



a serious constructive burbee-type one-shot called:

# LE GRUESOME ZOMBIE

"caveat lector every time a zombie awakens"

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"First Fandom is not dead---those are Tucker's socks you smell."

President Jacobs, Ladies & Gentlemen of FAPA:

The purpose of an introduction is to introduce the speaker, not to speak; else it would be the introducer who would be getting introduced by the speaker who, then, would be out of place if he were to speak instead of introducing the speaker who in actuality, was the introducer in the first place...well, without further ado, may I present, speaking in his native (sans-serif) tongue, the eminent filthy-pro and head-shrinker (with side-excursions into operation of a ray-projector); ladies and gentlemen, Dr. J. Bloomington Brainwash:

Thank you for less than nothing. It has been truly said that I need no introduction ... I am known far and somewhat wide as a Big Noise fan, and everyone knows what a Big Noise fan is. Just the



other day I appropriated a witty saying from the mouth of a neo-fan. "Ghod," I said, "must have loved the Imj's, because he .... because he .... well .. you know. I forget how it ends. But it was as witty as hell, and I was glad to steal it from this nameless neo. So now you know what I am.

†Grennell again†

We had gradinose, yea, even unto grandiose, plans to converse each in our normal typefaces. But, when you comes right down to it, the night is hot as...well, never mind, hot ...and it's a lot of trouble. So I left it in---despite both of us being aware that Danner will sorrow passing sore at having his hawkly old eyes smote with all this outlandish type.

DAG: Knock-knock.

BT: Who's there?

DAG: Apropos.

BT: Apropos who?

DAG: Apropos a toast to Lee Jacobs, by Rotsler's own words, Drunken, but Voluptuous President of FAPA.

BT: Oourrgggh! (Downs glass of Guek's Stite ((which we are using to catalyze this one-shot in lieu of Golden Treachery)), chug-a-lugging it in the Kerkhof manner.)

Speaking of Danner---and sooner or later, we all must come to that ---he is present tonight too, in a subdued and canned sort of way. We have him on two sides (at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  ips) of a 7" tape and I will urge Old Tall, Dank and Haggard to hammer at this while I bring word from far Pittsboigh. Tell me, Old Royal Raisen, what was your ambition, when you had any?

†Tucker Speaks†

Well sir, my greatest ambition was to -- I'm sorry, but this is a family magazine. Anyway, I worked about half way through my ambition before running out of steam. Hadn't you noticed the sudden absence of a great many fannish femmes lately? Couple of dirty old pro's too, if I may boast a bit. But let us not speak of such things; let us instead converse on a high moral plane. The young lady pictured on the next page is standing on a high moral plane although it happens to be hidden at the moment. She is not Lee Hoffman, which is a pity ... I read a book once called THE LONG LEWD SILENCE, in which a character by that name was stripped and eaten. Yes, a pity.

I had to work in a plug for Hoffman here, to return one she kindly gave me in a sterling sheet called "Gods, Graves and TV Sets," which should be in this mailing. I was thrilled to find myself in old Runic characters, or was it Assyrian?

Cheer up, Mildew old fellow, we are switching typefaces on the next page, just for you. Poo on the remaining members. Just for you. In the meanwhile, my young 'un is a yowling, and Dag's FIVE young 'uns are a yowling, so we are going to chuck them all into bed ... mixed like, all sexes, and go have ourselves a time. Eyes over--

{Grennell, that old Gibber, speaking in pure Gibberish}

By the way, the date is the 26th of July and she is really hot as a hawleg. The reason I am in Bloomington? Well, it seems that, long ago, Tuck sent me the two bound backfiles of LeZ to con and scan for purposes of hashing up the most recent issue of that immortal publication. Well, one thing lead to another and the seasons flicked idly past, and time grew on apace and I still had not got the furshlugginer things sent back to him...by the tortuous first-class insured, return-receipt requested method he'd sent it to me in the first place. You, who have never faced such a situation, can little understand the qualms that beset me as I dawdled over committing these priceless relics to the fumbling fingers of the USFD. But I could not send it back and I couldn't keep it (kept worrying the house would burn down and Tucker would claim my total insurance as payment). Finally, I took the logical, unexpected step. It was like Alexander drawing his switch-blade to cut the Gordian Knot. I decided to drive down and return it to him in person. So I did. (Hah---thought I wouldn't squeeze it in, didn't you?).

Danner is growling away in the background...egads, that guy has almost as low a rumble for a voice as I have. But I can get on this Underwood anytime. Not so with Ole Dan Tucker. Uh, Bob---put down that glass of Stite and come over here (if you can still walk, that is).

{Enter Tucker, humming, under his breath, a snatch from the Processional of the Grave-Diggers, from the second act of Fymburaski's Campuli, hiccoughs, then speaks:}

Just the other day I appropriated from the mouth of a neo-fan a hell of a witty saying, which I have unfortunately forgotten. Which is just as well. What did the mouth of a neo-fan ever do for me? We are conducting a survey in Bloomington, asking questions of all known mad dogs. The purpose is to determine the number of mad dogs having knees long and high ~~enough~~ enough to reach Harlan's groin. The results are not impressive. (If Bill Danner would shut up, and Dag would shut up, and Dag's FIVE chillun would shut up, I might be able to compose this without typographical and spelling errors.)

Burbee, what do you do when your kids are yowling in the back ground and you are attempting an "inspired" one-shot like this? Covered with rue, I must admit your efforts are far more impressive than this one. Well, anyway, I thought I worked in a couple of good gags. I read in a British fanzine the other day that Hoffman was back in Savannah from a Kansas dude ranch. Well, well; what news. It reminds me of the story of the horse that sat down on a grapefruit, which goes like this....

Oh, goody, end of page.

3  
"What fabulously fannish burbee-type one-shot would be complete without at least one Genuine Rotsler Girl???"



Beware of sloppy imitations!

Mr. Grennell, you are one hell of a funny fellow. I would go so far as to say you were droll.

Mr. Tucker, you are so right. My drollery knows no bounds.

Just the other day, Mr. Grennell, I read in the fanpapers that some neo out in California proclaimed the San Francisco convention a flop because you weren't there. I consider that droll.

Mr. Tucker, all drolls are flops when I am not there.

Do you wish to correct that statement, Mr. Grennell?

I will, if you insist. All flops are droll so long as I am not there.

I believe I prefer the original version, Mr. Grennell. Or may I call you Gruesome?

My wife does.

I compliment her on her acumen.

Well, her mother always claimed she was a fine cook.

After five years and five children, Dr. Grennell, do you wish to correct that statement?

Good gracious, no! Jean reads all my fanzines.

And does she consider you droll? Or a flop? Or not there?

I repeat, five children, Mr. Tucker.

Well, I guess you were there all right, Herr Doktor Grenell. Nor can you be called a flop. Tell me, were you droll?

When?

Now tell me, Signor Grennell, have the Roper Survey Team visited your town yet?

Gee, I dunno. What for?

The Amalgamated Mad Dog Lovers of America are conducting a survey. Something to do with the number of mad dogs capable of kneeing Harlan in the groin. As I understand it, not all dogs have knees. There is a great hue and cry.

I did that once, Mr. Tucker.

You did what once, Senor Grennell, Phd.?

I hued and dried.

Pray tell, why?

A slight miscalculation, Mr. Tucker. I cried "Timber!" but the damned tree fell the wrong way. On me, as a matter of fact.

You are a droll fellow. You sometimes remind me of W. Thingbottom Willis, another punster. (Sometimes referred to as Ghod.)

And may I remind you, Mr. Tucker, that we neglected to include an illustration on this page?

Well, M'sieu Grennell, I've got a whole slew of dirty old Rotsler drawings knocking around. Of course, they're mostly naked women and big fat worms.

Ugh, Mr. Tucker. What would a psychiatrist say?

Something droll, no doubt. Rotsler's naked women and big fat worms would be a psychiatrist's holiday.

This is your holiday, is it not, Sir Grennell?

It is indeed ... and look, we have reached the bottom of the page.

Pay it no heed, Director Grennell. So long as your stencils hold out, we can go on all night.

And your Glueke Stite, Mr. Tucker.

Poul Anderson can't stand it you know. Makes him sick as a dog.

Can't stand what, Mr. Tucker?

This Glueke Stite. Karen told me so. Thinks only barbarians and mad dogs drink it.

I knew a mad dog once. Had rather scrawny knees. What are you doing, Father Grennell?

Attempting to ascertain which button shuts off this cussed tape recorder. I'm rather tired of listening to Bill Danner's thunderstorm, aren't you?

Thunderstorm? Gee whiz, I thought it was a fan convention. Where in the devil did he get a thunderstorm?

They have them in Pittsboigh, Mr. Tucker.

I wish you would stop putting words in my mouth. You are as bad as those dirty Canadian characters and their Derogations.

I'm rather confused ... which one of us is talking now?

I'm the droll one.

Oh, yes. You must be Leaderkranz Grennell, the pride of Fond du Lac.

Don't forget droll.

The droll pride of Droll du Lac.

And the foremost humorist of midwest fandom.

The droll humorist of Fond du Lac fandom, Seventh Sector.

That's you. Shall we put a naked woman or a big fat worm on this page?

I would consider it a shameful waste of space. This is a family fanzine. And by the way, who's speaking now?

I'll be damned if I know. See if you can find out.

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"You slam that door like it was a Pontiac."

--Fern

{Grennell, coming back, all steadfast and sober, walks blithely into this mess}

Well, It's like this: The kids were getting in Tucker's hair (and Lord knows he's got none to spare) so we took all five of them, and Fern, and Jean, and went over to pick up a baby-sitter Fern knows (whose name, oddly enough is Norma) and we took the kids out to the motel and left them with Norma and shopped around for some more ~~of the~~ Gluek's Stite, (obviously, I have had nothing to do with this mess since midway down page 3, since up in Wisconsin, the veriest noncompip knows it's Gluek's, not Gluke). Stopped at one place where Fern thought they might have Stite but the guy said they didn't. "Well," I said, "do you have any Burbee's?" "No," sez he, "we got no Burgee's. We got Pabst, Blatz, Miller's, Heilemann's and Gettleman's, but no Burbee's. Where's it from?" "California," I sez, "very popular out there, but nobody got it around here, I guess." I sigh, wearily, and head for the door. "You couldn't use Heilemann's?" he says, hopefully, "No," I says, "once you have drank Burbee's, nothing else really suffices." I left.

IT WAS A LOT OF TROUBLE, BUT IT WAS WORTH EVERY BIT OF IT: I mean the way I drilled Eldest son Chuck all the way down from Fond du Lac, and he came through like a trouper. We had no more than got here tonight, and were sitting out on the porch, tailorwise in the breathless heat, scarce a dozen words had been said when Chuck (who; for sharpness, takes after his namesake in Rainham) leaned forward eagerly and said, "say, Mr. Tucker," "Yess?" said Himself, Chuck recited flawlessly, "Are you fabulous?"

6 (Tucker has neglected to number these pages)

And I think it is about time we put on our best Bob and Tucker again. Boob, you Boob; get out'en under that-thar table and come over here. Sit down and type su'thin', like, frinstintz:)

Grennell, yet, for just one more minute, before I turn this helplessly back to Tucker. We took a couple snaps of each other tonight, on my venerabobble Slow Graphic, and I gave the camera, all set to Tuck. He said he knew how to run it and I braced myself for the wash of light that would proclaim the picture safely snapped. Instead; wha'hoppen? This: the unflashed bulb flipped out with a tinny plonk. Wilson A. Tucker, oldtime pro-photog, had pushed the bulb-ejection button instead of the solenoid tripper. Haw.

Now, we got Tucker, who says:

It should be pointed out, if you don't know already, that Herr Doktor Grenell has pooped up these stencil beyond all hope. One dirty typy ... I mean typo after another. Faugh upon a man who cannot keep his typing fingers clear after a sip or two of pseudo-golden treachery. Well, anyway, he fouled up the anecdote on the previous page. The true stoty went like this:

His young son, Charlie, aged about three or four, plunked himself down on the front porch, stared at me, and said, "Are you the fabulous Mr. Tucker?"

Fabulous?, I shot back. Why, son, I'm as fabulous as the phony David J. Crockett, Esq. Fabulous?, I went on, why blast it bot, I bghty qwerty bght and thun Oh nuts. Well, anyway, we're everybit as neo as young California fen who had three cans of beer and rushed to the mimeo.

How do you do, Mr. Wilfriend J. Meyers? Do you believe there is anything worthwhile under this cover?

Offly ... I mean oddly enough, I am inclined to agree.

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seeded shoulders

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some fun, ..... eh Lee?

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correction: shoulders

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A horse, Hoffman cried, Sixth Fandom for a horse! (giant type lino.)

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But Who Watches Big Brother ????

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These linos may be purchased from Tucker for \$1 each. Lay in a supply now for the long hard winter ahead. Lysinko's Lino ~~7001977~~ Laboratory. Let's throw in one more, eh Deano?

smooth !

Just the other day I stole a hell of a witty saying right out of the mouth of a raw neo-fan, which isn't worth repeating here, but it made me feel real george. Have you ever felt real george?

Very well, now that the pseudo\*Tucker has left the tupewh iter, the reel one wjjj tade ober. Gruesum Grenel has gone. Grenel. What is a familiariar name. Isn't don woLLheom also writyhung underthe name of Grinelllll? Ghtyrhiing swerh fit vbnhyo fgrtty and rgeretyhy firsthj jkalfgf gh, and then gh;lkjh. So thereees.

Disgustijng, that drunken Grennell? Hello, California.

On thisn page, something new, ~~xxxx~~ something unusual. A fan's wife speaks: 7

If speak; As I lay here, immodestly, in my P. J.'s, without my glasses, but with a'glss in my hand, I am told that I must write something. Now this is quite a feet, oh fiddle, the ole glass wad full, for you see unlike my infamous hubby, who is a two-finger typist, I am only a one-finger typist. There is also the very miner prblem of what to say. The ole pot says that I can think of enough to say at other times, speshificallee when he's originating some originals.

I am told by a promising FAN thqt a certain fake FAN, yclypt, Deenee AA Taucker late of his majesty's warmstream guard, (a tenderfoot) has accepted a commission to produce wallpaperwith grinning octipii against a black background. By mimeo.

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I Wouldn't touch Spuds with a 10' Fohl.

--Basil Vortch

---

Well, sir, that opening paragraphb was better than Shirley Marriott and her ringing Cathedral balls.

Just the other day, as I was stealing a joke out of the open mouth of a neo fan, a thought occurred to me. People will think, this thought said, that yu are attempting to imitate those sterling California neo-fen who get drunk ~~xxxxxxx~~ on one can of beer and produce a one sheett ... pardon, one shic..., one shot.

Oh well. We did. Now let(s see California live this down.

Hello out there, Wellfriend Jqy Myers? What has come fro your desk lately?

Myers Here:

Well, my desk hasn't said anything witty lately but my wastebasket got offxc quite a niftie the other day. Unfortunately, if published it and mailed it off to Furbee without letting me read it. I'm rather anxious to get the mauling and see wat that little old wastebasket pf mine said. Yes sir.

Well-Fried J. Mires

Now Dean wants Fern to make some goffee to keep me awake long enough to write about twelve lines like Fern did, but believe me it won't work, because Dean isn't the one to get up with the kids so early in the morning.

---

"How would you like it if you were a theater-seat and someone stuck chewing-gum all over your bottom?"

---

Dag back: -

Well, we have gone and done it. Prodded along by the sage words of Danner, via Wilcox-Cay tape-recorder so generously loaned by Curtiss D. J<sup>A</sup>nke, we have staunchly poked over onto what must surely be page 7. This means we must fill a page 8 to even this out and print on both sides in the finest traditions of those unutterablê slobbs who print good but write poor. But we got nothing to put on the rest of this page. Let's discuss this embarrassing contrepetms, uh, contretemps, eh?

DAG: Let's leave a little room for any stray and illuminating comments by Robert Bloch, kindly old Weyauwega vivisectionist.

BT : Let's be semantically clear about this...

DAG: Very well, so long as it doesn't have to be dianetically clear...

BT : ...do you mean he vivisects Weyauwega with kindness or that he's a kindly vivisection-ist that lives in Weyauwega.

DAG: No matter...a man capable of the one would scarce balk at the other.

Finis, 1:00am CST

8 ACT III, Scene 1 (Weyauwega, Wisconsin, a rat-infested garret ((not to be confused with a Randy-infested Garrett)) on Weyauwega's notorious Ann Street. Ann Street is notorious because of one of its denizens, a certain Robert Bloch, who enters just as the curtain goes up. He blows his nose on the tail of his fuchsia velvet dressing-gown ((on the back of which is emblazoned the legend, "Gorgeous George" in gold boullion)), then speakd:)

Kindly old vivisectionist, eh? Well, let's see what's going on in this vivisector.

Yesterday my daughter celebrating her twelfth birthday by holding a party. After a while we made her let him go. But a portion of the festivities was devoted to the ancient game of pinning the tail on a donkey.

Today Grennell blows in with his seven pages of crud and asks me to append an eighth. If this isn't a coincidence, I've never seen one. But here I am, bringing up the rear.

I suppose it's really necessary, after seven pages of talk about worms and naked women. I imagine most people get pretty sick of that stuff after a while. I know I do...particularly where worms are concerned. Or even unconcerned.

To make it worse, I have to write this stuff cold sober. The other material was obviously written while drunk. It should also be read that way.

Still, I'm not without resources. I happen to have a few cans of this Gleuk's Stite myself and it may help. Mmmmm. Doesn't taste bad. Sort of a liquid sandpaper effect. I can see where Karen Anderson wouldn't let Poul drink it. But then she won't let him do anything. She took his reefers away from him in 'Frisco. Typical SAPS trick. You wouldn't find a FAPA wife doing such a thing. Would Abney take reefers away from Rotsler? I doubt it. No broken arms for Abney.

Gleuk's Stoit. Pig-swill. And so swill I. You know, this stuff is fairly potent? At least, the can it comes in doesn't look sterilized.

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"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Laney Cooley Place wguh'nagl fhtagn." --HPL

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Lux Stout. Very fine drink. Previous pages make a lot more sense, you know? In vino veritas. Hic jacet. Hic. Must preserve sobriety. What if Seventh Fandom realized that Lee Jacobs had corrupted me? Not that I mind their pointed remarks. It's just that they've got heads to match. Of course, what good is a match without a head? It's like FAPA without Jacobs. No hotfoots...but more of this fine Schnuck's Blight, which is opened quick as a flask, before you can say Jack Daniels. This typewriter is getting drunk. Look what it did to my syllabification! But it can't affect my spelling. I can still spell a straight line. Huh, I bet I could even heave a straight line! Come to think of it, maybe I will. Chucks Tight. Made from 100% drain neutral spirits. I sometimes wonder what the vintners buy that's half as precious as the stuff they swill. I sometimes wonder what a vintner is. And now, as the Stite sinks in the vest, we take leave of that kindly old Weyauwega vivisexionist...JUSR AS THE LIGHTS WENT OUT (NO KIDDING, THEY DID!) or is this stuff really as bad as these eight pages prove it is? --RB (To be continued in Rotsler's Kstite Magazine. Martinez, credit Bloch with one page, uh? --DAG)