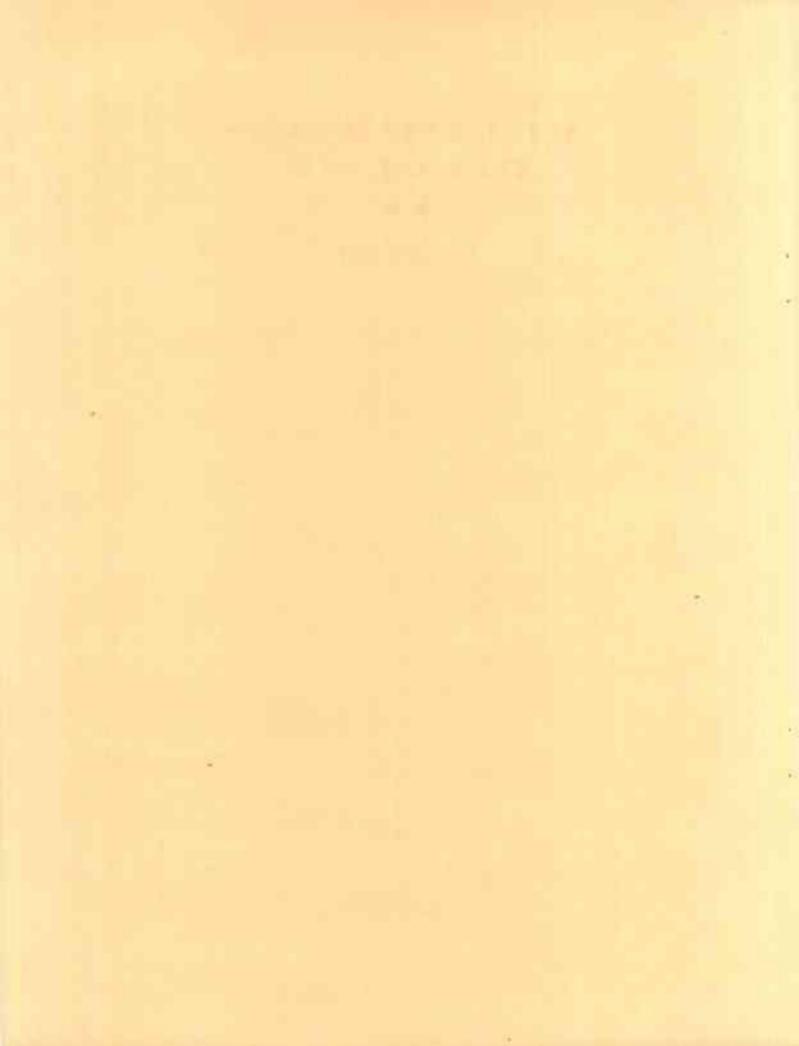
THE OUTLANDER



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BY-RICK SNEARY ---- and Local Control of the state of the

the property of the party of th ((Editor's Note: The views of Mr. Sneary are his own. They do not represent those of the Outlander Society as a whole, because nothing ever dose.)) BYOUR RESTOR TO BE THE THE THE COME OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PERSON OF THE

The action of the 12th World Science-Fiction Convention in passing a resolution that forthcoming convention sites be rotated among three zones has raised a question. What will the effect of this be on the Outlander Society's plans for a world con in South Gate in 1958. No one, least of all the Outlanders, know the answer. But now might be a good time to review how it all got started, and what may come of it.

I don't remember which Frisco fan, early in 1947, first mentioned to me the slogan, "Golden Gate in '48." It was not really a serious attempt on their part to get the convention, but merely the national dream of a few. I liked the idea, and began plugging it by signing off my letters with the slogan. I didn't expect it to happen any more than they did. I don't think a formal bid was entered, even.

After the Convention that year, Rex Ward wrote me in a joking mood that it was a shame to see the slogan lost. Why didn't we try South Cate in 587 And helf-jokingly I answered him that I' thought it was a fine idea. South Cate was having a building boom, and by 1958 there should be adequate facilities to handle a Con. Remember, in 1948 a convention was a smaller thing, without the elaborate setting used today, or the necessity of large hotels. The only convention I knew much about was the Pacificon in 1946, when the hall had been six blocks from the hotels.

It was something new to talk about, and we did, for all it was worth. The idea was soon picked up by other neighboring fans. I don't know how seriously they took it, but by the time of the first westercon in the Fall of 1948, it had gone far enough so that I carried a placard bearing the legend "The Outlanders Society", (Note: we dropped the "s" a few months later, and it was painted off the sign,) and "South Gate in 158." And when our group was officially formed a month later, the slogan and project idea was adopted as part of our group plans.

the spinisted of the dupt times on a superior of the first time. was not be done to appoint to pur sufficient no an absent and religious By them more of us were kidding about it. Many an hour was spent in seriously planning what we would do. There was little we could actually do then, except advertise the idea in every way possible. We believed that repeating that slogan for the next ten years wan sure to have an effect on the minds of fans. That when the day in 1957 came to vote for the next convention site, that no one would be able to resist the suggestion to vote for South Gate, both as a result of the mere repetition of the slogan, and because of the work and planning we would put into the project. I believe it would still work.

We realized the advertising part of the campaign would come first and we expected it to last at least five or six years. The last three years would be spent in a speeded-up campaign, and in outlining the actual working of the convention, so that we could lay be not the fans, in 1957, not only a complete outline of the convention one selected as a result of polls and research as the one fans wanted most. That is what we said in THE OUTLANDER, and in messages sent by proxy to the convention in 1946, and to a couple others in the fittles.

In 1950 I lead a delegation of Outlanders to the Convention in Portland. This is the only time a member addressed a convention in person, but with the Society at the height of its activity there was much I could point to with pride. We had just staged the Third Westercon, which had been a tremendous success. and assuredly won us the support of the rest of Southern California. Our magazine was not the best, but it was very popular, and gaining a name for itself and its member-writers. If we had tried, we might have gotten it then, except that it would have meant two west-coast conventions in a row.

Also while I was there I entered a motion that would have taken the selection of convention sites out of the hands of the few fans that actually attend the con, and put it to a national vote. There had been some objections raised to the present system because it loaded the voting with fans from one area. Many who were not even fans, but merely local readers, decided something that meant a great deal to the whole of fandom. The plan that had been suggested, and that I presented, would have called for all groups that wanted to hold a Convention, to send in a platform, outlining what it planned. Copies of all platforms would be mailed out just before the Convention, allowing time for the ballots to be mailed back. Attenders of the convention would be allowed to vote also; the results would be announced at the end of the convention. Thus a new Con Committee could still pick up memberships, and get help on their convention for the next year. All this was killed by a bit of parlimentary razzle-dazzle. But this was I believe the first attempt to officially change the sloppy way in which cities were chosen.

By 1951 the Society had come on some dark days, and with some of its members gone, and others disenchanted, it lost most of its former drive. It in fact looked doomed to the fate of many other clubs of short-lived fame. But the strong bonds of friendship built in those first two years were hard to brake. Long after interest in the Society itself had faded, the friendships went on, and the memories of the good times we had together. Every time the question was raised as to breaking up, or dropping some of the mem-

bers. It was always voted down, for no one could bring himself to cause the ax to fall. And so it drifted on, into its darkest days as a group. With its member's time taken up with families and the starting of new careers, we passed through the Outlander's Dark Ages.

Then a little over a year ago the trend started to change. Recovering from an attack of Pneumonia, I had more time to devote to fandom, and some of the old ideas started to come back. Stan, Len Moffatt and I, long the self-styled Hub of the Outlanders, began once more to talk about the Convention plans. We found that though we had stopped boosting it, many of our friends such as Willis and Hoffman had kept on repeating our slogan. It had survived through Sixth Fandom almost on its own. So, squaring our typewriters, we move ahead.

Today we are faced with two major problems. One is tactical; the other is physical. We have still to win the balloting, and form a group to put it on.

Under normal conditions, under the rotation system adopted at the Friscon, we would not be entitled to a West Coast Convention in 1958. However, the Anglofans seek the convention next year, and due to their greater activity and near leadership in the field, I believe they are entitled to it. I have worked with that idea in mind for the past few months.

For a while the Chesley Donovan group sought the World Confor 1957, but their interest seems to have waned. Now we hear that Berkeley fandom, 'fired by the success of the ninth Westercon, is going to bid for the World Con in competition with London in '57, or in '58 if London gets it.

So we have not plunged into wild planning or campaigning. But despite all these "ifs" we are working for "South Gate in 1958."

What I hope to see is a Planning Committee made up of all the local fan leaders, such as Ackerman and Evans, and representatives from LASFS and the Chesley Denovan Society as well as the Outlander Society. They would make the plans, and the Convention Committee would carry them out, with the Outlanders being an active force on all levels, but not dominating. This would allow for the fire and ambition of the young fans of this day, and help carry such a program off.

The Saturday before Labor Day is marked for a reunion of Outlanders. We hope that with the rest of Los Angeles fandom, we will be putting on a World Convention. If the Fates are unkind, we would like to carry on with the Westercon; a Conference isn't the same, but it was the one in 1948 that started it all.

But, as I announced in Oakland this Summer, if we don't even get the Westercon, we will still hold a reunion, and we hope many of our friends will come. We have planned it for eight years, and have two more to go. If ever a day could be said to belong to a group of fans, this day belongs to the Outlanders.

-- Rick Sneary

SKYDOMAIN

Rockets lull you to your slumbers,
Roaring jets your lullaby,
For your father goes a-hunting
In the jungles of the sky.

Endless nights and timeless days He pursues the airless ways. Where the rings of Saturn turn, Where the comets blaze and burn; Where Algol, the Demon Star Winks and beckons from afar; Where the dust of cosmic cloud Oft becomes a spaceman's shroud. Where asteroid and metor wait There a man must challenge fate, With radar beam his only eye To watch the deadly drift rush by. Speeding blindly through the night Until Earth slides into sight, He'll blast home from alien skies With star-dust lingering in his eyes.

Rockets lull you to your slumbers,
Roaring jets your lullaby,
For your father goes a-hunting
In the jungles of the sky.

BY HORY FAULKNER

RICK SNEARY SELECTS

HUBLETTER

EXCERPTS

((Editor's Note: With the usual chain letter sometimes breaking, the use of auxiliary letters have been instigated from time to time to keep contact between the Outlanders. One such is the Hubletters, of which these excerpts are a sample. Compiled by Rick Sneary.))

Stan--Jan. 23, 1951:

I still think that a general fanfeature printed mag is possible. A weekly newspaper that has Time-like articles that are brief, pithy, AND features worthy of quotation by general papers. Yes, a science fiction fan service that newspapers might quote. The Science News Letter is a condensation (or something) of Science Service; a Science Fiction Newsservice (probably with different name so as to be nonconfusable with Science News Service by the initials) is the idea. But if fixed rightly, existing newsmags—even Tucker's NEWS LETTER, could be used in some instances—if he sent to such papers as Daily News, LA, or Weinstock, saying quotes are okay...

dation rate was increasing they knew their time was almost up. "We aren't long of this world," a noted leader stated. "So we must Make our Mark." And so the Eternal Sands were manufactured, of a substance of ultimate stability, with all the billions of basic scientific and technological info, and also historical and biographic info, written in the most simple Martian dialect, with each grain's six sides containing the equivalent of four thousand words. Their atomic machines compressed all their knowledge on the grains, and let them free to drift across the world.

Then the first Earthman came. He was a towering lad, barely twenty, with stocky red hair and blazing green eyes that seemed to reflect the light of the stars in space. He was alone in the ship, and collected data that would be of interest to those who followed. He had been given a radio set and instruction to send all data from the machines, so when he discovered the martian machinery he started sending the info from the sand.

He died at the age of ninety, still sending information out. Most of it was repeat stuff. The radio was one-way--a sender--and unfortunately he had been a moron all his life.---

Oh, do you want to know my process for renewing carbon-paper? It should make an up-and-coming business-house a fortune--all old carbons could be renewed time after time and so save millions.

As you're my compatriots (render this "chum, friend, pal"--

take yer cherce) I'll explain this remarkable process.

In that letter on renewing <u>ribbons</u> I mentioned before, the ink (rubber stamp*) was brushed in to an unfurled length of the silken stuff, then heated over steam in a funnel to "set" it. (Actually that's what the letter said.) Well, my carbon-paper renewal process is:

Just heat over heater.

I held the edge (mostly at the top as the heat tended to force the sheet ceilingward). The wax-carbon mix melts, forming a smooth coat over the worn spots, and they dry in a second after removing 'em from the heat...

Anna,-April 2, 1951

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onkery donkerie honkery hoo
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or sycological
knows not what in my hidden hours i doo
colaying with orgles
dreaming of morgles
horgery porgerie gorgery goo
unkery lunkerie junkery glu....

Len--April 2, 1951

I have decided that each of our five kids will be taught, trained and otherwise influenced (even if wh have to get them drunk to influence 'em) to do terrific, accurate and highly entertaining impressions of certain favorite entertainers. Merely as a hobby, insists Anna. OK, I say, just so they do it. One of the boys will do Al Jolson, natch. Another will do Jimmy Durante and the third boy will prob'ly do Joe E. Brown. It would be nice if the second one really had a Durante nose. If he isn't born with one maybe we can cause it to grow that way the way native women wrap their babies' heads so they'll grow in various odd shapes (usually oblong). All we'll have to do is wrap the nose...

My wife (reading over my shoulder as usual) just screamed in horror.

I guess the kid will have to wear a fake nose.

Well, that's married life. You've got to give a little, take a little.

Rick -- May 12, 1951

Hole up what you is doin's son, and give me a ear!

Time ever

flitting.. I hear your gental call.. You speak with many voices, yet
they all whisper the same tale of regret. Regret to come out of the
soft quiet of nothingness. Regret to race madly through the troubled
present.. Regret to sink sadly into the bog of yesterdays.. Time, the
sweetheart of us all. Promising much, giving less than we hoped, and
passing on before we are willing. Perhaps time is a woman, it is
fickle enough.. Why do they always speak of "Father Time"? How can
a thing so full of caprices, happiness and sadness, so sought after,
be thought of as a male?

Rick continues:

I feel like I was writing a van Couvering letter. Maybe I feel like John today......

Stan--April 27, 1951

I'd suggest, Lenno und Anna: (1) a talent examination of your offspringlets. Test them for song-and-dance, dancing, singing alone and in groups, card-sharping and magick (as the ancients called it), repartee of the comic-partner type. I purposely leave out sword-swallowing and flame-inhaling because these practices might get the rugs stained with blood or char from the upper lip...By training your "things" to rotate-use each other as partners in duos, trios and the like-you could put on a one-ring-circus of your own. Moff-att's Massive Marvels of Mars-yes, Moffatt's Marvels will be booked steady in Timbucktoo come 1975, maybe..

Rick--Dec. 24, 1951

Stan, I suppose we ought to think about FAPA. I don't have any ideas really. Writing a column (in SPACEWARP) just about takes what ideas I have, unless I get into an argument with some one, or discuss the problems in accounting with people. I suppose with the things that Speer and Rothman have put in, oh yes, and Purdue, that I'd have a right to just reprint a law test or something. Maybe I could advise everyone on how to make out their income tax. Say!! Now there is an idea. With what little I know, and as bad as I am, I ought to be able to make out a fine example of how to lose money and spend ten years working for the government. You know, this is really a fine idea. Such little tips as being sure to have all your children in late December. You can take full deduction for them and they aren't nearly the expense, so you are actually making money on them. Or to remember you get an added deduction for yourself if you are over 65, or blind, and 2 if both. But don't make out the return in Braille, as the Collector (the Collector is always written in capitals, by us accountants) isn't blind, though he may seem to be when you try to explain what you did with that \$500 Uncle Lem gave you back in 1942.

Len--June 11, 1953

One of the most weird, most wonderful, most horrible, yet most realistic books I have ever read is Fred Brown's Here Comes a Candle. I hesitate to call it a novel (though it is novel indeed) because he uses a radio script, a movie scenario, a TV script, a scene written for the stage, as well as well-written narration to tell the story of a young man being trained (almost unwillingly) to become a full time criminal. It is unlike any slums, gangster type story you have ever read. The ending is perfectly horrible, meaning it is perfect and horrible at once. This and What Mad Universe are Brown's two best books. One is a top stf thriller...this is a top "here and now" chiller.

Brown claims he hates writing, does it only for the dough. But he <u>must</u> have enjoyed writing <u>Here Comes a Candle</u>. Parts of it,

anyway....

Rick--June 9, 1953

Speaking of Fred Brown, did I repeat to you the report that he turned down a contract to do 6 pb's a year, at a salary of \$1,000 a month? Nice if you feel you're better than all that. We didn't circulate much, but seemed to me a lot of local writers were not at the Westercon. Damn it all, I wish I had felt better. Was too tired most of the time to really enjoy much, and — and there just wasn't any place to meet people. But then as I have always said, you can do one of two things at a conference and have a good time. You can stick to your gang, and its limited activities, or lone-wolf it and get into everything.

Len--August 13, 1955

NFFF mag, Quandry, other fmz and stuff rec'd & interesting more or less but I got no time for national fanning. While cutting grass t'other day I was thinking of an idea to Wliven up" the NFFF, by making it more like a combo of FAPA and OS. That is, have a limited membership...say 200. When you have 200 members nobody else can join. Of course there will be activity requirements for the members. They must

(1) Pay a buck a year

(2) Answer all polls conducted by NFFF (3) Vote in all elections in NFFF

If any member does not vote in any of the elections or does not vote in any of the polls, he or she would be immediately dropped from the NFFF, and his dollar refunded, leaving an opening for a new. more active member.

Thus every member -- in order to remain a member -- would be just as active as a member should be. If he or she wanted to do more than pay dues, vote and answer polls, he or she could run for office, vol-

unteer for committees or whatever, natch.

In short, this activity requirement plan is not in favor of getting more and more NFFF members (just because each one is worth a buck a head) but to make a NFFF a desirable and active club, with active members, satisfied members, a real working club and not a shambling, sprawling thing with a few fans doing all the work and beating their heads against a wall of indifference. In my (7) setup, a few fans would still be doing most of the work but at least they'd have the satisfaction of knowing that their work was appreciated... and all of the members would necessarily have to be more active than the average NFFF member is now.

But, like I say, I got no time for national fanning.

Rick---Jan. 33*, 1954

The enclosed letter exchange between Star Rocket and this laup (lowly and unworthy person) is for your enlightenment...I have recieved no reply from S.R., so I assume he took me for real, and assigned me a nice place in his personally operated Hell. Can't take a joke, these new ones. In the old days they would have written ten pages denouncing me.

^{*}Right: Outlanders don't always stick to mundane time-reckoning.

a copy I will file with your letter, for want of an easier system, and never read it again. And on looking at your letter after I am dead, you will wonder what it was doing there... (Len has instructions to either burn or return all letters to their original owners.) This might cause quite a start in a few cases, for there are a few letters in my file that I wrote and never mailed. Heheheh, stuff too hot to be read while I still live. Plans for insanity on a large scale. Tales of horror, feuds unborn, and cutting remarks never sliced...Of course, it might be more interesting to take all my letters and return them to a person one up (alphabetically) on my list. Then all would see themself as they really are. Maybe I should have this done before I died, then no one would miss me...Might even give me a hand...

Stan--January 28, 1955

Maybe I should speak about camels. Racing camels, that is. They are as unlike the brown, mean, clumsy beasts of burden as a racing horse is from a mule. Silken-haired and with much better personalities. When I make my million (after taxes) from my moon claim I'll buy a stretch of sandy desert around here some place and raise them. They can outrun the best horse, I hear, and are smooth to ride.

As you probably know, two reasons for lack of camels in the southwest was their mean tempers (fought the mules) and the fact that there was so much cutting rock in the deserts where traderoutes would have been located. Of course areas where racing stables could be set up (and some could be trained for tourist bait) without this difficulty...I believe there was a third reason the work-camels once imported into the south-west didn't last, too: the Indians got in a habit of hunting them. Is that right, Rick?

Some of the Indian art has representations of camels on pottery, etc.; they've made quite an impression on their story-telling I hear. I think that a tribe of docile (comparatively) camels, that will live in desert regions and practically live off the land, might be a blessing to the Navajos, for example. They have adopted the raising of sheep, and other garming practices might be possible with a bit of careful preparation. ((Even if the camels stink like the regular beasts of burden, I suppose it wouldn't be too much of a drawback. Wet wool is surely stenchful, and the matted mess is common in most areas. I suppose the comparatively dry characteristics of their present lands (their lands of exile) still lets the sheep have the characteristic odor. Or is that a myth, like the one of goats? The buck can smell up a whole herd of female if they're allowed to roam together, due to his perfumeful habits, but it shouldn't be too hard to seperate the rams from the shams or whatever the shesheep are called.))

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE, second issue, is to be put out the early part of September by Len Moffatt, 5969 Lanto Street, Bell Gardens, Calif. The first issue included book, movie and other reviews, a Westercon writeup, and other factual or opinion stuff of nonfiction nature. If interested in free copy, write Len; he needs contribtions, too.

I used to collect tag lines, being an ardent admirer of the punch-ending type of tale. I never wrote them down, or made a big thing of them by listing my favorites in any of my fanwritings, but I was given to quote them during conversations. I once considered making a game of them—you know the kind, "I'll quote the line—you name the story and author," but I never quite got around to it. Perhaps it's just as well...

I also like unusual or different tag lines for letters. "...so I'll hang my close on this line" is probably the classic, if corny, example. Fandom has always been loaded with 'em. Sciencerely Yours, Yours Fantastically and the like have been overworked, of course, and I suppose will continue to pup up now and then in fannish generations to come.

I have always been quite fond of the classic lines of that classic creator of classic lines, Rick Sneary: "Don't take any radioactive nickles." And Ed Cox (who dubs himself the Maine-iac and signs off as "The Urchin of Venice"--or did when he lived in Venice, Calif.) got a bang out of my "May all of your children be people."

When I'm too tired to think of anything clever (as I usually am at the end of an especially long epistle) I use one or more of my old stand-bys, which aren't supposed to be clever, but manage, I think, a portion of my personal philosophy. "Hoop la" or "Keep Smiling" or "Your friend and mine". Or "Happy days (and nights too!)"

The nice thing about these old standbys is that they can mean different things at different times, depending on the mood of the letter, and still give a true picture of the way I feel. They can be cynical or satirical, joyful or just plain pleasant. Read out of context they may sound a bit silly, but read as a part of any one of my letters they may sound sillier (if it's a silly type letter), or sincere, or friendly. You pay your 3¢ and you take your choice.

All of which brings me to the end of this column. As this mag has a very uncertain future, this may very well be the last DEN I write. (Of course I can always write for MOONSHINE, Stan's FAPA mag, but FAPA has too regular a schedule for an old Outlander like me.) Consequently I should have a real snappy, long-to-be-remembered tag line. Hmmm-something snappy eh? Well, I could say I garter go now; that's pretty snappy, but do I want fandom to remember me as a cornball character? What about "Foo Bless you all"? No; then I'd be remembered as the serious constructive type of fan, and although I have often been serious and constructive in my fannish days, my primary purpose was to enjoy the hobby, and not let it ride me.

Oh well, a short, simple, significant finish is always the best so here it is:

1581

--Len Moffatt

Editorial Footnote: Like life, or the history book, Len's comment that this might be his last Den for an Outlander mag is somewhat premature. Rick Sneary has indicated interest in putting out the next issue. As usual the deadline date is altogether unknown now. Only Sneary and fate are in charge of this.



Editor's Note: I really tried to get wider representation in this issue, but somehow even the threat of signing non-contributor's names to this didn't work. Maybe it would be more vicious to leave the name off entirely. "The name is anonymous to protect the guilty."

Like a baby, in the first year of fanlife the typical fan . (hereby referred to as TF, a mythical creature used for purposes of avoiding research) grows from a miniscule near-nothing into a big voice and a larger appetite. When he gets to the article-writing stage (which is pretty fast) he absorbs the teachings of the fanzine editors as shown by their examples and starts to write. That is, he digs into the reservoir that most fans use, his very self.

From writing the rambling letter to fellowfen to writing the typical fanarticle is one slight step. The true fan article, nowadays—is apt to be constructed from a quick glance at some "inspiration". This may be a personal letter with a chance juxtaposition of words that another fan would interpret in quite another way.

Research is seldom used. The reason why is practically obvious. Fans are so busy "growing" that they squeeze time to a trickle. They have to bypass the method of getting information by investigation, rumination, and so forth. They have little time to write for opinions of others, either. Unless this data is before them in an article written by the rare fan who does dig for facts, or a letter, there is little chance that the article will be other than extremely hypothetical. There may be no concrete examples at all.

Now, if there is a remedy it is to try to stimulate some of the newer fans to start basic research before becoming interested in actifandom. It's almost impossible to change the life of a fan who's been in the field for long. Even a couple months may have made too deep an impression on the matrix of his habits. He may have anywhere from a dozen to several hundred correspondents. He may have committed himself to as many articles for fanzines. Or perhaps he's joined an amateur journalism association, started a zine, or both.

The reader fan, however, may never wish to become active. This is one of the frustrations of actifen with the crusading spirit. It's hard to convert a reader to fanhood unless the reader is a friend, and even then it may be impossible really to inspire him. Or if he's fan-material he may take the spark too early, before you can convince him to do basic research as collector, fanhistorian, etc.

If there is an answer to this dillemma, it's the Campaign. This is a deliberate effort to convert a large number of readers, but in such a way as to delay the urge to join in fandom actively.

How is this to be done? First, a deliberate schedule will have to be made, not for the actual campaign but to permit time to become attached to this person. It may take an hour day, or at least that long each week. Pressure, in the form of borrowed books and magazines, plus your campaign-spiels, will instigate an urge to do research-make indexes, read about space travel, other basic sciences that fandom may take an interest in. Individual interests will vary with the personal likes. A younger brother or friend may be the most likely subjects for your first experiments in this line.

The advantage of choosing a younger person who lives nearby should be apparent: a younger person may think you're something just because you're a few years older than he. Don't discourage this. Apply all your knowledge of psychology, etc., gleaned from the hours of reading s-f before you became a fan and couldn't afford to continue.

Fandom, through letters and fanzines, will give you tips to advance your campaign. When your zine comes out with "new" material, or stuff from someone new to fandom, many of your fan readers will catch on at once what you're doing, and help by sending letters of advice. Read these carefully, or better yet let one or more of your candidates-for-fanhood read them and make a condensed report to you. This will cave time and give the fan-to-be the chance to develop the Habit.

This should explain the rough outline of the Campaign. Extrapolation is up to you. Remember to use short-cuts whenever possible; take fancandidates out in groups; use carbon letters when possible, if you have to do your campaigning by mail. Use your mag for recruiting, too. Don't hesitate in sending addresses of the contacts you make to these candidates, especially if (a) they haven't filled their quota, or (b) you're behind in writing. Let them do your corresponding for you.

The fan gestalt works through a fanzine easier than almost any other medii. It crystallizes and focuses their efforts. The Outlander Society may be considered such a group, with Rick Sneary as the mastermind who melded us together. Of course some of us might chaim some contact with fandom before meeting Sneary, but this is only partially true. (And for the sake of the example it wouldn't do to admit the whole proposition is hogwash.)

A few pointers for Campaigners: list the interests of each Candidate. Example: if he collects stamps (or girls) you may be able to convince him that book or mag collecting is ideal. The reader of s-f can be convinced of this easier than a nonreader, especially an illiterate one, but don't let that be a barrier. Just dig up some basic book (maybe one of Edgar Rice Burroughs or Ray Cummings) and teach the person to read. This should influence his tastes and thereafter your control over the situation should not be too hard.

Remember to ride the individual Candidate carefully. Don't put on a harder load without increasing the egoboo, or otherwise making it pleasant. Some eager Campaigners scare the shy by overuse of fanlingo. To ease him into the ranks, the technique of the expert angler may be emulated.

Some Campaigners overlook the fact that the Candidate is an individual. Using his basic interests (in reading, astronomy, etc.) will shape the way the campaign goes. And remember: keep smiling. Remember fandom's a hobby; don't take it too seriously, friend.....

(Which is one fan's outlook, or editorial ramblings)

In the "execution" of this magazine has gone many hours of delay-more delay than actual work. In the process the normal conditions have occurred: plans seem able to come apart at the seams when time is allowed to work on the material. Two items were made so far out of date that I've decided to leave most of one out, and Rick Sneary sent in a new ending for another. I'd like to wait for Len Moffatt to send a revised "beginning" for his DEN column, but am aiming at a deadline of about 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, when I go to the Long Beach home of Ron Ellik to attend a FAPA mailing session.

For this issue the Outlander magazine will go to FAPAfolks. Everyone involved would appreciate your comment, either by letter to me or in your publications. I planned to issue it through FAPA a full two mailings ago, but allowed other things to come between me and it. I'm a cad...but a fannish cad, I assure you.

Most recently, I've been doing what's been a semi-monthly task for a couple of years, about: getting things to send to the N3F clubzine. Correction—their O-O have come out on schedule this year, and the six that came out last year were compressed in the last part of the year to insure a full count. Anyway, I've been trying to help N3F prosper, and got permission from Jack Speer to publish his fantasy Decimal system (the one he fixed for FAPA some years ago), as well as other things. Although I want to continue to emphasize my N3F work, I hate to short—change FAPAns with just a bare over—minimum output, so will try to get into the mailing more frequently.

And I want to thank G.M. Carr and Coswal for putting items by me in their pubs.

Outlanders around Garden Grove now number three; Rory Faulkner (Dorothea Faulkner, who writes as "Rory Magill") has moved to Westminster, a few miles from here. A few Sundays ago she had her pic and a s-f type article written around her for the Garden Grove News, and may have a column in it by now. (I don't subscribe.) Her new address: 7241 E. 20th St., Westminster, Calif.

August 18 I'll have a bunch of friends out here. This must be Old Fan Month or Open Fanseason, the way I've been hunting addresses and a-visiting.

I've a stencil about what I was doing when last I cut a stencil for this issue; it was a comment on a Shrine Auditorium (L.A.) hobby show. Top floor had a Vargas display, including two "future women" done especially for the show. (Other pics: illos from zines, such as one from Cosmopolitan, a pic of a set from an early Ziegfield Follies, with Egyptian Temple motif very forcefully done...) First woman was Woman of Tomorrow, a statuesque blonde in light rainment, representing the increase in size of women expected for the future; Atomic Woman was the other one, dubbed Vargas' first venture into realism in 40 years. She was gaunt, except around the front, where she was extended and bloodshot. Her garb: shriveled, as was she...

Was surprised to see Barney Bernard, who held down PRS dis-

play. I didn't see Dave Watson there (that's Mari Wolf's husband). Dave's the president of PRS.

After a long talk with Barney, and then a man with a skindiving exhibit (where the helmet that Captain Nemo used in 20.000 Leagues Under the Sea was on display, with other items of similar nature) I met Watt Daugherty in a dimly-lighted side of the place where tropical fish were on display. Walt is a long-time LASFS member, and was a judge of the aquariums on display. He has something like a half dozen tanks of his own, and if I remember right, quite a few stamp albums. But that's another story.

A hobby show should be a fascinating way to meet people with your own interests. I talked to many, took a few addresses that I may even follow up. For quite a while I stood around reading headlines or stories of the old-newspaper collection; I admired carvings, some in miniature, others merely "lifelike." One pottery display had designs in pleasing colors (pastels and brighter) that looked like ink-blots, and had names that suggested Aztec temples, Men from Mars, and other unusual places and people. About 16 sport cars, shimed and drivable, were owned by one man (an ex-railroader). And it was the most uncrowded show I've seen-just a lot of it.

As policy for The Outlander, this issue is being distributed to a number of people chosen arbitrarily, mostly by the editor. As my FAPA mailings have been small in the past, I've influenced a number of people to suggest I distribute it that-a-way. The trouble with such a scheme is that it's an ego-paid publication; we are not asking for money from anyone. But in FAPA, for instance, it is not the practice of many editors to send letters of comment, and we would like that.

The Outlander Society has a corresponding secretary, Anna Sinclare Moffatt, the spouse of Len Moffatt, who not strangely lives with him at 5969 Lanto St., Bell Gardens, Calif. If you want to write to her, telling your views in any detail you want, it's a happy lad I am. Yeah. And if you want to heckle me with your views (if they aren't fit for a female's gentle ears, say) my address is still the same. So's my name the same (I haven't married yet). It's:

Stan Woolston, 12832 West Ave., Garden Grove, Calif.

Rick Sneary has indicated an interest in editing next issue of this zine. If you want to be on the list of those who recieve it, write to one of the addresses after the underlined names above. It will have material in a category all its own, as each editor has his own slant in choosing things. This issue reminds me quite a bit of FAPA in its emphasis on first-person opinion items, and is one reason I suggested distributing it therein.

And before I forget or loose the space, I want to mention SAST. That's the Society for the Advancement of Space Travel. Sounds like some sort of political group, doesn't it? Well, it's meant as a publicity (and propeganda) group to let "people" know that those things in the sky that glow aren't just "lights". If you're interested in space travel, or astronomy in general, why not write for more

information to: Warren Dunn, 4408 B. Canton ave., Lubbook, Texas. Or send dues to the Treasurer (\$3 a year): Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22. Minn. Dale edits clubzine FRONTIER. He's also one of the 10 directors (and so am I).

Len's Den column started out with a run-down on where various Outlanders were at and what they were doing. I ruined that by letting the acid of time wash over it too long, and now the thing is untrue. It mentioned that Hal and Freddie Curtis was still in Europe (where they they spent quite some time—at one time renting a Castle in Spain, and I've a postcard to prove it). Now they're back in Glendale, in new home at 433 Ross St., Glendale 7, Calif.

Con Pederson has been working at Disney's for some time, and you might see his credit on the TV screen if you look close during a Disneyland presentation. I haven't heard from John lately, but might be snide enough to guess that he has a new girl friend. That was what Len said in his disected Den. and though things change, one thing that is fairly constant is the Van Couvering makeup. If he's moved, he probably has a new girl...

Mari Wolf moved from her column in <u>Imagination</u>, and I plan to write Bob Bloch (who took over the column without a title-change) that he have the engraver etch out the "B" in the column's title. As "Fandora's Ox" he might even be <u>famous</u>.

Shirley Booher moved to Texas, where her husband is "playing ball" while she is playing with her baby (Roy).

Gil Ilyla (pardon me, I don't know how the last name is spelled), an early-day Outlander-type lad, has been around Los angeles in recent months. (I'm vague because it might be fourteen or sixteen since he was here—Len would probably know.) About others, such as Bill Elias, we might have to wait until South Gate in '58, and reunion time, to find out. Dave Lesperance is, I believe, around Los Angeles somewhere, going his quiet way. Hope he makes a million bucks at it...

Len Moffatt has launched Science Fiction Parade, a sort of review-comment zine; second issue is due about Labor-day or the end of that month. Movies, books, mags (pro and fan) are covered, and the first ish had Westercon Writeup in it. To get a copy write to him, at 5969 Lanto St., Bell Gardens, Calif. Brief reviews, news, etc. are appreciated. SFP is to be bi-monthly if material is available, and as the size may vary, it should come out on time.

Motto of SFP is "South Gate in 1958"—and it's to back this motto that he's becoming active again. I'm another partisan for the motto, and would like to note that Rick has worked hard for it and will have polls going in SFP with the idea to get info on how to put on a superior convention. Why not write Rick your ideas of "what is a good convention"—using your own ideas as to the best points, the way to overcome faults of the past, and so forth. Rick's still living at: 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.

This Island Earth.

a movie review-essay

by Len J. Moffatt

The other night we went out to Universal City to see a studio showing of THIS ISLAND EARTH, a Universal-International pseudo-science fiction film, soon to be released.

I guess they must have been running the projector at top speed because the credits flew by so fast, I was unable to read all of them. I didn't get the names of the movie writers, the directors, the technicians, cameramen, etc., nor the names of the technical advisors—if any. I did learn that the film was supposedly based on a novel by Raymond F. Jones, and, I understand, appeared awhile back in Astounding. Astounding is one of the few mags I read with any regularity but I'm afraid the movie version did not recall the story to my mind.

However, the beginning of the picture did give me the feeling that this was a "typical Astounding Science Fiction story," and I sat there hoping, hoping, hoping it would remain that way. Here we had a bright young scientist who flies jets, works on government sponsored projects, aided by a wisecracking assistant, etc. Someone supplies him with a super-duper resistor which will take over-what was it—3000 volts-before it explodes loudly and beautifully in technicolor. Then he recieves a mysterious package which contains a catalogue of wonderful super-scientific parts. The catalogue is printed on strange metallic "paper", and it and the parts advertised are obviously "out of this world." He can order what he wants by simply sending a teletype which his mysterious benefactor intercepts, fills the order, and delivers said parts to him-along with a blueprint. Now he can build an interrocitor! And he does too.

He doesn't know exactly what an interrocitor is—he frankly admits he never heard the word before—but by George he's going to build one. Scientific curiosity and all that, you know. Now don't get me wrong. I liked this part of the movie. It was an <u>Astounding</u> sort of thing.

They did spoil it a little though, when after the interrocitor was complete, the hero turns to his assistant and says, "Plug it in." Plug it in? Well, maybe the blueprints specified ac or DO, but it seems to me a fabulous gadget like this here interrocitor would have its own power plant, or just might not work on any old Earthling's type of current. It worked, though (thanks to the special effects boys, who did a fine job in this film, by the way, save for one or two spots—but then who's perfect?)

Yes, it worked, and turned out to be a handsome TV set—color TV too—with a disintrigating ray attached. Now our hero has contact with the aliens, and is induced by their Mr. Exetor (satisfactorily portrayed by Jeff Morrow) to join them in their hideaway, and work on a project for world peace. He leaves his assistant behind to complete his project for Uncle Sam.

At the hideaway he meets other "kidnapped" scientists and soon learns that there's more to this than meets the eye. The aliens (who are made up to appear humanoid rather than human, and not a bad job of makeup, either) are on a mission from their home planet (which is in some faraway galaxy) which is having a war with a nasty old neighboring planet. It seems that most of their scientists have been killed off and they need the Earthling scientists to assist them to save their planet from complete destruction. By now the script writers have the wheels well-ciled (I cannot speak for the writers themselves: for all I know they may have been cold sober) and things really get rolling. Not only rolling, but roaring and screeching. Loud, strange noises (a few of which we heard in the forepart of the picture) are used, sometimes with good dramatic effect; sometimes they just sort of tear at your eardrums, and sometimes they seem downright silly. The now familiar gimmick of metors roaring with the speed and the noise of an express train through the vacuum of space. The spitting and cracking of the disintrigating ray. That sort of thing.

Then there was the sexy female scientist who goes along with our hero when he's taken to the alien world, after they've destroyed all traces of their hideaway on Earth. I don't recall any kissing scenes, but the hero and heroine do share some rather intimate moments of terror and suspense. Also, after the fashion of many a movie (any type) she gets dunked in water, the better to reveal her female charms in a wet clinging blouse and skirt. I liked this part of the movie too.

And so help me they drag in a bug eyed monster before the crashing finale. Monster chases girl, almost gets girl. Hero tries to save her, but he really didn't have to bother. The monster is disintrigated due to other not necessarily sound scientific causes.

Well. I refuse to detail the entire plot. You might want to see the film. Suffice to say, that the special effects for the most part were quite good; the acting too was satisfactory, considering the story which fell apart after a good beginning, and the photography was very good too. Jeff Morrow and Faith Domerique were the only two names I recognised or remembered. I understand that Hollywood has quit making B pictures and are supposed to be making fewer but bigger and better A pictures but I'm afraid they hadn't got out of the rut yet. This was a B picture with an A budget.

- The End -

Editor's Note: That "we" means Rick Sneary. Anna Sinclare Moffatt and her playboy-husband, Leon J., Jessie Wilt and quite a few others who got an invitation to attend one of the two performances on different evenings. I believe that the Ackermans, the Hersheys and the three in-laws (Gibsons from Scotland currently here for a visit, in the case of the parents, and as possibly permanent resident in case of the daughter attended another evening. At the Hershey house I asked about British science-fiction, and ar. Gibson gave a few hints for purchasing Eritish science fiction: the equivalent costs of hard-back books they put out is equivalent to about half-price here. That is, they range from a low of \$1.50. While the paper-bak 'uns are approximately 35 centers, as a rule their quality is not equivalent to the ones published here. So maybe it will be a good idea to look up Slater and his OPERATION FANTAST for bargains.....

OI VE

FORRY ACKERMAN

David Karp. OI VE. Vanguard, \$3.50.

You never heard of this novel? Perhaps not under that title. All other reviewers slavishly refer to it as ONE. The jacket lettering is so cleverly arranged that, as Rick Strauss called to my attention, ONE can also be interpreted as OI VE; and "oi, vei", if I am not mistaken, is a Jewish expression meaning "Oh, woe!" An apt thumbscrew description of the contents.

As visitors to my home are aware, I have 11 different editions of "1984" on display: Orwell's classic of the slave new World is one of my favorites. To the Orwellian memorial I have now added ONE, because it is the one other volume I feel belongs in the same company. I am only sorry I did not discover it last year, and that only this year I became a member of the International Fantasy Awards Committee, because I quite conceivably might have voted it SF Novel of 1953.

ONE may not appeal to everyone as much as it did to me: I admit to having a special bias in favor of soci-illogical themes, everything from the errors of totali-terrorism to the furore of future Arayanism. ONE is almost one prolonged philosophical debate. The world of ONE is a flawed utopia that has all but eliminated war, rape, robbery, insanity, unemployment, etc.—but all but eliminated individuality in the process. To question any facet of the affairs of the Super State is to fall afoul of the New Inquisition, with its refinements over all the old physical tortures. No rack, whips, pincers boiling oil or cutting edges here to harrass the body; instead, the mind is stretched to the breaking point, the emotions frayed, the living brain flayed with insidious ideology, the id itself attacked with the corrosive acid of Conformity.

Empathetically, the reader undergoes the indignities to which the professorial protagonist is subjected for the supreme here sy: individualism. Unless you are a bloody Allstatist yourself, you will root for the badgered Mr Burden and curse the clinically luciferian Mr Lark who cannot abide Burden's birthright and methodically operates to eradicate and robotize his personality. Author Karp will have you so concerned with his lead character's retention of his character that you may discover yourself cheering out loud when this demolished man instinctively begins to piece himself together again.

Watch for the Lion pocketbook reprint.

Are you interested in Space? If you are, perhaps you'd like to write for more information from:

PLOIFIC ROCKET SOCIETY, Box 15671, Del Valle Sta., Los Angeles

15, Galif. (Amatcur experimenters with their own field, zine)