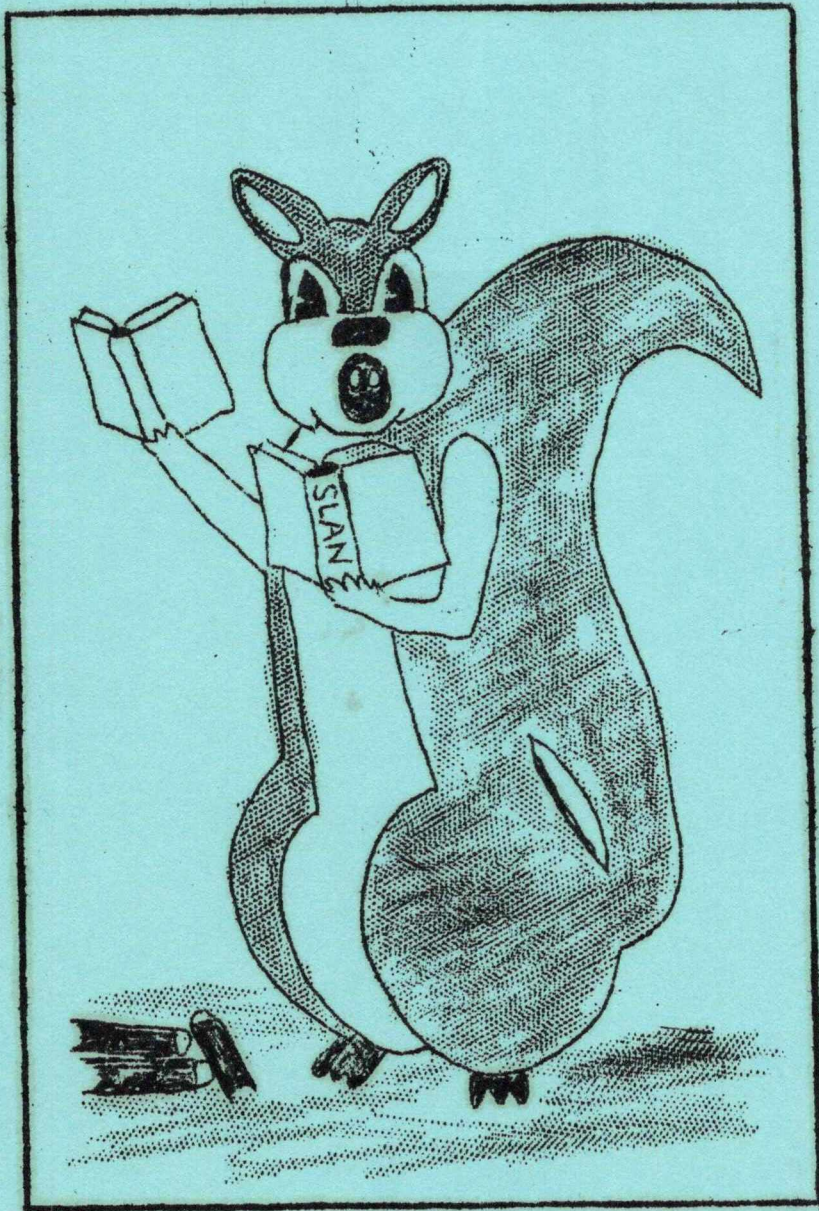


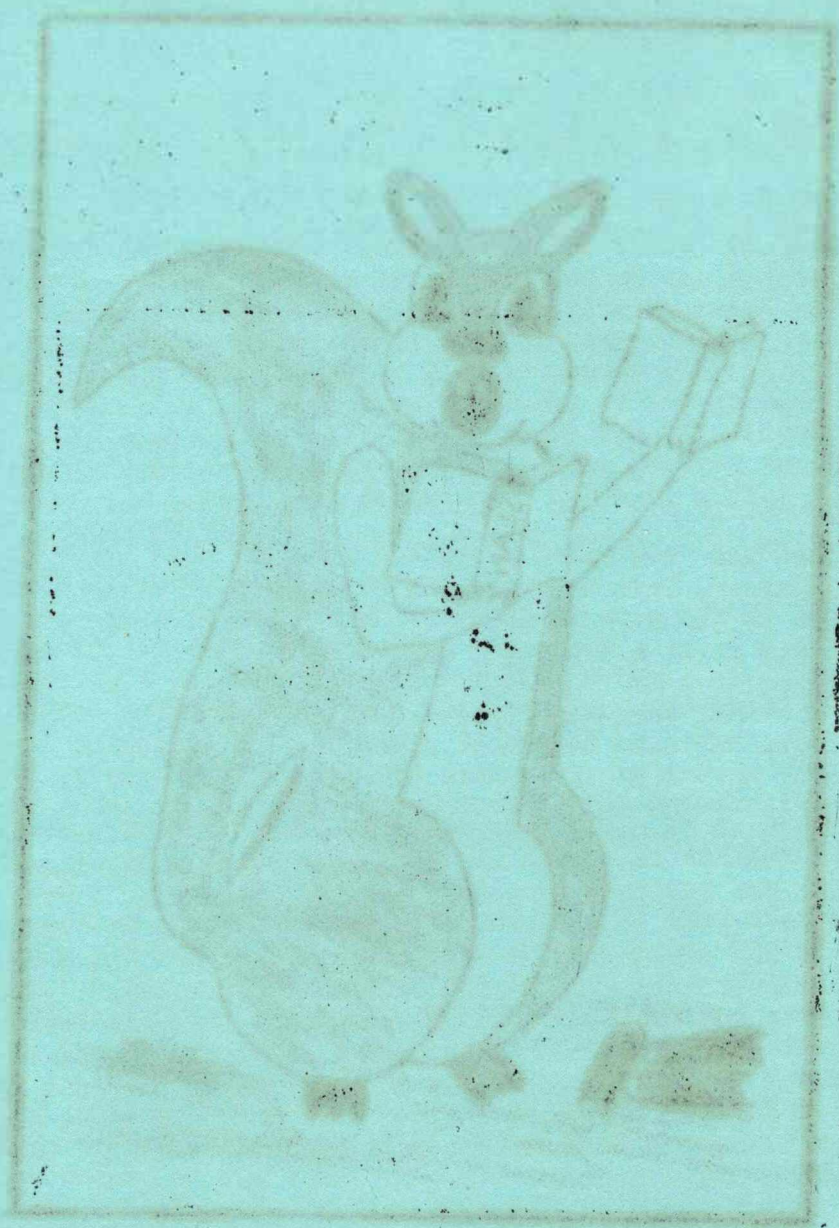
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Number 22

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Number 22

## OUTSIDERS

Outsiders #22 An imprompto extravaganza done with malice aforthought and rue by Wral Webster B (parting his name on the other side to cover the scars), No. 70 Gimmery Ace, Blanchard, North Dakota. This is the pot-luck, buyer beware, absolutely no cash refunds issue, made possible only by a conscientious avoidance of all knowledge and experience gained in doing 35 previous zines. Issued with a smile and a snarl and a whistle in the dark for the 34th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press society. The date little more than breath-holding time from December, 1955.

Wonder what this mailing will be. After the last no one seems to want to make any predictions, and though more than a few seemed to be making plans for large issues, those plans have seemed to fold fast as anything...faster than mine even. FAPA is getting up a real head of steam and being extremely worth while and insisting they had it all the time. SAPS? well I hope it just took a one mailing slump, but dawggone it all the few I write to write so seldom and are so languid about SAPS when they do write, they drain away my meager supply of enthusiasm and ambition. What happened to the days when SAPS kept each other interested in their letters and outside writing? Is it still here, or totally gone and if anyone has any spare enthusiasm to spread around, pass some this way. I still like SAPS to a ludicrous degree, but it sabotages me to get the feeling I'm working on a mailing all by myself. I'm not joking, I'd like to hear from a few of you SAPS members and find out how you are getting along on SAPSzines. I need some mental prodding and a little friendly competition as I write.

Got a letter and Tape from my brother recently that leads me to think that SAPS type fan anyway, have more stamina in their hobbies than "normal" people (using the word normal in its most in quote marks sense) Bill is back in guns and gun repair and making after a two years lay off during which he aquired hi fi and record collecting as a hobby. He'd just heard from an old friend who'd once been a gun bug to a rather unusual degree...owned a collection worth quite a few thousand at one time, belonged to pistol clubs etc. This fellow lost interest in guns and took up nude photography...rather he took up naked photography for his nudes were just unartistic (and frumpy usually) nudes. Now it seems he's taken up leather craft, which is natural for to be blunt the cowhide is nicer than the bare hides he took pictures of. Well no, not exactly, but with the models he had, I can't blame him for losing interest in taking pictures of nudes. But I slid from the point. I mean here is a fellow with three distinct hobbies in about six years. Bill is back in his old hobby but only after a distinct pause of a couple years. In town various hobbyists have hopped all around in hobbies, perhaps staying in the same general area but still switching interests. While in fandom, most in SAPS anyway have kept fandom and publishing for a great many years as their main hobby. Wonder, is fandom just too interesting to the die in the wool fan, or are they just slow about dropping to start another hobby? Could it be we got more stamina than the other hobbyists or what...or just less initiative. Don't ask me for answers, I'm asking you.

A SAPS election coming up, but from what I've heard we've been shedding candidates rapidly as the actual time comes near. 'sOK, I've got my eye on the person who I feel might make the best OE and he seems very interested in it yet (IE: he hasn't written saying he wasn't interested, or that he was thinking of dropping out of SAPS) so chances are he'll win. Only one thing, I hope he isn't the only person running for the job. It seemed very nice being able to vote for an OE last time and it would be nice to do it again. Seems so democratic that way, though a nice strong dictator would be just the thing for SAPS...a benevolent dictator I mean.

Incidentally the Phallic symbol is passe, now the Kteis is the thing.

## Department Of Backscratching

Somehow the sudden drop in the number of pages in this mailing came as a welcome relief. If the 500 page SAPS mailing followed by a 600 page FAPA mailing had been followed by another 4-500 page SAPS mailing, I'd have felt like finding a nice large trunk, crawling in it and shutting the lid until I'd been thrown out of one or both organizations. This almost feels like a vacation. What was in the mailing seemed very good, after the first shock wore off, but it was a relief not to be overwhelmed again. Think we'll make a considerable come back this mailing, but in the meantime we got chance to get our breath again. Find myself wondering about FAPA...will its mailing take a slump this time or what? Honest, I think I'd do more for each organization if the mailings were smaller. As it is I feel lost before I get started.

Spectator #33 Sorry to see some of those people drop, but at least they waited till after I published performance figures showing that inspite of the tough SAPS rules, the turn over was faster in FAPA. Is seventh fandom invading us in mass. Larry, when you going to stop living in Roads and Drives and move to a street or Avenue?

Karen, aside from the people who send a short supply of zines, do you ever get annoyed at the single sheeters because it is so easy to put more than one in one bundle? Every mailing I'd have to make a search through the bundles, looking for doublets & triplets.

Pistol Point Keep this up long enough and the Masked Marvel will be able to do complete Pistol Points by swiping from past issues of Pistol Point.

Grin Well one thing, you gave me a new saying. Now when I wish to differ with someone I exclaim, "Just one fragrant minute!" Pleased to meet you boys, and I hope you'll be around a long time.

Keelbird #5 Guess I'll start trying to change the world since I'm a fuzzy minded bookish slob who will only take care of uncommon drunks. And Rich, Fresh air doesn't help too much, it only tastes better.

Paradiddle Quarterly Old age has hit me Sam. When Coslet stopped by here he had the new MAD, and I read it and wasn't particularly impressed. But then I wasn't particularly impressed with the new Play Boy either. The old Mad was a better zine in everyway. Got the last POGO book and didn't even more than enjoy it. 99 plus 9/9 equals 100. Sorry if this is so short, but the mail man went right past our box without stopping. Bad enough he didn't leave us any mail, but he didn't pick up the letters I had in the box. Comes the revolution!

Specimen #60 Art, you better leave the prediction racket for now you've completely ruined your future in the dodge. You failed to take in account something you've stated yourself...the unpredicatableness of women. SAPS goes as the OE goes and the OE is, without doubt, a woman. As long as we are represented by a woman, don't expect to be able to logically predict anything about the size of SAPS mailings. You weren't too bad though, only 200 pages off.

Being that wrong is in itself an accomplishment. I must blush Art, for some time ago, with child like trust in your powress at predicting, I informed Lee Jacobs that a SAPS PILLER POLL was unnecessary, since you could use mathematics to show the results anyway, and so the bother and expense of the actual poll was not needed. I was shocked at Mr. Jacobs' mild statement disavowing your ability to do such, but it seems he was entirely correct. You sir, are a charlatan hoist on your own petard(No, that isn't dirty.)

Art, I remeber the Darkness trilogy very well and it was(and still is)partly responsible that while I've denuded my shelves of the ASF, GALAXY, UNKNOWN etc., I still have a complete set of Astonishing. That series was unusual and different then and still is. Odd so few people comment on it when speaking of STF. Reminds me somewhat of the introduction(or everture)to the first Vardis Fischer book about cafemen. Read that sometime if you can locate the book.

Hey hey you got it wrong, it was the South Dakota ghouls that stold our bones from North Dakota. Can't blame them, they did have to do something to get people to come to their state. In fact I'm very suspicious about the fact that Wild Bill Hickek was killed in their state in 1876. Since his grave and the monument on it is now a tourist stopping point, I suspect they had him killed as a promotional stunt. They even have a reinactment of it several times a year during the tourist season. You just see, if they ever get wise to the Fan conventions and how fans flock to them, Laney and Degler will be lured there, Degler would strangle Laney and they'd put up a monument and send road maps to the stf fans.

Rotsls has a breast fetish? Come now Art, who hasn't? Haven't heard that Lee Jacobs is starting a subzine, but Art, in addition to an electric powered AB Dick since he owns a Magnacord tape recorder, Garrard record changer and now is planning to get an MGA. All this and he has a breast fetish besides!

Net-poetry up to your best. Philosophy too.

Nanges, wonder if I've heard of the same house. Sounded vaguely familiar from the time I lived in Illinois. In fact a neighboring house in Ottsville(Last place I lived in my Illinois incarnation)was a national phenonema back in 1918 or 1919. I remeber the story only vaguely but I saw the newspaper clippings and photes so I know it is true. One of the family, forget his first name but the family name was Michael, served ever-seas. One morning when they got up they noticed the kitchen window glass contained a picture of a steamship..canaflouge and all. Was right in the glass. Lasted for five days during which time a steady stream of people examined and photographed it. Wasn't just a suggestion of a steamship either, but detailed and unless that was just rationalization a perfect reproduction of the ship that the soldier was coming home on. No one was at all able to explain how the picture was formed for it was in the glass, and then disappeared after five days/ Around here we had a number of "haunted houses" most of which were just old empty houses. We used to have a lot of fun going through them. One was later occupied by some people I knew, and inspite of them living there for two years, no one in the family would ever be in the house alone. Personally I didn't blame them. Nice article Nan.

Of Inner Significance

I took that defination of "EGOBOO" from the Rapp-written MANSPEAK, and it said:"EGOBOO: A boost of the Ego, usually derived from seeing ones name in print." There is something in your remarks on what constitutes ego-boo, but I wonder...if I devoted a whole cover using the name "Ger Steward"(I don't intend to)over and over again, wouldn't the fact that I thought it worth while be some boosts to your ego. The flattering part of flattery is that someone thought you worth flattering, remeber that. In fact all

the derogatory remarks you make about Fred are in some ways ego-boo for the fact you devote so much space to them shows you consider him a worthy opponent. If you don't, it is purely an attempt at bullying...see? So having said that, I must admit seeing your name in print is <sup>not</sup> always EGO Boo, but how often does one fan say something totally derogatory about another?

Err after your mailing comments you said "I imagine I have irritated enough people and stepped on enough toes," Hell man you shouldn't have given it away like that...if that is what you are trying to do, most SAPS are perverse enough to be amused rather than irritated, especially when you admit it. The best fannish curmudgeons come by it naturally and don't try to develop or ration the trait. Nice try though.

Quastle Too bad they don't have the old pulp zines selling as coverless remainders these days. Well they still do in one place, scattered issues of zines and as you know, those are the stfzines I read now. By the way Cos, I've recovered some since you were here and in my spare time reread some TWS and SS plus a few serials in the Glaxy I have and a few lesser mags. Find that while I don't like current stf very much, I do like things I've liked previously. Wonder if this has some deeper meaning. That can be your puzzle...I'm still not recovered to the point where I can figure out any one elses puzzles. By the way, some...no guess not, I meant to say some of the Argosy I have from 1938 are the same coverless issues I picked up back then. Which reminds me of a joke...Coslet still has the first prestfzine he ever bought!

Somehow I feel I should remember that story you mention, but can't... Mighty forgetful. Liked the Speer history, but would prefer you adding to the SAPS histories. Liked this issue Coslet...hope you continue to stay this active. I'm sorry I was so anti-one shots when you were here, but as I've explained, I still can't stand my n'co. Ugly beast is is(meaning in character)

Claudius #5 I agree with you Claude...George must be nuts to buy a car to race midgets. He ought to be able to beat a midget on foot and that is much cheaper than a car. Dunno, think it would be fun owning a midget racer though and if a fellow has the chance and the money and wants to, why not. I'd like to have one for getting the mail.

Excellent idea of what to do with beer. Pour into a hole in the ground. Tsk, you were cantankerous at times in your comments too. Is this a trend after years of sweetness and light in SAPS? Hope you have more comments next time Mr. Hall.

Vote for Devore(this does not constitute a political advertisement) The bit in parenthesis was added because I've seen through your trickery Mr. Devore and I must admit such unscrupulous tricks impress me favorably. I wonder how many will realize that every SAPS who comments thourally will give the Devore candidacy free advertising by starting out one comment, "Vote for Devore!" Sounds like this will be a hotly contested race and I wish there was some way to know who is running for the post and who is running for the exersize. Maybe we should require sincerity oaths. I think old Big Souled Howard is sincere.

OUTSIDERS #21 Somehow this cover has proven slightly controversial. I liked it very much, and think it cute. So topical and stuff you know.

-5-

Another nice misserable day, fit only for doing a stencil or two of mailing comments. Mailman stopped today for a change...put a note in the box telling me to relocate it. If he doesn't do better in the future I'm going to start taking my mail from someone else.

Sap Roler See Jack, no "s" added this time. Nice job of mimeoing, gets better all the time. This typer lists to port very badly and is getting worse all the time. Usually I pull it together after every paragraph and I'm sure it would be off several lines in the full length of the page. Lately I'm two carbons under the stencil, but luckily this is the last of those stencils that so horrified Nancy here. / That old joke went, Boy says to Girl, "I dreamed about you last night." "You did?" "No, you wouldn't let me."

That "Rushing a little to get the reviews stenciled before the FAPA package arrives", fits me too. This time for a change I want to get OUT done or nearly done before the FAPA mailing arrives. Deadline is still some time away, but we have an eager beaver type FAPA OE who has everything all figured out...how to get a mailing out with ease and dispatch and 3 other people doing all the work.

Bronc #8 Nice, nice, very nice. This might date me a bit Eva, but we used those old Kerosene lamps for some time after moving out here, and in other places as well. Dad seemed to hate being couped up in a city so usually we moved to a small village or country home. After moving out here in 1943 we got a Coleman lantern and lamp which seemed wonderful, even though I got tired of pumping the blasted thing. Got the hi-line through here in the winter of 1947 and it made a wonderful difference in our lives. Perhaps I'd be blind if we were still using the old lamps. Tsk, nice light subject to start out on your mag with. Cope, did you say something about sentence construction?

Heck gal women do have nearly all the advantage...in any relations with men at least, and also in many legal matters. The world is geared to give the male the most fun? Come now, do you really believe that. I don't but then of course I'm bitter and cynical. It maybe I didn't so much mean "women have such an advantage" as that they take advantage of the poor male. A male can't even take advantage of a female unless she thinks it is to her advantage. Like Al Toth said, "I deplore the war between the sexes, but the truces are nice."

That line "Machine-gunning horses" is an old fannish gag, or maybe a new fannish gag, but never-the-less, I wish you'd jump on Eney harder for using it. Just learned I'm being rebutted by the wife of a FAPA member (Me too, Harness) because of some remarks I'd made about bulls. Honest what I said wasn't half as bad as the Eney desire to machine gun horses. He's a bad fellow, so don't let him get away with it.

Foocy, this just isn't my day to write mailing comments Eva. Liked your zine very much, was like your letters, only a bit shorter (OK snort your way out of that one) and more frequent (Keep snorting) When reading BRONC I kept seeing things I most definitely felt I must touch, and now when rereading don't run across them. Odd, soon as I got up this morning I knew I couldn't do comments today and by thinking that hard all morning I totally convinced myself.

Let's see, how many lines to the bottom...that few? Sorry for this would have been a nice place in which to stick a paragraph of Nanges trying to write like Al Toth. Trying I meant. Tsk Eva I guess you just overwhelmed me this time. Liked the cover, although if that landscape is supposed to be Wyoming, it isn't rugged enough.

SHORT PAUSE FOR EDITOR ORIENTATION

Well I finally hurdled that psychic block. After finishing the last stencil, I decided it wasn't worth mimeoing and figured the next stencil I started would start in the same place as I'd started before. So then we got busy and when we weren't busy I still couldn't do anything, for I just could get myself to destroy a stencil and start over. No not because I'm so stingy with stencils (I don't think that was the reason) but I hate to go over already covered ground. So after several days or a week or more I reread that page, and while it doesn't do justice to Eva or Jack, well kiddies you are stuck with it. Ball and rolls forth, relentlessly. Lee, you are next.

Later that is. This is now a Sears Tower Stencil, using two carbon sheets, and it too lists to port. You know, maybe my typing table isn't setting level. Still a month before the SAPS mailing and I still might get most of this done before the fapa mailing arrives, that is if I don't keep getting interruptions. Or more likely, if I don't keep finding interruptions.

Yesterday was a good lazy day when I could have spent hours writing (and maybe gotten two pages done) Instead I read a little science fiction (Honest Coalet, I did read some Science fiction) and then in the afternoon laid down and listened to a complete tape of the Gilbert and Sullivan, THE SORCERER. After that, still in a G&S mood I listened to the overtures to the MEKADO and RUDDIGORE. RUDDIGORE is my favorite opus. Then just before chore time I was watching OMIBUS and they mentioned the Doyle Carte' Light Opera Company would perform a short version of PIRATES OF PENZANSE later on the program, so I brought down the taper and caught that...nicely too. That evening I listened to it again for the simple reason that my tapes are better than the original sound on TV and found I got a nice 40 minute version. Checked with the libretto I find it gets a surprising amount of the opera in 40 minutes.

So a Sunday is wasted. This morning chores took longer than usual, and Dad picked up the mail, which contained a FATE tape. Need I say more? You mean I got to since you don't know what a FATE tape is? Well FATE stands for Fantasy Amateur Tape Exchange and consists of a round Robin type tape going from (in order) Bill Danner to Dean Grennell, Ballard, Lee Jacobs, Bill Rotsler and Lee Hoffman. I listened to this once, went out and did some minor chores, came in and listened to it again, went out had a verbal battle with a fellow who was sore because he did a poor job of building our driveway when they built the road, won the argument and then helped him (being the gracious type) fix it up.

Which gets me away from that tape. This FATE is one of the more enjoyable aspects in fandom, and it seems the Tape type fans anyway, get along about as well on tape as they do in their fanzines, although at times they seem to be different on TAPE. I was shocked for example to find Lee Hoffman does not have a southern accent. But I'll perhaps say more about FATE after I've answered it. Sure pleased I was included in it. Heady company.

Be a good place for that quote paragraph from Nangee's letter:

"So most of fandom has problems eh? Shurrre they do. What bit of humanity doesn't have? Yep, fandom is an escape but most anything anybody does outside their regular life is an escape. Tak. People all the time trying to escape! Must be something wrong with the set-up but just what I wouldn't know. No doubt the trouble is in the people themselves. Seems to me they, everybody, just escape from one escape into another escape and it's one vicious circle. Should oughta be something constructive done about it. What? Phoo. Your guess is as good as mine. No I don't think your defination of a fan is a good one for "a person with problems would apply to everyone in existance with perhaps the exception of God,



and if you ask me which you didn't, God has the worse problems of all, - people!"

Guess she told me alright alright. So now, bloody and bowed I return to the mailing comments.

TTT #5 This cover was a great surprise. I knew there'd be two bodies, but I did expect more heads. I heard that tape you remember. As for recovering, considering everything you might say I am on the verge of a fast recovery. My last issue was, though, the smallest in nearly 4 years. I think trying to translate from the Canadian sprained something...and then in the next long tape you sent, Ed Cox sang. No wonder I was trying to sell my Weird Tales after those tapes. Their brand of horror seems ludicrous now.

By the way Lee, why didn't I get a tape from you today?

This Mechette should make a fine SAPS member. He's not only brave, but foolhardy. Imagine someone using Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs as his sponsors. How come? Didn't he have the fare back to Windsor and was taking this as a method of getting himself deported? And why didn't it work?... Where's McCarran, the FBI. In fact where's Nancy Share? Been a month since I heard from her.

TTT Trailer #5 I wish to take exception to your statement: "Somewhere, in one of the last two or three SAPSmailings, somebody said, disillusioned-like, in their SAPSzing, that for one-shots, our efforts had an un-one-shotish overtones of coherency and theme."

Actually what I said in OUTSIDERS #20 was: "TTT #3 It is rather a blow to the rest of us that your one-shots always turn out to be interegrated things with a them. It was really fine literature."

Actually though that big word, "interegrated" may have confused you, instead of a disillusioned statement, what I made was a statement of admiration and made it expressing the humbleness of these of us who cannot do an interegrated one-shot with a theme. Borrowed any good stf lately?

Tales Fur Fred I fear you have no stability...first you put the sides of the envelope a half inch further apart in one mailing and then do only one side of a single sheet of paper the next time. Now I got to see what you do this time. It's men like you that are making a bum prophet out of Art Rapp. Rather, have made.

Old Age Was all set to read this until I noticed Weber had submitted it. So then I said, "Just one dang minute Ballard. If you read this you just encourage Weber to keep sending in things like this instead of writing his pages of non-fiction. Weber does great mags when he write for SAPS, so try to discourage him on one hand and encourage him on the other hand." Well in the upshot I was so busy keeping track of what my hands were doing, I didn't get time to read the story.

Hermosa Hoot People are always doing things for the Nonce, but who ever heard of the nonce doing anything in return? It is neither hither nor thither or all that there sort of stuff. (OK Lee, I've started watching that, now I'll work on "Y'know.") I still like nonces though.

Man, I'm giving a striking show of optimism, starting a stencil this time of night. Think it must be those new vitamin tablets. After finishing the last stencil I decided to do a tape to the Bill (Ballard in this case). Did so, wrapped it, and then decided I felt like doing nothing more (well hardly nothing more) than cut another stencil...whoops first I better see if I remembered to turn off the taper...I hadn't. Incidentally in that FATE tape, Mr. Grennell, when commenting on my portion, remarked that he had asked Mr. Rotsler if we couldn't use the coined word "voco" to mean a vocal equivalent of a TYPO. I have a faint but guilty feeling there was some connection with his remembering that idea while dwelling on my contributions, but it still is a good word and one I heartily indorse.

Maine-Iac #12 Funny how you can get away with such simple but effective covers. Don't know if I'd like southern Calif. Ed. Here you write about the sizzling weather. Rostler (that's Rotslar, you know) (Kteic type joke, explain it someone else) had taken his shirt off because of the heat on this tape...and here we had zero weather. Don't snicker Goslet, I know what kind of weather you had, but ours was quite sufficient.

No one will ever again think of Stu as a member or former member of the Detroit Science Fiction fandom. He's too untypical, and I don't believe it. Thought that was the first rule of the DSFL, nothing serious. DSFL stood for Derision Sounds Far Lovelier. In Dechette, you aren't playing the game.

Yeah Ed, what is with these high school kids nowadays. pink and lavender pants and long hair. Keerios way back when I was going to school we wore dungerees and maybe a loud corderoy pants...and not loud in color, but just noisy when you walked. I can remember several girls getting sent home because they wore slacks to school and then in revolt, the next day nearly every girl in high school (in the two upper classes, wore their hair in pig tails and a pinafore. Then of course after I got out of school, during the war times the girls went hog wild and sloppy, but the boys still stuck to masculine colors, at least. Here at least things have changed, except for some viciousness, most high school kids don't seem to have enough ambition to be juvenile delinquents.

Heard from several people you contemplated dropping from SAPS...hope not Ed.

Ibib Remus was telling me about Tom Lehar. Sounds interesting enough, but is this great musci? Lyrics are sort of. Anyone remember Abe Burrows?

Normandie Newsletter Shucks Lee, I still think the system I used in the poll was about the best, and one that gave a very good picture. As I told you I tried correcting it (for my own information) later and even if I had allowed extra points for a first place, less for second, etc. the end results would have been the same, with one exception. It is easier to vote for three or five whom you consider best, than it is to pick a first second and third place. The best members will be mentioned most often anyway, and I still think, for example, a fellow who is picked as 5th best by 5 people is a better choice than one who, votes himself first, and gets a first place vote from a friend. Remember once when some member was so honorable she could not tell a lie and so voted herself first in nearly every category? and thereby took first place in the poll?

Brenschluss Nice cover Bob, but you should have copyrited your "Pillars of SAPS" idea.

## Slight Pause While The Editor Reminisces

When mentioning my school days in the Mainiacal comments, I went into a brief reverie, thinking of the days I spent in school. Most my schooling was in the Hillsboro, ND special school, which had about 150 to 200 students in the eight grades and up to about 160 in High School. But the days I best remember were the 3rd and 4th grades in Ottsville, Illinois.

Ottsville was a little village of about 8 or 9 houses, and the school was a little one room affair with never more than 20 students. Had one teacher, a young married woman, rather good looking as I remember, and can prove by pictures. A very good teacher I suspect, except on Mondays when she had a hang-over. Most of the time I liked her very much, but on Mondays I used to put nails against her car's tires in hopes she'd get a flat tire. Sometimes I think I must have been an embryo juvenile delinquent myself for I also remember nailing the school house door shut, over some unjust thing she did. Was a philosopher even at that early age... if I had it coming OK, but if not it was possible I might rebel in some way.

The school itself was very old fashioned, well since it was out of date even in 1933 and 1934 it would have to be old fashioned, but we had kerosene lamps with shiny reflectors for lighting. Water was gotten at a pump, and I suspect we used to pump a pail of water every morning and drink from a common dipper, though I don't remember that. Heating was from a big old stove at one corner of the room, and I remember fainting one winter afternoon because I had to work my arithmetic on the board behind it..was a rather vague character in many ways and it never occurred to me to complain or ask to change. We did much of our writing on the black-board...that was depression days and getting paper and pencils might have constituted a high finance type outlay.

Yah there were two coal sheds outside, rather one coal shed and another shed filled with corn cobs, which were standard kindling in that place. The boys used to take turns bringing in coal and cobs, and usually we carried a sling shot, because every time you opened the cob shed you got a shot at a rat or two.

The plumbing, just like the old well was primitive. A his and a hers, both about 50 feet from the school house, but on opposite sides. The older boys would write dirty sayings in the "hers" and the elder girls would write dirty saying in the "his" It was quite educational.

The kids were a good bunch as a rule...occasionally a bit of bullying, but not bad and the spirit was mostly friendly. There was so much a disparity in the sizes when I was there that there could be no fighting, just bullying, and that was, as I said, rare. Funny, when I was thinking of the old school I felt so nostalgic I could, in the words of Lloyd Lpaugh, retch, but now it seems I can remember few of the details. Guess I just happened to be the right age in a place that struck me as being near perfect for a kid...hills, woods, gravel bottom streams.

Yah nearly forgot the satorial notes. We used overalls most the time, and in fact all the time...no not dungerees, but bib overalls. In late spring and early fall we went to school barefooted, and I suspect I'm the sole remnant of that vanished breed(barefoot school boys)in SAPS. Damned if I can remember what the girls wore, but I can remember some very bushy hair-does.

Scholastically I think the school did alright. Since I was the only person in my class, I did almost all my subjects with the class or two ahead...all except spelling and arithmetic. As a result I was due to skip a grade when we moved, but I've always been glad the North Dakota school wouldn't allow it. Enough remembering.

The Zed #781 I cheated on the cover after reading the first two lines. I went to the bottom and read it there. Hope I didn't miss anything. Nice not poetry and an excellent filk song, the Cos Wall especially. Hope we'll get more from you next time Karen. I'm inclined to feel SAPS goes as the OE goes, and when the OE isn't more active SAPS suffers some. You did seem a bit ho-humish this time you know.

STF Trends #21 By Ghod Hickman, this is just too much. Here I let you use my picture on the cover of your SAPSzine and you don't even tell who it is. Last favor you'll get from me until you've made up for it. And don't say you've never gotten any favors from me, I'm too peeved to accept any reasonable arguments. You think it was easy to hold 800 lbs. over my head and then not get credit for it? Liked the rest of the zine though, anyway.

Just got the mail a short time ago, and in it, along from an issue of Stupifying Stories #7 from Enzy, was my long awaited 3 3/4 ips conversion kit. So naturally I played around with it again...tried it out and then found how I sounded as a soprano and then a basso profundo. No I better explain, the 3 3/4 conversion kit was for my tape recorder and not a do-it-yourself kit from Denmark. Finally I got out the record player, and people, you've never lived until you've heard a 45 rpm version of The Happy Wanderer played at 156rpm. OK, so now I get the conversion kit...and yesterday I sent out two tapes at 7 1/2 ips because I didn't want to hold them until I get that kit. Had held them long enough the way it was. So now I can record at 3 3/4 and 7 1/2 ips. And know something, I've a hunch I can rig up to play at 15 ips...no, don't think I'll try, since 7 1/2 gets everything my machine will put on tape. Wish they'd sent it COD or else sent a bill so I knew how much I'm going to be stabbed. Nice having credit though, especially when you didn't ask for it.

SAPSTYPE Still saying the same old thing Ray...wish we'd see more of your own writing. To be very very honest, often I don't read anything in your zines except the material you do yourself...or, that of any other SAPS members. Man though, some of this stuff in your zine has genuine historic interest. I had something in that zine Harry Strunk put out...but who else has heard from Harry in the last 5 years? Then you have Kroll and Grossman art which is at least 6 years old and that Ray Nelson cartoon...think that is at least 6 years old. Ray, just how thick is your backlog of material. I remember you cleaning me out when I was running the NFFF Miss Bureau in 1949, did you take over the Fantasy Artists Miss Bureau too? No I mean it, I'm just interested in knowing.

Darn nice mailing comments Ray. Find myself unable to list the number of fan organizations I belong to for the reason I'm not sure if some could be called genuine fan organizations. SAPS, FAPA and the ISFCC, of course, and maybe a couple other limited affairs. Don't see how you can stay in 8 mundane plus a couple SF ajay organizations. I'm having a hell of a time staying on top of my requirements in two. No not on top of the ajay requirements, they are easy enough to fill, but on top of my own personal requirements.

I've slept on it, sort of Ray, and while I think a saps get together and bull session would be fine at a convention, I don't quite see having a display table, or any special advertising of SAPS...unless we can in that way raise some dough for the treasury. In that case I do suggest the members be asked (ordered even if the OE can get away with it) to send 10 or 15 issues of his pre-con mag to someone who will peddle them there..and then send half the dough gained to the OE and

party

spend the other half on a riotorous/for the SAPS present at the convention. Ha, better make that more than 15 copies. In fact that is my platform...sell mailings at the convention to help finance the SAPS treasury and also pay for a SAPS party. Even though I'm not going, I'll support that move.

Attention! ATTENTION!! I SAID ATTENTION!!!

This is a political announcement of some import. I hereby state I am running for the presidency of SAPS on a write-in ballot. There has never been a President of SAPS, but there is nothing against it, especially since we do have vice-presidents who have considerable power.

Therefore I feel it within my rights to be a presidential candidate and ask that my name be written into the ballot for that office. And if half of the people voting give me their support, I feel I will be justified in considering myself President of SAPS...a job which I richly deserve because I thought up this idea in the first place.

One thing about my running, well it might help get out the vote. If you want to vote against me, well the only way to do it is vote for the OE but don't write in a vote for me as President. If you don't vote and I'm made president, you'll only get what you deserve.

Me as a President

If elected I promise to have a zine in every mailing. Do regular mailing comments, and also do my best to straighten out and inform mislead fapa and bi-span members who do not understand SAPS. I will not use my power to any bad end. In fact I won't even have any power, and will merely support the OE or vice-presidents, or at least the side that appears to be winning.

SAPS does not have enough officers and needs one more.

ME

Remember, a vote for Ballard will be foolish, but fun.

-o- -o- -o-

By the way, I don't know if you've noticed, but this issue of OUTSIDERS is a trifle more informal than usual. Not sure I'll follow this format from now on, and to be very truthful I hadn't intended to change from the old standard format. OUT always was a semi-formal zine. But this issue is just being done as the mood strikes me, and if I get the mood to explore an occasional blind alley, I just take off in that direction. Working myself out of a slump, and this seems the best way I can do it. Can't force my mind, just get to bend it a little. Is nicely warped now, and I should start on SAPSzines again, though I'm not sure what they'll be, except called OUTSIDERS. But it is very possible any resemblance between them and the old OUTSIDERS will be fragmentary. I preferred the old OUT, I admit that, but a man does what he can and piously hopes for better

-o- -o- -o-

Just what, may I ask is your opinion of bulls?

By God it was a beautifuls days work you Toronto fans did. Bad enough that Les dropped out of FAPA, but he also gave up his tape recorder and will, I suppose drop out of SAPS too. Here you've undermined one of the pillars of SAPS, of FAPA and of FATE in one foul swoop, just by talking up the virtues of a sports car. Almost loused up my enjoyment of the last FAPA mailing completely, for I read his page on the OO first. Dawggone it all, I rue the day you sent a tape to Lee. Now I can only hope he will stay in SAPS...and get a new taper soon. Or at least borrow one so I can make ferocious noises at him.

Foo, must be excited, forgot to put a pliofilm over the stencil and am chopping it to shreds.

Sansrache #4 Some enjoyable comments as always, Bob and as usual I have trouble commenting on the mag. This time it is more because you caught me at the end of my comments, and after getting news that Lee is dropping out of much of fandom, and several others are dropping out of SAPA. I'm not exactly feeling low, but I'm feeling kind of like I'd feel if I was feeling low. OK, say I'm feeling low with a reason. Besides this is Thanksgiving and I just finished eating and lets face it boy, a full stomach crowds my brains.

Bob, I did only one hecto'd issue that was illustrated, though most my early issues did have several hecto'd illos. Most the early mimco'd issues I mean. Some day, if I can force myself to let go such treasures, I might lend you some of my file copies, that is if you think them worth the postage it would cost to send them back. Think I still have my hecto and some unused hecto films around, but who would do a hecto'd cover? Not me.

Liked your comments on hoaxes. Have been some excellent ones. A few sad ones (mostly when Tucker died) and a great many that just don't strike deep enough to make them worth while to general fandom. Good perhaps in a limited circle, but meaningless to most. Aside from the Hoffman hoax, one I liked was the, hmm, what was it called, the Convention by Invitation deal Shapiro, Elsberry and Boggs thought up. Of course too many people know about it for it to be a true hoax, but several were caught. I remember cooperating to the point of not writing any letters, rather not sending or dating any letters on the days it was supposed to take place. Must be getting very old lately, am nostalgic all over the place.

Can't tell you who the Masked Marvel is Bob, but I can tell you it nearly was NanJhare, only she turned out to be a too wide-awake & wary person. You know it is shocking how distrustful she is. Let us know how any silk-screen experiments turn out...let us know with full descriptions.

Collector Funny thing about chess. For a while a person can be nuts about it, play for hours any time he gets a chance, and then all of a sudden lose all interest in it. Same thing with cribbage. Used to like to play cribbage, played it by the hour and then last times I played, well it was just a game and one with not too much to it. Suspect nowadays I'd not even enjoy playing Monopoly. You must be the Monopoly age Devore... Jacobs and I were talking about the game a few tapes back, and it seems the 1935-1941 period of teen agers did all play monopoly. As I remember it, I was a lousy businessman surrounded by slickers, perhaps why I got in to farming.

Don't know if it was the liquor laws being lax, but the way I figure it, back then it was so hard to get money for drinking they just figured anyone who could wangle a buck for a pint had enough adult initiative to handle his liquor. Until I was 20 they never asked my age and only then...though they asked several times after I was 21.

Days later Howie, but I hope you didn't get tired of waiting. Got a card from your boo-in' companion yesterday, and Alger said, "Sold an article to American Rifleman. Only \$50. but guess it makes me a dirty old pro!" Wish I could also become a member of the great unwashed. \$50 is 20 extended play tapes. Dream on little people.

Sorry Howie, but I'm not in the market for Blue Books, especially since one Walter A Coslet stopped here over night and vanished the next morning along with all but 20 odd issues of my Blue Book collection. But don't jump to conclusions, I had helped load them into his car. By the time we were through, the fenders nearly scraped the ground. You think I'm kidding? Cos tell him if I'm kidding.

Agthing #4 Aggie, I'll be damned if I can do justice to this mag. Someday I'll have to have my picture taken while reading your zines and send it to you and let you judge for yourself whether I'm enjoying it, or whether I've got a harmonica stuck crossways in my mouth. As a hint maybe I should tell you I don't play a harmonica. As for Alligators, if Toth can take an alligator named Albert, why do you have anything against one named Agnes? It wasn't even an alligator. Just a turtle named Agnes.

Jesse do I hate stencils and cutting them and mimeographs and empty mailboxes. Oops, didn't have an empty mail box today, got a bill for the Conversion unit for my tape recorder. Came to less than I'd expected, but I'm not negative enough to call that "good mail". Pardon Aggie, this has been a stream of conscious type fanzine. Don't think it will happen again, but this issue it grows like Topsy. However that is.

"Met yourself coming down." "Some fanatic will try to do you, as the expression goes, in." "It must be dirty, it doesn't make sence and everytime I don't understand a song it turns out to be dirty." My God, a female Al Toth. Hurray for our side!

Think I'll close now on this. Liked it as you may guess, but I suspect even to you it would get monotonous to read one paragraph after another that says little besides I liked Agthing. Besides I got to go train for a 50 yard grovel. Might come in handy some time.

Nandu #11 Liked this Nan, even with such a shortage of your writing. Wonder just a bit about those quotes. Do you just remeber them, or do you read them and feel they fit some person or situation or what. They are so apt in many place, that is apt according to my translation, which of course may not be the one you had intended. Another thing...those underlined parts. Were they originally in italics or emphasised in some way, or is the underlining your way of stressing the special point you intended for that special circumstance?

Liked the art work too...fitted very well and you might even say was symbolic. What though, does that girraffe represent? If someone is being insulted I want to know who it is.

Ha seem to have run down on this too. Thought it excellent gal and did enjoy it and suspect not being able to write more is more a fault of present mood than it being a case of nothing more to write about. Was reading Nandu before doing chores, preparatory to writing the comments and did think of much I wanted to say, but it didn't survive the struggle with a blizzard. Sorry. Nice day, dropped 23 degrees(from 33° to 10°)in three hours this afternoon. Still going down Maybe I'll get this issue done in time yet, though December approaches over the edge.

My dear Mr. ... I have your letter of the 10th and am glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not much news to write at present. I am still in the same place and doing the same work. I have not much news to write at present. I am still in the same place and doing the same work.

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