

THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

THE OUTLANDER

February 1952

Number Ten

RICK SNEARY and LEN MOFFATT, EDITORS



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COVERS and Printed Headings by Stan Woolston. Interior Illustrations by Anna and Len Moffatt. Mimeography by the editors, their helpers, and the grace of Foo.

This is really our febmaraaprmay issue, you know.
Happy Snick Snook Day!

THE OUTLANDER is published irregularly
by the Outlander Society.

15c a Copy

7 Issues for \$1

SEND LETTERS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO:

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Cal.

On this, our third anniversary of publishing THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE, we want to thank all of those people who have helped to support the mag. So here's a hearty Thank You to our readers and to the fanmag reviewers. We hope we can continue to please you!

The Outlander Society

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"SOUTH GATE IN '58!"

THE FICKLE HERRING

By John Van Couvering

B. Tucker Wilson sat morosely in Benny's, a moddy figure nursing his Scotch and soda. There were soft lights, gentle music, and a hatcheck girl who could have passed for 35 in a power failure, but Wilson was partaking of none of the joys of life.

Suddenly he arose with a snarl. "Ar, to hell with him" he rumbled, and made his way unsteadily towards the door. The full six foot three of him cleared the doorway with an inch to spare as he burst through and stood in the rain, looking suspiciously up and down the street. There was no one in sight except a blind begger selling automatic pencils a few doorways down. B. Tucker Wilson began to walk swiftly, his chin thrust out.

A chill shot down his spine. Behind him a soft voice said soothingly, "All right, wise guy, heist'em." Something pressed persuasively in his back and he raised his hamlike fists towards the glittering neon signs overhead.

From the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a wizened, uneven old face. The beggar...and something more! Then it came to him. "Tucker! It can't be...you're dead!"

"Greatly exaggerated," snickered the old man. "Greatly exaggerated. Come on, let's call a cab and get going." He waved at a cruising taxi.

"A hoax...a lousy hoax!" breathed Wilson. They got in. Wilson noticed that the old man held his weapon in plain sight of the cabbie with no sign of apprehension. He twisted his neck and saw a blue Scripto pressing into his backbone.

"I wouldn't try anything," said Tucker with a lopsided smile. "She's loaded." Wilson subsided.

"Who sent you?" he ventured after a while.

"Who are you scared of?" countered Tucker.

"Hoy Ping Pong..." Wilson's breathing quickened. "I thought I got rid of him when I turned legit back in '48!"

"You sap," said Tucker quietly. "Ping Pong will be with you until you die...you should know that by now." He glanced at Wilson's natty suit. "Sayvy...doin' O.K., aren't you? All dressed up... the legit stuff you're pushin' must pay off pretty good."

"All right, all right," growled Wilson. "Lay off the heavy sarcasm or I'll be forced to use you as a character."

"Is that what you're doin'?" said Tucker. "We kinda thought you was in a little honest blackmail, usin' your former connections for clients. Tsk, tsk, a writer yet. That won't happen next."

"Knock it off, Tucker," growled Wilson even more angrily. "You

get under my skin just like always. Let's just get there and forget about the clever remarks."

The cab pulled up before a low dark structure somewhere in the lower side of town. As they got out, Wilson sniffed the scummy fog that always hung around the waterfront region. His mind was clearing fast, and he began to mull over various reasons for the sudden interest Hoy Ping Pong was displaying in him.

They went in a door, down a hall. Another door opened and light streamed into the darkness. As Wilson went through, he only caught a glimpse of a brutal face close by his shoulder before the bright lights welled up in a crashing explosion and darkness closed in.

He awoke on a cold, hard floor. Hoy Ping Pong stood smiling above him. "Greetings, Wilson. For a hard-boiled writer you show unremarkable watchfulness. Regrets." Wilson groaned and rolled over.

"What hit me?" he mumbled. Then he saw the feet...the legs...the mighty torso...the blank idiot eyes. "My God!" he gasped. "It's Le Zombie! What is this, anyway? A reunion?"

Another figure appeared beside Pong. Wilson rose groggily to a sitting position. The figure spoke: "We've been waiting a long time for this, you lousy hack. Thought you could go legit, eh? Well, the old gang has got other ideas."

Wilson smiled to himself at the dialogue. It was straight out of a murder mystery. "Hi, Boob," he grinned crookedly. "Still trying to win a game of chess?" Boob's eyes narrowed.

"That's enough, Wilson," he snapped. Wilson rose to his feet, stood swaying in the midst of the ill-assorted group.

"All right," he harshed, "you've got me cornered. Let's hear what you have to say so I can supply the gag line. (It was a direct steal from his latest novel, but he knew none of his present acquaintances ever read his stuff.) You guys know I'm out and I intend to stay out."

"Road to good intentions paved like Hell," observed Hoy Ping Pong mirthlessly. Wilson felt a touch of nausea. Would he never hear the last of Pong's crumby jokes?

"Well," he said calmly, "I guess you can kill me if you want... or you can cut off my right hand. But that's the only way you'll get me to stop writing." The others whistled appreciatively. It was a dandy speech, all right. Just dripping with corn. Wilson felt sick.

"You see?" said Boob. "You're losing your touch. A few more years on the outside and you won't be able to break into the American Weekly. And us...well, we've kind of lost contact too without you. How about it, boss...just for old times' sake?"

Wilson sighed, almost happily. "All right, boys, you win. Anybody got a buck fifty with'em? Might as well do it now. FAPA, here I come!" Pong smiled inscrutably and said nothing.

THE TIDE

By Alvin Taylor

You stand alone on a high peak. You stand alone and watch them flow in a thick stream beneath you.

They are moving swiftly in the tide of their own thoughts. Small thoughts, thoughts muddled and swirling in endless whirlpools of muck.

Occasionally in the mad flow there is a backwater, a small eddy. The water clears and calms, and out of it rises one cleansed of the filth. Like a fragile flower sprouting in a dung heap it grows. Slowly at first, then with a surging hope and joy it spreads upward reaching for the sky, the stars, the light.

You watch it with a growing eagerness, straining to help. Straining to reach down and lift it clear of the slime that still holds it. Almost it is free, almost, just a little more.

But no! they see it, the mad flight pauses, gathers itself, then leaps forward in a crush of thoughts; pounding, smashing at it; beating it down.

Even up where you are, you can hear the mad, demoniacal battle cry of the mob as it plunges forward. Like the cry of a thing from the depths it comes spiraling up to you, loud and clear.

"No!" it screams, "No! Come down! Come down! Come down to the muck and slime with us. This is the age of the common man. You're no better than we! Come down, you bastard! Come down!"

Then it strikes in a wave of slush and grimy filth. The clean one shudders, trembles, and then as you watch with sickening horror it sinks slowly once again into the muck. You sit watching and a great sadness fills you, tears at your very being.

Suddenly you rouse, glance down. Something has happened; something has changed! You look down and then you realize the difference! They are looking up at you. You can feel their hate, it sweeps over you in foul waves of thought.

"Look at him up there," they say, "Look at him sitting on a pedestal. Damned snob! Come down!"

Then all at once the whole stream begins to move in a circular motion, around the base of your peak. Faster and faster it goes, yelling its battle cry all the while.

"The common man! The common man!"

Something is beginning to happen; you can sense it. What? What? You rack your brain in growing panic for the answer and find it!

The peak trembles slightly, beneath you. They are ripping you loose of your foundation, wearing away the base, cutting you down to them--to the slime. At the base small cracks are starting. With a

ers, and slowly begins to tip. Farther--farther. Then you're falling down, down to the mindless slime awaiting you.

You try to scream but the sound freezes on your lips. Down, down.

You land with a splash and the muck closes over you. The muck, the beautiful, wonderful muck. How nice it is. How foul, how sweet. Why this is real living! This is grand! All around you your new friends cavort and play.

"See," they say, "See what fun, what equality. "Come," they urge, "Come along to the land of dreams."

"A television set in every home. Fifty cent movies. A car in every garage. A job for everyone. A god for everyone (but my god is the only true god). Don't think! Don't use your brain! Be equal, everyone equal. Hurry, hurry, we're off to burn the books. Come along."

And off you go slipping along happily with them in the lovely, stinking muck, chanting your battle cry over and over gaily.

"The common man! The common man! Hooray for us!"

-finis-

THINK!

All the Universe is beckoning;
The beacon-stars afar
Blink questingly, and Man must heed;
There is no mortal bar
To seeking mind and hopeful mind
Set firmly on the task
Of digging riddles of the kind
Quiz-genius would ask.

And yet a hopeful sign is drawn
That growth will never end--
The new is always right at hand;
There's still another bend
To make before the final map
Is drawn for all to see;
So hail the mighty grayish cell
That activates the free.

--J. Stanley Woolston

MILTON CROSSBURPUS' STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS (III)

Le Dulce Cheamney Swip
(The Sweet Chimney Sweep)

Music by M. Vranduski

Libretto by George Harrigan Zankowitz

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

CHARACTERS

The Chimney Sweep. tenor-basso
Princess Pumperknickle. pseudo-soprano
The Unique Eunuch. baritone-falsetto

Temple Maidens, Spear Bearers, eunuchs, etc.

Place: Upper Katchlekicklekalkan

Time: About 60 A.K. (After Katchlekicklekali)

First Performance: Royal Opera House of Upper Katchlekicklekalkan,
Junly 59, 103 A.K.

The music for this opera, which is the final masterpiece in the great trilogy by Messrs. Vranduski and Zankowitz, was first played by various symphony orchestra under the title of "The Sweet Chimney Sweep Suite." The music alone was supposed to tell the story of the famous chimney sweep who loved a princess. However the critics of the day claimed they could see no connection between the title and the music.

In the meantime, Zankowitz wrote a libretto for the music, and after some persuasion Vranduski agreed to alter the score to fit the libretto. This was after Zankowitz pointed out the great financial success of their two previous collaborations, L'Amour de la Trine and La Ciocanda le Garbage.

Act One

(Scene One) The Chimney Sweep, his face smudged with soot, wearing a tall black hat and long overcoat, and carrying a ladder, is found in his dimly lit room, bemoaning his fate. He sings a tender, tragic aria:

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.
Gone are my friends from the chimneys, gone away.
They quit their jobs and that's why I'm unhappy...
For I am the last of the chimney sweeps,
Old Black Guisseppi!

I'm sweeping, I'm sweeping, and I'm so unhappy...
I, the last of the chimney sweeps--Old Black Guisseppi!

(Scene Two) The music and the action indicate a complete change of mood from the first scene. The Sweep is found dancing about in someone's house, the chimney of which he is supposed to be cleaning. He has discovered that women are mad about him! This is because of his

unusual odor, resulting from cleaning so many chimneys and never bathing himself. To the ladies of Upper K. his sweet smell is irresistible. He sings a lilting, carefree aria:

Some people say that I'm a jerk,
But I'm quite happy with my work,
For when I in the chimneys lurk...
I hear and see a lot of interesting things,
As I observe the antics
Of poorly clad romantics,
And romantic kings!
I have observed both the rich and the poor
Engaged in transactions for money and amour!
Amour, amour, amour, amour!
For money and amour!

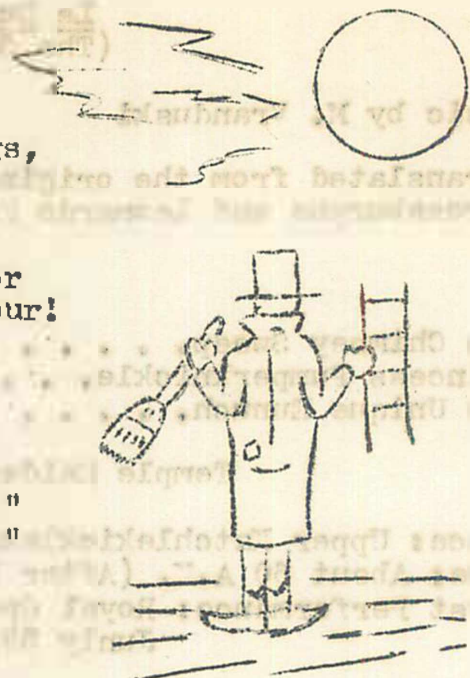
Once I fell into a lady's boudier.
Then I saw her I cried, "Oo la la!"
She said, "Is this a chimney sweep I see?"
I said, "Yes, M'am, that certainly is me!"
She said, "Well, then please do...
Please do, please do, please do!"
So while she reclined on her davenport,
I cleaned out her little old flu!

By Crackey and by Grimney,
I'm here to clean your chimney!
'Cause it rhymes I shout, By Jimney!
As to my work I creep...
For I am a chimney sweep!

By this time the audience is aware that the hero of this opera is a chimney sweep.

(Scene Three) The royal boudier of Princess Pumperknickle. We find the Princess primping at her dressing table. A noise is heard and the Sweep comes tumbling out of the fireplace. Dazed by his fall, he doesn't know where he is nor does he recognize the Princess. He does see that she is beautiful and falls in love with her immediately. He asks her name...

PRINCESS: I am Princess Pumperknickle;
I'll perform if you will tickle me,
But you must be sure to do it properly...
Do not let your garresses linger
Over just my little finger,
Though it, no doubt, is a pleasing sight to see...
Pray, do not bother with my lips,
Or my torso, or my hips,
Though they may seem to attract your attention.
I'll be more delighted
If you'll get me excited
By a method which I hesitate to mention!
Now you don't have to be gentle,
For so soon you will find



I want titillation mental,
Speak and tickle my mind!

Speak to me of mystery, mathematics, history,
Speak to me of music by Bach.
With words I hope you're gifted
For I want my mind uplifted,
So please do not hesitate to talk!

And if you will tell me of the quantum theory,
I'll pat your hand and let you call me "deary";
And if Einstein you are very neat with,
I'll let you kiss--the spoon I eat with!
So speak, Sweet Sweep, pray do...
For thus sweethearts should woo!

SWEEP: O darling Princess Pumperknickle,
Truly I would love to tickle you!
But the method you suggest
Puts an ache inside my breast...
Ay, this style of love to me is new!
Now this may make you gripe...
But I'm not the mental type...
I'm more the physical kind.
(Keep my sweet scent in mind)
In short, I'm scentimental, smell and see;
Then tell me that you'll marry, marry me!



PRINCESS: Why I have always thought that chimney sweeps
Were men who knew a lot,
Traveling about as they do.
Obtaining information from all parts of the nation,
As they flew from flu to flu.
I've heard they were always yearning
For learning and more learning,
As any truly noble person might,
Seeking new experience by day and by night!

But now I find that though you smell so sweet,
You have not the brains to make my life complete.
Farewell to you, dull fellow!
You'll never be my Prince.
Excuse me, I must go...
I have a few things to rinse...

SWEEP: Then let me help!

PRINCESS: Not on your life!

SWEEP: But I'm good at washings... Please be my wife!

PRINCESS: No! Go! Exit by the rear...

SWEEP: Go? By the rear? No!

PRINCESS: GO!

SWEEP: NO!

PRINCESS: REAR!

TOGETHER: Go-no-rear!

They march off stage in different directions at the duet's conclusion.

Act Two

(Scene One) Interior of The Temple of Katchlekicklekali. The Sweep has come here--not ask the god of Upper K. for aid (The Sweep is an atheist)--but to clean the chimneys. He discovers one of the eunuchs making love to one of the Temple Maidens. This confuses the Sweep, because according to all of the propaganda, the Temple Maidens are... well... maidens, and the eunuchs are... well... eunuchs, whose prime duty it is to guard the Maidens. The eunuch sees the Sweep and sends the Maiden away. The Sweep questions him, and the eunuch replies:

As you see by my tunic,
I am just a eunuch,
One who helps to guard the Temple Maidens.
But from Bagdad to Munich,
There never was such a eunuch,
For with special powers I am laden.

No matter where you seek,
You'll find none so unique,
For I'm the Unique Eunuch, that is true.
I am not like the others,
For none of them are lovers
Because they can't---but I can---and do!

Now when you say "Temple Maidens"
You should pronounce it "made'uns"
If you want your statement to be true.
They are not what they should be,
Because of unique me,
The Unique Eunuch--I can--and do!

Though you are just a chimney sweep,
I know my secret you will keep,
For I intend to share my luck with you.
Then you call, your work to do,
You can help me with mine too,
You and the Unique Eunuch--we can--and do!

(Scene Two) Temple Maiden's Quarters. The Princess, unable to find a lover with the mentality she requires, decides to forsake the world and become a Temple Maiden. She is not with them long before she discovers the truth about them. She is eager to meet this Unique Eunuch who has defiled the Temple, and threatens to expose him to her father, the King, despite the protestations of the very happy Maidens.

The Sweep enters, disguised as a eunuch, recognizes her and decides that this is his opportunity to really woo his heart's desire. In an aside to the audience, she says that she will pretend to accept his advances at first, and then will scream for help at the proper time. But at the proper time she forgets to scream. Adoringly she tells him, "You are a unique eunuch!" Adoringly he replies, "No, I'm the Sweet Chimney Sweep! Now will you marry me?" The opera ends with their great love duet:

PRINCESS: Sweet Chimney Sweep,
So sweet, so sweet, so delightful.



I am sorry, dear,
 So sorry that I was spiteful.
 I love to smell
 Your feet, so sweet, so breathtaking.
 But from bending o're...
 My poor back is breaking!

SWEEP: I love to hold
 You so close to me, my dear.
 Your kisses, so bold,
 Taste even better than beer!
 How happy am I
 That you adore my sweet stench.
 Now, darling, please try
 To kiss me a little in French!

TOGETHER: In Upper Katchlekicklekalkan
 There are none who are happy as we!
 Because of our strange meeting here,
 You'll have to marry me!
 Tra la la, la la la, la la! Etc...



-finis-

A MATTER OF VIEWPOINT

By Alvin Taylor

The human inhabitants of two certain geological sections on the planet Earth were having a war--which was not surprising since the major occupation of the more "intelligent" inhabitants of that particular planet seemed to be the careful destruction of each other.

The whole affray began when the government of one geological section (A) took to task the government of another geological section (B) for having several isms that to them seemed distasteful. Thereupon B sent a nasty note back accusing A of having several isms which they objected to. This went on for some time until one of them rudely dropped an atomic bomb on the other--who dropped two atomic bombs in retaliation. Thus by the simple method of mathematical progression they were presently occupied in the process of systematically annihilating one another.

:::

It was at this juncture that a scientist on the planet Mars happened to notice through his telescope the atomic disturbances on Earth and sent a note to his immediate superior. The note progressed upward from superior to superior until it finally reached the hands of a super-superior who immediately dispatched an expedition to Earth to find the cause of the disturbance. Upon returning to Mars the leader of the expedition reported that the Earthmen were certainly mad and must be destroyed before they invaded Mars as they eventually would. The super-superior immediately consulted a super-duper-superior who sent five hundred spaceships to conquer Earth.

The Earthmen were rather surprised to be invaded. However, after a period of general confusion the governments of A and B called a conference and decided to unite for the time being in a mutual effort to dispell the unearthly invaders. They stopped calling each other dirty

names and concentrated on thinking up nasty names for the invading Martians. The interplanetary carnage continued for several decades, each calling the other nastier names as the years increased, but neither side winning a major victory. Then from out of the solar system a new foe, attracted by the disturbance, entered and attacked both planets. The consolidated government of Earth immediately called a conference with the government of Mars.....

And somewhere far out in the void, where the tides of time and space are meshed as one, a being beyond comprehension that had been watching the whole affray carefully hypothesized it up to the tenth power and gave the equivalent of laughing its head off.

DELETION IN GREY

A small furry death gutted beside the road
A few concrete steps from soft loam
Green grass in the leafless orchard
Concrete with a smear of life on it.

Rubberwubberrubber
Ghastly erasers wiping out the feel of land
Rubbing a notch from the smooth hill's flesh
Following a skein of senseless deletions
Black bounding rolling zipping erasers
Squibbering out a song

A glimpse of the casual edition going on
As of somebody bluepencilling the plot
Kind of makes you feel lucky
That you're driving
Today...

But those black peeling erasers can climb up on you
And get you inside there where you ride
With a sickening swirl of almost
Will we
LOOKOUT
And a wheel spinning lost against the wind and a cloud high up.

Well, if we only had a quicker way
To get there..yes, to get there
But planes are too much and besides
They're dangerous. At least when
You get mashed someday in a crosswalk
You'll know it's your own damn fault
For getting in the way.

People will point at the skidmarks for days.

—John Van Couvering

LEN'S

DEN

February

1952

By Len Moffatt

AND I QUOTE:

Rick Sneary on Ingratitude: "Don't bite the goose that lays the golden egg."

Len and Anna, trolleying to the LASFS club room (Freehafer Hall) to help mimeo an ish of The Outlander....

Len: You didn't bring the mag's dummy? It's easy to get the pages mixed up, when you don't use a dummy!

Anna: Not unless everyone is running around with their heads cut off, acting like chickens!

Walt Willis, signing off a note to Ljm: "Here's to the convention with five bars!"

Walt should have written "...in five bars!" since it is just his double-pun way of saying you-know-what....or do you? If not, let me know, and I'll explain it nexttime. Took me two days to figure it out, but I'm not a musician.

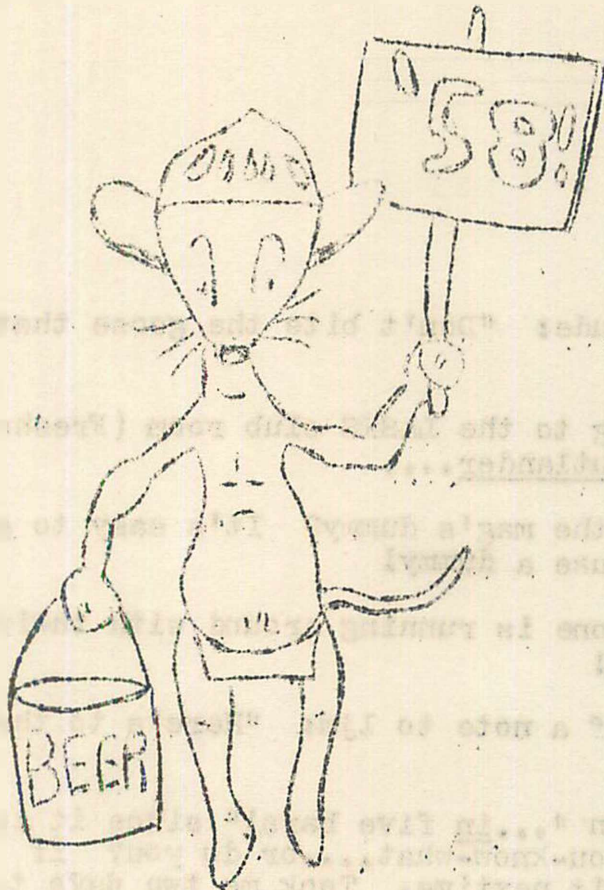
I AM REMINDED,

by one of the above quotes, of the pirates who had pirated a shipload of gold. They were taking most of it ashore to bury (after the fashion of pirates), and the boat was sitting very low in the water. The Captain was following them in a smaller boat, and--fearing the wouldn't get the boat ashore before the boat sank--he prodded at the overloaded craft with a long pole. This prodding proved to be the proverbial final straw. The keel burst open; all of the gold was lost in the drink. The moral of this story is: Don't goose the keel that aches with laden gold...

THE DEN'S MAILBOX:

Recently rec'd Oops! # 1. (10¢ a copy from Gregg Calkins, 930 Briarcliff Avenue, Salt Lake City 16, Utah) Poor

mimeo-ing in places; not much in the way of material, save for Lee Hoffman's interesting 1 pg autobiog, and Rog Phillips' article on fandom. The latter should delight the heart of the neo-fen and because of its...er...gushiness(?), amuse the hardened and cynical old time fans. Opsla # 2 should be out soon. Maybe it will be better.



GUESS I'll use this space to recommend such top fan pubs as: Quandry, Slant, Peon, SF Newsletter, SF Advertiser, and Fantasy Commentator.

For info on these mags, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope or postal card to me, at 5969 Lanto St., Bell Gardens, Calif.

THIS is Orson, the Outlander Mouse.

He likes all of the Outlanders except Bynderly Bubah, the Moffatt's black cat.

He also likes beer, South Gate in '58!, Foo, Pogo, and Pietro J. Pistachi

He is the only Upper Katchle-kicklekalkanese Mouse out of captivity.

CONGRATULATIONS

to Mary Gibson, of Bathgate (in '68!), Scotland, on becoming our newest Out-law, by marrying one of the Outlander "family", namely Alan U. Hershey. And Congratulations to you too, Hersh! Happy Days, kids!

THIS COLUMN

casts its vote for Chicon II!

Orson and I will prob'ly see you next issue, whenever that is...

--ljm

= NEW BOOKS =

Both of the following are from Greenberg:Publisher, New York, at \$2.75 each.

JACK OF EAGLES, by James Blish. If I'm not mistaken the magazine version of this novel was called "Let the Finder Beware..." But under any title--and particularly in its present length--it entertains the reader with the exciting adventures of a young man who finds himself involved with TK, PK, ESP, F.B.I., and a small portion of S-E-X.

The last named item is provided by an interesting girl who appears in the story apparantly for the benefit of them as likes Love Interest. However, her presence does not detract from the tale, as she is not dragged into the plot by her petticoats (with panties at half mast), but rather by the bootstraps of her very human selfishness.

Our hero is an ordinary guy who discovers he has certain super-normal powers. This frightens him, makes him think he could be off his rocker. But after contacting a metaphysical cult, a parapsychologist, and the Fortean Society, he gets a grip on things and proceeds to fight and think himself in and out of several fantastic but realistically presented situations.

THE WEAPON MATTERS, by A. E. van Vogt. I'm sure all of you are familiar with the famous Weapon Shop series. If you aren't, it's time you were, if only to strengthen your well-read-in-stif background. And you'll probably enjoy it.

As he did with The Weapon Shops of Isher (Greenberg:Publisher, 1951), van Vogt has tied a couple of the Weapon Shop tales into a book length novel filled with fascinating people and even more fascinating ideas.

The Weapon Shops were created to keep governments from becoming too governmental. The Shops sell guns which one can use only for self defense, and have sundry other services for customers in need of same.

In the far future, the Isher Empire is the government. Under beautiful and brainy Empress Innelda, it isn't as co-operative with the Shops as it has been in the past.

Hedrock, the immortal man, is the hero of this fracas, and does a very competant job of it, despite thefact that both sides are on his tail throughout most of the story, as well as a possible threat to all of humanity from outer space. Although immortal and a super genius, he is very much a human being, and a rather likable one--once you get to know him.

Dust jackets on both of these books were designed to catch the eye and hold it for more than the time-length of a mere glance.

—Len J. Moffatt

DEAR

BY

EDITOR — MARI WOLF

Editor:

INTIMATE SPACE CONFESSIONS,
67-384-218 Helioburg, 'Roid IV,
Gamma Belt, Alpha Centauri

Dear Editor:

This is my first story, and if it hadn't been for you and your contest for the most Heartreding, Intimate, Gripping, Romantic True Love Story in the whole galaxy I guess I'd never have written it. You see, I couldn't tell anyone, not even my mothers, about what happened, but the poster I saw in the Spaceport Sodashop promised that you'd change all the names and planets so no one would ever know. So you can publish my story, and I know your readers will like it, and you can send me the prize money care of Postmaster, 'Roid 7, Sirius System 2. That's all the address you need. Everyone here knows Della Malone.

Thank you kindly,

Della....

Reader, outer office, INTIMATE SPACE CONFESSIONS:

"Good lord, Judy, here's another one. With a letter of course. And listen to the title, I Was Jealous of a Siliconoid."

"Might as well send it back, Ann. We've already combed out two thousand, three hundred and six alien love triangles."

"Well, I'll read a few paragraphs anyway. Might be good enough to buy at regular two credit a line rates....."

"I Was Jealous of a Siliconoid," by Della Malone

My heart was pounding as I slipped out of my space suit and came through the inner door of the airlock. Jak was coming over tonight. Maybe he'd ask me to marry him. Maybe....

Could I hope for that? Or was I building my hopes on quicksand, dreaming dreams that could never come true. I didn't know...

Last night I was so sure. Last night, when both pairs of his arms encircled my waist, when his eyes gazed deep into mine, when his two heads leaned forward as one and took turns emplanting feverish kisses on my yielding, then rapidly demanding lips... Jak. I love you, Jak. I'll always love you, Jak....

I shook my head and came out of the airlock. It wouldn't do to keep thinking of last night. Nothing had happened, after all. Just his kisses, and then, as his arms tightened and he stared deep into my eyes and I waited, waited for him to tell me he loved me, that he wanted me for his first wife, right then, when all of our lives hung in the balance of this moment - the siliconoid came into the room.....

"Come, Jak," it hissed telepathically, "it is time to go."

"But Jak..." I reached out for him.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Della. I - I can't explain now..."

He was gone, and I was alone. It seemed to me that I could still see the siliconoid sneering at me, still see the contempt in its eyes. What had happened? What tie could there be between this - this creature and my Jak? Not love. Surely not love. Not between a carbon form and a silicon form...

The tears fell unheeded down my face.

Reader, inner office, INT. SP. CONF.

"Got something for me, Ann?"

"This is wonderful, Dorothy. Simply wonderful. And by a complete unknown, too. Of course, there are a few places where it's a bit underwritten, but those can be touched up."

"Well, let's have it. I've got a half hour before lunch...."

Thirteen hours passes, but still Jak didn't come. Thirteen hours. Soon it would be evening...I went to the window and looked out, for the hundreth time, staring across the gray, flat monotonous tundra of the asteroid.

Why didn't he come? Dinner was growing cold. My mothers didn't say anything about the delayed meal, though. They left me alone. Perhaps they too remembered how a girl can feel in the depths of her disappointment....

A figure, moving out on the tundra. A figure, too bulky in its space suit to be completely recognizable, and yet - it must be Jak.... It had to be....

"He's coming, Mothers!" I cried the words aloud.

"Della," Mother Jane said reprovingly, and I remembered that sonics hurt her eardrums. I blushed.

The figure was nearer. Much nearer. It was - it was a bit too small. A bit too thin...Jak? It couldn't be....But it had to be...He had to come...He loved me...He must love me, or he wouldn't have kissed me like that...

Perhaps he'd been hurt. Magnetic space-debris mining could be dangerous. Maybe he'd been dreaming of me, got careless, let himself go too long without recharging his boot-plates. Maybe radio-activity had dropped the level he could tolerate...Maybe..

Jak...Jak...Oh, let him be all right....

The suited figure approached the outer airlock. It was within range of our dome lights now. It was - it was - I began to cry. Tears fell unheaded-down my face. It was the siliconoid!

Editorial Assistant, INT. SP. CONF.

"Haven't you gone out to lunch yet, Dorothy?"

"Gosh, is it past noon already? I was reading this story..."

"Which one?"

"It's one for that contest we held last decade. You know, 'We want your story. We want your true story of romance, adventure, heartbreak. If your story is chosen the best in the galaxy you'll receive...."

"Oh, sure, Dorothy, I remember it now. That was while I was still over in REAL SPACE DETECTIVE, reading proofs. But how come this entry is coming in so late?"

"I don't know. You know our Sirius representative. He probably didn't get around to putting up the posters during the Triangulation Ceremonies. They last nine years..."

"A cultist, eh?"

"Uh huh. But he only hibernates nine years out of a thousand. The rest of the time he's our best field man in that whole quadrant."

"Well, let's see the story, Dorothy. Think it's any good?"

"Its terrific, F-3, terrific. Ofcourse, some of the description will have to be cut, and a little more love put in. Some times there's a whole paragraph without the word's being mentioned."

"Thank the factory we don't fall in love. Gives us that robots-eye impersonal viewpoint. Let's have it."

"Okay, F-3. And you know, it's so good, so real that it's going to make you sorry you're not alive!"

The siliconoid came across the room toward me, slowly. I backed up, looking around for my mothers. But they had left the room. I was alone - with it.

It sneered. Its stony face was set in a perpetual sneer. I tried to sneer back, but I couldn't. I wanted to despise this creature, this rock-bound creature, but all I could do was hate it, hate it, hate it...

Were was Jak?

"Where is Jak?" I whispered.

The creature smiled. It stood staring at me, smiling, and I knew that it knew that I was jealous, that I hated it, that I feared it, yes feared it, because it had come between me and Jak.

"Jak....where is he?"

"He won't be over for dinner tonight, Della," the siliconoid said softly. "He won't be over at all this evening."

"Is he - is he hurt?"

The siliconoid shook its head. "No, Della, he's all right. I just decided that I didn't want him to come, that's all."

It admitted it! Admitted that it was coming between us purposely, trying to thrust us apart. And it was succeeding! That made the whole affair so horrible....

Jak...my Jak...the kisses he had rained on my face, my throat, my eyelids.....

He couldn't have stopped caring. Even if this - this monster did follow him around, had dogged his footsteps for months, wormed its way into his friendship - even if this creature had some strange power over him--Jak wouldn't leave me! He wouldn't.

My darling....

"You might as well forget Jak," the siliconoid said. "You are not going to marry him. I won't let you."

Suddenly I was furious with it. My anger burst loose and I rushed at it and beat my hands against its massive, concrete chest.

The siliconoid sneered. "Ah, but you're wrong, Della...."

It caught my hands in one of its talons and thrust me away, roughly. I staggered, regained my balance, stared up at it with hate and loathing while all my dreams, my wonderful, pure love for Jak seemed to crumble into dust. Perhaps - perhaps Jak did prefer this - this thing to me...

No, I'd never believe it, Never!

"Give him up, Della," the siliconoid said....

I was half facing the window. As I stared, seeing nothing but the creature before me, something flickered in the distance. Jak!

He was coming after all!

The siliconoid had lied to me!

Sudden relief coursed through me. I clung to the window ledge, staring out, and tears of relief trickled down my cheeks...
"He's coming to tell you goodbye," the siliconoid said.....
And it was right. Right.
My tears were bitter tears before many more hours had passed.

Managing Editor, INT. SP. CONF.

"F-3, what the devil are you doing?"

"Reading....This is the most wonderful story, Dan. It has feeling. Real feeling. The kind that comes over to any reader, no matter what type or species..."

"Well, I might as well look at it. We need a filler for the three thousandth annual anniversary issue...."

"It's too good for that, Dan. Really. And by a newcomer. Never wrote a word in her life before....With just a little rewriting, slanting it for our policy, it'll be the best story we've ever published."

"All right, all right. Leave it here. I'll read it.."

The three of us stood staring at each other. The eternal triangle. Jak, the siliconoid, and I....

"Jak," I whispered. My eyes sought his. He looked away, down at the floor. He seemed terribly uneasy. Almost - almost bewitched.

What power did the siliconoid have over him? What strange power?

"What happened, Jak? Last night you seemed so - so different somehow." The words were stupid, inadequate, but I couldn't call them back.

"Della," Jak said slowly. "Last night was a mistake. Believe me... I'm sorry it happened. So terribly sorry."

"What do you mean?"

I had to know. He couldn't mean what he was saying. Not after last night....Once again the memories of his lips on mine rushed over me, and I trembled, yearning for him, wanting him to order the siliconoid out and sweep me into his manly arms....

"Della, I thought I loved you. I guess I do love you. But I want you to be happy. And I'm not worthy of you, darling. I realize that...."

"How can you say that, Jak? It's this - this creature! It's poisoned your mind against me! Don't you see that, Jak? It wants you for itself! It's in love with you..and it's cast some sort of horrible spell over you...Break away, Jak, for our sake."

He didn't answer. He just stared at me, both his faces incredulous. The siliconoid stared too. Even it looked surprised.

"Della, you're wrong!" Jak gripped my shoulders, shook me. "The silicomoid - Nuro - doesn't love me! He can't! Don't you see? He loves you!"

I gaped. My world seemed to be reeling about me...

"It - loves - me? It's - it's male?"

"Of course I am, Della," the siliconoid said. "I thought you knew that. All these months, when I've been worshipping you from afar, not daring to approach you, knowing that our love was impossible..."

Its - his - voice broke. I stared at him. Then I looked back at Jak. I still couldn't understand.

"But you love me too, Jak", I whispered. "Why are you letting this - this Nuro take me away from you? Don't you realize I can love only you?"

The siliconoid turned away sadly. Jak stared into my eyes for a long, long moment, then one of his heads turned away sadly too.

"Jak!" I threw myself into his arms.

He kissed me then. His lips met mine, unwillingly at first, then demandingly, filled with fire and passion and heartbreak. I kissed, closed my eyes, thrilled to his lips and his arms around me, and everything was fire and the world was perfect and nothing, no one could come between us again....

Jak pushed me away, roughly. "No, Della, no."

He shook his heads. "I can't tell you. I can't bear to tell you. It's so unfair - to both of us, and yet we have to accept it".

"Accept what, Jak?" I tried to get back into his arms, but he held me away from him.

Jak turned to the siliconoid, his eyes agonized. "You tell her, Nuro."

Suddenly I realized that Jak was going to reject me, throw away our love. But why, why?

I stared at the siliconoid, waiting for the answer to this terrible, mocking riddle. Tears flowed unheeded down my face.....

Editor in Chief: INT. SP. CONF

"What is it, Dan? You look excited."

"I am, Hugh, I am. Believe me, we've got a new writer! The most terrific story you ever read. Listen to the title, "I was Jealous of a Siliconoid..."

"Not interested."

"But Hugh..."

"Siliconoids are overdone. Rogers wrote a story about them only seven years ago."

"But chief...."

"Not interested."

"Read it anyway...."

"Oh, all right. Leave it on my desk."

"Tell me," I said. "One of you has to tell me. I can't stand this suspense!"

The siliconoid sneered again. I realized suddenly that its - his sneer wasn't a sneer at all, but a look of deep compassion.

"Della," he said slowly. "Do you know who your mother is?"

"Why yes. I know all my mothers."

"No, I don't mean that." His hard face softened, almost appealingly. "Do you know who your real mother is? The one who gave birth to you?"

I blushed. In the Sirius system such a question is never asked. It is so personal. And even children seldom know their own mothers...

"No," I said. "It's eather Jane or Alloa or Quitay or Ruth or..."

"No," the siliconoid, Nuro, wispered. "She wasn't any of those. Your father told Jak who she really was?"

"My father?" For a moment I almost forgot my heartbreak, my desolation. It had been so long since I last saw my father. He was living with his new wives over on 'ROID 8...

"Yes," Jak broke in, his voice horse with emotion. "The siliconoid found out, though. Your father just confirmed it. Of course he hated to tell me who your mother was, until he found out who I was...."

"Who are you?" I was afraid, terribly afraid...

"Yes." Jak's voice broke. "My mother and your mother are thirteenth cousins...."

"No! No! No!"

I beat my hands against his chest. It couldn't be true. It couldn't....Our love couldn't be suddenly defiled like this, made into a clandestine, impossible thing...

"It's true," Jak said. "I wanted to spare you. I wanted to keep you from ever finding it out. That's why I said I was unworthy of you - so you'd leave me...."

My cousin. My thirteenth - no, my fourteenth cousin. But the degree made no difference. Families are families...And it was lucky we had found out in time....

My love for Jak crumbled, faded, twisted into consinly affection. I wanted to cry. I did. Tears streamed unheeded down my face....

"Tell her the rest," Nuro, the siliconoid said.

The rest? What more could there be? My life was tumbling about me, and there was nothing, nothing, not even the memory of Jak's kisses any more....

"Yes," Jak said miserably. "Your mother was a hybrid. Her great-great grandfather was a siliconoid...."

A siliconoid...I too was part siliconoid...Marriage between silicon and carbon was possible after all...

I looked at Jak. My cousin....Then I looked at Nuro.

He was smiling....

It was too soon for me to forget completely what had happened. But in time I would. I knew that. Life was suddenly sweet again, filled with promise, and my heart sang within me as the tears trickled down my face, unheeded...

"Nuro," I said.

"Della...."

Jak understood. He got up and put on his space suit and went out through the airlock...

We stood staring at each other. Odd, I'd never noticed before how handsome the siliconoid really was....

"Della!"

He came toward me, swiftly, and swept me into his arms. His lips bruised mine, demanding, urgent....For a moment I struggled, and then I too came alive to his lips and I kissed him, feeling the world turn to fire and passion. This was love....

I'd never been in love before.

"We'll get married right away, Della..."

"Yes, Nuro."

"Right away..." He hesitated. Then I remembered. Among his people it's the girl who gives the dowry. And I had no money.

Problems. Always problems....I didn't know what to do. Nuro wouldn't break the traditions of his people. Somehow I had to get the money

"We'll manage," I said. "We'll manage..."

And then, that evening when we were out walking along the 'Roid I saw the poster, announcing the INTIMATE SPACE CONFESSIONS contest, and my problem was solved. All I had to do was win, and there'd be plenty for both of us to live on....

"You see?" I said to Nuro. "We can get married, after all."

He swept me into his arms and covered my face with kisses and kissed away the tears of joy that ran unheeded down my cheeks..

The End

Editor in Chief: INT. SP. CONF.

"Whew!" Just a few minor changes....."

INTIMATE SPACE CONFESSIONS: Jan-Nov. issue. Vol. 7856 No 1.

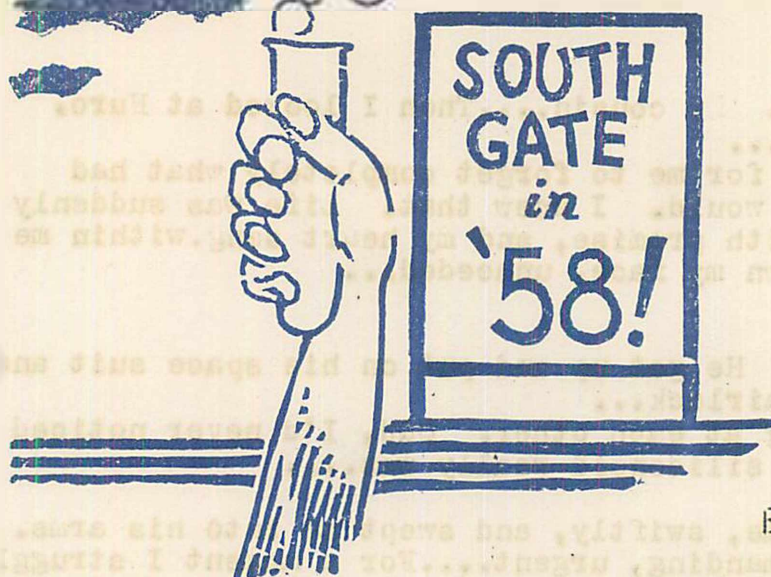
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"1958"

BY

RICK
SNEARY

THE CON GAME:

It seems that any number of fans have been mumbling in their mint-juleps about how wasn't it a shame the way the Chicon II was being run by pro's rather than fans. To get some answer on this an other question I wrote Julian May, inwhich I said inpart:

"Also what have you to say on the question of this being to much of a formal pro-conference? I'm not in very close contact with fandom anymore, but it seems that there is quite a hue and cry about you people taking things to seriously. Such as trying to use the rediculous title of Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention. Also that there wasn't any straight fans (such as Harry Moore, Don Day, or Don Ford) handling this affair. From out here all the names we see are yours, Erle's, Bea's, Bob's, and RAP. All fine people, but none of who can clame to be compleetly non-interested in the commercial side of science fiction. The question of Pro-domanation of Conventions has been growing everesence the Hydra club pulled their rump-convention accouple years back.

"It is my opinion that the Con's should remain the property of the fans. But, so far, we have heard only the fans side of the question. I would like to be able to offer the other side. A frank discission of both sides of the question being the only way a compleet answer can be reached."

I recebed a long letter in reply, telling plans they had up to that date. Most of which has been brought out in their booklets and anouncements. She gave special mention to things of interest to the fan, such as exhibits of art work (fan), collections, fanzine printing, etc. in special space. An any number of other "fun features" such as giving away a crater on the moon. But the part that answered my forgoing questions was as follows:

"I don't quite know what you mean about 'you people taking things too seriously.' I believe there was a bit of discussion about our convention title, but since we feel that science fiction has grown up, we thought it would be appropriate for the conventions, on theirfirst decade, to grow up with a title that would be under-

stood by all readers of science fiction—and not only those who happen to have read the current fanzine. We have no objections to unofficial abbreviations, surely, but we felt that our official title should have a little dignity. I'm sure that you can see our point now, Rick, and we'd appreciate your helping us to clear up any confusion that may exist." - Julian May.

I'm always glad to do anything I can to lessen confusion, and really wish the Chicon II all sorts of luck. Though a quote from another fan seems to fit in here. "Did anyone ask us (fans) if we wanted 'dignity?'"

Really, I guess the thing that bothers me is the attempt by the past conventions to drag in new fans and mere readers. I have never been a salesman for science fiction or fandom, as I believe the true fan, a little neurotic being, will find us on his own, in his own good time, and object to cluttering the place up with a lot of strange faces. This is no doubt a narrowminded outlook but I judge the success of a conference or a convention by the number of people there, both fan and pro, who I at least know by name, not by the number of wives and mothers that attend. Yeah, fans like people, seem glad to go to conventions and get away from wives and mothers. Why should fan conventions be different than say a Shrine Convention? That's all I have to say.

MORE GLORY FOR THE OUTLANDER SOCIETY

The O.S. which has always had a high percentage of active fans now has a good start on being an amateur writers group. At least most of the members have either sold stories or had them appear in pro magazines. Stan Woolston appeared in ASF's old Probability Zero column, and Alan Hershey had a story used in Los Cuentos Fantasticos. Other members who have sold stories in the past are Bill Elies, Len Moffatt, Con Pederson, Alvin Taylor, and Mari Wolf Graham. But in the last month two more members have made sales to the same magazine. The new short story magazine, Vortex Science Fiction. Agent Ackerman announced that he had sold Editor Whitehorn stories by Anna Moffatt and Dotty Faulkner. I wish them lots of sales, but personally, I'll stick to accounting. Account books maybe dull reading, but the pay is steady.

RICK SNEARY BRINGS YOU A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH ROGER GRAHAM

As Rog is only an out-law (Outlander equivalent of an in-law) we couldn't ask him to write anything for this issue, but never the less, I decided to bring you a few words by our own VIP. Thus I wire-recorded the following interview, which Sherley transcribed.

Sneary: Tell me, to what do you contribute your great success as a writer?

Graham: Writing.

Sneary: Writing?

Graham: Yes. I don't think that any writer can get far without writing.

Sneary: When did you start writing?

Graham: Well, when I had an offer to buy a story. I didn't see any sense in writing a story until I'd found someone who would buy one.

Sneary: Isn't that a bit unusual? I mean, most writers today seem to be writing stories before they find anyone to buy them.

Graham: That's because they aren't market conscious. They write something hoping it will sell and then it generally winds up in the attic. But I didn't have an attic. It wasn't until I had sold a few stories that I could afford an attic. So I really started at a disadvantage. Most writers have an attic to begin with.

Sneary: I've know some writers who claimed that the essential thing was to have a wife that works. Also a tweed coat and a pipe.

Graham: Well, I figured it was much more sensible to become a successful writer first and then you could get a better wife

Sneary: That seems reasonable. How long had you been reading science fiction before you started writing?

Graham: Ever since it began. In my various reincarnations over the thousands of years I have been intensely interested in science fiction. I don't think it has improved much over the centuries, that is, until I came into it.

Sneary: What are some of the names you've been writing stories under?

Graham: Well, Rog Phillips, Gregg Browning, Peter Worth, Melba Rogers, A. R. Stever, Franklyn Baul, P. F. Costello, and some of the Alexander Blade stories are mine....I can't remember all of them.

Sneary: Have you ever been able to equal Yerxa, who wrote a whole issue of Amazing under different names?

Graham: No, the closest I ever came to that was the issue that had "Starship from Sirius". It also had "The Venutians" in it I think, so that I had practically ninety per cent of the book. There were two short stories, so out of all the fiction in the book I had all except about 10,000 words of it. That's the closest I ever came to having a whole issue.

Sneary: Do you know of any other writers who ever made a whole issue?

Graham: Yes, Berkly Livingston made a whole issue once. They had a whole lot of his stuff that they wanted to get rid of, so they put it in one issue under various names.

Sneary: Do you have any general words of advice to young writers?

Graham: Yes. Don't write. Get a job.

Sneary: Well, what if they find a publisher like you did?

Graham: That only happens once every thousand years, and its already happen this thousand years.

Sneary: What do you think of science fiction in general?

Graham: Well, I think that there should be science fiction.

Sneary: You mean read, written, or published?

Graham: Well, yes.

First you should have a definition of science fiction. It's like God. It all depends on how you define it as to what it is.

Sneary: What do you define it as?

Graham: Well, It's like Howard Browne says. Science means exact knowledge, and fiction means it isn't so. So science fiction is basically a contradictory term. It means exact knowledge that isn't so. But then all knowledge is exact knowledge that isn't so because we don't have any way of knowing that anything is so. And so I guess all fiction is science fiction.

((If you have any questions you would like to have asked Rog Graham or any other famous writer, just send them to your local fanzine, they will forget about them too.))

WESTERCON #5.

The boys in San Diego have announced some really big plans for the 5th annual Western Science Fiction Fan Conference, to be held June 28th - 29th. They have aranged for the use of the "beautiful" U.S. Grant Hotel's entire convention facilities. Also planned beside the usual avents is an exhibit of pro and fan art, and a preview of a new G-F movie. Guest of honor will be Ray Bradbury, but the name that has couse more stir is that of Robert Heinlein among the "promised" attendance. Heinlein hasn't had a good word for stf-fans for over 10 years, and especially conventions.

THE MAN WHO MADE

A BETTER

GLUG

John Van Couvering
Pearl Harbor, T.H.
21 January 1952

When Howard Fust joined the Navy, he knew what he was doing.

He was well-read, besides being all of 24 years old; he knew what the Navy was like (from the pages of *THE CAINE MUTINY* and *ALL THE SHIP'S AT SEA*) and he had the added advantage of being older, by a good fourteen months, than the first-class personnelman who interviewed him.

Fust sat down, carefully rumpling his expensive clothes. Reeves, the first-class, looked at him appraisingly. "All right, Fust," he said, "we'll tell you first what the Navy has to offer, and then we'll let you tell us what you have to offer. There's room for a lot of things in this man's Navy." He smiled, perhaps sardonically, at his own private thoughts on the subject.

"For a glug-maker?" said Fust, answering Reeves' smile.

"That's an old joke, mister," said Reeves. "But I'll top it by telling you that if we don't have glug-makers, I'll bet you that even if you do make glugs, the Navy can turn it into something useful. Whatever it is..."

"A glug," said Fust, "is—"

"Skip it, skip it. Confidentially, it really doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference. The only reason a guy like you joins the Navy is because the Army's after him. Can you type?"

"Some," said Fust. "But glug-making is my profession."

"Huh...are you serious, bud? You mean you make glugs?" Reeves was dumfounded.

"You ever hear of gunk? Of guk?" smiled Fust.

"Are you nuts? Of course I never. I suppose you use them in glug-making!"

"Not at all," said Fust, drawing forth a pack of cigarettes. "Gunk is the trade-mark of a grease solvent used in cleaning motorcycle and automobile motors, while guk is the genuine name of a drug used to heighten the rapport between a pre-clear and a dianetics auditor. Suppose you lean more on logic and less on onomatopoeia when you hear of something new?"

Reeves reacted aggressively to compensate for his humiliation. "OK, OK, Mister Fust, you make glugs. Suppose I put that down...here!...and we go on to less controversial subjects?" (The application for stateside recruiting duty puts the specific question, "Does subject man have a pleasing personality as evidenced by observation of his manner of address, conduct, and neatness of character?" Reeves was determined to live up to the affirmative.) The standard questions were answered and duly noted on the blank, Reeves signed the bottom, and somewhat later Fust was sworn in. His physical condition had been registered in his new health record, blank pages entered in a crisp pay record, his shipping articles, fingerprints, page fours, thirteens, sevens and all inser-

ted into the tan manila fold of his service record. Fust had been Born Again, and like all new babies, his official Navy identity was practically featureless save for the inevitable physical characteristics the heredity of his old life had given him. One of the most prominent of these, on Page Three (Enlisted Classification Record) stood out like a sixth finger.

In the large space wherein the minute details of a man's civilian job are expatiated and ruthlessly translated into official terms (a process which makes any man's simple skills seem like medieval instructions for reproducing the Philosopher's Stone) there stood, in tight-lipped capitals, MADE GLUGS.

Reeves' reaction had been typical. So was that of the chief personnelman who re-interviewed Fust in his eighth week at boot camp. Fust had anticipated both and smiled quietly when the chief lay down his service record.

"These interviews," began the chief dispassionately, "are given to each recruit at this time to find out what he is best suited for in the Navy. Since your recruiting officer neglected to fill out what you did in civilian life, maybe you can tell me what your...occupation involved. That is, what exactly.." there was a faint stress on the word.."did you do?"

"Well," said Fust, "I made glugs." The chief started infinitesimally at the sound of the phrase, and reddened about the neck.

He tried a different tack. "Your GCT is pretty good, mister. You can go to almost any service school you want. Would your former.. occupation be best suited by, say, electronics school? Sonar school?"

"Electronics school first," said Fust carelessly. "After that, I guess I can fill in with some other courses."

"Electronics," wrote the chief. "Can you type?" he asked after a bit.

"Some," said Fust.

"Type," wrote the chief. "How about striking for yeoman or personnelman?" he asked relievedly.

"I'd rather make glugs," said Fust firmly.

The chief sat silent for a longer minute. "Any college?" he blurted suddenly. Maybe this man could be made an officer...anything.

"No," said Fust. "I went into glugs as soon as I left high school."

"That's all," the chief said almost immediately. "Go away." He seemed on the verge of trembling. Fust rose and left, still smiling.

When he was graduated from boot training, made an SA by virtue of passing his Final Achievement Test, and given his recruit leave, Fust returned to his home town quietly, with the same smile on his face, and read science-fiction magazines and joke books one after the next while waiting to return to the arms of the Navy. Finally, when the fourteen days were up, he got off the bus at the main gate of the center and went to check in. He spent four days crowded into a rickety barracks with 160 other men who had shared his graduation day, and at

the end of that time he traveled with five of his companions on a draft to Treasure Island, San Francisco, was assigned a barracks, a bunk and a liberty card, and entered Electronics School, Class "A".

Almost a year later, he was graduated twelfth in a class of 35, with a 3.42 average. He had now attained the rate of ETSN, or certified Electronicsman Striker Seaman. He went from there to Electrician's School, class "C", in San Diego, principally on the strength of another badgered personnelman's recommendation, and spent nine months there.

His service record was growing fat with official correspondence, first endorsements, second endorsements, forwarding endorsements, et al. He had five well-filled Page Thirteens (Administrative Remarks) in prose almost purple to a personnelman's eye, used to the restrained cadences of a BuPers letter or an AllNav dispatch. Nobody knew what to do with him at that time, so they sent him to sea.

Fust, H. (n), ET3, 445 50 45, (he had attained his new rate while in San Diego) smiled his peculiar smile anew. He had been given two years' free schooling (counting the basics learned in boot camp), some \$124 per month for spending money, warm clothes, heaps of food, travel, complete security in which to relax and study life. Now the Navy proposed to give him an additional \$15 monthly for going to sea.

He understood the Navy's attitude, and why it had made braver and calmer men than he first angry, then frustrated, finally comatosely resigned. The Navy granted its bounties unstintingly because the richest nation in the world was behind it. And riding on that money, living on the men it bought, was what amounted in comparative terms (considering the average American civilian) to the world's most rigid caste system, the world's deadliest enemy of initiative and self-expression, the world's worst swamp of incompetence, waste, and ignorance. Once you signed up, the Navy had you. The Navy diddled you at its wish. There was nothing you could do.

Thus the smile on Howard Fust's face. The Navy had sugared him for two years, fattened him for at least two years more of penal servitude. The Navy poised its diddling finger and aimed....

"You say you make glugs, Fust?" snorted Ltjg. Rudolph J. Milnor, Personnel Officer of the carrier USS Palau, CVE. "Well, since you're an Electronicsman we'll assign you to Chief Caruso in CIC. I'll leave your duties on board this ship to him. I hope he knows what to do with you." Ltjg. Milnor, on the first day out of San Diego, was suffering from the aftereffects of the farewell party the captain's wife had sponsored the night before. Fust left, smiling. Milnor slumped down, rubbing his forehead, and thought dankly of the long ocean trip ahead.

When the Palau reached Pearl Harbor five days later, Fust was lounging on the fo'c'sle reading a historical novel. The carrier's flight deck loomed overhead, shading the pages, and the tempered breeze brought the smell of land to his nostrils. He looked up as a man appeared on the starboard ladderway.

"Hey, Fust," cried Chief Caruso, his small mustache quivering. "Where you been? Milnor's been blowing his fuses wanting to know what you've been doing!"

Ordinarily even this vague indictment, issuing secondhand from a minor officer, would have sent any enlisted man into paroxysms of guilty, sickening fear. Fust put his finger in his place and said mildly, "Tell him I've been working on a glug." Caruso became distraught.

"That's what you told me before," he chittered. "That's what I told him. He said I had a hole in my head and for you to lay down to the ship's office on the double. That was ten minutes ago! Goddammighty, man, don't just sit there! Jesus, get with it!" Fust shrugged, arose, and sauntered aft.

Half an hour later he returned, picked up his book, and resumed the story. Caruso appeared again, this time on the port ladderway, and advanced eagerly on his subordinate. His eyes gleamed with that morbid sympathy that infects the Navy man when he wants to hear firsthand of another man's misfortune with Authority.

"What'd you get?" he enquired avidly, ready to laugh at a sarcastic and scornful tale of bullying or to growl in sympathy with a story of pitiless brutality in reading off the law. "You P.A.L. or did he just chew you?"

"I'm not a prisoner-at-large by a long shot," replied Fust carelessly. "He hardly had a chance to even look at the book. I just told him that glugs took a lot of planning, especially for a CVE, and anyhow we couldn't try it out until we were near some uninhabited island. He wanted me to explain my work to him, so I tried, but naturally he couldn't follow me..."

"Of course, of course," hastened Caruso, thinking of the length of time that had passed since he had last read any of the various papers issued by BuShips on the latest wrinkles. He resolved to catch up sometime in the near future.

"But I did promise to begin work when we leave here," said Fust. "I'll give you a list of stuff to get from ServPac when we're secured. OK?"

"Sure, sure," said Caruso. "Just so long as you keep the braid happy I'll get you a goddam cyclotron if they have any. I'll get Yanoschak to take your watch tonight so you can get that list squared away.." He hastened off, his sandy hair a fuzz under the edge of his khaki cap in the steady onshore breeze that hastened across the ship toward's Oahu's white-wigged mountains.

A week later, the Palau wallowed through the long Pacific swells on the lee of a small island near Kwajalein, their second objective. Three destroyers made themselves visible at times, while two recon planes warmed up on the flight deck. Milnor was standing on the fantail beside Lt. Alves, the Operations Officer. To one side, Caruso and a gang of his crew labored to install and adjust a large amorphous mass of machinery being fixed to the after bulwark. Fust stood watching with a smile on his face.

His mind revolved languorously on his fate, if such a grim word were apropos. After demonstrating his device (with its unpleasant and no doubt disturbing effects) there would be much confusion, out of which would come one clear fact: He, ET3 Howard Fulks, had diddled the Navy. Not that revenge was his prime motive; he just liked to introduce incongruities into the inflexible unkindnesses of mankind-cum-nature; and he could not think of a better scene for incongruity

than the overwhelmingly congruous United States Navy.

Caruso labored nervously. From his no-doubt outdated viewpoint, there was no way whatsoever in which the device should have any effect on wind, wave, or distant island; his studied (but completely contained) opinion was that the only way in which the device could do any damage was if it were to be dropped from a TBD on Stalin's head. Nonetheless he tightened meaningless connections, tested senseless arrangements of tubes and cathodes, compared unreasonable wiring systems with a number of diagrams, and in general made sure that all was in accordance with Fust's indicated desires. The Navy had made him thus, and thus he served the Navy.

Milnor was not sure that his long-dispelled hangover had not wrought some permanent damage upon his brain tissues. His opinion of Fust was that of a madman conning a maniac; he was loftily confident that Fust's machine was an utter farce, and at the same time completely unable to express a shred of doubt to his superiors that this man Faust was not a specially trained expert constructing some new weapon. His was the doubt born of dislike and the cowardice born of inaction. In letting Fust convince him at Pearl that there was some reason behind his weird doings, he had tied his hands to the contraption glowering at him from the bulwark. He was officially an interested bystander, but in his own heart more responsible than Captain King for the success or failure of the weapon. And he hoped for neither.

At last all was ready.

Fust stepped forward, the smile almost a grin. It was seldom one lived a joke out to its completion.

"I hope, Fust, that this device has been properly adjusted," said Lt. Alves a bit warily. Fust looked to him like a Reserve, and Lt. Alves, an old Regular, held Reserves to be always frigging around with gadgets and scrimshaw they picked up out of magazines and halfass laboratories. Read too much, Reserves.

"Perfectly harmless, sir," said Fust. Perfect, and harmless! He almost laughed out loud. He stepped around the machine, set a few switches at artistic angles, and tripped a large lever.

The whole mass, tubes, braces, dials, casing, switches and all, disappeared. From the waves astern came a loud and almost perfectly enunciated...

"Glug!" breathed Milnor inaudibly. He almost fainted.

Caruso stood in his tracks like a rabbit on an electrified plate.

Fust leaned against the rail and smiled, and smiled.

The Operations Officer chortled happily. "Dammit, man," he crowed, "that was splendid! You there, Milnor, roust me up some men! We're going to scrap all our old models... Fust, man, you deserve a commendation! I'll be diddled if you don't!"

There was something ghastly about Fust's smile.

ORPHEUS IN TRANSIT
media free verse

by Alvin e. Taylor

the specific pacific
is a railroad train
hopping along lamely
on three legs
carrying business men
hither
and
thither
at tremendous speed
but somebody keeps shifting the rails
around
while the train
cris crosses itself
in vain circles
searching
like a blind gopher
for a carrot
in a turnip patch
the specific pacific
carries
business
men

I don't know
except- She was warm
Imagery fails
here.
It sort of breaks down,
Right in midfield.
I can only recall the pounding sea,
of my blood.
And that too much beauty
Causes pain.
the moon is laughing

the veins
in the
arm
pulsate softly
to the rhythm
of the heart
forming a triangle
against his palm
and the blue sky-
a paneless window
unfocused agates
waiting for the light to fade
with only a tired seagull
vaguely skywritting
above his body
and the empty beach

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

there were three of them
standing in the rain
under a bus stop
watching it
sort of
till one of them got a crazy idea
to go running off along the horizon
singing
Jada
but the other two weren't buying any
they only ran after the star spangled banner

An ode to the devastating logic of MR. CONRAD BARTOSH
having been fatally stricken with an attack of diarrhea
of the brain, still continued discussing the absolute
infallibility of his viewpoint in regards to the correct
poetic viewpoint.

A transcendental Phoenix
out walking one day
ina vacuum
Happened to chance
across
the ashes blowing in the wind
of an absent-mined comrade
And being of a logical
mind
pursued them with a broken butterfly net
Having left his
pet mouse trap
at home
In the icebox
(three in a bar
on a bar
Swinging
on spider web
thread
being in a state of
dynamic stasis
State: Cette porte est ouverte.
a steal fingered, I, adding
ask us.)
A desperation reformation
Question
searching for a friend, grasps
at sand flurries
in a disembodied snowstorm
unwittingly tripsthetrigger
imploding
the

Vacuum.

Phoenix ad ashes:
Ashes ad phoenix, transposed
Pursuinf, etc. etc.

AD NAUSEA

Almost she was mine
or
I
hers
It does not matter now
for the gargoyle shaped
in dirty granite
kept spewing vomit water
all over us

she presses her flesh lips
on stone
changes texture
stone on stone
While the gargoyle continues
the ritual like
molten lead
upon my body

The two men on a roof

One-sits on the ledge
The sun is hot upon him
Two-sweeps with a broom
Under a white cap.
Now we will lay the tarpaper
So that dirt does not fall on the oranges.
I wish that I were a sweeping machine
Or a laying machine
Thinking sometimes hurts

of pine and mist

swim in mist
toward distant shore
eyes thrust to the pine
for guidance
stands bravely alone
pine on mist
torch-blackness
thrust stroke, thrust stroke
to distant shore
to shore and pine
and reaching
find only mist
it is not important

FILINGS FROM THE CHAIN

RICK
SNEARY,
FILER

Confussion at the Moffatt's

Len Moffatt

Link 1, Round 13

Anna is fixing ham-type sandwichs for our lunch. Bynderly Bubah, that conniving cat, and Rascalpaltalion, that deliroud dog, are standing at her feet meowing and barking, respectively--if not respectfully. They go at it with such eagerness that sometimes Rascal meows and Bubah barks. It isn't hard for them to get confused, living together as they do. Rascal is the more confused, of the twain. When Bubah first arrived he thot she was a small pup and treated her as such. At first she was awed by his size and a bit fearful. Then she found that he was a harmless old gent and proceeded to pretend he was a rag rug. Then, as some of you know Rascal discovered that she was a Female. He still didn't know whether she was a dog or not but she was a Female something and that was good enough for him. But, she is just a little cat and in comparison to her he is a pretty big dog. After several attempts at making passes, he gave it up as a bad job and decided that she wasn't a mistress provided to comfort him in his old age, after all. Now they tolerate each other, like two star borders in a cheap boarding house. ###

A voice crying in the..etc....

Anna Moffatt

Link 2, Round 13

The ladder of virtue has a squeaky rung that all who seek to ascend may do so without fear of being unnoticed. The difficulty is that in the clamor of life the squeak is sometimes felt to be not so loud as it should for the glory of the asceding one so that as they struggle toward paradise they must call out and complain that the burden of sin they carry is heavy and beg that it be "washed away" and plead that others showing no interest in climbing be also "cleansed of their burden of sin that they, to may mount the ladder. This is a fine way of attracting attention but I cannot help butthink how much easier on the Lord's eardrums, if they quietly and resolutely threw away whatever was dragging them down and made their ascnsion with a minnimum of show. They claim the one to whom's lap they wouldmount is all powerful. Surely then he is capable of saving a sinner withoutany commant from mere mortals. And much less temptation would come their was if the Adversarys of Richtiousness were unaware of their existance.

I was going to describe this Island Paradise to you all but the inclination declines the longer I stay here. Already things have ceased being strange to me and I no longer think to myself about the overwhelming Orientalness of Hawaii. Chinese, Japaneses, Filipinos, all over the blunny place, and the haole boy from the mainland is ignored. Only down in Waikiki, which is much like Palm Springs, are things Stateside to any degree. Honolulu itself is vastly ugly, even more so than Boyle Heights or the Mode O'Day district. ((Two rather dirty and rundown parts of L.A. RMS)) All the buildings are old and awkward, the side streets are little more than alleys, and the city itself is laid out in a bewildering hash of diagonal streets and rivers, harbor arms and tame volcanic cones. The one called Puowaina, "Punchbowl," rises greenly up not three blocks from the main intersection of King & Bishop streets, and it has a cemetary in its peaceful belly. The streets are called King and Queen Emma and Beretania and Hotel (that's the sailor's street) and Bishop and Kamehameha Highway and Puowaina and Koonau and Harbor and so on. King and Hotel and Beretania run side by side like three fraternal snakes through the hitchery-gatchery of cross-alleys that run up against the hills after a gleeful plunge through deep-shadowed canyons in the crowdded, many-storied residential slums. What Honoluluans call the "slums" oddly enough is a district of pleasant shacks and old homes, each to its lush green acre of coco palm, pandanus, and grass. I should live there anytime rather than in the middle of Big Small Honolulu. When the Island itself is obly fifty miles long, why jam into into a two-mile by half-mile pile of brick and old wood when open country is only five minutes, by streetcar? Such Orientalness.

Saw Bellows Field, on the other side of Oahu, last Sunday. It has two distinctions: it was there that the famous Jap two-man sub was caught on the reefs and it is in that region that the few full-blooded Oahuand live today. (Many Hawaiians of racially pure stock live on the Big Island, on Maui, on Lanai and Molokai. Oahu has become an urbanized place, and it is here that the melting-potting takes place in prinzipia.) About Bellows Field: on the windward side, there id a mile-wide strip of lush pasture of lush pasture and forest-land, and then O the incredible mountain wall like a 1000-foot cliff with the clouds boiling around on its regular summit, all down the coast. To the west of Bellows Field, the end of the island and the closing in and dropping of the parapet. To the east, down the main trunk of the windward side, the purple wall of lava and basalt, straight up. There are mountains on the Honolulu side, the same mountains, but they ast like mountains are are expected to act...they climb onto a foothill, hoist themselves each one to a peak and sit peacefully with a valley between for privacy. Not so the wild defiant backside across-the-tracks mountains of Waimanaloa and Kaneohe: they shouldereach other in fury and rear up like a regiment of elephants without anything but a kind of gutter here and there down the face of them to show where the water goes. O hard mountains! O steep and purple cliffs!

You Outlanders would like Hawaiian methods of building homes. O no, not Honolulu, but Hawaii. Even the Navy buildings follow the trend towards open windows, much natural ventilation, and trees all around. The climate is fantastically regular, almost always the same temperature, mostly in the low 70s. So even in the middle parts of night everything is wide open to the breeze; most refreshing and casual.

###

A Method to Develop Fans For All Purposes: Link 5, Round 13
Stan Woolston

It may have come to the attention of every fan that there is a wide difference between one fan and another. First, there is the variation in sex, a matter that confuses many young fen. But then they grow a bit and usually forget their confusion.

From this it is apparent that only the young are ideal for moulding into the type of fan you desire. The young fan is questioning; it is the duty of the older fan to answer the questions in such a way as to guide the new fan and press him into the pattern of your master-plan.

But what is the plan to be? Of course that is up to you alone---- but despite most variations there is the matter of providing ego-boo for the moulder. This, however, has been explained previously, so there is no need to go over the old, old ground (unless you're an archeologist or a tenant farmer).

It is my belief that fandom, in many ways, should be moulded after the more mundane world, being sure, however, that certain things are left out, and others added. This is, as any right-thinking person can see, part of the basic pattern of the scientific approach. It is, incidentally, in part the approach of the stories used by Astounding; they, too seek to change one thing at a time and see what "significance" there is in the result.

But I would go farther and change several things at once. One experiment that sounds as if it might be interesting is to see what effect deep space would have on a group of new fans. We would use several space-ships; one would be filled with prozines, and another with fanzines. One would have fanzines and a mimeo with other mag-producing equipment. Another would have prozines plus the mag producing equipment. I am sure you can see the terribly fascinating possibilities in such a group of experiments.

For fandom needs the scientific approach. Experimentation could improve fandom in five years more than it has in all past fan-time. This is important, so I will repeat: **EXPERIMENTATION COULD IMPROVE FANDOM IN FIVE YEARS MORE THAN IT HAS IN ALL PAST FAN-TIME.**

Through experimentation we could find what fan-types have the highest survival value, and so train for this. We could know what type of fan would be the most loyal to his benefactor, the BNF who introduced him to the field. We could know so blamed much.

###

I don't know why I worry about these house plans, as it seems that everyone has plans to go dashing off maddly in all directions at once. Stan is about the only one that has not expressed any longing to see strange ports of call, and that is only due, no-doubt, to the fact that no one ever asked him. Well, you will be happy to know that I have solved the problem. As good Americans', we all seem to want to rush off to the City of Lights, Paris. Not only us, but a goodly part of the folks we know too. And my great Machiavellian mind (thank you Curt) has hit upon the answer of how we get there. We form a pool, sell all our worldly goods, and collections, and buy a slightly used tuna-boat. What with Mexican tuna ruining the market we ought to be able to pick one up rather cheaply. We then load it with a new cargo of queer fish, us, and sail off for France. We could fish on the way, selling and eating our catch as we went.

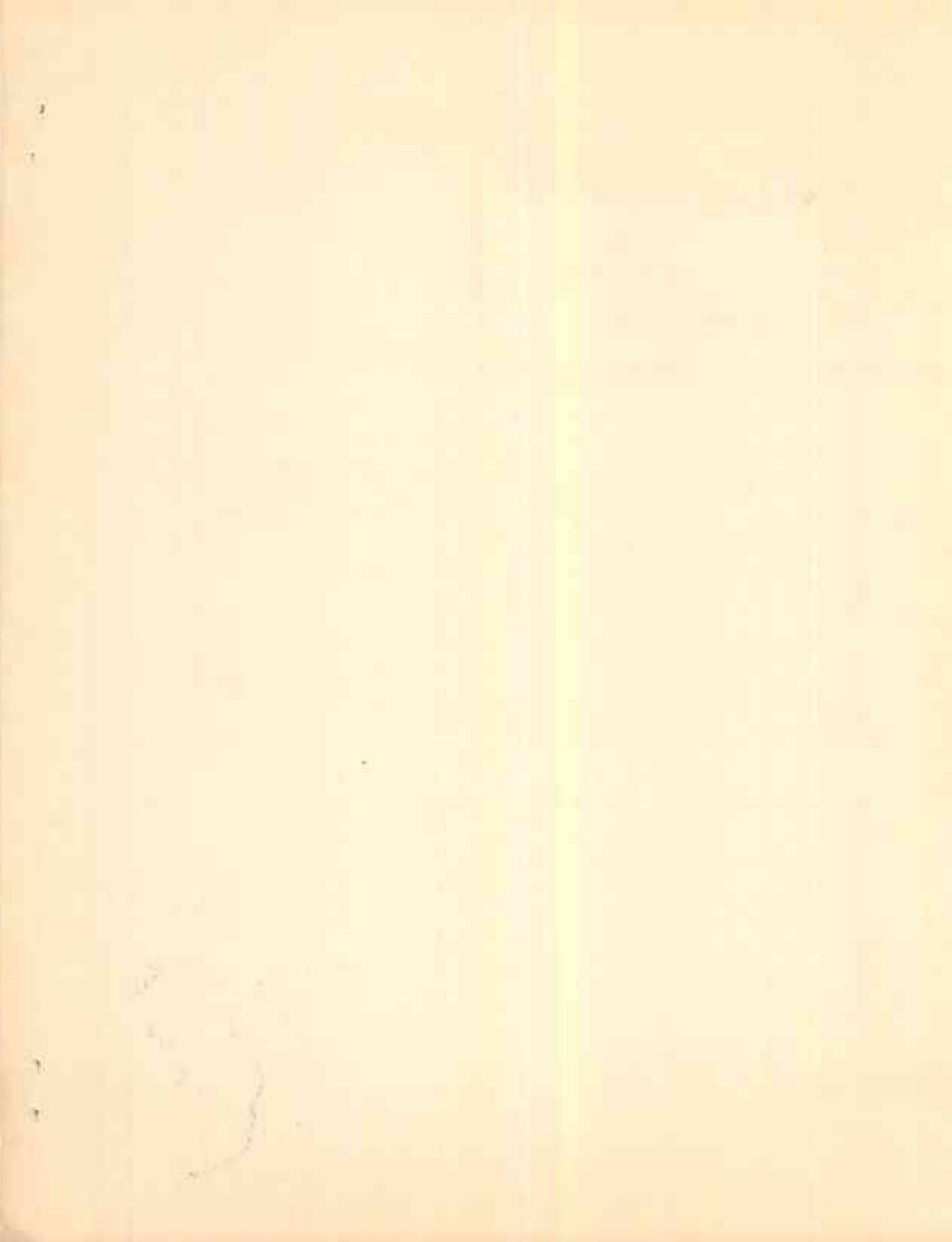
Ah, but what happens when we reach France???? All sorts of troubles, if you leave the boat. But that's where my plan starts working, we don't. Instead we divide up. Half the party goes off to Paris, the West Bank, and spends a glorious time with the sewer-rats and other artist, while the rest go back to sea.. When they have their catch, they come back, sell the fish, turn the boat over to the other crew, and then they go to Paris. You see, they don't take up residence in France, they are always employed, yet have long periods of freedom in the great City. As has been pointed out, we have a large number of sailors in our little group, so running the ship should be no problem. And I'm sure Mari, who wanted to be a space navigator, could get us across the Atlantic with out trouble. Yes, children, adopt my plan and you will have no further worries about how to get to Paris, the City of Light. Get up and dance, there's shrimp boats a-com'en.

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Day and night
We sit and write,
Our ardor undiminished.
We strive and fret
And slave, and yet
Our story isn't finished.

-Mari Wolf Graham



THE OUTLANDER

February 1952

Number Ten

LEN MOFFATT and RICK SNEARY, EDITORS

THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

