



MALIGNANT

Vol. III, No. 1 Whole No. 7 January, 1956

"-Fandom's Leading Reprintzine-"

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by Ron Ellik. ii

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Reprints from Le ZOMBIE

chosen by Ellik, with assist from Tucker. 1

ONE LAST, HURRIED WORD FROM ELLIK

blub blub blub blub. 17

Art credit: The cover thish is by DEA, stencilled and mimeographed in color by Shelby Vick, July of 1954. Interior headings are by Ellik and BBDick, copied sometimes from LeZ and sometimes not. We would like some small filler artwork for our future issues.

MALIGNANT (formerly FANTastic Story Mag), Vol. III No 1, W N 7, January 1956, is edited and published by Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Avenue, Long Beach 3, California. Price is 10¢ per, 3/25¢, no larger subs accepted, because of uncertainty of future publication. Trades are welcomed, and will likely be reviewed in my column in CAMBER. Trades with any and all fanzines are welcomed. Reviewers are requested to mention that copies of this issue are NOT available--I can't run any more than the necessary number of copies.

This issue is typed with my old standby, the Underwood portable, which cuts a mean stencil when I bother to clean the keys. It is cut on ABDick 11-60 stencils L-1119, mimeographed on ROYAL mimeograph paper (canary yellow) 20 lb., with TEMPO 260 and ½ ink (damn expensive stuff, too!) diluted with machine oil (much less expensive that way--- some might say it's more expansive, tho), and mailed in a whole mess of envelopes I've had left over since the SFCon, with U.S. government stamps, most likely of the 2- and 3¢ variety, guaranteed unconditionally to get the mag to you -- image of crossed fingers-- if the post office doesn't float away!

THIRD YEAR
OF
PUBLICATION

DE OD MW ICS

DE MWCS OD IRDE S

--where the editor meets himself--

There are probably a good number of readers wondering what this fanzine is, and what they did to deserve having it dropped into their mailboxes. For those, as well as for the ones who might have forgotten who Ron Ellick is (I won't go so far as to say this latter is utterly impossible), a wee smattering of history:

In September, 1953, I first published a reprint fanzine titled FANTASTIC Story Mag. This fanzine carried a motley arrangement of reprints from many fanzines of the past, and was issued, more or less, every two months, for a period of twelve months. (N. B., That's six issues, in case you were wondering.) Sometime after the fourth issue, I received a letter from Shelby Vick, a house-broken fan in Florida somewhere, who suggested that, instead of the menage of sources used each issue, I should devote each issue of FANsm to one particular fanzine. He said that, as far as he knew, this had never before been attempted in the fan field.

Thus, the sixth issue (July, 1954) carried reprints from QUANDRY, and carried Shelby Vick as Assistant Editor: It was a magnificent flop--the younger fans seemed to lap it up, and from them it got what one might call rave reviews; and the older fans, who remembered Q, called me nine kinds of idiot and blasted me right and left for doing the impossible: I had presented a very poor issue full of material from QUANDRY, greatest fanmag of the 1950-1952 period.

Well, the next issue was to be the Annish. It was to contain, as a bit of variety, NO reprinted material, but was to contain convention reports from three or four cons that were being held around that time of year. It would be unnumbered, and dated September, 1954.

To skip the details, that issue never came out. I make no excuses, for it was all my fault. However, due to these same excuses (which are not being made) there was not another issue until now. I have been hounded mercilessly by people who saw the one issue with the QUANDRY reprints and no more. My creditors beg for another issue. The old-time fans scoff, and say they're glad I quit, with my tail between my legs, so to speak.

I have, since July, 1954, attended one world convention, one regional convention, entered the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, become Official Editor of said organization, published several minor fanzines of no moment, and been co-editor with Ed Cox of the first three issues of FAFHRD. I have also sat and stared at the dummied material for this issue of MALIGNANT until I am sick of looking at it. Whether or no it comes out right, this issue must come out. And soon. Damn soon.

The title of the fanzine has been changed. It is no longer FANTASTIC Story Mag, but MALIGNANT. I am indebted to Stan Woolston for this word--and I wonder if he remembers suggesting it to me... Name of the editorial has not been changed--although it may be, later.

As for my new publishing schedule: I have not got the (ahem) "drive" necessary for bi-monthly publishing anymore. That was lost sometime in the past one and a half years. MALIGNANT will be issued as soon as I can dummy up a copy and get it published, whenever that may be. I, personally, do not expect the next issue until approximately June; you would be foolish to expect otherwise, I am sure.

As for future material, however: THAT is a different story. The next issue will most likely be lithographed (this will be for this issue ONLY) because of the advantages of that system of reproduction. Ed Cox has given me some ideas concerning a special issue devoted to fan news fanzines of the past, and I have elaborated on it somewhat. Ed will be a contributing editor in the future; and I will be an assistant editor on the staff of FAFHRD, each of us helping the other with the work and ideas.

Sources for the next issue will be FaNewsCard, STFNEWS, Fanews Magazine, FFF NEWS and FANTASY TIMES. The collating of the material alone should take two or three months, and the setting up of the dummies should take another month, at least. And, of course, some time along in there I have to go to school, and work to earn the fabulous fortune I will need to publish such a project.

The cover this issue is by DEA, and was mimeographed in color by Shelby Vick, who, you will admit, has a style all his own for color mimeography. I think that the project can really only be called a collaboration between the two of them. The cover in future issues will probably be black-and-white DEAs, stencilled by Howard Miller.

I am indebted to E. Everett Evans for his Appreciation of Le ZOMBIE. I am also indebted to Bob Tucker for taking time to suggest the most likely items for me to reprint for this issue. And, of course, to Art Widner, who sold me his near-complete file of Le ZOMBIE, which enabled me to publish this thing. I have kept my own material out of this issue as much as possible because a lot of people have objected, in the past, to my re-writing some things, and injecting comments into others. Too, I have tried to be as unesoteric as possible, as this issue is going to a lot of people who wouldn't appreciate humor left over from two years ago.

Here you have it: MALIGNANT. Let's have some letters...

N F F F T R A D E R

"Q"

Advertisements for the N3F and general fandom with a circulation of 200 and low rates. Specializes in trade-ads rather than ads of material for sale, caters to the faaaaaan, not the pro. Ray Schaffer, 4541 3rd St, NW, Canton, Ohio.

A fanzine published for several clubs, can be bought for ten cents an issue (send no more than ten cents at once) and features ads as a sideline. Gary H Labowitz, 7234 Baltimore, Kansas City 14, Missouri.

"AH, LEZ! WHERE HAST THOU GONE?"

An appreciation of Le ZOMBIE by E. Everett Evans

For many and many a year the risibilities of the old-time fans were tickled to the point of hilarity by the frequent appearance of a fanzine yclept Le ZOMBIE. It came from a wk fan who was popularly supposed to live in a Post Office Box in the city of Bloomington in the southern part of Illinois. Indeed, this writer was most surprised, the first time he journeyed to that city, to find that this fan lived in a house like common ordinary mortals.

Humor in science fiction is such a rare thing that only a few have ever been able successfully to perpetrate it. Humor in science fiction fanzines is almost as rare -- real humor, we mean. Oh, sure, there is a lot of stuff that some people find funny, but that is not so to others. Some fan humor is very, very juvenile; some depends on a single yak for effect, and some is out and out dirty and only as smut can it be termed humorous in any way.

But the real humor that is remembered; the long-range gags that can be carried on and on, issue after issue, growing more rib-cracking each time -- that is what is so rare. And good old LeZ had it in abundance.

One of the greatest characters ever invented was old Hoy Ping Pong. This clever Chinese had a pixie humor that never hurt anyone yet brought plenty of laughs to each reader. His observations on the foibles and happenings of the fan cosmos were penetrating, yet disarmingly funny. He brought attention to the pompous without deflating that pomposity abruptly and harmfully; he exposed the juvenility and assininity of some fans without making them laughing stocks of the rest. Yet the pompous grew humble and the juvenile grew mature because of those gentle jabs of fun.

It is -- sadly -- in the nature of things for certain loved objects to finally disappear from our consciousness or our lives. Sometimes we outgrow them; sometimes the originator grows away from them or loses the pleasure formerly gained in creating them; sometimes it is purely and simply the press of other things that makes these beloved things pass away.

The latter is the main reason why dear old Le ZOMBIE is not regularly published any more by its originator. He has moved on to other fields that demand his attention. Yet he continues to give us pleas-

ure from those newer activities. From the facility with a typewriter gained and sharpened by his publication of LeZ, he has gone on to write short stories and novels that delight us. So, much as we deplore the passing of LeZ, we are glad to see the emergence of a major sf novelist -- Wilson Tucker.

But we still shed tears for the old Bob Tucker, for Hoy Ping Pong, for the great Staple War, and for dear old Le ZOMBIE, the Ghoul's Gazette. Ah, memories....

--E. Everett Evans,
Christmas, 1955.

F A N Z I N E S W A N T E D

FaNewsCard #s 2,3,6,9,46,52,53,54,83,96,103,104,105,108,111,112,
118,125,143,144,147,150,156,157,159-170(inc),173,
174,176-197(inc),199 and anything further.

VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION #s 8,19-29(inc),34,36,37,38,39,48

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #s 1,2,5,18,19,28,31,32,38 and anything further.

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277 Pomona Avenue
Long Beach 3, California

mention you saw it in m a l i g n a n t

:-- Fandom's Foremost Reprint Fanzine

LE ZOMBIE

-The Ghoul's Ghazette-

Published monthly
by Bob Tucker
P. O. Box 702
Bloomington, Ill

5¢ a copy
six issues 25¢
We don't take
wooden nickels

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DEPTS OF THE INTERIOR

--which is to say: editorial and advertising gaff; you can't escape!

OUR MILESTONE DEPT: LeZ was first published in January 1939; it was circulated for a while with Jimmie Taurasi's FANTASY TIMES, as a sort of back-riding leech. Finally, with issue #10, in August of 1939, the readers of LeZ saw on the cover "LEZ GOES BIWEEKLY! BECOMES A SUBSCRIPTION MAGAZINE! PRINTS PICTURES!" The "pictures" refers to the mimeographed photo of Ed J (Ted) Carnell. Later LeZ got bigger and bigger, and finally Tuck took a poll amongst his readers to find out if any of them wanted it to change to a monthly fanzine, selling for 5¢ an issue, just like the old LeZ except bigger. 90% of the personas who returned the cards hollered YES, and that was it. The sixty-fourth issue of LeZ came out in January, 1955, and this special issue of MAL-IGNANT devoted to Tucker and his fanzine is coming out just exactly 17 years after the first, small ish.

SUMMER SOLDIERS AND SOME ARE NOT DEPT: Remarkable though it may seem, to someone who doesn't know L.A. fan history, almost all the people who were behind LeZ are now living in the Los Angeles area. Walt Leibscher, EEEvans, Mary Beth Wheeler now attend LASFS meetings from time to time, and it is through these people that I have learned a lot of what I know about Tucker. Mary Beth told me Tucker's favorite joke, Leibscher has described Tucker for hours on end and told seemingly unending vignettes about him, and Evans has told me about his relations, editorialwise, with Le ZOMBIE--and, of course, has written the article which leads off this issue. I'm sure Tuck has been grieved to lose all his friends--but somebody has to lose to let somebody else win.

FORMAT DEPT: I have tried to keep as much to the original Le ZOMBIE - like format as possible--but I don't have the proper lettering guides or talent. Fortunately, my typeface looks a lot like Tucker's -- AND, Le ZOMBIE never went in for fancy format. I hope you're all as satisfied with this reprint issue as I am--I love it.

Ron Ellick
January, 1956

COPPER TAKES A BORIDE

by Al Ashley, from LEZ #45, Jan 42

About Amyle from the town of Oleo lived Ethyl, liquid-eyed Ethyl, the Butyl school-teacher. Long Ben, lone Copper of the little village had come to call on Ethyl, and was standing beside the Xylylene preparing to sing to her accompaniment.

"Oh, we must find your Ketone," announced Ethyl, striking first one note and then another.

"Acetone!" Ben suddenly cried, and soon broke into the strains of Carbide with Me.

Just then a bell somewhere in the house set up a terrible clamor.

"It Sulfone," announced Ethyl, jumping up to answer it. Presently she returned to his side. "There's trouble up at the bank, Long Ben, and they want you!" she Cyanide.

Long Ben grumbled as he reached for his cap. These interruptions made him Furyl. "Another Nitride for me!" he muttered darkly.

As she stood on the steps and watched her stalwart Copper hurry towards town, Ethyl pressed her hand to her breast and felt her heart Palminate with emotion.

Meanwhile, entering the bank, Long Ben turned on the lights to Aluminate a scene of -- MURDER! The banker lay sprawled on the Lino-leave, his Silicane still clutched in his fingers. Signs of struggle everywhere.

Ben contemplated his problem. Absently he bent over and scratched a match for his ciggie on the Oxide soles of the dead man's shoes. It couldn't be Silicide. Signs of struggle were all too obvious. Had the banker caught some robber in an attempt to Steel Ammonia from the safe?

Suddenly, Benzene a bright object Glycerine the corner of the room. Avidly he pounced upon it. It was a Rubidium stickpin and Ben's eyes shone with a gleam of recognition. Closing the door, he headed for the nearby highway to the iniquitous dive operated by an ex-Germanium officer, Mercaptan (the stinker) Hafnium.

Flinging the door wide agape, Ben stood; DeLameter in hand, facing the man he sought. "I want you, Hafnium," he cried, "for the murder of the banker!"

The Mercaptain's face assumed a Germanium hue. "You can't Antimonate me, you corroded Copper!" he shouted in craven fashion.

"When you Arsine leaving the place of the crime there is little to say," proclaimed Long Ben.

"Halide, I haven't been near the bank!" snarled the cornered man.

2

"Stannous still!" Ben cried, as the other reached for his gun.

Then Ben's own gun was flaming! Piperling the murderer with Lead. As the culprit slumped to the floor, Ben murmured, "It Phosphate--"

Half the town of Oleo had gathered outside the door and windows, watching the drama. Among them was the Mayor. Unable to resist the opportunity to Aurate, he proceeded to laud Ben, their Borite Copper.

"When men like Ben Phosphorus, who can stand against us?" he cired. He turned to the hero. "Urate a Metal," he proclaimed in a Brassy voice.

"Iodine my duty as I saw it," Ben answered modestly, "But I must leave now as Iodate with Ethyl."

As Long Ben appraoched the home of the Butyl school-teacher, she ran from the house and threw herself into his strong arms.

"Iodide if anything had happened to you," she sobbed in relief.

"Amide have got hurt," Ben admitted, "But Hydride into greater danger than that for you. Ethyl, my own, will you be my Boride?"

Ethylene closer to Ben and whispered, "Alum you!"

"Osmate tomorrow," pleaded Ben. Ethyle agreed.

"Fine!" Long Ben cried. "We'll go to Egypt for our honeymoon. I've always longed to see the Pyridines!"

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE DEPT: "We're not going to give you that old guff about this being 'your magazine'. It isn't. You pay only about one-quarter of the cost of producing it. Therefore we are apt to make it pretty much to suit us." - the eds, NOVA #3. Their name is Frank.

PONG, HE SAY: "As a whole, fandom a round success."

DEMOCRACY AT WORK DEPT: One day in Battle Creek, King Al Ashley arrived home lugging a bundle of brand new Astoundings and Famous Fantastic Mysteries, more than a dozen of them, that he purchased wholesale from the city's magazine dealer. By such mass buying power he saves three cents or more on the copy, which is, just as he pointed out many times, but one of the many savings a Slan Center co-operative would enjoy. King Al opened the bundle and distributed the magazines to individual Slan Shackers...at cover price.

A WORD OF REASSURANCE TO NEW READERS DEPT: You have in your hands (or you might be holding it with your feet) 'The Ghoul's Ghazette', the country's only freebooting fanmag. LeZ dedicates itself to ribbing the pants --- pardon, we mean trousers -- off this thing called fandom and people's toes sometimes get stepped on. Tuck yours in your pockets.

Lez-ettes

Chapter 1:
Microscope
Chapter 2:
Microcosm
Chapter 3:
There's Yngvi!

Chapter 1:
Amoeba
Chapter 2:
No fission
Chapter 3:
Grue-some

Chapter 1:
Proton
Chapter 2:
Cyclotron
Chapter 3:
Wheeeeee!

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT

an editorial taken from the Fifth Anniversary issue of Le Zombie, January, 1944 (#56), in which Bob Tucker states his views on the "outlawing" of fandom in Ziff-Davis magazines and the personality and antics of Claude Degler (Don Rogers).

We assume that you have read the Palmer letter in the fan newspapers, or otherwise know of the decision Ziff-Davis has made to eliminate all future support to fandom.

Personally, with the exception of experiencing regret for the loss of originals to finance future conventions, we don't give a damn. Long ago we ceased to hold any interest in the contents of both magazines, fact, fiction and letter section. Of course, this isn't true of all of fandom. Many fans still read the magazines. This is strictly personal opinion, this editorial.

We believe the only real loss to fandom from this action will be the loss of those originals. Many fans tell us the letter section in Planet is twice the fun of Amazing and Fantastic combined. Publicity in Planet and Startling still covers all of fandom. So, then, excepting those originals, where is there any crying loss? We believe Palmer wields a club that doesn't actually exist. It's but an imaginary club with little or no power to bring anyone into line.

We believe, as do others, that Palmer did not "outlaw" fandom because of the "Nazi-like" activities of Don Rogers. In our opinion, the decision to crack down on fandom was made some time ago because of the adverse publicity Amazing and Fantastic have been receiving in the fan press. Every fan who has said these magazines ~~stink~~, in print, is responsible for the decision. Every review that rated the two magazines lower than a snake's belt buckle was responsible. Rogers was merely an excuse. That is our opinion.

If what we believe is true, our advice is to continue as in the past. Those who read and write to Amazing, keep on reading and writing to it. Your letters probably won't be printed but you'll show the responsible parties that you are a better sport than they are. Those who think the publications stink, and the stories worthless, should do as they have been doing; state their opinions in print. The Bill of Rights is still in existence.

We want to see an editor who is able to pick out fans from non-fans among the letters in his morning mail; well-known names excepted, of course. Especially an editor who apparently does not read his opposition publications. This ought to be fun.

A much more real problem in fandom is this Don Rogers.

Assuming that you have read all about him and his doings in both his own, and other publications, you know almost as much about him as we do. Almost. We have a good deal of information that isn't printable as yet, because we have no paper proof to back up the information. If we could print it, a good many of you would be shocked---actually.

Whatever stance Rogers' Cosmic Circle may have had of succeeding is now lost, lost because of his own rabble-rousing tactics. In that one way, at least, fandom displays a shade more intelligence than the so-called outside world. "Out there," rabble-rousers often succeed. In fandom they are met and defeated, or absorbed, or ignored. We see no reason why this one will not.

Impartial study of the Cosmic Circle's program will show that it had both good and bad points; points that an older hand at the game would have been able to smooth out before release. Points that would (and did!) have caused nothing but friction from the moment they appeared. Points such as flooding big-time slick mags with science-fiction propaganda. We wonder if Rogers has any idea where such propaganda, if sent to a slick mag, would wind up? Rogers sliced off his own nose when he concocted one of the implications in the program: the top and allegedly dictatorial fans were on the way out--he and the younger bunch intended to take care of the drum-beating henceforth. One--just one--of those wise dictatorial birds, sympathetic to his cause, could have saved him the troubles now besetting his path.

But his rabble-rousing lost the show. His propaganda sheets are brimming with war and rumors of wars, in fandom. He is too easily influenced by the newspapers and current events and makes the unfortunate mistake of translating these current events into fan channels. A very small majority of fandom (if any) want any kind of a war in fandom. The tactics and words of Rogers serve only to alienate him and his Circle the more. As each step of alienation becomes apparent, he becomes more brazen and more vicious in his attacks, and in turn, the alienation assumes more speed. It is a vicious circle, and Rogers has to give first. He started it, he'll have to stop it. Fandom can out-ride and out-live him.

An example of both alienation and rabble-rousing is before us and you. Rogers appeared at the Ashley home in Battle Creek about noon, October 30th. He was not denied admittance--he did enter, but was almost immediately asked to leave. After unsuccessfully trying to borrow money, he did leave. Ashley made it very plain to him that he was not wanted--he had not been invited there by him, and a man's home was still his castle--so scat.

We believe Ashley acted the way he did because Rogers was obnoxious to him, that he disapproved of him, his actions, and his Circle. There is many a fan existing who wouldn't, for love or money, now admit Rogers to his home.

At this writing, December 10th, Rogers' propaganda has it that a terrible and heinous crime against himself and all fandom has thus been committed. He complains that he was turned out into the cold bitter Battle Creek night to walk the streets, sleepless and near-starving. He complains that this treatment brought him down sick, that Ashley is a dictator of a revived "National Fantasy Fascist Federation," and out to rule fandom. He labels the scat order the "Ashley Atrocity."

Which, I am sure, further endears him to us all. For he tells us once again that all fandom is about to be plunged into war. And the attacks will continue; so will further alienation. Vicious circle.

See what we mean, Claude?

--Bob Tucker.

"At Bay with the Ages"

by A. S. Quirrel

Time: Sunday evening, one week after the Fourth Michicon.

Place: Slanshack living room.

Characters: Bob Tucker, Paul Spencer, Walt Liebscher, Ed Counts, E.E. Evans and Al Ashley.

-curtain rises in protest-

(Tucker is perched in all his skeletal gauntness upon the piano bench, Walt and Spence occupy easy chairs. EEE squats on a stool, having tied his legs about it in a square knot to avoid falling off. Al hogs the davenport, and Ed is stuck with the floor. # Tucker, Spence, EEE, Walt and Ed have just finished picking several big flaws from a "time story" proposed by Al. Al casts about for some way to change the subject slightly.)

Al: (pretends seriousness) So far we've had time as a straight line, then time as a plane with its alternate futures. But just what would time in three dimensions be?

Walt: (assumes "out of this world" expression) It'd be solid, keed, solid!

Tucker: (puffs meditatively on pipe for a moment, then suddenly discovers he left pipe in the other room) Mmmm-mmm. Yeah, that's it, Slobways in Time!

Walt: (wavers in and out of falsetto in amazement) Slo^b ways!!!

Tucker: Sure. Now, look, we've got three dimensional time. (gestures with hands) Now it'd be easy to travel ahead, or to one side or the other, or even up and down. But suppose you wanted to go all 3 directions at once? Naturally, you'd go slobways. (nods head vigorously in admiration for his own pelloid logic)

Spence: (looks slightly dazed) Ughh-h-gggggg!

Al: (decides another change of subject is overdue) I wonder if time could have a satellite?

Tucker: Now there's an idea!

Spence: (voice comes from out of the fog that has formed around him) Time and tide, time and tide; that's why time goes slower.

EEE: Yeah. The drag of the satellite forms tides in time which cause time to go slow or fast.

Ed: (hopefully) We're on fast time here. (others make a great to-do of ignoring him)

EEE: Suppose you made a time bomb---then what?

Spence: Blow you into the middle of next week!

Al: I suppose if time had a rupture, you'd take a stitch in time? (chorus of agonized groans)

Tucker: (makes several mystic passes in the air, and brings himself out of a private trance) Just think, if there were some Time-Dwellers they'd say: "Earth after tomorrow I'll be seeing you."

Walt: (yields to his pet mania) If they got constipated, would that be time-binding? (resounding chorus of ooooohhh's and aaaaaahh's)

Al: (refuses to be outdone) If you were delousing a lousy time, would you say that time was flit-ting?
(Spence and EEE audibly gasp for breath. Ed produces jackknife and commences to cut way out of room)

Tucker: (assumes confidentially serious tone) Now look, gang, we could figure out a swell story idea on these time-dwellers.

Ed: You mean beings that exist only in time?

Tucker: That's it. Isn't it a beautiful idea/ (beams with pride)

Al: (shakes head sorrowfully) You could never work such beings in- to a story.

Tucker: (blinks rapidly and appears downcast) Why not?

Al: (triumphantly) 'Cause there'd be no space for them!
(after a few minutes the all-clear sounds, and Al emerges from behind the davenport, a smirk growing on his face)

Tucker: (clings like all billy-hell to his idea) Now first of all what would these time-dwellers look like?

EEE: They'd have hour-glass figures.

Ed: If they were twins, they'd be two-timers.

Spence: And they'd use a hot time to cook on.

Walt: And they'd make their bread out of meal-time.

Tucker: Sure, and get their milk from yearlings.

Al: I suppose they'd use spring, summer, winter and fall for their seasonings;

Tucker: Yeah. They might dehydrate the seasons and sprinkle them on.

EEE: Of course they would pack them during canning time.

Spence: But if a can spoiled, that'd be a rotten time.

Ed: (glances at Walt and finds him oblivious to everything; to his surroundings, but wearing an ecstatic expression) Hey, Walt-- what's the matter?

Walt: Uh? Eh? Oh...I was dreaming about enjoying a lovely time.
((cries of amusement, horror and despair echo around the room))

Ed: (causes the timely orgy to be resumed) What if you got caught taking time?

Spence: You'd end up serving time, and who wants to be a waiter?

Tucker: How about killing time?

Walt: That could only end in swing time.

EEE: If they had a flat tire, they would whip out their spare time.

Ed: Inflation there would certainly produce a high time, eh?

Tucker: (grabs Ed by the nose) Blow hard!

Al: I imagine living on borrowed time would be running hockshops.

EEE: When sick, doctors would administer them time-capsules.

Ed: Minute size, no doubt.

Al: Oh, there'd be hour-size economy packages.

Walt: When sunburned, use minute-rub.

Spence: What if a guy wanted out of this place? (showing signs of)

Tucker: That would be quitting time.

EEE: What made time stand still?

Al: Somebody manufactured a stop-watch.

Ed: Well, that just about winds it up.

Walt: Foo yes, let's all go and wash off the time on our hands.

-curtain mercifully falls-

((Note: incredible as it may seem, this account actually happened in substantially the same manner as herein set forth.))

from lez 54 Sept 1943

SCIENCE FICTION HEROES

by Ray Karden

((Mr. Karden has also written "Let Darkness Fall," an expose of the candle industry, and "But Without Corns," a rural fantasy.))

* * *

There are science fiction heroes and science fiction heroes. To start off on the right foot, we will term them all science fiction heroes and let it go at that. Science fiction heroes are the main characters in science fiction stories. It is reported to me that they are usually male. They can do one of several things, or if it is a particularly puissant science fiction hero, all of them at once.

They can either (1) go to a strange planet, and rescue the girl; (2) go into the fourth dimension and rescue the girl; (3) get reduced awful small and rescue the girl; (4) grow awful big and rescue the girl. Ray Cummings has made his heroes do all of them, but not all at once. He doesn't seem to wish to strain the credulity of the reader too much. Sometimes the heroes even save the Universe; but they always do this after rescuing the girl.

Undoubtedly the most widely known science fiction hero today is Superman. ((ouch!)) (It's a bird! It's a plane! It's SUPERMAN!) He can swim the mightiest oceans in a matter of minutes; he can lift the mightiest of mountains in the strength of one muscled arm; he can even beat Japs. That is because he wasn't born on this planet. He was sent here in a spaceship when his own planet had a nova. This is frequently verious. Superman is always rescuing Lois Lane and doesn't tell her he is Clark Kent, the meek little newspaperman, for some reason or other. This is rather silly. Lois seems a very pretty bright girl ((?)) and he could have her easy enough ((!)) Stupid.

Then there is Kimball Kinnisson, Second Stage Grey Lensman. ((We are glad Doc Smith isn't a subscriber! --bt)) He is Perfect. For him this seems to be an extremely likeable arrangement. He cannot get killed, practically. Maybe he will die someday tho. His I.Q. is 925. He has been taught the art of reading minds by the Arisians. The Arisians are funny creatures. They are not heroes even tho they are millions of years old. They have an idea of a Cosmic All that is completely wrong every time Kimball discovers something different. He also has a sense of perception. This comes in useful sometimes. He can do anything, also. This is not news. Parsecs are nothing to him. There are Bergenholm drives that drive him thru space.

I cannot think of any other heroes besides those except Tarzan. He lives in the jungle. Sometimes he goes to the center of the earth. He is really a lord but likes it in the jungle better. ((?)) Nuts.

I almost forgot about Adam Link. He was a robot and his stories stink. The last one I read he was about to kill himself. I hope so.

That is about all. You might be interested in the fact that I am not a science fiction hero. I am glad. If you are a science fiction hero, please write me.

The Great Fan had signified his intention of attending the Banquet!

This electrifying news darted about the convention hall like wild fire. Speculation ran rife and petty politics instantaneously sprang into being, every attendee desiring the spectacular honor of being seated next to the Great Fan. The newer and younger fans harbored no hope of winning such seats, possessing neither sufficient prestige nor money to favorably influence the convention host. Instead, they swarmed about one or another of their favorite big fans, building up his visible following and eagerly chipping into the hat to help buy him a choice position.

Few there were present who had ever seen the Great Fan; he seldom attended fan affairs. Groups of admirers quickly formed about those old timers who remembered him and had associated with him in the old days. Everyone knew of the Great Fan of course! Why, he held gratis lifetime subscriptions to every fanzine published, little tokens of respect tendered him by reverent editors. No one ever dreamed of usurping his position as the Number One Fan of All Time.

So great was his popularity, so immense was his prestige that poll takers never so much as asked voters to name a fan for first choice. The Great Fan's honored name was automatically printed in the top position on the ballot, while voters simply filled in their selections for the number two fan, and on down.

The convention host proudly exhibited the somewhat soiled postal card on which the startling news had arrived. Fabulous sums were offered for its possession. Young fans timidly pressed forward to touch their fingers lightly to the communication. Visibly, their chests expanded in self-pride.

The Great Fan never wrote letters, never entered into correspondence with anyone. As a matter of courtesy and respect to his unquestioned position he was always tendered invitations to every fan affair. He usually ignored the invitation, thus simply letting it be known he would not be in attendance. When, upon rare occasions, such as this, he did accept, he merely sent a blank postcard in silent reply.

The host knew the Great Fan condescended to attend the Banquet, but not the convention proper, because the Great Fan had caused to be deposited on the back of the card a single, dried gravy spot.

As is usual and expected, the convention ran late. Thus it was that the auction was still in progress when the Great Fan arrived. Everything stopped like magic. Everyone stared covertly at him.

The Great Fan paused in the doorway, contemplating the assemblage, selecting a seat. The convention host stood still and quiet, knowing better than to offer him a chair on the platform--one didn't so openly use the Personage as a vehicle for building self-prestige. And then the die was cast, everyone saw him make up his mind.

The Great Fan sauntered slowly to an empty chair beside an outer-circle fan editor from New Jersey and sat down. The other-circle fan glowed with unconcealed pride; and altho he didn't then realize it, he had instantly been admitted to inner-circle membership. Before he departed for home the next day he would receive from thirty to forty cash subscriptions to his little fanzine. Big shots would ask that he write them.

The auction continued for nearly another hour. Once an electrifying thing happened. A ravishing Finlay cover original came up for sale. Bidding was spirited for it was an unusual work of cover art. Suddenly the Great Fan leaned forward! A dead silence fell. The auctioneer froze to attention, holding the original forward for the Great Fan to inspect. He was definitely interested.

The Great Fan stood up and adjusted his glasses. Out of sheer respect the fan editor from New Jersey beside him stood up also. Breathing ceased. The Great Fan peered at the painting. The auctioneer's arms cramped but he didn't dare move. The Great Fan jangled some change in his pocket, idly. Then he gave his glasses a desultory push and sat down, folding his arms. The fan editor from New Jersey sat down also.

The tense silence was shattered. Bidding for the painting became frenzied. Fantastic offers were made and topped. It was finally sold to a wealthy fan from Florida for one hundred and forty-two dollars and sixteen cents. The Florida fan whispered instructions to the auctioneer to deliver the original, anonymously, to the Great Fan's room after the festivities were completed for the evening.

The convention adjourned to the dining room for the gala Banquet. Everyone waited for the Great Fan to enter first. He walked directly to the head of the huge table and sat down. The host then placed a distinguished British fan at his right and a monied California fan at his left. He himself took the opposing seat at the foot of the great table. The remaining conventioners scrambled for positions. Waiters were instructed to serve the Great Fan first.

He never spoke a word during the meal, sitting in his place in solitary splendor, preferring now and then to give his attention to the small conversations of this or that group. Plainly he was weighing and judging their various subjects and words. Across-the-table oratory sparkled. Someone was discussing the merits of the Tennessee fanzine, Scienti-Fan Fables, when suddenly the Great Fan drew out his handkerchief to blow his nose. The following week Scienti-Fan Fables would sink from sight and discontinue publication.

The bountiful meal came to a close. A hushed expectancy settled slowly over the diners. An Astounding author was slated as speaker of the evening, but everyone including the author realized that the first move or the first word was in the lap of the Great Fan, if he so chose.

The Great Fan put down his napkin and pushed back his chair a few inches. Two hundred pairs of eyes turned and fastened on his face, irresistably drawn by the magnetic power stamped there. The host surreptitiously made a little negative motion to the Astounding author. Everyone held their breath and waited in ecstatic suspense.

Then the Great Fan arose. He placed one hand on the table and the other in his coat pocket, unconsciously creating a pose that would be copied and recopied for years to come in the illustrated fanzines. The Great Fan looked down the length of the long table and allowed his gaze to fall upon the host. That man's throat tightened. This was it!

The Great Fan arose, as we have said, belched lustily, and sat.

Pandemonium reigned. Wave after wave of pealing applause swept the room like thunder. Cheers and shrill whistles from the younger element punctured the din. Awed waiters whispered to one another that it was the most deafening, enthusiastic ovation they had witnessed in their long careers. The window draperies vibrated to the rolling sound waves. The thoughtful management hurriedly threw open the windows to prevent their shattering. Elsewhere in the building, hotel guests paused to listen and wonder.

The host had fainted. But in that split instant between pronouncement and loss of consciousness, he realized that the Great Fan had chosen him to be the Number Two Fan of the world!

thus ends a sordid tale
as all tales must
with a belch

INFATUATED WITH THE SOUNDS OF ONE'S OWN FANZINE DEPT: ". . .the sixth is the best yet." "The greatest assemblage of talent ever gathered on one page." "Contents are the best yet." "Supply will probably be greater than the demand. . ." -from an ad for Canadian Fandom in the Fifth Annish of LeZ. Submitted by Mr. Karden, peerless critic.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN TARZAN DEPT: "When you see me again, remember, I'm now 210 pounds of G.I. muscle, no longer the puny 180 pounder who entered the services a year ago. And I pack a nasty left hook."-Sam Moskowitz in Fantasy Fiction Field #167. The sounds of his muscles twitching.

LETTER TO LEZ DEPT: {{Contributed by Ellik, found in LeZ #45. It is a postcard from Art Widner to Bob Tucker, dated 2-12-42, unfinished and unmailed.}} Dear Bob: I am eating chop suey, reading LeZ & writing this at the same time. Main reason is that I would like you to announce FANFARE will be sent to any guy in the Allied Service who wants it. I intended to announce it in LAST MINUTE but forgot, so you beat me to it. This includes the latest issue. #Ashley piece lousy. {{This refers to DOPPER TAKES A BORIDE, reprinted in this issue of MALIGNANT.}} #Acky okay. #Moffatt I like. That guy's going to be a 1st-class fan in spite of everything. I'm afraid he'll get into FANFARE thru sheer persistence. {{Len Moffatt is being sent a copy of this issue. Comment by him in the letter column next time.}}

FROM LEZ 19, DEC 16, 1939

POOR PONG'S ALMANAC

YE SULTRY MONTHE OF JULY, 2039

1	S	Oh, goody! Pong's here again!
2	S	Fantasy News celebrates its hundredth anniversary by dropping price to 2¢ and announcing daily publication. Anniversary issue carries story of latest Martian scandal. 2038.
3	M	Dale Hart puts fire cracker under P.T. Wilkinson. Blows him to the Moon. PTW claims Moon for the Texas Science Fiction League.
4	T	Fifth World Science Fiction Convention opens in Moscow. Don Wollheim welcomes fans from all over the world except New York City (parts of it) and New Jersey. 1944.
5	W	New York City (parts of it) fans and New Jersey ditto hold rump Convention in Finland just outside Soviet border.
6	T	Wollheim announces that Bloomington, Ill. gets next year's convention because Bloomington delegate contributed most money to the (censored) cause.
7	F	Rump Convention decides to hold their next convention in Normal, Bloomington suburb. Rivalry expected.
8	S	Moscow Convention closes. Wollheim and Soviet govt. bid visitors goodbye. Stage huge army demonstration in Red Square. American fans stand in Royal Box and see army pass in review.
9	S	American fans homeward bound after impressive demonstration. Now convinced that U.S. needs stronger tennis teams.
10	M	Michel turned back at border. Passport discovered forged.
11	T	Author Bradbury still turning out a book length novel a week for Hornig's <u>Science Fiction</u> . 1953.
12	W	Bradbury uses "Martians invade Earth -- stop them!" plot for the 78th time. Ugly word "hack" arises. 1954.
13	T	PTW commutes home from Moon after planting TSFL flag thereon.
14	F	New s-f mag hits stands: <u>Terrible Tales</u> . Edited by fan Robert Madle of Philadelphia. First ish contains review of <u>Fantascience Digest</u> , claiming it to be leading fan mag. 1947.
15	S	<u>Terrible Tales</u> folds.
16	S	All bad fans go to Sunday School. The good ones know better.
17	M	Speer sworn in as President, Wilson as Vice President of U.S. after raging election (see last issue of D'J). Speer promptly announces he is a Technocrat and country goes Technocrazy. 1960.
18	T	Technocrat Bruce Yerke comes into glory. Appointed Secretary of Everything. Speer builds villa on Isle of Hipa Hula and secretly retires to life of luxury and ease.

19	W	Los Angeles League announces campaign to make American "Science Fiction Conscious." Immediate program calls for science fiction propaganda to be insidiously inserted in all Hollywood films.
20	T	Morojo inserts science fiction into her scenarios. Ackerman does same into current picture he is directing.
21	F	Scenarios rejected. Ackerman picture dismal flop. Producer Ben P. Smudgepot says public wants "human interest."
22	S	Ackerman advises Smudgepot and public to read <u>Marvel</u> .
23	S	That was a bum joke last Sunday. Will not repeat it.
24	M	Amazing Stories circulation jumps another one of those well-known "five thousand copies." Pong sets out to discover why.
25	T	Pong discovers Chicago dumping millions of magazines into old World Fair lagoon to fill it up. But searches further.
26	W	Pong finds circulation actually jumps three hundred every time RAP uses phrase "great stories" on cover.
27	T	Yesterday's notation contains a dirty crack at RAP and his methods, if you get it, folks.
28	F	First space ship trials held. Cracked inventor (as usual, we might add) decides to name it "The Feather Stone." 1982.
29	S	Payday. Those working form a line at the right.
30	S	First Annual Science Fiction Picnic held in Grant Park, Chicago. Fans numbering upwards of 200 attended. 1943.
31	M	Ants, birds and bees declare picnic a success!

YE AUGUST MONTHE OF A U G U S T

1	T	Federals and 'revenooers' raid still in West Virginia hills. Ray Pauley claims innocence. Contends that he was <u>not</u> brewing anything -- that the machine the Feds found was an interspacial atomic descrambler, designed to receive messages from Mars. 1940.
2	W	Ray Pauley hauled up before the judge to explain his 'machine.'
3	T	Pauley convinces judge. Judge takes day off to visit Pauley's machine. Snooping revenooers fired.
4	F	Pauley and Judge receive first message from Mars! World agog!
5	S	Pauley back in jail. Message read: "Dear Paul, send more bug juice at once! By the arms of Geezil, that's powerful fire-water you Earthlings make! Your Martian pal, B. Zul Bumb."
6	S	Peace on earth, good will to fans. (joke - ha! ha!)
7	M	Earth colonizes Moon. Harry Warner made Governor of Little New York, light side. Harry promptly passes law banishing all fan mags from light side except Spaceways. 1986.

- 8 T Bootleg fan mags printed on dark side and smuggled over border.
- 9 W Warner hires Sherlock Holmes Pong to ferret out bootleggers.
- 10 T For more news of bootlegging activities see August 15th.
- 11 F Pong seriously thinking of putting out this Almanac in its complete form (entire twelve months) as soon as 12 months are covered. Should make a nice 18 or 20 page booklet. 1939.
- 12 S China invades Japan. Japan angry, claims it isn't cricket. 2014.
- 13 S Science Fiction Authors Assn. protests to League of Nations. Claims the whole invasion wasn't cricket. If anybody is going to do any invading, it's gotta be Martians or Mercurians!
- 14 M China politely invites the S-F Authors Assn to go to ##%@!!
- 15 T Harry Warner getting worried because Pong hasn't reported back since the 9th. Organizes Expedition to make dark side trip.
- 16 W Expedition lands safely on dark side after small trouble at border Customs House. Spaceways not permitted on dark side.
- 17 T Warner's faith in human nature broken; finds trusted assistant Pong busy turning out bootleg mags, and perfecting underground railway to transport same to light side.
- 18 F Warner orders underground railway blown up and ties confiscated for Royal furnace. Rails sold to nearby junk dealer.
- 19 S Pong makes getaway down underground tunnel.
- 20 S Expedition spends Sunday on dark side with dusky hours.
- 21 M Is the Expedition mad! Upon taking their hours back to light side, they find they spent Sunday with so many columns of smoke!
- 22 T Rumors report Pong at Moon's core checking up on reports that vampires make their home there.
- 23 W Pong emerges on surface, declares rumors untrue. Claims core absolutely untenanted by anything.
- 24 T Pong caught vampiring pretty moon-maiden.
- 25 F Fantasy News announces daily circulation has reached million!
- 26 S Dick Wilson announces new news/sheet "Fantasy Views." Declares: "If there are a million suckers, I might as well have half!"
- 27 S Depression hits mag industry. 19 s-f mags go under.
- 28 M Fans whoop for joy. Pray fervently for remaining 36 to fall!
- 29 T Remaining 36 pro mags go under in stock market crash!
- 30 W For the first time since 1925, not a single professional science fiction magazine remains in the country! Fans strangely quiet.
- 31 T Fans across the length and breadth of the nation wail to the skies. Decry the total absence of pro mags. Bewail loudly for "the good old days" when they had 55 monthly and weekly mags.

Help Wanted: At once, several thousand clean cut energetic young chaps ready to die for their country if necessary. Have reliable reports that Mercurians are planning invasion. Will come to Earth through atomic machine in my laboratory. Apply at once! Dr. Binder. 266.

OLIVER KING SMITH Co.

HOME STUDY BY MAIL

"We talked with the Holy Klono" (yes, we did, Actually and Literally!) And as a result of that little talk a great power came into our life. It can come into yours thru our help! After 39 years of horrible failure we learned at home how to become a fifty dollar per week rocket Technician! Don't let John Jones get that brass-polisher's job ahead of you! A few months from now the admiral will be beaming with approval at your excellent work. (We taught him, too.) Get that desired promotion to assistant tube-cleaner today! Find out how we train you at home for enormous pay in rocketry.

Lend us 15 minutes a day and we'll make a new fan of you! We trade in old slans for new. Just a few weeks ago we were a 367 pound weakling. Look at us now! Gamble a stamp and get our free booklet on how to become a healthy animal for 15 minutes per day!

What are the weird mysteries of Mu, Atlantis and Missouri? Are there secret powers in you? Do you hold the key to success but can't locate the key ring? Birds have wings. You too can soar after reading our new sealed book, "How to Be Happy with Dandruff."

Learn the fascinating, profitable hobby of taxidermy at home! Learn to mount goons. Preserve the heads of fellow fans in your study! We can teach you how in two easy lessons. No chance of losing your own head!

Tag along with secret service operator 28½ as he trails the Boskonian spies! See him capture the lovely female zwilniks armed with only a DeLameter and 125,000 words! You too can capture a zwilnik after you've completed our easy course of 101 new words. Make extra money and amaze your creditors by growing giant zwilniks in your cellar!

False teeth as low as \$116.75 -- thirty days free trial -- chomp on our china clippers for 30 days. Return them if not satisfied and we will send another set just returned from our last satisfied customer. (We also specialize in headstones, as low as \$9.98, FOB. Send your hat size.)

We offer innumerable courses in home training. The world is your oyster, you have but to pry it open. Let us furnish the ice pick. Check below the free booklets you wish sent to your door. Only \$1.98 plus a few cents postage is all you pay -- now. Or send cash with order and we will throw in a new book, "Female Beauty of the Moon Art Museum!" Act now!

- () okay, send me the booklets
- () spare me the agony
- () I'm indifferent
- () send them to my grandmother
- () your subscription has expired

ONE LAST, HURRIED WORD FROM ELLIK

This is the last issue of FANTASTIC Story Mag, a fanzine I published for six bimonthly issues in late 1953, early 1954. After the sixth issue, the name was to be changed to MALIGNANT, the policy was to be changed by suggestion of assistant editor Shelby Vick, and an anniversary was scheduled for the post-SFCon months.

The anniversary never got off the ground. Shelby dropped out of fandom with no more warning than fans usually give with the advent of gafia, and I lost all interest in publishing a reprintzine, in favor of FAFHRD, which Ed Cox and I published for around a year from 1955-6.

In late 1957, Terry Carr was visiting me in Long Beach over a school vacation. He found these stencils for MALIGNANT and some run-off pages in my garage. It was his idea that I unearth this material, finish it off on the electric AB Dick I use up here, and circulate the finished product through FAPA and a small list of friends for the value of the reprinted material.

So here is MALIGNANT, "Fandom's Leading Reprintzine." It's a ghost from my just-entered-fandom days, but it remains a leader in the field by virtue of lack of imitators. No one has brought out a regular reprintzine since those days when I still read every sfmag on the market and wrote letters to half of them every issue. Is lack of imitation the sincerest form of null-flattery?

Seeing this long-promised fanzine should have some effect on Tucker, for I believe it was the summer of 1954 when I first wrote him for a list of what he thought was worthwhile to reprint from LE ZOMBIE. It was over a year later when I asked E E Evans to write an introduction for me. And all that time I touted the "upcoming" issue to Raeburn and Lyons.

So I'm ignoring the editorial contents of this issue, although I could replace them by less dated and more coherent mouthings at this date, and I'm giving you the all-Lez issue of MALIGNANT as it should have been in January, 1955.

—21st March, 1958.

from
Ron Ellik, room 104
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Berkeley 4, California

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