



DNQ 30

## "THE DEAD PAST" A REPRINT OF BOB TUCKER'S Le ZOMBIE

Bob Tucker (alias Hoy Ping Pong) was a sort of unofficial fan guest of honour for Torcon 1, in 1948. This was long before fan guests were had at Worldcons, and indicates the esteem fandom had for this polymymous fan. As his end of the bargain, Tucker resurrected Le Zombie, his most prominent title, (and not for the last time).

Without a sympathetic heart, a modern fan is not likely to be favourably impressed by an early Le Zombie, nor virtually any other early fanzine. The technical standards, sophomorisms, and rough humour of even the better fannish zines of the time are strongly reminiscent of zines no enlightened fan of today would suffer gladly. But circa 1940, Tucker, Laney, Warner, Ashley, Leibscher, and the publishers of other seminal zines didn't have their own example to improve on. Moreover, they reflected the culture around them. Naive or conservative as old fanzines appear, their editors were among the most liberal and progressive members of their generation.

The fact is that the best fanzines of the recent past and today owe a debt to the experimentation of Le Zombie and others, and judged apart from the accidents of their time and means, they were clearly superior efforts.

Feeling this debt strongly, we have decided to reprint the entire issue of Le Zombie 63 for DNQ's 2nd Annish. This particular LeZ was chosen for a small number of practical reasons. We had a copy, to begin with. And it was short, for another. Finally, it was after a fashion a "best of" the early issues, and especially pertinent to us as the "Canadian Convention Issue". An article written by Tucker in the other half of our annish, DNQ 29, tells a fuller story about LeZ and Tucker's origins in fandom.

As a parting thought, it is sobering to realize that this reprinting of LeZ 63 has probably four times the print-run of the original, and may increase the number of surviving copies tenfold...

(Le Zombie 63 © Bob Tucker May 80)

"I deeply regret that the great fanzine, LeZ, is no more!" -EE Smith

July 1948

Canadian

Number 63

LE ZOMBIE

Convention

Tenth Year

Issue

"Now that LeZ is gone, I am sadly dejected and worse!" -AE-van Vogt

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Cover by Mickey Finnley

#### editorialies

The convention committee have broad shoulders. They have need of such broad shoulders because they are responsible for all the ink-smearred pages of this issue, all the sloppy mimeographing, all those thumb prints dotting the margins, those torn pages, all the faults of this, the sixty-third issue of LeZ must be blamed on them. (There be no faults in content of course.) The Canadian convention committee conceived and have now horribly executed a special Canuck edition of LeZ. Heap mud upon their ears, the unwashed infidels.

Not one red cents from the sale of this issue will find it's way into the greedy pockets of Editor Tucker, except of course small fees to cover costs of stencils, paper, ink, postage, staples, time, and the wear and tear on the typewriter ribbon we aren't using. Should you take leave of your senses and purchase a copy of this, rest happy in the knowledge that the convention committee will reap the benefits from the sale --- they'll get a penny, I collect the rest. Hah.

About half the contents of this issue consists of reprint stuff from the past sixty-two issues -- the well of original humor has just about run dry as far as the sage of Bloomington is concerned. One of the many reasons I'm a has-ben fan. I weep. What I need is a visit from Claude to get me back on the right track again -- and speaking of deah Claude, is he with us this year, and under what name?

-Bob Tucker

## A Short Course in ART for Fanzine Illustrators

Fans who draw women, nude or clothed, for fanzines simply don't know a damned thing about women. The ignorance of these artists is terrible, as the first glance at their nude illustration will reveal. The features they place on the women are out of shape, badly proportioned, and untrue to life. Their fond illusions discolor artistic judgement.

Consider the bust most usually seen in fanzines, the healthy looking object to the right labeled "A". Artists who put this type of bust on female figures are due for a shock when they get around to studying their first woman; a woman's muscles will not support such a weight at such an angle. The "B" exhibit is the correct one for the size indicated, even though it may offend the artistic senses.

And watch the height and build of your figures. Only a fairly short, well-padded girl can have "B". Tall, thin women possess "C", "D", "E" or "F" and nothing else. If it appears to be something else, do not be fooled, it is only a gimmick known as a 'falsie' and pictured in "G". Nature will not give a tall or thin girl a healthy bust; the artist, to be life-like, must follow nature's lines.

Conversely, a short and fat girl is represented with "E" or "H", usually the latter depending upon her glandular activity. While few such fat figures ever appear in fanzine illustrations, it is well to note this for future reference.

Figure "E" probably represents the average American girl and should be followed in fanzine illustrations; for it will be noted that where girls appear in the picture alongside a man, a machine or an animal, the height given the girl by the artist indicates her to be average, or normal. Less than five feet, six inches for a certainty, hence figure "E" is correct for this average, or normal build. Figure "C" sometimes appears on such women but does not readily lend itself to good picturization. Figure "D" is found on the Oriental girl, but rarely in America.

In studying female figures in fanzines, you will note that women artists do not make these mistakes; some of the very best published nudes have been drawn by women, and the male artist will do well to study, even copy, the feminine illustrator. To some degree it is also true that the male artist who has studied a live model will be more faithful in reproducing the correct proportions on paper, although all too soon he, too, tends to slip away from rigid natural busts and distort the illustration for the sake of romanticism. This tendency must be held in check and the artist must force himself to remain close to Nature's models.

Figure "I" indicates an elderly lady. Skip it.



## IN RE, CONVENTIONS

Philadelphia convention accounts and reminiscences, filtering in from divers attendees these many past months, have again done what all previous convention reports did to me --- made me realize that I sometimes make a poor second choice when two or more entertaining events are taking place simultaneously, & I must choose between them.

I knew that great seas of liquid refreshments were offered for the asking in at least two rooms: Hadley's and Eshbach's. Indeed, this treasured knowledge must have been plainly printed on my face, for the moment Dave Kyle and Fred Pohl arrived from New York they pounced on me to demand: where can we get the drinks, Tucker? (I showed them of course.) Likewise, I knew of at least two good poker games going full blast practically every night. (And once I got in on both of them.)

I made my choices and hoped they were for the best. Sometimes I discovered the next day that they had been the best, but usually I discovered months later, after reading some jerk's fanzine, that I'd picked a second-best. It seems there is always something better going on in the next room---and six months later I find out about it.

I abhor liquor and detest games of cards, but because I have a fine reputation of "big time fan" to maintain, it is my wont to frequent rooms and groups where such commodities may be had, to partake sparingly of the offerings, and early in the evening make my way to my lonely bed. No one can call me a fake fan. One such evening, in the Fantasy Press Poker Room (as distinguished from the Fantasy Press Liquid Room), I recall exchanging cards and scraps of government paper with Boff Perry, Don Loucks, Kyle and Pohl, while Eshbach trotted between the two rooms toting mineral water. Exercising my talented powers, I rapidly cleaned out all concerned except Loucks; and the losers quit the game to wander sadly down the corridors.

Frankly I felt guilty about this, feeling that I had overplayed my role of big-time-fan-mixing-with-the-common-herd. To make amends, I allowed myself to lose to the newcomers who rapidly filled the places of those who had left broke. I let myself lose to the extent that when they had taken from me all of Kyle's money, Pohl's money, Perry's money, plus a sizeable chunk of my own, I got up and wandered sadly down the corridors.

Searching for a means of bolstering my morale, I hit upon the idea of sending everyone I met down to Trudy Kuslan's room. As this was quite late in the evening and Trudy had departed for bed many hours ago, I wasn't surprised the next day when she told me that odd people kept her awake almost all night by pounding on her door, and debating the merits of science, poetry and whatnot under her transom.

## ALWAYS BELIEVE RUMORS

It was on a cold and frosty Philadelphia morning that the great Speer plot was hatched. It seems unnecessary to mention here that a game had been in progress all night. All night long we innocent boys

had been constantly annoyed in our playing at pasteboards by thunderous explosions outside the window. Some were of the opinion that the Russians were indeed bombarding the city with A-bombs and it might not be amiss if we sauntered out into the streets to survey the damage. Others who knew the city said no, it was probably only sewer-lids exploding from the gaseous pressures below the street level, and we'd see the casualty list in the afternoon papers. A timid soul was worried lest some visiting fan's name be found on the list, but this was dismissed on the theory that it would serve a visiting fan right for being caught on a Philadelphia street at that time of night.

The game came to a bloody end when the rosy fingers of dawn poked their way into the windows, high up on the tenth floor. Erle Korshak offered to buy breakfast for all contestants, and we realized with sinking dismay that Korshak had cleaned up. When Korshak offers to buy, world shaking historic events pale to insignificance. As was usual to escape the fabulous prices charged in the hotel, breakfast was partaken at a place a block away called The Bluebird, or Bluejay, or Blueblood, or Blueboy, or Blueplate, or Bluenose, or something.

Returning from the meal, and treasuring in our memories the way Korshak had scooped up the checks and paid the cashier in a flourish, we ran smack into brothers Speer and Davis, dawdling along the street in a dejected manner indeed. Sensing something of import concealed in their behaviour, our third-degree methods soon revealed the information that they had been apprehended by the minions of the law for causing our A-bomb and sewer-lid explosions---namely, fireworks from the hotel roof. Seeking revenge for the worry they had caused us, we founded there and then (and subsequently circulated) the rumor that Speer had been arrested for dallying with a colored chambermaid. Embellishing this, we said that the moneyed gentry among us had been called to the jail to provide bail; and also that Rothman would be asked to donate a part of the profits to repay the cost of the bail.

It is hoped that at least a few worried delegates approached Rothman to ask if he was going to give any convention money to the Speer jail-bail fund. (To my later regret, I failed to add to the rumor that the convention would pay the bail, and later list the expense as "Money given to fans to get back home on.")

#### WHO'S BOMBY NOW?

For some eight or nine days after the close of the convention I wandered around New York, constantly bumping into stray fans who didn't seem to want to go home, and had also journeyed up from Philadelphia. At times there were more fen in New York than had been at the convention, and I wondered if Toronto had belatedly been stricken from the list and a rump gathering was then taking place in Bigtown. Once I treated Ackerman to a play, and he promptly purchased five copies of my new book. These social amenities out of the way, we behaved ourselves like gentlefen.

(Go on over to the next page and find out how we behaved.)

It was our wont, late each evening before departing for our respective hotels and a presumably lonely bed, to stand in Times Square and speculate on when and where in that area The Bomb would fall.

"Look," FJA would exclaim, pointing towards the Kinsey whiskey sign, "look down there. In about five minutes now, all that will be a mushrooming cloud of fire and smoke." And we would stand there for five minutes, waiting.

"No," I would then contradict him. "it will fall over there," pointing to the Jane Russell "Outlaw" advertisement. "In just a few seconds now. Get ready."

"Maybe we should step over behind that building," he would say timidly.

"You want to see it, don't you?" I asked in scorn.

"Well ... yes. All right, let's wait here."

And then I would buy the hometown paper and go home to bed.

#### TORONTO TODAY

It is my fervant hope that a goodly crowd, and much of the same crowd, gather in Toronto this week. Speer has already told us he couldn't make it because the date will conflict with his schooling; this is too bad. His absence will not only rob us of the opportunity of manufacturing newer, more pleasant rumors, but we shall also have to get along somehow without the annual anti-dero legislation.

---

#### The Woman I Left Behind

She was a lovely, sensous thing of voluptuous curves; fragile moonlight gleamed enticingly on her bare, ivory shoulders, and cascaded down her body to the daring low cut of her garment. I looked at the magnificent, tantalizing body of her and yearned to hold it in my two hands. It captured my breath, my admiration, my desire.

Some master craftsman had molded that beautiful body, I thought, a creator who would never again produce its perfect twin. I wanted that body, those delightful curves, for my own fingers to caress.

But I could never have it. The damned statue was too heavy to steal.

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RUMOR BLASTING DEPT: There is no truth to the vile rumor that anonymous telegrams sent from Toronto will be intercepted at the border.

# POOR PONG'S ALMANAC

ye sultry monthe of July, 2048

1	T	Oh goody, Pong's here again!
2	F	Dunkleberger annouces hundredth anniversary of FANEWS, and promises daily circulation, price cut to 2¢, 2043
3	S	Canada captures convention for second time. 1983
4	S	Disgruntled faction announces rump convention in Chicago.
5	M	All fandom embroiled in war! Half favor Canada, remainder swear to go to Chicago.
6	T	Ackerman-Moskowitz coalition favor Canada, began printing propaganda to influence younger fans.
7	W	New stf mag hits stands: Terrible Tales, edited by Robert Bloch. 1961
8	T	Discerning fans discover entire contents of Terrible Tales written by Bloch, using pen names.
9	F	Terrible Tales fold.
10	S	Fans girdling for war on eve of Canadian convention. 1984
11	S	All good fans go to Sunday School. Where were you?
12	M	Ackerman turned back at Canadian border. Passport forged.
13	T	Canadian convention collapses when Moskowitz fails to show. Newark delegate discovered in Chicago. Claims "deros put me on wrong train."
14	W	Shaver announces sale of third million words to RAP. 1975
15	T	AMAZING circulation spurts another three thousand.
16	F	Why do people eat fish on this day?
17	S	Ashley founds 3rd Slan Shack in Pismo Beach, declares "it will last forever."
18	S	Los Angeles club reinstates Burbee as editor to revive the dying Shangri-L'Affaires. 1949.
19	M	Ashley deserts Slan Shack, returns to L.A. to help Burbee sabotage Shaggy anew.



20	T	EE Smith completes final Lens novel; to appear in Planet Stories in order to reach largest adult reader group. 1952
21	W	Lens novel to be published in book form: exclusive book rights claimed by Fantasy Press, Avalon Press, Carcosa House, Arkham House and Prime Press.
22	T	Hadley Press astonishes fandom by claiming to not have any interest whatsoever in new Smith novel.
23	F	Why does the little moran swim on his back?
24	S	Paul Spencer advises NFFF-Keller book will be out "in just a few months now." 1954
25	S	Sunday. L.A. club holds picnic in bear cave.
26	M	Three L.A. fans reported missing. Director demands a more exciting program for following Sunday; everyone bored but the bear that ate Willmorth. Beards indigestible.
27	T	L.A. zoo keeper sends club a due bill for dead bear.
28	W	L.A. club sends zoo keeper a due bill for missing beard.
29	T	Gerry de la Ree takes 9th fan popularity poll. Discovers self down in fourteenth place.
30	F	de la Ree announces beginning of 10th fan poll.
31	S	Dunkleberger announced 101st anniversary of FANEWS, promises daily circulation, price cut to 2¢ with comics on Sunday.

### Pong's Dictionary

Fan: absolutely undefinable. If the Greeks had a word for them, they took care never to speak the word in public.

Time: an unseen but often felt something which fugits along in a straight line until a harrowed author needs a plot.

Fan-mag: a stack of sloppy sheets stapled together, containing Rick Sneary-like spelling, horrible art work and excuses.

Fan-mag editor: one who promises your money will be returned if the second issue fails to appear.

Sucker: you, when you suscribe.

Convention: a gathering of booze hounds, poker players, book salesmen, pickpockets, axe-grinders, dirty story spreaders, and outlanders who attempt to pass resolutions condemning Amazing Stories.

Number one fan: biggest jerk.

## FABLE

I found him on the beach at Toronto, staring sullenly out across the blue-gray waters of the lake and idly kicking sand with his foot. Without a doubt he is morose and furthermore sad.

"Why, hello there, Bigfan," I say in some surprise.

He glares at me. At length he says ungraciously, "H'lo."

"Why are you down here at the beach staring sullenly out across the blue-gray waters of the lake, Bigfan? Why aren't you down at the convention hall, basking in the spotlight that is rightfully yours?"

"Convention -- bah!" he sneers downwind. "That--a convention?"

"Well, Bigfan," I ask in wonder, "whatever do you mean?"

He makes a dramatic gesture with his hand. "Those sissies think they are having a convention. What's happening?"

"Well," I answer, "when I came past the door this morning enroute to breakfast after an all-night poker game in which I lost six bucks, they were preparing to have a convention."

"Like clockwork, wasn't it?" he sneered upwind. "Sissie stuff! Only sissies hang around. It ain't like it was in the old days."

"Aha, Bigfan," I ejaculate. "Now I know where you're aiming."

"Precisely," he state in great diction. "Now when you and I was young---they had conventions in them days! Did you see any exclusion acts up there? Did you see anybody get tossed out on the sidewalk or kicked out of a window? Did you see anybody call the cops because somebody else wouldn't leave? No."

"It is sad, eh Bigfan?"

"Fandom is shot," he assert with a crosswind sneer. "Fandom has gone to the dogs. Nothing exciting anymore. Nobody sends obscene Christmas cards these days; nobody sends spelling books to fanzine editors anymore, nobody advocates Doohickeyism these days, nobody throws delegates out on the sidewalk, I am disgusted."

"Well, Bigfan, there may be something in what you say. But they have feuds ..."

"Bah!" he cuts me off. "Sissy feuds, revolving about some skirt. Remember the rough and tumble, six-shooter feuds we had in the old days? That was the stuff! Sissies now---all a pack of sissies. I'm wasting my time up there."

"Things was a bit tame," I admit to him. "I came down here for a breath of fresh air, myself. All they did today was talk ... they're talking about something called nuclear physics--over my head. Not like the good old days, eh Bigfan?"

## A FANMAG IS BORN

7:30 am Young Cyril Snodgrass, age twelve, his purple pajamas drooping in the early morning air, awakens from a beautiful dream with an inspiring ambition. The time has arrived, he believes, to publish a fanzine. Taking mental inventory in nineteen seconds flat, he finds himself able, capable and eager to become a fan editor.

7:45 am Young Cyril has now formulated, examined and discarded thirty various fancy titles for his fanmag, ranging from Science-Fiction Appleknocker to The Fantasy X-Ray. He finally decides on the Pleiades Pimples, which was ninth on his examination list.

8:09 am Cyril asks for and obtains from his father a dollar & ninety five cents with which to purchase a hektograph, plus 75¢ for postage. Cyril has also decided his fanmag will have 22 pages, a four color cover, and be sewn together on his mother's sewing machine.

9:20 am On his way downtown Cyril stops at the postoffice to send airmail letters to Ackerman requesting rush material for the first issue, and a notification to all the news sheets.

9:55 am Cyril is now on his way home with the prized hekto outfit under his arm. Pausing at the newsstand he copies down all the names and addresses he finds in the letter sections of the pros.

10:40 am Cyril is spread out all over his mother's dining room table with his equipment scattered about the room, busily engaged in drawing the cover for the first issue. He has selected as his subject a spaceman peeping around a huge mass of machinery, a splatting ray-gun in hand, while in the background a spaceship is seen landing nose first, altho the tail is still shooting fire.

11:06 am Much progress. Cyril has finished the drawings, likewise the lace tablecloth he forgot to remove from the table. His sister is engaged in typing the master sheets of a story she herself just finished composing, and the baby is seated in the center of the mess, one foot in the jelly pan.

11:44 am Postman delivers an airmail special delivery letter from Ackerman containing an article on the Toronto convention.

12:26 pm Cyril has finished running off the sheets, wheeled his ma into sewing the magazine together, and the first issue of Pleiades Pimples is in the mail, having on the contents page these hallowed words: "We know this issue ain't much but please remember we are not experienced at typing, and we didn't have much time."

2:34 pm Postman delivers airmail special delivery letter from Everett Evans enclosing one-year cash subscription to Pleiades Pimples and an encouraging letter.

2:35 pm A new fanmag is born.

(( And if you think we're joshing, take a look around you! ))

## The Busy Fan's Letter to the Editor

Your time is limited! You want to write to the editor commenting on that last issue of his but you just can't get around to it. Use this sheet. Fill out the blanks which apply, check the spaces, rip it off the magazine and hand (or mail) it to your favorite editor.

---

Dear Editor:

The \_\_\_\_\_ issue of your magazine arrived this morning and my comments on this ( )stinking, ( ) horrible, ( ) bang-up, ( )swell issue are as follows:

( ) oh my gosh its awful!	I found the cover:	( ) garish.
( ) gosh! wow! boy-oh-boy!		( ) much too loud
( ) let's have more!		( ) even louder
( ) cancel my subscription!		( ) putrid
( ) were you sick?		( ) torn off

The inside illustrations are:

I'm waiting for your magazine to:

( ) neatly executed	( ) appear more often
( ) just executed	( ) cut its price in half
( ) a trifle sexy	( ) use slick paper
( ) Cartier is slipping	( ) publish on time every time
( ) worthless	( ) fold up

I have just finished reading the lead story and feel that the plot lacked something. In my opinion, the:

( ) hero should have shot the heroine and gotten drunk  
( ) hero should have joined the pirates in the looting  
( ) hero shouldn't have been in the story at all  
( ) invaders should have been given the key to the city  
( ) characters should have all died in the first chapter

Now about those trimmed edges. Why don't you:

( ) trim them?  
( ) trim them?

As to the size of type, I prefer:

( ) ten point type  
( ) twelve point type  
( ) pica type  
( ) blank pages

Now about the letter column, and \_\_\_\_\_'s letter in particular. I think:

( ) the man is obviously nuts or worse  
( ) you shouldn't let those radicals have space  
( ) you write those letters to yourself  
( ) he's a publicity seeker and also ignorant

Next issue we need:

( ) a good story for a change  
( ) more stories, less articles  
( ) profuse illustrations  
( ) less of you and your pay

And so I close with a:

( ) Sciencesneerly yours  
( ) Fantamaggotly yours  
( ) Scientisnappily yours  
( ) Oh go to hell