

# LE ZOMBIE



-ROY HUNT-



1942





LE ZOMBIE



Bob  
Tucker

E E  
Evans

## LE ZOMBIE

every other month from p-o  
box 260, bloomington, ill  
per 5¢ copy

Vol 4  
No 11

Whole  
No 46

April 1942

EDITORIALIES: We are not sure we like the new heading for this page... so of course we would appreciate your comments on same, as compared to the old heading. We have the odd feeling it is naked...

THE PHOTOS ON THE COVER: Top picture of the ship rounding the moon is the second of a series produced by Martin Alger, Box 520, Mackinaw City, Michigan. As last time, you may have 8x10 glossy enlargements of same by sending him (not me) twenty-five cents. Readers are still guessing how he produced that Martian sandscape seen (scene-?) on our Sept. 1941 cover. Now start guessing on this one!

Lower photo, left side, is the wife. Our wife, the mother of a pair of slans. It was taken, as was the other on the right side, at the Michifan Conference last November. And that prize pair, on the right side as just mentioned, are Abby Lu and Al Ashley of Battle Creek, two of the editors of Nova.

We apologize for the skimpiness of the printed portions of the cover, but we wanted these three photos on it, which is why it appears thus. If you are all good fellows and renew your subscriptions promptly, we will probably have another nifty Roy Hunt litho on the next cover. 'Tis a ghoulish scene befitting our byline, "the ghouls ghazette".

FANS IN SERVICE: Why not adopt a fan in service and keep him supplied with promags? We do it for English and Australian (& other) fans; why not for our own fans, many of whom we know by sight? Herewith, in place of a boxed-in War Dept, (such as we ran last issue, but was crowded out of this one but will be back next time) we list all American fans we know of who are now in the services. Write us for full addresses, a postcard will serve!

Donn Brazier, Bill Brudy, Douglas Blakely, Lynn Bridges, Charles Chandler, Cyril Eggum, Ralph Hamilton, Jerry Keeley, Nick Kennealy, Chris Mulrain, Sully Roberds, Fred Shroyer, George Tullis, Hyman Tiger, and Dan Wade.

That list as of March 26th, date of this writing. Please keep us informed of those you may know; LeZ is attempting to maintain a complete record of fans in service for so long as we are able. Meanwhile, pick out someone and 'angel' him to some promags. You may be in his spot !!

FAME: or something. One of the aims of the National Fantasy Fan Federation is to publish a Fannual. The first is due in June, & work on it has already commenced by the Columbia Camp. What concerns us here, is that one of our editorials, that for the January 1941 issue, was considered so good it is to be reprinted in the Fannual. Therefore it behooves us to plug the projected fanzine for all it is worth, and it should be worth plenty! It will sell at 25¢ to members, 35¢ to non-members of the NFFF.

pip pip,

Bob Tucker



# BOSTON BEAN-BAKE

"When The Party Was Over"

A.L. Schwartz

Some doings of the Boskone, not reported in the dignified press.

During the Boskone Jack Speer gave Joe Gilbert two used flashbulbs, and poor Joe didn't know how to get rid of the Cthulu-cursed things. ((He never thought of simply slipping them under the Swisher rug, eh? to be "innocently" tromped on, of course. -editor)) At Waldorf's, where we went to eat, Joe held out the bulbs.

"Take one," he said to me, smiling, like the Salvation Army lassy passing out handbills. And so I was stuck.

I thought. Yes I did, actually and literally. Madle's back was turned. Surreptitiously I placed the bulbs on his tray. After a while the Pretty-Boy glanced at his tray. With never a word he hastily slipped them onto the next tray.

Joe Gilbert has his bulbs again.

After awhile we were off to Doc Swisher's. Widner sat down to count the number of times his name appeared in Vom. His foot hurt so he took his shoe off. ((Did he have tendrils? Or were there only five on that foot? -Editor)) Jules Lazar picked up his shoe and passed it to me, I slipped it to Trudy Kuslan who gave it to Rustebar; who slyly hid it beneath a pillow.

Widner got up. His foot was cold. No shoe. Therewith ensued a frantic search for the missing footgear. Naturally, we in the know knew less about the critter than anyone else there. Finally the Kid discovered it under the pillow, stuck his tongue out at Trudy, and Trudy retaliated in kind. Trudy has a purty tongue. ((And, we'll wager, Mrs. Swisher gave the pillow an airing. -Editor))

When the time arrived for Bob Jones to catch his train back to Columbus, Ohio, we all piled into the two Foo Foo cars and sped to the South Station. (I suppose I could tell you how we picked up Bill Deutch and how we found that (1) Speer forgot his briefcase and rocket pistol, (2) Rustebar his camera, and (3) Madle, his glasses; and how Speer got lost and how we waited for him, and how we finally decided to push on to the South Station without him. But why should I?)

We found no parking space there. Madle leaped out to wait for his train while we searched. We were going to park in an alley untill we saw a "No Parking" sign. A half-dozen motorists already there hadn't seen it. We didn't see it either.

We ran out of the car and into the station. ((Didn't it hurt?)) We ran to the front of the train and found Madle running back to get a magazine. We ran with him. Bob got the magazine and prepared to run back. To ourselves, we sez: "no more @!#!\*!@! running for us." So I went to the soda fountain and had an Ackerman.

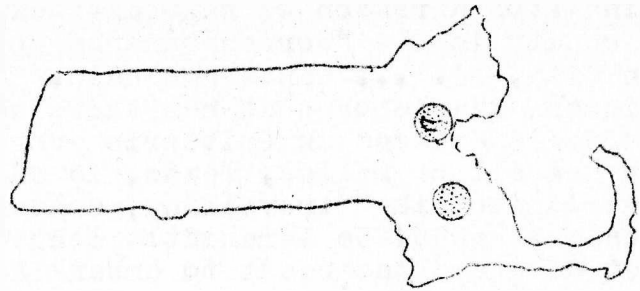
((Editor's note: After a little chat with EEEvans recently, we decided there was too much mention of --you know what-- in fanzines for the good of young fandom, therefore, some mention of --you know what-- is deleted here.)) ..... So Lee Eastman had milk.

Nothing else happened to me except that I missed the last street car and had to walk home, carrying the originals I purchased. A cop thought I stole them and stopped me, questioning me untill my fingers froze. I love cops.

# MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION

PUTTING FANDOM ON THE MAP

Compiled by A.L. Schwartz and  
Jules L. Lazar. Art work by  
Art Widner jr, & Mand-McNally



Almost uninhabited in the far  
west, with civilization slowly  
spreading north and west from  
Bryantville.

## STRANGE PEOPLE:

Winchester: R.D. Swisher Ph.D., 15 Ledyard Road,  
F.N. Swisher, 15 Ledyard Road,  
F.N. Swisher II, 15 Ledyard Road,  
Boston: Jules L. Lazar, 52 Allen street  
Thomas S. Gardner Ph. D., 34 1/4 Commonwealth avenue  
Bryantville: Art Widner jr, Box 122  
Dorchester: A.L. Schwartz, 229 Washington avenue  
Newton  
Highlands: Chandler Davis, 309 Lake street  
Walter Nickel, 10 Rogers street  
Stoughton: George A. Foster, Box 188  
Belmont: Richard Stucke, 505 Common street  
Allen Davis, 303 Marsh street  
Cambridge: Harry Stubbs jr, 7 Story street  
South Boston: Francis Paro, 1 Telegraph street

RIFF-RAFF:  
(not members  
of Stranger  
Club)  
Sylvester Brown jr, 7 Arlington st., Cambridge  
Dave Glazer, 12 Fowler st., Dorchester  
Joseph L. McNamara, 25 Fairview st., Roslindale  
Alfred H. Lopez, 24 Havre st., East Boston  
Tom Slade, 72 Mt Vernon st., Boston  
Tom Smith, 23 Circular ave., Natick  
Raymond Martinuk, 3 Lowe st., Peabody  
John W. Bell, 81 Winter st., Whitman

FAMOUS FORMER  
RESIDENTS: John W. Campbell jr, Cambridge  
Louis Russell Chauvenet

CORPSES ROTTING EARL Singleton, M.I.T. Grad House, Cambridge  
IN THE STATE:

FANZINES: S.F. Check-List, 15 Ledyard Road (F.A.P.A.)  
(plus Fantasy Fiction Field Weekly edition of same)

Yhos, Box 122, Bryantville (F.A.P.A.)

Fanfare, Box 122, Bryantville (10¢)

Poll-Cat, Box 122, Bryantville (free, but you have  
to answer the questionnaire.)

Boskonian, Box 122, Bryantville (free to  
Boskone attendees.)

(Fanfare formerly was published by Francis Paro.)

# DEPTS OF THE INTERIOR

FLIPS THAT PASS IN THE FOG DEPT: The other day we were perusing an old Amazing (for a reason we refuse to explain to you) and happened across this oddity in the "Correspondance Corner": (quote) "Louise Manfred ... Union City, NJ. ... wants pen pals. He is 20." (unquote). Could this be a shining example of that new third sex we've heard about?

And while engaged in frittering thru the same column we found that a Benny Russell of Dallas, Texas, is extremely eager to find some 18 year old girls who like "travelling, convertibles, and dancing." Now our pulses quickened! We immediatly leaped to the conclusion the chap had a rocket ship and was ready to embark for Mars. Untill we remembered that rocket ships wouldn't have room for dance floors and juke boxes, nor was it convertible untill Benny happened to strike Mars with dead jets. We are sure he was planning that. Meanwhile the NFFF should send a delegation to Palmer to point out that this sort of thing is questionable science-fiction. (As for ourselves, we prefer them slightly older .... say 22, and we don't care if they can't dance.)

TRANSPORTATION DEPT: Ronald Clyne of the Windy City Wampires recently mailed us a drawing for LeZ, dispatched of course by first class mail because a letter was included. He mailed it Jan. 24th. The distance between Chicago and Bloomington is 130 miles. The stuff arrived. Feb. 9th. Our local postmaster denies that the pony express has again come into service, because of a priorities on railroad trains.

(QUOTE) ART (UNQUOTE) DEPT: Having received and duly perused both issues of Ackerman's Vomaiden Portfolio, the contents of which are said to be (quote) fantasy nudes (unquote) by some of fandoms better known artists (who should know better), we herewith beg Ackie to take certain steps before readying a third edition. We suggest that he send each guy who is to be represented in that issue a copy of England's Zenith for Dec. 1941, and a Fantast of ditto date. If our able artists must exercise their imaginations and pens upon the feminine body, someone should take them aside and show them what said body looks like. "Reclining Torso" and "Diana" as illustrated in fanzines mentioned above are human ..... which is more than can be said for the majority of the cartoon-booklet drawings in the Portfolio. we have spoken.

SNOOP DEPT: As you know if you receive foreign mail, and read the newspapers, mail is censored going out of, and coming in, the USA. And of course each foreign government has it's own hoodlums at work. The other day we received the pay-off. A fanzine arrived from Wog Hockley down in Australia. No less than three Australian censors cut the envelope open and read the paper; numbers: 3, 224 and 1504. Of course ... each of 'em left their sticker or stamp to tell me so. Then came the insult: US man number 1226 stuck his nose in as the letter approached our shores!

WAR DEPT: From Australia's Melbourne Bulletin (which suspended for six months with their Dec. 30 issue) we pass along what is apparently fandom's first war casualty ... we mean casualty. England's Harold Gott-liffe is reported in an Egyptian military hospital. You last heard of Harold in these pages when we received his farewell fanzine; Lez #16, Oct. 28, 1939. Meanwhile various rumors have England's Futurian War Digest in a dither because they can't find him. He has been reported in three or four Far East positions at once. "we weep."

FANZINE YEARBOOK DEPT: A half dozen errors and omissions have been pointed out to us in the Yrbk. A follow-up sheet is in the offing. Send in any corrections you may find. (Yrbk. appeared with last issue.)

RENT DODGERS DEPT: Mark Reinsberg can now be found in care of the YMCA at 926 St Charles St., New Orleans, La. Midwest Murky is enroute (he claims) to Lima, Peru for to wangle a scholarship from a famed university there. (\*) Fred Shroyer, who is a doctor of divinity degree, is now part of the Air Force at March Field, Cal. He can be reached at his home address: 926 S. Westmoreland ave., Los Angeles (\*) Walt Daugherty and wife Eleanor have moved to 846 1/3 west 82nd st., Los Angeles. (\*) Bob Jones passes along the news that two former Ohio fans, Chas. H Chandler and Ralph Hamilton should now be addressed as Lieut's. in care of "Electronics", the American Embassy, London, England. Which of course puts them in our War Dept. (\*)

WANT AD DEPT: Bill Evans, 143 N. High st., Salem, Oregon informs that he is willing to take over the job of listing all sf magazines except Argosy, the English and Canadian pubs, if he can find a publisher for a 1941 yearbook of promags. We are not doing such a yearbook this year & to date have heard nothing from Kuntz and Brady, publishers of the job last year, as to whether they are. Mimeograph operator wanted!

#### Lez-ettes

chapter 1:	chapter 1:	chapter 1:	chapter 1:
Aqua-sphere	Vampire	Space ship	Ghouls
chapter 2:	chapter 2:	chapter 2:	chapter 2:
Parade	Neck	Clogged jets	Corpse
chapter 3:	chapter 3:	chapter 3:	chapter 3:
Floats	Dribble-puss	Castor Oil	Core

???? DEPT: Perhaps you recall the letter that started off our LeZ-Letters dept last issue? The chap's name was Tom Ludowitz. We thought we had heard the last of him when we answered him exactly as stated, last issue. But no! Comes an odd assortment of postcards announcing his new fanzines, Universe Stories and Space Tales. In the belief that some of you may have been spared this assault, we quote them below, verbatim:

"Have you a subscription to Universe Stories it features an exciting SF story by James Thomas every other month, and noveleets by many others. Get this Thrilling Magazine, all the adjectives in the dictionary could not express the fine quality and fine reading in this magazine. Subscription rates are only . . . one year, .40¢ half year. Don't delay send for this amateur Science Fiction Magazine. It comes out every other month. Edgar rice burroughs wished us the best of luck after we told him of our magazine. Send money to . . . (blank)" (unquote.)

Frankly friends, we must confess we don't hold a subscription to the Thrilling Magazine, but if mr burroughs gives his approval perhaps we had better suscribe early to avoid the rush. (\*) But hold on you dear readers, here comes another postal, to wit, and quote:

"I am the editor of the new amateur SF magazine intitled Space Tales. Don't delay send .25 right away for three issues. we are mimeod and are on legel size paper like last Vom. We have more pages than Vom also. Don't miss the fun send .25 right away." (unquote)

COMMENT ON THAT DEPT: Far be it from us to miss any fun! We rushed .25 right away by airmail special-delivery (and registered also) as soon as the card arrived. We bet this James Thomas feller is a humdinger & are looking forward to more pages than Vom. In fact, we see Vom going right out of existence. Meanwhile we pass this illuminating information along to those two internecine fanzine hawks, Kernals Koenig and Widner. Save us before it is too late, gentlemen.

## VISITING FIREMEN DEPT.

FIVE FANS AND A SLAN

The 169th Spontaneous Bloomington Conference, so called because numberless fans are always dropping in on we Tuckers, was a great success. It was in session over the week-end of March 20-22, when there came to town one ELLvans of Battle Creek, Walt Liebscher of Joliet, and Ed Connor of Peoria. (Those last two cities in Illinois.)

Evans; who had been promising a visit for a long while, suddenly found the week-end available and notified us. We invited Connor from Peoria and Liebscher from Chicago (or so we thought) to make it a fivesome. We pointedly overlooked Erle Korshak, only 50 miles away, because for once we wished to monopolize the conversation.

Evans arrived Friday night, the 20th, and spent the evening at our theatre watching the moom pitchers. We then learned that Liebscher no longer lived in Chicago but had moved to Joliet (he is not in the state pen located there, please note,) and probably had not received our letter of invitation. So we telephoned him; but succeeded only in reaching "the woman upstairs" who offered to give him the message.

Ed Connor arrived from Peoria Saturday afternoon, with the gloomy news that he could stay only a few hours. This was not only Connor's first "conference" but also his first sight of another fan. We can't help but speculate on the impression he received. Unfortunately, he was never able to meet Liebscher. (no joke intended.)

He left for home Saturday evening and Liebscher arrived a short hour or so later. The night session lasted from then untill seven or eight o'clock the next morning, when we adjourned for breakfast. We had--no, I don't believe I shall mention what we ate. But, at that session, we did everything fans do, up to and including the usual writing of a letter to Vom. A letter they'll never print. Sunday evening they departed.

The slan? Oh yes .... it is our pleasure to report the charming creature has been discovered working in the long distance telephone office in Joliet. We found her this way:

When calling there Friday night, we said: "We want to talk to Walter Liebscher. We don't know his address, nor his phone number." Sort of cryptic, we know, but fifteen minutes later we were talking to "the woman upstairs" who reported that the Liebschers lived under her, and that they were out, but that she would take the message.

What puzzles us is this: how did that operator find the Liebschers? We did not give the address, nor the phone number, and the Liebscher family is not listed in the phone book. Furthermore, they have lived in the city only a few short months and it is hardly likely they can be found in the city directory. If you think the town is so small the girl knows everyone, guess again! The population is about 45,000.

So, looky Campbell, we've discovered the first slan!

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WAR DEPT: We have at hand a letter from Dan Wade, of Hawaii, (see War Dept. for Nov.-Dec. issue) assuring of his continued health as of Feb. 6th, and pointing out that he enlisted; was not drafted. He wants to get in touch with fans having back numbers for sale, as the supply of mags in Hawaii "just ain't." Address as follows: Pvt. D.L. Wade, Aircraft Warning Regt., P.O. Box 3590, Honolulu. T.H. (\*) We suggest that some of you switch some of your England-bound promags to him.



## WEATHER DEPT

"As The Wind Listeth....."

D. B. Thompson

There is no truth to the rumor that Pong is a detective. He even thinks we are "Artiste." The Columbia Campers publicity department must be slipping badly.

Recently, the Pacific Coast publishing genius, Art Joquel II, sent out an interesting free fanzine called Fan-File, wherein he discussed matters connected with his astonishing splurge into fanzine publishing in 1941. Probably most of the readers of LeZ received it.

Along with it, he sent another item, consisting of a reprint of "Circus Day is Over" by Tiffany Thayer. Mr Thayer, it seems, is secretary of The Fortean Society, an organization of which we have often heard, but concerning which we have known but little. Since reading "Circus Day is Over," we are sorry we haven't encountered Mr. Thayer previously. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest exponents of hackneyed fantasy outside the professional pulps; and in some respects, he beats them all. You see, he is a HUMORIST, without peer.

"Circus Day is Over" presents the moth-eaten theory that the current war is a direct result of careful planning by the Powers that Rule the world. Says Mr. Thayer (quote) Our Shepherds--the politicians and bankers of the world--chiefly those of the United States, Germany, England, and Japan--planned this gigantic hoax (i.e., the current war) upon their peoples in all personal friendliness years ago.....Probably the above is so obvious to Forteans that it did not need stating..... (Unquote).

This, apparently, is an example of the "healthy scepticism" fostered by the Fortean Society. There is much more along the same line. The Duke of Windsor is brought into it. He is quoted refusing to have anything to do with the plan, for which he lost his throne. Obviously, Mr. Thayer was at the mythical meeting in person or by proxy; or else he has interviewed the Duke since. I wouldn't know about that.

Taken altogether, the article is the most bizarre bit of blatant buffoonery it has been our displeasure to read in a long time. It is the crudest sort of propaganda. Mr. Thayer should have learned a little from the experts to whom listened on the radio, presenting the other side of the question. They have him surrounded in more ways than one.

Of course, he is funny, just as Lord Haw-Haw is funny. We listened to the latter direct from Germany, once, on short-wave. If he were as poor at propaganda as Thayer, the Germans would have shipped him back to England, on the theory that he could best help Germany by appearing to take England's side.

Some of you may think this does not belong in a fanzine. We think it does. Many fans are Forteans. Also, Fort's books are an important part of fantasy. We have read only "Lo!" so cannot comment on the other works of Fort. We are certain, however, that the "They" theory which he proposed in "Lo!" is a feeble concept, compared to that which Thayer has perpetrated. We think most fans are far too intelligent, far too experienced in piercing propaganda, to take any stock in this hyper-Fortean bogeyman.

For some time, we have been carrying on a fast and furious correspondence with Bob Williams, concerning the use of paid critics by

aspiring authors. Bob's initial tenet was that "writing can't be taught; it has to be learned." Anyone who could be helped by a critic, said he, would eventually learn to write without one; and he would be a better writer for learning in that fashion. We held that there are certain fundamentals in all writing, especially fiction, which could be taught, and that a intelligent beginner would benefit by having an experienced critic point out those fundamentals. We knew, from personal experience, that it is very easy to ramble along a sideline personally interesting however dull it may be to a potential reader. We knew how easy it is to write in nice atmosphere, and disregard plot complications, "plants", and the like. We believed that a hard-boiled critic, willing to administer a kick where it would do the most good, or to bawl us out for our personal idiosyncrasies, could start us on the right path a lot sooner than we could start ourselves unaided. Bob contended that such help would make the writer dependent upon it, so that he would be helpless whenever he tried to get along without such help. Well, finally, we convinced him that we were right - or maybe we simply wore him out. Now, all we have to do is to produce the goods. Simple, isn't it?

We are the unproud possessor of a small gripe. We are annoyed by the appearance of several gossip-columns, given to rather unkind, not to say vicious personal attacks on certain fans, the writers of which hide behind pen-names. We have no objection whatever to such stuff as appears in "The Beacon Light" in Spaceways, or "Thou Art Mine, Art" in Eclipse, or "The Goatherd" in Fan-Fare. They don't indulge in personal attacks; they print news, or surmises, or observations, dealing with matters of interest to fans.

Specifically, we object to the No. 1 installment of "Hellfire" in Fantasite, the work of Sinn-y-kuss in Fan-Fare and "Thud and Blunder," also in Fan-Fare; especially the first and last-named. We are especially displeased because some fans have even thought we might be guilty of writing some of them. We confine our pseudonymic rantings to comments on the prozines, and we treat them pretty gently.

So far, we haven't been attacked by any of these columnists, so we aren't yelping on that account. We just don't like such journalism. Frankly, we think fanzine editors should refuse to publish unsigned columns of the sort.

We had a lot of fun, when Vom No. 21 arrived, identifying the various fans pictured on the cover. We picked out Unger, Reinlein, "Doc" Smith, the Ashley's, Lnor, Walt, Tigrina, Yerkes, Milty, and a few others. One that puzzled us was No. 24. It looked a little like Julie, but not much. Besides, we had already identified him with No. 10. So we looked inside. No. 24, says Forry, is "Don Thompson." We wondered where we had seen the guy, then we remembered; in our mirror. We've concluded that our mirror is a diplomat.

Unk has an excellent story, "Pobby", in the April issue. But we're wondering if the author was ever in Louisiana. The various dialects of Louisiana are rather well represented among the numerous employees of the Quartermaster at Camp Livingston, and we've never heard anything remotely resembling "Pobby's" speech.

Better buy a bike! D.B.T.



# "I'D RATHER BE YOU" (A POME)

If I had my wish I wouldn't take gems  
 I'd want to change places with science fiction fmz  
 Oh little fanmag so good, so true  
 Above all things I'd rather be you  
 I'd rather be you than underwear Longie  
 A Lensman story or Tucker's Pongie  
 I'd rather be you than a squirrel so frisky  
 A B-E-M or the ego of Miske  
 I'd rather be you than all things in existence  
 Than a chance to do covers with atomical assistance  
 I'd rather be you than a piece of cheese  
 Than sciencefiction's He or Ackermanese  
 I'd rather be you than the stars in the heavens  
 Ruja-blu's popovers or E.E. Evans  
 I'd rather be you than the dough in my pocket  
 Than a promag cover or a future rocket  
 I'd rather be you than a toy or a yo-yo  
 Or a form fitting dress surrounding Morojo  
 I'd rather be you than the Skylark of Space  
 Or the godawful contours of Korshak's face  
 I'd rather be you than a gentle breeze  
 Or even the dimples on Wigner's knees  
 I'd rather be you than the Roks that hover  
 A vampire bold or Tigrina's lover  
 I'd rather be you than a frog that croaks  
 A nice little feud or a suicide hoax  
 I'd rather be you than a bowl of hash  
 An exclusion act or a fonepole crash  
 I'd rather be you than a new invention  
 Or the liquor consumed at a fan's convention  
 I'd rather be you than a bale of het  
 Or Louis Russell Chauvenet  
 I'd rather be you than a bolt of muslin  
 Or vivacious little Trudy Kuslan  
 I'd rather be you than Elmer Blurpie  
 Or a cute little rascally Martian Twerpie  
 I'd rather be you than a worn out sock  
 Or a nice little yarn by Robert Bloch  
 I'd rather be you than a cookie or wafer  
 A Walt D. recording or Paul Freehafer  
 Than 2J, Unger or Rothman too  
 Oh yes little fanmag I'd rather be you  
 To write this sage I must've been nuts  
 And Tuck if you print this, you've sure got guts.

-by Walt Liebscher

(It took nerve to print this, 'tis true  
 But I'd rather be nervy than a poet like you)  
 -editor

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MUSIC DEPT: I dream of Venus Nell with the light brown scales.

## LEZ LETTERS

always something doing

Harry Warner: "Only thing unliked in this issue was "Fantasy Fan Brigade". Mind, it was unliked; it wasn't bad enough to be disliked. If you'd have mentioned my name it would have been better. In fact, I don't think my name is on more than two out of the eight - (t)een pages in the main section of LeZ this time, which is an outrageous state of affairs. I note, however, that all of the main characters in this article have been deferred in the draft already, except HCK, because of physical deficiencies. Does that mean that by the end of this year all other fans who are now being drafted will have been --- well, call it finished business, and only those unfit today left to fight? Egad. Glad to see Thompson's column back.

Oh, one more thing about the list of fanzines. Did you notice that of all those listed with a definite publishing schedule -- monthly, bi-monthly, and so on -- only three can be said to have stuck to that schedule and gotten just the right number of issues out? One was the Yearbook which MAD to get that many; another was FFFWeekly, if it managed to put out 52 which I think it did; and the third was Vom, whose schedule figures up to 54 weeks for a six-weekly magazine but is close enuf for all practical purposes. Two managed to do more than intended -- Sun Trails and Sun Spots. Of course, lots of the deficiency is accounted for by magazines which either stopped before the end of the year or started before the first of the year.

I can sympathize with your going bi-monthly. Shall we weep on one another's shoulder? (\*)" -Hagerstown, Md.

Bob Jones: "You slipped up in the Yearbook. Pegasus is free. (gratis.) The latest LeZ (whole batch) is extremely commendable. However, I've yet to see one quite as enjoyable as the January 1941 ish. I'm still quaking (or something) with laughter. At present, we fans are struggling with the second Pegasus." -Columbus, Ohio

Lez sez: We slipped up in several places on that fanzine yearbook, so we intend to produce a chaser in a month or two, correcting errors and omissions. Drop us a postal listing errors you've noticed.

E.E. Evans: "Received both your letter and the package of LeZ. Swell job, kid. And I do mean swell. The covers really turned out fine -- better than I had hoped after that other fiasco. The contents are very good with almost no criticism to make. Only Al (Ashley) is awful blue because you didn't run his poem on the calendar as you said you planned. Otherwise it is a grand fantastic calendar all the fans will be tickled to get.

LeZ Maidens? NONONONONO! LeZ Lovliez! Lovely 'literation, eh? And I don't think we need to copy Vom when there is something so much nicer to use. Otherwise, the idea is 'swellish.'" -Battle Creek, Michigan.

Lez sez: About that poem: we did not run it on the calendar for fear of spoiling it -- the beauty of the calendar. Poem coming up tho. Okay, those two girl-covers coming up will not be LeZ maidens but LeZ lovliez. And will the party who suggested Le 4ombelles please step up and identify himself? We've lost the letter and the name of the gent.

Len Moffatt: "Greetings Tucker: Or should I begin with 'dear editor' ? But den there's all kinds of editing. You merely cut off the latter part of my "Dream Den" and changed a sentence or so in the first part. And now I'll beat you to the punch by saying: that was no dream -- that was a nightmare!" (Moffatt - continued)



(Moffatt:) Cover- yeah, the best yet. Hunt's style on this pic (also on the calendar) reminded me of the illustrations in a library edition of "Lo!" (Charles Fort) that I read not long ago. Edituckerial: not-as-good-as-usual-but-still-okay. Ashley's epic: not as funny as the one printed before -- about the Long Ranger, etc. -- but then Ruja-Blu and Wied-enbeck helped on that one. W.L.'s Le Tale: Got a kick out of it altho I've read much better humor. Pong's piece: more of the same please!!! Best thing in the 'ish. ((we blush prettily. -editor)) DEB's Column: -- keep it! I liked it. Well written, interesting, even entertaining. (But what happened to OK Smith?) Letters: this dept. could become as popular as Vom or Fanfare's 'Strange Interludes' if you'd make it a long'n all the time like this. Or even longer still. (\*) Lez-ettes: ingenious! ((you mean ingenious or ingenuous? -editor)) (\*) Lez-lousys are!"

Lez-sez: we are worried about OK Smith ourselves. His perpetrator has gone south (see Rent Dodgers Dept.) and all is silence there.

Raym Washington jr.: (you know, the gentleman from the star-flecked cosmos.) "The January ... issue was all I expected. But I'm mad now cause you cut Len Moffatt's fine article. ((How do U know it was fine before we cut it? Did he send it to you first? Did U reject it? Oh golly! -editor)) Really, I would have much rather seen all of it than the various depts & stuff & stuff & stuff. (\*) When I read a dozen pages of LeZ I get the impression that most of it is just ---well, just --- maybe this will explain it better: Those puff-air candies you get at fairs. ((meaning we're sweet? -editor)) You bit into it. ((meaning we're wholesome? -editor)) It is sticky. ((meaning we're gummy? -editor)) You finish it and suddenly realize that most of it is air. ((meaning we're windbags? -editor))

Here's what I'm driving at: please concentrate your stuff, maybe only have 5 or 6 articles, but at least something I can get my teeth into. ((are you a cannibal? -editor)) (((we warn you -- we don't taste very good. -editor))) Sorry for your going bi-monthly .. it's the fate of all good fanzines. ((yes, we know, but why us too? -editor)) "

Lez-sez: Darn if we can follow this. Our articles are puff-air candy-stuff ... light, thin, no body to it ... and yet we get hell for knocking down four pages of words into a solid four paragraphs. Oh well, at least we're sticky. Raym, by the way, has just produced the first issue of his Scientifun.. Address is Live Oak, Florida

LeRoy Tackett: "LeZ has gone bi-monthly. I weep. 'Twill not brighten my mailbox so often. I weep. Ah well, it is better to have less LeZ than no LeZ at all. However, you are kind Tucker. You break the sad newz to us while we are still dazed by that Hunt cover. Roy can turn out some of the grusomest things. Nevertheless, the cover was magnificolossal, as was the pic for the calendar. Speaking of things that are magnificolossal, Horsepower Pong's "Fantasy Fan Bri-gade" was the masterpiece of the issue. Four hundred fans. Four hundred thirsty fans. If I opened a branch bar I could make a fortune. But it was only fiction. I weep. Al Ashley has turned out another very chemical little thing. If he can do it again he will carry my respect with him down thru the ages. Granite he can do it again. You weep. "As The Wind Listeth" proved to be very interesting. Hope to see it continue as a regular column in LeZ. Walt's AD report was good. I'm still trying to reconstruct his face from his left ear. Yeah, he has an interesting ear. "Dream Den" was short but fairly good. LeZ Letters and the Lez-ettes were mirth provoking as usual. (\*) Fanzine, calendar and year-book. All in all your third anniverserish was a great success. Does anyone want to quibble? " -Fountain, Colorado.

D.B. Thompson: "Should have written sooner, no doubt, but I'm still very much disgusted with the bum job of word-scrabblin' in the Weather Dept. (\*) My original intention -- to drop the column when Fan-Atic folded -- looks like a honey, now. Tops for the ish is Roy Hunt's art work, with the calendar pic leading by a coupla kilometres. I thought it excellent. My landlady thought it marvelous; but it took the cullid maid ob all wukk, who does mah room ev'ah mawnin', to grasp its real worth. She was quite rapturous about it; thought it quite sum-pin that I should know sombuddy wat could draw lak dat. Maybe the scene aroused ancestral memories or something, I dunno.

Fantasy Fan Brigade is good. A little surprised that Lowndes batted an eye at the explosion; but maybe that was just a bit of camouflage action, so the Kernal wouldn't notice that two of those five aces were alike. Can't imagine 400 fans in one place without even one duplicator of some kind among them, but maybe they left in a rush. "Copper Takes a Boride." My, my! Smells like there's a Cadaverine the house. Could'n Neutronium out? Or maybe Iodoform a Triborite-thinking people and Chlorine it out myself. Sure! That's Citric! --Oh, oh, Lead poisoning!"  
-- Alexandria, La.

Lez sez: We always dislike to run articles like "Copper". So many of our dear readers make the ensuing weeks miserable for us with the sort of thing as above. They have no right to make us Sulphur so!"

Erle Korshak: (( Editorial note to readers- the following information superceeds the Reinsberg item in Rent Dodgers Dept. ))  
"A few days ago + received a short letter from (Mark) Reinsberg informing me that he was signed aboard the "Delnorte", a passenger-freighter, bound for Buenos Aires. He shall be gone 2½ months, and will be paid \$250.00 plus all expenses for the trip. The vessel will stop at various So. American ports, so Mark should really see a lot of famed places and country. I don't know what capacity he signed on in. If you see any newspaper reports of subs and torpedos going at the ship, pray for Marky's soul." --Champaign, Ill.

Abby Lu Ashley: "Last nite we had the 'big meeting' (Feb. 6) that you were invited to attend. There was a larger than usual attendance of the Jackson bunch. As for the 'out of town fans' -- there was Martin Alger, period. Lynn Bridges didn't even manage to get here. Thus it goes with the best laid plans. We had a swell meeting tho. Oh-there was one other visitor, a chap from Lansing, Mich. I didn't get to talk to him much so can't tell much about him. He came with another fellow from Lansing by the name of Maurice Atwood, who also attended our last meeting, and was last nite made a regular member of the Galactic Roamers. Martin Alger and a chap by name of Sydney Dean in Portland, Ore. were made Stowaway members. Dr Becker, the new Chief Pilot, presided for the first time. He threatened to institute a fine system to apply to anyone interrupting the business part of the meeting. Doc Smith gave us the first draft (the first several thousand words of it) of his newest Lensman story. This, of course, for our perusal and criticism".

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CLOSING OF THE MEETING DEPT: We are all out of "subscription expired" stickers, so those who subs do expire with this issue, or expired last issue, will find some sort of rubber-stamped imprint over here in this wide space to the right... If the space is blank, you're happy and we are happy, but if it is not blank, kindly oblige with a re-newel. We suggest you send an amount necessary to cover the rest of the year. Twenty cents, if it expires this issue, 25¢ if last issue.