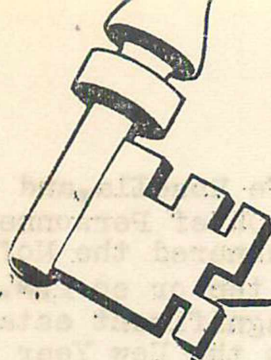


The
OUTLANDER

Number 9

Edited by Shirley Jean Booher and Anna Sinclair Moffatt

An Outlander Society Publication



THE OUTLANDER

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The Editorial Page

The very charming Riddles; Charles Lee, wife Rosella, and sons, en route from Honolulu to New York-where Navel Chief Personnel officer Riddle will be stationed for three years, honored the Hoffatt house by guesting over night New Years Eve. At ten or so P.M. Hoffatts and Riddles senior adjourned to the magnificent estate of The Baxter Street Irregulars where they rang in the New Year in the company the company of many other fans, including Outlanders; Rick Sneary, Freddie and Hal Curtis, Alvin Taylor, Con Pederson and Mari Graham with her husband and our Out Law Rog Phillips Graham.

The afternoon of New Years Day Grahams, Riddles and Hoffatts dropped by the Palatial Residence of Literary Agent and Guest Outlanders Forest J. Ackerman and wife Wendayne Mondelle. E.E. Evans was there also. Later, at the Riddle's Motel cabin, we bid them fond adieu, Aloha, Bon Voyage or something, and do come see us again.

* * *

The first issue of this mag was published in February, 1949. February, 1952 will mark our third year of publishing. It will also be our tenth issue.... THEREFORE... Naturally... ahem... We will put out a special cent Anniversery Issue, THIRTY Pages, Printed covers and Printed headings inside as usual, with all the gang in there with brilliant witty Outlander Type Stuff.

Glueflap.

Anna Sinclair Hoffatt

Buttontack!

As a member of the oldest established, permanent, floating, society for Outlanders the duty of editor has fallen upon me. According to Webster an editorial is defined as being "a leading article". As far as I know this editorial isn't leading anyone anywhere. In fact, you will all undoubtedly end up in the same place you were when you started reading this. (Unless you prefer walking around as you read.)

Aunt Anna has instructed me that I'm not to prolong this bit for anymore than 27 lines, that being the extent of her wordage above.

It's odd how much time can pass while writing an editorial! Here it is two days later and I'm still at it! I was interrupted yesterday by an Outlander Meeting. It was held at the residence of my Aunt and Uncle (Alias Len and Anna Hoffatt). Although we didn't break up the meeting until nearly 2:30 A.M. this morning we are up bright and early at noon today to be present at a work session of the OS to mimeo and assemble this issue.

Len and Stan are doing some wire recording in the background. So if anyone reading this has received the wire let it be known that this is the typing you can hear in the background.

Being as limit for wordage is just about up I will say Glueflap and cease boring you with this idle chit-chat.

Glueflap

Shirley J. Booher

FILINGS FROM THE CHAIN

Len Moffatt,

guest filer

excerpted from Outlander chain links

THE MAN FROM DEPARTMENT X

Stan Woolston, Garden Grove; Round 12

---Death? Did someone mention this? Yep--two of the girls--Dot (.) and Shirley (!). I was thinking of writing some crud on this for FAPA, if I have any space after borrowing excerpts from my just-received link. It was a few days ago when I got into a discussion with Mildred B., the one that I brought to the last OS meet minus one. She stated that she wouldn't want to be buried or incinerated or anything--and wouldn't approve an autopsy on any of her family. Just a feeling that came to her in "later" years, she indicated.....I commented that I would rather like to think that my over-present carcass would do some good after I finish using it sometime in the next millineum or so--perhaps sever as parts for some suffering humans--an eye-surface or spare arm or something. I feel Mildred didn't approve my statement; thought it rather extreme. But then I think dying is extreme, as seen from my vantage-point of thirty-odd (I won't say how odd) years. Actually I have no "philosophy of death". Of life, somewhat yes. I beleive in drifting through it, or at least not kicking up such a fuss so all the foes of humanity (deros, devils, demons, ~~dolls~~) ((I better alter that last classification by strike-outs)) won't charge on me all at once. You see, I don't have enough money, or places to borrow it.

Collaborations between Max Brand and some of the earlier less polished stf writers might have lifted stf from its almost amateur standing it held for so long. Of course Brand wrote a bit of fantasy--or even stf--but if he'd edited an early mag like Amazing or Other Worlds...it would have lead either to the downfall of the mag or an earlier introduction to the wider public, I suspect. I note that SS and TTS, "average" pro-zines, are aiming towards a wide circulation...and Amazing and fa are aiming for the same thing. The editors must have knowledge of general interest of people who read; sometimes I think they are stf editors secondarily.

But is this true? Both a knowledge of the "field" and "human nature" is needed to be a successful editor. For instructions in how to be a successful editor, drop a self addressed envelope and a few ten-pound notes to Department X, Woolstonion Foundation, GG...

DOTTIE DIDN'T WRITE MUCH THIS TIME
---the missing link

Rory Faulkner, Covina; Round 12

THE POGO INFLUENCE

Rick Sneary, South Gate; Round 12

---Ah, remember the old days when everyone talked in double meanings, and secrets were a dime a quarter's worth..... As for Moffatt on Marriage, I don't know....Personal I'd say it was up to the folks involved. If you wanted to spend all your time just talking to friends, you wouldn't of bothered to (any two) get married. Couples hain't supposed to care what other folks think. People that am married am just crazy anyway.

THE TIN ROOF BLUES

Alvin Taylor, South Gate; Round 12

---It's night now and it's raining, the raindrops pound upon my roof messengers of the coming winter.....but before i go some ppetry i write good poetry and to PEGGY with those who don't like it.....

and what do you think of freedom he asked
as he brought down the blade
upon my bare neck

you want to reach the stars
to look up and say mine
i conquered them.

but i ask you

have you stopped killing each other yet
you bastards

THE FAN-TEASER ADVERTISER .. Con Pederson, Upper Los Angeles; Round 12.

SAVE YOUR HAIR! Money-Back Guarantee if this sensational new scientific formula doesn't help you save your hair! Satisfied User, Joseph Klaatu N.Y. says, "I've been using the Hairsaver Formula for 119 years, and I can say that I have the most complete collection of hair in America."

Yes, if you want to start a remarkable hobby for fun and profit, or if you are already an established collector, you'll want HAIRSAVER FORMULA, Petitioner Supply Company, Toledo, O.

Speaking of WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, listen to the last half dozen lines of "Tell Said, Old Hole," by Peter Viereck:

We are alone and small, and heaven is high;
Quintillion worlds have burst and left no trace;
A murderous star aims straight at where we lie.
And we, all vulnerable and all distress,
Have no brief shield but love and loveliness.
Quick--let me touch your body as we die.

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS

Freddie Curtis, Glendale; Round 12

---About the only real grief I have now is the garden. We had frost in Glendale and some of my cherished plants and flowers froze. The banana tree in front of the house had some interesting bulges on it, and I was beginning to have visions of little bananas. Of course, I know that they aren't edible, but the idea appealed to me. Now the soggy mass is a mess and the dratted thing is dropping unhappily all over the place; the interesting little masses are also messes, and there goes my banana crop. Oh well, we have too many fruit trees bearing too much fruit this year anyway, or is that sour grapes.

The only other news is that I am trying to learn how to draw. Fancy, dear ones, I've never been able to draw a straight line, let alone anything in perspective. But armed with two books, wads of paper, a gum eraser, a straight edge, and Curt's amiable assistance, I have waded

into one of my worst engrams. And not doing too badly, thank you. Have finished my lesson on drawing boxes. (Anybody, it said in the book, can draw boxes in their various positions) HO! HO! Anybody, maybe, but not me. So, here I've been sitting, drawing dozens of boxes in various positions and finally passed the two lessons Curt gave me, with an A in one and a B in the other. Last night he left me a lesson to do for today, in drawing circles and ellipses. Erk! Boxes were bad enough. But womanfully, I have gone ahead! What will my grades be? Watch for the next installment of the ICS (International Curtis System) grading.

HORRORS!

Hal Curtis, Glendale; Round 12

---I have endeavored to make a comparison of the two Charles Addams cartoon books, Drawn and Quartered, and Monster Rally.....

The conclusion I came to...was that D&Q was better than MR, but slightly, and mostly because of the simple reason that it contains more cartoons. Of course it seems much better because it was the first of its kind, and the cartoons were new, and the ideas fresh. Another real factor which gives D&Q the edge is that the latter suffers from lack of balance. By that I mean that it has in it too many of the same kinds of cartoons. For instance, one of Addams' favorite themes is the monstrous little kid--well, in MR he overdoes it--out of the first twenty cartoons, sixteen of them are about sadistic moppets.

Both volumes are good, and both are a must in the library of the devotee of horror, but Drawn and Quartered is better by a head--severed, of course.

SO ENDS ROUND 12

((In the next issue of this outlandish fanzine we hope to have excerpts from all of the links in Round 13 of The Unofficial Official Eternal Chain-Letter of The Outlander Society.--ljm))

theres a man on a cross with a hole in his head
but you wouldnt notice
youre wearing sun glasses
most of the world is
different colored ones
some darker than others
but still sun glasses
me i like to look at the sun
straight at it
but of course im drunk
have a beer

-Alvin Taylor



SOUTH GATE
in '58!

SUTTER'S HERE .

by

Shirley J. Booher

The little fly crawled leisurely across the palm of my hand. Even as I moved my fingers it did not fly away. Because it was not afraid. It knew. It knew I was powerless.

I stared at the little thing and winced inside. They tell me I'm out of my mind...that a grown man has no plausible reason to shudder when he sees such a harmless creature. But that is because they don't know what lies behind this fear...that is, they don't know now...but I'll see to it that they realize before it is too late...before they fear becomes a reality.

It was one of those days in the mid-summer when you feel as though the sun is setting on your shoulder and breathing down your neck. Someone had left the screen unhooked and the flies were circling around and around in the middle of the room. The crazy things wouldn't stop long enough to alight someplace so that I could kill them with the swatter. I just sat there watching them circling...chasing each other...or whatever game they were up to.

It became a maddening thing, I began to feel myself going around with them. My neck ached with the motion of my head going around and around. Suddenly I could stand it no longer. I grabbed the swatter and ran about the room striking at the things whirling about in the air. And then...one landed on the window glass and just sat there...quite still.

I raised my weapon and slowly approached the victim. He must sit there. It was then that I noticed the eyes.

They were actually glaring at me...defying me to strike with my weapon. I began to shake. My whole body trembled. The eyes became bigger and bigger until they were all I could see. Nothing but the two huge eyes daring me to let fall the fatal blow. I dropped the swatter and stood petrified.

The eyes smiled. They knew they had won the battle.. They shrank back slowly until I strained to read their expression. I had never realized until then that the fly is not the tiny defenseless thing it appears. It has a weapon too...the eyes.

And so now I sit with the fly crawling upon my hand. And I fear this creature...

I don't think they listened when I told them my story. I tried to explain to them...but instead of listening they told me to sit here and wait...if I'm going away they said...and I don't want to go...for as I gaze at the fly I know by the look in his eye that he will follow...no matter where they take me.

-finis-

RECEIVED IN '68

FANDOM AS A SUBSTITUTE FAMILY FOR THE HUMAN MALE

-hy-

J. Stanley Woolston, Bachelor of Stf.

• • • • •

FOR a long time the hobbyist has found that an avocation is an ideal substitute for married and family life. And of all hobbies, perhaps standom is the best for this purpose. Here are a few reasons why:

Fandom Has Built-In Egoism.

Inflated ego is one of the main purposes of marriage. This is apparent when you get to know a few dozen couples. Sometimes it's hard to find a woman suitably malleable to go along with the myth of man that he's superior to her. It's embarrassing for him to get into an ego-boosting mood and have a woman tear down his dream-castles by some down-to-Earth, fundamentally ego-shattering statement. Men in the know realize that the action of the woman in the "sweetheart" stage is little indication of the action of the married female. Ego-boosting, one of the main reasons some men marry a girl, turns out later to be a delusion. Married egoboo just doesn't work out.

Fandom Has Glamour.

Like the most charming woman, fandom has an aura of glamour. The shell of the woman's charm is apt to crack under pressure of marriage to a man who demands the best in womankind. Even the bachelor knows the simple things: living with a grease-coated babe reveals the wiles the woman has been using habitually for years; the call to charges that the lady (sometimes called "the little lady" by some stretch of imagination) uses to excuse expensive clothing and fittings.

But fandom! Fandom has real glamour. The merest slob, when he has worked for a few months in getting a reputation as a FNF, can start a little clique of his own, with the assurance that his "fan children" will not look down on him, regardless. Of course the FNF has to keep on his toes; the "young fan" grows up, and the FNF has to adopt new children. This is another advantage over the usual family-life; in fandom, the kids can be tossed aside without worry that the authorities will frown you into a cell.

Then There's Privacy.

If he wants it, a fan can have fairly complete privacy, and still be active in a distant way. First he may move to some small town, and avoid all contact with the local buyers of stf. Then he can organize his ego-boosting campaign by mail, striking with deadly wit at the youngest fan as the most likely target, perhaps. It is useful to remember here that the various national clubs are open to you. You can campaign for club office, and be fairly sure after an attempt or so to get into your stride and start taking hold. Perseverance here is the main thing. In fandom perseverance gets you somewhere. In marriage, where does it get you? (More dependents?)

Another way to achieve privacy is to rent a post office box, or--better yet--use one of a friend or relative. This is perhaps the best way to keep the other fans out of your hair, if you live in a city of any size (and most cities are that big). A post office box is doubly effective when absolutely no fan has

F A N D O M AS A SUBSTITUTE FAMILY FOR THE HUMAN MALE (continued)

visited you; if you allow the first contact it is apt to spread through the grapevine of fandom, and your home becomes the "stop" registered on the route of future fan-travelers. Many fans don't mind serving as the leader of a group by mail, but to clutter up your life, to take the loud-mouthed adoration of the would-be BNF, may be too much for your synapses. Of course it is well known that the well-known fan is eager to accept, not give, egoboo, so a true fan may decide to emphasise the collecting, reading and letter-writing aspect.

It should be mentioned here that the post office box is ideal refuge for a feud-happy fan. Remember, sticks and stones may break your bones, but words can, at most, get you in bad with Uncle Sam's FBI.

Fandom Albums Are More Colorful Than Family Albums.

While the family album is full of dead-pan shots of relatives lined up in rows, gazing vacuously at the camera, you will have photos of fans in large groups looking in every direction except at the camera. These latter shots provide a favorite game for older fans; they try to identify the rear end of a fan, or the face from the back of the head, or the features from the reflection in a chrome hub-cap. It is things like this that makes the album such an asset to the fan.

For variety the album will contain fan drawings, including the informal portrait. The imaginative pics of the fan are important additions to the Fan Album; they reveal mental patterns--show fans look at life. It breaks the monotony and provides many happy hours of contemplation that, indubitably, fans are different.

The Fandom Family Extends Everywhere.

Fandom is a world-wide movement, and serves to keep the BNF on his toes while traveling to keep away from competition for egoboo. After all, there is only a certain amount of this lying around, and it is foolish to invade the heart of the local fan's hangout when the home of the newer fan would provide more fitting prospects.

The Fan Album is handy when invading a new territory, for it identifies the fan at a glance. No denial is possible when photographic evidence is at hand. It's also best to keep a copy of the Fan Directory in your bindle or suitcase when traveling. (From Len Hoffatt, 5969 Lento St., Bell Gardens, Calif., at a quarter hard cash) ((He means the Directory is two-bits, I don't handle bindles or suitcases. -ljm))

From the above you can see the advantages of fan life over married life. Many fans, feeling they need a change no doubt, have taken to marriage with some satisfaction. But still the bachelor remains the heart of fandom. It is to these that I commend this listing of the advantages of things as they could well be.

—JS7, of Mugump Manor.

FANS IN THE KNOW.....read.....QUANDRY.....Edited, Published and Distributed at 15¢ a copy by Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Georgia. Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Georgia. QUANDRY!

MARRIAGE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR FANDOM

-by-

Len J. Koffatt, Husband of Stfanna

Elsewhere in this magazine there is an article, by J. Stanley Woolston, entitled "Fandom--As A Substitute Family For The Human Male". If you have not read it, I suggest you do so now, and then turn back to this page. For I, a married fan for nearly a year now, would make reply...

Marriage Has Bigger and Better Ego-boo.

Inflated ego is one of the reasons for getting married. But evidently the Genius of Garden Grove has Old Fashioned Marriages in mind. In ye olde days, perhaps the husband did prefer a wife who considered the man as the boss of the home. In many wases, the wife actually ruled the roost, all the while hoodwinking hubby into thinking he wore the pants. Not so with the succesful modern marriage. True marriage is a 50-50 partnership. Remember, you get out of something only what you put into it. This includes ego-boo. A girl may make with mucho ego-boo in the "sweetheart" stage, but if she wants the marriage to last she has to keep laying on more and more ego-boo as time goes by. Instead of saying, "You're getting bald, dopey. Looks like hell!2, she must sweetly say, "Darling, I love your fine, thin hair. It's so wonderful running my finger through it. It looks so lonely lying up there all by itsdelf that I just want to carress the poor, darling little thing." And the husband can do something equally nice, like buying a small bra for the bags under her eyes.

Later in his article, J. Stanley mentions that the Big Name Fan must constantly keep on his toes to be sure of receiving more and more ego-boo. In marriage, to receive ego-boo, neither spouse must keep on his or her toes. They don't even have to be standing up.... And remember, the plural of spouse is spice!

Glamour Need Not Crack.

The modern male, if he is in the know at all (and Professor Woolston suggests that even the bachelor is well aware of women's "wiles"), knows that women are not always all that meets the eye. Paint, powder, grease, foundation garments, gay deceivers, etc. need not disillusion him, if he accepts these things as the status quo. If he finds that his wife has need of this junk, he can have a hell of a good time by going out and buying them for her. Unfortunately, my wife wears only lipstick (and clothes, occasionally) so I have been robbed of the chance to shop for these items. Oh well. One can't have everything.

True, the merest slob can become a BNF by working hard at it and starting a little clique of hds own. But married couples can start their own little clique so much easier and have more fun doing it. The BNF must start with adolescents and control their thinking so they will kow-tow to him. But the father can start with a mere babe in arms, much more pliable material. By the time the kid is an adolescent he can be made to believe that his old man is second only to Hopalong Cassidy. As in fandom, it takes perseverance to have the kids and to teach them correctly, but it can pay off more in the long run. Not only in ego-boo but in more material things. Anna and I plan to produce five kids. They will be trained as acrobats, and with me as their agent, we'll make a mint.

Who Needs Privacy?

Most modern married couples are too busy entertaining friends and relatives to even think of privacy. But should they want to get away from it all, they can use the same methods described by J. Stanley. Actually, when a husband gets home from work in the evening, what does he do? Kisses his wife, reads the paper, eats dinner, listens to the radio (or watches TV if he is an ultramodern husband), and eventually gets around to making a pass at the other 50%. And just when things are beginning to add up to 100, what happens? The phone rings, or there's a banging at the door. A friend outside, wants inside. "How about a jolly game of Battleship?" he hollers. Happily, the two 50 per centers trot out to play Battleship, yak, make coffee for more guests, and generally have a wonderful time. Their life is full.

The Modern Family Album Is More Entertaining.

Nowadays families do not line up to stare vacuously at a camera. Most of them line up to stare vacuously at a TV set. Sometimes they even remember to turn it on. As for modern family albums, the Hollywood influence has taken full effect. Everyone poses, even the dogs, cats and stray insects that get into the picture. There are photos of the wife throwing her husband over her shoulder, cave woman style. There are pictures of the husband apparently sunbathing in the nude with a friend's wife, also apparently in the nude. Actually they are both wearing sunsuits (you should see him in his!0 but it isn't supposed to show in the photo. The whole album is just chock full of entertaining gag shots.

Then there are the home movies. Relatives and neighbors eagerly assemble to view the adventures of hubby & wife on their camping trip last summer. Of course you can't recognize them in the film due to a slight blur, but you'd recognize that beat-up old car anywhere.

And sometimes one finds strange doodlings in the margins of the album's pages. "Baby do this?" you ask the young wife. "No" she replies proudly. "Hubby. Aren't his cartoons different?" You have to agree.

Families Are All Over, Too.

But they don't have to keep traveling to get their ego-boo. Every active fan needs a copy of The Fan Directory (from me, 5969 Lunt St., Bell Gardens, Calif.) but the married fan who has substituted his married life for his fan life can stay put and be happy. I hate to disillusion Professor Woolston, but the bachelor is not the heart of fandom, anyway. Most of the Big Name Fans I know are married. And some of them are still active fans.

This indicates that a compromise can be worked out. If possible the male fan should marry another fan, preferably female. If the male fan does marry a non-fan he should be sure beforehand she is broadminded enough to let him continue some of his crifanac. On the other hand, he must not neglect his wife and spend too much time turning the mimeograph handle. Get her to turn it once in a while.

—ljm, 50% of The Moffatt House

THE DAY THEY DECIDED ABOUT GOD

-John Van Couvering

Mr. Shinwell, the delegate from Salt Lake City, was having his say. "As the eminent theologian..." he bowed to Doctor Phispos, "...has stated in his opening address, we are met here to decide on the proper course of action needed to bring religion onto a common path. A path, gentlemen, leading to ultimate salvation and the promised peace of Paradise."

The convention shifted impatiently. Most of the listeners privately disagreed with Mr. Shinwell, who was a prominent member of the Church of Latter Day Saints. But then, each member disapproved almost to a man every other member's viewpoints, and Shinwell was no worse than most. The thing that all the eminent churchmen carried like burdocks on the quiet cloth of their serene convictions was the knowledge of a Communist Europe and a pseudo-religious squabbling instigated by Communist agents in America that threatened to bring the free (and Christian) world down where no economic pressure had succeeded.

After the fatal and fatheaded policy that had lead to the United Europe Plebiscite in 1963, the U.S. had felt the pinch where tender trade lines crowded fat (and ever-fattening) Communist pockets. With Europe firmly in Muscovite control (and the Vatican, where Pope Urban had moored his ruddy meteor, passing the work to Latin America) the North American churches had pressure on them as never before to make a united stand... on a united base. Dr. Phispos, on his philosophical fence, had seen the need as well as well as any theologian, and with a bit of non-philosophical shrewdness, had assembled the convention on a neutral ground with an eye to secular egoisms.

"I think," said Mr. Shinwell, "that we are all agreed on a few principal points... the existence of a sentient Creator, the deadly sin of Doubt, the value of absolute Faith, and the message of the Redeemer, Jesus Christ." The assemblage bowed its head briefly. "But we have split on our varied interpretations of the revelations of the Prophets, the authority and power of our leaders, and in the final phase, the conduction of our worship." The others, thinking darkly on the leatherette-bound copy of the Book of Mormon protruding from the speaker's hip-pocket, agreed in silence.

The Reverend Vincent R. Coble, of Los Angeles, bobbed up. "Exactly exactly," he cried fervently. "How are we to reach the fields of Heaven save that every one of use, in our heart of hearts, bring forth the glorious knowledge of His utter Love and Compassion which the scented Breath of our Redeemer--Hallelujah!--brings upon us?" His round red face paused expectantly over the sober sea of white and black that faced the podium and then sank slowly down again, disappointedly. Mr. Shinwell waited until the slight hum died down. The Reverend Coble's point was well taken, he thought, but a pity he could not have made it a trifle less stylized.

A little white-haired figure arose in the back, clutching a Bible with hands that trembled in age. "Your pardon, brother," he quavered, just as Mr. Shinwell drew breath to continue, "but I ain't been hearin' so good lately. Just what was it that feller said?"

This time the buzz lasted a bit longer, but Mr. Shinwell waited it out with quiet dignity. "I am afraid, sir, that you are quite out of order," he said finally. "I must ask you to wait until later." The little old man sat down, muttering.

"I have taken the Reverend Coble's point into consideration," he went on, unruffled. "And, as I was about to say, that is it. That is, that is it to a certain extent. The crux of the matter is that we must bring the material body of the Church together, so that its spiritual unity may be the more strengthened. Observers from the Kremlin might take our diversity of physical form to mean that we differ essentially from the one True Idea of God, and use our seeming disunity as propaganda in their unceasing drive towards atheism. Brothers, we must all sacrifice the outward forms of our faiths to a new Church!"

This had been the stated aim of the convention, and yet the audience made quite a fuss discussing the controversial issue. The general impression of the good fathers was that stripping the Church (whatever one they were from) of its old customs would mean the destruction of the precious atmosphere of piety and worship.

Therefore, Doctor Phispu s faced a hostile audience as he rose to the podium. A few raps of the gavel restored order (The churchmen were well-bred, even so.) He said, "The remarks of Mr. Shinwell were appreciated...the most, because they were so very true. I am glad to see that some of you have accepted the idea of the absolute necessity of such a step." Silence. "We must do away with the specialized trappings of each faith and bring the core of true faith to the surface..."

"Just what," said Father Dougherty with a Going-My-Way-twinkle, "do you propose this new church to be like? A bare hall with wooden chairs?"

"Oh, my, no," said Doctor Phispu s. "I think one of the large Catholic cathedrals would do nicely." Father Dougherty sat down, expressing a smile of gratified superiority. "Of course," went on Doctor Phispu s, "we'd have to toss out all the icons and candelabra, and eliminate such things as the confession, catechism, Latin services, and the masochistic ritual of the Mass." Father Dougherty turned purple and seemed about to leap from his seat save for the restraining hand of his neighbor, the Archbishop Pagathides from Kiev. "Communist!" howled the good padre in rage.

Doctor Phispu s continued unmindfully. "We'd have no preacher or 'leader,' just an organist and an usher or two. No regular day of worship, no required worship...just come if you feel like it."

The Very Rev. Mr. Joseph Alain Carster arose, smiling. "I must say your church sounds inviting for the religiously minded, but what of the young folks...and the non-members? Will you have the regular weekly meetings of Home Builders and Youth Groups, or would you rather have a less-organized system of recreational facilities, nursery groups and games, such as volleyball, ping-pong and square dances?"

"In a Church?" said Doctor Phispu s, shocked. "What do you think I mean? A community room? How in the world can you expect anyone to meditate and pray with a gang of young hooligans throwing a knocking party downstairs?" The Very Rev. Mr. Joseph Alain Carster succumbed weakly to his chair with bewilderment on his distinguished features.

The Rev. Vincent R. Coble stood again. "In the Lord's name," he cried, "how are you to reach the souls of these sinners without bringing them into contact with the Word of God? No sinner ever comes to the Lord of his own accord!"

"A sinner does," said Doctor Phispu s, "but a wrong-doer doesn't. It all depends on what he considers himself to be. What in the world would we do with a lot of people who only came for the punch after the sermon? That's when you have to have a preacher...to tell the uncaring crowd a few conscience-soothing works."

"Are we to become pagans, then?" said Reverend Howard Bissle of Mobile. "With each worshipping according to his own liking?"

"It would be nice," said Doctor Phispus thoughtfully.

"But God is a unity, and to be worshipped properly His people should hold a single Idea of Him, and should have their devotions coordinated into a unified appeal! College rooting sections must have their cheer leaders for full effectiveness in their cheering..."

"We pray alone," said Doctor Phispus.

Reverend Bissle sat down, defeated. The Rev. Vincent E. Coble panned up again. "Who is to say," he bleated, "that our glorious Lord looks like? Who has looked upon his Divine Countenance but the Long-Departed Prophets? How may we change what those Holy Men put down; how may we take such liberties?"

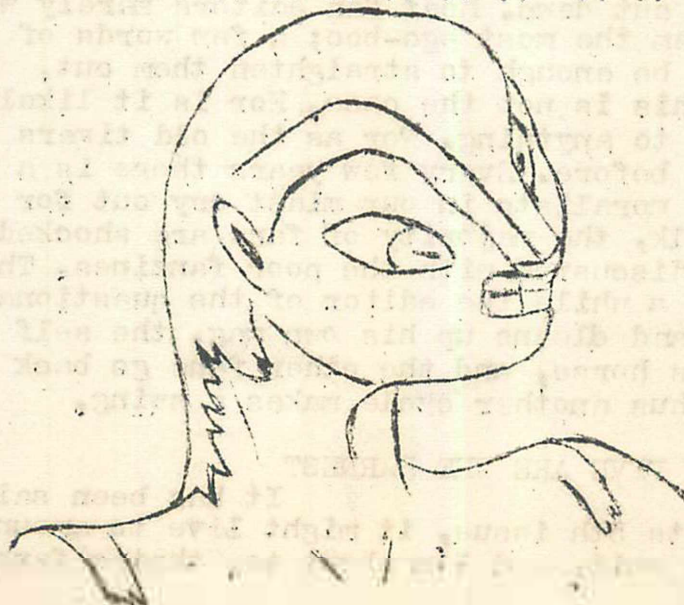
"I had hoped," said Doctor Phispus, "that you gentlemen had the faith in your own faiths to stand up and say, 'I do not need any crutches of custom, nor any wheelchair of blind obedience to dogma.' If you cannot be sure that there is a unifying force, and a motive to unite, then there is no one God, but a Methodist and a Baptist one, a Catholic and an LDS one, each as valid as the other. And one single man's private Deity more powerful than any of them, because he takes no Presbyterian's or Baptist's word for it. The man who decides for himself has a spiritual power unknown to the sheep who take God as a hand-me-down through several centuries of patching-up to fit every semi-spiritualist Pope and Bishop. Ritual is the crabgrass of progress... I think Christianity may never recover from Sunday at all.

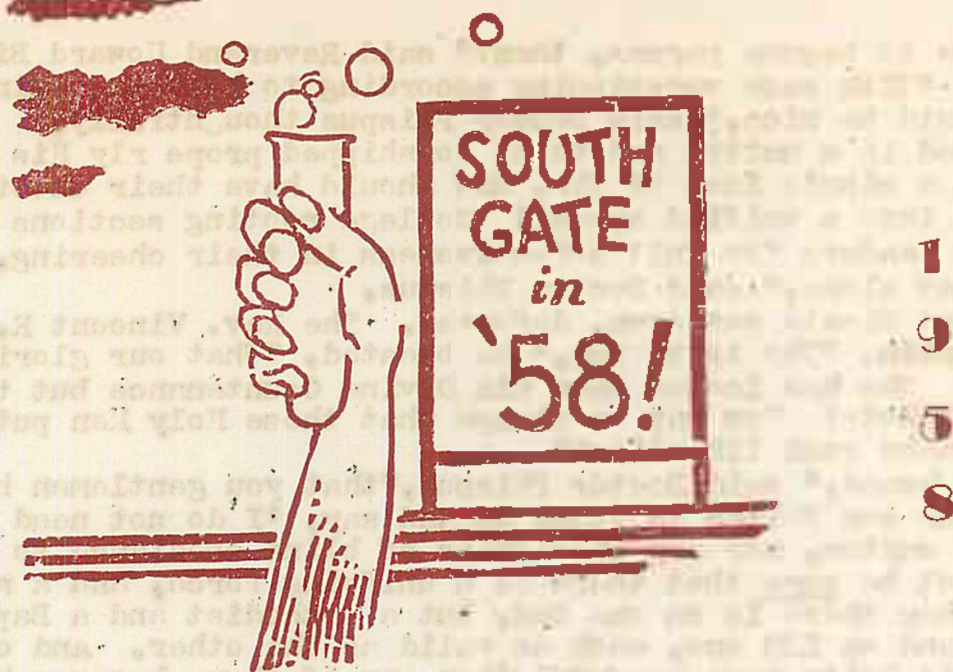
You gentlemen may contact me at home when you have reached your final decision." He felt the long trickling breaths of the men watching him like invisible smog in the silent air. It seemed to him that each was tending his own little devil deep in the punk of his brain, letting the gases leak out in fragmentary syllables now and then. He knew at that moment of silent strangeness how much a man values his own grip on the coat-tails of God, dragged faultuously smiling through life with a tight hold on things.

"I wonder if the sparrows worry about God, either," said Doctor Phispus as he shut the back door quietly behind him.

-finis-

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THE TENSORED CENSORS

In the last six months there has been much talk in fan circles about the question of censoring fanzines. This has been felt in all levels, from the powerfull EAPA and the wide reaching NEFF, to such locals as LASFS. In some fanzines there have been the signs of a new fan crusade, and at some points the battle has been engaged. On one side we have the editors and writers that claim that what they write and publish is their business, and they ask no one to read it that doesn't want to. And versions of the old "he who thinketh evil findeth evil." On the other side we have those of equal rank and importance who say that fandom is becoming of age, and the age of irresponceable indavidulism is coming to an end. That we must police our own fields, least others do it for us, and we all suffer as a result.

In my opinion there should be some way to control those unruly and unrepresentative minority activities that tend to lower the standing of the whole field. Just as the "beany-bergades" at past conventions have been frowned on til they have all but disappeared, except for tradition, so could the use of material in bad taste (which is all most of it is) be cut down. Most fan editors merely want to publish what will get them the most ego-boo; a few words of advice from some older fan should be enough to straighten them out. Unfortunately, I know full well this is not the case. Nor is it likely that the current talk will amount to anything. For as the old timers will tell you, it has all happened before. Every few years there is a tide of disreputed fanzines and the moralists in our midst cry out for censorship. Then there is much talk, the majority of fans are shocked at the thought of censorship, and disgusted with the poor fanzines. They don't know what to do. But after a while the editor of the questionable fanzine grows a little older, and cleans up his own mag, the self appointed censors holler themselves horse, and the other fans go back to reading what they like. And thus another cycle makes a swing.

THE FIRST THIRTY FIVE ARE THE HARDEST

It has been said that if a fanzine gets past its 5th issue, it might live to amount to something. It also could be said, and I'm about to, that a fanclub that lasts

three years has a pretty good chance of survival. THE OUTLANDER SOCIETY was three years old in Oct. I have been doing a bit of checking over my records of its 35 meetings. We had 14 members in that time. A small number, but remember we select our members from the cream of SoCal. Fandom. Their attendance rating went something like this. Len Moffatt and Stan Woolston had a perfect attendance, of all 35 meetings, which took them to strange places, and out in all kinds of weather. I made 32 meetings, while Alan Hershey and John Van Couvering attended 28. Freddie Curtis was at 21; Dotty (Rory) Faulkner 14; Con Pederson 13; Bill Elias 11, Shirley Booher, Anna Moffatt and Alvin Taylor each made 6; Mari Wolf Graham 3; Dave Lesperance (OS Retired) 2. We have never had all the members at one meeting though. We had 2 meetings of 9 members, and once got as low as 3 at a meeting. A meeting being proclaimed well in advance, and planned for, not just anytime the gang gets together, as we are always doing that. The average size of a meeting was something like 6.84 members.

We have had guests at meetings beside regular members though. This raises the number somewhat. While no one can become a member without the unanimous approval of the other members, any host may invite guests to meeting he is giving. And thus we have had 37 different guests at meetings. Some of these later became members, some VIP, and some completely forgotten. Our most regular guest is Perry Ackerman, who has attended 24 meetings, thus having been to more than all but five of the regular members. His wife, Wendy, is next on the list, with 15 meetings. Shirley Booher attended 5 meetings before becoming a member; Hal Curtis is our top none regular, with 4 meetings. ((Ed. note: Hal is now a full member)) Those that made it 3 times were Anna Moffatt, Dave Lesperance and Dick Tinner. Our two timers have been Mildred Braham, Mary Gibson, Jessie Wilt, Dale Fort, Kris Neville, Howard Topp. And those who made it a one nighter were Delbert Grant, Ken Fennell, Alan Cox, Roy Hackmeyer, Dotty Faulkner, Ray Bradbury, Eph Mendelberg, Hal Braham, Bill Borch, Audrey Seidel, Mari Wolf, Mel Sturges, Ed Sanders, Dr. and Mrs. R.S. Richardson, Katrina, Helene Mears, Len Cook, Dennis and Phyllis Lynch, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Beaumont, Don Wilson, Alvin Taylor, Walt Daugherty, Don Belfry and Mildred Bruer.

It is strange, but the largest number of guests we ever had was also 10, at a meeting held at Ackerman's (One of the few times a host is courted as a guest in his own house.) And there have been five meetings without guests. The average figure is 3.66 guests per meeting.

Records show that the third and fourth Saturday of the month is the most favored for holding meetings. They are all day affairs, being more like small conferences than meetings. And it is through them that we have built up power back of The Outlander, plans for the 1958 convention, and earned the reputation for being the power behind IASFS, and the most exclusive fan club in South Gate.

THE GOLD DUST TWINS

There are few of us who haven't picked up what we thought was the latest copy of Startling from our shelves, and started to read, to find that it was last month's TWS. This was understandable, as they are edited and published by the same people. Looking alike was good business. But it would appear that the day when one cannot tell Astounding from a copy of Galaxy is not long in coming. They are even now the same size, same format, type of contents page, and features. Only in editorials and art work is there great apparent difference. And, of course, in the stories. And yet we find them working away quietly

(continued on page 23)

La Giocanda le Garbage
(The Garbage Can)

Music by M. Vranduski

Libretto by G. Harrigan Zankowitz

(Translated from the original Upper Katchlekicklekalkanese by
Milton Crossburpus and Leonardo Moffatt)

CHARACTERS

The Garbage Collector.....tenor-basso
Gilda Schmildaschmoe.....pseudo-soprano
The Spy from Lower Katchlekicklekalkan.....bop-baritone
The Prince of Upper Katchlekicklekalkan.....can't sing

Chorus, ballet, dogs, cats, mice, cockroaches, etc.

Place: Upper Katchlekicklekalkan

Time: About 45 A.K. (After Katchlekicklekali)

First Performances: Royal Opera House of Upper Katchlekicklekalkan,
February 46, 102, A.K.

This opera, the second in the great Upper Katchlekicklekalkanese trilogy, like the first of the trilogy*, is based on another of the country's favorite legends.

During the Days of the Prince (even as today in Upper K.), the inhabitants of Lower Katchlekicklekalkan were not permitted to enter the land of Upper K. Upper K. is a noble, sweet, lovely, pure, and beautiful nation. But Lower K. is a low, vile, dispicable place. The Lower-K-ese have always desired to move to Upper K. and have threatened to do so many times in the history of both countries. La Giocanda le Garbage deals with one of these crucial times.

The Upper K-ese know that their fair land would be defiled if the Lower K-ese moved in. So an agreement has been reached by the two governments in an effort to keep peace between the two countries. Upper K. pays Lower K. a kind of tax--called "border fees". As long as this fee is paid, the Lower K-ese cannot enter Upper K without breaking the agreement. At the time of this opera, Upper K. is almost taxed to death and only the crown jewels, The Royal Diamonds, are left. These are to be hocked to raise the money to pay the border fees for another decade.

Act One

Scene One: Early morning in one of the streets of the capitol of Upper K. The hero of our opera, The Royal Garbage Collector, is found going from house to house, collecting the garbage cans and dumping them into a little wagon he pulls after him.

*L'Amour de la Trine. Published in the last (8th) issue of this magazine.

The Garbage Collector is not too happy with his work but sings a jaunty aria in which he philosophically describes his work...

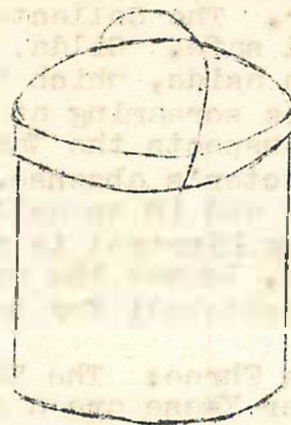
I work for the city.
My job is not pretty.
I'm up each morning at dawn.
I'm draggin' my wagon'...
And sometimes I'm gaggin'...
But the garbage must go on!

For I am a Garbage Collector.
I want to be an Inspector,
But I'm just a Garbage Collector,
'Neath the morning's gray sky.
I could write a ballad
About a sweet-smelling salad,
For I am a Garbage Collector,
A garbage Collector am I!

There's a pretty girl on my route
For whom I sing and shout;
But as a Garbage Collector,
I'm afraid I'd infect her,
And so I quietly pout:

I am a Garbage Collector.
I sure do hate to reject her,
But I'm just a Garbage Collector,
Neath the morning's gray sky.
I could garnish her bonnet
With stuff from my truck--there's lots on it!
For I am a Garbage Collector;
A Garbage Collector am I!

I have lots of muscles; I'm really a man.
They may have developed from your garbage can.
If that's true, I thank you, thank you, one and all...
And early in the morning, you may hear me call....
I am a Garbage Collector, etc.
At each house I must stop
And pick up the slop!
A Garbage Collector am I!



While the Collector has been singing a stealthy figure creeps onto the stage. Then the Collector discovers him he suspects him of being a prowler and is about to dump a bucket of garbage on the mysterious figure's head. Just in time, the man pulls back his cloak and reveals that he is the Royal Prince of Upper K! The Collector is still in doubt as to whether or not to throw the garbage. The Prince has been a spendthrift and the boarder fees are soon due. In fact, that is what the Prince wants to talk about. The Royal Diamonds, which he has with him, are to be smuggled out of the country and sold to a notorious gem merchant in Boston. The Prince has heard rumor that a Spy from Lower K. is loose in the land and is trying to steal the Diamonds thus preventing Upper K. from paying the Fee and permitting the Lower K-ese to invade the noble land. The Prince wants the

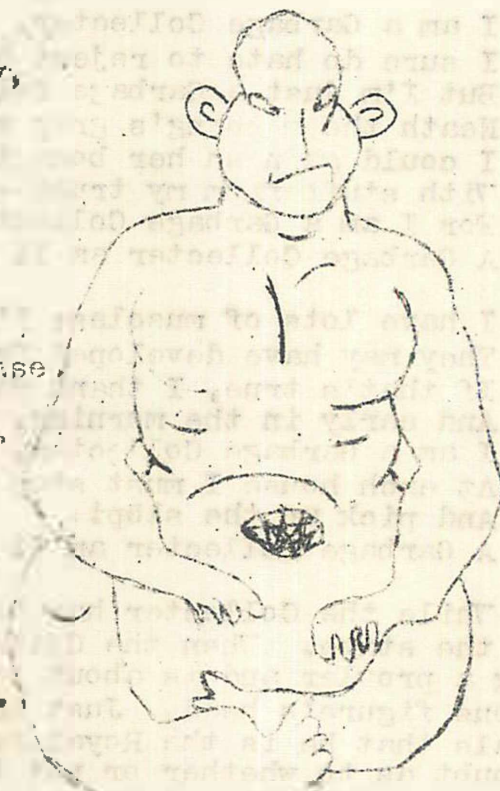
Collector to hide the jewels temporarily in one of his garbage cans, while they are waiting for the Bostonian to arrive. The collector agrees to this plan and decides to hide the can full of Diamonds in his sweetheart's apartment.

Scene Two: Gilda Schmildaschmoe's apartment. It is several days later. The Collector is calling on Gilda to see if the Diamonds are still safe. Gilda, in tears, tells him that they have been stolen! In an aside, which the Collector does not hear despite the fact that she is screaming at the top of her voice, she casually mentions that she suspects the Wandering Minstrel who has been calling on her in the Collector's absence. The conductor of the orchestra then stops the music and in an aside to the third violinist, reveals that the Wandering Minstrel is really the Spy from Lower K. The Collector, in tears, leaves the apartment, deciding to go to the Temple of Katchlekicklekali for help.

Scene Three: The Temple of Katchlekicklekali. The god of Upper K. (Lower K-ese are a godless lot though they bear the god's name also) actually resides in the Temple. It is a gigantic statue, and the Upper K-ese feel that when they ask Katchlekicklekali for help, he will indeed help them, though he spends most of his time just sitting there like...like a...like a statue. In a touchingly beautiful aria, the Garbage Collector asks Katchlekicklekali for help...

Katchlekicklekali,
With the rhinestone in your belly,
And big feet so smelly;
Listen to my plea.
Someone has stole the Royal
Diamonds, someone disloyal,
Who wants this land, to spoil...
They stole them all from me!

The Lower Katchle...kalikanese
Will do with us just as they please.
If we can't pay the border fees,
They'll make this land look sick.
So, Katchlekicklekali,
Please don't dilly-dally,
Now's the time to rally...
Or we'll be up the creek!
(Without a paddle...)
So bend your ear and listen,
While you big toe I'm kissin'.
See my tears--how they glisten...
Oh, please do something quick...
Or we'll be up the creek!



But Katchlekicklekali just sits there. However, the Collector feels inspired. Since he rarely visits Gilda (because of the reasons stated in his first aria) he thinks it is possible that she might have other boy friends. He decides to re-investigate her apartment.

Act Two

Scene One. Gilda's apartment. The Spy, disguised as The Wandering Minstrel, is there. Gilda thinks she is in love with him and that he loves her. She does not realize that he is a low, filthy, vile Lower K-ese. She asks him when he intends to marry her. In reply, he states that he is not the marrying kind and that none of his lovers have ever expected it of him. In a gay mood, he sings of his greatness as a lover and as an all-around jolly good fellow...

All of the women adore me;
And the reason is quite clear;
For I am the world's greatest lover,
And the world's greatest drinker of beer.
Then I'm not drinking, I'm loving--
As any true lover would do,
And when I'm not loving, I'm drinking
My share and your share of brew!



Chugalug, chugalug oo la la!
Chugalug, chugalug oo la la!
Chugalugoola, chugalugoola--
Chugalug, chugalug oo la la!

While singing he absent-mindedly takes one of the Royal Diamonds from his pocket, but hastily pockets it again. Gilda, broken-hearted and then angry, is now certain that he is a Spy. In a beautiful aria filled with the mixed emotions of lost love and indignant anger, she orders him to leave.

Really, really, really,
If you think too freely,
You can do what Greely said--
Go Vee!
Or best...drop dead!

You say you are broadminded;
I think you are a fraud.
Well, you may be broadminded...
Your mind is always on a broad!
You say that you do not believe
In the matrimonial state.
In that case, you had better leave...
I'm giving you the gate!
If you don't want to marry me; just want me for a toy...
You can go and find yourself another girl--or boy!

Really, really, etc.

He leaves. A few seconds later the Collector enters. Gilda tells him of her suspicions of the Minstrel and they work out a plan to trap him. Gilda is to send a message to the Minstrel, asking him to return. She will hint that she knows who he really is, but will not reveal his identity. If he returns to her arms and gives her a share in the royal loot. Then he comes back she is to put sleeping tablets in his beer and stick him into the garbage can, which is still in the apartment. The

Collector will be waiting outside to pick up the can and carry it to the Royal Palace, where the Spy will be arrested and the Diamonds sold to the Bostonian.

Scene Two: The street outside of Gilda's apartment. The Collector enters and hurries to the garbage can sitting outside of her door. He picks it up, grunting and commenting on how much the Spy must weigh. As he is about to carry it off he hears someone singing inside the apartment. Gilda has told him of the Spy's favorite song and when he hears the lines "All of the women adore me..." he stands dumbfounded for a moment. Then he quickly lifts the lid of the garbage can and discovers his sweetheart inside, quite dead...murdered by the low, uncouth Lower K. Spy! He cries in anguish, "Gilda Schmildaschmoe!" and then sings the touching and tragic aria: They Will Call Her Garbage Can Gilda...

They will call her Garbage Can Gilda.

For she got in there, I'll never know...

For she is as big as Brunhilda,

Oh Gilda Schmildaschmoe!

Gorgeous Garbage Can Gilda,

So sweet, so charming, so fair!

With an apple core behind her ear,

And succotash in her hair!

Yes, here lies Garbage Can Gilda,

And I loved her so...

But now she lies dead

In her vegetable bed...

Oh Gilda Schmildaschmoe!

It had been said of the Collector's singing that his voice could wake the dead. And that, of course, is what happens. Revived by her sweetheart's singing, Gilda pops out of the can and the lovers embrace. But the Spy, being from Lower K. and not being accustomed to the Collector's fine, clear vocal tones, could not stand the sound. He dies in agony, falling from the apartment window through which he had been leaning, observing the Collector. The Royal Diamonds are retrieved!

Scene Three: In front of the Royal Palace. The Collector's fondest dream has come true. Because of his service to the country, he has been promoted and is now The Royal Garbage Inspector. Good pay and all he wants to eat. All this and Gilda too! The Upper K-ese are celebrating. In this final scene, the entire chorus and ballet perform the spectacular Garbage Can-Can...

There's a dance they do

Early in the morning;

It's so romantic and gay,

That it's not permitted to be performed

at any other hour of the day!

And the reason for this ban?

'Cause it's the Garbage Can-Can!

They dress quite briefly for this dance,

But they never get a tan...

For there's no sun a-shining,

When they do the Garbage Can-Can!

All the Garbage Men's Wives and Sweethearts



Include this in their Plan:
To get up at dawn,
Put a garbage can on,
And do the Garbage Can-Can!

Can I? Can I? Can I? Can I?
Yes! You can...
Garbage Can-Can!

-finis-

THE WAVING OF THE GRUNK

I am involved
In the bright euphemeria of life,
With multi-colored toadstools beckoning

I am submerged
In a racing, rice-and-milk filled sea
Swimming to compete with hopeful dreamers

I am ready
After years spent in the frantic practice of youth
To evolve to ancientness and partial wit

But time is stunted
And I do not know that I am I.

—Stan Woolston

125 (continued from page 17)

to cut each other's throats. Gold, probably one of the most unpopular editors from the writer's standpoint since Herwin quit, seems to be quite off on the subject of ASE. Yet he apes their style, bleeds away their writers, and even runs his own version of the Annal. Lab. Campbell on the other hand, also shaky from the reactions of Dianetics, tries to copy what must seem to him like a leading competitor, by changing cover format to match that of Galaxy. Let's hope for the sake of stf they don't come to the point where they have adopted all the bad points of the other. Or, thatlike the famed Kilkeny Cats, they don't fight til there is nothing left...

---Rick Sneary

we shall said the general in all liklihood
kill fifty million people
but we shall preserve freedom
at all costs
thats what counts
freedom and a trust in god
isnt that-right son
dirty sonsofbitches
rightgeneral right

—Alvin Taylor

READERS YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!

Lately the Outlander Society has become financially healthy. So now we want to improve the magazine and Build Up It's Circulation. Why? Because we like the ego-boo we will get in return, We want to spread farther the joyous tidings of our sacred cry;

SOUTH GATE IN '58

Number 10, The Third Ann-Ish, will be edited by Rick Sneary and Len Moffatt. It will contain The Filings From The Chain, 1958, Lens Den, The third in the Katchlekikalekalkanese Opera Series, and- -we hope- -material by all the other

OUTLANDERS

The price for this special issue will be the same as for all other issues. *15¢ a copy* We could give the mag away free, but in time our funds would run out. So-- WE ask the current standard price to keep from running into the red before we want to quit publishing.

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