

OUTLAND

-an objet of obscure vision ..

FAPA

c o n t e n t s

Preface

Vulkano
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Riddle
Sweet Euthoria
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Untitled
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Salamander

--L ' e n v o i

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An Appreciation of Le Nouveau Ackerman
By F. Towner Laney

GENIUS
GESTATES-

The hauntingly beautiful and fragile "athereal flights of pure malady inherent in the delicatessant-born outpourings from the heart and soul of the author of this collection might well be likened to the iridescent sheen of bubbles on a pool of crystal-clear and limpid water as they sparkle and gleam in the dancing lances of the glowing autumnal sun.

Take this touching line from Sweet Euthoria, "Ate him up and gained a pound." Such an other-worldly charm is difficult to imagine, actually set forth and captured on a bit of mere mundane paper. The life-pulse of beauty was throbbing close to the surface when Le Nouveau Ackerman thus drenched his typewriter with the essence of "sugar and spice, in' everything nice." Such poetic thoughts... Such poetic power... Such...

Or this alliterative masterpiece, perhaps the most powerful single line in the selection, all the more striking in concept in that it is rendered in a judicious admixture of foreign languages: "Sappho! Selah! Seraglio!" What visions of rapture that last word conjures up! Ah!

Ackerman is an odd mixture of the poetical and the impractical. There are strange and marvelous facets to his nature. He is able to see the same beauty in a swirl of autumn leaves, the bubbling of pus in an open wound or in the mad and pointless way in which hieroglyphs sprawl meaninglessly across the pages of his verse. He is more than a man....he is a soul, a micro-

~~esoteric~~ phone wired to the mysteries beyond the rim and the
NFFFability of Shangri-LA.

He is a hedonist. I don't know
what this is; nor does Ackerman---however, it is said about
other fan poets, and it sounds good. It is certainly true
that Le Nouveau Ackerman has a strong hedonist shoulders.

He
does not believe in being hampered by little things like me-
ter, rhyme, or even spelling. Thus we get the full fire of
his poetic ardour without having it diluted by the stilted
and archaic standards of the past. He lets us have archaic
and eat it too.

I am proud--proud as punch--to be able to
write the introduction to this meisterwerk, this crowning
contribution to the fan-kultur. It is indeed a signal honour
to be the first of a long line of critics to hail a new gen-
ius.

Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, What the Hell

Dewey Care???

---F.. Townar Lancy---

For emerald-eyed Tanya
---whose total faith
rescued a cynibund sophisticate
---from the Abysses of Armag (in Eden)

V u l k a n o

(Dedicated to doc lowndes)

Pagan heartbeat,
Flushed with wine,
From the fiery
Tropika vine,
Sing your song of extase...
Offer your sacrifice to Mount Pei...
Mate with a Virgin and make two - three
Ere Pei erupts and ye roast like kine!

The Ottoman's Dais

(Dedicated to Guillaume Watson et Cie)

I met a trav'ler from an antique land
Who said:

"Two vast and legless trunks of stone
Stand in the desert.

Sappho! Selah! Seraglio!

If I should die before I wake,
Bury me at the next clam-bake."

Q.E.D.

V a m p y r e s v o n d e r V a t e r l a n d

(Dedicated to Herr Raym Washington, Junger)

The Nazis came, with crashing boots,
Spat blood upon the land.
Transylvania lapped it up,
Grew fat. "Footsteps in the sand."

Time passed, tides changed,
The German Heels, they fled.
Except the deutsches vampyres,
Who wished that they were dead!

R i d d l e

(Dedicated to Jack Speer)

What season,
Marching importunately,
Dawns with faint contumely
The Russet King?

Answer:

Paunch'ous girth.

S w e e t E u t h o r i a

(Ded. to L.R.Chauvenet)

Sweet Euthoria,
Maid of Mist,
on purpled island shore
dipt, birth-naked, in
limpid lakelet.
Thought herself unseen by eye.

But Jeris, King of Birdmen,
winging overhead,
with telescopic eye
descried this vision
fair.

And from aloft
in
spiral swift
glided down
--And drowned.

Sweet Euthoria laughed.

Ate him up and gained a pound.

F a r s a c i - s t u n g

(Dedicated to Geo. Ebey)

s-c-i-n-t-i-l-l-a-t-e, globule vivific!
s-h-A.T.T.E.R your bright s,p,a,t,t,e,r on mysoul,
spawn of sentience, knowing,
heal mysorrow
as I wander -
lost -
within a maze of blind deceit,
fearing ever that
the grave
is not the goal.

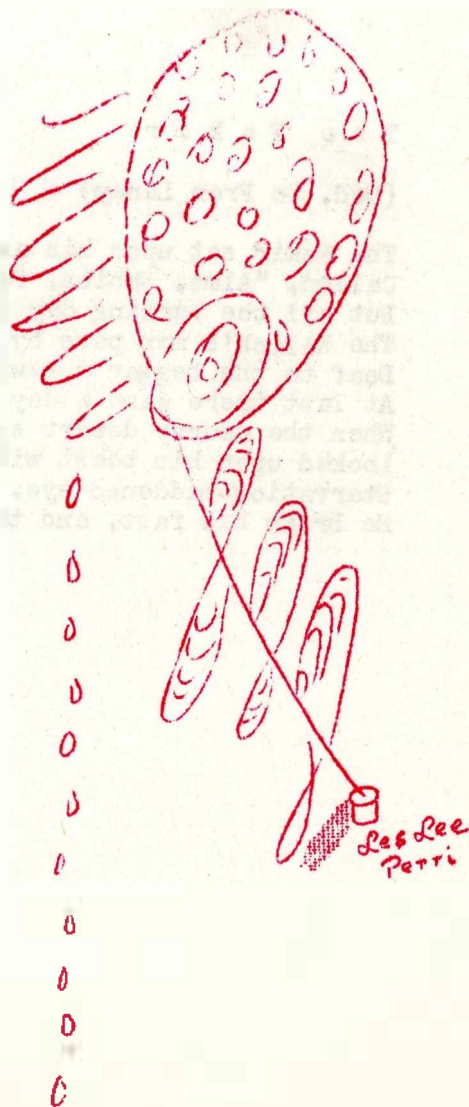
Cashmere Boquet

(Ded. to Crozetti & Pruyn)

Ploddle, ploddle,
Eager beaver,
Work yourself
Into a fever.

If your temperature (°) rises with a bam
You will have THE DAM WHAT AM!

Yuk, yuk. yuk.
Anon.



The Fakir

(Ded. to Fran Laney)

The Fakir sat upon his ass,
Called, "Alms, Sahibs, for the Love of Allah!"
But all the burning day long
The Kaliph's men pass by,
Deaf to the beggar's bawl for baksheesh.
At last there came a day
When the scurvy desert spawn
Looked upon his beast with
Starvation-maddened eye.
He broke his fast, and then,

The Fakir sat upon his ass.

G u l i n e

(Dedicated to John Michel)

If his heart had not already been black as sin
He should never have found the courage inside of him.
For 'twas a ghoulish thing he was about to do:
Desecrate the tomb of...Great Cthulhu!

GREAT CTHULHU. With one eye opo he lightly slept,
As into the crypt the audacious mortal crept.
Bat-wings unfurl'd, small things skirl'd,
Then a piercing cry screamed out of the world!

The daring agnost encountered Her
--Cthulhu's concubine, with the face of fur.
The ravenous, sex-mad lesbian
Whose sadistic spleen was vent on--man!

Now a gibbering, sightless, sexless thing
From a rotting rafter is condemned to swing.
Nibbled upon incessantly
By a mouthless, morbid obscenity,

And Cthulhu snores in serenity.

U n t i t l e d

(Ded. to Eva)

His was a theorem too tumescent,
Hers a trajectory all luminescent.

The quick silver moon
Was a silver oresent.

And they lived happily.

L'Envoi

Ever after.

My Mushroom is a Loveneast Now

(Ded. to James Kepner & Jean Arnold)

Down amongst the toadstools,
Down amidst the dells,
Sings a faery river,
So the legend tells.

Here the Wee Folk gather,
Disport themselves and play.
But those who distill
The daffodil
Die in agony.

S a l a m a n d e r

(For Trudy--and no other)

Resilient flesh,
So warm and cool,
Mate with me
In Sylvan pool.

I'll pack lava
On your back
Like Nebbuchadnezzar
Martyr'd Shadrach.

Our tryst will be
Consumed by fire,
But the steam will congeal
The glow of our pyre.

APRÈS MOT

BLAME THE "BOOKLETE" BOYS, the elite poets who lavish printed covours, two colour mimeograph jobs, rag content paper, lithographed illustrations, onionskin inserts, "and etc." on mere poetry. I am increasingly appalled at the great gobs of waste white space surrounding waste black print, and this is my protest. Seventy square inches of stencil space shot on a paltry couple line rhyme! Ye Gods! Usually something making as much sense (to me) as rhyming "splrfsk" with "Xerxes".

I have always longed to be considered the number one humorist of fandom. Maybe this is my bid.

Because, you see, in a tongue-in-cheek way, this pamphlet of selected poetry is supposed to be funny as all hell.

Anyway, I've made my bid; now I'll lie in it.

The entire dozen offerings were composed in half an hour. At that, I exceeded by twice the fifteen minutes I originally intended to allow myself. "Cashmere Boquet" was written while waiting (second in line) to cash a money order (for the FANCYCLOPEDIA). "Sweet Euthoria" was scribbled on the back of an envelope on the five minute ride from Metropolitan Station to the L.A.S.F.S. club room. Although I feel that I failed on this one, as it tells rather too intelligible--albeit O.Henryish--a story.

"Guline", as Lovecraft's Acolyte illustrator, Alva Rogers, can testify, was written in the white heat of inspiration (good cliché, that) in about five minutes, after I declared "Gotta have something in the Lovecraft vein." But in this one I fear that I defeated my purpose....I spent seven minutes on it...I polished! The title is disappointing, in that it is readily resolvable into "female-ghoul". The poem was originally dedicated to Doc Lowndes, but later I decided: "Vulkano" was more his meat, his beloved love-logged, migrained meat.

Terrifying thought: What if fandom should acclaim this "booklete": Declare my true talent has at last emerged from beneath its bushel, that the butter-

fly has burst from the confines of its chrysalis and now beats its gossamer wings over the world? Where I failed with Ackermanese, Esperanto, Vomaidens, et al, I'll convert the masses to the Great Cause of Fantasy with my vibrant, pregnant verses?

Also, some may say there are certain evidences that at long last Ackerman is growing up. Pah. Sophisticated supernatural sex stanzas are so damn easy to do.

I can hack out reams of balogna like in this booklete, if anybody's interested--and I hope they're not.

Maybe I do poetry--and the poets off and on--and injustice. Connoisseurs may be instantly able to analyze my stuff as "the sham what am." But what will it mean if no particular difference can be detected between the foregoing and material seriously scrivined?

Some quarters may even brand this "a vicious, unprovoked attack." I dunno. Others may laugh with me, and think it a huge joko. Which it is.

Three fan poems I have read in my fan-life that I remember with approbation: One by Ashley about the Last Man....the End of the World....Futility...some such theme. I know I liked it. Another I can quote:

Two Star Gods fought with axe and mace.
A spark flew into the womb of space.
Space nurtured it, gave it birth.
Now men fight on planet earth!

Solid.

And the other:

When we've lived our brief season
On this mad mundane mass,
And both body and reason
To oblivion pass,
Our impression will linger
As the dew after dawn,
As the hole made by finger
Then from water withdrawn.

(Warner printed it)

Rude anti-climax: There is no Tanya. I weep: I'm such a sucker for
emerald eyes.

-f j ackerman,
jivory towers
october, 1944

t
yup
p

