For those who may be in doubt, rest assured that this is ZAJE ZACULO #1, coming to you from the heart of Goblinland, courtesy of King Gallerk and his noble subject, Len Bailes, resuling at an earthly address of 1729 Lonsdale Dr. Charlotte, N.C. 28205. The one page is showilled by me and run off by Arnold Kabz on the loser of Rower. Excelsion pless #2, for the Southern Fandom Prose Alliance, Mar. 1964 million

This is only going to be one page, I'm afraid, wainly because I just got home from school and received Bill Plott's notification that I m a member, and It has to be in the mail in an hour to stand even a chance of making the mailing.

I suppose some sort of introduction is in order. Hi, I'm Len Bailes. Some of you may know me through N'APA or through the genzine I edit with Arnold Katz, EXCALIBUR, I'm 17 years old, a junior at highschool and the survivor(just barely) of about one year in fandom, Since I've never seen a mailing, I don't have much of an idea who I'm writing to, other than that Kent McDaniel, Jim Harkness and Dave Hulan are probably in here somewhere. As you may know, be-fore moving to the vast destribute Southlands. I was formerly a resideat of New York. In case anyone is interested in my comparison of the two, I'd really say that Charlotte is not nearly as outlandish ' as I thought it would be, and probably isn't a bad town. Of course, I've Learned one important lesson, Don't start an argument in school, This afternoon in an English class somewhe brought up the question of censorship, and I debated gloriously on the subject for half an hour with the teacher (I was arguing anti-censorship of course,) No sooner do I get home, than I find that the English teacher has reported me to the principal as a "Dangerbus influence, complete with a whole deal about how rotten my attitude is. And honest people, be-fore I opened my yap, I asked if the teacher wanted to argue, and she said that she welcommed good healthy dissension. Owell, we live and we learn. At any rate, I'm looking forward to being a member of SFPA, if only to prove to myself that Arnie Katz couldn't possibly be right in his appraisal of the apas

The title of this zine (Which was thought of on the spur of the moment) is of course derived from that classic fantasy by E.R. Eldison, THE WORM OUROBOROS, which just happened to be laying on my desk (Disclaimer!) On such are the titles of fanzines construed I guess. It is the 2½ publication by me solely for apas, and the 10th fanzine of which I have been an editor or co-editor. At any rate, I'm running out of ideas and there's still 16 lines to go, dammit, but one way to waste space when you have nothing to say is to say it. If this stencil looks haphazard, believe me it is. I guess I'd better auit now, if I want to make it to the PO before it closes.

See Y'all next mailing.

This has been Zaje Zaculo, and aren't you glad it's over?