

# SQUIRE

NO. 1

25¢



# SQUIRE

well, gang...here we are with our first issue and a considerable amount of confusion to boot. in fact there would be no first issue (and probably no second or third issue either) if it hadn't have been for a drastic mistake on my part. i wouldn't have even know about the vast world of fandom if it hadn't have been for that same drastic mistake. (which i will spare you and wont go into any lurid details)

oh please forgive me for all of the msgivings and astounding confusing herein. i go into explicit details over the name choice of this fanzine only to use a completely different name afterall.

as i think back, i realize that this issue was put together with little, if any, consideration to the reader at all. i remember turning to good and loyal buddy, tim blickhan, and saying... "by george, i bet this fanzine will be put together with little, if any, consideration to the reader at all." blick just sort of grunted and looked up from his copy of good housekeeping. (blick has never really taken any intrest in anything since his pet aboriganie died of polio) anyway, things should be normal (whatever that means) next issue.

speaking of george washington. did you know that george washington and lizzie borden were much more alike that most gbbe them credit for. they both had an uncontrollable desire to chop down things. and speaking of uncontrollable desires...i'm working on a short story for number two about a little boy named sidney who had an uncontrollable desire to eat things.

i bet you all thought that this sentence was going to say something different that it does. so there!

this a public retraction: everything i said elsewhere in this fanzine is retracted and deemed an untruth. excepting all those articles which are right and are obviously so. this whole thing is a drastic mistake. don't you think?

i even had a title and credits page to put in this space, but when i decided to change our name for the third (and we hadn't even come out yet) time...i tore out the credits page and put this in instead.

i'd like to hear some opinions on the 'nycon' mentioned herein. whether you're a stf-zine fan or not. actually i've no bitter hatered towards the stf-zines. it's just that i can't figure out what they're convey ( don't ask what i'm trying to convey. i'm not trying to convey a damn thing. so there!)

squire-is a 'paradise allegy production', created in paradise alley.

-Skip Williamson-

# \*SELECTED FILTH — AN EDITORIAL

At this point, (which is the first point in this fanzine) I would like to bring out that our small out abitious group has had a hard time of it.

When we first decided to do a fanzine, our merrie men were full of hope and optimism and other forms of glee. (let it never be said that ours is not a noble experiment) —, your gracious editor, made the unfortunate name choice.

Anyway, soon after choos- ing the name I trotted over to the house of loyal compadre, Richard Baily, to see if he would do the cover for our first issue. Baily complied with some amount of reluctance. However, after a short beating he came through with the finished product displayed on the front of PLAGUE. A few days after the cover was completed by Richard, I recieved notice from good buddy Joe Filati (who lives in Pearl River, New York) that there had already been a fanzine out with the name I had choosen. So, after several minutes of deliberation, I came up with ABSCESS for our second ish.

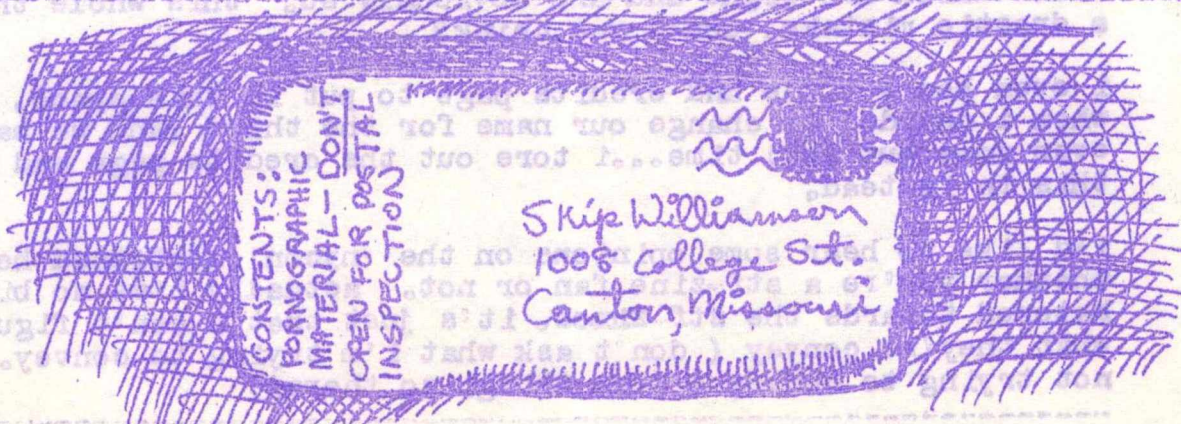
All was fine for a couple of lovely days. But then, I got a letter from other good buddy Phil Roberts, (who lives in Bronson, Michigan) Mr. Roberts told us not to use ABSCESS because it was too vulgar and filthy and some other things, too. But I'm going to use it. So, there! Lyaaah! Better luck next time old man.

Starting with the next issue we'll be known as ABSCESS, see? I realize that it's all very confusing. Maybe the younger members of our audience what I'm will precieve what I'm speaking about.

There is another excellent zine for fen that I'd like to mention. \*SKOAN\* is put out by various press' and by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. If you look carefully through this issue y ou might find some reprinted stuff from \*SKOAN\*. (but then again, you may not..it depends on if you've been a good little boy all year) That which I've reprinted isn't Calvin's (or Mr. Demmons, or Cal's, or "Biff's", or something else) best. Mainly because I'm not a very good judge of what is Demmon's best. Lead it, though. It's likely to provoke some subdued hysteria.

Awright, gang! Let's all get together and write some letter to that filthy communist prone magazine! (Good Housekeeping) Give 'em hell, gang! Afterwards we'll set up a new editor-publisher, and change their name to ABSCESS! \*\*\*\*\* I haven't the slightest idea what brought on that outburst. I get these little fits every now and then.

\* AS YOU CAN SEE, THE WHOLE THING ENDED UP AS SQUIRE



(A LETTER RECENTY RECIEVED BY YOUR EDITOR)

US: AN INTRODUCTORY EDITORIAL FOR THE MAIN PURPOSE OF LETTING READERS PRY INTO OUR PRIVATE LIVES...THE FILTHY PEEPING TOMS!

Star cartoonist, writer, and all around veritable ass, Tim Blickhan aids our cause to a tremendous extent every month. (or whenever the hell we decide to come out)

Blickhan differs from most of our staff in that he is completely and uncontrollably insane. I would attempt to describe him but some of our more sensitive readers might write us disheartening letters. That wouldn't be good...but I've gotten off the subject.

Each morning Blickhan jumps out of bed, strips to the feet, and charges out the door screaming curses and that "Williamson is a war monger." The poor townfolk are quite dismayed to see someone running down the street completely naked and reciting the Emansipation Proclamation. Tim has lost a good deal of his social standing this way, but has survived to contribute a good deal of material to our cause.

No doubt you have already noticed this issues' cover. (If not, probably some evil postman snatched it off, and, clutching it to his busom, burned it.) Anyhow, this cover was done by a certian Richard Baily (note: no "e" in Baily) who is, in general, a clod. I must say, however, that this cover was an extraordinary job...even if it was my idea.

Baily's tastes are somewhat more refined than Blickhan's. (Blick has no taste at all.) Baily is a little more confined in that he prefers classical music to the more conventional and popular type. He also prefers the waltz to the twist. When Baily does the waltz, it looks like he's doing the twist. Richard also plays the euphonium and the cello. Let us say, rather, that Richard owns a euphonium and a cello.

Another contributor and staff member, and staff janitor, is Bill Baxter. (Now there's an uncommon name if I ever heard one!) We haven't decided what to do with Bill, as yet. He'll probably end up as latrine orderly or something. Actually Baxter is a pretty bad cartoonist so you won't see many of his cartoons in this fanzine.

The name on Bill's birth certificate reads, Ialvwerhfjt Baxter. This was caused by a nervous typist. When Baxter's father recieved notice of how much the doctor wanted for delivering Bill, he was known to scream out something profane about that "bill"...hence, William got his moniker. Besides, it was a lot easier to pronounce than Ialvwerhfjt.



"BLICK"



"RICHARD"



"BILL"

# RETALIATION!

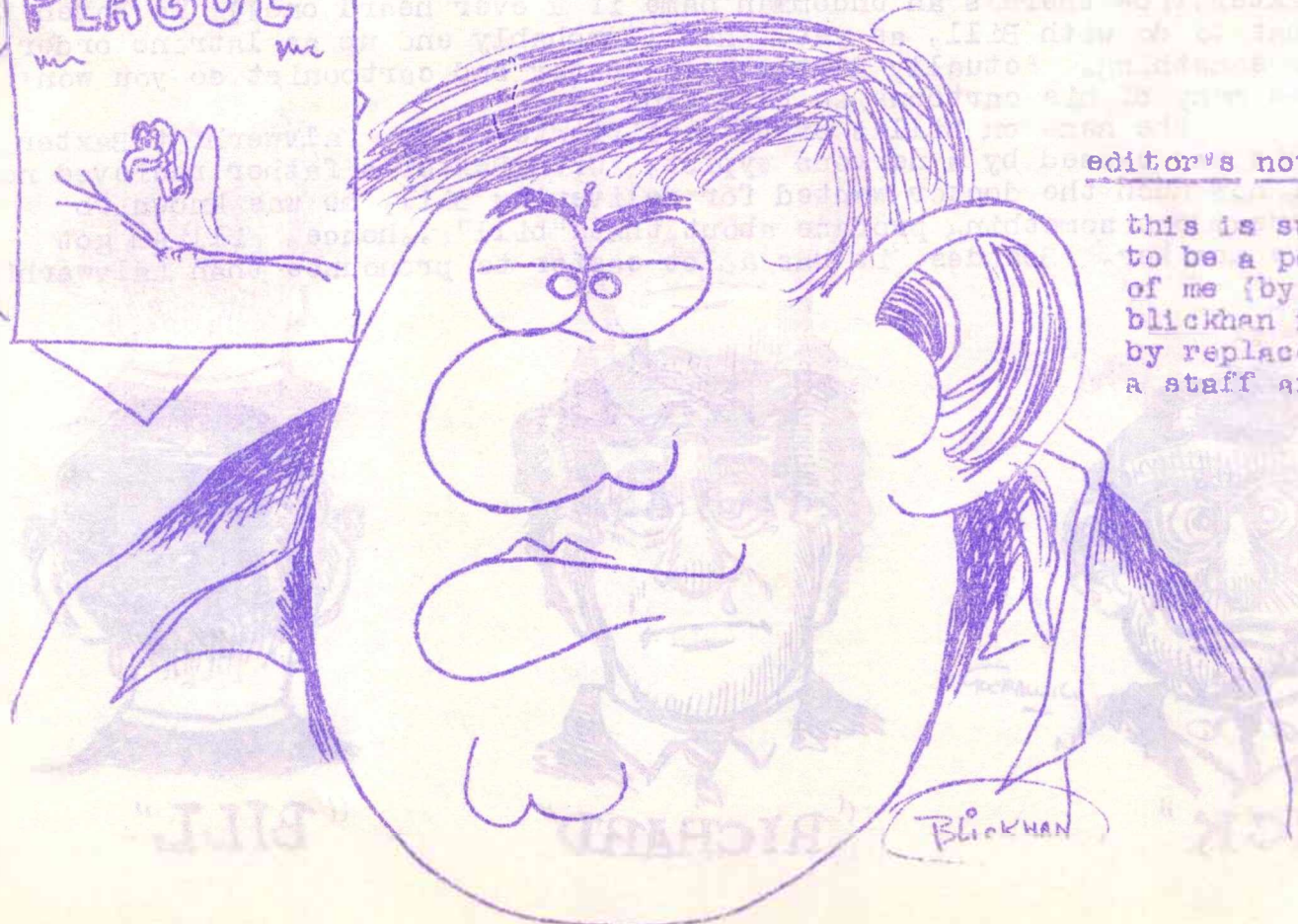
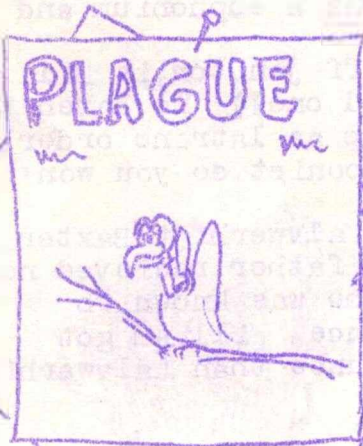
by TIM BLICKHAN

....an article on Williamson,...

Skip Williamson was born at a rather early age. The fact of the matter is that he was sneaked in on the side. His father left to do battle with the Germans almost a year before he was born. This isn't really true but it sure caught your interest for a while there, didn't it? Now that I've captured your valuable time you may as well read this.

Skip first caught the cartooning bug while very young. He used to doodle with gravy on his dinner plate. However, this early talent was wasted and he was forced to eat his works by a rather irate father who read the first paragraph of this article.

He then graduated to finer materials like crayons, pencils, and inkpens...however, his father was still mad and he subsisted on a rather unusual diet for a while. He is still known to occasionally munch absent mindedly on a pencil when his keeper isn't around to watch him. At present he is trying to find a way to recapture some of his early works but he hasn't found a way to preserve gravy yet. He is also the first member of the Canton Christian Church to become a lifetime charter member of the John Birch Society.



## editor's note

this is supposed to be a portrait of me (by blick). blickhan is here by replaced as a staff artist.



BLICKHAN

"ACH HIMMEL! VAT WOULD WE HAF DONE WITHOUT  
ADOLF?"

\* OR SCENE - AN THE CASE WAY BE



**MAN ABOUT TOWN?**

No, you poor fool! How could this possibly be a man about town? This is a woman. (as if you couldn't tell) You want to know more about world affairs...timely events...buy Newsweek. (sometimes referred to as weak-news) But, if you, like Miss Clyde George (pictured above), want sheer fun, leprosey...subscribe to Plague!\*

Send letters...millions of letters...critisizims...condemnations... anything written on anything! Remember, if anything by you appears in Plague, you will receive, absolutely FREE, one copy of the said zine. (worth 25¢) Think of the hours fun you will have. Think of the expressions of joy when you show your friends. Think of how hard the rocks will feel when you are stoned and condemned an outcast.

\* OR SQUIRE - AS THE CASE MAY BE

# NYCON in '63

as you can well see here is yet another editorial type thing. and as you can also well see, it is typed in its entire form without capital letters. actually this a time saving device on my behalf. the main reason i'm doing this, however, is because of the typewriter i'm using. it doesn't do capitals so well on these ditto masters.

this editorial type thing probably isn't a good idea anyway. but some things came up that i thought i should mention. also the minor factor that i had to put some more "filler" pages in this issue. (as of now, i only have a mere 25 completed)

i got a letter from col. rudolph able, yesterday. actually it wasn't from r. able, and actually it wasn't a letter. (maybe it was a letter. i don't know!) the letter was, in reality, a sort of informal rejection slip from chuck alverson. (who just happens to be the assistant editor of help) i usually get one of these from "good buddy" alverson about once a week. the only reason i mention this is to encourage subscriptions and so that everybody will say, "gosharootie...here is a fanzine put out by somebody who knows somebody real famous and rich, so we must by this fanzine so that we can tell all the kids on our block that we are subscribing to a fanzine that has an editor who knows somebody real famous and rich." see? that's the only reason i mention it.

contrary to popular belief, i get some mail from some lesser beings too. i've even recieved some letters and some helpful suggestion on and for this fen's zine. (i might have a letter col in this issue. i don't know, aso of now, but you look and see for yourself) i got a bit of mail from john carter, from london, england. john asked for more information on this fanzine and said that he had the plague. he also said that the early stages od the plague start in the later stages of b.o. wise thinking there, john. i hope to have some cartoons by john in the next issue. john has some of his work for view in the latest smudge. (n2)

i'd like to take this space to thank phil roberts (editor of jack high) for all the help and advice given to us towards this issue. as it looks now, i'm not going to have space to thank phil roberts (editor of jack high) for all of the advice and help given towards this issue. sorry phil.

allright gang, time for a little serous(ack! let's try that again) seriousness. phil expressed concern that we humor/satire zines should band together, not to be outdone by the stf-zines, and hold a convention. (those "other" zines are having their season and westereon this summer.) i propose an NYCON in the summer of '63. of course money will have to be raised and us like mags will have to work this out as a joint project. (to be held in new york) i'm all for this and would like to hear other opinbons. what say all you other cats?

Backman



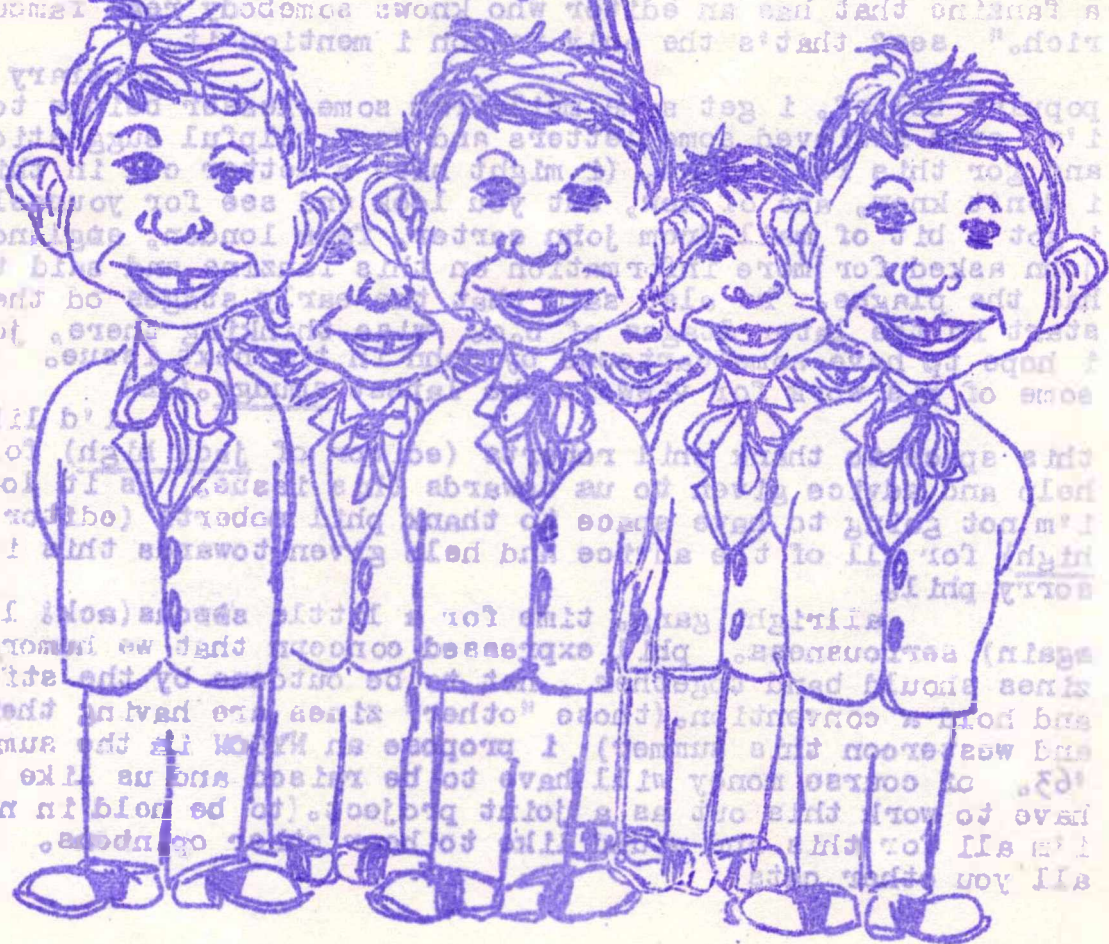
# WYOMING

as you can well see here is yet another editorial type thing. and as you can also well see, it is typed in its entire form without capital letters. actually this is a time saving device on my behalf. the main reason I'm doing this, however, is because of the type-writer I'm using. it doesn't do capitals so well on these little masters.

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I got a letter from col. Randolph Able yesterday. actually it wasn't from r. able, and actually it wasn't a letter. (maybe it was a letter. I don't know) the letter was, in reality, a sort of informal rejection slip from chuck riverman (who just happens to be the assistant editor of help). I usually get one of these from "good buddy" riverman once a week. the only reason I mention this is to encourage a certain amount of "gosharootie... here I am put out by somebody who knows somebody real famous and also we must by this fame so that we can tell all the kids our block that we are subscribing to a magazine that has an editor who knows somebody real famous and rich." see that's the

HELP!



Buckham

"Well," said the Inspector, as they stood around in the office that evening. "I suppose you're all wondering how I knew that Jefferson, the Arch-Criminal, burned down the Addams building in order to wreak vengeance upon Edward-the-Tool-and-Die. You'll remember that Molly Sue Janice Louise Mary (Miss "X" of the stage, screen, and Movies) kissed the stable boy in order to keep her pledge to Victor, the one-eyed hunchback from across the street. From there on it was easy. Charles, the Greaser, sent three hundred poisoned shoelaces to Connors, the Electric, and Fitchie, the Caramel-Lawyer, told us everything we needed to know. Any questions?"

"Just one," replied the Constable. "What about the razor-sharp edge on that four-cent postage stamp we found imbedded in your ear? And what about the fourteen inches of snow which fell in the Park in the middle of July thirty-five minutes after Janice-the-Screamer broke out of City Jail? And finally, what about the four thousand neatly-dressed downtown businessmen who disappeared in a huge gas-filled bag from the Stadium shortly after Easter?"

"Aw, go to hell," said the Inspector, irritably. "What do you want, an egg in your lousy beer?"

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The dialogue you've just read and the one following were both written by a Mr. Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. Calvin has helped our cause a great deal by means of suggestions and allowing us to reprint this "stuff" from \*SKOAN\*. Of course, \*SKOAN\* is put out by Mr. Demmon and has come to be one of my favorite fanzines. (There's more about \*SKOAN\* in our review col.)\*

This "reprint section" is something we'd like to continue on in later issues. We plan to use material mostly from other fanzines, but every now and then we hope to branch out into other fields.

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Once upon a time there was a little boy named Jimmy. He was a regular little fellow with freckles and tousled hair. He liked to go and play "catch" with the other children, and everybody liked him. Even the Grownups in the Neighborhood liked him. "Mercy," the the little old lady next door would always say. "He is such a Sweet child." Jimmy had always hated the little old lady next door, and she wasn't helping matters any, though heaven knows she Tried, the poor old soul.

Everything went along fine for Jimmy until he was about eleven. Then he fell in love with the little girl who lived across the street. Her name was Carolyn Addams, and Jimmy would sit for hours by the window in the Living Room of his house, gazing sadly across the street and bathing his feet in a soothing bath of epsom salts. (He had read somewhere that Girls like their Men to be Cranky, so he put tacks in his shoes.) He waited patiently for the Addams girl to leave for school every day, so he could walk with her. Sometimes she would even let him carry her books. (Some lousy psychologist out there is probably going to say that I soured on Wimmen at an early age. Aw, shutup!)

Fifteen years later, Jimmy had been happily married to a completely different girl for about fourteen years. He had forgotten all about the little girl from the house across the street, and when she came to his house one day to return his copy of "Robert's Rules of Order" his wife went to the door and he never knew anything about it because he was sick in bed with a migraine headache.

(\* SORRY, NO REVIEW COL THIS - S.W. \*)

WELL GANG, IT'S TIME TO TAKE  
ANOTHER JAUNT INTO TELEVISION LAND  
AND SEE THAT MOST FABULOUS OF  
CARTOON PROGRAMS . . . .

# THE BULLMOOSE SHOW

- HIGHLIGHT OF BULLMOOSE SHOW IS  
FEATURED SERIAL STARRING BULL-  
MOOSE AND HIS PAL, SQUIRREL,  
THE FLYING ROCK ---

GOSHAROOTIE  
GANG

WELL, DEAR VIEWERS, IN OUR LAST EPISODE WE FOUND THAT BORIS CHICKENFAT AND HIS GIRLFRIEND KAMASHA HAD STOLEN THE PLANS FOR THE ROCKET FUEL MADE FROM THE COMPRESSED JUICE OF WINKLE-BERRIES WHICH ARE FOUND ONLY IN BULLMOOSE'S HOME TOWN OF QUEERBART FALLS---

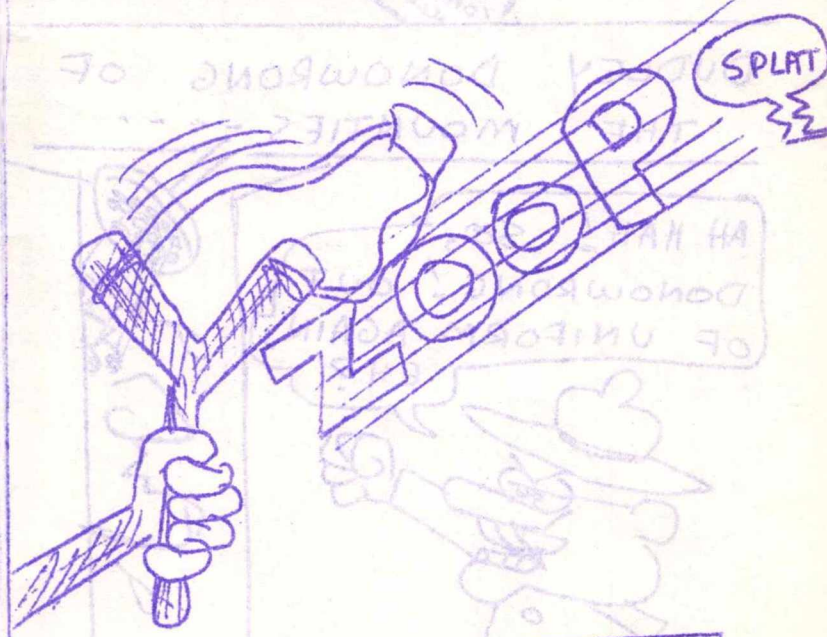
OH, KAMASHA! AT LAST WE HAF STOLINK PLANS FOR RCKET FUEL WHICH IS MADE FROM COMPRESSED JUICE OF WINKLE-BERRIES WHICH ARE FOUND ONLY IN BULLMOOSE'S HOME TOWN OF QUEERBART FALLS!



GOSHAROOTIE BULL MOOSE! THERE GO BORIS AND KAMASHA WITH THE PLANS FOR ROCKET FUEL WHICH IS MADE ETC.



QUICK! LAUNCH ME !!!

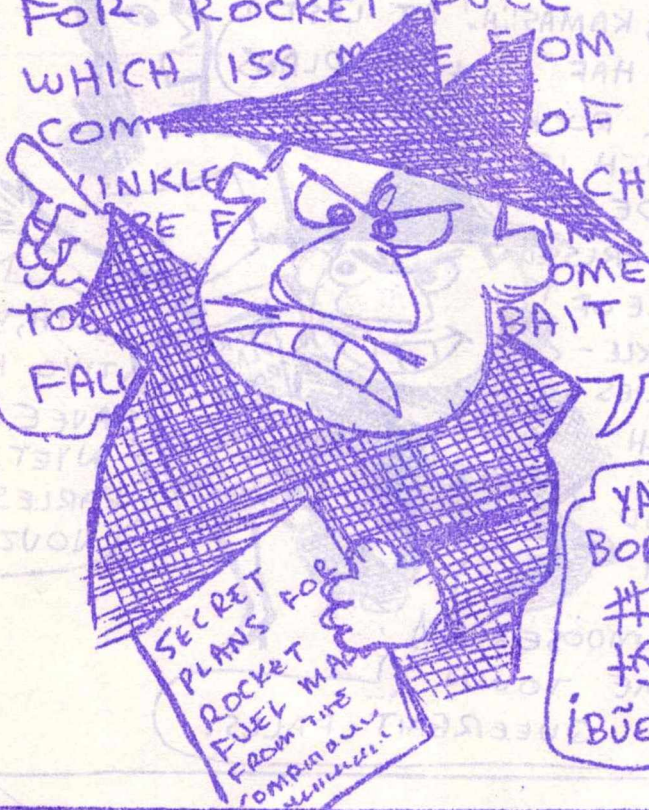


GOSHAROOTIE GANG! TURN THE PAGE!

BUT LOOK KAMASHA, ISS  
ROCK COMINK TO  
SAVE SECRET PLANS

FOR ROCKET FUEL  
WHICH ISS MADE FROM  
COMBINATION OF

WINKLE AND BUNCH  
TO BE FROM COME  
FALL BAIT



YA  
BORIS  
#  
T'S  
IBÜENO

TO  
BE CONTINUED

--- SEE GANG? THAT'S  
THE WAY THE SHOW STARTS  
THEN, WE HAVE SHOWS  
WITHIN THE SHOW... LIKE  
DUDLEY DONOWRONG OF  
THE MOUNTIES, AND  
MAYBE CRUSHED NURSERY  
RHYMES.---

DUDLEY DONOWRONG OF  
THE MOUNTIES ---

AH HAH! SO,  
DONOWRONG! OUT  
OF UNIFORM AGAIN,  
EH?



CRUSHED NURSERY RHYMES

I SAY, OLD GIRL. WE'VE  
BEEN MARRIED FOR THREE  
YEARS NOW, WHEN ARE  
YOU GOING TO CHANGE



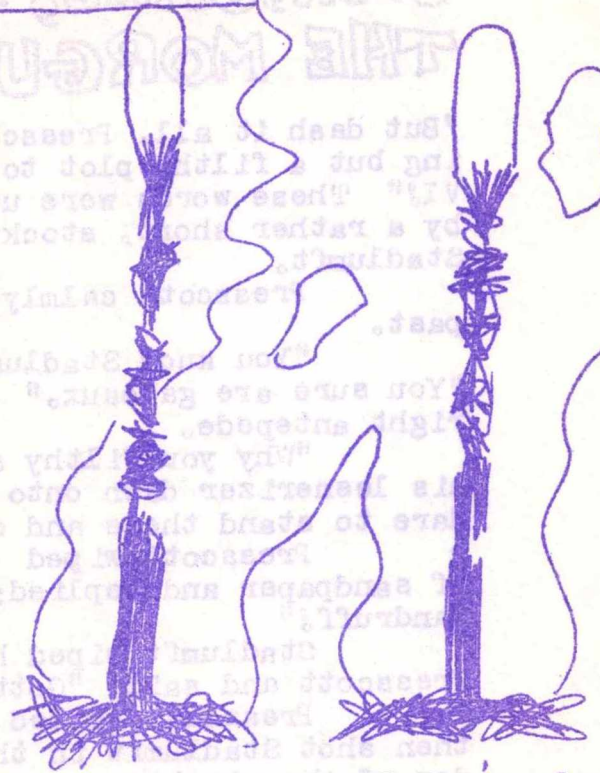
INTO A  
BEAU-  
TIFUL  
PRIN-  
CESS?

THEN, TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, WE HAVE MORE SHOWS WITHIN THE SHOW...

LIKE MR. BEANBODY AND AESOP'S FIBS!

GOSHAROOTIE GANG

MR. BEANBODY ---



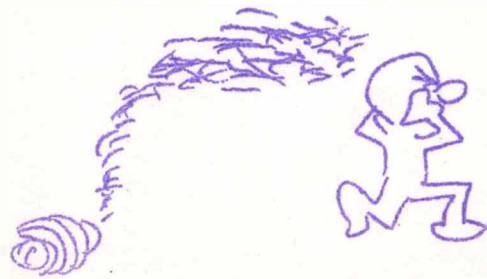
LOOKS LIKE THEY DIDN'T GET OUT OF THIS ONE, EH GANG?

AESOP'S FIBS ---



...THERE'S NO USE SHOWING YOU THE END OF THE BULL-MOOSE FEATURE, IT HASN'T EVER HAD AN END!!! HOW ELSE DO YOU THINK THEY COULD STAY ON T.V. FOR SO LONG?

GOSHAROOTIE GANG!



ANOTHER PLAGUE

# DICK, JANE, AND SALLY VISIT THE MORGUE BY TIM BUCKHAN

"But dash it all, Presscott! You know this whole idea is nothing but a filthy plot to overthrow Ming III's dynasty on Vega VI!" These words were uttered with some amount of tone perception by a rather short, stocky, 197 pound weakling whose name was Stadlumft.

Presscott calmly stepped on a sklunch bug that skittered past.

"You know Stadlumft," he said with some amount of finality, "You sure are gateaux." He scraped sklunch bug hunks off of his right antepede.

"Why you filthy shivenhunt?" Cried Stadlumft as he brought his lesnerizer down onto the Antarian's mucosital membrane. "You dare to stand there and call me a gateaux?"

Presscott wiped the membrane delicately with a small piece of sandpaper and replied: "Not only that but your zanlyttx has dandruff!"

Stadlumft wiped his zanlyttx delicately with a small piece of Presscott and said, "Gott mt uns?"

Presscott smiled feebly and said "Eructatvit cor meum?" He then shot Stadlumft in the left apposinx and jumped out of the window of the air bus.

Stadlumft watched him dwindle out of sight, then coughed twice and exploded.

The next day while they were eating lunch, Jimmy and Margaret were quite suprised to find that their Kelloggs Corn Flakes were turning green.

Stadlumft reintegrated his poestaix and caught Presscott as he bounced up for the sixth time.

Jimmy shot Margaret in the stomach.

Margaret screamed "You filthy Geschlechtsleben!" as she fell into the garbage disposal unit.

Presscott smiled weakly and said, "You know dear, something tells me our marriage was a mistake."

Stadlumft said nothing but kept right on eating his nice, green Ca loxitol steak.

Margaret flushed Jimmy.

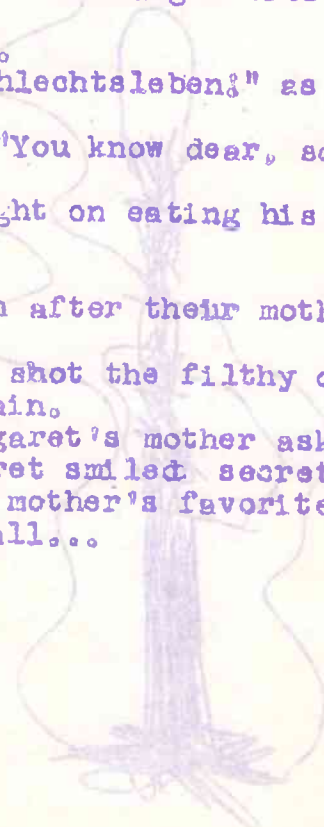
The corn flakes turned yellow again after their mother washed them in Oxydol.

Tommy pulled out his slingshot and shot the filthy commie right between the ears, causing him much pain.

At supper that night Jimmy and Margaret's mother asked them if anything was new. Jimmy and Margaret smiled secretly at each other and opened a small box under mother's favorite chair.

A dull humming noise was heard by all...

After that, eternity.



林正厚

BY TIM BLICKHAN

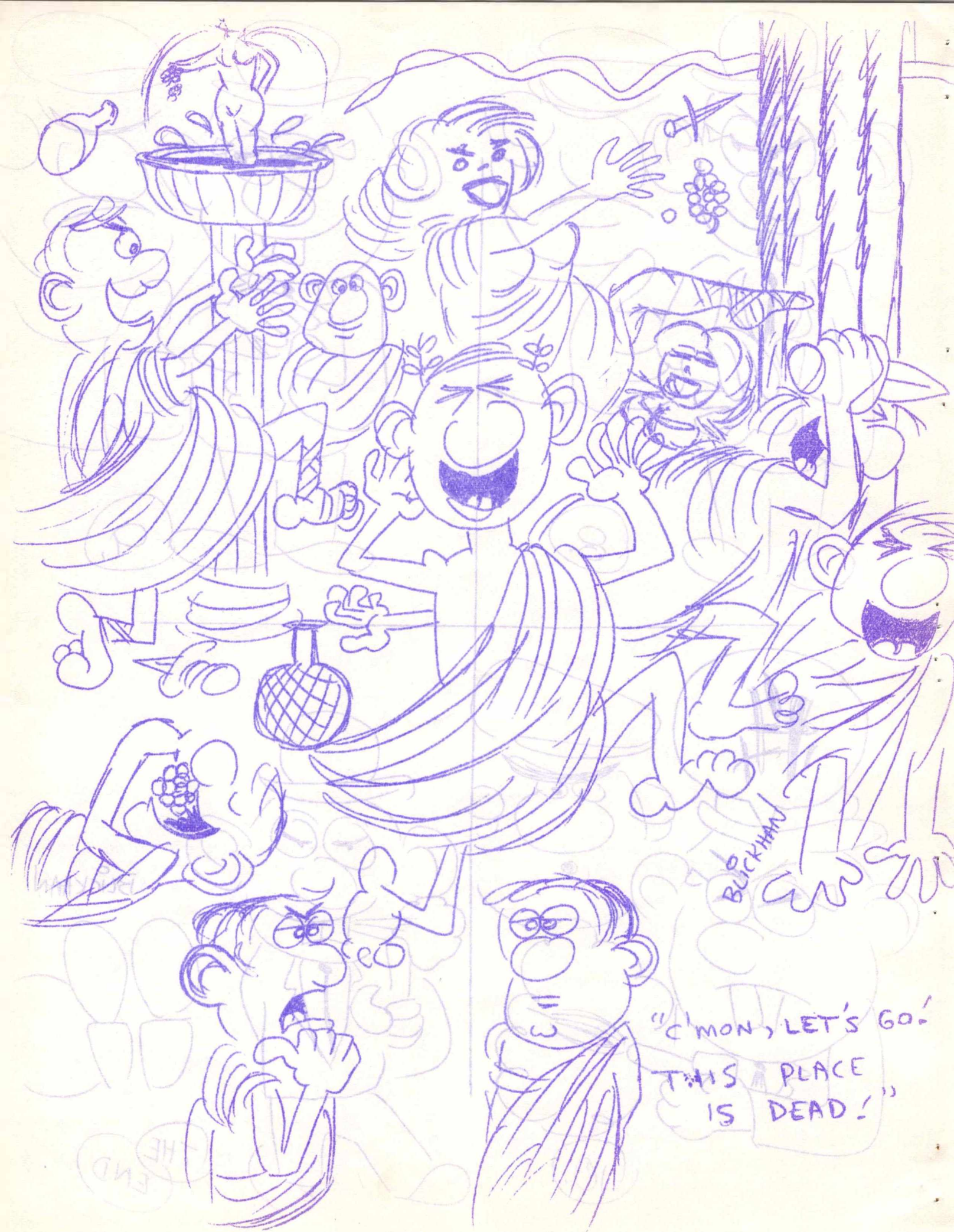




WARRIOR BY TIM B. MIT





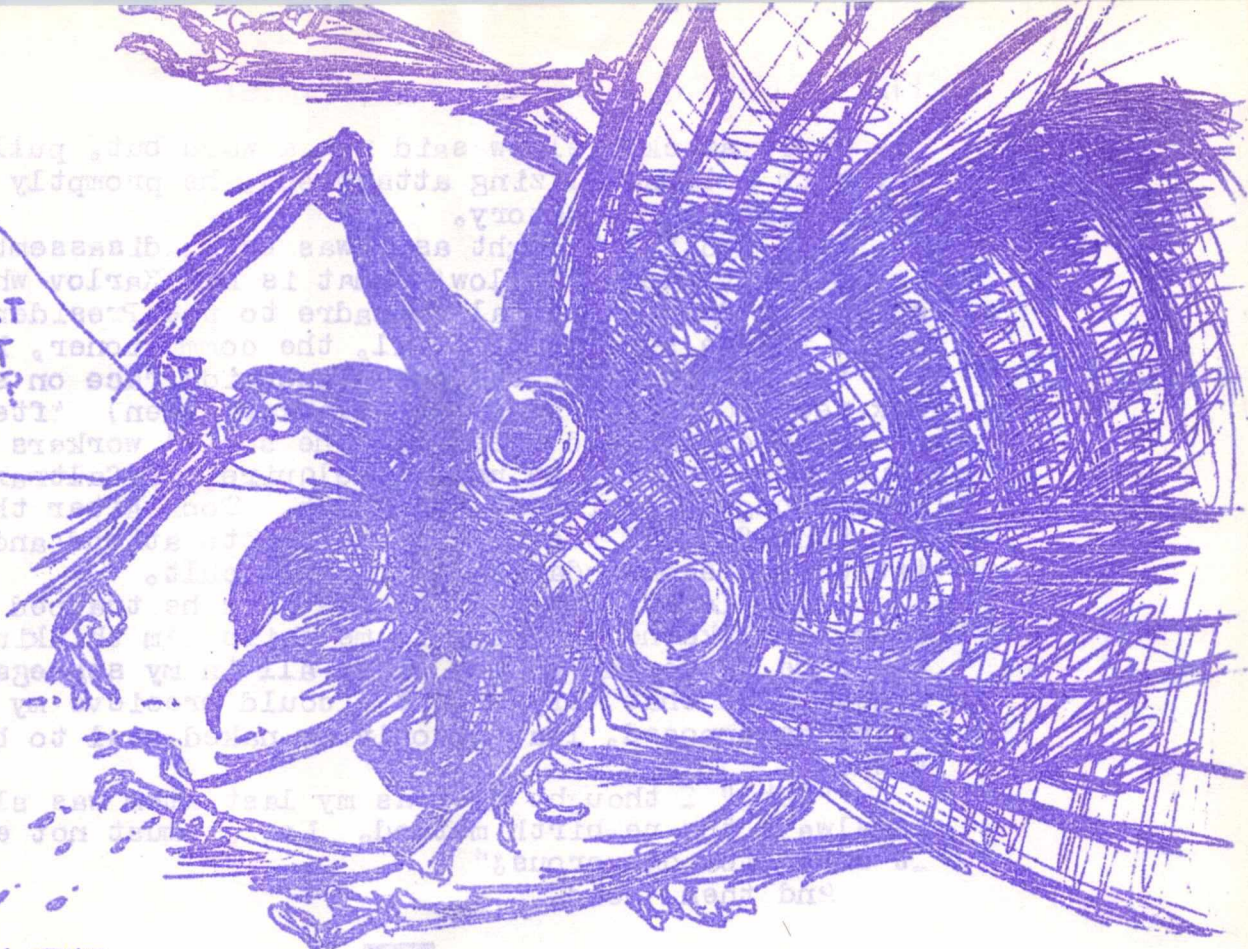


BUCKHAN

"C'MON, LET'S GO!  
THIS PLACE  
IS DEAD!"

THE  
END

HAVE  
YOU EVER  
GOTTEN THE  
FEELING THAT  
YOU WERENT  
WANTED?



THE

# Rebirth Method

illustration by richard bailey

A SHORT SCIENCE-  
FANTASY BY  
SKIP WILLIAMSON

"I can hear him," the old man said with some amount of forgetfulness as he picked his nose and loped of to the televiewer.

"It's all in your mind, you fool," replied the kindly doctor. You saw the certificate of death in the second degregational sector."

The old man looked up from his copy of Good Housekeeping. "I don't think so. Surely you've heard of the re-birth method?"

Certainly you don't believe in that? you know good and well the third S.P.T.P.O.S.A.T.G.A.S. deemed the re-birth method as being only a goulsh germ of distaste lurking in the dark halls of evil minds. Besides, no one has been able to find doctor Karlov. We all know that he is the only one that can use the re-birth method with any degree of success.

"Another damn cult meeting," I thought to myself as I entered the Masonic Hall. "The Masonic Hall? Where did they pick a name like that? Another of those damn cult meeting, and that's all."

I first saw the short stocky fellow just after I entered the main sacrifice room. "Hello there short stocky fellow," said I. "When does the orgy begin?"

(continued on the next page)

## THE REBIRTH METHOD - CONTINUED -

The short stocky fellow said not a word but, pulling a decomposer ray with a tranquilizing attachment, he promptly atomized me into the twelfth deminsilatory.

"By God," I thought as I was being disassembled. "By God, that is no short stocky fellow! That is Dr. Karlov who has disguised himself as a deep and loyal compadre to the Presidential High Priestess. While in the service of Trial, the commissioner, he stole the plans for the formation of the pure (android) race on satellite eleven-six-zeo. (Commonly known as Alark-fifteen) After he led the revolt of the androids and freed all the social workers he returned only to cause more trouble by making Melquire, of Caltraxe-fifty one, to have thoughts of incest and filth. Soon after that he sent out invitations for all the high officials to attend and to grant explicitatory recommendation to his new cult.

Good Lord! How many others has he trapped like this and decomposed like he is doing to me while I'm thinking all this? No, it can't be happening to me. It's all in my segregationalatory sector, crasy." At that very moment I could precieve my molecular structure being decomposed, leaving only my naked soul to battle this evil fiend.

"But," I thought just as my last atom was slipping away, "there is always the re-birth method. No...I must not even think of that. It's far too dangerous!"

And then, void.

### III

The sleek craft glided through the space warp with no sign of the oncoming disaster. The whiteness of space near blinded the crew as they looked through the viewerelite. (Everyone knows that all colors become reversed in a space warp.)

It struck with all the force and fury of a compressitantionory earth tremor. The ship was shaken for a full thirty-five registergrams.

"Good Lord," screamed the capitan. "It's just as though we're in the way someone being disassembled with a decomposer ray with a tranquilizing attachment."

"Yes," replied the first mate. "Just as though someone were being decomposed by a short, stocky, evil fellow."

"Right," commented the second mate as he looked up from his copy of Good Housekeeping.

The first mate turned so that everyone could see the knowing smile on his face that everybody knew this meant that "the rebirth-method was the only answer."

NOTE: This drama takes place in the not-too-far-future. Even so, there is a little difference in the language. Some of the words seen herein cannot be translated into english as we know it.

"When does the story begin?"

(Continued on the next page)

# Good Lord

IT'S A TWISTER! by DON DOHLER

As any common fool of a teenager knows, the latest sensation throughout the nation (how do you like that? a rhyme!) is a revolting example for a dance called the "twist." Even though I am a teenager myself, I find the "twist" most sickening. Of course, it may be a big thing with the old as well as the young, but this is one "young" person who cannot stand the dangerous movements of the "twist." Yes, the "twist" can be dangerous. As a well known medical authority in London wrote, when the "twist" finally managed to hit Europe--"The newest dance sensation called the 'twist' can prove to be highly dangerous to both young and old. It is particularly dangerous to middle-aged people. The result of excessive twisting can, and often does, result in what is known as a 'slipped disc.'" And then he goes on to explain what a slipped disc is, and what it can do to people. "So you see, the 'twist' is a menace to society; absurd gyrations."

Anybody out there foolish enough to build a fallout shelter? If so, shame on you! At least that's what I say. If the world is going to end by 50-megaton bombs, I'm going to end with it. Besides, after a bomb is dropped, what is there left of an area? Nothing but ruin. Suppose that you lived in New York City. And suppose that a 30-megaton bomb were dropped. Suppose also, that you were given enough warning time in advance to make it to a fallout shelter which you had previously built underground...10 feet under, let's say. Okay, so you live through the whole thing, along with about 20 others. After the all clear alert is sounded, you crawl out of your shelter, and come upon what? That's the whole point of my beliefs...you come up to nothing. Why go to the expense and worry of building a fallout shelter, when in the long run, it is useless. Oh, of course you may save a few lives, but after you come out of the shelter (say --2 weeks later), and your food supply is gone, what is there left to eat? No grocery store...no drug store...no nothing!

Being as it is...I can't think of another topic about which to write, so I suppose I will close this for now. I can only wish Skip Williamson and his crew the best of luck with this fanzine. I know that they will need it...anybody who has not yet subscribed, please do so! They need your money to continue doing this mag!

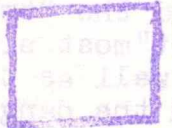
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OUR SPECIAL "THANX" TO DON DOHLER... HE WROTE THE ABOVE ARTICLE IN CASE YOU DID NOT KNOW. (OR CARE OR SOMETHING) DON EDITS A SATIRE/HUMOR-ZINE IN THE "MAD" VEIN. IN CASE YOU'RE INTRESTED, WRITE TO: DON DOHLER, 1221 OVERBROOK RD., BALTIMORE 12, MARYLAND. BY THE WAY, THE NAME OF HIS ZINE IS "WILD!" I DON'T MEAN THE NAME IS WILD. THE... OH SKIP IT!!!

We wish to thank Neal Miller for this cartoon idea and the others we rejected. Neal can't draw worth a darn so I bravely took pen in hand and illustrated Miller's idea. We hope to have more of Neal's work in later issues.

## SHERI'S CAFE

SORRY, ALL C-S STUDENTS  
BARRED DUE TO  
DISORDERLY CONDUCT



## SHERI'S CAFE

SORRY, ALL C-S STUDENTS  
AND COLORED BARRED  
DUE TO DISORDERLY  
CONDUCT AND COLOR



WILLIAMSON

## SHERI'S CAFE

SORRY, ALL C-S STUDENTS,  
COLORED PEOPLE, AND  
H-S STUDENTS BARRED  
DUE TO DISORDERLY  
CONDUCT, COLOR, AND  
ATTITUDE



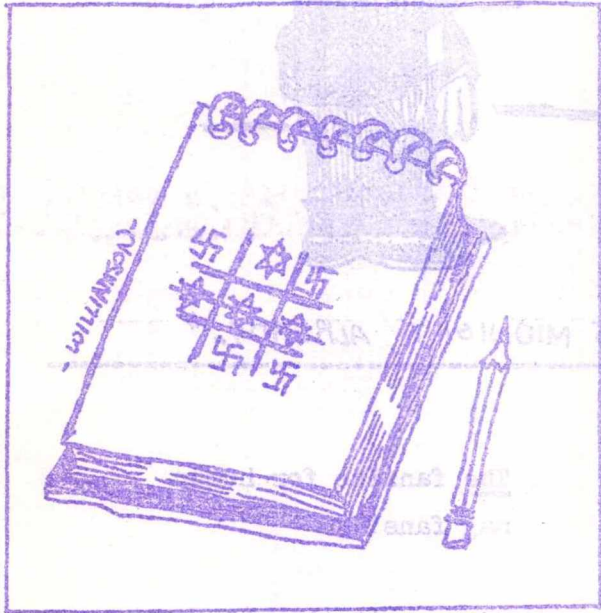
## SHERI'S CAFE

SORRY, ALL CUSTOMERS  
BARRED DUE TO THEIR  
LOW SOCIAL STATUS AS  
HUMANS



# VARIED

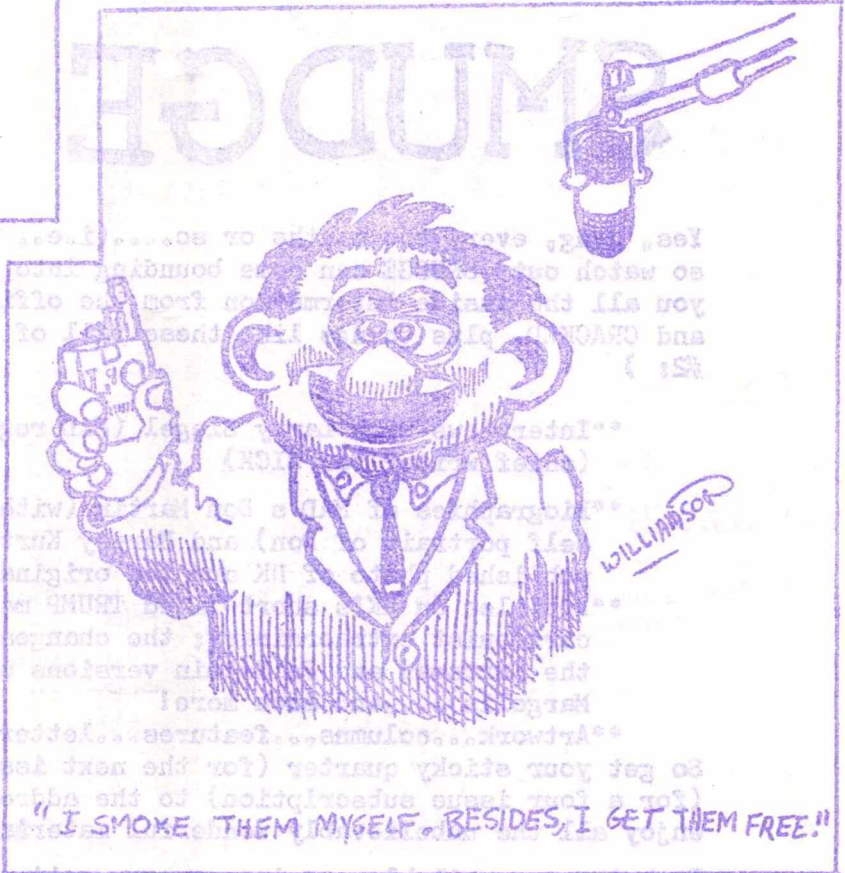
# LETHARGY



by  
William-

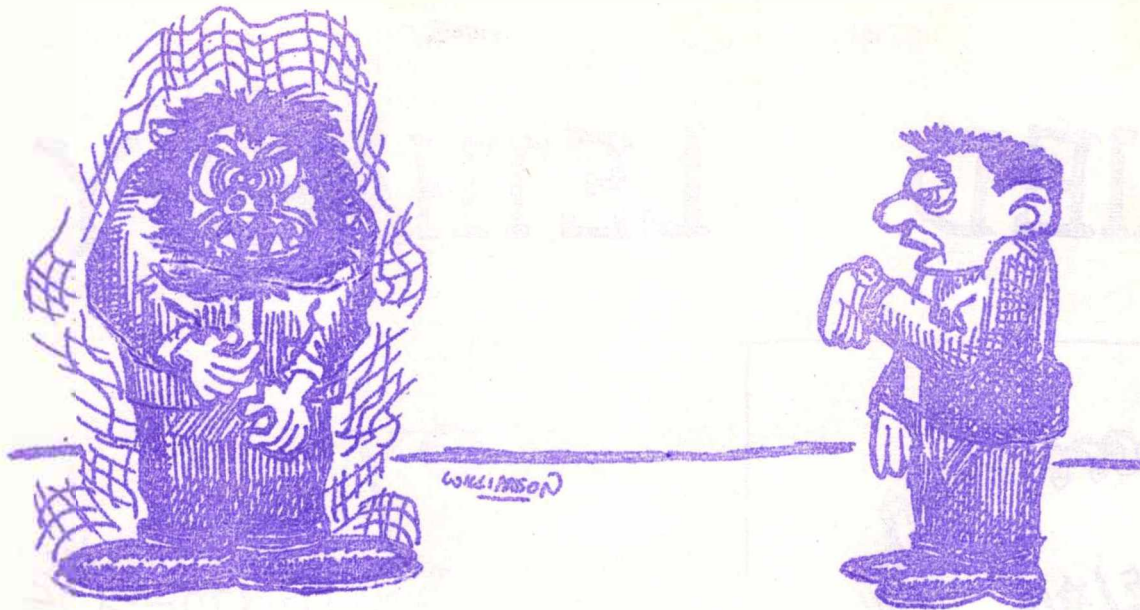


"HE WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH."



"I SMOKE THEM MYSELF. BESIDES, I GET THEM FREE!"





"HOW TIME DOES FLY! IT'S MIDNIGHT ALREADY."

# SMUDGE

The fanzine for humor  
mag fans!

Yes, gang, every two months or so....(i.e., you may wait three months, so watch out) SMUDGE can come bounding into your mailbox, bringing you all the inside information from the offices of MAD, HELP!, SICK, and CRACKED, plus things like these (all of which appeared in #1 and #2: )

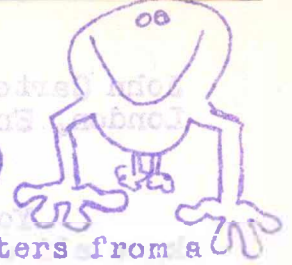
- \*\*Interviews with Larry Siegel (MAD regular writer) and Dee Caruso, (chief writer for SICK)
- \*\*Biographies of MAD's Don Martin (with an original photo-offset self portrait of Don) and Harvey Kurtzman (with a never-before-published photo of HK and two original cartoons!)
- \*\*Articles on HK's short-lived TRUMP magazine; Basil Wolverton, cartoonist extraordinary; the changes for better and worse in the Kurtzman and Feldstein versions of MAD (by MAD writer Bob Margolin)....and much more!
- \*\*Artwork...columns...features...letters...pagenumbers...

So get your sticky quarter (for the next issue) or wrinkled dollar bill (for a four issue subscription) to the address below, and you, too can enjoy all the unbelievably wonderful material provided by SMUDGE!

Back issues available...prices on request! Make checks or money orders payable to Joe Pilati...what are you waiting for? The address is...

JOE PILATI, 111 South Highland Ave., Pearl River, New York.

# LETTERS



Contrary to popular we have already recieved some letters from a brave few who wanted to ask about and give suggestions for this our first issue. So, here are a few of the few that commented. Most of the letters have been cut mainly because there was a lot of eggaboo you wouldn't be intrested in. Besides it's none of your business. So there!

Joe Filati  
Pearl River, N.Y.

Glad to hear about your fanzine, but I wish you would reconsider the title. The reason I ask this is, mainly, PLAGUE has been used--by Larry Byrd (who is writing an article on E.C. for SMUDGE #3) and other West Coast fan in early '61. Their PLAGUE was an excellent multi-color ditto and letterpress job which lasted, unfortunately, only one issue. Fanzine titles are not, of course, copyrighted or anything, but pubbing courtesy makes use of an already-used title a misdemeanor of sorts, and there are so many other good titles for you. Just think awhile...they will start creeping into your skull, mark my words!

By the by, I could use some of your cartoons for #7. If you haven't any gag cartoons, just send me some drawings...humor is not a necessity. You may be intrested to know that, of six people who commented on your pages in #1, five liked it much!

(( Okay! -Ed.))

Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon  
Inglewood, Calif.

Allow me to wish you fun and succes and luck and all like that with PLAGUE. I will be looking forward to recieving it, and (I forgot what else I was going to say with that sentence, so consider it ended.) You are most certianly welcome to reprint anything you want to from \*SKOAN\* in it (PLAGUE). I would deeply honored if you were to do so.

So, I'll be awaiting the first issue of PLAGUE with a certian amount of anticipation (it figures). I like to be on the recieving line of the first issue of a fanzine. It is a big thing in my life.

Thanks again for your letter. If you have any other questions about fandom or anything feel free to write Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, who knows everything, and who is getting pretty silly right now and who had better get busy and study his Zoology or he will get an "F" and that's not a good thing.

((Examples of Cal's writing can be found somewhere in this issue. Read it!..it's pretty funny stuff-Ed.))

John Carter  
London, England

You don't know me, (On account of we've never met) but I know all about you, 'ole buddy. I just loved your cartoons in SMUDGE #1. Also I saw your cartoon in HELP! #8. Good luck!!

My 'ole pal Joe Pilati wrote telling me about your mag. PLAGUE, sounds interesting bwah! (mainly because I have the plague myself) Incidentally, the early stages of the plague start in the late stages of b.o.

(( Flattery will get you nowhere, John. By the way, I hope to have some of John's work in the next issue.-Ed.))

Don Dohler  
Baltimore, Md.

I'm glad to hear that PLAGUE will be a satire mag. Tell me, did you get inspiration (courage) from WILD, or did you have the idea from an earlier time? What I mean is...after you found out that an amature satire mag was being published, did you get inspiration for your own?

Congratulations; offset covers add class to an amature zine. However, other fannish-type reviewers don't consider a cover for a quality rating regarding the zine in general.

((Thanx a lot for all the help given, Don. There is an example of some of Don's work herein, also. Don edits a very good fanzine (WILD) more infro on that later in this ish.-Ed))

I want to thank Phil Roberts for the expressed concern and all his helpful suggestions. It was Phil who got me all riled up over a humor/satire-zine convention. But more about that in this issue. Thanx a whole bunch, Phil.

MYCON

IN

63

ALL MISTAKES  
IN THIS LETTER  
COL ARE PURELY  
THE FAULT OF  
THE EDITOR BUT  
SHOULD BE CON-  
SIDERED THOSE  
OF SOMEONE  
ELSE — S.W.



# GOSHAROOTIE GANG!

YESSIREE FELLAS, YOU TOO CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF HAVING THE PLAGUE BEFALL YOU. JUST SEND IN ONE THIN DOLLAR FOR FOUR COPIES OF FUTURE PLAGUES. AFTER THAT... CYANIDE IS THE ONLY ANSWER!

(\* IT WOULD SOUND FUNNY IF WE SAID "A 'SQUIRE' UPON YOU" WOULDNT IT?)

LABORIOUSLY SCRIBBLE YOUR NAME BELOW AND WE WILL SEND YOU FOUR (CONT'EM) PLAGUES IN ORDER OF THEIR COMPLETION.....

SEND TO: SKIP WILLIAMSON  
1008 COLLEGE ST.  
CANTON, MISSOURI

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET: \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY: \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

T. BLICKHAN

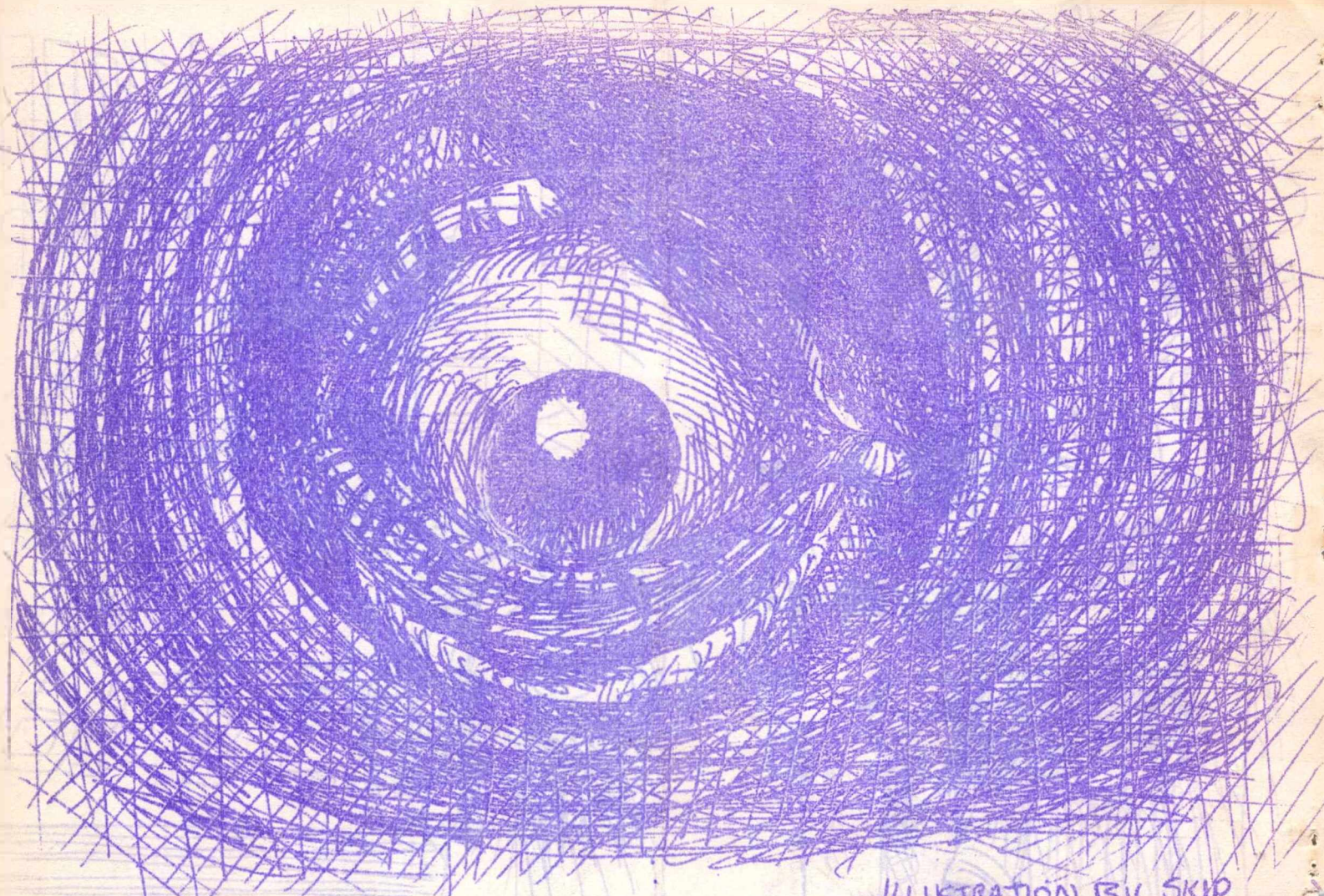


ILLUSTRATION BY SKIP WILLIAMSON



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postman: Please refrain from opening  
this for postal inspection, as it  
contains nothing but varied  
pornography.

- inside- dick, jane, and sally visit
- the morgue
- nycon
- calvin w. "biff" demon
- selected filth
- the bullmoose show
- don dohler
- varied lethargy
- letters
- sex
- editorials
- cartoons
- not much else

TO:

FOR THE PLEASURE OF HAVING THE PLEASURE  
YOU JUST SEND IN ONE THIN  
FOR FOUR COPIES OF FUTURE

Trade?