

This is a photocopied replica of Odd #21.

Dave Hall loaned me his copy of Odd #21 in August of 1978, for me to read and return, which is the first time I had seen or heard of the issue. I believe, however, that the zine was actually produced in 1971.

The zine was mimeoed on yellow twilltone, in blue ink, with the exception of the figure on the cover which was in black ink.

The blank pages appear in this replica exactly as they did in the original.

Joyce Katz

ODD





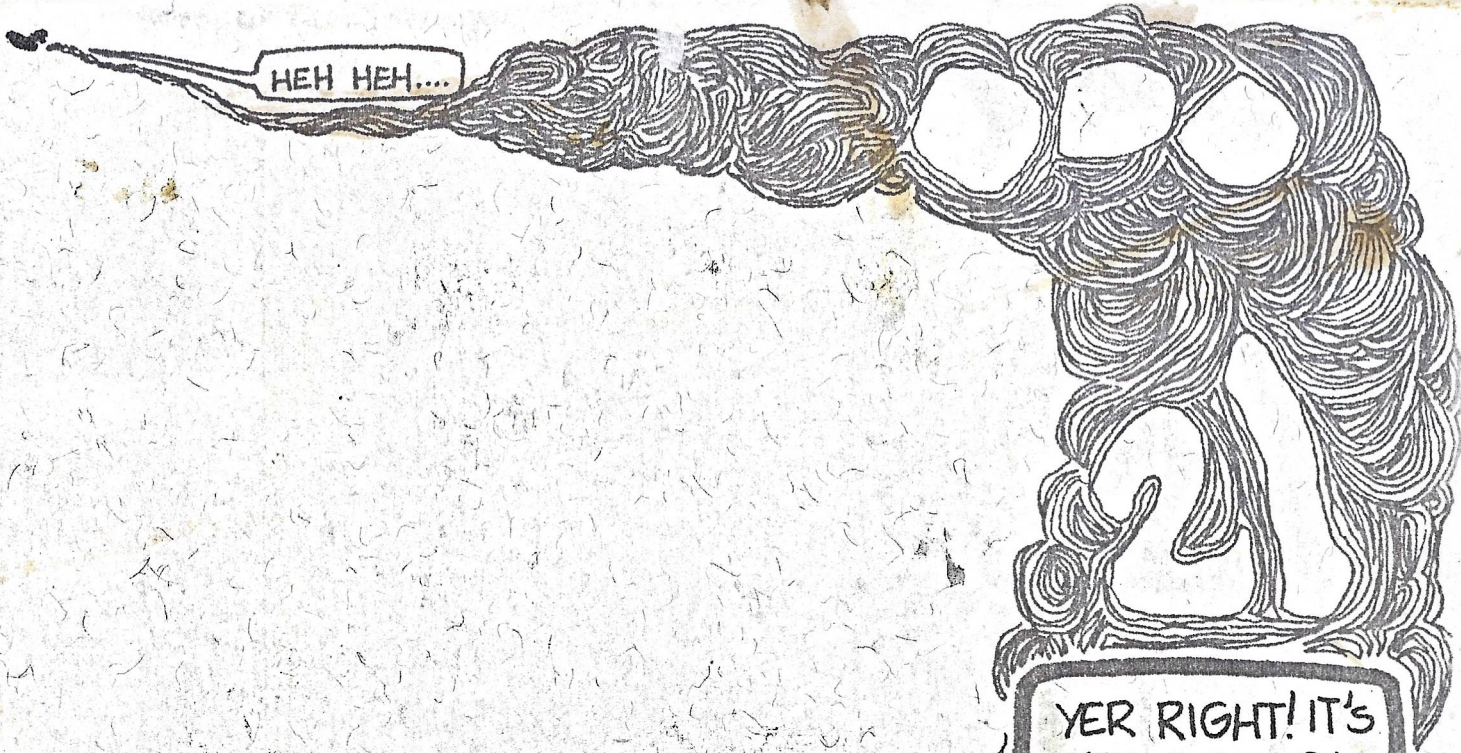
HMM... THIS
MUST BE

I HOPE
SO...

I THOUGHT THIS
WAS KING TOT'S
TOMB....

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM,
THIS IS REALLY A
SHEET OF PAPER....





HEH HEH....

YER RIGHT! IT'S NOT ODD 21, IT'S *YECCH!* WAITE PUPPY FANDOM!



AND HE'S A TERMITE

I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT, BUT THIS ISN'T ODD 21.....





Wonderful! Now I can replace everyone....including you!

JOLLO



by JOYCE FISHER

TREACLE WELL

I'm a Red Queen
And my name is Madeline.
I live in a Treacle Well.

I'm late. I'm late
And my grin will be here
After I have gone
Down the Rabbit's Hole.

This is the Hatter's Tea Party.
Move over. My place is to messy.

It's 4 o'clock. It's 4 o'clock.
It's 4 o'clock
And tonight
The House of Usher falls.



BURY ME

No place to run,
No place to hide,
No death that I can buy.
Only life - this awful life.

Madness is dripping from
The ceiling fixtures
Forming pools
Upon the floors.

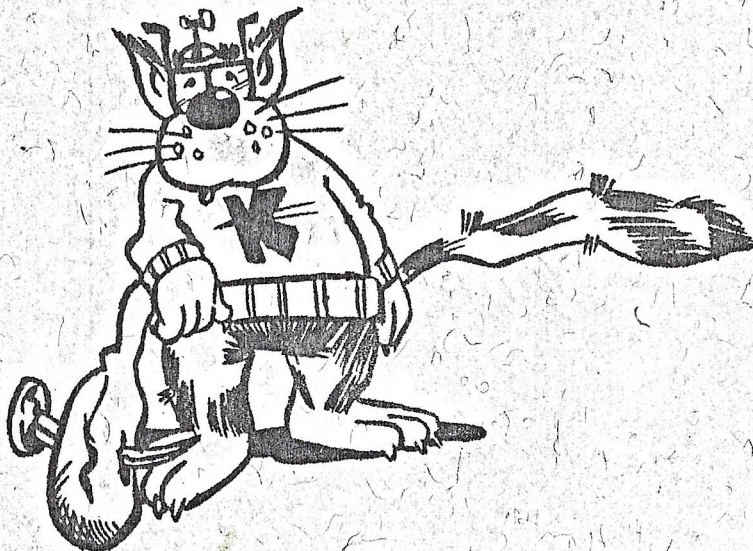
I'm drowning.

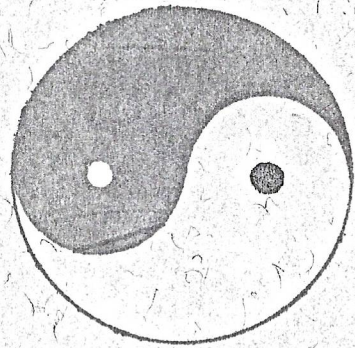
No hopes to hope,
No wishes - no dreams
Left to dream.
I'm dead already,
Bury me.

Bury me - before I rot.

Cover the body over —
Decency requires that
No one should see
The disintegration
Of what once was.

The Being
That was
Me.







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