

# LE ZOMBIE



Cover of the 52nd  
issue, March 1943

*RONALD CLYNE*



## "First Fandom" Goes to Blazes in Patches!

Ten years ago (but it may have been eleven) Dave Kyle conceived the idea of distinctive badges for the members of "First Fandom". Those present at the Midwescon stood and cheered when he described the proposed blazer patches. He was empowered to procure the patches forthwith, but little did he dream ....

A tailor in Hong Kong (it may have been Tsinsin) curtly showed him the door and a shopkeeper in Singapore (or Sinkiang) threatened to call in the CIA. Dave never faltered. In Tokyo the quoted price was outrageous; in Selong they offered patches free if they could have the opium concession at worldcons. Finally, a batch of patch arrived Stateside from Peking, but customs duties on the goods would have bankrupted "First Fandom". They were stopped at the dock, and mildewed in weltering red tape.

Grimly, Dave turned to the United Kingdom, and Lo! a tailor in Wormwood Straggs ("Chumley") just happened to have the very thing: a clutch of patches ordered by the Stragglers, an ice-hockey team, but not used because of lack of ice. The patches were smuggled in by fans returning from the London con --- and now proud "First Fandom" members wear them in public places! Look around you.

\*BT



Illustration by Joni Stopa



Giant 30th Anniversary Issue!  
Hugo Award Winners on Every Page!

What is Raeburn Queer For?  
(Other than alligators..)  
Madeleine Willis Tells All!

LB

ZOMBIE

RIDES

AGAIN

Sensation! Boat in Belfast  
Bathtub! Read Lurid Expose  
by Robert Bloch this issue!

Life Magazine has called us "the Aristocrat of Science Fiction"



Dedicated without tears to the old bunch,  
those confederates of the earliest years:

To Jimmy Taurasi and Don Wollheim and Forry Ackerman; to Ray Bradbury, Dick Wilson, and Fred Pohl. To Doc Lowndes, Cyril Kornbluth, and Johnny Michel; to Harry Warner and Jim Avery; to Sam Himself and Charles Hornig. To Dale Hart, Olon F. Wiggins, and Walter Daugherty; to Jack Chapman Miske, Milty Rothman, R.D. Swisher, and Jim Tillman. To Jack Speer, Ted Dikty, Bill Hamling, Russ Hodgkins, Bob Madle, Walt Marconette and Morojo. To Ray Palmer, Mort Weisinger, Ted Lutwiniak, Mike Rosenblum and Ted Carnell.

To Damon Knight, Louis Chauvenet, Gertrude Kuslan, Erle Korshak and Mark Reinsberg. To J. Harvey Haggard, Leslie Perri, Joe Gilbert and Elmer Perdue; to Bill Groveman, Hy Tiger, Walter Sullivan, Al McKeel, Sully Roberds, H. Koenig and Mary Evelyn Rogers. To Ray Pauley, Richard Meyer, Frank Paro, Nils Frome, Art Widner and C.L. Moore; to Joe Fortier, Pogo, Mary Byers, Paul Freehafer, Martin Alger, Emrys Evans, EE Smith, Lou Goldstone and Julian Parr. To Lew Martin, Sam Youd, Tom Wright and Bob Thompson. To J.C. McIntosh, Fred Shroyer, Arthur C. Clarke, Eric F. Russell, Ray Harryhausen & John Baltadonis; to Dan McPhail, Bill Temple, Ollie Saari, Walter Gillings and Trudy Hemken. To Bruce Yerke and Graph Waldeyer.

To Ralph Milne Farley, Mario Racic, Lloyd Eshbach, A.M. Phillips, Dave Kyle, John F. Burke and Jack Agnew; to Dale Tarr, Ross Rocklynne and John W. Campbell.

To Doc Barrett, who took a year's subscription in October 1939 ----- to all these and more, both here and gone, who dealt themselves in before LeZ published its first Annish: cheers, gentlemen!



first fandom is not dead

# LE ZOMBIE

The Ghoul's Ghazette  
December 31, 1968  
Number 66.

Published every time a zombie awakens, which ain't often these days.  
Printed by Juanita Coulson on the Yandro Press: bless their gears.

Bob Tucker : Box 506 : Heyworth, Ill. 61745

but it's tottering, granddaughter!

We didn't have a table of contents  
in 1938. Why break the precedent?

Not in this issue:

Sam Moskowitz!  
Roy Tackett!  
Rick Sneary!  
F.M. Busby!  
Ray Fisher!  
Andy Porter!  
The Couch Family!

Special! Exclusive!

Bill Donaho tells How  
He Won the convention  
funds in a poker game!  
Treasury depleted! No  
pass-on money! Page 9

There have been only three issues of LeZ in recent years: July, 1948; November, 1954; and June, 1958. That seems a reasonable number. If you ask for back-numbers we'll laugh you out of fandom; if we promise future issues you may laugh us out. This is our 30th anniversary issue, and we are applying for membership in Apa 45. The first issue was published in December, 1938, and was a rider with Fantasy News. Jimmy Taurasi seems to have vanished, along with his newszine. Tsk. They just don't have the staying power like they used to, Juffus.

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Attention, Kay Anderson: a full-length Ted White article concerning his novel PHOENIX PRIME appears on page 43 this issue!

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You are not getting this issue because:

- ( ) You are a Chicago policeman with a fondness for truncheons.
- ( ) You were found under Ace covers with Juanita Coulson.
- ( ) You neglected to mail seven letters to save Lost in Space.
- ( ) You bashed in Ted White's albino Lincoln Continental.
- ( ) You beat-out George W\* in a race for the state legislature.
- ( ) You kept my ten-of-clubs for sixteen years, you swine.
- ( ) You are compiling Son of Dangerous Visions Laers Again.
- ( ) You are a fan editor who composes these silly things.

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Extra! Exclusive! Harry Warner does not have a letter of comment in this issue. No other fanzine can make that amazing statement!



# MADELEINE WILLIS

Our gal in  
Donaghadee

Way back in August (1965) I received a letter from Bob Tucker. "Write an article for Le Zombie," he said. "Take all the time you want, even up to Christmas." To an expert putter-offer like me, this was asking for trouble. Shall I tell you of the birthday party when I didn't notice the time, and had only started making the supper when Sadie Shaw came out to the kitchen to tell me that she and Bob had to leave RIGHT NOW as their baby-sitter wouldn't stay later than 11:30? I was mortified. They had an hour's drive ahead of them, and all they'd had during the evening were a couple of drinks. I ran after them out to the driveway, waving two hotdogs and calling out, "Tea is ready --- please stay!" Bob hesitated, looked longingly at the hotdogs, but the staccato of Sadie's heels on the tarmacadam didn't falter. "Come along, Bob. We don't just come for supper anyway."

Tonight is the 30th December and I've just realized that the Saps Mailing is due to be published in a fortnight and I've nothing prepared. So what do I do? No, I don't sit down at the typer and try to write something -- I go to the attic and try to find ideas or even an unfinished manuscript. I'm good at unfinishing things. Once I started to make a relief map of Donegal. Oh, it was to be a beautiful thing! First I drew up a contoured map, then started building the contours with differently colored plasticine. I almost got it finished, but . . . .

Well, I found an interesting looking green box full of hand-written and typed papers. On top are Forry's memoirs, with an introduction by Walter, ready to be hand-set for Slant. Next to it is a copy of George Charters' description of me, written at Ted White's request when he was thinking of doing publicity for the Tawf Fund. George is kind and good but you can't believe everything he says --- um, yes, well maybe a little of it is true. But you wouldn't be interested in that old stuff. Now this looks promising-- no, maybe not. I'll just use the first few paragraphs:

"Ed Wood thinks that fans are neglecting science fiction for fannishness," said Ian. "We must get more science into Hyphen."

"We had the second law of thermodynamics in the last one," Walt said. "Won't that hold them for a little while? What about this intelligence quiz they are laying on for the Chicon? We could sort of prepare fans; let them know what to expect. Madeleine, what does f.t.l. stand for?"

"Francis Towner Laney," I replied, quick as a whip.

"No, no, Madeleine," gasped Ian. "Faster than light is the answer. Maybe you'd better stay away from the I.Q. tests. After all Allen Burns has said about university degrees in Northlight, what would people think? There is such a thing as guilt by association, you know."

And here's another promising start, never finished:

"Mother, could I have 14s 11d?" Carol asked.

"What on earth for?" I demanded.



"It's for my Domestic Economy uniform," Carol said. "More like domestic extravagance," she added.

Walter gasped and looked around.

"Why are you staring at me?" Carol wanted to know.

"Because I'm a stare'n father," he said.

"And I'm a prowed mother," was my rejoinder.

"Well, you've both sunk very low." And Carol sailed out.

Here is a cryptic note: "save Bryan from drowning." Ah yes, I remember, I was going to do an article full of pathos and as funny as hell, a la Bob Shaw. It was to tell the tale of one day when we were on holiday in County Clare. We had spent most of that day at a little deserted cove with a steeply shelving sandbar. A gale was blowing in from the Atlantic and when the tide turned and started to come in, each succeeding wave filled up with frightening rapidity the space between the sandbar and the shore. Walter and Carol were at the far end of the bar from Bryan and me. We were on the shore, where the waves came pounding in with the most fury. I asked Bryan if he wanted to go over to Daddy (the boy was only five at the time). He looked a bit frightened at the thought of crossing the torrent, even though as yet it was only six inches deep. We could have gone around by the shore, but I lifted him across the water. We started along the sandbar to join the other two, but the waves were pounding away at the sand with such fury that I became frightened, thinking the whole thing would give way and we would be dragged out by the undertow. Bryan was enjoying the excitement of the storm, but I thought we should get off as quickly as possible.

The bar was still joined to the shore at the far end, but I decided to turn back. I gathered my child in my arms and started to ford again the now much-deeper torrent. In midstream my foot slipped on a submerged rock and I dropped Bryan head-first into the water. He scrambled ashore, blood streaming from a cut knee, sopping wet, and sobbing bitterly. "Never mind, dear," I said. "At least I saved you from drowning."

And here is a batch of cuttings from the Belfast Telegraph full of "Ulsterisms" which I intended to send to Terry Carr. The earliest is dated 1963, oh dear! Maybe I should quote a couple to you, as I was surprised to read in a recent fanzine that some American fan didn't know what the expression "half-past seven" meant. It means 30 minutes past the hour. These others are a bit further out: "I'm not great with her anymore" simply means one has had a disagreement with someone else. "Did you see the tears (pronounced 'tares') of him?" describes someone in a frenzy. But maybe Terry Carr or someone will yet write a long and scholarly article from the material in these cuttings, so I'll press on.

A recipe for Quiche Lorraine comes next, and I meant to send it to Gina Clarke. According to Carol Carr, "Boyd Raeburn is as queer for Quiche Lorraine as alligators, even."

And good grief, an unfinished article by one Walter Willis! And after all he said about my never getting things finished. He'll even start to blame me next for the non-appearance of Hyphen. This one starts off by referring to a questionnaire from Orville W. Mosher on



fan clubs. Walter takes off on that by citing one of the questions:

"Publicity. What are your techniques for acquiring new members? Have you used other methods in the past? If so, what were they, and why were they abandoned?"

and he goes on to elaborate on the theme that Irish Fandom has had to discourage new members. I can't understand why he never finished it. One of the persons he describes as being discouraged from attending meetings was a Mrs. D. from Helen's Bay. Mrs. D. used to come up three times a week with fairy tales which she thought we should be proud to publish in Slant, and with copies of poems written by her uncle which she read aloud to us. After a few weeks of this, we put out the lights when she was expected and sat quietly in the attic waiting for her to go away. But she was a determined, whimsical character and kept on grimly ringing the bell until Walter could stand it no longer. He went down, and pretended he hadn't heard her the first half-dozen times. After that, I took pity on the men and took her off to the pictures the next few times she called. She got the message at last, and didn't come back.

I joined the Carnalea Golf Club some years later, and she turned up as one of the members. She asked me if we were still interested in science fiction, and I (oh the shame of it!) replied that we didn't bother with it much anymore. When we moved to Donaghadee this year we wondered if there were any other science fiction fans nearer to us than Belfast, so we put an advertisement in the local paper offering promags for sale. We got one phone call. From Mrs. D.

There seems to be nothing else of great interest in the green box --- manuscripts half-accepted for Hyphen, reaching back into the fifties from such unknowns as Joe Sanders. Maybe we should have published his article to encourage him into fandom. And now it is time I went to bed. I'll probably finish this in a day or two, if I get time. I should really be getting the rest of the wall-papering done in the attic --- I started it as a surprise for Walter on his return home from England in November.

-Madeleine Willis (January 1966)

(( Will the attic be fully papered? Did Raeburn like Quiche Lorraine? Will Carol Carr deny her scurrilous statement? Will Ed Wood give up? Read the next installment of The Willis Papers here, in ten years. ))

THE WHOLE NEWS Dept: The following is a complete news story taken from the wires of United Press International and published in the Bloomington, Ill., Daily Pantagraph:

#### BLUE ROCKS WIN

Marion, Ohio (UPI) -- The Blue Rocks of Wilmington, Del., took first place Saturday night in the first U.S. Open Junior Drum and Bugle Corps national screaming and running. I didn't see anything. It was too fast.



Well, gang, here we are again and nobody, repeat, NOBODY has guessed the secret meaning of my title! What's the matter out there, don't you WANT the mint Volume 1 Number 1 issue of OTHER WORLDS that I promised for first prize? Somebody has GOT to get it soon--give it the old college try! Put the SCIENCE back in science fiction fandom!

Well, if you're still with me, this is the big 37th issue of old Double-U, the zippiest fanzine in the business. It zips right along, Meyer! And this will be in the 37th mailing of the Ultimate Amateur Press Assn. if old AB Dick holds out -- yowie, gang, look at that record! I've never missed a mailing yet, but look at all the other charter members who fell by the wayside. Old Pong is going strong---yessiree, that's staying power! And speaking of staying power, the last mailing was pretty small, people, pretty small. We've got to do better if we're going to be really the Ultimate! Get cracking!

Okay, gang, I know what everybody is waiting for, so let's get right to it .....

#### Comments on Comments on Comments

REBEL YELL Hey there, George, welcome back to the fold! Man, you've  
Wallace been missing from too many mailings! Are you all done  
now running around the country and stirring up scenes? I  
sure hope so, cause I want to see some more of your Good Stuff in the  
mailings! I remember back in the old days you sure had some hellfire  
articles on cotton-pickers and door-stoppers -- and say, that article  
you did a couple of years ago about the missing sheets from your lin-  
en closet was a sockdolager! Did you ever get them sheets back, old  
buddy? George, don't look now, but the black came thru pretty strong  
on pages 19-20. Try mixing in a little castor oil.

GREEN THOUGHTS Noted.  
Mao

BEACH BUBBLES Aw, come on, Dick! Are you trying to go Warner one  
Nixon better with his "Worst of Martin" series? I know you  
are short of time these days, and all that, but do you  
have to reprint a bunch of old Hubert speeches in every issue? Dick,  
we're really not interested in what he said at Waverly and Minne-  
apolis and all those places! Now let's have some GOOD stuff, some  
real con reports and the inside dope on security briefings --- Buck  
Coulson won't read them, but the rest of us go ape over con reports!  
What really happened in that SMOKE-FILLED room in Miami Beach? What  
is the REAL Agnew story? What did LBJ say to you, when you told him  
how you bluffed that guy in Moscow? And please explain that cryptic  
remark you dropped on page 16: "posture-smosture." Was it a lino?  
Don't forget to give the OE your new address if you move next month!

CHOPSTICKS I think you're putting us on, Wladziu. Not even Norm  
Liberace Clarke can do THAT, and he's a Glenlea boy.

SOYUS-1 That was a pretty slim issue. What are you doing these  
Alliluyeva days, Svetlana?



THE BUG Sorry, John, but I just don't dig pop music. You write good  
Lennon and your ideas come across with a BANG, and I like your art-  
work, but when it comes to the music I'm lost. Today's stuff  
anyway. Now John, if you'd just write music like they used to, I'd  
dig you the most! There's a Victor Herbert operetta on the stereo as  
I type this, and man it's the coolest! (Jeanette MacDonald is doing  
the vocals -- she's GREAT.) See what I mean, John baby? That kind  
of music has staying power, it'll still be around a hundred years  
from now, and you haven't LIVED until you hear some of the new stereo  
pressings of Victor Herbert! Do some thinking on it, huh? Meanwhile,  
forget about joining Apa 15. You missed the deadline by five years.

JELLYBEANS Look, Harlan baby, if I've told you once, I've told you a  
Ellison thousand times: we LIKED Dangerous Visions! It was in  
the groove! I mean, it wasn't in the groove, if you know  
what I mean! It was fresh, new, odd, original, and why do we have to  
keep repeating it all the time? Don't you believe your best friends,  
old buddy? Would we give you a bum steer? So okay, you're putting  
together a new book and you won't accept stories from people who have  
criticized the first volume, but don't be blind to your true friends,  
baby! We LIKED it. I bought two copies, just to prove my loyalty.  
Well, I didn't exactly buy them, I got two review copies, but you can  
see my heart was in the right place!

TALL TALES Dammit, LB, the gang is going to miss you from these here  
Johnson mailings! Your tales were the tallest.

D' JOURNAL Hey, Richard, I caught your new show "Fort Chicago" on the  
Daley teevee a couple of months ago, and it was the MOST. Wow,  
man, do you know HOW to mount a spectacle --- I'll bet you  
captured all the ratings that week, old buddy! The show had every-  
thing going for it: wagontrains, Indians biting the dust, slaughtered  
innocents, and the gallant 7th Cavalry charging headlong into the RED  
skins! Wowie, but you know how to produce a blockbuster. And that  
Con --- seriously now, Richard, have you given any thought to bidding  
for Chicon IV ?? It'll be our turn again about 1973, old buddy, and  
you put on a HELLUVA lot better con than Korshak or Earl Kemp! Give  
it a LOT of serious thought, Richard --- with your handling, we can  
pull in about 2000 fans and take better than \$5000. The Baycon mob  
will look like pikers! You've shown fandom you know HOW to stage a  
REAL convention, with excitement for everybody --- and I liked your  
slick methods of controlling the floor at the business session! We  
have to keep those slippery N3F types in hand!

THE WIZARD OF OOZE Noted.  
Dirksen

REAL McCOY My ghod, DeForest! You're going to do WHAT? I picked  
Kelley myself up off the floor and read your pages again -- but  
carefully! -- and sure enough, you said right there that  
you're going to change jobs at the end of the season. I don't get it!  
Look, old buddy, they've ALREADY GOT a doctor in "Lost in Space."

And that's the 37th mailing of Ultimate Apa, gang! I think we  
can do better next time -- all hands pitch in and beat FAPA!

Joy Ping Pong



## ROBERT BLOCH

Man in  
London

In 1965, I went to London, gaily and without any Miss Givings. (Miss Givings was my secretary, and my wife wouldn't let me bring her along.) The purpose of our trip was two-fold: (a) to dodge creditors, and (b) attend the World Science Fiction Convention. My wife and I decided to fly direct.

It proved to be a sensible decision. The year previous we had gone to Tahiti, by bus. I found the trip extremely slow, and besides we had to keep the windows rolled up all the way. Tahiti itself had not been a disappointment; it's still the tropical paradise of men's dreams, and I will always remember the night of our arrival at the hotel overlooking the moonlit lagoon as the native orchestra, dressed in quaint ceremonial costumes, played an exotic medley of "Hello, Dolly!" and "The Beer-barrel Polka." Of course they tell me that by the end of this year Tahiti will get its first television station, and that's the end of the glamour. Farewell, Tamure -- hello Batman!

Anyway, Tahiti proved a rewarding experience, particularly if you like giant land-crabs, raw fish, and the haunting midnight melodies of motor-bikes racing along the road to Papeete.

I was wondering if London would offer comparable charms. As Ellie and I watched our baggage go aboard the plane (we had an 80 lb allowance -- that is, 40 lbs of pills, 30 lbs of Ellie's cosmetics, 8 lbs of her clothing and 2 lbs of mine) I confess to having momentary doubts. A month in London was going to be a long time. What would we do after we ran out of pills and cosmetics? We'd be strangers in a strange land. (Copyright: Robert A. Heinlein, 1961.)

I needn't have worried. Our flight was smooth (thanks to Capt. Jim Beam) and our landing simple. And the moment I saw the route into town with the highway signs reading "London 12 miles --- this way to Arthur C. Clarke" I felt perfectly at home. Even though Arthur later explained to me that those signs were temporary, and only go up during the time he happens to be in the city. Regarding the convention itself (which I do, highly) I have given a brief account of its highlights elsewhere (If, December 1965). But that was just a small portion of the trip.

London itself is such a fascinating city. To our delight, we discovered that it is possible to live in a nice, clean modern hotel room, dine at decent restaurants and enjoy the tourist sights of the city by taxi, all for less than \$30,000 a week. That is, if you're careful about tipping. And there are other surprises. For one thing, there are so many familiar place-names. Our hotel, for example, was right off Grosvenor Square ("Grosvenor, by the way, is pronounced "Chumley"). We were within walking distance of Chelsea ("Chumley") where we frequently visited the home of expatriate author Ronald Kirkbride, in Adam and Eve Mews, there to enjoy cocktails and delicious appetizers covered with Worcestershire sauce. ("Chumley sauce" as they put it.) The Kirkbrides took us out to Windsor Castle, Runnymede, and Maidenhead on the Thames; if we had time they would have



taken us to Chumley, too (which is pronounced, variously, as "Cholmondoley" or "Worcestershire," depending on who the hell is writing this travel guide.) (( The editor has wondered about that. ))

Anyway, it was all quite natural to see the places one has yearned to visit; I will never forget our pilgrimage to the birthplace of Christine Keeler. We even managed to spend several hours at Scotland Yard, with the Chief Inspector of Detectives, Mr. De Rosa, discussing the series of six unsolved "stripper" murders. Later, I was released.

My wife, after her initial experience with science fiction fans, took everything in stride. During one day she had breakfast with Forry Ackerman, tea with Christopher Lee, and cocktails with Boris Karloff. Sort of a record for Famous Monsters, but it didn't bother her; after all, she'd already met Bob Silverberg at the convention. Paramount Pictures threw us a cocktail party at the Dorchester, and conducted us out to Shepperton Studios, where one of my little horror documentaries was being filmed.

But this wasn't half as much fun as the day we spent at Ella Parker's home, where she and her brother Fred entertained us with photos and slides of British fen, and invited some live specimens over, including Arthur Thomson. I must say that British fans were a delight -- everyone from Chuch Harris to Brian Aldiss went out of the way to make us feel at home. Of course, try as I might, there was no way to avoid introducing my wife to Walter Willis. He at once invited us to visit Belfast, and that's when I was glad I'd packed those 40 pounds of pills.

All during our stay in London, through the lovely dinner parties and the sight-seeing and the trips to the country and the cordial interviews with the press and the theater-going and the shopping, I kept sweating out that inevitable day when we must board the plane for Belfast. At last it came, and we went.

Ireland is green, and so was I. Otherwise I'd never have allowed Willis to pick us up at the railroad station in Belfast and conduct us to a place to eat. Where would a man like Walt Willis take visitors to dine on their first trip to Ireland? To a Chinese restaurant, that's where.

After picking the shamrocks out of our chow mein, we drove off, pausing only to gaze in passing at Willis's former residence on Uppr Newtownards Road (which has since been thoroughly renovated and is now a respectable leper's colony) and then whirled through the countryside to Donaghdee. ((Look, Madeleine, he mispeled it! )) Here, on the edge of the Irish Sea, is the three-storey Willis mansion, where the patron saint of Irish Fandom resides with his wife, two children, a cat, and a tiger-skin rug. Madeleine was her usual delightful self, and played hostess that evening to James White, Bob and Sadie Shaw. (( We've already read about that. Bob never got his hot dogs. )) The next day Bob showed us Belfast, and the following day we explored a portion of the north country, visiting the ruins of Grey's Abbey --- which was built in 1163 or thereabouts, and greatly resembles Dean Grennell's basement in his old Fond du Lac residence. (( Now listen to Grennell cry for equal time! ))



That night the Whites held a party: the Willises, Shaws, and John Berry were on hand and it was a lovely bash. Naturally, there was a good deal of repartee, with everybody speaking in quotes; a l l too soon we had to break up and return to Donaghdee ((again!)) for a few hours of troubled slumber before plane time. This reference to "troubled slumber" is not to be construed as an oblique, or even an oblique-house slur on the Willis hospitality. My wife said she found the tiger-skin rug quite comfortable, really, though I admit I did have a little trouble learning to sleep on the cat.

The next day we flew direct to Chicago, and spent a week between that city and Milwaukee. Friends and relatives helped to gradually restore our normal perspective and eliminate traces of cockney rhyming-slang and Irish brogue from my speech --- so that finally I was able to deliver a lecture before the Wisconsin Regional Writer's Conference at Elkhart Lake. ((Did you tell them about Donaghdee? ))

Thirty-five days after our initial departure from Los Angeles we again touched down in smogland. Now, months later, it's all a kalidoscope, from which blurred images momentarily emerge ....

Looking for Rotsler drawings in the National Gallery, the men's room, that is .... Judy Merrill eating six kinds of East Indian curry in a Soho restaurant ... mods and trads capering incongruously before the great lions guarding Trafalgar Square ... Christopher Lee proudly displaying a Lovecraft letter from his fantasy collection ..... American fandom and prodrom inundating a British pub the night before the Con opened .... the Royal Doulton tiger we picked up at Selfridge and the clockwork life-sized tiger at the Victoria and Albert Museum which, when animated, growls and claws at the body of a Lieutenant in the East India Company, or did in 1797 when it was owned by Tippoo Sahib ..... cocktails on the bank of the Thames on a golden Sunday afternoon ..... the covers of hundreds of New Yorker magazines which wife Evie has used to decorate the walls of the kitchen and closets in the Karloff apartment ..... a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral, where my wife won \$11 playing Bingo .... the British press people, who buy you drinks or take you to high tea at Brown's Hotel when they conduct interviews and then, wonder of wonders, quote you directly and correctly when they write their stories ((of course you told them you had been to Donaghdee? )) .... Karen Anderson's costume at the Masquerade party .... the rain in Ireland which ceased one morning, whereupon my wife bought little Brian Willis a toy boat to place in the bathtub, which overflowed until the water dripped from the first-floor ceiling and thus made it rain anyway, inside the house .... our slight disappointment in the British Museum, after having seen Ackerman's collection .... Kingsley Amis telling off-color SF jokes .... John Campbell explaining how he came to create the universe.

Believe me, I'll take Westminster Abbey in preference to Dear Abby, any day!

-Robert Bloch (January 1966)

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GIRDLED FOR BATTLE Dept: "I trust the readers will gird their thin skins and enter into this with the proper spirit of vindictiveness."

-John Berry, in Quip 9.



## THE CHARGE OF THE BILLY BRIGADE

Half a block, half a block,  
 Half a block onward,  
 All in the canyons of Chicago  
 Strode the six hundred.  
 "Forward the Billy Brigade!  
 "Charge for the bums!" he said:  
 Into the streets of Chicago  
 Strode the six hundred.

"Forward the mace brigade!"  
 Was there a man dismayed?  
 Not though the coppers knew  
 City Hall had blundered:  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to flail and fly.  
 Into the parks of Chicago  
 Strode the six hundred.

Yippies to the right of them,  
 ....Hippies to the Left of them,  
 Peaceniks in front of them  
 Volleyed and thundered;  
 Stormed at with curse and yell,  
 Boldly they struck, and well;  
 Into the jaws of derision,  
 Into the mouths of hell  
 Slammed the six hundred.

Flashed all the nighsticks bare,  
 Flashed as they whirled in air,  
 Cracking the infidels there,  
 Charging an army, while  
 all the world wondered;  
 Plunged thru the pots of smoke,  
 Right thru the skulls they broke  
 Hippy, visitor and delegate  
 Reeled from the billy-stroke  
 Shattered and sundered.  
 Then they came back, swinging,  
 Swinging the six hundred.

Yippies to the right of them,  
 Hippies to the Left of them,  
 Peaceniks behind them  
 Rallied and thundered,  
 Cursed them with rebel yell,  
 Though dupe and agitator fell,  
 But they that had fought so well  
 Came thru the threats of death  
 Back from the mouths of hell,  
 The sweating six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
 O the wild charge they made!  
 All the world wondered.  
 Honor the charge they made!  
 Honor the Billy Brigade!  
 Noble six hundred!

-Alfred Lord Pong :



## WHITHER STAR TREK?

A not-  
review

It is important that the editors of Ballantine Books not mistake this page for a book review. It isn't, and they must understand that, else they may mistake my intentions and cut me off the freebie list. I would be unhappy if I were whacked off the freebie list; it would force me to go out and buy the Silverberg novels.

Ballantine has recently published The Making of Star Trek, by Stephen E. Whitfield, a meaty volume that tells more about the show and its producer than you may really want to know. If you read with open eyes, you're likely to find a few clay feet beneath the bronzed colossi. The author exhibits a slight tendency to place Mr. Roddenberry on a plane with that other god at the opposite end of the land, Mr. J. Campbell; and further, allows each and every underling quoted in the book to praise him at embarrassing length. For some peculiar reason known only to the author or the editors, Mr. Roddenberry is allowed to speak in CAPS much of the time:

QUITE OFTEN WE HEAR INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE HEAVILY INVOLVED IN OUR NATION'S SPACE PROGRAMS EXPRESS THE FEELING THAT STAR TREK IS HELPING PREPARE THE PUBLIC (AND MEMBERS OF CONGRESS WHOM THEY DEPEND UPON FOR THEIR BUDGETS) FOR AN EVENTUAL MARS SHOT, AND BEYOND. THIS IS GRATIFYING TO US.

But the underlings speak in a more normal manner:

Gene created a totally new universe. He invented a starship, which works, by the way, and is a logical progression from what we know today. He created customs, morals, modes of speaking, a complete technology. We have a very rigid technology on the show. We know how fast we can go. We know what we use for fuel. We know what our weapons will do. And Gene invented all these things. He did a monumental job of creation. He created an entire galaxy, and an entire rule book for operating within that galaxy, with very specific laws governing behavior, manners, customs, as well as science and technology. Now that's a hell of a job. He didn't create a show. He created a universe, and it works, and it works well. One of the most impressive feats of its kind that I've ever seen. You can submit our ship or our technology or anything you want to NASA and they will say, "Well, it's pretty far out, but I don't see why it shouldn't work." Nobody can tell us that it's scientifically impossible or that it won't work. (-Gene Coon.)

I daresay Messrs Asimov, Anderson, Campbell, Clarke, Clement, de Camp, del Ray, Pohl, Ley ---oh, many, many, science fiction hacks who have grown stale toiling in these vineyards--- will sell their typewriters and go back to waiting tables after that. The pipsqueak worlds, galaxies, and universes they have created in the past thirty or forty years would never win the approval of NASA. Turn the hacks out to pasture! Their day is done! Creating new universes each week or each month to meet repeating deadlines has dulled their talents.



Like every other thing on the air (and many on the screen), Star Trek staffers had their problems with budgets, shooting schedules, idiotic employees who couldn't seem to visualize and manufacture the artifacts which top brass had created along with the new universe, and mountains of trivia that go into the making of a pilot -- many of which are set forth in dreary detail. They also had script problems. Network censors in New York questioned this and that, and staffers themselves had many second thoughts:

Page 2, Scene 5: The sexual connotation of the word frigid precludes its use with reference to Elizabeth. It is suggested that another word conveying her chilly exterior be found. (A 'suggestion' is an order.)

Page 45: Please delete the underlined in Janice's speech: "I'm a damned attractive female."

Page 62: Caution here where Janice opens her uniform to check on the progress of the disease; avoid exposure which would embarrass or offend.

On page 14, South looks at Janice's wristwatch. Does she wear a Timex or an Ingersol?

On page 30 we establish a pterodactyl on a rocky cliff and also flying and swooping down. Since there might be some slight difficulty in getting the correct color stock footage of pterodactyls, we might make a substitution here and instead use the airplane that we have also established in the show.

Not answered in the text is a curious question found in the description of the starship Enterprise. It is many times described as a battlewagon of a certain class, comparable to a certain class of naval vessel now plying Terran seas, but yet the description states that certain decks are given over to the handling and storage of interplanet freight. This seems odd of a battlewagon which never lands on a planet. It either is, or is not, an inter-island schooner fitted out with heavy weaponry. The Enterprise is also equipped with deflector beams: "Reason --- at hyper-light speeds, striking even a particle of space dust would pierce the skin of the vessel." Would it be out of order to suggest to the creator that deflector beams are unnecessary? At hyper-light speeds, the ship can simply outrun those infrequent but dangerous particles of dust.

Included in the volume is a glowing description of the "Save Star Trek" campaign launched by loyal fans, and the effect of that campaign on network brass and trade paper editors (but the fine hand of a press agent may be seen lurking in the background --- the brass have some brains. Also included is a comment on an award, in-toto:

On September 3, 1966, Gene Roddenberry was an honored guest at the 24th Annual World Science Fiction Convention in Cleveland, Ohio. The Convention Committee had requested a special screening of "Where No Man Has Gone Before."



The response was fantastic! When the wild approving tumult had subsided, Gene was pleased to accept a precedent-shattering award from the assembled delegates: "For Distinguished Contributions to Science Fiction."

A thoroughly delighted Gene Roddenberry sent the following telegram to Desilu's head of television:

756P PDT SEP 3 66 LB367 CTA271  
CT CLB506 NL PD CLEVELAND OHIO 3  
HERB SOLOW, VP TV, DESILU  
STAR TREK HIT OF CONVENTION, VOTED BEST EVER.  
RECEIVED STANDING OVATION.  
GENE R.

-Bob Tucker

PEERING INTO HISTORY Dept: "I was editor of Cosmology of the old International Scientific Association. Published six issues. The depression destroyed us. I was four years paying off the printing bills. I started out in science fiction when I was 10. A neighbor gave me five years of Argosy in 1920. In 1923 I discovered Gernsback's Science and Invention. In 1927 I missed the first issue of Amazing but saw the second. Twenty years later I was able to obtain the first issue. In 1928 I founded the East Bay Scientific Association in Oakland. Clifton Amsbury was the second member and Lester Anderson the third. Clifton is no longer active but Lester is one of the most active of the present group in San Francisco. Clifton is a good prospect for First Fandom. He would be a mine of information about early fan activities. On Forry Ackerman's tenth birthday our East Bay Club made the then long trip by electric train and ferry boat to San Francisco to visit him. He was fabulous even then."

-Aubrey MacDermott, in First Fandom News Letter.

IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I CRANK Dept: "It's painful to have to say this, but it sounds as if Robin White might have solved her problems easier if she had published a fanzine instead of marrying Ted White."

-Redd Boggs, in Algol 14.

SPOON FEEDING Dept: "A sex scene, properly written, can show more characterization and personality and basic motivation than any other kind of scene. Also, it holds the reader's interest and he absorbs more of the information I feed him."

-Richard Geis, in Algol 14.

..... Le7-ettes .....

Chapter 1:  
Android  
Chapter 2: ○  
Colloid  
Chapter 3:  
No tie

Chapter 1:  
Fan  
Chapter 2: ○  
Fanne  
Chapter 3:  
One-shot

Chapter 1:  
Jill  
Chapter 2:  
Pill  
Chapter 3:  
Nil



## THE LEZ QUIZ

Enhance  
your IQ

Which one of the following is Ted White's most loyal satellite?:

Kay Anderson, Brian Aldiss, Dirce Archer, Redd Boggs, Gray Boak, Don D'Amassa, Philip Jose Farmer, AJ Budrys, Norman Spinrad, P.A.M. Terry, Leroy Tanner, Rick Norwood, Harriett Kolchak, Harry Harrison, Bill Malladi, June Moffatt, Baird Searles, Sam Moskowitz, Chris Moskowitz, Bob Vardeman, Mike Zaharakis, Donald Wollheim.

In Lupoff's novel, One Million Centuries, which weapon was deadliest:

A "friendmaker," a switchblade, a longbow, a battle-axe, two-handed swords, a dagger, a spear, two kumquats, bottles of acid capable of penetrating cloth, skin, and stone, but not their glazed-clay containers.

- In Sirruish #7, which of the following letter-writers won a long-term subscription from editor Leigh Couch for his heart-warming LoC:

Larry Janifer, Redd Boggs, Jay Kay Klein, John B. Gaughan, Darrell Schweitzer, Rud Fair, Seth Johnson, Rick Brooks, Paul Doerr, Larry Herndon, Rick Sneary, Robert Willingham, Chris Walker, Don D'Amassa, George Fergus.

At last year's worldcon, what was the name of the Los Angeles hotel that was said to promise Everything if L.A. won the bid:

(a) Statler-Hilton, (b) Statler-Hilton, (c) Statler-Hilton.

At this year's Funcon, what was the name of the Los Angeles hotel that gave fans a hard time from assistant managers, hired policemen, city policemen, and over-zealous bartenders:

(a) Statler-Hilton, (b) Statler-Hilton, (c) Statler-Hilton.

Who said, "Modesty is a virtue not often found among poets, for almost every one of them thinks himself the greatest in the world.":

Harlan Ellison, Norman Spinrad, Ted White, Piers Anthony, Sam Moskowitz, Joe Fann.

Which of the following fanzines is the 1968 focal point of fandom:

Riverside Quarterly, Nargothrond, Nope, Granfalloon, Ego-boo, Tightbeam, WSFA Journal, Starling, Beabohema, Kaleidoskope, Thru the Haze, Crabapple Gazette, Id., En Garde, Le Zombie, Sandworm, Raki, Cinder, Early Bird, Trumpet.

If you were given one choice and chance to survive, would you:

Part your hair in the middle, ride a bicycle, smoke pot, carry your lunch on Tuesdays, write a fan letter to Bloch, peer down the barrel to see if it was loaded?



# THE TIME MACHINE

Our man in  
the past.

I am of the opinion that the best single issue of LeZ was number 64, which was distributed in November, 1954 to take good advantage of a Fapa mailing, but which was dated January, 1955 to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the first fan magazine. Somebody remembered.

Dean Grennell published the 64th issue on his then-famous blue ink Gestetner, and also supplied the photographic cover: a grinning skull with poached-egg eyes, smoking a dag cigaret. At least 225 copies were printed so there is still a slim chance for avid collectors with more money than sense. It was an all-star line-up of course; every issue boasted an all-star line-up. We never published smaller fry unless they bribed their way in. That issue offered scintillating pieces by Bloch (the wonders of a San Francisco journey); Willis (the terrifying British postal system); Gray Barker (forthcoming films); Hoffwoman (a review of a little-known classic which Ace may someday reprint, "Trachadon of the People"); Grennell (who delved into the sordid history of Gilgamesh); a Chinese scoundrel named Pong (who baited friend and fugghead alike); and a host of others, fan and pro, who were amused or amazed to find themselves impaled on the pages. That issue also produced one heated letter from Horace L. Gold.

Mr. Pong, a churlish fellow, had dissected the June 1953 Galaxy, and reprinted nineteen quotes concerning nudity. All the people in all the stories of that issue were forever ripping off their clothes, spraying their legs, filling in their breasts, and running in and out of space ships while naked. Mr. Gold lacked a sense of wonder. He cancelled his subscription, so to speak.

The following items are excerpted from that number, and include material written for the issue or stolen from contemporary fanzines.

## Webster's Dictionary to be Filmed:

Rights for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary were purchased this week by Pompous Pictures, and production is scheduled to start early next month on the controversial film. Original title was to be "Webster's Dictionary" but plans are now being made to change it to "From A to Z." Censors were busy last week going through the Dictionary, eliminating the objectional words. Since they felt the literal transcription of the Dictionary might prove too academic in action situations, writers are busy changing the plot and transferring the setting to Texas. The picture will concern a dictionary salesman who helped to settle the early west. Some tint process likely will be used, since the Dictionary contains many color plates. -Gray Barker

## "Dig That Crazy Detour!":

We sat on a railing outside the railroad station, nibbling peanuts and watching the steam-cars go by. Whenever the supply of peanuts fell dangerously low, Bloch would run alongside the Pullman windows begging, or diving for coins. He confessed to me a most secret yearning. Ever since childhood, he said, he had wanted to sit on



railings eating peanuts as the trains went chugging by. He further said that an uncle of his, an old codger named Freud, had attempted to explain the matter to him but of course he wouldn't listen. Once we glimpsed a Big Name through a Pullman window, Bloch was certain it was a movie star, and impetuously thrust in his autograph book. The resulting scratches on his hand came from either King Kong or Rin Tin Tin -- we couldn't agree on the identity of the star.

In some small Ohio town, Bloch stopped to examine a courthouse and discovered a meteorite. (The man had a tremendous courthouse complex which would plague us the remainder of the journey.) The meteorite resting on this particular courthouse lawn had been placed there by the Friends of Gene Stratton Porter, who had written a book about bees not far from the spot. After that, Bloch sought long and eagerly for a meteorite of his own, that he might get started on a bee story.

As we drove through the pleasant Ohio countryside, Bloch was beside himself with joy, counting every courthouse we passed but occasionally cursing the small town in ringing tones if it lacked such a building. I found it embarrassing to be stopped by a traffic light in some tiny hamlet, having to sit there and endure his frustrated raving, ranting, and arm-waving until the light changed. Later, when he began the habit of leaning from the window and shaking his fist at the townspeople, I scooted through traffic lights. It was easier to explain to policemen, "I didn't see the light," than to have to say, "My friend is mad because you don't have a courthouse." -BT

### "Black Mail":

But I think I've harrowed your emotions enough to show you that no sensitive fan can be expected to go through this ordeal more than once. Instead, he resolves to defy the law. He goes underground; he mails his fanzine illegally. During each night of the mailing he sneaks out with a bag full of copies, trudging from box to box and mailing a predetermined number in each. This number, this mailing quantum, is arrived at after careful and complicated calculation. There are other minor consequences involved in this behavior pattern imposed on British faneds. For instance, they must at all costs avoid calling attention to their zines by allowing them to be what the Guide calls "embarrassing postal packets". This does not mean ladies underwear or French postcards, but the things like soft fruit mailed in paper bags and fanzines with a jagged staple sticking out. So all British fanzines are thoroughly bashed with a hammer before they are mailed. But I've told you enough of their worries, I hope, to persuade you to make allowances for British fanzines as against American ones. They're beaten before they start. -Walt Willis

OH, OUCH! Dept: "They have a very efficient alarm system in Manchester. As you know, the natives cannot afford to buy alarm clocks, so at all hours they ring the Cathedral bells, and as the hotel is only just across the road from there, we received the full blast."

-Shirley Marriott, in Alpha. Typo by courtesy of the editors, Alpha.

YES, PROBABLY Dept: "Voltaire was afraid of black cats, cockeyed horses, blind dogs, three-fingered men, and one-legged girls. He was probably superstitious."

-Jack Schwab, in SeeTee



"Peril Among the People":

This story was previously published as a serial in Astounding Stego-Stories, that leading science fiction magazine edited by Jawn W. Pterodactyl (the smartest dinosaur in the world and the only one to attend MIT), and the master's touch is at once apparent in the skillful and judicious editing which cut the original 3,684,377 word manuscript down to a very readable and exciting 3,684,376 word novel. As the first chapter unfolds we find that Lord and Lady Greysaur have been killed on a hunting expedition into the wild jungle of New York City. Meanwhile, a mother People (one of those strange beasts who make their home in the jungle, who has been mourning the death of her own child) discovers young Greysaur, a tottling babe, tottling thru traffic in Times Square. She forms an affection for the young dinosaur and decides to adopt him. A minor difficulty arises when the New York state adoption board opposes taking a dinosaur into the tribe of People, but the mother fights for her rights and finally wins by running down the head of the board in her 1928 Hupmobile.

-Lee Hoffmastadon

"How the World Began":

There have been many famous Pongs in history. There was Abner Pong-Pong, who invented our great national pastime of basepong (you probably know him as Abner Doublepong); there was the famed gunfighter of the frontier named Wild Bill Pong (for whom Pongca City, Okla. was named); the field of invention knows Eli Pong, the man who first successfully distilled gin from cotton; and there's William Pong who obtained a grant from the king and founded the state now known as Pongsylvania; and a Senator Pong who introduced the Law of Conservation of Energy; the field of psychiatry has been enriched by the erudite writings of Krafft-Pong and Havelock Pong, to say nothing of the notable investigative work done by Dr. Pongsey; and one of the British cousins named Oscar Ponge (something of an odd-ball) is remembered for several contributions to literature, among them "Lady Winderpong's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Pong"; the art world lauds Norman Pongwell, painter of covers on The Saturday Evening Pong; and let us not forget Walter K. Ponggy, creator of that popular comic strip, "Pongo the Possum."

-Dean Grennell

"The Milk of Human Kindness" Dept:

Parker really bungled the heck out of this issue. To go from a wonderful mag running top stuff to the degree of lowness that this stooped to. Park and I had a heck of a fight and so his mag came out mimeod. What crud! What crap! Willis saves the issue again with his "Moral Codes & Ethics as Preached in Northern Ireland." I got a dozen laughs from this. Other than that the mag is pure crap. He's got his own crappy little fillers lining the page --- seeing as how he fired me as art editor. He should hand out a magnifying glass. The zine is so crudly mimeod you can see a darn! Willis and the litho cover do something for the mag. Oh yes, Parker has cut me off his list of 60 BNFs who get the zine, and is looking for someone who's interested in subbing. Don't get this one -- it's for the birds.

-Peter Vorzimer, in Abstract



## HOY PING PONG

An interview with  
Dr. Josef Fann, B.SF

(Scene: the great man's brown study, in the garret of a rambling old bungalow perched on a fallow hillside overlooking the desolate ruins of the Indian Lake Resort Hotel and Convention Center. Only a pitted crater remains to mark that spot. The jungle is already encroaching.

A shy, callow Chinese youth raps timidly at the door marked "770" and pauses to stare at a discarded T-shirt bearing the faded legend, "I Am Shelby Vick." There is no response from within so the interviewer barges in, in the traditional fannish manner. A frail, doddering old man is taken by surprise, and guiltily hides his copy of Thrilling Wonder Stories under a drool-cloth. He glares at the intruder.)

Pong: "Good morning, good doctor. What does that B.SF mean?"

Fann: "What the hell's the idea, neo? You think you're Korshak?"

Pong: "Who he?"

Fann: "A house-breaker from away back. What do you want here?"

Pong: "A thousand pardons, sir. I'm here to interview you."

Fann: "Bah! Humbug! Who would publish it?"

Pong: "Well, sir, Linda Eyster would, in Granfalloon. A fanzine."

Fann: "I've heard of her: a ten-month-old female neo. Scares me."

Pong: "She asked for contributions from all over, elderly one."

Fann: "Knock off that sarcasm. What about this female?"

Pong: "But she said, 'The worst we can do is return them'."

Fann: "Bah! With some editors, the worst they can do is print them."

Pong: "Excuse me, doctor, but that sounds somewhat cynical."

Fann: "Fanzines! What crud! What crap! Vorzimer was right."

Pong: "Who he?"

Fann: "A swinging slan. He came back to hair creme."

Pong: "I don't understand you, old man."

Fann: "You're too damned green, you jaysnaoper! Go read old Harry's fan history. You might learn something."

Pong: "Please, sir, let's get on with the interview."

Fann: "Why?"

Pong: "I crave to see my name in print."

Fann: "Easy done. Just criticise Ted White, he'll accomodate you."

Pong: "You're pretty sassy for an old fan, and tired."

Fann: "I've got more than one ten-of-clubs up my sleeve, neo."

Pong: "Ah, sir, I meant to ask you about that."

Fann: "Don't."

Pong: "I also wanted to ask about the B.SF after your name."

Fann: "Let's go back to Linda and those other twelve females."

Pong: "But, sir! Aren't you rather ... Well ... you know."

Fann: "I'm a dirty old man. Twelve in one club -- whee!"

Pong: "Please, sir. Now, have you see this fanzine?"

Fann: "I seen it. The idiot can't spel."

Pong: "Whatever do you mean, sir? I examined it carefully."

Fann: "Just listen to this: 'Badinage is one of the least ept fanzines I've seen this year.' Bah!"

Pong: "Are you a perfectionist, sir? What would you do?"

Fann: "Do? I'd send him a spelling book, that's what I'd do. That's what we did in the old days -- sent books, and other things."



Pong: "Ah, yes, I meant to ask you about that."  
 Fann: "Don't. The postal inspectors are still searching."  
 Pong: "Speaking of that, sir, did you know the Chicago Customs men are stopping and searching Lilapa bundles?"  
 Fann: "Not surprised. That Norm Clarke is a sneaky one. I suppose he put contrabrand Chinese stamps on them? In them?"  
 Pong: "No, sir. They were looking for grass."  
 Fann: "Grass? In a fanzine packet? What the hell for?"  
 Pong: "I'm afraid fandom has changed since you were young, grandpa. It's going to pot in a handbasket, you might say."  
 Fann: "Neo, where did we go wrong?"  
 Pong: "Please, great one, let's get on with this interview."  
 Fann: "Not in the mood. Do you have their phone numbers?"  
 Pong: "Numbers?"  
 Fann: "Those twelve female fans. Wow! 23 skidoo!"  
 Pong: "Old man -- go to the Midwescon and get your own numbers!"  
 Fann: "Afraid to go there. Raeburn might throw me in the pool."  
 Pong: "Is it true he threw in Gertrude Carr when she turned him down for a date? Is he really an angry young man?"  
 Fann: "No comment."  
 Pong: "So it is true! What did Gertrude do?"  
 Fann: "She went for a ride in his sports car."  
 Pong: "No, no, I mean while in the pool."  
 Fann: "That's where she rode it. Old Raeburn was mad, you bet."  
 Pong: "Didn't the management complain?"  
 Fann: "The manager had gone home to bed. Just threw up his hands."  
 Pong: "Ah -- not like the Indian Lake management, eh?"  
 Fann: "She just threw up. See that crater out there? All fandom was plunged into war and Doc Barrett worked day and night."  
 Pong: "Old man, for the last time, what does B.SF mean?"  
 Fann: "Is that a promise?"  
 Pong: "I refuse to leave until you tell me."  
 Fann: "If AA-194 was here you'd go in a hurry. What do you think it means, you stupid neo? Where were you when the degrees were parceled out by the elder gods? Where were you in 1935? Eh?"  
 Pong: "Great Hugo, sir! You mean Bachelor of Science Fiction, like in those ancient Wonder Stories, or whatever?"  
 Fann: "It doesn't mean Bourbon, Smooth Flowing, ignorant neo."  
 Pong: "Excuse me, sir. I thought the initials meant something else. You always were something of a bull . . ."

(Scene: silence and dust have again settled over the brown study. Dr. Josef Fann is once more alone with his thoughts, the intruder dropped thru a trapdoor to his doom. Granfalloon will never see the interview; the neo will never see the dawn of another convention star-watch. Josef Fann picks up the phone, dials the information operator in Pittsburgh and reads out a list of twelve names. Ninth Fandom led by Burt Lancaster is waiting in the wings.)

-----

Interlineations riding atop this issue have been stolen from: George Charteris, Dean Grennell, Lee Hoffman, Joe Fann, and fans now lost.



## JON and Joni STOPA

Not-classified  
advertisements

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Man with monster fetish seeks to meet and correspond with others. Will exchange photos, film clips, upon request. Forry, Hollywood.

Los Angeles doodler needs space





Back cover credit:

On this page and the next -- which serves as the back cover -- are two examples of the work of Dean Alphonso Grennell, who is something of a triple-threat man in at least two worlds.

Grennell writes and edits and prints and publishes and mails GUN BUG, a hobby mag for gun bugs. It is said to be the most feared "lobby" in Washington. (He is also staff photographer and took the picture of himself on the back cover.)

At night, he prints the magazine on his flat bed press in the basement of the GUN BUG mansion; the next day he mails thousands of copies from a dozen California towns, each with twelve cents postage due.

Le Zombie salutes the magazine man of the month: Mr. Dean Alphonso Grennell.

Front cover credit:

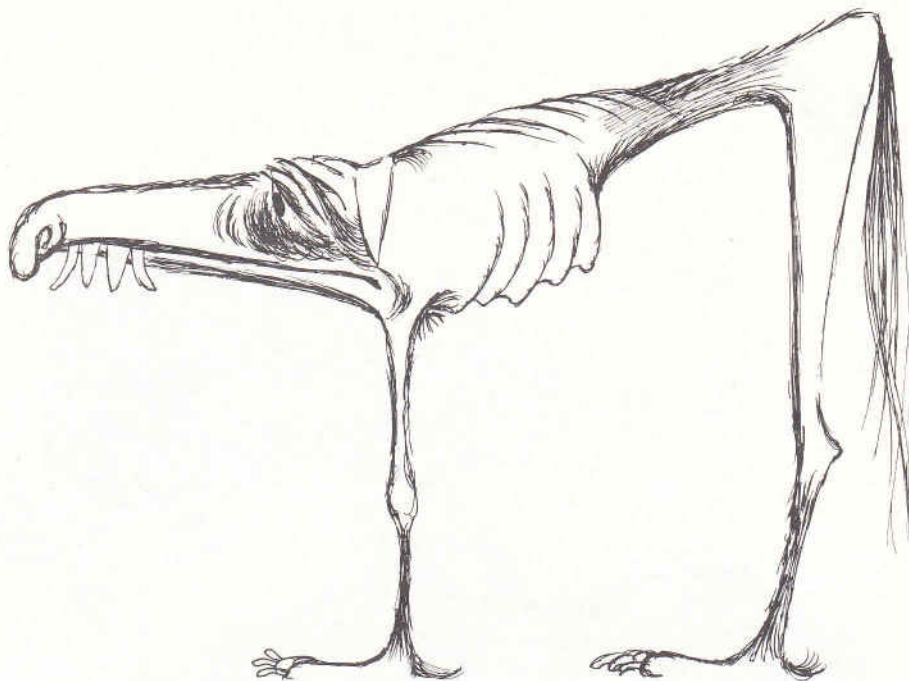
Ronald Clyne offered many cover drawings during the early war years, before vanishing into commercial work. We think this was his best.

And that winds up another issue of Le Zombie

## Little-Known Game Animals of the World

By Dirty Dean & Filthy Rich

### Number 25: THE DEPRESSING SPECTACLE



VIEWED from any angle, the depressing spectacle (*S. glue&bloomy*) truly is depressing. Infesting underprivileged areas all over the globe — usually those portions covered by dry land — the depressing spectacle moves hand in hand with want, famine, welfare checks and hopeless souls selling apples or pencils from a tin cup on street corners.

Believed by many respected authorities to have descended from wolves, other authorities — equally respected — favor the werewolf as the root stock from which the depressing spectacle derived. The latter group points out that there is every reason to believe that the depressing spectacle can only be killed by projectiles of silver: a trait it shares with the werewolf (*Canis lycanthropus*). By way of further support for the werewolf theory is that no photographs of the depressing spectacle are known to exist — this being likewise true of the werewolf — and the light-sensitive ingredient in camera film is a silver compound.

It was a Canadian-born member of the Croon & Boquett Club — Mr. Earl E. Reiser, of Sticky Wicket, British Columbia — who dragged in the club's record trophy of the depressing spectacle. Mr. Reiser had hunted extensively in areas which seemed to offer favorable prospects of a record animal figuring that the less affluent the culture, the better the chance of encountering quarry of notable proportions.

He traveled to an island in the south seas where the entire population subsists solely by taking in each other's

wash; no luck. He visited a community in the deep south where wages are so low that each person can and does cash his own paycheck; still no success. At last he tried the legendary hamlet of Cows Nest, Wisconsin — said to have been named by a little girl who found a heap of empty milk bottles at the present site of the city hall — and, after learning that the only food for sale in the supermarket was chicken feet (and those, in the gourmet section), he built his blind, hired native guides, beaters and gun-bearers and began his long wait. His personal journals preserved in the club archives, note that his Greener-Browning 20-gauge autoloading side-by-side double-barreled shotgun was fitted with set triggers and a sighting system which, somehow, involved Doppler-type radar. His shells were reloads using the extremely rare Remington-Winchester cases, ICC primers 15.5 grains of Charreuse Dot, some wad columns purchased at the auction of stage properties from a disbanded television series called *Wad's My Line* and the portion normally occupied by shot was packed full of pre-1964 dimes.

At the time of the shooting, his guide was a scrutable Oriental named Hoy Ping Pong and, in Pong's journal we find the note that Reiser was asleep in the blind and, in shifting to a more comfortable position, jostled the triggers and set off what Mr. Pong terms "an accidental discharge." The radar sight had locked on the hapless trophy and was tracking it so that all came out well except that three of the dimes never were recovered.





**Cranston Favors  
Universal Gun  
Registrations**

LOS ANGELES (AP) —Alan

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