtedly written more letters to Truman than I have to Tom Jewett.

Gak, it arrives hotly once more. My shirt is sticking to the back of the chair and though all I do is type the sweat trickles from my armpits like adventurous ants. I shall have to strip down to my bathing suit (I wear it under my pants because somebody might ask me to go to Seal Beach and I would not want to make them wait) and achieve comfort once more.

Oops, forgot Stan. This must pain him, but I know Stan is the forgiving type because he raises rabbuts. Rabbuts are forgiving. You can't sell 'em very easy.

---Dear Friends, Enemies, and Nonentities:

After having been in Fair Britain, lo, these many weeks (25 days to be exact), methinks that it is about time that I hied to my typer and turned out something vaguely resembling a letter.

Where does one start on these things? I suppose I should make some sort of an attempt to be complete, at least for the sake of OS history, so I will start a few millenia ago when I left Los Angeles. I was driven down to the station by a fellow varnish chemist, George Kashmir by name. Just to avoid boredom he brought his wife and young daughter Ingrid along for the ride, little knowing that I had seven pieces of luggage including a huge steamer trunk. I had been so filled with excitement at the prospect of leaving that George had to wake me up when he arrived. Then I had to lug this enormous trunk downstairs in my condition of semi-stupor, with Ingrid riding me piggyback. It was a good thing that George is three times as strong as I am, and took the heavy end which I artfully made sure was on the bottom going down. Finally we (meaning George) got everything including Ingrid into his canary-colored roadster and off we went for the bus depot. When we arrived there were already 900 buses there and 226 behind us, honking for us to get out. So George got out and into a nearby parking lot. We managed to get a huge dolly to carry the luggage, and with a little help from George (ha ha) managed to get it on the cart. Then, with Ingrid riding the top layer, off we went to the baggage room. For a mere \$10 extra I got them to accept all the luggage, bid goodbye to the Kashmirs, and got on the queue (British influence) for the bus. This was 45 minutes early, but there were already 50 people in line. But there were four buses, so I had no trouble, getting a very good seat with a redheaded nurse bound for Madison to see her folks. I then proceeded to take off my shoes and put on my carpet slippers and I was all set. At this point I told myself very firmly that I would give up smoking tomorrow.

After a few days in New York I became quite fed up with the extreme humidity, although it wasn't so bad as I expected it to be. By the time I left I felt I had been there quite long enough, having seen everyone I wanted to see and having been suitably depressed by the way old friends and relatives were going to pot. The food in New York is still wonderful, and I had one dinner at a French restaurant where I tried Escargots de Bourgogne, alias snails with garlic sauce. Highly recommended, although the first one went down with difficulty. Rentals in NY are absolutely vicious and the parking and traffic situations make LA look like a very efficiently run town indeed.

The trip on the boat was rather disappointing. I started out the first day by promising myself that I would stop smoking the following day. The boat was not full up--only 640 passengers, and I was lucky enuf to get an outside room alone. I suffocated the first two days until we got out of the Gulf Stream. I tried sleeping on a deckchair, but one attempt at that was quite enough. The tourists aren't given much of a break on the Queen Mary. Only a very small open deck at the very top of the boat is available to them, while an enormous promenade deck is reserved for the first class. The swimming pool is unavailable. There is virtually no dance floor and deck sports amount to practically nothing.

That was my surprise to find myself seated at a table with five young women. The food was really excellent in terms of English cooking; in terms of American, it could have been better. But you could have all you possibly wanted and we had a very nice Scottish waiter. Three of the girls were part of a lacrosse team going to play in England. One was an Italian-American going to join her soldier husband in Britain. The 5th was a German girl who had become naturalized, going back to visit her mother in Hanover. She spoke very poor English and was a Brunhilde type.

After two days of heat, the ocean turned very rough. So rough that all portholes were closed and accidents began to happen. Two stewards fell and broke some ribs and an arm. And about a hundred passengers had to visit dispensary with cuts and bruises. It was quite common to see someone pouring a glass of beer and suddenly go flying against the wall, the beer spraying the nearby unfortunates. The last day out wasn't bad and we made Cherbourg right on schedule (noon). The boat doesn't dock there. It comes into a mole, and passengers and stuff are transferred to a small boat. Then we dawdled our way up into the Solent (the sea between the Isle of Wight and England,) and up the channel to Southampton, getting in 15 minutes before the gale warnings went up in the Channel, which would have meant a layover outside. We had our choice of disembarking that night or the next morning. Mary had wired me to wait for morning, so I did. Then off we went into the customs shed, where they did not open one single piece of my luggage. We spent a few hours in Southampton waiting for a train, and I had my first chance to see an English city.

They are all profoundly different from American cities. The railroad stations are always on the edge or outside of them, because the railroads came so long after the cities. The houses are universally stone or brick, two or three stories, and built, in general, with absolutely no gap between them. Southampton has at least one gap per block, however. And I mean every block. Bombs. But all the rubble has been cleared away and much new building has been done.

The English buses and trolleys are almost all double deckers. The cars seem very small, and bicycles are everywhere. The streets are cobbles. Wherever it can be managed, every house has a garden. Every self-respecting Englishman has at least one dog. The houses are generally dirty with age. They are replete with chimneys which are surmounted by round cylinders called grannies. I was amazed to find that the people here really do say such things as By Jove, simply dashing, pukkapukka, etc. There are very few traffic lights, even in London. Instead, they have striped poles surmounted by orange spheres at pedestrian crossings. The cars are supposed to stop when they see a pedestrian but usually don't. The sidewalks, on the average, are far narrower than ours. The trains are small, especially the freights, and they whistle like calliopes. All the signs are different, including the "adverts", and I have to look really hard to see anything that would strike a familiar note in all of England that I saw. The people dress much more poorly than the run of Americans. It is no wonder, since the price of clothes is just about as high as it is at home and the people's incomes on the average are not more than one third of ours. Cotton materials are even higher than ours. Most men are lucky if they own three shirts. The food in England is not very tasty by our standards. Any fanciness or seasoning in preparation seems to be avoided. The typical dessert is hot fruit smothered in hot custard (Ugggh!). I can't be as complete about my descriptions as I would like, or else this letter

would stretch on to 200 pages. Enough to say that everything is quite different, and consequently disconcerting. Bobbie pins have another name. Quonset huts have another name. Cookies and bread and rolls and candy and everything else has another name.

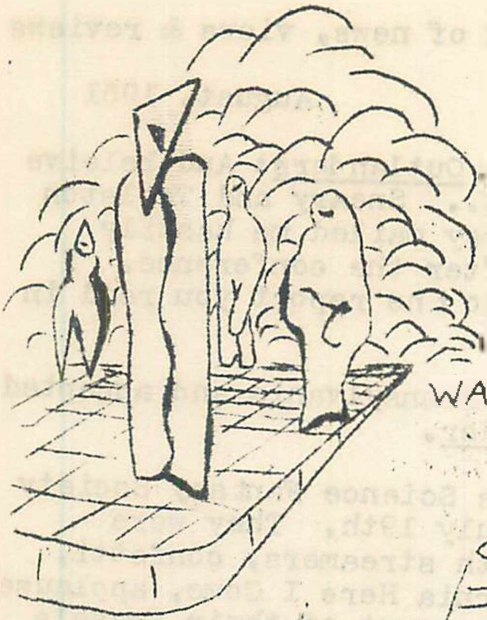
We left Southampton for Torquay, a resort place which is halfway down the Cornwall Peninsula on the ocean facing south. This is the Wessex country of Thomas Hardy, quite near to the famous moors including Dartmoor of criminal story fame. It is rolling country, something like Iowa and quite unlike central England which is dead flat. The country comes down to the sea in precipitous cliffs, and all the beaches are covered with pebbles instead of sand. The country roads are unbelievable. Very narrow, just one continuous curve, and banked right to the edge of the road by hedges and stone walls, six to fifteen feet high. Driving on these roads of Devonshire is murder. The temperature averaged about 70 all the time I was near Torquay and it rained every day. The hotel we stopped at was a very modern English resort hotel, with chromium fixtures, nice furniture and wall to wall rugs, everything new. There is practically no lobby, the rooms have no baths altho they do have sinks. The rooms have no heating, either. Central heating in Britain is rather nonexistent, altho the Gibsons do have it on the ground floor of their home. The hotel room averaged about 60°, I would say (summer temperature.)

While there, I saw a couple of English music hall turns which is equivalent to our vaudeville and just as bad, and one concert. I visited a couple of second hand bookstores which are replete with excellent bargains and good reading in all sorts of fields, and picked up a copy of the King in Yellow for sixpence (about 7 cents). I am willing to go as high as a shilling for the Worm Ourobourros. England seems to be a solid mass of pubs (bars to you). At least one pub of an evening seems to be an English way of life. Generally speaking the English impress me as being extremely talkative, quite friendly at least superficially, and quite aggressive. The extremely reserved Englishman of the storybooks is not too true, I don't think, altho Mary says that they never speak what they mean, except in pubs. Mary, by the way, has come out with a new slogan, Bathgate in '68!

Among things seen while in London: the Battersea Festival, which was a glorified amusement park; the South Bank Festival, which was chauvinistico-educational in nature; the Exhibition of 500 years of British Books at Victoria and Albert Museum, which was the most interesting thing... We went thru the White Tower, which is in the center of the fortress, and was begun by Billy the Conqueror in 1087, or something. It is used as a museum, and is lousy with thumb screws, racks, iron maidens, pikes, lances, arquebuses, and armor. The whole place is full of ravens, which really are evil looking birds. One of them made a sound for us, but it didn't sound a bit like Nevermore. But it was about the most unusual and disconcerting bird sound I have heard. ...It is definitely colder in Edinburgh than in London. As with all British cities, all the buildings are black with age, altho the stone was probably originally white. At first glimpse it appears to be more majestic than London. The station is part of a lakebed which was drained a few hundred years ago. On one side of it is the old city, which goes back 800 years or so and on the other side is the new city which is a puling babe of a mere few hundred years. ...The countryside is very pretty here, and interspersed by coal mining and oil shale processing towns along the way to Bathgate.

MORE SQUIGGLES

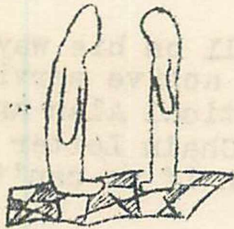
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WAITING



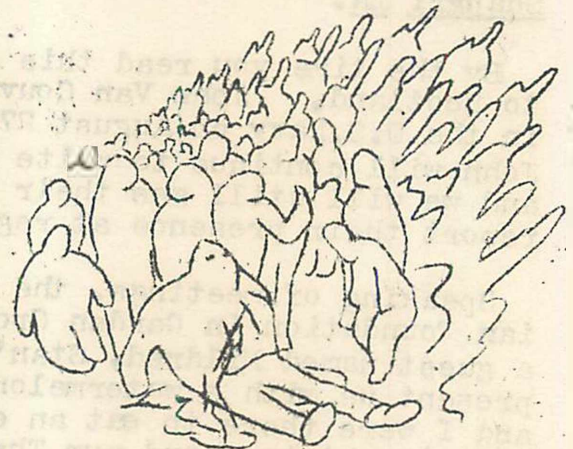
A SHARP PAIN IN THE TEMPLE



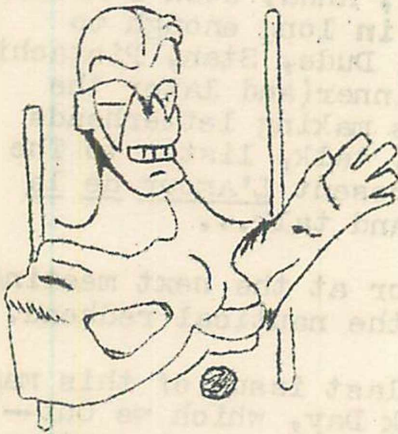
A GAME OF CHESS



HEAD



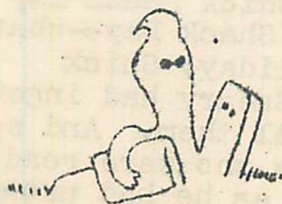
THE SEARCH FOR MEANING



RATIONALIZATION



THESE WILL BE BITTER TIMES, MY SON



AHH... HOME AGAIN



RALPH KINER HITTING HOME RUN



SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK GEORGE WASHINGTON WOULD CARE ANYMORE

August, 1951

Bell Gardens, Calif. — Keeping Up With The Outlanders: And believe me, friends, it isn't easy! Let's see now... Sneary and Woolston attended Westercon IV in San Francisco. They mailed me hastily scribbled postal card reports during and after the conference. I translated these on the spot recordings into the report you read in The Outlander News Review.

Con Pederson returned to California from Pennsylvania and accepted the editorship of this issue of The Outlander.

The Ackermans returned to the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society from their European sojourn on Thursday, July 19th. They were greeted with a gala reception—complete with streamers, confetti, welcome home banner, Jolson singing California Here I Come, applause and cheers. Forry then began his lengthy account of their travels and—with Wendy's help—is still talking. You may get to read some of this fabulous travelogue in future issues of this mag or in Shangri La.

By the time you read this Alan Hershey should be well on his way to Scotland. John Van Couvering will be leaving for active service in the U.S. Navy on August 27th. If it is at all practical Alan and John will continue to write in the Eternal Outlander Chain Letter and we will still see their by-lines in this mag—even if we can't report their presence at regular meetings.

Speaking of meetings, the most recent one was held at The Woolstonian Foundation in Garden Grove. Shirley, Rory, Anna, Stan's mother, a guest named Mildred, Stan's father (who came in long enough to present us with a watermelon), Rick, John, Con, Duda, Stan, Pistachio and I were there to eat an excellent rabbit dinner (and later the melon), set type and run The Lilliputian Press making letterheads for some of the members and cuts for this mag, talk, listen to The Upper Katchlekicklekalikanese Opera Company present L'Amour de la Trine and La Giocanda le Garbage, play chess and talk...

Van Couvering will be host and guest of honor at the next meeting which will be a kind of going away party for the nautical redhead.

How My Wife Found Shick Shack Day: In the last issue of this mag Van Couvering recorded how we lost Snick Snack Day, which we Outlanders had adopted as our national holiday... The search continued. Finally my wife and fellow Outlander, Anna—somehow it seems kind of strange calling my wife a "fellow"—came upon Shick Shack Day in the S section of our mammoth dictionaries. Shick Shack Day—what a blow! What a horrible name for an Outlander holiday! Snick Snack, on the other hand, is a lovely name. Sneary had ingeniously read the words as he would ingeniously spell them. And so great is his influence upon us all that the others who were reading over his shoulder at the time read the words even as he had pronounced them. Snick Snack. O glorious name! Webster was obviously incorrect. (Even as Webster was wrong in spelling Quandry, quandary)

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If Sneary said it was Snick Snack Day, Snick Snack it is and Snick Snack it must remain! Anna has been properly rewarded for discovering Webster's error and properly chastised for bringing it to our attention. We gave her a chocolate ripple ice cream bar—without the stick!

The Den's Mailbox: Rec'd recently from Fred Hatfield, Box 622, Riverside Station, Miami, Florida the first ish of a neatly litho'd fanmag, fantopics. It's same size and shape as the late, lamented Fanscient. Theme of fantopics is "music & stf" with the musical accent on Jazz. The mag's 16 pp include an eye-catching cover and an eye-straining interior. We've suggested that Fred change fantopics to a larger size and use shorter fiction peices, more articles and pix. Tjis 1st ish was written by Fred, Dr. Keller, Donald Perry, Frank Dutton and Wilkie Conner. Shows every possibility of becoming a really entertaining mag. No sub rates announced but I'm sure Fred would appreciaite receiving a dime or so and newsclippings of general interest to fandom. The latter will be published in future issues of the mag.

While I'm at it I want ot recommend one of the finest fanzines on the market today. Quandry is published "as monthly as possible" at a dime ner or a buck a year by Lee Hoffman, 101 Vagner St., Savannah, Georgia. Q is neatly mimeo'd, full of fascinating stuff by such great fan writers as Walt Willis (The Beguiling Irishman), Redd Boggs and others, with people like Tucker and Kennedy appearing now and then. Letter section is one of the best too and Lee is no slouch as the M.C. of this fabulous show.

Another fanmag to watch for is Shangri LA which will now be pub'd quarterly at a buck a year. Future issues of the mag will have litho'd covers and I presume the usually good job of interior mimeo-ing and well written articles and stuff by members of the LASFS and others. You can send your buck to the current associate membership secretary, Al Lewis, c/o LASFS, 1395 W. Ingraham St., LA, Calif. Next ish due out in Sept., edited by old time fan, Ed Connor.

The Den's Library: RED HERRING, by Wilson (Bob) Tucker, Rinehart & Co. Inc. NY & Toronto. 1951. 214 pp. \$2.50. Once again the number two face of ye olde time fandom has turned out an entertaining whodunnit. Tucker's hero, the wisecracking Charles Horne (who reminds one of Tucker, strangely enough...) is not the usual private eye of the murder and ahem school. He doesn't get hell beat out of him on every other page and sleep with a half dozen wenches on alternate pages. But he does get involved in an unusual murder case and does have a certain amout of precarious fun with a girl who just might have (a) slept with Horne (b) killed her brother (c) been a red herring... As usual Bob uses the names of his fan friends for the charactors in the story. The murder occurs in a low hotel called The Moffatt House. There's a gasatation attendant named Forry, a crooked chemist nared Woolston and some incidental references to things like the death hoax, the bomb in Rapp's front yard and a plump young woman reading a stf mag with a REM and BBB on the cover. That more do you want for two and a half? -ljm

"1958"

by RICK SNEARY



OF ADS AND ADVERTISING:

We have all seen in the last few years how science fiction, once a poor relation to adventure fiction, has come into its own. The bigger publishers are looking around for "new" science fiction novels; S-F movies are coming out; and radio and video are staggering to keep up. This is an age of which many fans might have believed impossible ten years ago. But as science fiction moves forward to a more respectable place, so does its more fanatical followers, the actifans.

The fan of ten years ago was laughed at by everyone save a few editors who printed science fiction. Now things have changed beyond the dreams of most of them, and the end is not yet. Many fans are reaping rewards as writers, editors or as publishers, but still others are receiving smaller but just as tangible returns for their years of waiting. A good many of the publishing houses have adopted the policy of sending review copies of their latest books to outstanding fans, with the understanding they will be reviewed some were by the fan. New American Libraries (publishers of Signet and Mentor Books) for example, are exchanging publications with the leading fanzines, such as The Outlander. And club, even the size of Young Fandom are being offered pre-publication discounts by some publishers.

The publishers are finally realizing that with a few well placed copies they can receive reviews by leading fans, who's recommendation carry more weight with other fans than all the high priced advertising put together.

The actifan, who can reach a wide audience through fanzines and local clubs have also started receiving more specialized advertisements from publishers and even movie companies. I received one from 20th Century Fox last month about The Day The Earth Stood Still. Of which they modestly say, "The picture, first 'A' treatment given a science-fiction theme by a major studio, is an 'other-world' thriller with achieves credibility because it deals only with 'fantastic' subjects to which science itself has given some thinking and experimenting." It rambles on for two typed pages about the wonders of their epic, in typical Hollywood style. If I hadn't heard a couple good reviews I would expect another Rocket-XM.

THE SCIENCE FICTION SHILL

Speaking of previews, I understand that the New Orleans Convention made a nice deal. They were given a preview of The Day....etc., and inturn allowed themselves to be photographed being intralalled by it, and awarding a scroll of merit to the studio. Thus fans have gone up so high they can sink so low as to sell themselves for a few feet of film. Bob Tucker recently did an article on the idea of fans selling their talents to advertisers for so much a head. The day may be nearer than he thought. Soon the day may come when you will be payed to be a member of The National Fantasy Fan Federation, and to stay in you must write fan-letters, applaud the "right" shows (and ofcourse boo others), and in general be the shill of every s-f promoter that comes along. Ah, and were will be the old ones who cast up stones on Ackerman and Unger for prostituting their hobby for money?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SCIENCE FICTION

That is the question that the LASFS was kicking around a few weeks ago. It seemed that everone thought there was something. The writers were hack; the publishers were only interested in money; the trend were away from what "everyone" liked into the "popular" type story, of the slick, LatEvePost style. Some were bewailling the fact that if Galaxy made a lot of money publishing the mish-mosh they do, that all the rest would follow sute, and science fiction would be readable only by the "masses." Wendy Ackerman sumed up what everone else had been saying by remarking that it sounded like we were really afraid of all the popularity, and it looked like we liked it better when we were little and unimporten, and could do as we pleased. And not a one of us could raise a voice in disagreement.

SPACE MEDICINE

That is the title of a book I recently recived from the University of Illinois Press., which deals with the human factor in flights beyond the Earth. It's edited by John Harberger of the U.of I., and is a collection of short srticles by an impressive list of names such as Gen. Harry Armstrong, Surgeon

General USAF; on the question of man, and space flight. The preface explains that the AAF has set up a Dept. of Space Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, and the book is the result of a symposium held by the resuchest and Univeristy men last year. The book covers the whole problem, from the fundamentals such as the building of rocketships and what we could expect to find in space, to end with a discussion of the dangers, real and supposed that would befall a future space traveler. The air force can well begin to wonder what will happen to its men in space, as I have it on excellent authority that they have started a Moon rocket, and only had to stop do to a cut in appropriations. It was to have been launched this Sept. too. Just think, by now we all might have lived to see the first un-manned space ship.

HATS OFF DEPT

Or atleast if we weren't Californians and wore hats, we would like to doff them to one of the Souths leading fans, for pulling off one of the greatest hoaxes we have seen. One that will be song about around the fannish camp-fires for years to come. Something over a year ago this fan from Georgia started editing a fanzine called QUANDRY, which quickly climbed to top place among the fanzines as shown by the NFFF 1950 Poll. Its freshness and neatness could cause many an older fan to turn green with envy, and soon many of the top fans were writing for it. But it wasn't till last Labor Day that most of Quandry's loyal readers found out that the editor, Lee Hoffman, was a young and attractive dark haired girl. They say the old Hoaxster, Bob Tucker almost dropped dead for a third time.

So our hat is off to you Lee, for pulling a beauty, even if you do claim the help of ghu-ghu. And, also for what might be forgotten in all the excitement, for proving that a girl could edit and publish on her own, one of the top fanzines. By the grace of FooFoo may you keep on for a long time.

OUTLANDER UN-NATIONAL HOLLIDAY

In the last issue we told you all how we lost our Unofficial Official National Holliday, Snick Snack Day. Well in case like some of our readers you have been worrying, or been looking though musty almanacs, we have found it. It is true we had to send Alan Hershey to Scotland, but we found it. Only now it has a slightly Scottish accent, and is spelled Shick Shack Day, though it still falls on May 29th. Every one remember it.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF OUTLANDERS DEPT.

"I never drew a tesseract
That wasn't some how out of whack."

Stanley Woolston

LITTLE DREAM HOLE IN THE WEST

For over a year there have been stories drifting around science fiction circles about a little town that was just ideal for artist and writers, especially science fiction writers... This little dream spot was Taos, N. Mex.. Mack Reynolds was the first to sing its praises, and soon Fred Brown, and Jack and Dot DeCourseys had moved down that-a-way too. It wasn't long before other writers began dreaming of this quiet little place, where they could write "that really great story". But these dreams have sort of sagged, do to the visit this Summer of our own Mari Wolf Graham and husband. They had expected a sleepy little town full of old Spanish charm and a convivial artistic atmosphere. Instead they found--goats in everything, including the houses, adobe walls everywhere, sagging mustily out of alignment, floors made of mud, packed down with kerosene, outdoor plumbing. If you wanted a bath, you hauled the water from the nearest mudhole and heated it yourself, some of the places. But then, when you consider the amount of red wine that most of the inhabitants seem to consume, maybe it does look like a paradise to them.

THE OUTLANDERS WIRED FOR SOUND

The Outlanders as a collective group, collected it self a few weeks ago, and went out and bought a slightly used wire recorder. This will not mean that you will have to unwind your next copy of THE OUTLANDER, but if you have or can use a wire recorder we are interested in exchanging spools with you. Our first hour spool was met with rousing assurances that they felt we had great possibilities. Our own stock of spools is still limited, but will try to send you one, if you can't get yours to us first.

DON'T WASTE - DO IT NOW

You can be the first one in your block to have the voices of the one and only Outlander Society in your livingroom. Hear Moffatt sing one of his famous operas, hear Snearys one-cylinder laugh, the profundities of Woolston, and the sparking and un-comparable wit and humor of the entire Outlander Society. Don't delay, the supply is limited to this generation, send in your spool today, and get back hours of fun and enjoyment for the whole family.. Send your spool to Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, N-58, California

..oo00oo..

Paid Advertisement

WANTED: The Outlander #1 and #2, pluss other fanzines
Send your list to
Robert W. Chambers : 990 No. 10th St., Coos Bay, Oregon

L'Amour de la Trine

Music by M. Vranduski

Libretto by G. Harrigan
Zankowitz

CHARACTERS

Don Juantu, janitor in Men's Room of Duke's palace...tenor-basso

Carmen Gedditt, daughter of the Head Custodian...pseudo-soprano

The Duke of Upper Katchlekicklekalkan...baritone-falsetto

Head Custodian, sailors, barflies, Prompter, B girls, etc.

Place: Upper Katchlekicklekalkan

Time: About 30, A.M. (After Katchlekicklekali)

First Performance: Royal Opera House of Upper Katchlekicklekalkan,
October 32, 101, A.M.

Original Language: Upper Katchlekicklekalkanese

This opera, the first of a great trilogy by Vranduski and Zankowitz, is based on one of the favorite legends, found in Upper Katchlekicklekalkanese history—the love story of the janitor and the Head Custodian's daughter. This was during the Days of the Dukes (which would be followed by the Days of the Princes and finally, the Days of the Kings) when the most powerful Duke was ruler of the land. Actually, Upper Katchlekicklekalkan (not be confused with Lower Katchlekicklekalkan) is such a wonderful and noble land that everyone there is a noble of one sort or another. Even the janitors had The Order of la Trine, but for the dramatic purposes of the opera, the librettist has altered the facts a little and refers to Don Juantu as a "lowly janitor".

The Upper Katchlekicklekalkan Opera Company was formed shortly before the first performance of L'Amour de la Trine and it was that great tenor-basso, Pietro J. Pistachio who first sang the role of Juantu and still does to this day. The same can be said for most of the other roles and most of the other stars of the Opera Company, with the exception of Lili Pounds. Miss Pounds created the role of Carmen Gedditt and has sang that one role ever since. The other great pseudo-soprano, Sonya Vabeach, invariably sings the female leads in the subsequent opera of this trilogy.

The operas were first introduced to an American audience with the aid of a translation by Leonardo Moffatt and myself. However, as in the case of the first aria in L'Amour de la Trine, it is difficult to translate some of the Upper Katchlekicklekalkanese words into basic English. Therefore they must be presented in their original form. But this always seems to add to the charm of the operas and certainly the feeling or intent of these untranslatable sections are not lost on the American audiences, perhaps because of the music itself and the grand performing of the singers.

L'Amour de la Trine (cont'd)

Mssrs. Vranduski and Zankowitz have written many operas besides the famous trilogy of L'Amour de la Trine, La Giocanda le Garbage, and Le Dulce Cheemney Swip. Perhaps some of the titles are familiar to you: The Barber is a Schlameil, The Battered Bride, Madame Horsefly, Faust, Second and Third (the popular "baseball opera"), Hanon—Let's Go!, Filet Mignon, The Miscariage of Vigaro, and Goddamladderrung (The Story of a Broken Leg).

Now for the story and part of the libretto of L'Amour de la Trine:

Act One

(Scene One) The Men's Room of the Duke's Royal Palace. Don Juantu, the janitor, is going about his duties as usual. As he cleans the place he thinks of his love for his work and also of his love for Head Custodian Gedditt's daughter, Carmen. He sings the first aria which is full of joy and gaily.

Speedeen la kuzspeedorr
Speedeen la kuzspeedorr
Speedeen la kuzspeedorr
La Trine, La Trine!

Beezeen la ooreenawl
Beezeen la ooreenawl
Beezeen la ooreenawl
La Trina, La Trine!

Zeed ownlla komowday
Zeed own la komowday
Zeed own la komowday
La Trine! La Trine!

Two other janitors enter the Room and engage in a sotto voiced conversation, which Don Jauntu overhears. He learns that the Duke intends to marry Carmen and that she has decided to accept the Duke's offer. She really loves the janitor but—after all—if she marries the Duke, she will be Duchess of Upper Katchlekicklekalkan!

Juantu is broken hearted. Presently he goes mad and scrawls all sorts of obscene gibberish on the walls of the Men's Room. While insane he forgets his love for Carmen and that he has lost her to the Duke. He is taken away to an asylum where he is eventually cured.

(Scene Two) Again the Men's Room. Jauntu has returned from his rest cure and is very unhappy again. In a touching aria he sings of the happiness of insanity.

Then I was psychopathic
And crazy as could be,
All my friends and relatives
Felt so sorry for me.
They wanted me to be like them!
Why couldn't they be like me?

L'Amour de la Trine (cont'd)

For when I was psychopathic,
I was happy as could be!

I did not care for the Lily
Or the Rose upon the trellis.
I got my kicks from reading
Psychopathia Sexualis!
(That's a book of daft nebbing
By a guy named Kraft-Ebbing)

I had the best psychiatrist.
It really was not so bad.
For when he tried to cure me...
It drove the poor man mad!
And then when he was just like me,
The both of us were glad!

To a rest home in the country
We were swiftly carried.
We spent our time in love sublime;
We were planning to be married!

Ah! But now I am living
A life that can't be long endured!
They were so damned persistent...
Alas! Alack! I was cured!

But when I was psychopathic, etc.... (repeats first verse)

Jauntu cannot bear to remain in the same palace with his ex-sweetheart, now the wife of the Duke. He goes to sea on a whaling ship in an effort to forget his love. Meanwhile Carmen and the Duke are not too happily married. Things seem to go from bad to worse.

(Scene Three) Royal Bed Room. Carmen is in an anteroom, preparing breakfast. The Duke is sitting on the edge of the bed. He gets a vital part of his anatomy caught in the bedsprings and discovers that he has suddenly lost interest in Carmen. He feels cut off from the pleasures of life. He leaves his bride and goes off to be a wandering street singer, feeling very detached and unhappy.

(Scene Four) The Duke is found in one of the city streets, singing a plaintive aria, the famous Laughter and Tears number...

There's nothing but laughter and tears,
Though you live for ninety-nine years...
And you look every where, you'll have to declare:
There's nothing but laughter and tears!

Then we're not laughing, we're crying.
Then we're not crying, we're laughing.
Then we're not laughing or crying,
We're sleeping, unconscious or dying!

L'Amour de la Trine (cont'd)

There's nothing but laughter and tears,
Drinking fine wines or cheap beers.
Each dawn as you get up,
You'll find there's no let up
To this life that's a set up,
A set up for laughter and tears!

Act Two

(Scene One) A crowded dive in a sea coast town. The whaling ship has returned. Among the sailors at the bar is Jauntu, begging drinks, looking very shabby and miserable. The richer customers promise to buy him a drink if he will entertain them with a ballad, a sea chantey. He makes up one on the spot, describing his recent voyage, with the crowd joining in the chorus: "Nary a whale we did see..."

Like most sea ballads, this one is long and seems to go on forever. It seems that the trip has been unsuccessful, not one whale was caught. While in the South Seas they made port at a small island where Juantu met a lovely maiden. His interest in her is doubled because her father is a very successful pearl diver.

"I thought of what beauty and wealth I could own,
If I but could call her hut my home..."

But his wooing is unsuccessful. Finally he rescues her father from a man eating shark and hopes to be rewarded for his valor. The old pearl diver thanks him and...

He said to me, "Young man, for saving my life,
I'm giving to you my faithful old wife.

For sixty long years she's been faithful and true...
And I'm sure that she'll be just as faithful to you!"
But nary a pearl I did see!

So they sail back home with no pearls and no whales. Then Juantu hears that the Duke has divorced his wife and that Carmen still loves him and awaits his return. He sends a message telling her he is on his way.

(Scene Two) Carmen has just read Jauntu's message and is overjoyed. She sings an aria of love and unbounded glee. In this particular number she must do a ballet, which for most prima donnas would be a very difficult dance indeed. It involves some spectacular leaps while singing the aria. However, Miss Pounds has managed to overcome this difficulty by enlisting the aid of the Prompter, who as you know crouches in the little pit in the stage, ever ready to prompt the performers should they forget their lines. In this case the Prompter has a long pole, which he applies to Miss Pounds' anatomy at the proper time and place--in the aria. Thus she is able to leap and hit the required high note, simultaneously. It is a thing of beauty to behold.

"I must go where the wild goose goes
Because I know what the wild goose knows.
If you knew what the wild goose knew...
You'd want to be goosed wildly too!

Whoops! Tralalala Lalala
Whoops! Tralalala La La La!
Whoops!"

L'Amour de la Trine (concluded)

(Scene Three) The lovers have been reunited and we find Don Juantu back in his old haunts, helping to clean the Men's Room in the Palace. He is quite happy now for he has his Carmen and her father has been promoted to be Duke of Upperkatchlekicklekalkan. Therefore, Jauntu is now Head Custodian. He sings of his happiness in the opera's final aria, the aria from which the opera takes its name.

They sing of love and love that's lost
When ere two lovers part
But there's one love remains the same
In every human heart....My darling...

L'Amour...
L'Amour de la Trine!
It's oh so necessary.
L'Amour de la Trine!
So keep it sanitary.

And if you would live your life
Satisfied and serene,
Then I guess you must possess
That greatest love,
That rapture that comes from above... (above?)
L'Amour....
L'Amour de la Trine!

-finis-

Book Review:

VINE OF THE DREAMERS, by John D. MacDonald. Greenberg:Publisher,N.Y.
1951. 219 pp. \$2.75

The review copy sent to Len J. Moffatt is being reviewed by Mrs. Len J. Moffatt, due to a sudden unexplainable surge of fannish industriousness. We (any latent tapeworms, my husband and myself) remember this novel from its magazine debut and we are glad to have it in hard covers, to add to our more permanent library. It seems to have been extended to include a more detailed background but—if so—this has been done so subtly that we cannot be sure but what this illusion is but a caprice of memory.

A brother and sister, looked upon as atavisms by the Dreamers, seek to find truth and conscious amidst the decadent society of their world. They find love on Earth, a planet which is believed to be but an artifice of the Dream Machines, a device for pleasure, an imaginary world inhabited by puppets to be subjected to all of the malicious games possible to the Dreamers' imaginations.

With but one rule, to prevent the peoples of the "dream worlds" from leaving their respective planets, the Dreamers have the right to lust, slaughter, and ruin lives as they please. Raul Kinsons' efforts to convince his sister of the reality of the worlds of the Machine and prevent further sabotage of Earth's space projects, leads to high adventure, both on Earth and on the world of the Dreamers. Highly recommended.

—Anna Sinclair Moffatt

The **OUTLANDER**

Official Organ of the Outlander Society ☆ Number 8



EDITOR: CON PEDERSON

