

LE ZOMBIE

Special
1939
CONVENTION ISSUEA
C O S M I C
PUBLICATION

OBSERVATION DEPT: At the time of the last prediction, Moskowitz and the powers-that-be, running this she-bang, expected about a thousand delegates to this convention. If so, then there are about 750 here who have never saw a fan magazine before, do not know what one is. Therefore, LE ZOMBIE, being the helpful creature it is, respectfully dedicates the following dept. to all those of you who are getting your first glimpse of a fan magazine!:

EXPLANATION DEPT: This, reader, is a fan magazine! Are you not enlightened? A fan magazine is anything from a couple yellow second-sheets with a few scratches thereon, to a 50 or 60 paged mimeographed booklet. Some fans even have the nerve to call a carbon-copied second-sheet a "fan magazine". However, "LE ZOMBIE" happens to be one of the class of fan magazines that is known as a 'news-sheet'. We do not make any claim to being anything else than a two or four page purveyor of gossip & comment. In normal times -- i.e., before, and after this convention, we are distributed (free, as always) with certain weekly issues of FANTASY NEWS, as a supplement to that publication. Also, we are passed out with each issue of "D'JOURNAL", the fun-fan folio, mentioned here in. So if you wish to see more of us after returning home, get in touch with us, at the address given, and secure a lifetime subscription for yourself!

APOLOGY DEPT: On behalf of the New Fandom World Fair-Convention Committee, let us apologize for being unable to secure the services of Sally Rand's Nude Ranch for this Convention. The Committee had hoped to get Sally to discuss.....to discuss.....well, what is the name of that science of curves and infinite finits and things?????

REMARKABLE REMARK DEPT: Considering FANTASTIC ADVENTURES' editorial policy, we were surprised it wasn't "The Woman -- Venus" instead of "The Man From enus." ---- or is that funny?

DON'T LOOK NOW DEPT: but, that gorgeous looking blond sitting three rows behind you has her eye on you. Quick, what is your claim to fame, that will give you an opportunity to introduce yourself.....have you ever published a fan mag?

IS IT LIVING DEPT: Who...or what.....is that thing sitting up there in front, next to the end of the speakers row?

SEEMS TO ME DEPT: that New Fandom ought to give an extra hot-dog to the fan who travelled the longest distance to get here. Especially if you walked. Get it.....hot dogs for hot dogs.....some pun, eh kid????

WORD CARICATURES DEPT:that little guy over there, with the huge pipe, reminds me of a little aero-tug warping a giant space liner into port.....and that loud mouthed fella over yonder, bragging about his home town, must be a paid employee of his chamber of commerce.....and we will bet a nickle that that guy who just told you of the magnificent stack of fan mags he possesses is grandstanding just a wee mite; his fan mag collection probably consists of a few back number LE ZOMBIES and a Fantasy News or two.....and don't let that big chested guy tell you he is an "old-timer". He probably dates from 1937 !!

READ THIS FIRST, DEPT: This of course is page two of the Special Convention issue of LE ZOMBIE, the glorious, the divine, the nertz! All of the pages published in this issue are by Bob Tucker, P.O. Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois - which is as usual; and the wire staples holding the pages together are given you thru the courtesy of Cosmic Publications!

NOW THAT YOU ARE SETTLED, DEPT: and comfortably situated with a sandwich in one hand and a bottle of red pop in the other (if you aren't, protest at once to Moskowitz!) we shall indulge in a bit of sly advertising!

YEARBOOK DEPT: Along about New Year's a new type of "fan mag" appeared. It was a magnificent compilation of titles and data on all the stories and articles that were printed in the weird and science fiction magazines during 1938. Twenty pages worth of information, YEARBOOK is really a giant index to 1938 fantasy fiction in ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, ARGOSY, WEIRD, MARVEL, WONDER, TALES OF WONDER and FANTASY! YEARBOOK is divided into 2 sections; (1) listing all titles in alphabetical order, and (2) listing all magazines contents in chronological order. In the alphabetical list a key shows at once which month and magazine any given title appeared in. The whole result is something you must have, authors and fans alike, to file away for indexing your 1938 science and weird fiction! YEARBOOK's editor has on file complimenting letters from nearly all the better-known fans who have copies; Editor Wright of WEIRD TALES and Editor Campbell of ASTOUNDING & UNKNOWN have both written personal, praising letters of it; Weisinger of STARTLING-WONDER and STRANGE gave it a glowing review in STARTLING STORIES. Copies may be had at fifteen cents each from Bob Tucker, at address above; postpaid.

GEE, WE FORGET TO MENTION, DEPT: We almost forgot one important thing we intended to tell you in the dept. above! Editor Whipple of ARGOSY also wrote us a personal letter thanking us for his copy and spoke most highly of it! He promised us that he would try to find room in 'Argonotes' for some mention of it --- something no other fan mag has ever achieved! And we also might mention that YEARBOOK is the only "fan mag" ever to go into a second edition! (which it did, on May 1, 1939.)

NOVA DEPT: (yes, more advertising) In May of this year there appeared another record breaker in the way of 'fan mags'. This was NOVA, which, in it's first issue contained some 34 pages; boasted nineteen articles and features, twenty-some fan-authors, three covers; a full page of illustrations, sketches, etc. plus other small cartoons and drawings scattered thru-out the issue; a full page cartoon by 'Mack'; three issues of LE ZOMBIE ('LZ' is a supplement to NOVA); reprints from a 1933 fan magazine----all this in one magazine: NOVA. NOVA is made up of five separate fan mags publishing under one cover! The second issue, due in July, will add a sixth: Jim Avery's 'FUNTASY'. Imagine six magazines in one, for the price of one! Too, NOVA is tinkering with fan photographs, and expects to run photo's every issue. We suggest you send 15¢ at once for a sample copy, to BOB TUCKER, address above; postpaid.

GAD! THAT'S OVER WITH DEPT: Now for other things. On the following two pages you will find the latest Pong masterpice. If any of you are a stranger to Pong, ask the fan next to you -- no doubt that personage can spill you an ear-full anent the chinese Buck Rogers.

NOW WHAT THE DEVIL SHALL I SAY?, DEPT: Lemme see. Ah, there's Bradbury. Hello Bradbury! (If Brad was able to attend, that's him. If he wasn't, you are speaking at empty air, you dope!) ---- Meanwhile, on to the next page, and away.....!

LO! I have attended a science fiction convention. A world science fiction convention! It was a most unique affair. Not at all what I had expected! I had attended in the belief that I would witness a great, big, old fashioned country reunion, replete with back-clapping, hand shaking, flashing smiles, jovial strangers acting like brothers, happy chattering groups gathered about each editor present, fans from across the nation running with eager smiles into one another's open arms, the publishers standing around with arms hooked in vests, beaming.....etc. Go!ly, what a let-down I was due for!

That I didn't see any such thing goes without saying. I came away a much disillusioned and heart broken young Chinaman. I also came away a hungry Chinaman, a poorly clothed fan and a broke fan! It seems that in the rush to the table where the free eats were, half of my new Sears store clothes were torn from my back by the mob, as souvenirs, in the mistaken belief that I was Clark Ashton Smith. And some dirty \$%*@!! lifted my wallet! (There must have been somebody at the convention who was not a fan!) I escaped from the melee with a cold-ham sandwich and a bottle of red pop but didn't get to keep them long --- a gang of big uncouth Philadelphians jumped me and stole them!

And then my little pleasant dream catles were ray-gunned one by one as I looked about the floor of the convention hall, where everything was sweetness and light, and saw:

Eando Binder and Ed Hamilton slugging it out in a far corner, over who had swiped who's plot. A group of cheering fans ringed them in, lending encouragement, while overhead perched on a window-sill sat Dick Wilson's pet vampire taunting: "Plots? What plots?".....

Six young fans from Brooklyn deeply absorbed in a marble game (for keeps, too!) immediatly in front of the speakers rostrum, upon which Moskowitz was vainly trying to make himself heard when someone took him square in the eye with a tomato! The tomato was red; now I wonder?

Ray Bradbury and Milt Rothman, two rival (and) budding fan-authors, cat calling at one another across the aisle: "You're a Saturnian gadzook!"; "I am not! Your grandmother chews Jupiter-juice!"; "She does not so! Anyway, I saw your second-Uncle filching Moon-dust!"; "T'aint so! You eat Venus pods!"; "That's a lie! You're a dirty Martian liar!!"....etc.

Walter Fleming rushing joyfully up to Morojo, throwing his arms about her neck shouting "Comrado! Esperantico!" as he kissed her lightly on the cheek. She promptly slapped him down with a wicked left hook and Ackerman jumped up and down on his chest!

The Auctioneer holding up a rare copy of THE TIME TRAVELLER for bidding only to have four fans jump at it at once, snatch it from his hand in four separate peices, leaving the auctioneer holding up a bit of blue paper the size of a postage stamp, crying; "What am I bid?

One fan actually slapped another on the back but he immediatly followed up with a right hook and a haymaker, and: ".... so I am a bum poet, eh?so I don't know my metre, eh?so I swill beer in low dives, eh?so I believe in FooGhuism, eh? etc.

I saw Ted Dikty of Indiana sell Hyman Tiger of Brooklyn the Brooklyn Bridge at one end of it, while Dale Hart of Texas was selling it to Don Wollheim of New York City at the other end.

(over)

I heard a shrill bloodcurdling scream and looked up to see Percy T. Wilkinson swinging from a rafter. "Look, fellas -- I'm Tarzan!" The rafter broke and deposited Tarzan Wilkinson in the tub of ice water used for cooling the soda pop!

At the banquet given in honor of that author, I was mortified to death to be plunked in the eye by a pea some 'fan' knifed at me! And every-time I passed my glass up for more water, Jack Speer who sat next to me, made it a point to stick a dirty thumb into the returning water, up to the hilt!

At the baseball game Bob Madle got mad at Umpire Mort Weisinger 'cause he called a 'ball' a 'strike' and splintered a bat over his head. Then Bill Sykora got sore 'cause they wouldn't let him pitch, and took his ball and went home, which ended the game with a score of 0 - 0 in favor of the Queens Cometeers.

At one of the science discussions I saw a disciple of the late Charles Fort get up, take the floor from Einstein (who was lecturing on space) and prove the Universe didn't exist!

--- Yes, truly the First World Science Fiction Convention was comparable to an angelic confarence above the clouds !! ----

THINGS TO DO AT THE CONVENTION ! !

Watch Bradbury stow away the cats.

Pay attention to Moskowitz when he speaks.

Give the speaker on the rostrum your undivided attention, even if it means losing your turn at the mumbly-peg game you are playing.

Keep your hand on your wallet so to tell the fan next to you where you carry it. He will, no doubt, thank you later.

Hang around pretty close to the cats-counter. There is going to be a wild stampede when somebody yells "Come and get it!"

Be sure Dale Hart doesn't slip a black widow spider down your neck!

There will be few females present, compared to the male attendance, rush over to every one you see and make yourself a perfect bore.

Take a subscription to every fan mag mentioned and pay the "editor" of it at least six month's subscription in advance.....you'll never regret it.

Take home a chair from the convention hall as a souvenir. (New Fandom will make it up to the Hall.)

Never play marbles with strange fans.

Tell the open-mouth guy next to you of the wondrous collection of fan mags you have back home. Pad it a bit.....

Be sure to display the latest copy of the right magazine as you pass each editor.

If you run across the publisher of 'Flabbergasting Tales' make it a point to tell him what a lousy mag he has and it's editor should be replaced. Mention that Pong would make a dandy.....

Ask Palmer of AMAZING (if he is there) why he didn't print your last two letters in his Discussions column.

Be respectful to every author present. Otherwise they might make you the villain in their next Martian opus.

Make yourself popular by heckling each speaker. When one begins telling of life on other planets, let him have a good, loud: "Vas you dare Sharley?" A nimble mind can work up an almost unlimited store of bright remarks to hurl at each speaker. Try it!

Convention Fun!

BY JAMES V. PONG

"NOW LISTEN--
I AINT PAYING
THAT MUCH FOR
NO FAN MAG,
SEE ----"

...oh well,
how much?

...therefore, for
services rendered, NF
presents you with a
lifetime membership
in the S.F. LEAGUE!

CAMPBELL

SAM

GADS!, BUT THIS
RED POP HAS A
KICK!

PSST--
IS that the
women's AUX-
ILIARY!?!?

this
space
for
sale

LOOK RAY - THIS IS
A MARTIAN GLURK!

ASK FOR
YOUR
FLAG!

IS THAT
SEAT TAKEN?

METRO POL