

H K L P L O D D I

SPEAK YE NOT THIS TITLE.



TWO CENTS WORTH

This is designed to be a combination editorial and contents page where I can get my proverbial "two cents worth" into the discussion. This is (as you must have noticed by the cover) a first issue. When I started planning this, naturally the only material available to me was whatever I had done myself. Many first issues are entirely edited or written, but I was determined to get material from among some other fans. So I sent out a flyer asking for help. Well, my faith in fandom has not failed me and I have a very thought provoking issue ready for your judgement.

So what the heck is in this issue? You've already seen the cover. I'm proud to say that Hob Stewart did it. By the way, about the cover title... HKLPLD is the name of this zine, but it is also the name of the Ghod of written material. Thus it is heresy to speak the name of HKLPLD and hence the subtitle of ESVOBOROG #1. Use this title when speaking of this zine.

Those zine reviews should spark some comments as the reviewer's ideas on some zines seem to be directly opposite fandom's usual attitude toward those same zines.

The poem is by Pilar Diaz who is unknown in fannish circles. We may get some comments from Jazz and Poetry addicts.

On page 5 starts a story by Bobby Gene Warner entitled "The Dreams Of Fire!" This is a real weird one with a social significance. On page 11 of this same story are found the words... "He would not blame himself, for what he had done; he was a soldier, doing his duty. He was a man, protecting what was left of his country. He was a murderer, but he was not guilty of murder." This is just what Eichman has been saying and the idea deserves thought. Does the human race (or a large percentage of it) come before any loyalty or obedience to your country? I say it does and we have a moral responsibility to disobey orders contrary to the good of mankind.

Page 12 brings us to something most of you would skip unless you were told ahead of time. This is a 100% Fannish & Stfish crossword puzzle. Just see how much you really know as opposed to what you think you know. Anyone who sends in the correct answer for this will receive the next issue free. But I don't think I'll be giving many free issues as a result of this puzzle.

For you other people who won't be getting the right answers to the puzzle and who want to get the next issue can get it for 20¢, trade, Contribution, or a printed letter of comment. By letter of comment I mean a letter and not a hastily scribbled 1/2 page of useless babblings. What type contributions do I want? Anythingfannish or science-fictional. Poems, articles, fiction, reviews, art (ask and I'll send some stencils to you so you can put your work on stencil to be sure of faithful reproduction), humor, indices, & all serious contributions will be accepted if they are well written. The only restriction is that it must have some connection with fandom or stf and it must be interestingly written. Next ish will be pubbed as soon as I have enough suitable material. Anyone who doesn't reply to at least acknowledge receiving this & expressing a desire for nextish will not get the nextish no matter how big a pro or BNF they may be. You have to want HKLPLD to get it.

This as all is dedicated to the memory of Henry Kuttner, the greatest talent stf has ever known.

Ye Editor

end of page 2

DUST OF THE AGES
(Which is a heck of a name for fanzine reviews)
by Lenny Kaye

My review system is simple. 10 is the highest, going down, until you reach 1. I will give two ratings, one for art, the other for the written material. Onward.....

BANE #3. Mimeo, from Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd. Springfield, Illinois. Available for locs, trades, old fanzines, mimeograph supplies and contributions. Also 4/50¢

If you're looking forvsercon material, stay away from BANE. It is entirely on the fannish side, except for Coulson's book reviews. This issue leads off with a nice cover by Bergeron, tho you don't know its BANE until you look on the Inside. Vic has an interesting editorial in which he talks about Shaver (did you pray for forgiveness when you said that?), the Fanac Poll and the Journal of The International Exploration Society. Very nice indeed.

Bob

Tucker comes next with "Dialogue For Three Hams" which I almost laughed myself sick over. Undoubtedly the funniest piece yet. This is the best fan fiction (which is a loose term. It is indescribable), that has come along. More, Bob!

Coulson presents some readable book reviews, and seems to know what he is talking about. Unlike many other so-called reviewers(and no wisecracks!)

George Locke has a column called "Tetanus" which is very enjoyable. He covers many topics, none of earth-shaking importance, but all excellent.

I have made a mistake, it seems. Seems like BANE does have some sercon material in it. Ed Gorman talks about the death of s-f, and how much better s-f comics are than the mags. Very nice.

A long letter column ends up the issue. It's really a pity that Bane can't come out more often, It's soooo nice.

Written-----8
Art-----5
Overall-----7

AMRA V2 #15. From AMRA, Box 9006 Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia. 20¢ per or 10/\$2.00/

This is a fanzine devoted to those super strong heroes, who never seem to get into trouble. It deals with Conon mostly, but others are in profusion too. Honestly, half the time the writing just doesn't interest me. I get AMRA for the art. This zine has the best art I've ever seen. Barr, Cawthorne and other lesser knowns crowd the pages and make this a fanzine that is a treasure. To the written material, L. Sprague DeCamp and Bjorn Nyberg are represented by CONON UNDESEXED which is an article which makes up for the sexy parts left out of RETURN OF CONON. Ah...

Fritz Leiber had an interesting story but it just didn't get through to me.

IT by Mike Moorcock is nice and talks about R. R. Tolkien and other heroes.

Written-----5
Art-----10
Overall-----8

FANTASMAGORIQUE # 1, From Scott Neilsen, 731 Brookridge Dr., Webster Groves 19, Mo. Contribs, trade, published letter of comment or 1/15¢ or 8/\$1.00.

Fantasma as its affectionately called, is perhaps one of the best first issues I've yet received, Repro is excellent, with no unreadable or dim spots.

Editor Neilsen leads off with an editorial which, while in some spots neoish, was generally good. There are three types of reviews, book, movie, and prozine reviews. I don't usually like reviews(except fanzine reviews) so I'll leave them un-commented on.

Dr. David H. Keller M. D. has a piece called The Senelity of S-F. which puts forth some very interesting theories.

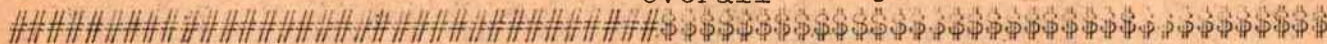
Lenny Kaye has the best piece of fiction/article your reviewer has ever seen.(Yes folks, I used to be conceited, but now I'm perfect...)

Bernard Deitchman has an urgent plea for more science fiction in science fiction fandom, which is a good idea. You may think its cruddy, but the way he puts it across he makes it sound good.

Mez Bradley has a piece on the writing of s-f called "Advice From the Next Rung" which scored directly under Keller.

Fantasma, with a bit of improvement here and there, could turn into a first class zine. Let's hope editor Neisen lives up to this promise.

Writing-----7
Art-----4
Cverall-----6



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 out 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.

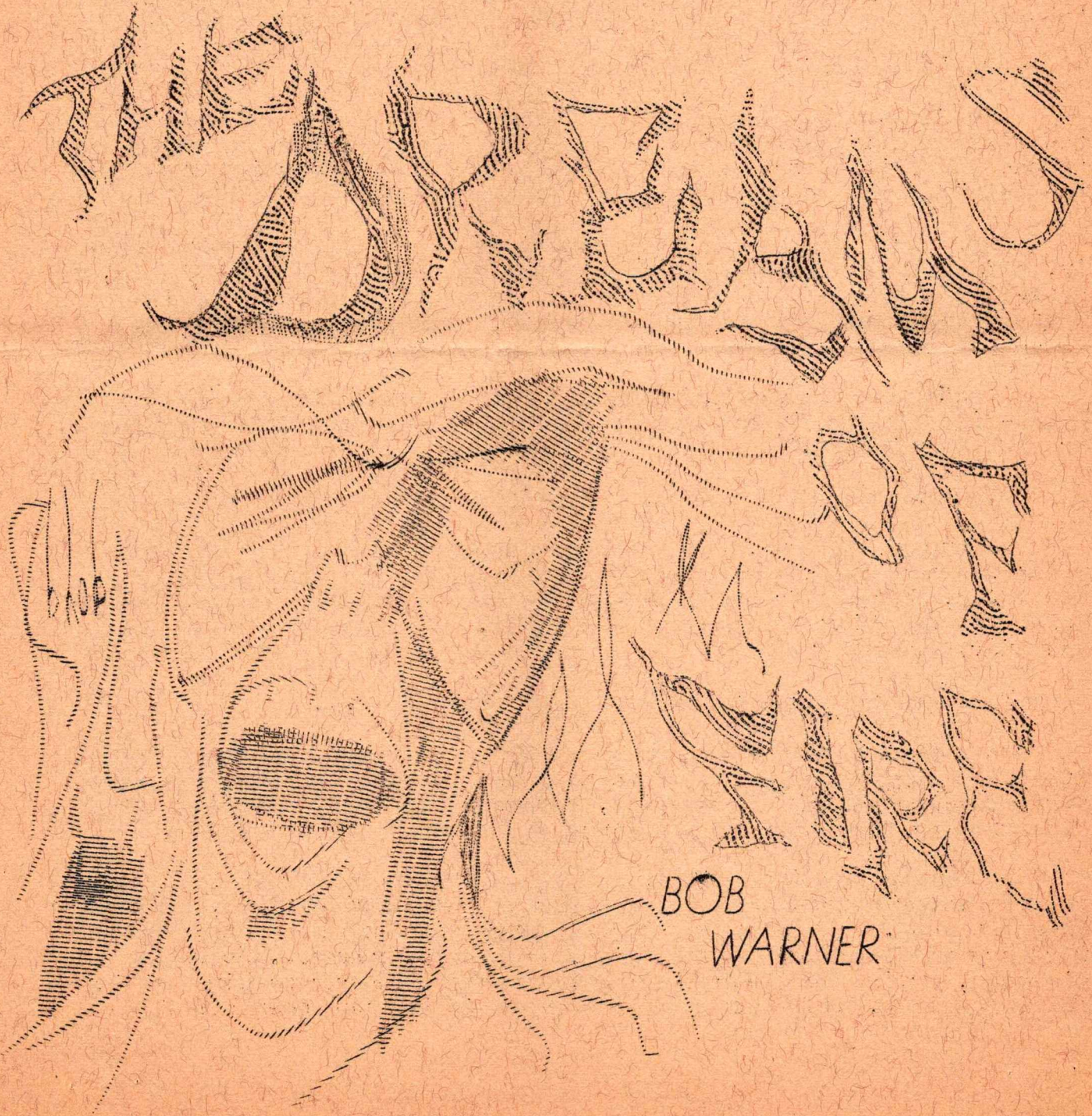
Jazz can die when a profoundly beautiful part of its

People,,both rich and poor, joins together and dies

With it.

The dreams were with him constantly, day or night, whether he was asleep or awake. They had been with him for God only knew how long, and he knew with desperate certainty that they would be with him forever.

He lay in the ruin of a shattered building, in one of the dead cities. For many days he had pushed himself onward, fighting sleep. The dreams were doubly bad when he slept; for without the light of the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or of consciousness to bring some perspective of a here-and-now reality--no matter how feeble--he was forced to endure the full impact of the dreams with a hekp-



less passiveness. Awake, he could force his mind to concentrate on tasks of food-hunting, clothes-mending, or just picking one foot up and putting it down in front of the other. But eventually, sleep would overtake him, and an agonizing fatigue would bring his body to a halt; and when sleep came, the dreams descended in all their violence, forcing him to take part in them. A HAL

They were always the same; dreams of fire, dreams of people dying, dreams of people creatures chasing him around the barrow confines of his sleeping world. In one moment the world lay before him, peaceful, quiet; and then, in the next, the world broke out in a million dancing flames, and in those roaring, yet soundless flames, the faces of a million, a billion,--he could not even begin to count them-- people looked out at him, with pain and pleading in their eyes. Their lips moved with hideous effort; and although he could not hear what they were trying to say, he knew.

"Don't do it!"

The flames leaped higher and devoured the faces. He watched the livid conflagration with an almost detached horror. He listened to the last silent screams of pain, and waited an eternity until the last face had been obliterated by the flames.

But, no! A few of the faces survived the flames and rose slowly, painfully from the smoldering ashes to stare at him with cold, hate-filled eyes. They rose from the ashes with strange twisted bodies, gaunt and frighteningly inhuman. And yet, they were human-- the pitiful, hideous remains of humanity.

"You!" they screamed. "You did this to us!" They pointed talon-like fingers inward and touched their deformed bodies. "You brought the flames!"

"No!" he shouted at them. "No, it was not my fault!"

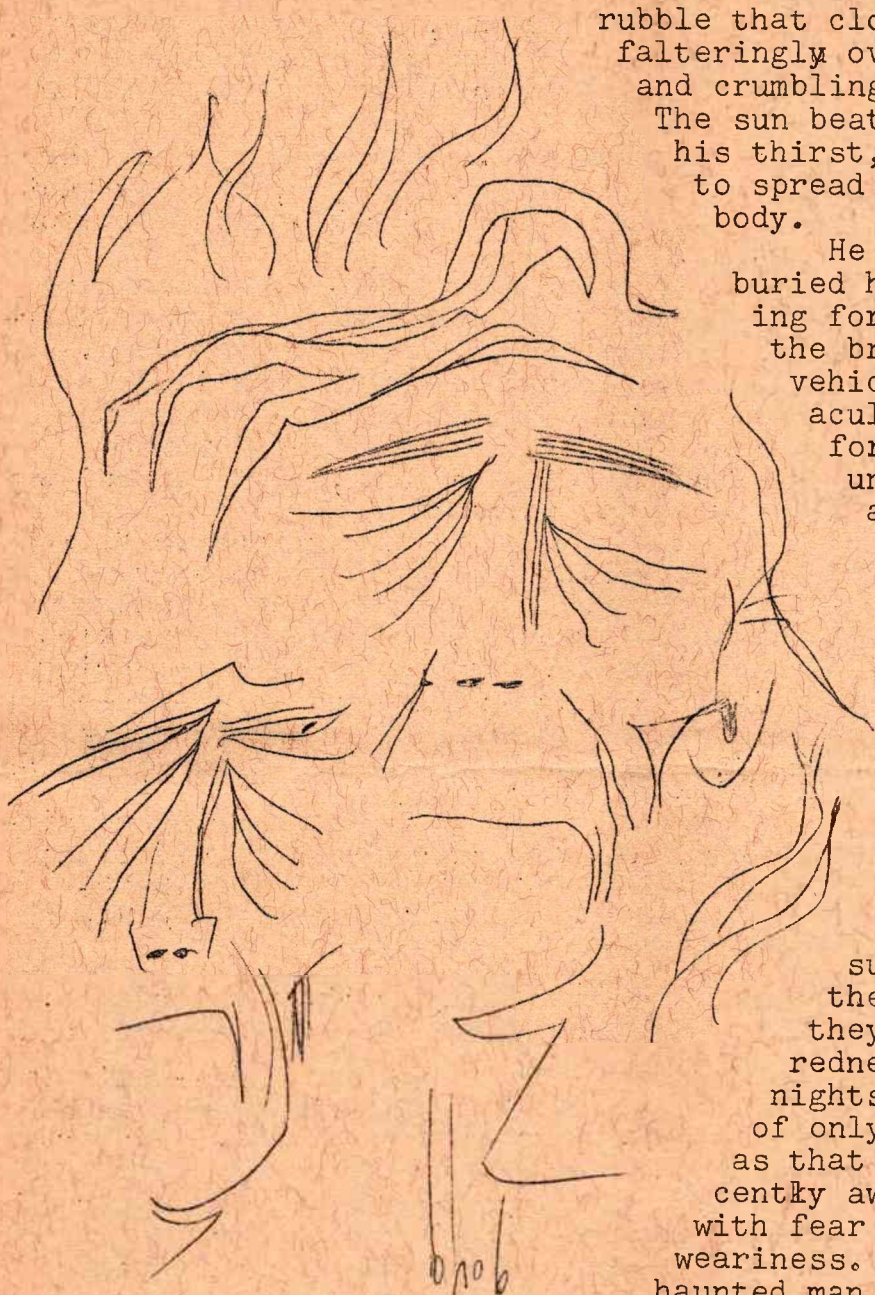
He turned and ran, but there was nowhere to go. The sleep-world was too small. He ran around and around the tiny space of the dream, pushing frantically against the unyielding walls of darkness. The shouting pack was at his heels. He could feel their hot and angry breaths.

They had not caught him yet, but they would...

He awakened with a scream half-way to his lips. Sunlight fell painfully upon his eyes. It was noon and the day was hot. He felt perspiration soaking his armpits, covering his face, mingling with the grime on the palms of his hands and making them sticky.

Trembling uncontrollably, he sat up and looked around. Bands of heat vapor danced shimmeringly across the debris-filled, weed-grown streets. The heat was very intense, and his mouth and throat were dry and swollen. Heat...Fire...Flames...Dreams... He shook his head, trying to clear his mind. Mentally, he cursed himself for falling asleep, even though he knew that it had not been his fault.

Suddenly he was aware of the gnawing thirst and hunger within his body, and lifted himself to his feet. He would have to find food and water.



He made his way slowly through the rubble that clogged the street, climbing falteringly over piles of twisted metal and crumbling brick and rotten wood. The sun beat down upon him, magnifying his thirst, causing a vast weakness to spread throughout his mind and body.

He came upon the rusted, half buried hulk of an automobile, pausing for a moment to lean against the brown rust body. One of the vehicles side windows had miraculously survived the chaotic force of the blast, and was uncracked. He reached out and wiped away some of the dirt from the smooth surface and gazed absently into the reflective depths his thirst and hunger momentarily forgotten.

A gaunt, filthy, face looked back at him. Could that be his reflection? Could that wasted phantom there in the glass really be him? He stared into the dark, sunken eyes and knew that they were his own, for they were filled with the redness of many days and nights of sleeplessness-- or of only momentary sleep, such as that from which he had recently awakened. Eyes filled with fear and horror and immense weariness. The eyes of a perpetually haunted man.

For a moment, long buried memories stirred. Once, before the dreams had begun, there had been a time when he had not been like this. A time when he had--but, no; it wasn't so. There had been no time before the dreams. He had always been this way--gaunt, haunted, only half alive.

He reached up and absently fingered the silver stars attached to his frayed collar. There were three of them, now greatly tarnished. They had some meaning-- some truly significant meaning -- but he could not remember what it was. He was somehow certain that the stars were older than the dreams, that they had existed before the dreams; before that first hideous dream of fire, so long ago.

And if they had existed before the dreams, then he must have also existed before the dreams; for there was one thing quite clear in his mind; the stars were his. He had worked very hard to earn them. But how, or when, or why, he did not know.

He turned from the glass and shook his head. His thoughts were swirling recklessly in his mind, forming opaque, meaningless patterns. He had almost let himself remember; he had come dangerously close to grasping the thread of continuity, which extended back to the dreams beginning-- and beyond.

But that was nonsense! There was no such thread, for there had been nothing before the dreams... and yet, he knew that the dreams were self-inflicted, a hideous form of self-punishment for something he had done, long ago. . . .

The sun hung half-way between its zenith and the western horizon when he found the remains of the supermarket, with its rows of broken shelves and piles of rusting cans. He searched for and found a can opener, cleaned the rust from it as best he could, then opened tins of cake, beef and orange juice. The orange juice appeased his thirst somewhat, but he still felt an intense craving for water. He ate the food, wolfing it down, then sat quietly for a while to enjoy the fullness of his stomach.

A warm breeze flowed lazily through the dead streets, exploring the skeletal remains of the city. He looked up suddenly, listening. The breeze made a hundred rustling sounds through the jungles of weed. It sighed and chuckled around the edges of still standing walls. It was everywhere, bringing a sudden stirring to the city. He turned his head in a complete circle, watching, half expecting to see an army of monsters stalk forth from the rubble around him. He could almost see a face, now and then, leering at him from the wreckage of the city.

His heart beat violently for a long agonizing moment. He felt words rush to his lips; but when he opened his mouth to let the words rush out, only harsh grating sounds came forth. He had been alone for so long that his vocal cords would no longer function.

He jumped to his feet and fled the thousand unseen wind-phantoms. He ran madly through the rubble, headless of where his feet fell. He did not see the rotted wood and tangled vines

that covered the basement of a razed building--until it was too late to stop. His left foot sank into the vines and smashed through the yielding wood. His body, carried irresistably forward by its momentum, plunged beneath the level of the street. There was a momentary sensation of hanging in midair, then he hit the floor of the basement with a dull thud. His head struck a set of rusted metal pipes and the world burst into brilliant light. The light flickered out and there was darkness.

The dreams began. The dreams of fire--of a million fires. The dreams of pain and suffering, etched upon the faces of a million people. People who pleaded silently with him, who accused and judged him before they sank beneath the roaring flames.

But suddenly the old dreams faded, and a new one took their place. He lay in a deep, dark, pit, and above him there was a rim of light. From that rim of light three bearded faces stared curiously down at him.

He awakened and realized that his eyes were open. He stared up at the same rim of light that he had seen in the dream. But, no; it had not been a dream, after all. The faces were still there!

He closed his eyes and looked up again, the faces of three men, kneeling beside

the hole made by his falling body.

"Hey, you still alive?"

The words though muffled by the walls of the basement, broke like thunder on his ears. God, how long had it been since he had heard a human voice--a real human voice--and not the voices of the dreams? ~~Or~~ ~~was~~ this just another part, a variation, a monstrous trick of the dreams? He seemed to be awake, but perhaps he was not. Just how far into his waking mind--if he were awake-- could the dreams project themselves? He decided to ignore the three men, turning his eyes from them and pulling himself up into a sitting position. He reached up and gingerly touched the side of his head, where it had struck the pipes. The slightest pressure of his fingertips was painful.

The three men began talking, and their words drifted down to him.

"He's sitting up, so he must be ok. Probably still a little woozy from the fall. He sure acts like it."

"Damned good thing we saw him when he fell. He'd never get out of there by himself."

"Toss down the rope. Let's get him out."

"Our little old tribe is really thriving. He's the fifth we've stumbled across in the last six months."

A thick rope snaked over the edge of the hole and dangled three feet above the basement floor. Two of the men descended hurriedly and walked over to kneel beside him.

"That's a nasty bruise you've got, fellow," one of them said.

"Look at his eyes, Tom. Hell, he's afraid of us."

"Fall must have knocked him loose upstairs."

"Could be...How do you feel, Mack? Think you can make it up the rope with us? "

He drew back from them, and they could see the fear in his movements. He moved furtively toward the darker corner. His mouth began working, trying to form words, trying to tell them to go away, but only animal sounds came from his throat.

"Well, for Chrissake! He's more animal than man. Guess the famliness got hi-p Well, now, look there, Tom. Three stars on his collar. The poor guy was a general."

The word echoed and re-echoed in his mind. "General, ...general..."

Suddenly the thread was there, and he was forced by a moment of sanity to grasp it. Back he went, pulled along by forces beyond his power to resist. Back, back, back, beyond the first fire-dre ams. Back to another world, back to another life--this same dead world and this same dead life. Before both of them had died.

General Shaner. Three stars and seventeen years of military service. General Shaner, sitting alone in his fortieth year in a tiny cubical of stone buried several hundred feet beneath the New Mexico desert.

The room was filled with quietly humming equipment-- radar scopes, computers, microphones which murmured incessantly. He

watched the tracking radar scopes as they followed a score of routine objects. He listened absently to the closed circuit monitors chanting their monotonous words, keeping him posted on events in every corner of the globe.

He sat before a padded desk, in the center of which was the black button. His right hand lay inches from it. He frequently found himself staring at it in morbid fascination. The button that could launch fantastic devastation. The button that could, perhaps, launch the end of mankind. The button gave him power, power over life or death. But it was not a power he enjoyed having.

How long had he watched that button? How long had he sat in that padded cubical, listening to the electronic hummings, watching the florescent radar sweeps, listening to the never-ending reports? Well, let's see. Two weeks-- yes, he had been there for two weeks. Five days to go before his relief came. Would he push the button?--Would he have to push the button -- before the five days were up?

1300 hours. Time for another shot of Sleepless, as he had come to call the daily 10,000-cc dose of hyper-stimulant that had kept him awake and super-alert for the past two weeks. He laid his right forearm against the chair and pressed the switch at his hip. The small needle sunk painlessly into his arm, discharged the drug, then slid back into its socket. He was good for another twenty-four hours.

The Special Report Monitor brought General Shaner out of one of his momentary reveries. As the Monitor jammed the other communication circuits and began its own report, the General became instantly alert, almost rigid, every sense keyed to perception and perhaps ultimate judgement.

Unidentified objects, traveling at more than fifteen thousand miles an hour-- ten formations of them--approaching from Sectors IV, VI, XI, and XX. Direct-intercept had been dispatched, and he was requested to maintain FIVEPOINTS switch.

He waited five seconds, then activated Red-Zero Alert, Phase One. All in all, it was very strange; for at that moment, he was very calm and he knew that he shouldn't be.

The FIVEPOINTS microphone spoke suddenly, rapidly :

"Direct-intercept negative. All ten formations broke through, Zone Seven estimated target area. Time to target area: Fourteen seconds."

So this is it, the general thought, glancing at the button.

General Shaner punched the bumper selector. The master computer had all the information, could analyze, collate, evaluate, plot all the possibilities, then put them all together in a definite answer. But the computer could not exercise judgement; he would have to do that.

The answer tape flowed out into General Shaner's hand. In essence, it said: Push the button.

The fourteen seconds were up and he was astounded that he had accomplished so much in that length of time. FIVEPOINTS verified the decision he had already made. Second Phase of Red-Zero Alert was about to begin, for Zone Seven was now a raging nuclear inferno.

General Shaner jabbed the black button in brutal retaliation. There was no sensation of remorse, such as he had expected. There was no sensation at all. He could not blame himself for what he had done; he was a soldier, doing his duty. He was a man protecting what was left of his country. He was a murderer, but he was not guilty of murder.

His job was finished. He left the cubical, shot up the lift to topside and climbed into the waiting 'copter. He was flown to an airstrip, where he hit the airstrip running full speed to the concrete building where he climbed hurriedly into a flying suit. Ten minutes later, he was inside a supersonic aircraft.

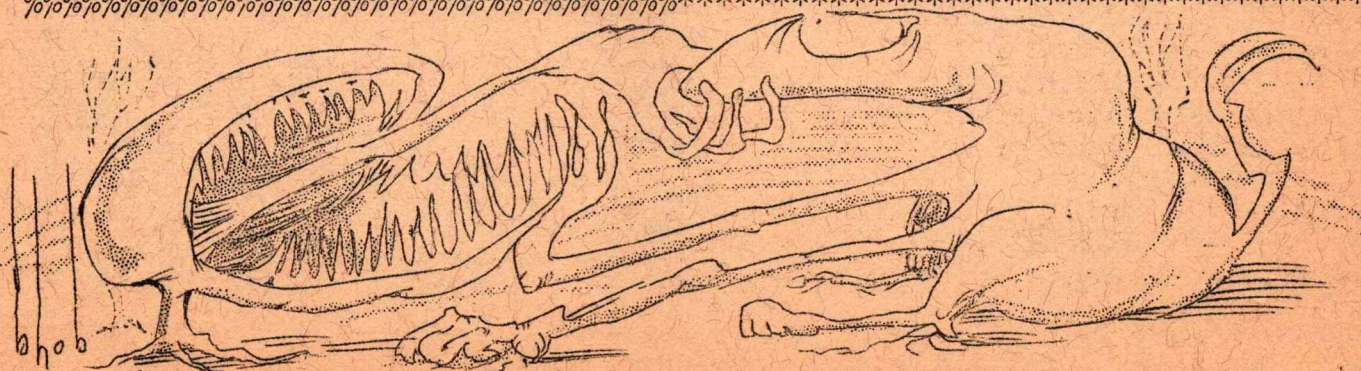
At 1450, over the mottled West Texas plains, the aircraft ran headlong into a swarm of enemy planes and managed to stay aloft three minutes before their rocket missiles tracked and knocked off its section. The pilot and general Shaner ejected and drifted downward, their parachutes tugged by a westerly wind. They landed unscratched, but the enemy planes returned and made one blurred pass at them, strafing the sands. General Shaner threw himself flat, shouted at the pilot who still stood, three feet away, unable to move. The General watched as the slow motion planes crawled by and the bullets ploughed up the ground around him. Time seemed to stand still, and there was something infinitely humorous about the whole thing. The pilot slowly stiffened, rose languidly from the ground and floated backward five feet. Finally, his lifeless body settled to the ground and lay very still, and very grotesque.

The General knew that all of this had taken less than 5 seconds to transpire, but he could not make himself fully believe it. An insect had bitten his right temple, and he reached up to brush the pesky thing away. His hand came down, dark red and sticky. He felt a moment's nausea before the darkness swallowed him.

His mind swung back and forth, from past to present. One moment he was General Shaner; the next, he was a nameless, soulless, haunted creature. There was no time between, no transition. He swung back and forth on a vast time pendulum; then something snapped in the mind that had already been irreparably damaged aged, and a white-hot pain flashed through his body. He felt his heart, for one moment of eternity, bursting outward, scattering in a million pieces.

The General died a violent death of madness. He died with infinite slowness, with an infinite pain. But finally the pain subsided and a merciful blackness came upon him. In that blackness, there were no dreams; and after a very long time, even the blackness faded, and there was--nothing.

-- Bobby Gene Warner --



DOWN

ACROSS

- 1) Better Not Tell
- 2) Jupiter's # 1
- 3) Esperanto etc.
- 4) 1st fan poll.
- 5) 4e's answer to the question of is FM turning into a saucer mag?
- 6) that is.
- 7) What Pelz would hate to be called.
- 8) If XERO can do it so can I!
- 9) "6th vowel"
- 11) though in fanese.
- 15) His beanie fits him toms -
- 16) The beginning of the end.
- 17) Walter Lee's Checklist of stf Movies.
- 18) Robert --Berg.
- 19) SFCoL meets here.
- 20) me (subject)
- 21) --- IN '53 Slogan of Bill Morse's campaign to take the 53 con to Tuktoyakuk.
- 23) Last American pro to feature fmz reviews.
- 25) Tales & Fistory of LASFS could be called this.
- 27) Frank - Prieto
- 30) Long period of time
- 31) End Of the Beginning.
- 32) Ackermanese the
- 33) What liquid refreshments do at cons.
- 34) --- Wonder Stories.
- 35) An editor accepts.
- 37) A measure used by printers.
- 38) Book of Fort !
- 39) TAU --TI REPRINTS.
- 40) Arthur - Barnes,

- 1) Loves Salt Water Taffy
- 7) What Lon Chaney did in his WereWolf Pictures.
- 10) Rhymed verse for people who hate poetry.
- 12) Quandry.
- 13) #1 enemy of all stf fans,
- 14) How you'd look with a knife in your back and a footprint on your face.
- 16) See 16 Down.
- 17) Lots of Places.
- 18) 1st in any dictionary.
- 19) In this demension the shortest distance.
- 20) Initialese for statement laying the blame on Eney.
- 24) Stars and some feh are said to do this.
- 26) A loup-garou is a ----Wolf.
- 28) Ackermanese for "not me."
- 29) What someone who writes a letter to WRR will wind up in.
- 31) See 31 Down.
- 32) Ah extinct bird; also a name to call fen.
- 33) Witha J. in the middle you get a BNF.
- 35) ORION.
- 36) Also like Salt Water Taffy.
- 40) Gentry or Bulmer.
- 41) Mrs Kuttner's.

I must assume responsibility for any spelling errors in this puzzle. but I wish to thank Eney for Fancy II & Brad Day's Index.

1st Correct answer gets nextish free!

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10						11		
12	13				14			15
16	17							
18	19	20	21			22		23
24	25		26		27			28
	29	30					31	
32						33	34	35
	36			37	38			39
40				41				

THE DREADFUL EMPTINESS OF THE COMFORTABLE

by Ye Ed.

Once upon a time there was a man who was named John Smith. He was an elderly man who was very rich and who had not had to work for many years because of the way that he had invested his money when he was younger. Now all that he had to do was sit back and count the money as it came pouring in quicker than a raindrop being chased by a streak of lightning.

His one hobby that took all his time and secured his interest was collecting antiques that had been weathered by the rough hand of nature into magnificent works of art and representations of the fine workmanship that once prevailed in the "land of the free."

He had a gargantuan house with 50 or 60 rooms and all of these rooms were filled until it seemed as though if one more antique were added, they would burst like gigantic bubbles and cease to exist as separate dwelling places of the fruits of the past ages of man.

One day, while he was shopping in an out of the way curio shop that was itself a relic of better times, he saw in an obscure corner a cobweb encrusted, moldy, old chair that anyone else who was less experienced in such matters, would think was a total loss, but which he knew was over two hundred years old and was a piece that he had been looking for for many years to complete his collection of antique chairs.

Immediately, he found the owner of the shop, paid him the \$5.00 that he asked, and took his prize home.

He naturally could not allow his hands to touch the filth and slime that made up the outer coat of the chair. After all, he was a man of good breeding and had always been taught that such tasks as cleaning the dirty chair, even if it was a chair of such value as this one, were for servants to do.

And so he called his servant and watched as he started the tedious task of cleaning the chair which lost its dirt as a snake loses its skin, with pain and great difficulty but with its labors rewarded by a glistening, new, comfortable look.

The Servant was trying to say something to Mr. Smith but the chair looked so comfortable that he wouldn't listen anymore than a child will drop the matches that he has just discovered as his new playmate. He knocked the servant out of his way and sat down on the chair. As an eggshell would crumble under a slight weight, so the seat of the chair crumbled and Mr. Smith fell back into the chair, hitting his head and receiving a fatal blow.

For the seemingly COMFORTABLE chair was dreadfully empty and Mr. Smith was killed.

finis.....m.j.m.

Perhaps you are wondering just why I'm foisting this off on you. The main reason is that I just want to celebrate my first fannish anniversary. I joined fandom through the "Fanotations" column in Fantastic Universe. My first fannish letter was written to Mike Deckinger asking for a copy of Hocus on August 1, '60. So, this will be dated August 1, 1961 and is my first anniversary present to fandom. Further details are enumerated below:

- () Your name is Cele Goldsmith and I wish you'd start making S, E. Cotts review at least 1 zine per ish.
- (✓) You are a BNFS or Pro and I've greatly enjoyed your work. I'd like your comments on this.
- (?) Trade?
- () Review this please.
- () Your name is Felz and the SAPS deadline was June 15 not May 17. (July 15- 1 month equals June 15)
- () You are a correspondent and Good Man.
- (✓) A contribution from you will be looked on with favor.
- () Hope you enjoy this.
- () Now you know why I'm so slow corresponding.

You will get nextish if:

- (✓) You write
- (?) You trade
- (✓) You Contribute.
- () You don't do anything. I owe you 1st 3 issues.
- () You give me some helpful suggestions.
- () YOU SEND MONEY
- (✓) Do one of the above checked please,,,

Time to sign off...don't forget to write. I'll see you again as soon as possible (when I have enough suitable material) but I'll probably be in the University of Conn. before then. I start Sept 10, to major in Chemical Engineering.

Yours Trufannishly,

Mike

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