

HKLPLOD 3

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HKLPLD # 3

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HKLPLD(the fanzine that is subtitled Gnome so that you may speak freely of it) is published irregularly but constantly by Michael J. McInerney, 81 Ivy Drive Meriden, Conn. Price is twenty-five cents a copy, or four for a dollar. No long-or subs will be accepted at the present time. Copies may also be obtained by trading zines, writing letters of comment, or sending contributions(artwork, articles, fiction, or useable mimeograph equipment((stylies, lettering guides, shading plates, correction fluid, etc.))), old fanzines and prozines will also be considered but write stating what you have before you send it. I think this is mjm publication number 17 $\frac{1}{4}$, but who knows anymore?

Multitudinous thanks go to Pat & Dick Lupoff for the new lettering guides. Thanks. Thanks also, Frank Dietz, Tim Guilford, Ted Johnstone, and everyone else who wrote. I'll thank you in person when we meet at the Chicon. You will be there, won't you?

Next 1st: Dec or Jan

THE BLACK

COMMANDO

SECRET

ODE

By Ron Haydock

We were certain to find the Message in the theatre listings of each Friday's newspaper:

MASTER CODE S-A

DWUC XL TWF KBSQUCI GLRUSB SYOUWC SYOUWC SO OZL KUDWN OZUG
PLLELCA PZLC OZL GLS GFM GORUELG LFUGWAL TWRN WT OZL GLYRLO YWAL*
- OZL KBSYE YWXXSNAW

The average newspaper reader of 1942 might have been somewhat taken back and confused by this cryptic announcement, or, since the United States was at that time actively engaged in the Second World War, he might have become unduly alarmed at the very sight of the message, worried that the Enemy was using American newspapers to further its diabolical campaign.

But we knew what the score was.

The only alarm or worry we felt was whether or not we could still find our Decoder in that desk drawer crammed to overflowing with radio premiums sent us by Captain Midnight, Tom Mix, and Superman.

Somehow, through inexplicable means, the crimson and black cardboard Decoder always managed to turn up, and back we went to the newspaper.

Setting the twin coding wheels to MASTER CODE S-A, we had no difficulty in reading the latest super-secret message:

JOIN ME FOR BLAZING SERIAL ACTION AT THE BIJOU THIS WEEKEND
WHEN "THE SEA SPY STRIKES", EPISODE FOUR OF "THE SECRET CODE" ** THE
BLACK COMMANDO

The newspaper messages, prepared by Columbia Pictures, and planted every Friday for fourteen weeks, were one of the most effective publicity grabbers ever. Readers prompted by more than just an idle curiosity were quick to call or write the respective papers, inquiring as to "what in the world is going on?" They were immediately referred to the theatre in town playing the Columbia serial, THE SECRET CODE, and a gracious and box-office minded manager was delighted with telling them all about "what in the world is going on."

And what was going on at his theatre each weekend was the spy-smashing adventures of a costumed Secret Service Agent known as "The Black Commando".

The special "8½ x 11" Decoders, in themselves unique publicity attractions, were handed to us at the showings of the first two chapters, with the news that we could use them by checking our paper each Friday for a coded message from The Black Commando himself.

The cryptic messages, over the fourteen week span, alternated

between simply mentioning the next chapter's title, to actually hinting at how the Commando pulled himself out of the previous episode's hazard.

THE SECRET CODE, starring Paul Kelly in the dual role Dan Barton and The Black Commando, who wages a grim and relentless war against a desperate ring of enemy plotters, offered something more than merely entertaining and albeit exciting serial fare.

At the conclusion of each chapter, a special five minute short subject, "How to Code and Decode Secret Writings", was shown. The fifteen shorts were written, produced and directed by Henry Lysing, an internationally known code expert.

Lysing, it will be of interest to many, was the pseudonym of John L Nanovic, editor of such famous pulp magazines as "Doc Savage", "Clue Detective Stories", and "The Shadow".

In addition to preparing the fascinating and informative short subjects, Lysing (or Nanovic) acted as technical advisor for the serial, supervising the "secret code" which the enemy was using in their plotting to gain important U.S. industrial secrets.

The Black Commando was put through his spy smashing paces by veteran serial director Spencer G Bennet, who in later years taught Superman to fly, instructed Batman and Robin how to find their way back to the Bat Cave, and advised Captain Video in the super use of his Vapo-projector whenever manaced by Concussion Comets hurled his way by exploding Door Hinge Recorders.

THE SECRET CODE was scripted by Basil Dickey, Leighton Brill, and Robert Beche, a thrill-creating trio not unknown to cliffhanger credit readers. Among other fanciful and fearsome action elements, they devised the enemy's "secret code" machine, a liquid gas which blows up skyscrapers, and artificial lightning bolts.

The first bolt of excitement struck in chapter one, "Enemy Passport", as the Black Commando finds himself half-unconscious, crawling along the floor to the door and safety, when a blinding flash and terrific explosion blows the building to bits.

The minutes leading up to this initial predicament tell of how police lieutenant Dan Barton (Paul Kelly) arranges to have himself thrown off the force in disgrace, so that he may begin his secret efforts to smash an enemy spy ring headed by U.S. based Nazi warlord Thyssen (schemingly portrayed by Robert Davis).

Barton attempts to "steal" a government formula for synthetic rubber, and is captured by Thyssen's thugs who, it seems, were also at the security plant to steal the formula. After discussing world problems with Barton, Thyssen agrees to have the agent join his ring.

Barton learns their new plans for stealing the formula, and he dashes to his apartment -- where his girlfriend, Jean Ashley (the brunette Anne Nagel), a newspaper reporter is waiting.

It's not what you think, as Barton proceeds to don his "Black Commando" outfit -- a black-hooded, tight-fitting suit. He tells Jean what he has learned, then hurries to prevent the saboteurs from stealing the secret formula, in his garbed identity.

A fight at the plant ensues, and the Commando is knocked out by the thugs.

And as the first episode comes to sweeping close, we see the building explode into nothingness.

The Black Commando, of course, manages to crawl out of the doomed construction before oblivion dominates the scene.

The following chapters have him playing his grim game of life and death. As Dan Barton he becomes the hunted prey of the police and the Federal Government for being a "spy", and as the Commando, the hunted and hunter of the sabotage ring.

All this, in his patriotic attempts to crack once and for all the secret code which the enemy is using to contact agents the country over.

A worthy and noble objective indeed.

Also a dangerous one.

So dangerous in fact that Jean tries to persuade him to give up his Black Commando activities. Naturally, as it's only chapter six, Dan Barton refuses, vowing he'll continue until he smashes the ring and obtains possession of the secret code.

There are moments though when we think he realizes that maybe he should have listened to his girlfriend after all.

He learns that plans have been made by the saboteurs to use destructive bombs simultaneously in vital war areas. He sets out to find the list of the planned bomb locations, but Thyssen, fearing the annoying intrusion of the Black Commando, orders the immediate explosion of the bombs. Barton as the Commando manages to destroy the main detonator, but is unexpectedly ambushed by Thyssen. The two of them engage in a battle in the hideout, and Thyssen sends the masked spy-fighter reeling against a control board containing death-inducing electrical currents.

Through the strokes of luck awarded to all serial heroes, masked or otherwise, Barton lives through the charged-up hazard, but, we're confident, dazedly wondering what would have been the outcome had he only been second lead.

After four more weeks of soul-searching and constant thoughts of personal safety, Barton finds himself smack in episode fifteen. He also finds a list of spy names, which sends him to Point Grayson. Scanning the area for a possible hideout, the existence of which he was never aware before, he spots a nearby ranchhouse and sees washing hung out on the line.

Barton, in the guise of the Black Commando, studies the various pieces of underwear and socks, and suddenly arrives at the startling conclusion that all of the wearing apparal has been hung out in the form of Roman numerals.

The Commando cleverly decodes the message, which informs the local plotters that a submarine will be a Point Grayson to pick them up in twenty minutes. He sends word to the police and the countryside is soon completely surrounded.

The nefarious henchmen are rounded up, and the Black Commando, at the helm of a U.S. destroyer, rams the surfacing sub. He jumps from the ship to the deck of the underwater vehicle, deals a fast one-two to Thyssen, dashes into the captains quarters, and almost immediately locates the secret code manual.

His cliffhanging exploits as the Black Commando are over, and Jean, thankful the serial has reached its climax, gets her man.

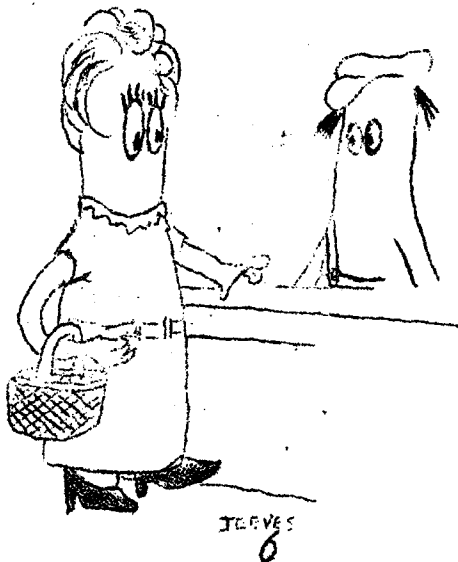
With Dan Barton and Jean Adhley walking off into the final sunset, and the Black Commando outfit having been stored away to someday show to their children, THE SECRET CODE was at long last and forever cracked.

And all those super-secret messages we always so excitedly deciphered in the local newspapers appeared no more.

Columbia will undoubtedly release this serial again, either to the few theatres across the country who still run the eposodic films on Saturday afternoons, or to that hungry monster in our living rooms. But whether or not the series of short subjects produced by Henry Lysing will accompany each successive chapter, remains to be seen.

We'll all have to use our Black Commando secret code Decoders to puzzle the answer out.

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THE END
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THE KUTTNER ANTHOLOGY STORY

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1. Absalom.....	<u>Tomorrow, The Stars</u> , ed. Robert Heinlein,		Doubleday	1952
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3. Beggars In Velvet...	<u>Mutant</u> , Gnome Press 1953 (Astounding Science Fiction Dec. 1945)			
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Editor's Note: This Index is not complete. Or at least, I'd be surprised if it were. Henry Kuttner was the most prolific author in the history of magazine science-fiction, therefore it is very probable that he is also the most anthologized. I know I missed some of the anthologies or collections, so I'd like to ask anyone who has any corrections or additions to add to this list, to please send 'em to me and I will publish them as they come in. The main purpose of publishing this list was to stimulate reading of Kuttner by listing easy to find sources of his material. A listing giving only his magazine appearances would be great for collectors, but hard on a casual reader since most of the magazines are impossible to find. In certain cases, no editor is listed...in these cases (Ahead Of Time, Mutant, A Gnome There Was, No Boundaries, Robots Have No Tails, Line To Tomorrow, Bypass To Otherness, and Return To Otherness) the book is a collection of the short stories of Henry Kuttner and not, in the strictest sense, an anthology. Use it.

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THE END

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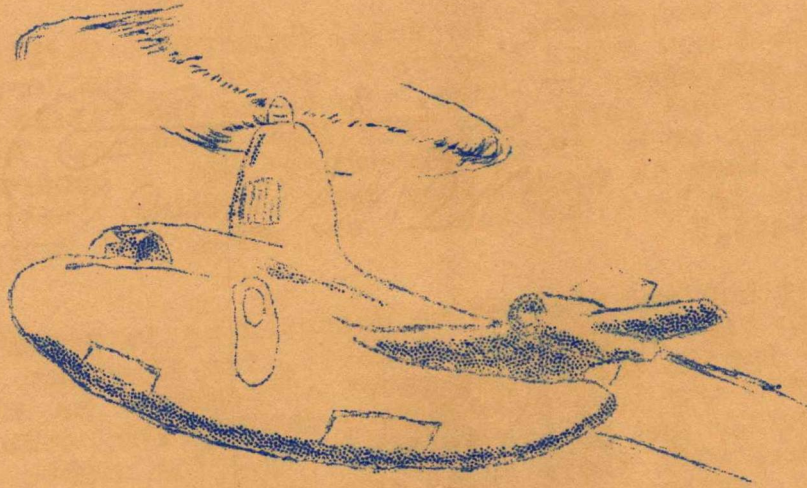
FANZIN REVIEW BY THE EDITOR:

Since space is at a premium this time round I'm not going to be able to run a full review column. But since I promised Karen I'd review Vorpel, I will.

VORPAL GLASS #4: from Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda California. 25¢ per issue.

Fritz Leiber's "Song Of The Gods" was well received here, since filk & folk songs of any kind (even written as opposed to sung) are enjoyed by me. After these first three lines tho ("When man first upped himself and left his prehistoric cave/For to build him mile-high cities and to ride the briny wave,/He didn't come a-sulking and a-cringing like a slave.) I felt like adding "His truth goes marching in," as a chorus. "Life Spectra" by Harry C. Stubbs (Hal Clement) was awe-inspiring for all the scholarly work that went into it. But the section of the issue I enjoyed most was "Beermutterings" by Poul Anderson. Poul starts off by stating that private citizens should be allowed to carry guns to reduce the crime rate. Then he decides that if the crime rate were to go down we would enter a deep depression. Then he goes from old maps to Saints, fictitious & real. He ends up talking about how he would enjoy the last Salmon left on earth. Makes my mouth water, and I don't even like Salmon! Get Vorpel Glass, you'll like it. Tell 'em Mike sent you.

EMERGENCY



DAVID R. BUNCH

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So they went on down there, with all along the big fat glove signs pointing at them, squirting, not blood-- merely reminder in color, out of something like beet juice or wine -- and the highway signs saying constantly SLOW...SLOW DOWN...CURVE...CAREFUL... BEWARE... They had the little metal tear held down at two hundred, just "cruising 'er" on the nylon strip designed to hold them at four hundred, or, in emergency, better still.

"I hope," he said through his fine white-metal teeth, "that the quota is filled. So much to do tomorrow -- and tomorrow."

"Yes!" she said through lips that had been sculpted by surgery until now they resembled somewhat a red rose bouquet, "so much to do -- tonight!" She was his bride of five days.

They rolled under the dancing signs where two super Whooshies crashed at each other on a ribbon road of silk until legs and arms piled out and a red fluid filled the multiple lanes. She laughed low and chesty from a larynx that had been done in gold-x

against cancer long ago and said, "What'll they think of next to remind us? Too many of us now, heaven knows, but all-the-time they keep pleading with us not to kill ourselves."

"If we get by the quota," he said, "sometime we'll take a run across on that new Super they're building in the North. They say they really got signs up there." He eased the little Whooshie up to two-fifty and still they were just crawling. Two super Speartakes, a dozen or so of the Flashbugs and a hundred Windstars swept past them as though they were standing still. "I want our next one to be a Caddiscat," she said. "Everybody's getting a Caddiscat."

He looked at her and thought he detected again something he had feared a long time ago, right at first, ten days ago, when it had started. But in the fogged flush of romance he had forgotten. And now after the long five days courtship they were bride and groom five days. And he had to admit that the nights had all been wonderful, with their great love between them, and the novel gadgets and attachments they had both brought to the marriage, to stimulate and relax them together. Not until three nights had passed did they exhaust all the possibilities, and late on the third night when she came up with those tan little sponge rubber fingers to toy behind his ear at a certain point he knew it was the ultimate, and he cried OH HELL! OH CHRIST!! OH HEAVEN IS HERE!!! and then fell back exhausted. But now that nagging doubt again as he looked at the rather grim set of the red roses that were her lips. Was she just another scheming ambitious woman? He began to dream of the possibility of her filling the quota, alone. And he felt guilty. But glancing at her as he expertly held the Whooshie to a curve above which two purple sign ambulances danced, he had to admit that after the fourth night, even with all the tricks, it had grown a little stale.

"Hungry?"

She bounced on her white-nyloned bottom in the little seat of the Whooshie, and it was plain that his abrupt question had brought her back from a long way out. "No--no," she stammered, "I--I couldn't eat."

"What were you thinking of, so far away?"

The roses climbed over each other for a little while as she licked her lips and could not speak. And when she said, "I was just thinking how awful if they had need of only one of us on the quota," he wasn't at all sure she was telling the truth.

"Was he awfully interesting?"

"Who!?"

"The one you were remembering, a way out there?"

The rose bouquet swirled and she was all woman when she said, "You are the most interesting I've ever met."

"Thanks," he said.

"Not as many tricks, maybe, but what you do know you know better."

"Gee, thanks!" he said.

So the little Whooshie rolled on down toward the place, where the quota was. The quota man for their district sat behind a bright orange desk, his horn-rims modern slant and jeweled very nicely. His chair was pale green. On his desk were objects of quaint joy only -- dancing flowers, Little girls going to school, cats in the sun, barefoot boys in a melon patch, a mother spreading rash powder on a dry diaper; above him his ceiling was all pink lights.

"We're here about the quota," the man said. "We got our notice." She nodded in agreement, and her lips were a little scared.

"Names?"

He gave his name; she gave hers. Then the husband helpfully explained how the wife had changed her name but five days ago, and he told loud and clear what her old name had been. Perhaps she was on the list by her old name.

"So you're here about our Emergency Program quota?" The smile that flickered out and the jut-jawed careful pose reminded a little of glory pictures there had once been of dictators in the world. But his eyes were smiling brightly as he threw the switch and the list climbed down the wall. It was plain that he wished this to be, if not a time of joy, at least not a time of scenes. "It is much better than it used to be," he said as the list raced on the wall viewer; "much changed. Some people are even volunteering now for the Emergency Program quota. To get away from a mate, to relax from a business, or any number of other good reasons. And every volunteer, of course, releases a draftee." He looked at them as if pleading for understanding. "It's congestion on the civil highways, really, as much as the awful climb of the rate, that makes the Program so necessary. So maybe when we get more highways, things will be better. When the surface is all taken up, which it will be soon now, there's no reason in the world we can't go upstairs with our tough light alloys and build any number of layers of highways. Flyings all right, rockets and all, but we'll always need good old leisurely wheels down there zipping on terra firma." He seemed partly to be just keeping up a patter to relax them.

The list flowed on in the wall, mile after mile of it while they watched tensely, but could not read the names moving swiftly. He, not watching, twirled half-circles on his green swivel, his fingertips seeming to meet around some very definite ball of air. His eyes were far away in detachment, but his attitude otherwise was one of listening casually as he talked on of the Program and why it had to be. When the sharp pheeep came out of the wall, he stopped the list at once. There, bracketed by two green stars, was her name, her name of five days a-

go. " That fills the quota for now," he said, big-voiced and cheerful, smiling his eyes hopefully at her from the green swivel. "Apparently your husband has just got out on a volunteer, ha ha. You see, I didn't have to watch the list, because when you spoke your names, the list knew, ha ha."

When the screams broke, wave after wave of them, from her lips and the roses writhed in torture, he took the necessary things from his desk drawer and raced to her. He had seen them do this before many times, usually from lack of preparation and gross unfamiliarity with the Program. "It will be the most restful ten years of your life," he insisted soothingly as he expertly pumped the green fluid through a puncture he had made in her left arm. "And once a year," he talked on as he soothed and petted her with the frozen relaxer pad, "usually in June, in our new improved system, we bring them back and allow them one visitor, the visitor of their choice, if possible. In a very private little cell for a full hour! Now, isn't that fine?" His eyes leered at the husband. "Usually in cases like this there's no doubt who the visitor will be. Unless of course he too has been drafted. -- But it's just for the ten years, after all, and then someone else takes your place in this necessary rotation.. So much better, we feel, than either of the other two alternatives, drastic regimentation of the rate or outright reduction through perma-sleep, ha ha. And, who knows, with the new building program and a fuller enlistment in Volunteers for Rate Controls, we might be able to reduce the time."

Then, because of the rate, and the highway condition especially, he led her away, dazed and wooden now from the green fluid and the numbing relaxer pad. Her husband of five days, having escaped the draft by the grace of a volunteer, left fast in his little Whooshie. As he headed north toward the new Super he waved vaguely once or so in the direction of the place where she would be for ten years. Actually he was so tired of her already that right now he doubted if he would ever be back. But up on the northern Super, and getting a little lonely, he decided it would probably be fun once a year to be able to go back and supplement other activities with a wife. But wait! Just as he was wheeling his Whooshie past an animated sign that showed two sports Caddiscats battling in boxing shorts the dreaded fear seized him anew. With the birth rate what it was and had been, and with the highways becoming more and more congested all the time, no doubt he too would soon be drafted into the Program. There, with the special fluids, to lie like an egg, like a cold stick of wood, like a dead man . . . for ten years . . . in the Cold Storage Program!"

-----0-----
THE END
-----0-----



WHAT IS JAZZ

by
PILAR
DIAZ

Jazz is Jazz; it is nothing more than jazz; it is nothing
Less than jazz.

Jazz is the ability to communicate with many through
The voices of a few.

Jazz can proclaim the decline of a man and his dignity,

Jazz can acclaim the rise of a man and his dignity,

Jazz's nationality is deep-rooted in American soil,

Jazz's descent is the far-flung corners of Europe.

Jazz is the voice of an American with a foreign

Accent speaking of our inborn heritage.

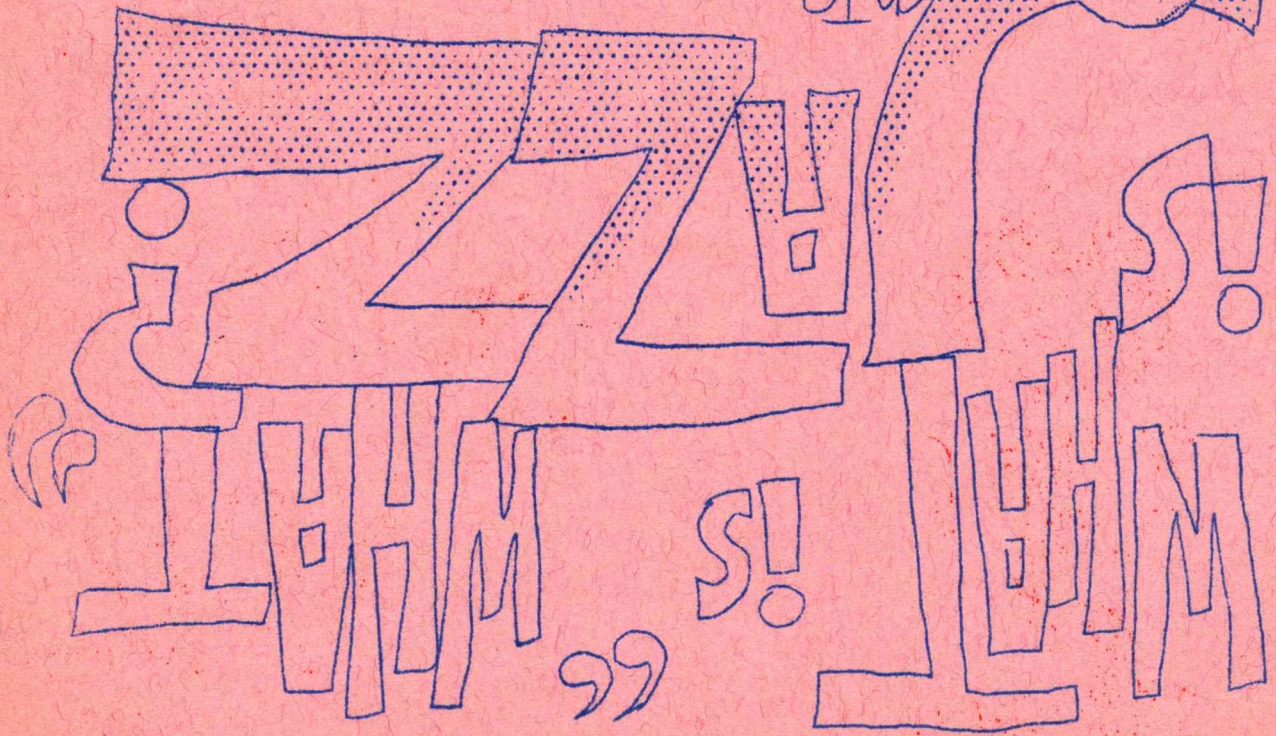
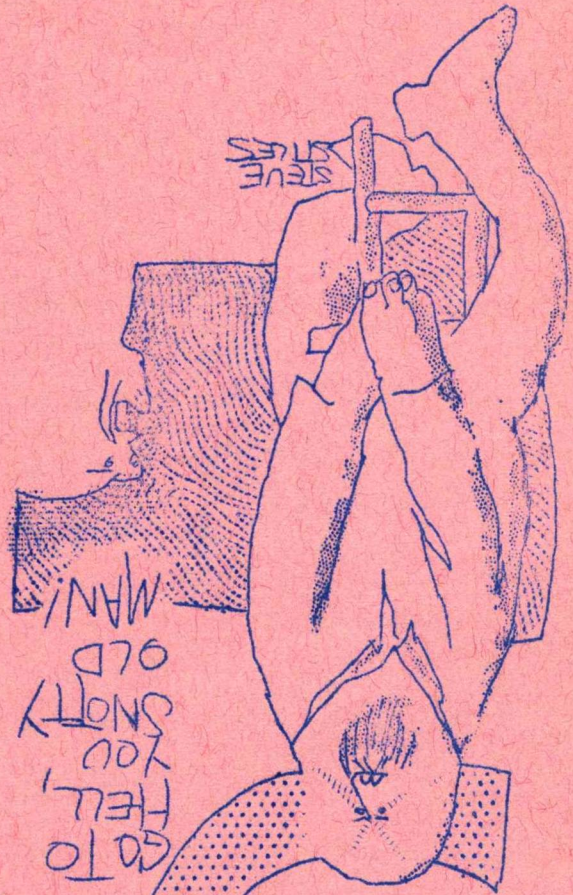
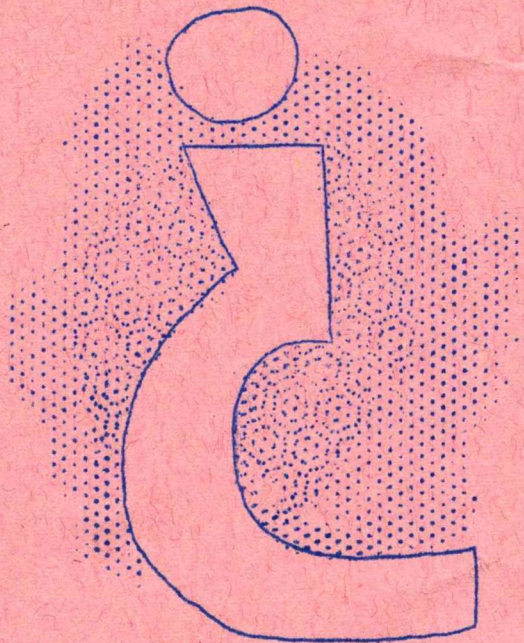
Jazz can wear a Brooks Brothers suit and speak pure
Wall Street,

Jazz can make the scene in Beat clothing at the local
Expresso house.

Jazz can die when a profoundly beautiful part of its

People, both rich and poor, joins together and dies

With it.



"WHAT IS JAZZ?" may well be something more than a poem,
the old man said.

"WHAT IS JAZZ?" is also something less than accurate,
the old man said.

"WHAT IS JAZZ?" contains the following lines,
the old man said:

"JAZZ'S NATIONALITY IS DEEP-ROOTED IN AMERICAN SOIL,
"JAZZ'S DESCENT IS IN THE FAR-FLUNG CORNERS OF EUROPE,
"JAZZ IS THE VOICE OF AN AMERICAN WITH A FOREIGN
"ACCENT SPEAKING OUT OF AN INBORN HERITAGE,"
the old man said.

Actually, that last line reads, Accent speaking of out
inborn heritage;

But I assume this to be a typo rather than gibberish,
the old man said. *

Allow me to call to your attention that which I am very
sure needs no calling,
the old man said.

Videlicet and to wit, "WHAT IS JAZZ?" mentions America,
"WHAT IS JAZZ?" mentions Europe.
"WHAT IS JAZZ?" neglects to mention Asia, Australia, and
Antartica,
the old man said;

But these last three omissions are no matter,
the old man said.

What is incredible, what is unbelievable, what is scarce
to be credited,
the old man said,

"WHAT IS JAZZ?" speaks of the origins of jazz and yet
"WHAT IS JAZZ?" presumes to leave out Africa,
"WHAT IS JAZZ?" neglects to mention Africa,
"WHAT IS JAZZ?" seems to think that Jazz was of Caucasian
origin.

"WHAT IS JAZZ?" evidently considers that Jazz had White Men
for its Onlie Begettors.

"WHAT IS JAZZ?" is a lot of jazz,
the old man said.

* Editor's note: It was indeed a typo, but not as com-
plicated one as you present. The typo consisted of one
letter being displaced. In stead of "out" read our. I
agree with most of your other comments tho.

AN UNTITLED POEM

BY

DAVID DOOLEY

Weep tearless, girl, young standing in a field of rotting
memories;
Gaze hollow, at the mawkish, flimsy ruins self-
created from your sterile orgy of deluded love,
Cling hopeless, to your sweet forever-flower-turned,
strangely, here, to some snickering, withered weed
Dashed with bored periodicity by Now's truth etching winds
upon Logic's cold jagged rocks.
Clutch frightened, adolescent sister, to your vain idealist image,
melting quick already in the eroding rain of Real
And Riviling into furrowed ditches of luke warm apathy,
insinuating that what was thought, was not what was at all.
Wander back, maturing child, to your subtly altered Thens
and search out those supposed tender moments, so very dear-
And find they've been replaced with blanks of gone and holes of empty,
lived in by senile rodents of insincere ennui
Stare long at the fresh decaying of unwisely spent
emotions, squandered on a symbol false
That sent them writhing, choked and poisoned by its infertility

Walk sickly, half-finished one, among the wasted
yearnings strown hidden in the rusting grass, and...
Feel the stagnant breezes of dead before and onces
moaning through your long dry hair.

SP L A T

The Cry Of The Readers:

Running a letter column in HKLPLD 2 has taught me several things that I should not do if I wish a halfway decent lettercolumn. I'll try to correct my errors here by doing things a little differently. First, I'll run letters complete, without interruption, inserting numbers next to any particular sentences or statements on which I may wish to comment. After the letter is finished, I'll indicate the beginning of my comments by / and the end by \. Now on to the first letter...

G. M. CARR: Judging from HKLPLD 2, I'd say it looks as though you've got your duper problems just about licked¹ --that's a nice looking job, including some tricky 3-color work on the cover. Congratulations. (I suppose the next step is for you to drop out of NAPA with loud noises indicating disgust/distain for the 'lousy crudzines' therein!!!!²

I think you have a mistaken idea of the reason the Fan Achievements flopped.. ..To say that it failed because "... a small but exceedingly vocal segment of fandom doesn't want these awards" is to put the cart before the horse, so to speak. I suspect it didn't get off the ground because there was no "small but exceedingly vocal segment of fandom" who **DID** want it. I doubt that George Willick's personal unpopularity had much to do with it. I suspect that the lack of enthusiasm for it was because nobody was able to sell fandom on it. Certainly, I was not antipathetic to the idea but (as I suspect most fans were) merely indifferent.... and in my opinion at least, it was probably this same lukewarm indifference on the part of the vast majority of fandom -- those who could not care less one way or the other -- that caused the failure. Besides, I rather like George Willick even though I couldn't see any point in the FAA. There's an AWFUL LOT OF WORK to getting a project successfully afloat in fandom, it is more than just tossing an enthusiastic idea into the various letterools.



It takes a longtime effort, including organization, advertising, persistent soliciting, and money! Unless there is a financial backer who is willing to spend a lot of dough to get the idea started, there's not much chance to get anything going in fandom. Just the expense of postage in publicizing an idea is quite an item. Just yakking the idea in various lettercols isn't sufficient...Oh, well. It was a nice try. anyway. 3

Personally, I prefer Kuttner's whodunnits to his stf, altho I enjoy them all. But I like the psychiatric angle of the former and only wish he'd had time to write more of them than he did. By the way, I understand that he and his wife collaborated on their stf to the point where it is impossible to tell where one left off and the other picked up. 4

(5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington)

∟ I licked the duper problems by buying a new duper # If I drop out of N'APA it will be because of lack of time. I'm an easily satisfied person, and N'APA, while nowhere near perfect, does serve a purpose...it helps get people used to pubbing a zine of their own. I know N'APA has crudzines. I used to pub some of the worst, but I also know that the only way it will improve is if people stay in once they improve. Thus I do planto stay in. I'd like to see it improve, and I'd like to help it to improve. # I really have to admit that I don't know too many of the details on the Fan Achievement Awards, but from what I have heard I'd have to disagree with you on several points.. First, it may have been true that many fan were indifferent to the idea, but recently I've noticed many people who have stated that they favor the concept of Fan Awards. Most of these fans say or imply that with Willick running them they would not favor the awards. Therefore, the common concensus is that the unpopularity of the creator has affected his creation. George was willing to spend the time and money from what I saw. Thus the money, time, and publicity were not lacking, and since the indifference seems to be lifting a bit maybe the Awards can be yet saved? # Yes, Henry Kuttner & C L Moore collaborated to the point where the reader could not tell who wrote what, but they went further until the authors themselves could not remember who wrote what! /

JULIUS SCHWARTZ: Yes, it's quite true that Henry Kuttner did some comic book writing for me. I wish I could give you the exact information you asked for, but my file copies aren't available and my memory isn't quite what it should be.

Anyway, when I became a comic book editor back in 1944, one of the magazines I handled was GREEN LANTERN (a feature which also appeared in ALL-AMERICAN COMICS and COMIC CAVALCADE). At the time the GL stories were being written by Alfred Bester. After a year or so, Alfie decided to drop comics and go in for science-fiction and radio writing, so I had to find a replacement.

I appealed to my good friend Hank Kuttner (previous to 1944 I was a literary agent, specializing in science-fiction and Hank -- as well as Bester -- were my clients) and he took over the assignment. He got a big kick out of doing this sort of stuff and was especially pleased dreaming up whacky adventures

for GL's side-kick, a hackie known as Doiby Dickles.

I would guess that Hank wrote GL's for at least a year, at which point I drafted John Broome (another science-fiction writer) to take over. Indeed, Broome is still doing (the revised) GL...as well as THE FLASH.

(515 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, New York)

/ Thanks a lot for writing. This at least narrows my search down to 1945 & 1946 issues of those comics. Does anyone have them for sale? /

ALAN DODD: Thanks very much indeed for your fanzine¹ which arrived today/July 24, 1962/, alas too late for me to write a letter of comment on it by the deadline you wanted,² which was 20th and by that time of course I hadn't even received my copy so I hope you'll understand it was a bit late for me to write anything, and I wasn't sure also from your flyer what you meant about more than likely not being at your address -- if so, where will you be? Hmm. 3

(77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., ENGLAND)

/ Thank you for CAMBER, it was greatly enjoyed. # Your letter points out why I hate deadlines. No matter when they are set for, somebody is discouraged from writing because he doesn't have time to meet it. My future policy on deadlines is to set a probable date for the next issue, and to try to publish it on time. Anything that comes in after the issue has been pubbed will be pubbed in the next issue. So hereafter, anyone who wants to comment, please feel free to do so, no matter when you do it. #As for not being at home, I was referring to the fact that I was in New York for three weeks trying to find a job so that I could remain all summer. I did not get a job so I'm back home. /

DICK SCHULTZ: HKLPLD #2 duly noted and read...And NUMBER ONE #1/my Sapszine/ has arrived at Das Festung Schultzhaus.

So, as the evil miser said to the blind beggar boy, you want to be a SAPSite, eh?

Actually the miser didn't say anything to the blind beggar boy, he just stole his money and went.

Pardon the line of thought, such as it portends to be, but I've just finished reading *SKOAN* #14. Calvin Demmon, like Vic Ryan, must have The Power.

First off, your lettercol was too concerned with saying "I liked --- I didn't like" about the last issue. I suggest forgoing the egoboo and digging out the gems of generally interesting info that always seems to drift in somewhere. Sort of like Terry Carr mailing comments... Instead of reviewing the last issue, the lettercol should go off from there. Some nit will always talk about religion or politics. It's always good for a laugh to print him verbatim. Some tell about their troubles or trip reports or favorite authors or whatever. Somebody will almost always, ye see, take off from a point in the mag instead of rehashing the whole bloody zine over again. Look out for him. Of course, getting comments from Buck Coulson and Bill Donaho would help.... 2

(19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan)

/This issue I've taken some of your advice. I have tried to eliminate most of the "Like-don't like" school of letter, which is why your letter is shorter than it would have been had it appeared in HK #2. In stead of printing all the I like, I don't like letters, I summarize here...good to very good---the Studobaker editorial, my own editorial, -- best was Keller on Space Opera, --worst was No Soap, with Kaye's reviews & Deckinger's piece being classified as poor. Starting with the next ish I'll run an anlab if all of you who comment will rate the stories and articles in order. # Hey, Buck Coulson, & Bill Donaho, are you listening? How 'bout a loc?" /

ROBERT BLOCH: Commenting to Redd Boggs, who stopped by for a visit the other evening, that most of the current fanzines don't seem to be very much interested in science fiction -- then along comes HKLPLD and I am very happy to see that it devotes ample space to the field. Particularly pleased with the guest editorial on Kuttner and your own expression of interest: suppose you know Moskowitz is doing a profile of him in the next AMAZING. I knew Hank since 1935, at which time he was still a fan, and I agree that he is one of the most underrated writers in the genre; his own modesty and unwillingness to see personal publicity probably contributed to this, for he certainly achieved professional recognition, and many writers are in his debt for help and for the personal example he set with his work. Best to you and the 'zine!

(4245 Vantage, Studio City, California)

/ Yes I knew that SaM was writing a profile on HK in the next AMAZING. I have been after SaM for a year to write it so I'd say it was about time he did it. # Thanks for the kind words on the zine. /

TERRY JEEVES: I liked the article on Kuttner... there can be no more than a handful of fans who have failed to read and appreciate that author...he certainly has a great likeness in my mind to Lewis Carrol. (another favorite of mine) On the other hand, I wouldn't go so far as to claim that he not only used multi-valued logic...but also its causes when writing his stories. This rather strikes me as being one of those pretentious re-marks, which sound learned and clever, but mean little or nothing. Just what does Don mean by that statement.... taking it literally, one might suppose that Kuttner would change the logic of his story as he wrote it..picking the facet which favoured the angle he wanted to bring out. This just isn't true. His stories were models of logic, and no rule changes were brought in in the middle. The Fairy Chessmen and the winking doorknob for instance...the reader wasn't put in a frame of reference where such a thing was normal.... but into one where such a thing could be made to happen by some unexplained application of sciencd. A vastly different fettle of wish methinks. Anyway, I like Kuttner. and

Keller on Space Opera was again good/in spite of his devoting so much space to 'Nomad' (a poor story anyway) he makes certain very valid points. On the other hand he also tends to overlook a few angles. One plaint is if the hero and heroine are thrown together so much...why does she never become pregnant? If because of contraceptives, he wants this mentioned...WHY? That same hero

and heroine also eat and drink when cooped in their tiny space ship, does that mean the story is poor because we aren't given a running commentary on their visits to the john? Certain things are taken for granted in most stories, partly to avoid censorship (legal or parental or even internal) partly to avoid slowing the story down over fiddling details, and partly because they don't play any significant part in the plot. Some stories have these things in them, then they either get banned, tagged as pornography, or become best sellers.

There must be oodles of things heroes & heroines DO which never get mentioned in the stories because they don't belong there. Obviously sex and defecation are high on the list, but what about the humble washing of hands and face... seldom seen in print. Does Dr. Keller assume these Paragons are all dirty and unwashed? That they never cut their toe nails or finger nails? Their bowels never rumble? The simple fact is that we all like our heroes untarnished, and who wants to slow down the story, and mar that mental image by a blow by blow account of how Superdoopermutantman has a touch of diarrhoea (or however the hell you spell it?)

(30 Thompson Rd., Sheffield 11. ENGLAND)

/Terry also commented on the poor stencilling of some of the illos. I have to take full responsibility for any stencilling, as I do all the work. # I don't claim to be an authority on Kuttner. So therefore I'm not completely sure what Don meant when he wrote what he did. Maybe Don can explain that part over again? # Nice point on the Keller piece. On thing I should clarify is that it was meant as a review of Nomad originally, but I thought that it could just as well be a critique of all space opera. /

BILL PLOTT: "No Soap" was nothing but wasted space. McQuown's closing thought was clever, but rather crudely presented. The basic idea - a cut a Madison Avenue propagandizing - reminds me of a discussion between Jerry Lewis and Hugh Downs on the "Tonight Show" recently. They were talking about the fact that Lewis' deliberately bothching up of a Fuck Tape commercial drew more orders for the company than all of their normal commercials over the previous month and a half. Lewis' skit was much more elaborate than even the sharpest of Alfred Hitchcock's slices at his sponsors. This causes me to wonder why more advertisers don't employ commercials of a lighter nature instead of the continuous dreary tripe that assails us constantly.

(P O Box 654, Opelika, Alabama)

/Bill had a lot to say on the Fan Achievement Awards...he said that the Hugos & Fanac Poll covered all that was needed He said ego-boo in locs is given to all worthy zines and why are molten statues are not needed. All I can say is that I haven't seen any results of the Fanac Poll for two years now, so that can't be considered too reliable. Also, statues or plaques are permanent, locs are easily forgotten. Anyhoo, thanks for writing, your status on my ml is very secure. /

HARRY WARNER: You could hardly have picked a more fruitful area for investigation than Henry Kuttner. I think that the most useful function you could perform while you're centering your mind on this target would consist of a hard, determined effort to track down a lot of his letters and get permission from the

widow to publish the suitable and interesting portions.1 We know Kuttner mainly for his fiction, because most of his slender output for fanzines was centered around humor, frequently ephemeral in topic. But I have reason to believe that he was exceptional as a writer of non-fiction as a correspondent. Unfortunately, I never was in direct contact with him and I can't help with material for you. Don Studebaker's editorial is about as good as could be done with such a large subject on just two stencils, but I'd like to see some extensive criticism and studies, the kind that run to ten thousand words or so and have room to treat the subject thoroughly.

Dr. Keller's article was thoroughly entertaining, and an astonishing performance if written recently, because most men of his age begin to lose their ability to write a tightly organized essay. There are some minor errors of fact, and I'm sure that the inventor of the term space opera is a genius but not unknown: it's Bob Tucker.

You are startled because Rich Brown doesn't like to write on fanzines. You should have been visited by an oldtime Hawaiian fan, Mike Fern. He had a thing about reading fanzines: he didn't feel right about reading a fanzine if someone else had already read that particular copy. When he spent a day in Hagerstown, a new FAPA mailing had just arrived, he was pathetically anxious to see what was in it, but I couldn't make him understand that he wouldn't ruin my reading pleasure by getting his eyetracks on it. However, I don't normally do much writing on non-apa fanzines. I try to comment on them fairly promptly, and can normally remember what I want to say between reading time and letterwriting time. I scribble all over FAPA mailings, since my mailing comments may not get onto stencil for a month after reading. When I occasionally acquire some second hand fanzines, I feel as if I's gotten a bonus if some of them have annotations in the margin. I like to read those notes and compare reactions and try to determine how the other reader felt about things to make those remarks. If it's in

pretty good condition, I even prefer second-hand books to brand new ones, simply because there is a pretty good chance that the volume has been enjoyed or even loved by its first owner and has somehow become a bit lesss inanimate an object in the process. Elsewhere in the letter section, it's nice to see two pros like Keller and Bradbury taking the time to write to you. It's disgusting to see the strenuous avoidance of fanzines on the part of certain major pros who came up through our ranks and once wanted just this kind of encouragement for their own cruddy zines. (I don't mean that your zine is cruddy, it isn't, but I'm thinking about certain other pros who won't do anything now involving fans except drink their liquor.)

(423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland)

/I'd like to build up a large collection of Kuttner letters, if only for personal reading, but so far I've had no response to my request in the last issue for letters. I had to cut out your speculations on how to pronounce the name of this zine. If I had left it in, I might have lost half of my readership as they tried out your eviel method! /