

L
E
Z O M B I E

SEPT.
1941

no.42

FOR YOUR AL-BUM



published monthly
at P. O. Box 260
Bloomington, Ill

LE ZOMBIE

five cents a copy
five for two-bits
fanzines xchanged

volume 4-number 7

september 1941

whole number: 42

bob (hpp) tucker
postoffice bx 260
bloomington, ill
-editor-

"the kept korpse"

e. everett evans
191 capital av-sw
batt³ecreek, mich
-associate-

(EDITORIALIES)

The picture on the cover is that photo we have been promising for too long a time; Martin Alger's landscape of Mars. We (Evans and I) each have glossy 8x10 enlargements of the pic. You too can have one, if you desire, by send a quarter to Alger, at Box 520, Mackinaw City, Mich. Sure, this is a plug. This is the price we are paying for getting our 8x10 enlargement. Alger's profession is photography -- hence this neat picture. So again LeZ sets some sort of record; offering readers enlargements of our cover.

Recall that last month we viewed with alarm a very alarming subject. This month we are happier. The dear readers are with us! To be sure, not all of that silent 75% have written, but many of them did. The tone of all the letters received were encouraging -- to us. They said (some politely, some brutally) for us to continue as in the past . . . if anything, become more personal! We glee.

We despair the mostest about the timeliness and datedness of the material in LeZ. You see, as a rule we do not sit up all night, one night a month, cutting all the stencils at once. Our rule is to dribble the work thru-out the month. Some of the pages in this issue were typed early in August. This one early in September. So you see, what with fan newspapers, and snappier fanzines, some of our information herein is awfully dated. We ask you to overlook this. Perhaps it will still be news to about one-third of our readers; those who don't take the news-sheets. The only way we know to eliminate this evil is to wait untill the last week before publication, and do all the stencilling at once. (The very thought causes us to weep!)

Dale Hart visited us Sept. 3-4, enroute home to Texas. He will have the same old address: Box 1361, Highlands, Texas. He is half-planning some sort of fanzine. Sully Roberds was in town the entire first week of Sept. on furlough. Reports that about 25 other sojers in his barracks read LeZ after him; and his whole company are avid readers of the pro rags. Virtually the same report is handed in by my brother at Ft Bragg.

Other items which will bring us up to date with latest fanews: Pegasus, Sentinel, and Infinite have just arrived, ushering in the new fanzine season. ** T'other day we received a letter from a fan in Peoria, Ill. (only 40 miles distant) and were we suprised! We didn't relize another lived so close. He said he suscribed to Vom, Fan-Atic, and others. For gosh sakes you birds, why didn't you tell us? You should have rushed us a telegram (not collect) to wit: "hey Tucker, a fan! a fan!"

There is of course, no truth to the rumor that we write un-inspiring editorials. Dash the thought!

(9-5-41) Bob Tucker

(3)

DIPPY - DOINGS - AT - DENVER

Phil
Bronson

The afternoon session Sunday was supposed to begin at 1pm, but for some reason only a few fans were present, perhaps ten. Finally, after none of the Denvention officials appeared, delegate Kornbluth took the chair and called the meeting to order. Amid futile attempts by Kornbluth to massacre a fly with the gavel, resolutions and bids for next year's convention were heard.

A Resolution to the effect that the convention go on record as declaring that "Yngvi is not a louse", presented by Rothman, was not adopted as Rothman was the only one voting in favor of it. Therefore Yngvi must remain a louse, at least for another year.

Bids for 1942 were then in order. Rothman presented one for some unpronounceable Russian town, while Wollheim put in a bid for Piccadilly Bomb Shelter #3, which bid won the vote of the majority. The persistant fly, which bothered the Chairman all during the session, miraculously escaped death, despite Mr Kornbluth's stealthy approaches and mighty blows, to the consternation of all present.

Speaking of Kornbluth, I had been watching for the unmistakable signs of a hot-foot victim all thru the morning of the first day. Fortier, Knight and myself were holding up the piano while Rothman tortured it, when I noticed the old master sidle up behind Knight, bend down and insert the match. We held our breath. He applied the second match to the one in the shoe; the match burned -- and burned -- and burned ---- and went out. Either Knight wears some patented hot-foot protection or has a wooden foot.

After each night's session, groups of tired, fatigued, business-weary, session-arousyfans would hie themselves for the nearest dives for refreshments. It is wonderful how so many can crowd into one booth, make such a racket, guzzle liquids and not be thrown out! Life of the party (s) was Art "Granny" Widner, who displayed one of the lustiest singing voices I've ever heard. He drowned out the vocalist in one place, and the orchestra in another with his instrumental imitations. His crowning achievement however, was the imitation of an airplane zooming down, machine guns spitting.

Denver fan Leonard Jenkyns is what might be called a "Reg'lar Feller". It seems that Jenkyn's wife locked him out that night, so he accompanied a group of fans along to a "cafe", carrying a tire pump he had picked up along the way. Lew Martin made some sort of a crack about "mental Bingo" and Jenkyns prostrated himself on the sidewalk with laughter, heedless of the shocked passers-by. When he starts to laugh it isn't easy to stop him!

Korshak attended the costume party wearing an immense skull and enwrapped in one of the hotel's sheets. The skull accompanied Korshak all about town that night, into dives and along the streets. It witnessed a near fight with a drunken soldier who for no particular reason became angry with Korshak and the skull because the rest of the crowd was making a racket. Previous to this incident, Korshak, standing in the hotel, suddenly reached down, grabbed an end of a huge carpet and dashed out onto the sidewalk with it, whereupon ten fans threw themselves bodily on the carpet and clung to it untill hotel employees pried them apart. It has been definitely ascertained that the free beer at the convention was in no way responsible for any delegates actions.

(over)

Madle and Rusty Barr were off in pursuit of females; when their absence was noticed and question, some one replied, "Oh, they wandered off on a tangent." Yerke (I believe it was) piped up with "Is that what you call them in Denver?"

Sunday night after the convention was over, things happened! Fortier had just came in, and Rusty Barr and I went to his room, still laughing at a Widner joke. Fortier wanted to hear Widner tell it and so down the hall we paraded in pajamas, leaving McKeel asleep in Fortier's room. Widner's room was unlocked, but attempts to awaken him, Massion, or Madle were futile, despite turning on the lights and tickling the feet of the sleepers. For sweet revenge we took the key, locked the door from the outside and tossed the key back into the room. If you are acquainted with hotel doors, you'll know they were very neatly locked

This was so successful that after deliberating a bit we continued our course down the corridor and performed similar experiments. Yerke's room was next in line, and we found his door unlocked also. A flip and was done. We entered Julie Unger's room and found him awake. Without turning on the light Fortier fabricated some excuse for entering while Rusty filched the key from the dresser. It was somewhere around four bells then, so we retired.

I wonder if those fans are still in their rooms?

PERSONALS

Erle Korshak just returned from a five week tour of the West. Located at 4850 Drexel, Chicago.

Mark Reinsberg out of the CCC and back in Chicago. Address is 5480 Cornell Ave.

Art Sehnert of Memphis, Tenn. has moved to 800 N. Willett St.

B.D. Thompson, formerly the Sage of Salt Creek, now at 213 Lakeview St., Pineview, Louisiana.

Joe Fortier advises that the issue of Starlight received a few weeks ago will be the last.

Chris. Mulrain, jr. bringing out a new fanzine, The Sentinel. Address is P.O. Box 205, Absecon, N. J.

The United States Rocket Society of Glen Ellyn, Ill. recently active in the fanzine field. They will send for a sample copy and at the same time invite you to join up with them. Very neat.

Leonard Moffat and three others bringing out a fanzine, Uranus. The address is General Delivery, Ellwood City, Penna.

LEZ-ETTES

chapter 1:
Astrogator
chapter 2:
Calculator
chapter 3:
Bingo!

chapter 1:
Space-man
chapter 2:
Space-warp
chapter 3:
Stiff neck

chapter 1:
Robot
chapter 2:
No volt
chapter 3:
Revolt

chapter 1:
Stfan
chapter 2:
DT's
chapter 3:
BEMS

DEPT'S OF THE INTERIOR

MUSINGS ON THE PROS DEPT: (we swiped that title) Our worn-out straw hat is off to Doc Lowndes for the October number of his Future. We believe the mag has, with this issue, definitely been removed from THAT rut. The Bok cover, especially, captures not only our admiration, but our breath -- halitosis and all. We liked the cover better than anything we have seen on Astounding recently. (And for some strange reason we have always regarded that mag as the target for others to shoot at.) If Doc can continue to secure good reprints for the novel, and better shorts, why shouldn't Future climb to the higher popularity brackets? With this one issue, it has leaped over two or three other mags in our own poll !

ELECTION RESULTS DEPT: We have a card from Chauvenet, who relays the following information from Kuslan and Widner, official counters in the respective elections.

FAPA: Harry Warner copped the Presidency, 23 to 7. Milt Rothman ditto the Vice Presidency, 24 to 6. Elmer Perdue is Secy-Treas. by 30 to 0. Louis R. Chauvenet is Official Editor, 23 to 7. Therefore, prospective members desiring information for the Fantasy Amateur Press Assn. apply to any officer named. Secy*Treas. address is: 617 B St., Rock Springs, Wyoming. Those officers took office July 14, 1941, to serve one year.

NFFF: (Dated 7-31-41) Louis Chauvenet apparently President, as votes for him has passed 34, the majority. For Vice P., Bob Studley was leading by a margin unknown to our source. For Secy-Treas., again Perdue, again unopposed. Advisory Board Rothman, Lowndes, Gilbert elected, Bronson probably elected (fifth place not settled). Voting closed Aug. 9th by Presidential Proclamation, so by the time this sees print the final, official results may have appeared elsewhere.

TEETH OF A GIFT HORSE DEPT: We note an advertisement in Astounding to the effect that if you subscribe for a year and remember to enclose the necessary bucks, they will be ever so pleased to send you FREE, an Argon Glow Lamp and Fluorescence Kit, with which you can conduct numberless marvellous experiments in the realm of science. The lamp will positively give off ultraviolet light (when screwed in a lightsocket of course). Frankly, friends, this is a plot. Some evil genius desires to turn you into mutants. The lamp is an easy method.

WE REMEMBER DEPT: We remember when Unknown, a year or two ago, gave away real fountain pens with each subscription. We commented upon it at the time in LeZ, but going back over our files just now, can't seem to find the item. Beware Street & Smith bearing gifts! As we recall, we were terribly dismayed to glance down one day and find a large ink blot spreading rapidly in the vicinity of our shirt pocket.

ANNUAL OCCURANCE DEPT: Each autumn about this time we remark upon the torrent of new and projected fanzines heading for the mails. It is near time to make the crack again. Offhand, we know of four coming..... or which claim they are coming. In addition to Sentinel and Uranus noted elsewhere in this issue, Bob Jones announces Pegasus (281 14th Ave., Columbus, Ohio); and there is one more due in October on which we are pledged to secrecy. In addition, Tom Wright tells us Phil Bronson has taken over the much-talked-about Dawn for October publication. Too, we hear of another, tentative, fanzine to be published by Bronson, for which he is buying fan material at 1/25 of a cent per word.

RUMOR DEPT: No truth to the rumor that Unknown gives a phial of Swami Ben Balmy's Egyptian Love Potion with every subscription. (Martin Alger)

OUR ANNUAL EYEBROW LIFTER DEPT

Picture in your imagination this British scene: A London fan has just heard that the latest issue of Tales of Wonder is on sale at a newsstand some blocks away. Coin in hand, he gallops madly forth to purchase it. There is no door to his house -- it has been blown away. So he exits thru a large hole in the sidewall. Once in the street he proceeds somewhat cautiously for broken glass, rubble and brick lie everywhere. The boys haven't yet gotten around to cleaning up after last night's raid. Half way to his destination he is forced to make a detour of many blocks because an unexploded bomb lies buried in his path. Every now and then he carefully cycles around a shell hole in the middle of the street. He is even pressed into service for a short while to help quench a fire on his route. But at last he arrives at the newsstand. He buys a copy of T O W #14. And scurries home.

Oh, he doesn't arrive without further mishaps. Such as the air raid siren going off unexpectedly, his bike jumping some rubble and going into a street cavity, and little things like that that are London today. But at last he arrives home. The precious magazine is undamaged. He regards it fondly -- just think -- here it is in the middle of a war, and a professional science fiction magazine is still being published! The cover advertises the lead novel. It is a reprint from Amazing. What does it say? Why, in large, bold type, the London fan reads:

Mars Bombards the Earth!

DEATH FROM THE SKIES

by A. Hyatt Verrill

COMMENTARY DEPT: For the last fifteen minutes (since writing the above) we have sat here, dumbfounded. When we started at the top of the page, we intended ending up the dept by some clever remark or observation on the choice of the reprint. But we find we can't. There just isn't anything we can say to express our feelings, and yet remain intelligible. We would appreciate our British readers informing us as to what their thoughts were upon obtaining the issue of TOW in mention. We really want to know just what your reactions were.

MAIL BOX DEPT: Chain letters are coming back. (in fandom) (we might add 'the last guys to catch on to anything -- or the first ones to start it all over again). These aren't the dime kind, get-me-rich-quick type. The first to our knowledge was that started by Art Joquel. It ran around the country to ten or twelve fans. Art is now publishing the gigantic thing in a coming Spectra. Meanwhile, we have received another, started by Harry Schmarje. From it we learn he had previously piloted two, and that still another, headed by Raym Washington, jr. was making the rounds with our name somewhere down the list. Can this be a cheap, satisfying substitute to editing and publishing a fanzine ... why not? As all know who have tried it, publishing costs money. And poor fanzines are badly received. All fans (we suppose) want to publish; but can't. Beginning and ending a chain letter is akin to it. One can actually name the "big shot" contributors desired ... and not all fanzines can.

RUMOR BLASTING DEPT: There is no truth to the rumor that a certain NYC publishing house, anxious to put out a promag to fill the gap between Astounding and Amazing, will call it: Dull Stupid Stories.

OUR WAILING WALL DEPT:

Often, on sleepless nights while we were hovering on that foggy borderline between near-sleep and near-awake, we would contemplate old age. What would we be like, if and when we became a grandmaw? One night it occurred to us that we would never be a grandmaw, we would be a grandpaw. And hard on the heels of that earthquaking thought came the realization that we were already a grandpaw -- to some sections of fandom!

We mean the small fry, outer-circle chaps who will become the name-fans of tomorrow. Unknown chaps who have been overlooked, gypped, cheated or otherwise tramped on by fandom -- and who write to us for redress! That is an actual fact. Very, very often we get a letter from some one we never heard of before, asking us to right wrongs (real or fanciful) that he has suffered from fandom! If that doesn't make a grandpappy of us, what does?

Mostly these wrongs are fanzines that never arrived. There is a great preponderance of these cases. It's not that I am an angel, it is just that I send an issue of LeZ almost immediately when receiving a request for the same, or reply with a postal to the effect the guy will have to wait until the next issue is published. According to the letter that is then usually forthcoming from this newcomer, very few other editors are as thoughtful or courteous.

The case usually unwinds like this: The chap has been reading promags for quite some time, is familiar with most of the standard names in fandom because of the letter sections. Of a sudden they decide to grasp life firmly by the horns. They lay out a dollar (an immense sum to one totally new to fanzines) and subscribe to about ten fanzines, five and ten centers. Now any intelligent and case-hardened fan can predict what will happen to that dollar. Usually, the list the newcomer chooses from isn't 100% reliable; and the fan-law of averages is at work too. Of the ten fanzines (let us say), 2 of them will have been discontinued; 2 more will be staggering or extremely unreliable to as publication dates; 4 will be bi-monthlies or quarterlies; and the remaining 2 will be weeklies or monthlies.

The newcomer will most likely receive a weekly and a monthly almost at once, 2 bi-monthlies will follow within two weeks. 4 fanzines out of 10. Perhaps one other editor will drop him a line explaining why he can't send an issue right away. The other five editors ignore him entirely. Not that they are brutal about it, they assume the guy will have the patience to wait for the next issue alongside the rest of his subscribers ... not realizing the chap is new and can't understand this. Of the 2 fanzines that folded up, perhaps one will return the money the same week, or he may wait until next year to do it. The other probably will never return it for a multitude of reasons. Maybe he moved and never received it.

So the chap stewes. If he happened to receive LeZ pronto, he writes me and bewails loudly. Quite often he never subscribed to LeZ at all, but writes me anyway, asking me to get his money back for him from those other editors! Yes, that is brass, I'll admit. Those who have helped by explaining, or post carding the editors in question, have become firm friends. Those whom I told I could do nothing for promptly consigned me to that well-known corner in hell. But meanwhile, one and all, they turn to Grandpappy Tucker when fandom kicks them in the pants!

LEZ LETTERS

silence isn't golden here!

Raym Washington, jr: "I have decided to step from the ranks of the great, silent 75%. August issue arrived OK. It would be better if the ink was blacker and the paper was heavier, don't you agree, Yngvi? S' funny.. I received LeZ on Friday, with account of the Denvention, and Saturday got VoM with another account. Incidentally, in that August VoM I put in a plug for LeZ. Have you no appreciation, Tucker??

So LeZ was jilted. Huh? Revenge is sweet. I guess your present policy is all right if there was just more material. More articles, say I, longer editorials, more LeZ Letters and LeZ-Ettes.

"Romance of the Elements" deserves a place with the classics. If you ever get stuck for two pages of space-fillers just send out a mental, clarion call for . . . Raym. (I cry because I must not laugh -- that's all, that's all.)"

LeZ sez: We chose the paper, our printer the ink. Perhaps he will read this and dab more on next time. The only way to cram more material in a fanzine this size is to make each article shorter. We try to hold everything to one or two pages. Exceptions of course, get three. And don't wait to be asked to send material. You'll never get in print that way! LeZ welcomes anything humorous or featureable in a fan way. If it is up to "standard" ... typical of this fanzine .. it's welcome! Consider Al and Abby Lu Ashley and Jack Wiedenbeck. They have never been in print before ... and their first piece in LeZ rang the gong!

Mac Chamberlin: "I have just finished my first two issues of LeZ and find it -- swell! Swell to the tune of another subscription. Enclosed you will find fifty cents. I was quite impressed by the July cover, and the guy who stated that the L in Le Zombie isn't an L, is nuts. You follow me, I hope. ((not if you are nuts, we don't)) Your LeZ-Ettes are good stuff, very good stuff. Hey, it sounds like Charles Tanner doesn't go for Palmer's mags. What's the matter with them brother? -- or are you just kiddin'.

It is now my ambition to attend an s-f-convention after reading about them for two years. I read your account of the Denvention with great interest. Only one point escapes me. What is Tremaine's Comet Award? What's it for?

I enjoyed "Romance of the Elements" immensely. It was well done, chum. Also enjoyed Oliver King Smith co. advertisements. . . . "

LeZ sez: The Tremaine thing was this: Editor Tremaine of Comet offered an award of \$25 to the fan who overcame the greatest obstacles to reach the Denvention. However, because his magazine folded in the meantime (and the company wouldn't maintain responsibility), Tremaine was unable to appear, or award the money. At least, this is the version published in Fantasy Fiction Field Weekly, a fan news sheet published by Julius Unger at 1702 Dahill Road, Brooklyn. We accept it as true.

LeZ-Ettes

chapter 1:	chapter 1:	chapter 1:	chapter 1:
Mushroom	Cow	Barsom	Pong
chapter 2:	chapter 2:	chapter 2:	chapter 2:
Toadstool	Bluegrass	Bar-room	Pun
chapter 3:	chapter 3:	chapter 3:	chapter 3:
No fungus	Mooed Indigo	Four moons	Zombie

Leonard Moffatt: "Am happy to say that I belong to the distinguished 25%, tho not even an excerpt of one of my missles has appeared in LeZ Letters. Aren't my comments as interesting as others or must we be a famous fan before one has a letter printed in LeZ? Altho it seems doubtful at present as to whether Uranus will ever appear, I still am becoming an active fan. It seems that one of our club members is behind in his dues and --- hmmm --- wonder if the O.K. Smith Co. could help us out?

Comment on Aug. LeZ Dept: Editorial-- you tell 'em Tucker! Denvention Dope-- had already knew most of the stuff (due to Unger's FFF) but Evan's account was more detailed and interesting. Romance of the Elements-- very very punny, how do you get such brainstorms Tucker? Visiting Firemen Dept -- interesting but was surprised to learn that you didn't know about Super Science's new editor. Don't you read FFF? Lez-Ettes-- unique as usual; I hope that first one didn't pertain to Uranus. If so, how do you know it stinks? It isn't out yet. O.K. Smith-- hope this is a regular dept for awhile. It's very good! You should write for a living Tucker. (Or do you?)

Have just finished rewriting "My Dream Den" and am inclosing it, in the hopes that it will appear soon in LeZ."

LeZ sez: A lot of things should be cleared up here, so let's go thru Moffatt's letter point by point. First, one doesn't have to be a "famous fan" to get printed in LeZ. All one has to be is a reader, and be able to make words into sentences. Letters published are selected by reason of interest and length, alone, to fill our one or two pages of letters each issue. Second, under the rules as we see them, Moffatt, you are an active fan. You become one when you start writing to or for fanzines. Or so we hold. Third, we did not write Romance of the Elements, and thanks to all the readers who thought we did. Kindly notice the 3 names signed to that article, and then turn back to the June issue and find them in the state of Michigan. Fourth, we did not know about the new editor and change of name for Super Science, altho we do suscribe to FFF. For some unexplained reason, six consecutive issues of the newspaper failed to reach our box. Just a few days ago Unger sent us the six missing copies, and we found out about a lot of things for the first time. Fifth, Art Widner contributed the LeZ-Ette about "new fan - new fanzine - phew!" That is Art's pet peeve you know. Sixth, (and this may be a surprise) we have not been writing the O.K. Smith pages. Mark Heinsberg has. They have been so well received that we are asking him to continue them indefinitely. Seventh, we accept "Dream Den", and it will most likely appear in our Third Anniversary Issue, coming up at the end of the year. Thank you all so much.

Ackerman: "Just a note from one of the usually silent 75%. I yama contented customer. I say Bob, let heem publish LeZ with policy like he damn please. LeZ been plenty popular always with me. The new feature-- Lez-Ettes -- I like like grape suzettes. And I hope OK Smith's Asserted Services becomes a permanent back-page advertisement. In the Aug ish, "Romance of the Elements" reacted on my system like a whiff of nitrous oxide. It sure was chemical!"

WE DENY IT DEPT: There is no truth to the rumor that (because of the defense movement) the Government has notified overall manufacturers henceforth they must use molyb-denum in making the garments.

Stick around and watch for our 3rd Anniversary. We have something hot!

HI!
THERE.

ILLINOIS!

Michigan Fandom sends you Greetings,
and specifically invites you
to attend the

GET ACQUAINTED CONFERENCE

to be held in
JACKSON, MICHIGAN
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1941

While this is primarily being held so that
Michigan Fans can get acquainted with each
other, the Conference will be all the more
enjoyable if a lot of our neighboring fan-
friends from other states join with us, so
make your plans ahead, come up and see us!

YOU ARE WELCOME, INDEED!

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16th - Jackson, Michigan.



THE STAR STOMPER

introducing
a new
column

by Foot Pad

Thursday night I sat down in my favorite easy chair, logs glowing in the fireplace, whiskey bottle within easy reach, the September Amazing in my hand. I drank in the cover. I read the magazine from cover to cover. Again I turned back and drank in the cover. I almost caught myself drinking from the bottle. To make sure I didn't miss anything, I read it completely thru again. Editorial, stories, letters, and ads. And then I carefully filed the book away, to preserve and read again the lead novelette another day.

Cripes but the magazine is awful! How Palmer can sit there in his office and turn that stuff out by the ream is beyond me! How anyone can stand the fiction is even more non-understandable. I think it is fit for only morons. I wouldn't be caught dead with the magazine in my hands!

Sitting there, afterwards, thinking of the dear dead days of long ago, when Amazing was in flower, I burst into tears. Actual tears. They cascaded down my shirt front. I was wearing a pale blue shirt with a brown candy stripe I picked up for a bargain. Ah! for those days when Amazing amounted to something! When dear, stuffy old Doc Sloane piloted the book, Morey splashed the covers, and "foreigners" dominated the dried-up reader columns. When the circulation was so low it was mistaken for a fanzine, and each issue carried an Edgar Allen Poe reprint (easily procurable in book form in the most common libraries) to fill space. And now look--gaudy covers, putrid stories, leading circulation ---- I burst into tears anew!

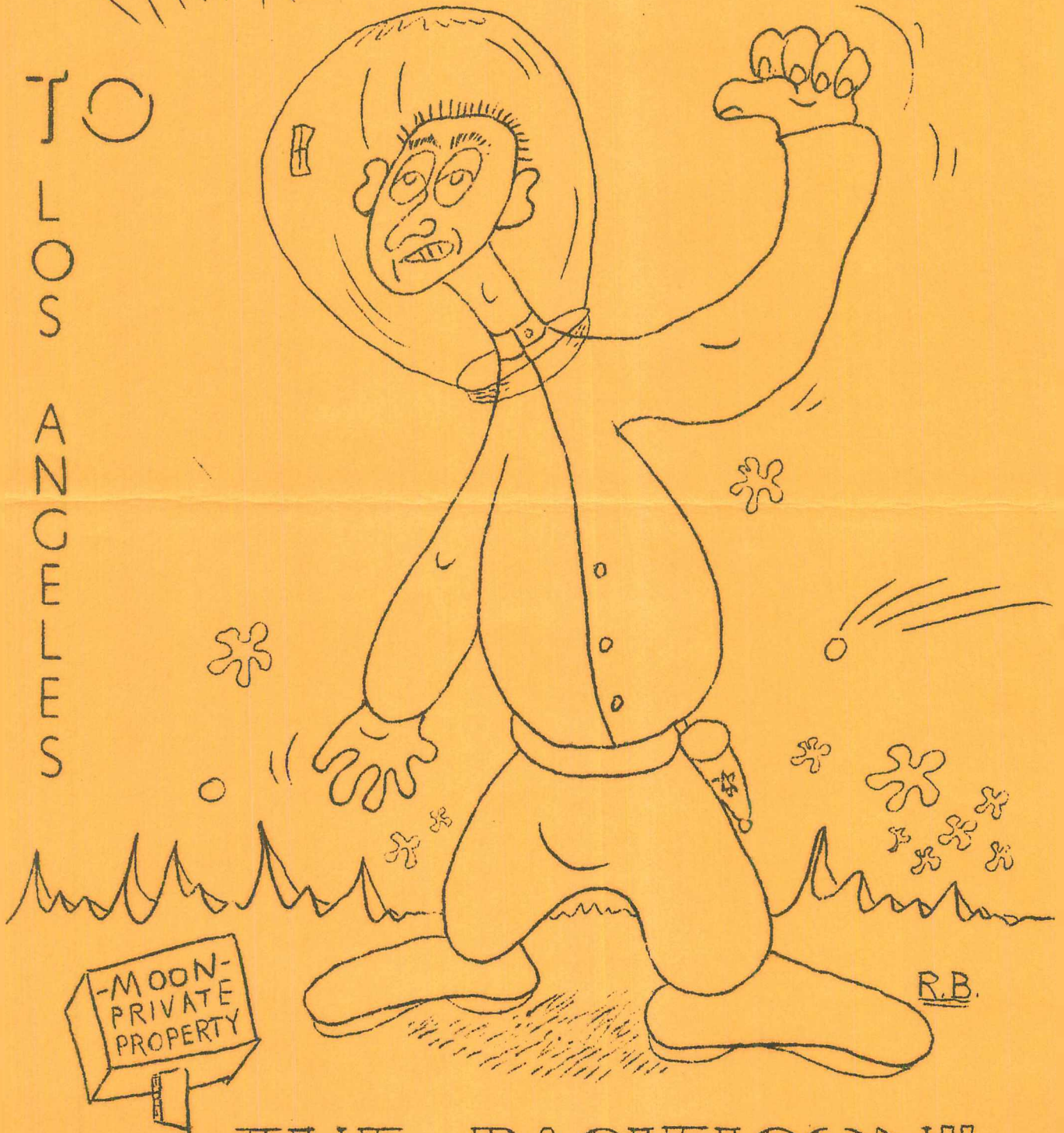
Then I turned my eyes towards New York. In the mind's eye I looked at the fans of that great city. How I was saddened at the spectacle that met my eye! The great, glorious Queens League now but a smouldering ember of it's former self. The small deadly flame that was those radicals of fandom -- the Futurians -- running the city, dominating it with their dangerous doctrines! Two of them editing professional magazines; a half dozen more writing successfully for them! Oh, the horror of it! And my friends, the real fans of the city, floundering in the depths of darkness. Truly, New York City is a fan city of the past. If I could but turn time back, divert the branches of time, give the deserving fans a break!

I have just read a good book. I don't remember the name of it, but I know it was a good book. I recommend it to the fans. Fans are notoriously narrow-minded and intolerant. This book will point out the wisdom of being otherwise. This book should do the fans a lot of good. It will teach them to respect each other's intellect, and goodness knows they need some such lesson pointed out to them. Fanzines seem to be nothing but smut sheets wherein each fan insults his brother fan's intelligence and privacy. I wish I could remember the name of the book. I insist that you aren't educated until you have read it!

Conforming to my predictions early in the year, Comet has folded up. I spent almost an hour of my valuable time to write Mr Tremaine a letter warning him of this very thing. It is a pity more editors will not listen to the sound advice we more intelligent fans have to offer. I know I could have saved Comet. Let us hope Mr Tremaine now realises this!

(HEY! GOING MY WAY
IN 1942??

TO
LOS
ANGELES



THE PACIFICON!!