

THE ZOMBIE



Other copies
of this issue are
available for sale

LE ZOMBIE

Each issue is sold
for \$1.00 (including
postage)

Vol. 1, no. 10

January, 1952

Single number: 10

Ed (hop) Tucker

'blame us'

©. Everett Starr

- IN THESE EDITIONS
- (1) the fansine
 - (2) the 1951 fanzine yearbook
 - (3) the calendar

Do you realize that of the 80 (more odd) titles listed in the 1951 Fanzine Yearbook (see section ten), only ten U.S. publications (1) Le Zombie, (2) Scandal, (3) Scandal, (4) Scandal, (5) Scandal, (6) Scandal, (7) Scandal, (8) Scandal, (9) Scandal, and (10) Scandal are still in existence? And of those ten, not one managed to appear 12 issues during the year! Le and Voice of the Imagination led the parade with nine issues each, accepting the news-weeklies then, Scandal led the field. (A war-ridden English fansine even beat us!) Scandal.

At now we weep even more, and we feel sure you will too. Le, with the issue in your hands, is now bi-monthly. So on, weep.

It seems odd that we should be among the first to fall victim to our own predictions made last issue. But we have really contemplated this now for some time. Most of the reasons are obvious. We refuse to raise the price of Le unless absolutely necessary, in spite of the fact that a rise is inevitable. Too, we refuse to add a greater burden upon the guy who is Michigan who helps finance us. In fact, we are seeking to lighten that burden, knowing as we do that Uncle Sam is going to nack him this coming March 15th to the tune of ... well, maybe that's private. -ut we could put out printed issues with the sun.

-we realize too, we hope, that we (Tucker) aren't in quite the same position as are our fellow publishers, when it comes to spending money.... "fan money" let us say, to publish a fansine. Try feeding four mouths (mine, plus keeping a reasonably leak-proof roof over them, and see what you have left to publish a fansine with. -it's the costest fun! So let's close this discussion now. Bi-monthly publication until further notice, and please! we will not accept any more offers to finance us. (But in return we offer slightly larger issues. Doesn't cost as much to publish six large issues as twelve small ones, you know.)

-we have on hand a postal from Gyron Tiger. His address is as follows: Pvt. G.S. Tiger, Co. "A", 1229 RC, Fort Dix, N.J. -he says: "I just wanted to make a liar out of Gyron. He said the army rejected me." We wish Tiger luck, and, in line with our previously stated policy, Le will follow him, free of charge, for the duration of the war. His goal for any other fan in the services. -if he previously subscribed to Le, he get's it gratis for the duration.

-he is beating it's thin chest about it's "scandals" soon we shall offer the "1st scandal". (You weep!) -we have two pics on hand by a local girl which we think beauties in their comic line. Also, another litho by Scandal is on hand (finished and waiting) to go on some future cover. -albums secured for us these -unt originals at the convention.

-to wind up the editorials of this THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE, we wish to say to you, each and every one of our dear readers. Pip pip! -BC.

COPPER TAKES A BORIDE

by Al Ashley.

About Amyl from the town of Oles lived Ethyl, liquid-eyed Amyl, the Amyl school-teacher. Long Ben, long Copper of the little village came to call on Ethyl, and was standing beside the Tylylone preparate to sing to her accompaniment.

"Oh, we must find your Acetone," announced Ethyl, striking first one note and then another.

"Acetone!" Ben suddenly cried, and soon broke into the strains of Cornide with Ho.

Just then a bell somewhere in the house set up a terrible clamor.

"It Sulfone," announced Ethyl, jumping up to answer it. Presently she returned to his side. "There's trouble up at the bank, Long Ben, and they want you!" she Cyanide.

Long Ben grumbled as he reached for his cap. These interruptions made him Furyl. "Another Nitride for me!" he muttered darkly.

As she stood on the steps and watched her stalwart Copper hurry towards town, Ethyl pressed her hand to her breast and felt her heart Palmitate with emotion.

Meanwhile, entering the bank, Long Ben turned on the lights to illuminate a scene of--- BURNER! The banker lay sprawled on the Linoleate, his Silicene still clutched in his fingers. Signs of struggle everywhere.

Ben contemplated his problem. Absently he bent over and scratched a scratch for his sigle on the Oxide scales of the dead man's shoes. It couldn't be Silicide. Signs of struggle were all too obvious. And the banker ought some robber in an attempt to Steal Americ from the safe!

Suddenly, Benzene a bright object Glycerine the corner of the room. Avidly he pounced upon it. It was a Rubidium stickpin and Ben's eyes shone with a gleam of recognition. Closing the door, he headed for the nearby highway to the iniquitous dive operated by an ex-Germanium officer, Mercaptan (the stinker) Mafium.

Plunging the door wide open, Ben stood, Dialometer in hand, facing the man he sought. "I want you, Mafium," he cried, "for the murder of the banker!"

The Mercaptan's face assumed a Germanium hue. "You can't Antimonate me, you corroded Copper!" he shouted in driven fashion.

Swiftly, Ben held up the stickpin. He caught the quickly arrested notion of Mafium's hand towards his tie. Long Ben decided to bluff.

"When you Arsine leaving the place of the crime there is little left to say," proclaimed Long Ben.

"Halide, I haven't been near the bank!" snarled the cornered man.

"Stannous still!" Ben cried, as the other reached for his gun.

Then Ben's own gun was flaming! Piperine the murderer with Lead. As a culprit slumped to the floor, Ben murmured, "It Phosphate-----".

Half the town of Wleh had gathered outside the door and windows, watching the drama. Among them was the Mayor. Unable to resist the opportunity to Aurate, he proceeded to loud Ben, their Berite Copper.

"Then men like Ben Phosphorus who can stand against us!" he cried. He turned to the bare. "Urata a Metal!" he proclaimed in a Erassy voice.

(over)

...to locate with Ethyl.
...approached the house of the fatal scientist-teacher, the man
...and threw himself into his strong chair.
...if anything had happened to you? she asked in relief.
...not get hurt," she admitted, "but I'd like to see you
...for you, Ethyl, my own, will you be my husband?
...closer to Ben and whisper, "I'm just
...tomorrow," pleaded Ben. Ethyl agreed
...Ben can cry. "I'll go to Egypt for our honeymoon. I've
...to see the Pyramids!"

...DEPT: "Unendurable ridiculousness indefinitely prolonged"
...Berthak after thumbing through the 'Miracles' books.

...DEPT: from a motion picture trade paper we are pleased
...to reprint a review of a short subject made by Vitaphone last
...titled "Miracle Makers", we quote:

...enough power in a pound of salt to keep an airplane aloft, non-
...for a year. At this be done, this real says, thru the energy con-
...tained in atoms. The subject gives some interesting highlights on the
...progress of science, winding up with shots of a cyclotron, an atom-
...machine for which high hopes are held. However, there is no
...proof of these purported claims and the mounting suspense
...unrewarded. (end of quote.)

...that just break your hearts, dear readers, all because some
...scientist didn't pour a pound of salt in a plane's gas tank and
...it aloft for a year (for benefit of camera), the movie moguls have
...atomic power for another century, so keep.

...CONSCIOUS PUBLIC DEPT: The other day
...to overhear the following. Mother and young son, aged
...7 (the son) were standing there awaiting a bus. Proceeding brusque-
...ly along the sidewalk came an overlarge roach. Sonny investigated same
...with proper scientific curiosity. "Bony," inquired the brat, "how
...could happen if that bug got as big as me?" answer Censored.

...FANNING DEPT: Sun Trails, in its winter 1941 issue (Vol.
...1) brought forth an article accounting the vast sums spent on
...business each year. It costs, they said, \$24.60 per year to buy 'em all.
...therefore, after due consideration of that sum (and wondering how many
...people did spend such) we began to wonder how much a fan would spend on
...fanzines, if he purchased them all? we were in the dark for a long ...
...long... time, until there came the day when we completed the 1941 fan-
...zine Yearbook.

...in check, one eye on the proximo figures, we went to work. And
...we have arrived at the stupendous conclusion that you, Joe Fann, could
...purchase every 1941 fanzine for \$18.25. That makes a grand total
...of \$2.89 for pro and fan publications.

...figure was arrived at by using the single copy price in every in-
...stance except those of foreign origin, where it is customary to send 5
...for 20¢, on some such figure. Of course, by subscribing to three or 99
...at a time, you save a nickel, but, \$18.25 should have completed
...collection one hundred percent. Now who has spent such a sum 99999999

Let loves you all, my ~~dear~~ ^{displead} darlings!

L. L. Evans

-loves-

Everybody!

Art Widner -loves- L. Evans

Del. Thompson -loves-

Jane Tucker -loves- L. Evans

"Joe Mann" -loves- Elvina

Joe Fortier -loves- Mady

Joe Fortier -loves-

Joe Fortier -loves- Tuck

Joe Fortier -loves- Bill

Hyman Tiger -loves- Therna Smith

Hyman Tiger -loves- Diorena

Scott Feldman -loves- Will Cuppy

Scott Feldman -loves- Corey Ford

Graph Waldeyer -loves-

Bill Evans -loves-

Hyman Tiger -loves- PO Wedehouse

Hyman Tiger -loves- H. Benchley

Joe Fortier -loves- Jinx

Joe Fortier -loves- London

The Very Young Man

-loves-

A Certain Sleeping Beauty

Scott Feldman -loves- J. Thurber

Scott Feldman -loves- Ogden Nash

Hyman Tiger -loves- JW Campbell, Jr

Hyman Tiger -loves- Schopenhauer

Scott Feldman -loves- Wedehouse

Scott Feldman -loves- Benchley

Hyman Tiger -loves- Compton

Hyman Tiger -loves- Prof. Soddard

and to think that we asked for it!

HOW

CONVENTION -ore Five fans had a
Hazardous Journey and how they got along.

-By Walt Wiebacher-

Dear Readers: The foregoing was the title. Have you ever wondered what
fans do after a convention? Well, here goes.

Five- 10 o'clock Monday morning (July 7th); Five- Holiday-Inn hotel.

I was to meet Glen (Wiggins) in the lobby at 10, but he was nowhere to
be seen. Consequently I had no recourse but to look for fans to
with. I strolled thru the lobby, ambled out the door and barged into
messes, Cohen, and several other fans waiting for their respective
merch. And what were they doing? Well, what do you think fans do when
they congregate? Telling dirty stories of course.

The car in which we were going to take our trip into the mountains was
not available so Wiggins went down the street a bit and proceeded to
wait out what a set-back ... 20 bucks they wanted. Anyhow, we decided
to get together and rent the buggy. Bounding up Willard, Ackerman, and
Glass, we were off. Well, not quite. Glass had to meet Dale part of the
square for something or other so we let him out and drove around the block
fifty or sixty times. Once Willard drove a little too near the curb and
something scraped, but at the time we thought nothing of it. Presently
we spotted Glass, he clumb aboard, and we were really off.

Our destination was Mt. Astor but we never got there, the reason being
later on we stopped enroute for a little refreshment and to see if the
aforementioned scraping had done any damage. It had. The chrome stack
welding on the abbreviated running-board was knocked about a bit. Needless
to say this dampened our spirits but we bucked up and continued to
travel on, and now, the rest of this saga!

For now, adline Ackerman began to make convention expenses. For now we
knew a rental game of gin rummy, liberative buffoonery and general nonsense.
For here five fans endeavored in every way possible to cheat the
other out of their respective bank rolls.

I. I. Facts

Glass: 'Ackerman, I'll bet you can't take this piece of paper, hold it
over your head and tear it into four pieces; if you do I'll give you a
quarter.'

Ackerman did it and sure enough. Glen Glass gave him a quarter ---of the
money he took.

Wiebacher: 'Acky, I'll bet you a dime I can tell you what you're think-
ing.' He took the bet and I told him he was thinking that I wouldn't
tell what he was thinking. However the unscrupulous boy denied it and
I gave him a dime.

As Ackerman bet Glass he could make him say "no" to one of three ques-
tions.

1. Science fiction stinks.

Glass: Yes.

2. Weird fiction stinks.

Glass: Yes.

3. I've heard this before.

Glass: So I haven't.

Wiebacher collected a dime.

1951

At this point of the journey we stopped again. How wild the game, the class and classie he began throwing rocks at each other. "I bet you other agent exterminates a species more quickly than they exterminate themselves." -editor). They would stand against a tree and let the other throw a rock. If the missile missed you, you won a dime, but if it hit, the thrower won a dime.

While this was going on -olly -illard and myself were dashing about early, snapping all peaks in sight, for we were now quite a ways up the mountains. (Results of the rock throwing contest by the way, with some lucrative- Ackerman won).

Again we packed into the car and as everyone was getting out we decided to stop at Chipmunk Lodge and get some nuts-- to feed the chipmunks. The Lodge was as far as we got but we had a grand time feeding the rodents. (If you mean the chipmunks, we presume? -editor) now 'twas pretty late so we decided to start for Denver. There then came a storm-tossed session, and a batch of these things:

- what's the matter with your bananas -- split?
- what do you think of Denver -- as a whole?
- what's the matter with the baby -- burp?
- what do you do when your wife drinks -- liquor?
- Shopping bag? No, just looking.

Discussion led to books, and then of all things, science fiction. I said that I had had such a damn good time on the trip I thought I'd write an article about it. whereupon I received encouragement from all present. what you've just read is the result of that encouragement (plus some tongue-in-cheek editing by Tucker. -editor). But don't shoot the others. If this is as bad as I think it is, you can shoot me.

P.S: I neglected to say we arrived at Denver safe and sound, and by all means I can't omit the classic remark made by Wiggins en route to the hotel.

Clas said, kiddingly, that in Panama you could walk down the street naked and not get arrested. Wiggins then replied in his slow drawl that you could do that in Denver too, if you got away with it.

P.F.S: But we didn't get away with that scraping incident. -t set back five bucks. and poor Ackerman had to shell in with the rest of us. all his brainwork and rock throwing for naught. But, let me say, we all felt so bad about this that we then shipped in and bought him a consolation gift -- a bladesman knife without a handle.

Larry Farsaci -loves- any writer of Super Script	Ray Maulcy -loves- Tucker', we presume
Hyman Tiger -loves- B. Tucker	Hyman Tiger -loves- A. J. Parks
Scott Feldman -loves- Thorne Smith	Scott Feldman -loves- S.J. Perelman
none of these next year, so help us!	

REAM DEN

by Len Joffett

As you see there appeared in this series of articles on "My Bed" a whole lot of letters from you and other "Dear Len" readers. I had the choice of reading those lots of letters, but you know, reading something like that, decided to write one myself. Of course, I have to say, I intended to have one insertion between you and the "Dear Len" part (even in the "Dear Len" part) but will you please not collect on "Dear Len" - editor) as usual even if I have to convert my bedroom into one.

I suppose I could call it a bedroom, or, to follow the fancies of some other person, a bedden. It is the description of this bedden I have written up that I would like to pass along to you. In the other, mention-articles, wallpaper seems to be one of the chief topics, and

I have often tried to decide what kind of wallpaper I would have, or if I could have any at all. Since I wanted to line the walls of my den with wallpaper, it is doubtful if wallpaper would be needed except in spots where the absence of a bookcase or the few bare inches of wall around them can always hang an original in those places. Even the only other place where it would be used, the place where I have a bookcase in my library or a newsstand, I have chosen.

Another in the center of the room will be my desk, complete with pen, ink, paper, typewriter, toothpicks and apple cores, the usual necessities. In the chair will, one of those kind that lean back and swing around like a swivel. (If you are giving a pretty fair description of it, it will now show. -editor).

[Editor's note, and there follows, you have it, Joffett's description. I can't help but beam with pride over the editing job you've done with this article -- it originally ran four pages. We have boiled it down to the four paragraphs you see above, an editing record of some sort. (I'm willing to wager Len will never never write for us again!)]

-
- Eric Korshak -loves- Fred Shroyer Eric Chauvenet -loves- Youd
 - Scott Feldman -loves- Stewart Scott Feldman -loves- Tucker
 - Eric Korshak -loves- V. Loney Eric Korshak -loves- Henry Masse
 - Eric Korshak -loves- LEEVans Eric Korshak -loves- Heinsberg
 - Edward Joffett -loves- Jeng (this has to come out even)

Let's we realize now we have handled these booster ads wrong. We could have devoted three lines to each, your name on top, "loves" in middle, and the full name of your love on the third line. We've had just only the last name in many instances, but 'tis too late now.

Kernal Koenig did a mad war dance on the sands. "Officer of the Day! I want the Officer of the Day!"

Pvt. Speer emerged from the tent and slid up to him. "Sorry sir, can I be of any help? I'm afraid the Officer of the Day has retired sir. His term expired at sundown. What is it the Kernal wishes, sir?"

Kernal wrung his hands. "Look, man. A few moments ago an explosion that sounded like all the bandboxes in hell let loose over there in the brush somewhere. I've been trying to find out what it was. Every-
body around here seems to know nothing about it. Do you suppose you can find out what it was?"

"Yes sir, with pleasure sir." A salute, and Pvt. Speer slipped away. A mass gone an hour, and then, "That's nothing important sir," he reported. "A bomb exploded over behind those rocks."

"Nothing important", the Kernal misliked, "just a mere bomb, so to speak. Since when is a bomb regarded as a negative matter? Speak up man... what about that bomb?"

"Well sir, one of our technical men, Sergeant Rothman, was tinkering with an atomic bomb he's been trying to invent, and the blasted thing went off, sir. That's all."

"Yes," sneered Koenig. "I imagine that is all. Are there enough remains to be identified?"

"Oh, nothing like that happened at all, sir. Sgt. Rothman admits some-
thing went wrong, sir, but instead of killing him, it duplicated him. In fact, there are now two Sgt. Rothmans, sir."

"Two Sgt. Rothmans, did you say?" the Kernal shrieked.

"Yes sir. And sir, Sgt. Rothman number one has a request to make. He asks, sir, that you prevent Sgt. Rothman number two from claiming half of his pay, sir. He claims it was an unavoidable accident."

"Please, please, please!" a familiar voice off in the darkness complain-
ed again, bitterly. "Will you two guys PLEASE shut up? I want to sleep!"

About midnight Lt. Lowndes put in appearance at the tent. The extra ace was again hidden in his sleeve in anticipation of another little game.

"Ah," the Kernal greeted him, "Ah. Any new developments, Loot?"

"Sir," Lt. Lowndes informed him, "The moon is bright with silver bliss; the wind is as the breath of a vampire's kiss. Enveloping darkness in its death-like mantle; oh, what a stinky night is this!"

"For lost metre in that second line, Loot," Kernal Koenig commented. "-- anyway, I asked for a report on the watch, not poetry. Are there any new developments?"

"Yes sir, there is. Two of my boys back in the brush, Pvt's Bronson and Jentler have put in a requisition for a postograph; they want to turn out a fanzine. Cpl. Ackerman has supplied the title for it, the "Lower Californiaroguesantifan", it will cost 5¢, have 24 pages, articles by special-- why Kernal, sir, are you feeling ill?...."

At the bottom of the tent at his feet was raised, a head inserted itself in the opening. The head said: "won't you guys ever shuddup? I can't sleep with all this gobbing going on! NOW SHUT UP!"

Dr. Edward A. Smith

Alfred Ashley

Jack Alendrecht

Jerry Smith, Director

Ed Nichie

L. Everette Evans

John Willard

Edwin Counts

Abby M. Ashley

Lira House

THE CAL. TIC CO. C-23

1111

S. B. 2281

Abby M. Ashley

-loves-

Tucker

he

-loves-

Morojo

Kuja-Liu

Ernie

Dejah

A. K. T.

Miss Ross

Redy Lararr

IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME LEFT: Dan McNeil and wife of Comanche, Okla. are the parents of a son. They didn't name it Airball Winnison McNeil.

MENT DOUBLES LEFT: You'll find David Miller at 406 L. College St., Valdosta, Ga. (-) Damon Knight is now with Dick Wilson at 311 E. 61, NYC. (-) We are pleased to report that Joe Gilbert hasn't moved this month.

HIS LIGHT UNDER A BUSSEL LEFT: You will find the name "Harry Ratt" on the 1941 Science Yearbook cover. It shouldn't take this to tell you the name is a phony, put there by request of the real person who named a sinner and myself make up the list, and he shouldn't be hard to guess. In connection with the list, permit us to say that Lays Washington Jr's new mag. Scientifun is not included. He got it out too late in the year to make the deadline. Next time he'll know enough to date a late fanzine "1942". Otherwise, we believe we haven't missed a single one.

WEATHER DEPT

presenting D.E. HOWARD's popular column from the now dead Doc-Atic

"As The Wind Listeth...."

There is no truth to the rumor that Doug is going to make a practice of adopting orphans, as a means of doing his bit to win the war. Just because this column is in Lea....

Art Widner, (the Poll Cat to you-all, and also known as the Doathard) is quite a detective. First, he told everybody that The Cynic, H.H.Jr's columnist, was none other than the guy who writes this; then, when he met a flat denial, he switched to Doc Lowndes. Well, at least, Doc and I have one thing in common---we both like science fiction---but our views on many phases of s-f are so very divergent that it is hard to see how we could both be suspected of writing the same column. Whoever writes the column for Larry is undoubtedly close to the Futurians, which lets me out. His views don't agree at all with Doc's comments in FAPA mags, so I think that lets Doc out.

But Art isn't the only Doc detective; look at the way Tucker was taken in on the "Dona Belle" hoax. And as for L3, no wonder he committed pseudocide, after discovering that all his efforts at dissecting my "girlish style" went for naught. (if you don't know what this is all about, you should read Tucker's column in Southern Star: if you don't, you ain't addicted.) (Do all columnists use soft snapt-editor)

This "girlish style" stuff, tho, in my opinion, is a lot of hooey. Writing styles are not, as a general thing, "masculine" or "feminine." There are a lot of women writing stories for me, and using masculine pen-names. There are also many men writing for the love and confession magazines--stories slanted for young girls, and written from their standpoint. I recently heard of a sedate, middle-aged college professor who is successfully doing that, much to his own amazement, and his adolescent daughter's indignation. So, fair thee well, Dona Belle; cause you ain't, and never was.

Lowndes has made Amazing! if you don't believe it, read "The Man Who Changed history" in the February issue. He does very well, too; invents a time-machine no larger than a wrist watch. It works, too. In fact, it is a very remarkable time-machine. Besides doing what any time-machine does, it has the odd ability to change the costumes of the hero, when the author is lacking elsewhere. On page 89, Reggie, the hero, demands, and gets, a Union Army uniform (he is temporarily in the ranks of the Confederate army) and on page 90, he turns up wearing the French Army uniform which he had discarded. It is important that he do so, too, because a large part of the plot depends on him having that uniform. It must have been the time-machine; surely the author or editor couldn't be to blame.

FUTU NOTION: I wonder if Bok read his story in Future Fiction, before drawing the illustration for it? He specifically states that the man's nose is "negligible" in the story. After looking at her nose in the illustration, I can't help wondering.

Joe Gilbert has stated, in a recent fanzine, that, in his opinion, (a) the half-cent rate paid by Distioncers, Albing, etc., is going to become the standard in all s-f mags, and (b) that the professional writers--those who make their livings by writing---are going to leave the field entirely, leaving it to fan writers. (over)

Well, if the first ever happens, the second will probably follow, within certain limits; and when it does, it will be a sad day for fantasy and science fiction. (If Hell is the word, about editors) because, where now we find only the very best of fan-written fiction in the pros, we would then, necessarily, find some of the poorer fan fiction; and you all know how poor it can be. The alternative to that is that the number of prozines would quickly drop to one or two, publishing the cream of the fan-written stories. If the first alternative held for awhile, the sales of those magazines would certainly drop off rapidly that the second alternative would soon follow, with one or two mags taking their pick of the best stories available. "Because you know, and I know, that the average reader doesn't agree with the fan in the matter of stories. If he did, then it would follow that no fans could be the average reader--and you know that we are not. We have some very screwy notions as to how a story should be written, from the average reader's standpoint.

So, as I said above, we would soon be down to one or two mags--rather good ones, I should say, containing such stories by fans as have appeared during the last two years in the Street, Galaxy, and the Fictioneer, chiefly. In other words, the fan-written stories of professional or near-professional grade. These stories, generally, are not exactly what the fans want; rather, they are the attempts of fans to write something close to what they want, and still be acceptable to editors -- which is just another way of saying stories acceptable to the average reader.

Now, just how long would this condition continue if the two magazines were making money? Why, just as long as it would. (I'm sorry)

Some publisher to contact a number of former pros in the field, and offer them the old cent-a-word rates. The professional writers would be back in the field, in a hurry.

Joe does make another point that is good, tho. "He mentions the narrowness of the field. There aren't many markets for a science fiction story, so most of the pro-writers try other fields as well. They continue in the s-f field too, because they already know how to write in that field. and because the number of authors to buck is comparatively small. and, also, because they sell almost everything they write in the field, if they are fairly good.

The matter of "slant" is important of course; but it is not true that a story slanted for one magazine can not be sold to another. To mention some extreme examples, I've had stories in the same style, and even involving the same characters, in Amazing and astounding, and in Planet, Planet, and Galaxy.

Now many fans, I wonder, noticed the connection between Williams' Planet of Doom (January Amazing) and his "Lark Reality" in Galaxy for the fact that the description of the android known in "Planet of Doom" fits exactly the cover illustration for "Dr Destiny, Master of the Mind". There is a small story connected with these three stories, but I'm not at liberty to spill it. Suffice to say that the cover was drawn to illustrate one of the stories, that one was written on order, in a hurry, and that the third was written after one of the other two had been selected, only to be taken later by the rejecting mag. (We hope you follow this, readers, we do so want to have your return in our future issues. Comments, please. -editor)

So long; are your tires good? -DWT

LEZ LETTERS

never a dull moment

Joe Andrews: "Dear Sir, please send me a copy of your magazine and I will see what we can do about a subscription" (sic)
-Lverett, Washington.

LeZ: "Dear Sir, please send us a copy of a United States five-cent piece and we will see what we can do about sending you a copy of LeZ." (very sick)

LeZ: "Dear Ackerman, please send us information on what source the box 6475 fanzines will now take, considering the war."

W.J. Ackerman: "Dear Bob,
The Future of Novicious Puba? Well, the Sunday that war was Undeclared on us, I was set to start stenciling Nov - (sleazens; wheroat + lost my appetite for the dimpled darlings. (Ackerman, the cannibal -editor)) The next few nites everybody was excited with dark-outs, concerned over silenced radios, that sort of thing. I was a lil nervous, a lil nauseated, (I see our crack above concerning a cannibal -editor), a lil nonchalant about the whole thing. Now I'm sorta back in the swing again; I, as far as I'm concerned, publishing Joe's Co. we're saving all we can on paper and stencils by using the regal size. Your theory about why didn't we use standard stencils and we've kept bouz they never charged us any more for fulllength than shorties. Nov et sic was published for yrs on 7 1/2 stencils. Only were costing a couple cents' worth on each. Now they're up to 9¢. Not only so much yet as other eds've been paying, apparently; but, then, all things are relative. A further saving could be effected by returning to black ink, costing less'n \$ as much per lb as green. It is to be seen. I have just 1/2 lb on hand, I think; after that, maybe the green-out and black-in. The mimeo being club-bound, we'd have to convince the roster the change is advisable in order to turn the machine back to black; that should not be difficult, tho; Morajo and I are about the only persons publishing out here any more any way. Of economic necessity, lithoing-- while it lasts with Novicious Puba, which'll be til (4 including) the 4/2 cover, at any rate, + figure-- lithoing probly will be black on white rather in any colored inks or papers. At any rate, in order to reduce large negative costs, that cover pic will be reduced to fit as the drawn for the 8 1/2" size, with VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION mired in the upper area of the cover. artwork will be reduced in size, we calling for cartoons + odditys in smaller dimensions."

LeZ: "Have some bad news. Last Saturday (Mon. 6) Jack Wiedenbeck fell down the elevator shaft at the Coca Cola plant where he works, and broke both bones in his wrist (left), and also damaged 3 vertebrae. Luckily no damage seems to have been done to the spinal cord so the injury will not be too permanently crippling, altho it will be months before he is out of the cast and brace. So, no Wiedenbeck pics for the second issue, altho we will probably have them again for the 3rd issue + expects to be able to start drawing before long, and will be able to work on line blocks in a month or so."

LeZ: For those interested, Jack's address is 115 Marjorie St, East Livonia, Michigan. Jack is included in the group picture on the 1st issue's cover. There is no truth to the rumor that Jack was testing a certain law of gravity when the accident happened. (Coke is dope, dope is "smoke", smoke is lighter than air, smoke can't fall.)

Tommy Tompkins: "This will enter my formal protest against the incorrect spelling of my name in your latest misconception of a fan msg. to wit, the Le Lombie for November & December, 1941. Actually I would say that such forgings are to be imagined from Illinois, but not the Tucker. However, inasmuch as anyone that reads English should be able to copy correctly, the matter is inexcusable."

Anyhow, enough people miss my name so that I am not very worried about it -- provided you publish a retraction.

Thanks again for the photo of the ship to Kars that you left with me when you were here. Hope you had a good a time as I did. Be sure to come again. -Jackson, Michigan.

Lez sez: Hon. sir, we grovel at your feet, meanwhile slyly rubbing the hotfoot. Your second paragraph, above, is copied exactly from your letter, no glee. See the error, dear readers?

D.H. Thompson: "Ah! The latest ~~and~~ job, never have I read anything so sincerely enthusiastic from your typer, as your write-up of the Michican. It is a small write-up, and makes me envious; but I think I can understand your enthusiasm, because I met (three of the) "Galatic Roamers" (I sorry, we mean Roamers -editor) at the Convention. (a) I think you will win your bet, in re the top ten."

I don't expect the war to affect fan activity as seriously as you seem to think it will; there will, undoubtedly, be some curtailments. (a) I think all groups editing and publishing fanzines (a) should seriously consider uniting with other groups, if and when several members are forced to drop out, and then put out a joint magazine. For example, Stars and Eclipse might combine, that would be much better than dropping both of them. (a)

That "Crisis of Utopia" pic in Doc (Smith's) Dew is one of the books in which I hang my contention that Doc and (Edman L.) Knight are one and the same guy. Look at Knight's latest story; isn't that Doc all the way thru? (a)

Sure glad you told me that Wechscher is wearing a bow tie in the pic (cover picture last month) in my copy. I can just see his left ear, at the corner of his left eye; the tie is not in evidence.

First place in the letter section goes to cornbluth. I don't know what he means, either, but it's clever, anyway. -Alexandria, La.

Lez sez: The tale of the missing face: is ours red...and was Wechscher's un-read! The stencil was finished before the photos came back from the photo studio, so of course we didn't know what would be censored. He is really a pretty guy, tho. I shall use another photo, soon, in which he is included in the middle, gnawing a chicken bone.

L.R. Chauvenet: "Lez-otto: (1) Masterful villain, (2) P.S.D., (3) "You cad, sir!" Naturally you comprehend P.S.D. -- Pretty Scientist's Laughter. (I ch, naturally -editor)!"

"As regards the N.J. (ran) map, Virginia can boast a much higher % of uncivilized areas! If there are any other Va. fans, I don't know them. (We have readers in West Va. -editor) Note that I am at Leesport, Va. again. It's only temporary as I'm moving to Charlottesville in January, but I can always be reached here." -Lisport, Va.

E.H. Evans: "We had our annual election last night. (Dec. 30, 1941) -- "Galatic Roamers -editor) They made Dr. Alan Becker Chief Pilot, and Abba Ashley the Chief Communications Officer. I am sure they will carry on in splendid shape. (I.e. please copy.)"

Lez sez: Consider it copie d'homme and congratulations to both of them!

Chas. Tanner. "I do wish you'd keep those ugly little stickers off the bottom of [] I haven't commented for several months, so maybe I better say a word or two here. First, the Martian photograph. Its the best thing I've seen in any fanmag for some time. I've had an idea for other-world photography for a long while, myself, but this is something quite different. Mars probably does look very much like that, in spite of the wishes of the science-fictionists and the dreams of Frank R. Paul. Next-- let-ettes. Keep 'em rolling, chum. I still think the plots are as well worked out as those of many stories printed in the promag.

[e] Say, by the way, I notice that Doc Barrett of - Bellefontaine, I believe - is Chief of the Ohio Fantasy Fan Federation. Does he know any other Ohio fans? how many Cincinnati fans have joined his gang? How many Cleveland? Does the editor of Magnums know him? Or Marconette, or -- say, who is he, anyhow? -Cincinnati, Ohio.

[f] sez: puzzling question, that! Doc was the only Ohio fan at the big confab in Michigan. An Ohio organization, in name at least, was set up. Doc automatically became "it". [g] suggests you write him with a view towards straightening things out. His address is 119 S. Driver st. in the city you mentioned.

John Lapins: "I chewed nails for a week on not being able to take [] in that conference at Jackson. Your swell report on it made up for that, somewhat. Here's a let-ette (1) Smith collection; (2) New fan; (3) Hiatus. [] a responsible officer of the OK Smith asserted services will get in touch with me. I have an idea that [] prove interesting and mayhap profitable... [] -Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

[h] sez: we suppose your idea is to have OK Smith finance fan's trips to various conventions and bill the guest of honor for some ?

WAR DEPT

- Pvt. Donn Brasier
Panama City, Fla.
- Pvt. Bill Crudy
Scott Field, Ill.
- Pvt. Harry Askey
Savannah, Ga.
- Pvt. Nick Kennealy
(address - ?)
- Pvt. Gully Roberts
1t. Lewis, Wash.
- Pvt. H.S. Tiger
1t. Dix, []
- Pvt. Dan Wade
Hawaii

Write for full addresses. Will readers please keep us informed of fans in the war dept ?

Walt Liebscher
-loves-

Tucker's wife also
Laraja
Abby Lu

Maxine E. Evans
Fogo
Glee Class

Toodles Tucker too

Luja blu -loves- Fojak too

and that finishes that!

DEPT OF THE REAR-TERIOR

winding up the issue

CHICAGO CLAT DEPT: Organized in Chicago (the first club since the con days) is the "Windy City Wampires", as follows: Walt Lieberman, Klingbiel, Niel De Jack, Howard Junk, Bob Camden, Ronal Clynx and Mayhew. They have adopted as their official organ the well-known front-ier, and magazine will soon be micrographed. Clynx illustrates, and has had cartoons in Amazing.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT LEFT: Out in San Francisco there exists a genius who reads small print, and thereby hangs a tail. A few weeks ago the NFFP brought forth it's proposed constitution. We have the word of an officer that the const. is being rapidly accepted by the voting body as a whole. Now here is where the genius comes in (apparently the rest of us found the const. dull reading.) Lou Goldstone read the thing, discovered that the NFFP will have the privilege of taxing fanzine editors, writers and artists because they produced a fanzine. He is circulating a two-page bulletin on the wacky business, attached to which are amendments for nulling certain sections of the const. We stop.

CREDIT DEPT: Rayn Washington Jr. (of the Star Blacked Cosmos) rises in fiery wrath and demands that we give him credit for the Lex-cities cards 7 of the last issue. Woo is us, we forgot to mention that he, and not the Battle Creek bullets, supplied these. We'll leave it up to you dear readers: should we give him public credit for them?

GRAIN-LETTER-DEPT: There are lots of them going the rounds now. Jerry Warner Jr has just (a month ago) started three of them. Walt Liebacher started another while he was visiting at our house Jan. 12-14. So we can as well tell you our experience with one. We began one which was designed to produce material for Am. Each fan getting the letter was to dash off an article for us. We sent the letter first to Dick Wilson and downen knight. So what happened? Well, Doc Lowndes informs that the last he heard of the letter, it was shuttling back and forth between England and Australia. Some genius (?) apparently destroyed the original news and addresses (all in the U.S.) and substituted a list of fans in those two countries. Therefore our letter is now wearily plying back and forth across many thousands of miles of water ... wet water, too from England to Australia to England to Australia to England to Aus/

chapter 1: Anooba	chapter 1: Brain	chapter 1: Dog-Star	chapter 1: Yngvi
chapter 2: Vacation	chapter 2: Brain	chapter 2: Folt-Star	chapter 2: Dog-Star
chapter 3: Gene fission	chapter 3: Hydrocephalic	chapter 3: Who's all wat?	chapter 3: Scratch!

LEZ-LOUTYS

ERG: "I must --- you on to bigger and better things!"
ATOM: "Up and ----, boys!"
ORBIT: "-----you didn't know that!"
URANUS: "----- all over town looking for that book!"
NEPTUNE: "Well, I guess that's ----- the bud!"
OHM: "---- not feeling so good."

1941

FANZINE
YEARBOOK-Edited by-
Bob Tucker

-Harry Pratt - Art Editor

Compilation of fantasy fan magazines published during the year in the United States, England, Australia and Tasmania.

EXPLANATION: Let LoZ (below) serve as the key example. Following title of fanzine is name and address of publisher-editor, and then (1) number of duplication; (2) announced periodicity of publication; (3) actual number of issues published during 1941; (4) average number of pages; and (5) the selling price.

Note that will cover only those fanzines independently published and offered for sale. It does not cover publications included in the FAPA.

example:

LoZ, Ed. Bob Tucker, P.O. Box 260, Bloomington, Ill.; mimeographed; monthly; nine; 10pp; 5¢.

THESE PRESENTS HOPFINANIA F. J. Ackerman, 2358 W. New Hampshire St., Hollywood, Cal.; mimeographed booklet; one; 8pp; 10¢.

ALCHEMIST, THE Lew Martin, 1258 Race street, Denver, Colorado; mimeographed; quarterly; one; 48pp; 10¢.

THE FANTASY Warwick Hookley, 183 Louisa Rd, So. Yarra, Melbourne, Australia; mimeographed; quarterly; two; 24pp; 6¢-10¢.

THE FAN Jack Chapman Nicks, 5000 Train Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio; printed; bi-monthly; one; 22pp; 20¢.

THE FAN L.R. Chauvenet, Pres., Tallwood Plantation, Lamont, Virginia; mimeographed & hectographed; none; 3; 1; free club organ.

THE FAN Phillip A. Schumann, 2767 North 41st St., Milwaukee, Wis.; hectographed; bi-monthly; one; 20pp; 10¢.

THE FAN Roy Hunt, 1258 Race St., Denver, Colorado; mimeographed; monthly; three; 4pp. free club organ (1941 convention.)

Chester Cohen, 112 West 103rd St., New York City (London) ;
mimeographed; irregular; one; 4pp; free club organ.

NEWS OBSERVER Bert Castellari & Donald Levy, 10a Bully Hill Road -
wick, Sydney, Australia; mimeographed; bi-weekly ;
17 (others perhaps lost at sea); 2pp; 7 for 20¢.

WORLD AND PEOPLE J.M. Rosenblum, 4 Orange Terrace, Chapelton .
Leeds - 7, England; mimeographed; monthly; ten;
(others perhaps lost at sea); 10pp; 30¢.

David McIlwain, 14 Cotswold St., Liverpool - 7, England ;
mimeographed; irregular; two; 32pp; 10¢.

WORLD'S BULLETIN Chas. D. Hornig, 831 E. Harvard Blvd, Hollywood .
Cal.; mimeographed; irregular; two; 8pp; gratis .

WORLD TAD WIKTY, 3136 Smith Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana ;
mimeographed; bi-monthly; two; 26pp; 7-¢ (club organ) .

WORLD-ERIC Henry A. McCormack, 5200 Maple Ave, Baltimore, Maryland ;
mimeographed; irregular; one; 10pp; 10¢.

WORLD LEONARD MARLOWE, 5809 Beechwood Ave, Indianapolis, Indiana ;
mimeographed; bi-monthly; one; 36pp; 15¢.

WORLD "D.T." - 7, 108 Abercromby Ave, High Wycombe, Bucks .
England; mimeographed; irregular; two; 4pp; gratis .

WORLD BULLETIN Sarah Hockley, 183 Domain Road, South Yarra .
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia; mimeographed;
monthly; six; 8pp; 7 for 20¢.

WORLD Al & Abby McAshley, 86 Upton, Battle Creek, Michigan ;
mimeographed; one; one; 12pp; free conference booklet.

(editor's present address unknown) (Earl Singleton) ;
mimeographed; quarterly; one; 60pp; gratis.

WORLD JAMES V. TAURANI, 157-07 32nd Ave, Flushing, New York ;
mimeographed; ?; one; 4pp; 4¢.

WORLD Al & Abby McAshley, 86 Upton Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan ;
mimeographed; bi-monthly; one; 36pp; 10¢.

WORLD WALT DAUGHERTY, 6224 Leland Way, Apt. 6, Hollywood, Cal. ;
mimeographed; monthly newsheet; three; 2pp; gratis.

WORLD Bob Jones, 281 14th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.
mimeographed; irregular; one; 30pp; 10¢.

WORLD Marvis Manning, Decker, Indiana
mimeographed; bi-monthly; one; 36pp; 10¢.

WORLD Paul Froehner, 349 S. Rampart, Apt. 109, Los Angeles, Cal. ;
mimeographed; quarterly; one; 18pp; 10¢.

- POLL CAT, THE** Art Widner, jr., Box 122, Bryantville, Massachusetts
mimeographed; irregular; one; 17pp; gratis.
- PROPAN, THE** Donald H. Tuck, 17 Audley St., North Hobart, Tasmania
mimeographed; irregular; three; 26pp; 6d-12¢.
- QUEENS SPL BULLETIN** Wm. S. Sykora, P.O. Box 84, Elmont, New York
mimeographed; irregular; four; 2-4pp; 9-¢.
- SCIENCE FANTASY PAN, THE** Arthur Williams, 125 Victoria Dwellings
Farringdon Road, London, England; hcto-
graphed; monthly; two; 18pp; 3d-5¢.
- SCIENCE FICTION PAN, THE** Oton P. Wiggins, 3211 Champa St., Denver, Co.
hctographed; monthly; one; 24pp; 1¢ for 12.
- SCIENCE FICTION TERNIER, THE** Doc Lowndes, 142 west 103rd, New York
mimeographed; irregular; one; 4pp; 1-¢.
- SCIENTIFICTION SCOUT, THE** Gerry de la Hoo, 31 Hogert Place, Westwood,
N.J.; mimeographed; 9; one; 2pp; 7-¢.
- SCORPIO** Arthur L. Joquel, II, 1426 west 38th, Los Angeles, California;
mimeographed; tri-yearly; one; 26pp; 10¢.
- SENTINEL, THE** Chris. E. Sulrain, jr., box 205, Absecon, New Jersey;
mimeographed; bi-monthly; two; 24pp; 10¢.
- SHANGRI-LA** Walt & Eleanor Laugherty, 6224 Meland Way, Hollywood, Cal.;
mimeographed; irregular; one; 24pp; 5¢.
- SHANGRI-LA AFFAIRES. (LA SPS)** Box 6475, Met. Station, Los Angeles, Cal.;
mimeographed; irregular; fourteen; 1-2pp; gratis.
- SHANGRI-LA RECORD** Walt Daugherty, 6224 Meland Way, Hollywood, Cal. 1
phonograph disc; irregular; two; 2 sides; 9-¢.
- SMILE** Damon Knight, 142 west 103rd St., New York City
mimeographed; irregular; one; 44pp; 10¢.
- SOUTHERN STAR** Joe Wilbert, 908 Lloyd Court, Columbia, South Carolina;
mimeographed; bi-monthly; four ; 40pp; 10¢.
- SP. CENWARD** Val Molensworth, 141 Monto, Kangaroo Pt. Road, Sylvan, NSW,
Australia; mimeographed; monthly; two; 6pp; 3d-5¢.
- SPACEWAYS** Harry Warner, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Annapostown, Maryland;
mimeographed; 0 per year; seven; 24pp; 10¢.
- SPECTR.** Arthur L. Joquel, II, 1426 west 38th, Los Angeles, California;
mimeographed; irregular; one; 36pp; 10¢.
- SPECUL.** Arthur L. Joquel, II, 1426 west 38th, Los Angeles, California;
mimeographed; bi-monthly; two; 80pp; 10¢.
- ST. FLIGHT** Tom Wright, 3618 Maple Ave., Oakland, California
mimeographed; one issue only; one; 50pp; 15¢.