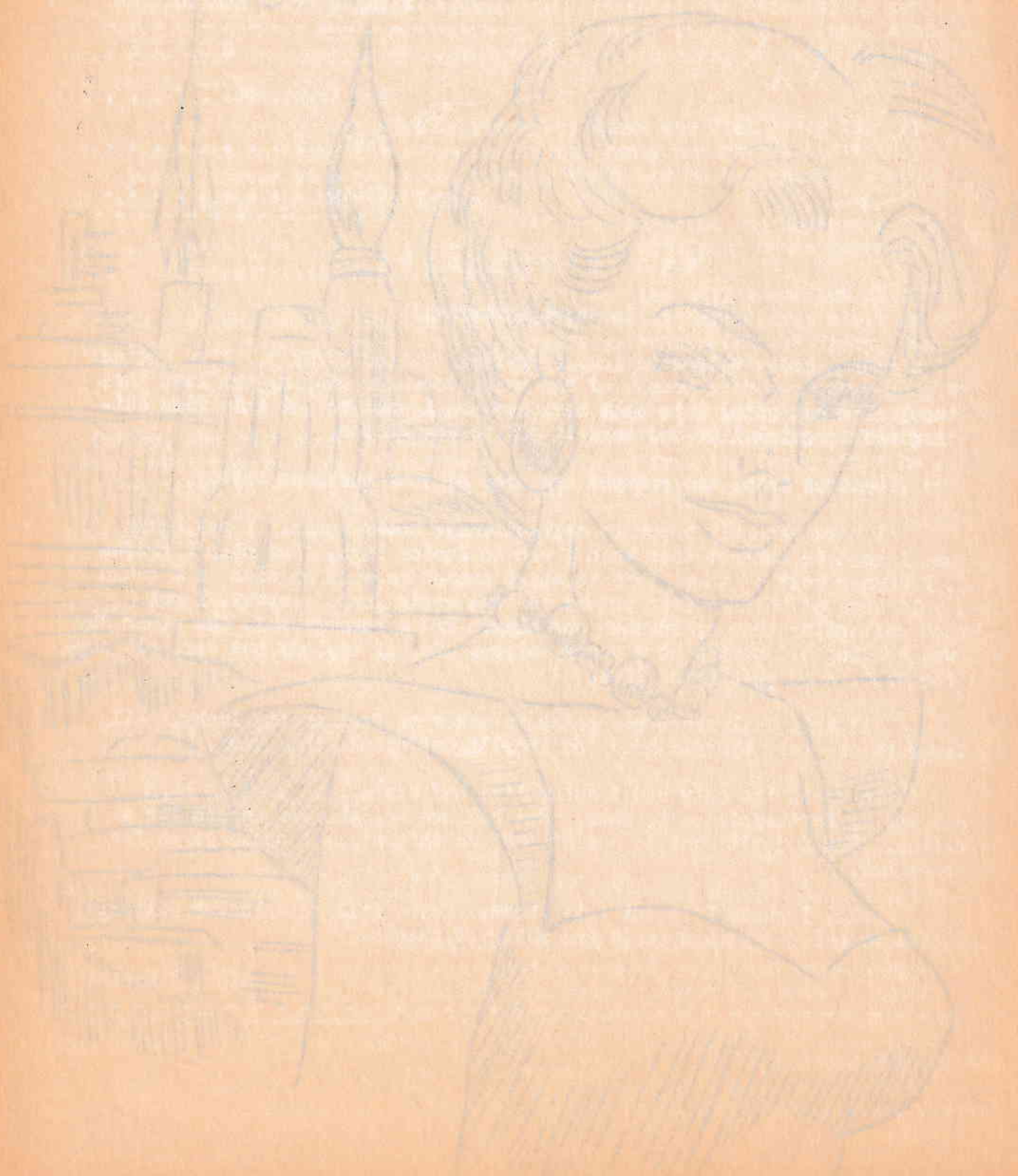


outré 3



ONLINE



This OUTRE is the last issue published for our 31st (December) mailing of the Southern Fanion Press Alliance. OUTRE is edited by and in large part written by Kent McDaniel, 620 Metropolis Street, Metropolis, Illinois, Stencilled by Joe Staton (No, Montgomery, I don't have the intelligence to stencil my own zine, either. Nor do I happen to have a typewriter anymore.); and published by Len Ballew. Cover printed by Arnie Katz. This is Triangle Press Publication #3.



CONTENTS

Red Kryptonite 3
 Fable
 Chaos

RED KRYPTONITE

(a short editorial)

Well, here it is--the long ~~for gotten~~ awaited OUTRE 3. I've gotten a few good reasons--and a couple of bad ones, too--for missing the last three mailings. I'm not going into them here because I want to get this fine editorial finished quick-like and send it off to Joe Staton.

Besides that, the reasons are none of your business anyway.

I have recently begun to collect comic books again. I say again because I used to collect them when I was in Junior High. But when I graduated, I burned most of them. (a fact which causes me much anguish as I could have sold some of them at fair prices to some comix fen). Anyway, I got started collecting them again when our church had a rummage sale the other day and was selling old comics at a penny apiece. So, if anybody has some old comics for sale, send me a price list.

All this talk about bad teachers makes me feel pretty lucky. All my teachers are very broad-minded and intelligent people this year.

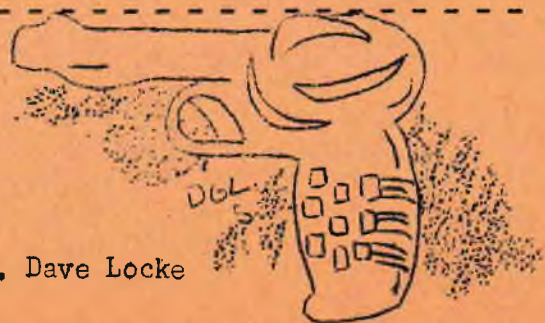
In fact, the only bad teacher I've had since I've been in high school was my Earth-science teacher. But believe me, she was enough for a life-time. But I don't want to get started on that pig. I could go on for pages on her.

Well, I guess I'll cut this short. Maybe I'll do a longer editorial next time when I get back more in the swing of things.

--Kent McDaniel

ART CREDITS

- Cover Joe Staton
 Page 5 Pat McClean
 Pages 3 and 4 . Bill Gibson Page 3 Bottom . . Dave Locke



THE SAGA of "DICK TRACY" by Joe Staton

Type-setter's note: Kent overestimated the length of the material he sent me to stencil for him, and sent a stencil too many. It should be used since it has this wild Gibson illo pre-cut onto it, so I'm going to write in something on it. --JtS/

Nearly every red-blooded American boy knows who Dick Tracy is. Tracy is that cop with the shovel jaw you see in the funny papers all the time. How many people ever stop to think, though, about how he has changed since he first showed up in the Chicago Tribune.

From some magazine and newspaper articles on the redoubtable sleuth and a big collection of old Tracy comic books, I am now in a position to enlighten the world.

It's not too well known but when Clifton Gould was approaching the syndicates with the idea of a strip based on the Prohibition gangsters, he wanted to call his hero "Plainclothes" Tracy. And the editor, however, persuaded him to call the character "Dick" because that's the slang for all detectives.

Tracy used to have a partner, a well-meaning oaf named Pat Patton, who just stood around and looked over Tracy's shoulder. But you remember what happened when Chief Brandon resigned from the force after he allowed Brilliant to get killed? Sure you do, Pat Patton got to be chief, and Tracy was left standing around with his lantern jaw stuck out taking orders from the friendly oaf of the depression days.

Tracy today laughs out loud once in a while, something he never did in the early days, and his hat-brim is a little narrower. He even takes it off in the house sometimes.

Junior Tracy, in the meantime has grown up and has married that silly Moon Maid. Tracy adopted him after Mary Steele walked out on Pete the Leamp and got killed. Then Tracy gave him a job as police artist. But now he's run off to the Moon. I sort of hope he stays there.

Tracy uses modern methods in his crime-fighting now, like wrist-radios (now even a wrist-television) and space coupes, and closed circuit television. In the old days he went after 'em barehanded or maybe with a small automatic pistol. Now he takes a 357 magnum with him all the time. That's sort of like hunting squirrels with an elephant gun.

The drawing style changes in the strip every so often, too. Back at first, the style was pretty much like in Orphan Annie today, but it gradually got slicker and more realistic until it hit a peak during the "Caddles" period of the fifties. After that it degenerated into more of a caricature of good drawing.

And that, gentle reader, is the Saga of Dick Tracy. . .



The girl did scream and hurl a stone at the dragon. And the dragon, his feelings sorely hurt, turned away and went deep into the forest to speak to the Warlock who dwells under the roots of the giant oak forever.

"Oh, Warlock of the forest, I desire a boon," quoth the dragon of the loneliness.

"Yea, verily, oh, beast of terror and flame, Quid cupis?"

"I must have a girl who despises me."

"I cannot make her love you, dragon. That is beyond my power."

"That I know, but you can make for me her exact twin. The twin of her of the raven hair I will be happy with."

"I know her of whom you speak. I shall make her duplicate for you....."

"I take the jet and spin her glossy hair...

"I polish emeralds and put bottomless pools in the to be her eyes....."

"I take a shiny ruby and sculpt her lips so perfect.."

"I spin a gossamer lily to form her skin..."

"I seize a mist and sculpt her image in flesh..."

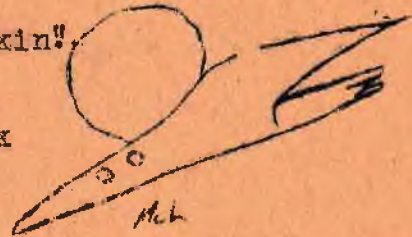
"She is done, oh beast of scales and wings."

"Thanks to you, great Warlock of the forest."

"A name for the beauty that stands here, creature?"

"Call her for the lily of her skin!"

The Warlock spoke the image incarnate and she did take but one look at the wretched dragon and she did run fearfully into the forest.



"Oh, Warlock, she is too much of a twin to her sister," spake the dragon and he, crying bitterly, devoured the Warlock.

II

"Once", spake the Knight, "I slew a dragon.

"Admittedly, it was not much in the way of a dragon, but I was not much in the way of a knight. In the times of which I speak, every knight did seek about the countryside searching for a dragon so that he might slay it.

FABLE
cont'd

Yea, truly, it was a bad year for dragons.

"Each of these knights", he did say, "was richly attired in gleaming steel armor and did ride a magnificent white stallion into battle. I, on the other hand, not being much in the way of a knight, was most poorly arrayed. My armor was of a very rusty old metal and, forsooth, my steed, poor creature, was in a worse state than my armor. And to speak truly, I must tell you my lance was bent most fearfully.

"However, among all the knights at the castle, there was not one who had not slain a minimum of one single dragon with the exception of myself. You see, good friend, at the time of which I speak slaying dragons was Socially Correct; it was the Thing To Do.

"I was a young knight, you must know, and as all young things will do, I succumbed to the idea that to be Someone Important you must have done the Thing To Do.

"At this time, I did believe this most sincerely and mounting my poor steed, I did set off in search of a dragon that I might slay.

"After but a long summer day's ride, I came to a dragon who did lie reclining in the sun, for truly, it was a warm day.

"Come up", I did shout at the beast; "come up and be thou slain."

"Some other time, mayhap, friend knight", he said.

"Mayhap now, hideous creature," I said.

"'Why, prithee?' he asked.

"I did think but a moment when I spake, 'It is the Thing To Do.'

"'Yea verily, it is the Thing To Do,' he did say."

"And I did pierce him sorely with my lance.

"'It is Socially Acceptable', he did gasp and laying aside his head, did die."

--Ahmed Ben Lester

by kent mcdankel

"CHAOS"

being mailing comments
on the thirteenth SFFA
mailing

ZAJE ZACULO 3 . . . Let me second your comments on Arnie, Len. Arnie is one of those people do things BIG. So when he panned SFFA, he just naturally panned it big. And his remarks were in great tast compared to some of the comments on NEMISIS.

I think that a big part of your trouble with your English teacher was the misconception most people have of PLAYBOY. Even the tru-fannish little me had a misconception of it until I started hooking through some copies of it at a buddie's house.

So I imagine when you started arguing pro-PLAYBOY, she saw it as arguing pro-pornographic literature. I make it a point not to argue about PLAYBOY with people who have never even seen an issue of it.

Just can't picture narrow-minded English teachers. They've always been my best teachers. As a matter of fact my English teacher this year is a sci-fi fan. And he's always trying to recruit new converts to the genre, as he says. Personally, think if he wants to recruit fans from his classes he ought to try Laumer and Schimtz, but if he wants to read Bradbury and Clarke, who am I to say . . .

CONGLOMERATION 1 . . . It sounds like the Mid-South Con was kinda fun. Ya'll don't know how close you came to disaster. I was very seriously thinking about coming down, but I couldn't get off from work.

MANNDATE.1 . . . Well, at least I'm not the only one in SFFA on a loophole now. Hulan let me in SFFA although the Northern quota was filled--using the excuse that Metropolis is for all practical purposes a suburb of Paducah, Kentucky.

What makes Badzic think all rock 'n' roll song-writers are balding middle-aged men? By far the most popular song-writers of today are John Lennon and Paul McCartney of the Beatles and Brian Wilson of Beach Boys. None of these three could be termed middle-aged or bald by any stretch of the imagination. Personally, I like rock 'n' roll because it makes me want to tap my toes and clap my hands.

Richie Benyo can review books very ably, and I hope "Of Ecstasy and Frustration" becomes a regular feature of MANNDATE.

DAMN YANK 2 . . . Oh, yeah, Arnie, Montgomery is a genius at unconcious double meanings. I remember he once told Staton that his art-work gave INVADER "a broader look".

Would you care to tell me how the present civil-rights bill is going to stop the slaying of Negroes or the bombing of Negro churches? Or even what it has to do with them? I may be dense, but I just can't see how a bill that says people can't serve who they want to; live with who they want; or choose who they are going to rent apartments to is going to stop these murders and bombings. It has been said a trillion times that you can't legislate love.

If you want to stop the violence, the only feasible thing is to scrap the entire Southern police system.

DAMN YANK 3 . . . Little to comment on here except to sympathize with you on your 2 weeks in the mountains. You should complain! Just think how you'd like to spend a whole summer that way. Actually, I kinda enjoy it. So I'm nuts.

INVADER 4 . . . I'd hate to put "noted" beside the name of the zine of the guy who is stencilling my zine for me. So I'll just rack my brains till I think of some kind of comment. Oh, yeah, I didn't like your cover.

I have a friend like the guy you met at art-school. You know. No one tells him what to do. He almost got beat up by a sailor who wanted him to wear his sailor hat correctly. And I honestly think he would have fought the sailor (who out-weighed him by forty pounds) if we hadn't asked him to wear the hat correctly as a personal favor to his buddies.

dol-drum 4 . . . You're dropping dol-drum and PHOENIX? Too bad. I really enjoyed them both muchly. Much more than I figure on enjoying YELLOWJACKET. I could be wrong, though. It's been known to happen.

I, too, am moving. I'm moving to a town called Hell, Iowa. However, I don't know where in Hell I'll be living. Apologies for that sorry joke, but when you said you didn't know where in Troy you'd be living, I just couldn't resist.

As usual, I can't think of a damned thing to say about dol-drum. Maybe that at least will change with your YELLOWJACKET. Of course it will; then I won't be able to think of anything to say about YELLOWJACKET.

WARLOCK 5 . . . I enjoyed the articles by Ambrose and Plott. Especially Ambrose's. As usual your fiction was pretty bad. Though they spark no comments, I enjoyed your editorial and Mailing Comments. Except for the poetry and most of the fiction, WARLOCK is a pretty fair zine.

Oh, by the way, why can't you comment on a zine composed of MC's? They usually contain more comment hooks than most genzines. Don't bother to answer that question--I'll answer it for you. You don't comment on straight apazines because you don't comment; you review.

UTGARD 2 . . . Well, did I join the ranks of solid members, remain on the fringes, or what, oh exalted one? Actually I wanted to make the mailings, and I did a lot of work toward it. I even got so far as to stencil some MC's a couple of times, but something always came up.

I'm looking forward to PELF and LOKI next mailing. Those are two zines I enjoy muchly.

SUCH AND SUCH 1 . . . So you finally decided to join old Seff Pa, Hank? After all my nagging failed to get you to join, I wonder what finally convinced you to join.

Someday I am really and truly going to come up and see you. And then, if we can get Gilster to join SFPA, we can all get together and throw a big ~~drink~~ oneshot session.

ENDLESS SHADOW 1 . . . What's wrong with nudes in fanzines? After all,

fanzines are supposed to mirror their editors interests. And, I ask you, just what red-blooded American boy isn't interested in nudes? As long as they're drawn well, they look just as good one place as another.

Nice looking cover, there. How did you print it, Larry?

PHOENIX 9 . . . A very interesting genzine, Dave. As I said, it's a pity you're discontinuing it along with doll-drum. How anyone could sport twelve pages of letters and then complain about a shortage of LoCs is beyond me. I guess I just haven't been in fandom long enough.

I agree; Montgomery and Buckner must live in pretty square towns if they can't "get in with some girls", get drunk, or robbed at home. Why even sleepy little Metropolis has tourist-attractions such as these.

ISCARIOT 13 . . . Al's "Confessions of an Ex*Con" was a very enjoyable ~~ent~~-report. Of course; it was a little un-conventional, and I suspect that it had a few . . . uh . . . fabrications in it, but one can't have everything. One can't. Buttagroup sure as hell can; i.e., the NAACP.

I have the first issue of the M of H and SS, but the fact that it was published by the same company that published HEALTH AND KNOWLEDGE, and that my copy was missing the last 30 pages combined to make leery of it. Besides, I have to go over to Paducah to get it since Metropolis newstands don't carry it. Why, I don't know.

One of the best ISCARIOTS yet. Cover the best yet.

CLIFFHANGERS 5 or 6 (If Norwood doesn't know, how should I?) . . . Nice cover. Gibson's usually are though.

EXCALIBUR 7 . . . John Boardman's "Shear Idiocy" was far, far above the average fan fiction. I'm almost certain he could have sold it to IF or ~~AMAZINE~~ had he tried. The ending should have been obvious, but somehow it was not. How could Clay Hamlin say that he doesn't write stories.

There seem to be some really weird art cles in the New York area papers. However, the wildest article I ever read was in an English newspaper that my sister brought home with her. It told of Scotland Yanrd's finding man at the bottom of a lake with his hands tied behind him, his feet in cement, and a knife in his back. The article ended with the line, "The police suspect foul play."

We had a Hymie, too. Only his name was Paul and his shop was called Julie's Sweet Shop (after his wife; their restaurant next door was called Paul's). They had the best candied apples in the world. And I used to always go to get the latest issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS and later I got the prozines there and read them over a coke. Now it's closed down and I have to buy my sci-fi in the cold antiseptic atmosphere of the drug store. Ehwell.

EXCALIBUR 8 . . . I didn't like your story much, Arnie. It wasn't as good as your first. Well. Like they say things have toworsen before they get better. I did like your editorial, though. In case you need consolation.

You're ~~wrong~~ about Goldwater, Lan, but it's two in the morning and the page is starting to swim before my eyes. So to Hell with politics.

Oh, and by the way, Arnie, didn't I suggest the name "Katz' Kradle" to

you? If you look back into any of my old letters, I'm certain you'll find I did. Credit where credit is due. That's what I always say. Especially when credit is due me.

THE PULP ERA 61 . . . Another fine issue, Lynn. As everyone says, the artwork alone makes this zine a winner. Even though I have never read any of the pulp zines, I get a kick out of your articles. Why I almost catch myself longing for the "good old days".

STRANGER THAN FACT 6 . . . I've misplaced my copy so I can't do detailed comments. I liked just about everything, though. From Coulson's article to the fiction to the cover. You outdid yourself, Jim.

BEL-MARLUCK 1 . . . STARLING is not a NAPA zine. True it's covers were lousy, but other than that, it wasn't so bad. It was far from a crudzine. At least STARLING is one thing you and Arnie agree on.

Oh, I just thought of something funny. When you call STARLING a crudzine, you weaken your own argument over the relative merits of NAPA and SPPA. You see, STARLING has newly become a SPPA zine.

THE SOUTHERNER 13 . . . 339 pages. Goshwow. That beats the last two SAPS mailings. That is amazing considering they have more than twice as members. Of course, we can't keep this up; let's face it. Katz and Bailes aren't going to circulate five zines a mailing forever. Neither are Locke, Harkness, and Montgomery going to be able to circulate two zines forever. However, I figure if we can keep the page count up around 200 we'll be in great shape.

I'll bet I can guess how Hulan would re-write the new OE ruling: A temporary address is sufficient to satisfy the regional requirement. In fact, I'm sure of it. At least, that's how he put it in the Constitution in THE SOUTHERNER 7.

"Have you read THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH by Philp K. Dick? A damned good novel. One particular scene is that wherein a machine commits a murder, then finding all avenues of escape cut off, turns into a television set!"

--Les Sample