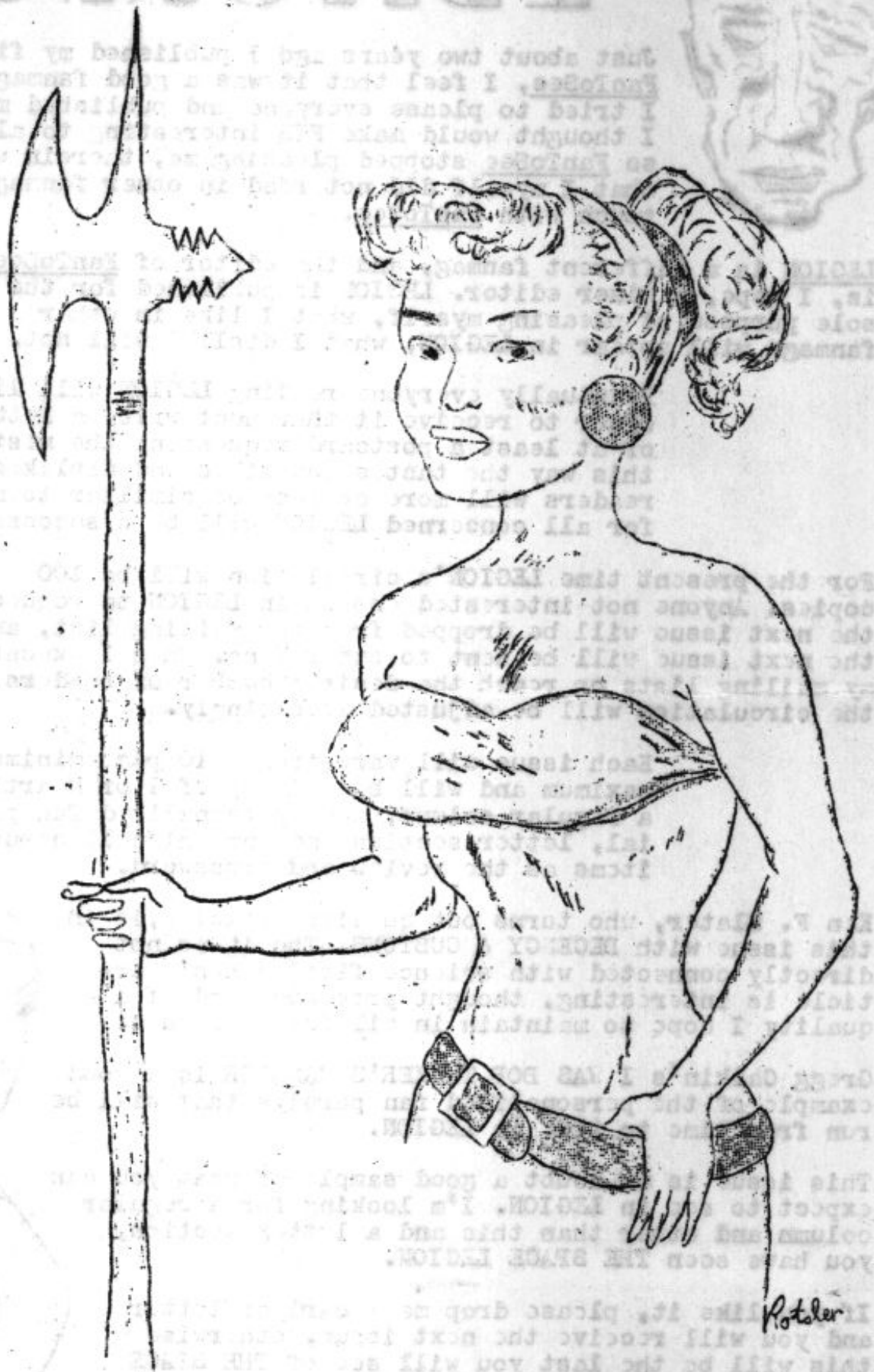


EDITORIAL



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EDITORIAL

Just about two years ago I published my first fanzine, FanToSee, I feel that it was a good fanmag, but in it I tried to please everyone and published material that I thought would make FTS interesting to all. In doing so FanToSee stopped pleasing me, therein was material that I myself did not read in other fanmags and I lost touch with FanToSee.

LEGION is a different fanmag, and the editor of FanToSee is, I hope, a wiser editor. LEGION is published for the sole purpose of pleasing myself, what I like in other fanmags will appear in LEGION, what I dislike will not.

Eventually everyone reading LEGION will like it, as in order to receive it they must write a letter of comment, or at least a postcard requesting the next issue. In this way the tastes and likes and dislikes of LEGION's readers will more or less be similiar to my own, and for all concerned LEGION will be a successful venture.

For the present time LEGION's circulation will be 100 copies. Anyone not interested enough in LEGION to request the next issue will be dropped from the mailing list, and the next issue will be sent to other fans. When I exhaust my mailing lists or reach the desired number of readers the circulation will be adjusted accordingly.

Each issue will vary from a 10 page minimum to a 20 page maximum and will be made up of 1 or 2 articles, possibly a regular column, some personalized fan parodys, editorial, letter section and some miscellaneous items as the review and crossword.

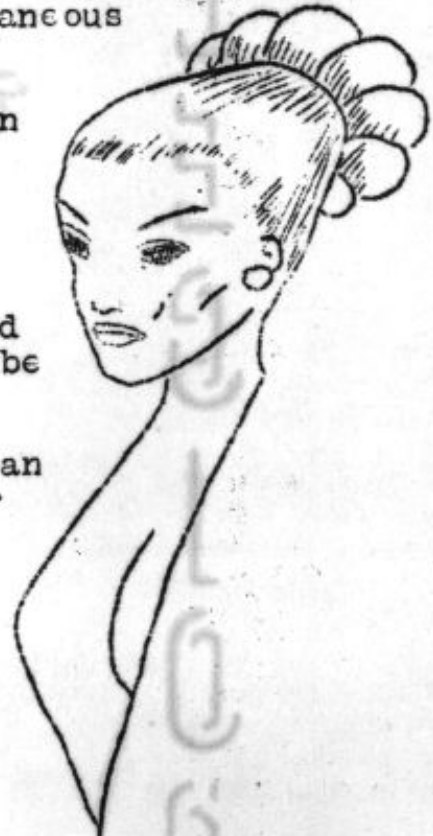
Ken F. Slater, who turns out quality articles, is in this issue with DECENCY & CUSTOMS. Tho it is not directly connected with science fiction Ken's article is interesting, thought provoking and of a quality I hope to maintain in all future issues.

Gregg Calkin's I WAS BOB TUCKER'S MANAGER is a good example of the personalized fan parodys that will be run from time to time in LEGION.

This issue is no doubt a good sample of what you can expect to see in LEGION. I'm looking for a regular column and other than this and a letter section, you have seen THE SPACE LEGION.

If you like it, please drop me a card or letter and you will receive the next issue, otherwise this will be the last you will see of THE SPACE LEGION.

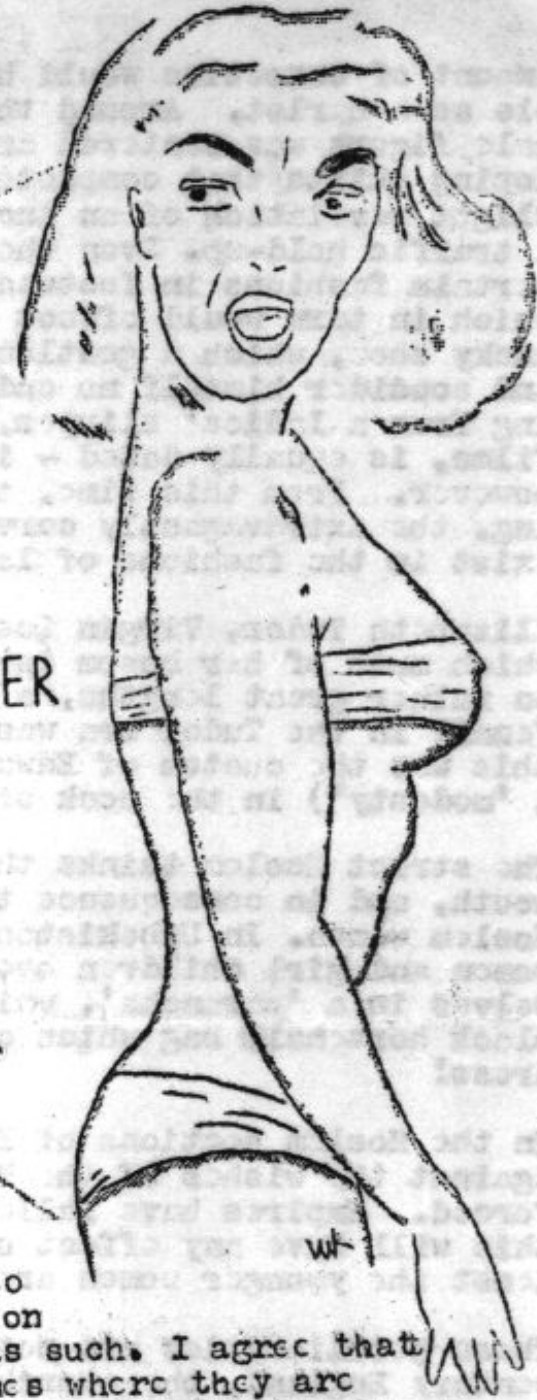
---LARRY J. TOUZINSKY





DECENCY & CUSTOMS

BY
KEN F. SLATER



The average fan talks knowledgeably of sociology, political history, and similar subjects, but seem to know surprisingly little about that very important facet of human social groupings, which I label 'Decency', really morals and customs, conventions, and the like.

In this particular little bit of scribble I am going to natter in my beard about clothes, and customs associated therewith. I am not going to reel off a diatribe about nudcs and semi-nudes on magazine covers. I have no objection to them as such. I agree that they are a highly improbable factor in the scenes where they are normally pictured, but one must realize that on any fashionable beach today a respectable woman may dress in a garment which exposes her navel, all of her stomach, and a large quantity of her bosom, without arousing comment., other than the familiar long low whistle, should she be the right shape. I forgot to mention that she also exposes most if not quite all, of her posterior!

If this is okay on the beach, why complain about the magazine cover? Somewhat early in 1950, a New York burlesque show, noted for its strip tease, closed down, for as the proprietor stated, "Why should the boys pay to come here, when they can see a **** sight more on the nearest beach."

This situation is far cry from the world of only fifty years ago, although due allowance must be made for latitude. The dusky African maid is probably wearing more today than she was in the year 1900, on an average. But in the year 1900 in England, any woman using the slightest

amount of cosmetics would have been branded by a certain class of people as a harlot. Around the same period the male interest in the female figure was centered around the ankle. The ladies wore long enveloping skirts that completely concealed their method of locomotion. The slight revelation of an inch of leg in the street was sufficient to cause a traffic hold-up. Even the stallions would shie! This in turn led to certain fashions in footwear, and customs of various kinds, each of which in turn would effect an industry. From this period dates the lucky shoe, which a gentleman of those days would wear on his watchchain and consider himself no end of a dog for so doing. The custom of drinking from a ladies' slipper, so frequently found in 'romantic' books and films, is equally dated - it is often misplaced in history by authors, however. From this time, too, comes the openworked and clocked stocking, the extravagantly curved heel, and the pointed toe which still exist in the fashions of ladies' shoes.

Elizabeth Tudor, Virgin Queen of England, had many portraits painted in which much of her bosom is easily discernable. Although she carried this to rather great lengths, a display of the mammary glands of the human female in the Tudor era was a sign of virginity. How much reverse of this was the custom of Edwardian days of wearing a square of lace (called a 'modesty') in the neck of any low-cut gown.

The strict Moslem thinks that there is something indecent in a woman's mouth, and in consequence there comes the various forms of veil worn by Moslem women. In Uzbekistan things were carried to great lengths, and women and girl children over ten years old were forced to cover themselves in a 'parancha', which rather resembles a meat-sack. A large black horsehair bag which covered them from head to foot, was correct dress!

In the Moslem sections of Yugoslavia Marshal Tito has forbidden the veil against the wishes of the Moslem fathers, but the decree is being enforced. Empires have fallen for lesser reasons, but it is doubtful if this will have any effect of upsetting the rule of the Marshal, and at least the younger women are in favor.

These peculiarities are not confined to the women, either. In the 14th century England, the church found it necessary to cry out against the shortness of the hose worn by men of those days. The extent to which this shortness was carried may be remarked by the passing of law which provided for a fine of twenty shillings against any man not protected by his rank who wore a doublet "not long enough when he stands upright to cover his privities and his buttocks". At this same period the church also decried women for wearing too much! It must be remembered that at that period the costume was that which we today normally associate with pictures of the Court of King Arthur. Long flowing gowns, belted to a low waist, drooping sleeves, a square, fairly high, neck line, and tall headgear with veils and what-not flowing from them.

To come a little nearer today, many Britains are somewhat embarrassed by the skin tight trousers (around the backside, anyway) affected by many American men. Americans, at the same time, look askance at our loosely seated trousers! We are both at something of a disadvantage in certain sections of the east, where the dignified long robes are reserved for the use of men, and the lowly trousers worn by women.....



BOOKS

TALK OF THE DEVIL BY EWAN BUTLER 7/6d(1.05)
MOXON, LONDON 1948

REVIEWED BY: NORMAN ASHFIELD

"Do you know," said Lucifer, jabbing the toe of his pointed shoe into the eye of the slowly rotating bank-manager, "Do you know, Malapartus, that I am thinking of making another little excursion?"

As well as thinking of it, the Devil decides to visit Earth and stir up a little trouble. He starts off in England, much to his aide's disgust, and with the assistance of a former clergyman, he lands in 1947 London. Of course the black market is easy for Lucifer and he soon is dressed like a 'real toff', able to go anywhere without causing any side glances. He organizes incidents that cause ill-feeling among the populace, and decides to try to upset the nation by attending a parliamentary by-election.

The election at Banbridge originally looked like being one of those tame result-assured elections, but the Devil imports members of the Anarchist Society and also followers of a pseudo-fascist party. These two bodies eventually meet in open conflict but to Lucifer's disappointment, the result has little importance in the country. So the Devil tries another tack; on polling-day he diverts a projectile (with war-head) from the proving grounds at New Mexico so that it explodes over Banbridge wiping the place off the map. He rubs his hands with glee hoping the event will cause untold enmity with the U.S. Again his schemes backfire for the incident only serves to cement relations between the two countries even more stronger. Funds are granted by the States for relief and rebuilding purposes, and the President calls a conference of All the Powers to discuss Atomic Power in warfare...the Devil retires to Hell in disgust.

"...Malapartus shook his head sadly as his Comander-in-chief withdrew. Another mess for the 'I' Branch to clean up! It might take years to dissipate the goodwill which Lucifer had engendered on earth. In a sense, he supposed, one might call the C-in-C an amateur....If only things could be entirely left to professionals like himself...."

A good readable yarn, illustrated with suitable drawings by 'Trog', it can be recommended to anyone who likes this type of almost "Unknown" fantasy.

---Norman Ashfield

FANTASY CROSSWORD

BY

REDD BOGGS

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 23 | C | 24 | O | I | L | | 25 | D | E | A | L | | 26 | N | 27 | D | | | | | |
| 28 | A | S | N | | 29 | C | A | E | R | | 30 | T | O | E | | | | | | | |
| 31 | L | S | | 32 | P | O | M | P | | 33 | S | E | E | R | | | | | | | |
| 34 | K | A | 35 | L | O | R | N | | 36 | M | A | D | | | | | | | | | |
| | | 37 | A | U | K | | 38 | G | O | T | | 39 | H | E | | | | | | | |
| 40 | S | 41 | A | R | N | | 42 | C | I | T | Y | | 43 | G | T | | | | | | |
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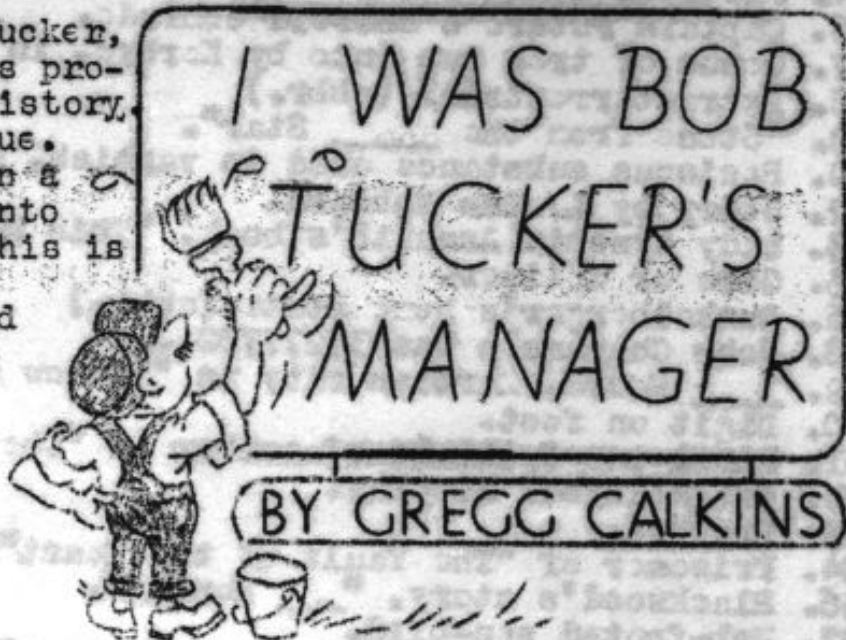
1. Coblenz's poem "The Super-_____" (FFM '42).
5. Rahway (N. J.) fan (init.)
8. Powerful dynasty of ancient China.
11. Sacred portrait or image.
12. Small lump, as of coal, etc.
13. Kim's pet term for Chris and others he admired.

14. Fabulous monster (Greek mythol.)
16. Captain Future's android comrade.
17. Genus of tree run into by Kerbys, in "Topper".
18. Extra-terrestrial (abbr.)
19. "Stone from the _____ Star".
20. Resinous substance used in varnish, etc.
22. Story by L. Ron Hubbard.
23. Lady Cynthia Asquith's book, "This Mortal _____".
25. Give or deliver.
26. Dunkelberger's home state (abbr.)
28. John Chapman's was 37277732....
29. _____ Hcbra, Martian city in "Shadow Over Mars".
30. Digit on foot.
31. First two initials of author of "The Contraband Cow".
32. Ostentatious display.
33. Prophet.
34. Prisoner of "The Vault of the Beast".
36. Blackwood's story, "_____ Hensig".
37. Web-footed sea-bird.
38. Shiel's "How the Old Woman _____ Home".
39. Story by H. P. Lovecraft.
40. Earth-rulers in "Cloak of Aesir".
42. Dr. David H. Keller's "White _____".
43. First two initials of Wetzel, Baltimore fan.
44. Prefix used in chemical terms.
45. Unit of coinage in U. S.
46. Exclamation of pity, etc.

D O W N

1. Island in locale of Whitehead's tales, Porto _____.
2. Suffix used in zoological terminology for names and families.
3. Stf anthologist.
4. Suffix forming nouns or adjectives.
5. Giant robot in "Farewell to the Master".
6. Stf play by Karl Capek.
7. Fenian Brotherhood (abbr.)
8. One of African tribesmen Wollheim wrote about in an UNKNOWN short-short.
9. Dull continuous pain.
10. Inert gas in atmosphere.
15. Author of "The Fair Young Willowy Tree" (init.)
16. Pertaining to the mouth.
19. Chester B. Conant's "Galactic _____".
21. If you were Einstein's intimate friend, you'd call him _____.
22. Hero of Robert Bloch's "Son of a Witch", etc.
23. Make water-tight.
24. Mountain across Vale of Tempe from Olympus.
25. Condemn.
26. Wadsworth _____, character in De Camp's "Wheels of If".
27. Author of "The Thing That Walked on the Wind".
29. Bark of Quercus suber.
30. Character in Henry Kuttner's "The Crystal Circe".
32. Twenty shillings.
33. Robert Bloch's "The Seal of the _____".
35. Household deity.
36. Mythical god in MacDonald's "Sixth Column".
38. Ross Rocklynne's story "The Gods _____ Made".
39. Editor of SPACELING (init.).
40. First two initials of THE ACOLYTE's co-editor.
41. The Derleth-Schorer story, "The Vengeance of _____".
42. First two initials of author of "Fruit of Knowledge".

(Foreword: The story of Bob Tucker, as told by historians today, is probably the most famous in fan history. But sadly enough, it is not true. History puts AMAZING STORIES in a year before Tucker's arrival into fandom, but as you will see, this is not true at all. The story of Tucker is horribly confused and notably inaccurate, but few people know that. Here is the truth of Bob Tucker and fandom, for the first time.)



I'm not any more, of course. I was forced to quit a while back, but I still remember The Glory That Was. And it was a glorious time, while it lasted. But let me tell you about it--about the tin I managed Bob Tucker.

Let's see, now....it all started 'way back in the early days of science fiction. I was walking down the street, when an eager young man burst like an explosion out of the door of a burlesque theatre, propelled by the foot of a burly bouncer. Bob had been too active with his bean shooter. Mis-judging the trajectory, the bouncer sailed Bob in a graceful parabola right into the position I was currently occupying.

And that was how I met Bob Tucker.

The young man picked himself up, and pulled me out of the hole in the ground. He was very very sorry, he said, but I noticed the snicker in his eyes. Brushing me off, and picking up all the things I had dropped out of my hands when we collided, he came across my copy of SPICY SCIENCE FICTION.

"Gee, what's this, mister?" Bob asked innocently. "Science fiction," I said kindly, noticing the gleam in his eye. Ah, I said to myself, here is a true lover of the literature. Bob said: "Heck, I thot it was sex!" He turned away.

"Now wait a minute, tad," I said, grasping his arm. "I've got a great idea for you. I'm an amateur publisher, see, but I can't publish some of the stuff I'm using under my own name, so I need a stooge....er, I mean a partner, so I can put his name on my mast-head. You'll be famous."

Bob stood open mouthed in awe.

And so Bob Tucker's and my literary career came about, tho since everything I wrote was printed under Tucker's name, I got none of the credit. It doesn't worry me. At any rate, that was when we started publishing a fanzine called Le Zombic. Bob didn't do any of the writing, but I used his name you see.

The years passed by, while I carved Bob a name in the annals of humon. Bob, of course, was still innocent of what was going on, He still didn't read science fiction, but only sex, as he couldn't read words longer than four letters, it suited him perfectly. But soon I found his popularity dropping. It was then I pulled the Great Tucker Death Hoax that so astounded fandom.

With fandom in an uproar over the death of Tucker, we gained publicity and really burst into a nova, with Bob's name and fame plastered all over the place. Bob, sensing the change somehow, began to read science fiction, somewhat, limiting himself to my old favorite, SPICY SF. I remember how he used to enjoy it. I would sit home of a night watching him read and enjoying the pleasure I could see in his eyes. "Gee," he would say every now and then, "this is great!" Occasionally, tho, he would hit a story he didn't particularly care for, and remark in a peeved tone "I wish they wouldn't clutter up these keen tales with a lot of rocket ships and trips to the stars and science and other junk." I knew then, that he had exactly the right mind to blossom into a true science fiction fan.

And so we blossomed. By now, Bob was beginning to take over for himself, and think a bit. I didn't mind. I was already fantastically rich from the profits of Le Zombic, and couldn't use a cent more, but Bob needed all he could lay his hands on--he was collecting SPICY SCIENCE FICTION. Soon after that, Bob decided that the field needed a new magazine, and under an assumed name, edited a magazine called AMAZING STORIES, under my capable jurisdiction. Bob still turned to me for brains, you see. He was always nervous and unsure of himself, then, not daring to make a move without my full approval.

After AMAZING was going good, he turned it over to some editor or another, so he would be able to devote his full time to fandom.

For 25 years he devoted his full time. Setting himself up modestly in a platinum-lined building, with a solid-gold desk, and a emerald eyed secretary, he began really devoting his energies in fandom's direction. More and more, now, I found myself skipped over when it came to asking my approval on questions of policy. But I was still too rich to care. It didn't bother me a bit. In fact, now that I was getting along in years, I was rather glad to have Bob taking the load off my shoulders a bit. It was nice to rest. And then came catastrophe!



Bob was really rolling, when rumors came in from an obscure corner of the world. Somebody, self-styled the "Bard of Belfast" was loosening Tucker's spot in the hall of fame, in the Top Ten of Fandom. This thing from Ireland somehow had gained fame, almost overnight, and was rapidly driving Tucker out of his #1 position.

Near ruin, almost in tears, Bob came to me one night. "What can I do, what can I do?" he sobbed hysterically. "This....this....Limey is driving me out of my #1 spot, and there's no way to stop him. I can't let myself be driven off the top of the pile in disgrace....I can't!" I was amazed at the change that had come over Bob in the last few years. I hadn't realized at the time how grey his hair was becoming, or how nervous he had become. Almost with a start, I realized how precarious Bob's position had become.

Assuming my old spot of leader, now that Bob was in a pinch for the first time. I planned a strategy for him to follow. "Bob," I said, "as I see it, you were afraid to tell me of your decline, until it was too late, is that right?" He nodded miserably. "Well," I continued, "the situation is now out of hand as far as fandom is concerned. You've got to forsake fandom for fandom's sake. Let fandom believe that you left it on your own accord, for bigger things, and don't show a sign of the fact that you were driven out by this Hillis, or Gillis, or whoever he is. Bob, let's face it--you've got to go pro!"

Bob staggered under the blow. Naturally he had sold a very few shorter stories to the pro's (written by me, of course, but under his name) but that was only to strengthen his position in fandom. (Bob was now editing another fanzine all his own by this time, LeZ having folded when I turned the reins over to Bob. Since he definitely wasn't a writer, he started a newszinc for his very own--that way he didn't have to write anything original, but merely copy down facts.) But now that he was toppling, he accepted the horrible truth--he went professional!

Persuading me to set up a mythical publishing company and put out a magazine called GALAXY, he let it build up for a year or two, and I put out a companion bi-monthly with it that featured only novels. When I was almost ready for Bob to spring his coup, I let him take over ownership (and that was the change of publishers you noted in GALAXY a while back, which our stooge Gold covered up very well.) After the publisher switch, I had Bob write his book. He called it THE CITY IN THE SEA. Selling it to Rhineheart (Bob has relatives on the staff there) we paved the way to "sell" it to GALAXY. And Bob was in business.

An obscure group of southern fen took over, forming the Tucker is Our Hero Club, and the Tucker Bandwagon began to roll. I laid out a plot for another story, and titled it THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, and turned the works over to Bob, after laying the foundations for his campaign for President of the United States. Of course he isn't running under his own name--he learned that trick from me. Instead he's using a rather popular southern character for figure-head, while he controls the real power behind the scenes. After getting the POGO FOR PRESIDENT campaign underway, I resigned. Since then, Tucker has been left solely to himself. I sincerely hope he succeeds--I am too old now to come back in and help him again. Besides, I'm now publishing a fanzine entirely my own, and making a name for myself, now.



YOUR SF+ OR YOUR LIFE

I don't know why I'm telling you all this--I really don't. It doesn't really have any significance to know that Bob Tucker is merely a name for the glory that I once was. I built him to where he was on an idle whim, and I'm rather proud of it. Perhaps I'm doing it solely in the interests of truth, because, after all, this is the way it really happened, regardless of reports to the contrary. I know. You see, I was Bob Tucker's manager.

---Gregg Calkins

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DECENCY & CUSTOMS by Ken F. Slater (continued from page)

A short review of dress history will reveal that when a certain part of the body is in temporarily in the category of 'indecent', the effort to conceal soon becomes an effort to accentuate it. The really excellent example of this is the bustle. It is also fairly common for the object that is indecent today to be the same as that which was on general view yesterday.

As today practically the entire of the male and female body may be displayed, time and place being suitable, it might be postulated that, contrary to the magazine covers, both the well dressed young man and young lady of 2,050 may be wearing something similar to what we envisage a space-suit to be; a good, strong, all-enveloping, one-piece suit.

And if you still want to know just what this has to do with s-f, just let me remind you that to get a good visualisation of the Cosmic whole, you need as many viewpoints as possible. My apologies to E.E.Smith's character, Mentor.

---Ken F. Slater

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fantasy
crossword
puzzle A-1

SOLUTION:

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..Redd Eggs

THE SPACE LEGION No 1

FALL-WINTER 1954

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ARTISTS: ROTSLER-HOFFMAN-HAINESS-NEWLIN-POWLES-LAND

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