

LE ZOMBIE

Tucker's Candid Comment on
The Red Barbarians who now
infest his humble domicile!

- NUMBER SEVEN -

EXPLANATION DEPT: This LE ZOMBIE was tapped off spontaneously one morning after a hectic night spent amidst Futurians, Martian monsters, milk shakes and Moscow propoganda. It seems that those arch-fiends of fandom, D.A. Wollheim (you no doubt have heard of him), Dick Wilson, Jr., late father of Nell, or rather father of the late Nell, and finally that person from Brooklyn who smokes a foul pipe, John B. Michel (founder of the Republican party) dropped in on Tucker and Roberds last May 7 and 8 for a few days visit. Upon invitation, each of them did a page for this issue of NOVA. In return, so are we doing a special page for this NOVA... giving you gentle reader our first hand glimpse of these roving ambassadors of Futurianism, and _____ . (Fill in that blank to suit yourself. Nov. service!)

FLASH: DAW DOES NOT DENY HE IS CRAZY!

IMPRESSIONS DEPT: We learned much to our surprise that unbeknowns to us, we were true Ghu-Ghuists. A most startling revelation I assure you. All these years I have been walking the streets as a Ghu-Ghu a didn't know it. That, perhaps: explains why people persist in staring at me as I saunter along the street.

Also I learned that I had deep purple in my soul. This was most amazing. LE ZOMBIE humbly suggests you explore your soul to see if there is any deep purple in it Is there? If so, write to Michel immediatly. He will be glad to know, no doubt.

The Bloomington variety of milkshake is a very potent concoction. The three gents from Brooklyn, being unused to the milkshake as she is shaken here, one and all aroused from their slumbers with the coming of dawn with terriffic hangovers. And we were sorely dissapointed. Another illusion broken. They should be pushovers once filled with red pop.

Among other startling happenings of the day I found that the rumor of Moscow gold is true. Upon examining passports and secrets papers and cross-examining the three, I found that their vacation trip was sponsored and financed by Moscow gold. Subtle propaganda in the idea, y'know.

I found that the rumors and reports consistantly popping up on the printed page to the effect that somebody in Brocklyn doesn't like somebody in Washington was just so much smoke-screen. It seems that all parties mentioned pretend to be what they are, and carry on like they do, merely to exercise their rights of freedom of speech and all that sort of thing. At heart, all concerned are loyal Republicans! I have their word.

IMPRESSIONS OF PEOPLE DEPT: Wilson--has the cat got his tongue in the long long ago? Barely five words of wisdom or any other kind of a word feel from his tight lips while he reposed upon our hospitality. A man after Pong's own heart, who very seldom says a word himself. MICHEL--- Very difficult subject. Oh, wery. Won't sit still or shut up long enough for a guy to peer into his soul. However, inasmuch as his deep purple bubbles out in a continious flow, one merely reads him like a teletype. WOLLHEIM-- Ha! The bogey man himself! How can one give an impression of the Man from Hadees? We are quite afraid to say anything of him now because he is still here as this is written. He might haunt us. That would be awful. We wonder if there are chairs in Brooklyn? He doesn't appear to know what one is. He does not appreciate Pong. He thought a joke of Pong's absolutely putrid. Therefore we don't think much of the Wollheim. Brooklyn can have him! (PIP PIP untill LE ZOMBIE #8)