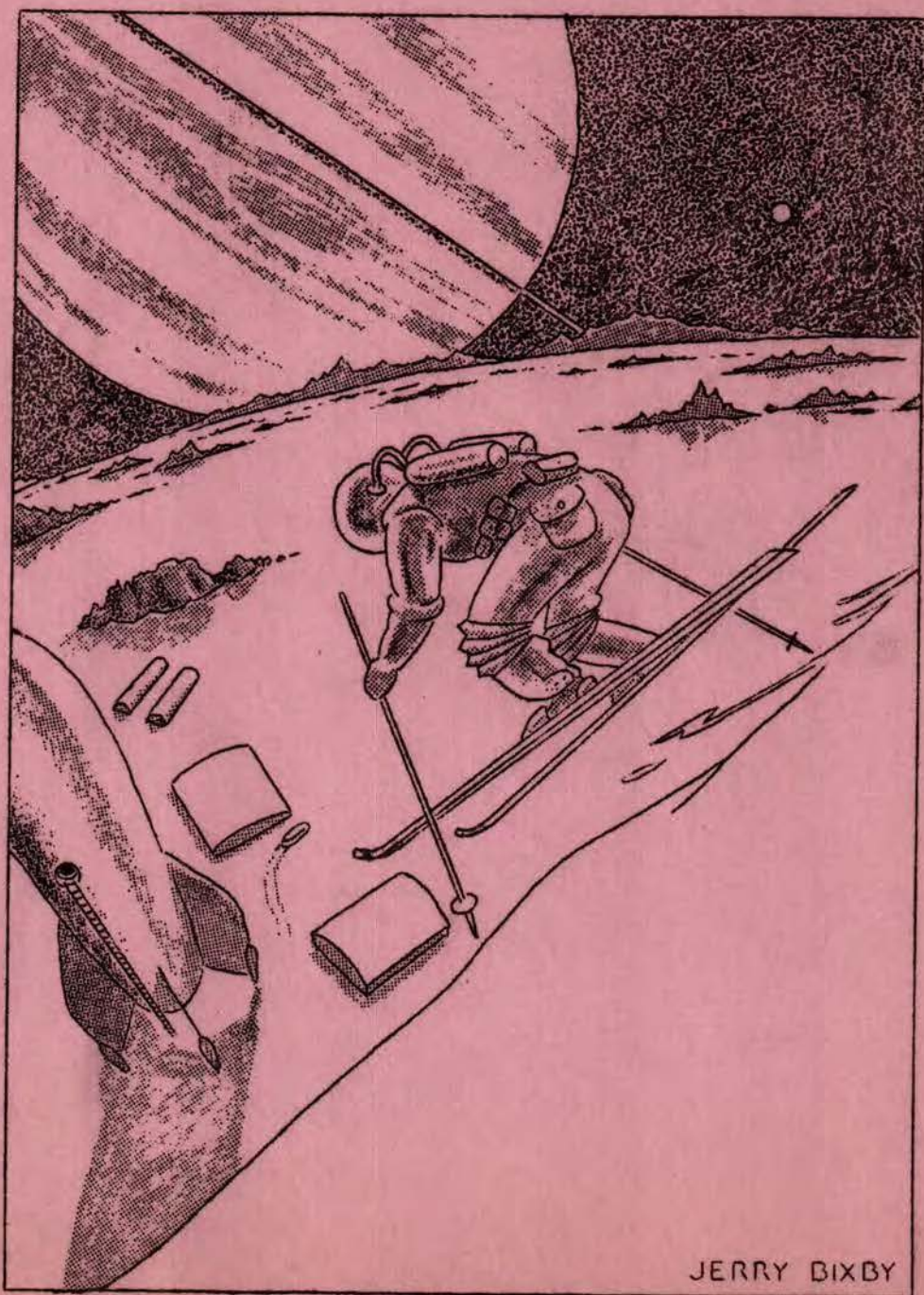


PEON

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1954



PEON NO THIRTY TWO

August-September 1954

VOL. SIX NO. THREE

Assistant Editor:

DAVID C. NORMAN

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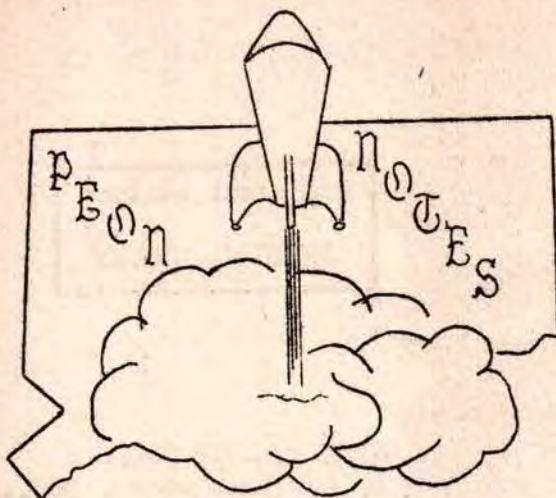
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Cover by Jerry Bixby

PEON is edited and published on an irregular schedule,
with at least four issues per year by:

Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut

Exchanges with other
fanzines solicited and
gladly arranged



I know I've been late with PEON at times before, but never this late. As you all probably know by now, the March issue was the last one issued this year and from what I've been hearing, many of you thought that it was the last one period. However, let me assure you all that PEON will continue to reach you, although I can readily see that a bi-monthly schedule would be impossible at the present time---so from now on, PEON is back on its previous irregular schedule with at least four issues per year. I do plan to have another issue of PEON mailed out to you in about 45

days, and hope to have at least two more issues (including the next one) this year, provided I have enough time to work on them.

That is the main reason for the so long of a delay this time. For some reason, official duties have kept me too busy during the days, and the work around the house that was very necessary made it practically impossible for me to devote any spare time to PEON. I have barely managed to keep up with the correspondence I have, and believe you me, I am very happy to be doing this last part of this present issue of PEON.

Some of you may know that the Riddle family is expecting a fourth child any day now. In fact, before this part of PEON is completed, I probably will be able to give you the glad tidings of a new son or daughter. This impending birth made it necessary for us to build a new bedroom in the attic of our house here in Norwich, so we could use the older boys' room for a nursery. Since the price quoted to us by the local carpenters was way beyond our financial means, the job fell to me to do. The only experience I ever had in the way of construction was the 12x12 room I had previously built up in the attic for my den. To complicate matters, a new stairway had to be built, and for the last month and a half, I've been working until midnight up there trying to get the room done before the baby arrives. Well, to make a long story short, the room is now completed, the nursery has been painted, and all we have to do now is just wait for the hurried trip to the hospital.

So, apologies to all for the delay in getting this issue of PEON out to you, but I am sure you all will understand the conditions that we have been under for the past four or five months. I'm very glad that so many of you took the trouble of writing to find out what had happened to PEON---it makes us feel good

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SUBSCRIPTIONS TO PEON::

10¢ per single issue,
or 12 issues for \$1.00.
Outside of the dollar
area, 7/- for 12 issues
to the appropriate rep-
resentative listed below:

EUROPE: Fred Robinson,
63, Newborough Avenue,
Llanishen, Cardiff, Glam.
So. Wales, Great Britain

AUSTRALIA: John Gregor,
Newhaven Street, Everton
Pk., Brisbane, Queensland

I REMEMBER PEON

JIM HARMON

Some six years ago, I was in the flush of neophanism, wide-eyed and swell headed, entering my second year in Fandom. At this stage of the game, in them olden days of the late forties, you got deluged with sample fanzines, literally three or four a day. This was sort of tapering off, though, and I was beginning to worry that maybe I would have to pay out money to get fanzines--a fear that through stringent cheapskatism has been largely unrealized. Therefore, I was particularly glad to get rather a good little fanzine gratis one morning. It said on the front of it: PEON, NUMBER ONE, JULY '48.

The cover was of yellow paper with a fine John Grossman drawing of Buck Rogers -- I'm not trying to be cute; it was Buck Rogers, consciously or unconsciously on John's part.

There was a contents page behind the cover (lacking the editor's address or even his name) which did list the contents.

There were two short stories of excellent professional quality by E.E. Evans and Gerry de la Ree, and two articles, reached-for fillers. But a line out of the one by Sam A. Peeples is interesting: "Astounding Science Fiction--it's the best of the lot for originality, tightness of plot, literary quality. But how far can the current trend towards unification go? Must every damned writer in the book write like every other damned writer? Seems so. Endlessly, tiresomely so."

Few fans, indeed, saw that trend in 1948, a trend that is so realized today that it is unrealistic to try to sell a Galaxy-aimed story to Astounding or vice versa. If the lesser circulating magazines adopt a similar attitude, it will make it hard on the poor writers. A story rejected from one magazine will be completely dead, with no hope of sale. Peeples spotted this trend years ago. It's not surprising that shortly after he became a successful novelist--but of historical romance, not of science--fiction, that is.

There were also a few poems in that first PEON along with some letters Forry Ackerman had forwarded when his famed letterzine VOM went the way

of many good things. They were by such people as Art (then "x-t") Rapp, Rick Sncary, and Edwin Sigler, the notorious racial bigot. If you are wondering whatever happened to Sigler, he is now spreading his poison and hate through the letter columns of western magazines, attempting--without success, I might add--to soil the dignity and honor of the American Indian. But back then in PEON, he was concerned with such things as atomic flashlights.

This represented the state of PEON at the time. Riddle (his name was somewhere in the magazine) and Company were just amusing themselves with small talk.

At the time, I really did think this was quite a good fanzine--not, that I don't still think so. One thing that particularly appealed to me was the dollar prize for the best letter published in "Meeting of the Minds". I was only thirteen at the time, largely bedfast with rheumatic fever, and dollar represented quite a tidy sum to me then (and it still does!)

Shortly afterwards, Lee Riddle received a handwritten letter from me. He says it was fifteen pages long. I doubt that. I believe it was sixteen pages.

Tempest fugits, even for bedfast thirteen year olds, and at length, I received PEON No. Two. There was a slight drop in the quality of the material used. My letter was printed. Part of it went like this:

"I'm Sam Gouch. I'm a private-eye. I'm tough. This caper began when this beautiful blonde floated into my office. I took a flying leap over my desk (where I'd been guzzling gin) and grabbed her. She let go of her helium bag and twisted her body along mine. I passionately bit off her left ear. Just then, a slug ripped thru my head. I felt a draft and turned. I spit out her ear, when I saw this big fat slob with a smoking gat in his grimy paw. I suspected foul play. I whipped out my gat and blasted. This fat guy caught two slugs in his guts. He screamed like a hop-head in hell, and fell. Laying there, he reminded me of a garbage scow in the East River. I turned upon the beautiful woman in disgust. Who wants a woman with one ear?"

Riddle tells me that I predicted Mickey Spillane with this in 1948. I had intended it as a satire of Dashiell Hammett, but if it does reflect Spillane, it is a good argument for those who claim he has the mentality of a thirteen year old. I was a precocious little monster.

However, that one paragraph out of a fairly sane and even half-way literate letter started me out on the road without turning. Fans picked that one passage to label me a humorist and kept asking me to do some more for PEON and their fanzines. The next effort appeared as about half a letter in the seventh PEON. I can't repeat all of it because the Post

Office has cracked down, but this should pass and give you some idea of what I thought was humor:

"This one is called 'Sturdy Yankee Timber and Beautiful Women's Limbs' by Ben Bender. For the sake of the plot, we find that the author had to take a few liberties with history so we see that our hero has deserted Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders during the Revolutionary War to go west by wagon train for the gold rush. It seems that he had raped Betsy Ross and left behind his wife. On the trip, he meets a beautiful cowgirl and they spend the rest of the time in bed together. Our hero notes strange hostility on the part of her husband.... "

Meanwhile in the third and fourth PEON (it was monthly back then), Claude Plum had begun his series of articles synopsising the Frankenstein movies. His memory was either photographic or he had the actual films in his collection. H. H. Ramsay was also contributing "Fantasy On Record"--a good musical notebook, but with only a tenuous connection with Fantasy.

Articles and stories were beginning to improve after the second issue slump. Bob Ottum continued with a very convincing fable "Treasure Island Fantasy" in the fourth issue. While I couldn't fully enjoy it since I was not a Navy man, I recognized it as an outstanding piece of esoteric humor.

The fifth issue was the smallest PEON ever published--an eight page Christmas issue, yet notable for David H. Keller's fine weirdie, "Granny's Last Meal."

February 1949 saw PEON No. 7 and with it, the first of a series of covers by Jack Waida. These were of professional caliber, but for a comic book. They were quite a change from the excellent Grossman covers. Yes, there was that Harmon letter, too.

No. 8 was the First Anniversary Issue. Lee hadn't managed to keep up his monthly schedule, so had realistically switched to bi-monthly publication. This issue was really outstanding, containing material by Anthony Boucher, Bloch, Keller, Ed Ludwig, and others. I remember this issue because it mentioned homosexuals and what they were. The whole concept was completely new to me. I was fourteen, and naive.

In the next issue, E. E. Evans contributed another fine short story, one that was recently reprinted in Vortex, the professional magazine. There was also a whole section of letters devoted to smashing Vaughn Greene for pretended fascistic leanings. It was one of the few hoaxes PEON has ever pulled.

Riddle was entering his Alameda (California) days along about here. Jerri Bullock was doing the covers and quite well. He was getting material by Keller and E. Hoffman Price. Roy Tackett's well done "Circular File" sprang up as a column. And Riddle asked me to do a column. He

said it was one way to keep getting the magazine free. After almost a dozen issues, I still hadn't paid him anything. But I think he did it to save money. In the "Meeting of the Minds" contest, I had won two one-dollar prizes and a four-way tie on another dollar. When Riddle failed to send me the quarter I had duly won, I realized he was getting hard up.

In No. 12, is what I believe to be my first edition of "Harmony". I seem to be missing No. 10, and there was some question as to whether Lee received the previous column I had done. In any case, after the opening note of the aforementioned confusion, I played with the idea of what things would be like when everybody read stf. Like this:

"You wander into one of the book stores, and pick up a 1947 Astounding. You ask the price, only to hear, 'That's \$10.50 in cash.'

"'But,' you say, 'This used to be no more than 50¢.'

"'You nuts or something, Pal?' the clerk asks kindly. 'Everybody reads stf now. The prices are way up. Anyway, he indicates a sign, 'These prices are approved by Jasper T Honeyfinger.'

"'Who's he?'

"'Why, the number one Fan, of course.'

"'What happened to Ackerman?'

"'Who's he?'

You can judge for yourself how near this state of affairs has come.

In this same 12th issue, Riddle experimented with hectographed or dittoed covers -- one of his rare departures from the sub-standard size pages and neat mimeographing. The odd size paper resulted from his obtaining a stack of surplus paper when he first started PEON, and having regular size cut down thereafter.

The Second Anniversary Issue featured a reprint of the first Grossman cover, and such stand-bys inside as Bloch, de la Ree, Keller, and Boucher. A. Aaron Aardvark III was doing an interesting column. Harmon and "Harmony" were missing. I was destined to be missing from several coming issues. This was a time of sickness for me. Nothing was going right for me. I had started a little fanzine of my own, ASTEROID X, and it had been a terrible flop. My typewriter had even broken, so I couldn't even send my pro-aimed stories out. Although Bob Farnham did type a few up for me, nothing came of them. I was about 16.

Charles Lee Riddle was now in Honolulu, but the contacts he had made in California were still kept. The next few issues were dominated by

Boucher, Roy Cummings (with "Menehune Mutterings"), and Aardvark. Dougherty was doing the dapable covers.

In the 16th issue of PEON, T. E. Watkins switched his excellent column "Kan Kan Kabitzer" over from SPACEWARP. Aardvark disappeared after last being seen reading Dianetics. A suitable tombstone to that effect was published. And Harmony came back with a statement of policy, proving that you can't keep a good fan down, or maybe that you can't teach an old dog new tricks:

"Fandom means a lot of different things to a lot of different people. It's a way of life, a hobby, a state of mind, people, fan magazines, pro magazines, Forrest J. Ackerman, a club, a hope, a dream, semantics, homosexuality, the NFFF, and Roscoe... It's a driving force in life like food and sex and something that can't be denied, and it's a silly part of you that isn't you any more... It's a million things, and it's one. It's fandom -- a filthy, twisted-- beautiful, logical, insane -- thing. And it's YOU!"

I was very busy in the seventeenth issue. I not only libeled Galaxy and H. L. Gold by accusing them of plagiarism (this was to lead to a dispute with Mr. Gold and with Mr. Walt Willis and Lee Hoffman--which was settled on considerably more friendly terms than most fan feuds), but I had ~~reached~~ the height of my sexy satires. I had been spurred on, so to speak, and in this edition I came pretty close to poronography. I'm afraid that I can't quote any of this. But there was a really funny piece by Erik Holmes called "Two Lost Worlds" and Joe Kennedy analyzed science fiction magazine covers in a reprint from Redd Bogg's CHRONOSCOPE.

No. 18 was a rather thin issue. Gene Hunter was now Assistant Editor, and contributing some outstanding short stories. He is a rising professional today.

The next few issues featured the regulars I have mentioned, but lacked my services. I had at last gotten a new typewriter and was trying to turn professional.

No. 20 was notable for Lee Hoffman's cover which symbolized PEON the best of anything else I can think of. It showed a wide-eyed Mexican boy (obviously a peon) staring at a rocketship jetting across the sky.

Riddle was rounding out 1951 now. The tone of the magazine had changed somewhat. Writers no longer were just making small talk. They had something to say now. Big names like Anthony Boucher were contributing regularly and T. E. Watkins represented the best Fandom could offer. The fiction content was consistently good -- of near or equal to professional quality every issue, something few, if any, other fanzines could say.

In the 21st PEON, I commented:

"I fear that I am fast becoming one of those lost legions of fandom--the eager young fan who decides to put all of his energies into writing professionally, and who, of course, is never heard from again...."

At this time, Lee Riddle was in Oklahoma for a brief stay. A. Nebi was continuing his fanzine reviews and Gene Hunter still was going with "Fan Tomes." Cover by Carver.

Suddenly the Fourth Anniversary Issue was on hand with Amagile's cartoon of a sailor toting a stack of books, heavy yellow paper cover and the first of PEON's characteristic cloth-tape backstrips. This issue was one of the best ever produced with Larry Saunder's excellent short, "Field Day", two inside glimpses by Jerry Bixby and James Blish, Ed Wood on Fanzines (tooth and nail), and the first installment of Terry Carr's "Fantastuff". Riddle was now in New London, Connecticut, and the magazine was irregular (but at least four numbers a year).

No. 23 was an unlucky number for me. Reading this column over in it, it was rather amusing to see how stupid I could be. I had taken a letter of H. L. Gold's and edited it to make it sound like a paranoid threat against me for criticizing Galaxy. What I have never been able to convince anybody of is that I had intended this as a capitulation. I was attempting to show only what I could do if the argument went on. But even to me, reading it over now, it seems to be a vicious attack. It was, however, a case of my incapacibilities as a writer, not malicious intent. My apologies to Mr. Gold once more.

With the 24th PEON, Lee Riddle was at his present address, being assisted by John Ring. P. H. Economou's "We Are Fished For" was an interesting and amusing addition to the Charles Fort school. I had something else to say about Galaxy, remarking on the excellence of its serials, "Time Quarry" and "The Demolished Man", the good quality of "Puppet Masters" and "Tryann", but adding that "Mars Child" and "Gravy Planet" stank. I stated this before reading all of "Gravy Planet" and since, have done a complete about-face on it, but the aroma of "Mars Child" lingers on -- a futurized soap opera. But subsequent Galaxy serials have been very good.

Along about this time, PEON was sliding back towards small talk, with such amusing, but irrelevant, items as Ken Slater's "Stop This Punishing Business."

In the 24th issue, Ed Wood replied to H. L. Gold's article in No. 23, defending Fandom from the accusation that magazines who followed its advice were forced to suspend.

With the No. 25 PEON, Lee rounded out 1952. It contained the column--Lee says--that is one of the best I ever wrote. It goes, in part:

"...I ran into Jerry Bixby.

"Well, well, you're the guy who liked one of my stories," said I.

"In a weak moment."

"You know, you look human. From the only picture I saw of you, I figured you for a BEM."

"Other Worlds? Yeh, I had a moustache then."

"And a horrible leer."

"There was a blonde across the room."

"...I finally met Rog Phillips, a man I'd long wanted to meet.

"Harmon, huh? You're the man who's responsible for the trend in modern music, aren't you? Harmony?"

"Lee Hoffman was there, and I remarked humorously that she could be vicious in her writing.

"Yeh," said Rob, "she's vicious. She vicious to be number one fan."

"...After Willis had shown himself well in the debate, I was with him, Lee, Max Kosler, and a few others at a little restaurant having 70 Feet of Happiness. We were talking about poor spellers.

"Max said, 'You should see some of Willy Ley's manuscripts. Mistakes and misspelled words all over.'"

"Well," I said, "he has a good excuse."

"He writes English with a German accent," said Walt.

"Pass me the bread, Jim," said Max, "I can't quite touch it."

"Poor Max," said Lee. "He has an impediment in his reach..."

This was all at the convention in Chicago, in case you wonder where I met all these delightful people.

In this same issue, Hal Shapiro started his column "Figios" and John Lodyard was doing the fanzine reviews.

The 26th PEON was notable for Jim Haden's "The Definition of Science

Fiction". It seemed to be a rebuttal against "Jim Harmon's remarks on the question of maturity." It was a highly literate discussion which far surpassed my talents in the field of literary criticism. It was a helpful, analytical piece which offered as a rule for the definition the one arrived at by the Baltimore Science Fiction Forum: "Science Fiction deals with the science and its impact on man during time -- past, present, and future -- in a fictitious way."

I could offer a definition of my own here, and I believe I will. This may not hold universally true -- in every instance through time and space, but in a practical sense -- if I were editing a science fiction magazine, I'd set up my requirements as: "Fictional stories dealing with the problems of people arising out of the realization of the extrapolations of a currently accepted scientific fact."

Also in this issue was "The Howell Magazines" by John Marin, which bibliographed three magazines: Musketeer, Silver Masque, and Golden Book Magazine (circa 1890-1930). The first two had 224 pages, pulp size, for 5¢ each, and the latter had 476 color-illustrated large-size pages for a dime. They contained stories such as "Planet of Zombies" by R. D. X. Yarbrough in six parts, Dec. 3, 1919, to Jan. 2, 1920, about invading plant like leeches who attach themselves to human beings and take control of their bodies. Other stories were "The Metal Monsters of the Martian Meteor", "The Devouring Diamonds of Doom", "The City That Went Bang", by such authors as Dwight Snirkinski, Fritz Minos, X. R. Valdez, and J. Risley Roberts. They predicted television, the atomic bomb, the jet plane, electronic microscopes, the planet Pluto, and artificial satellites in the early 1920's.

After this article appeared, Lee Riddle attempted to borrow the author's copies, several fans offered to buy them, a well-known professional editor complimented Marin on his fine job of research, and a number of ads listing the three magazines as wants appeared in Other Worlds and various fanzines. And no one questioned the article's accuracy.

This was another of the rare hoaxes PEON has pulled -- this time unaware. But "John Marin" is an anagram of Jim Harmon. All the magazines, stories, and authors are completely fictitious. However, I flinched at Riddle's "Is that all?" attitude when I let him in on the plot.

This article required considerable research into the formats, contents, and policies of the old general adventure pulps as well as a lot of effort in inventing a dozen story plots, and two dozen titles and authors. But then, Watson never did appreciate Holmes after he explained all his deductions.

PEON was now in 1953. No 27 featured another fine short by Joe L. Hensley called "The Unwary Allies." Ian Macaulay discussed "Our Increasing World" -- the new science fiction magazines.

I was back to sexy satires by request. Sometime before "Little Blue

Riding Hood" appeared, I wrote:

"It was Sunday, April 16, 1963. Four O'clock in the afternoon. I knew that for sure. I didn't have a watch, but I could tell time by the stars. It was an ordinary day, but something seemed wrong. My pardner's Sergeant Shapiro, the boss is Captain Riddle. My name's Harmon. We went to N3F Headquarters to report. The ten story building wasn't there...

"Five O'clock. We placed a P.E.E.P. on the B.A.B.E. who wrote the article that said the N3F building type of architecture was disappearing. We spelled so she wouldn't catch on to what we were doing. It was a hot day.

"Five thirty. Hal and I watched her window from the alley. She stripped down to her bra and pants. It was getting hotter. The pants were thick and fast.

"'Jim, I've got to do it.'

"'Do what, Hal?'

"Set fire to that building and make it hotter for her... I have to!'

"'You'll never do it. You can't do it.'

"'You understand. I've got to do it. You won't stop me.'

"'You'll never get away with it, you know.'

"'Why can't I burn the building? Why?'

"'Brick building. Figure it out for yourself.'

With the 28th issue, Lee switched to regular letter-size tinted paper, but carried on as usual, otherwise.

Then stark tragedy struck with the 29th issue. Lee Riddle's briefcase was stolen from his car with the secret plans for the Navy's dread secret weapon--PEON. At this time, the nation's security forces have traced the thief to the staff of a rival fanzine and just are waiting to spring the trap. But back then, things looked black for Riddle. If it had not been for the encouragement of his wife, Rosella, the immortal PEON might have folded. But clean living won out against the forces of crime and PEON prospered with a cover by Emsh and a reprint of Erik Fennel's superb poltergeist tour de force, "The Eviction of Polt", from an earlier issue.

My column had been one of the contributions that had been lost. In it I had eagerly given some news to the waiting world, but it had to wait for

the 30th issue in which I modestly proclaimed: "I am now a professional science fiction writer."

This was an overzealous claim, but at least, I am becoming one. I have a lot of people to thank for this. David H. Keller and Ray Bradbury, who gave me encouragement way back when, Richard S. Shaver and Jerry Sheldon, who gave me some professional hints, Sam Mines and Jerry Bixby, who rejected my stuff with helpful notes when everybody else used printed rejection slips, Bob Farnham who helped with my spelling and typing and gave moral support, countless writers and fans who have given me inspiration with their works, my mother and my family, of course, and perhaps, most of all, Forrest J. Ackerman, Mr. Science Fiction.

Recently, when my health had a recession, Forry telegraphed me a 30 or 40 word message. Part of it said: "Science Fiction needs you..." This may be overly generous now, but I intend to do as much as I can to make it as true as possible to justify the faith of a man whom I sincerely and without bromides consider to be a great man.

I hope you will excuse me for turning this into what one fan has called, "The Ackerman Appreciation Dept.", but that's the way I feel.

Besides my world shaking news, this issue also featured Vernon McCain and his fine analysis of the science fiction field, "Dear John W. Campbell"---all in all, perhaps the finest article PEON has ever published. Required reading for all eager young professionals, I say, speaking from experience.

PEON No. 31 rolled around with Riddle recovered from the robbery and going strong with some of the best material he has ever had.

Dick Clarkson was on hand with his usual fine "Kumquat" and Macauley was handling the fanzine reviews. R. L. Peters contributed a good short, "Silence Before Dawn" and Bob Tucker recommended de Camp's "Science Fiction Handbook." Tucker's word added to de Camp's own and such other fine writers as Asimov and Heinlein make this a must for every active fan and writer.

In Harmony, I commented:

"All of these many post-war high-priced selections were limited editions, published by specialist, trade, hobby, and even amateur publishers, and they were all bought by the same two or three thousand avid enthusiasts, often eagerly purchased by competitors with an inbreeding approaching incest. It was left to the inexpensive reprint editions of some of these books to reach the uninitiated public and to bring that public for more of the imagination, escape, and speculation that the modern reader can only find in science fiction..."

All of this brings us to the Sixth Anniversary Issue and this review of PEON through the years. I hope you will have bared with my account. It was highly personalized and dealt to a great extent with my own contributions to PEON. Naturally, to me, these are the most important things in PEON, and I hope you can stand my human frailty. This has also been an attempt to evaluate "Harmony" and to bring back some of the things several people said they liked.

There is one other thing I must add before I close. There is one contribution that has appeared in every issue of PEON that I haven't mentioned--"Peon Notes" by the editor himself.

Leo constantly says he isn't a writer and never will be. Yet, many are the writers who envy his warm, natural, intimate style that never gets sloppily sentimental. But, we all know the Riddle children after all these issues, all these years. We know Rosella and the Navy. We know the man who has never gotten mad at anyone or anything in all the history of PEON except a satire of the Bible in a rival fanzine--a satire that even atheists recognized as being vulgar and cheap.

Leo says he will continue to publish PEON until his sons are old enough to take over. If any other fan said that, the half-concealed smiles would smother him, but somehow we don't doubt Lee Riddle. We know that he will be there when he says he will be there with what he says he will be. He is as immortal as the Rockies and as regular and generous as Santa Claus, comparatively speaking, of course (the light from his halo was blinding me.)

It is rather odd that all of this has gone largely unnoticed in Fandom. Fandoms rise and fall but Riddle and PEON go on forever, never faltering in their excellent presentations. I think this was best summed up in a letter from Walt Willis that appeared in Marie-Louise and Nancy Share's HODGE PODGE. Since much of this review has dealt with "Harmony", I'm including Walt's comments on it, too. He says:

"...All Jim Harmon has to do is write a little more to become one of the three or four best writers in Fandom. It's not so much that he's improved, because his column in PEON is usually excellent. But for some strange reason, one seems to take PEON and everything in it for granted. There it is, appearing regularly, always neat, attractive and interesting. When you come to think of it, it is in many ways the best fanzine of them all. The trouble is one doesn't come to think of it often. Ghod knows why this is. Maybe Riddle's unassuming personality. But, I've been wondering for years, how much longer Riddle will stand being taken for granted..."

The answer to that may be that there is a supreme kind of compliment in being taken for granted--like electricity.

I just hope we never have to do without PEON to make us appreciate its editor. I hope for an orderly transition of authority to Ira, Robert, and David. Since Lee has a headstart on me, "Harmony" may not be taken over by Jim Harmon, Jr., for quite a while. I just hope the young Riddle boys will put up with me until then, because PEON without "Harmony" would be like orange juice without seeds.

PARADISE FOUND

The planet spins lazily
In space,
A green, virgin world,
Untouched.

Rivers flow to the ocean;
Beautiful harbors lie in wait,
Unknown,
Unused.

Fertile soil, untilled,
Soaks up soft, cool rain.
Forests of emerald
Ripple in the breeze,
Empty of life.

A dull roaring drifts down
From above;
It becomes louder,
louder.

A silver ship falls,
Starlight glinting from its sides.
It lands:

two-legged creatures step out.
Over the horizon
A young sun peeps;
The rocketship gleams.

It is dawn on a new world.

---TERRY CARR

STAY AT HOME SOLDIER

LAWRENCE STARK, 3RD

The captain left the Cybernetics Control rest-area and walked down the corridor to take over the night's raid. His uniform was clean, light, and comfortable, despite the braid and the brass. The captain seemed involved in some thinking, and didn't notice that, as he passed the Ordnance And Maintenance rest-area he became a topic of conversation for two sergeants lounging in the doorway.

"There he goes, of to bomb the Ruskies again. Damn stay-at-home-soldier!" The young man spat. The older of the two was more reserved.

"Ah, they have their own problems."

"Who--officers? Yer crazy. We're the one with problems. Think you'd catch a guy like that on Surface Duty? Hah! Shavetail, maybe, but never a captain."

"Boy, but you've got a high opinion of the worth of your services."

"You bet I have! We're the only guys doing the work or taking the chances. We were just up there servicing and arming those attack-ships above--with the dust and the gorms as thick as pea-soup--and where was your stay-at-home-soldier then? Right here. Snug and safe half a mile below the battle, while we worked our asses off for him."

The captain might have been a musician, were there no war. He sat at a large console with a keyboard, hands poised, as though he were preparing to play an organ solo.

But this was no organ. Instead of a music-rack, a dozen or so radar-dial faces were set up before him. Instead of creating music, the keys beneath his hands controlled the movements and actions of three airplanes; they--the planes, this console, and he--were members of a combat team capable of destroying an entire city with one pooling minor chord.

The ships were already off and on their way, flying high in the incredibly thin atmosphere where their atomic powerplants blended in fiery force with the cosmic rays of space itself.

The fighter escort flew below and ahead of the two bombers, prepared to intercept and destroy rockets from the ground. "Flack" or "ack-ack" or "Archy" were the names given to it in other wars, but now it was called G2A--Ground to Air rockets.

It was a good flight. No G2A beeped in on any radar-screen yet. The earphones clamped on the captain's head gave a cacaphony of sound-signals which played like a serene melody of peace and safety through his head. Strange there was no G2A so deep into enemy territory. Perhaps they were not yet spotted on the screens of enemy obs---

An alien sound cheeped into his consciousness. His eyes flicked over the radar dials. There! Bomber Baker under attack! A spread of A2A's!! There's an interceptor in the area. Have to use the self-protecting rockets to....

Too late! A scream of death plunked dully in his earphones and a string of radar-scopes went blank. ("Thank God! Thank God it's gone, it'll never reach the target.") The other was safe, not close enough to be detonated by the blast.

Climb, quickly! There's a killer in the area... close. Must find it before the whole flight is destroyed. Over to the right; must be. The A2A's appeared on the right-hand screens. They could be on spiral courses but....

No. There it was. Right on the screens, almost point blank range! (Good Lord, why don't they fire? Found 'em so quick I'm a sitting-duck!! Why don't they FIRE??) A double spread fore and aft, quickly, before they can recover. (Why don't the Ruskies use remotes too? Why must they send their interceptors into the air full of human beings? Why So Many Human Beings??) A hit! There they go, a hit!

The captain maneuvered his fighter down and under the one remaining bomber to parrey a flock of G2A's boiling up through the atmosphere now that the enemy was no longer endangered. It wasn't likely, then, that there'd be two interceptors in the area.

A second flight of G2A's speckled on the screens, but the captain paid little or no attention. The objective had been reached. His fingers flicked expertly over the keyboard, setting the trajectory, pointing the flying bomb into almost a vertical dive. No intercepting rockets could harm it once the death descent had begun. (What kind of a city is it? Atoms? Industrial? A jet-field? What kind of People am I killing??)

A second section of the board blanked out, and the mission was over. It was as simple as that. The captain flipped the fighter over into a trajectory dive, watched the faithful dial reports as it screamed to destruction. The regular pulsations in his ears spanged briefly into silence and on the board the white blip-lines of the radar-dial faces suddenly spatter like quicksilver and were dark. The last ship had died---plunged into the boiling saucer of melted glass that had been a city. The attack force was gone.

The captain secured the console, shut off the power, and left the room. He was met at the door by a colonel who pumped his hand and

congratulated him warmly. Successful missions and combat kills were rare. The captain mumbled thanks and excused himself as quickly as protocol would allow. As he walked down the corridor, noticing the fatigue in his shoulders, he was unaware of gain becoming the topic of a standard conversation.

"Well! Here comes the stay-at-home-soldier again! Darned officer! A half hour in there and he gets the colonel's glad-hand. We spent five days getting those ships into condition and arming their atomic heads and filling them with a thousand rounds of rocket-protection. All he did was play with those electric toys for half an hour."

"Sure, but I still think he's got more worries than you think."

"Like what, for instance? Disease germs? Atomic dust? Hydrogen rockets? Or maybe he spends eight hours a day checking electrical circuits? Or breaking his back hauling rockets? Hah! All he does is stick down here while we take the risks and do the work."

"Sure, we take the risks and do the work. But when we're through, and the jobs are over, we don't have to live with ourselves, knowing that we're murderers a million times over."

"Ah! What makes you think that that damn stay-at-home-soldier has enough sense to feel that way?"

"Watch what he does when he's through with a mission---what every one of them does when he's finished. And then, you try to tell me what you do is tougher."

The captain turned into the door of the base chapel -- to pray, and ask forgiveness of a God he couldn't be sure even existed any longer.

- o -

50¢

CASH

Yes, I will pay 50¢ each for any or all of the following magazines in good to excellent condition:

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1934 - Jan, Nov, Dec.

1935 - Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, May, Jun, Jul, Aug, Sep, Oct, Nov, Dec.

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1937 - Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, May, Jun, Jul, Aug, Sep, Oct, Nov, Dec.

1940 - Feb, May.

1941 - Jul, Sep.

1943 - Jan, Mar, Apr, May, Jun, Jul, Oct, Nov, Dec.

1944 - Jul, Sep, Nov, Dec.

1947 - Nov, Dec.

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE-108 DUNHAM ST.-NORWICH, CONN.

PEON NOTES
(continued)

to know that PEON would be missed, should we ever give up publishing it. However, as Terry Carr said in a recent article appearing in another fanzine, I plan to publish PEON at least until the 100th issue and that will probably be for quite a number of years yet.

-oOo-

I probably should apologize also for the appearance of this issue. I do not usually get an issue of PEON out in the short time that this one took, and therefore have more time to include artwork, and take greater pains with the mimeographing. This issue shows the hurried work done on it, and I promise to do better with the next issue and future ones after that. So, if you are not satisfied with the appearance of PEON this time, just realize that I'm not, either.

-oOo-

SOCIAL NOTES::: PEON, in the past six months, has been fortunate to have visitors from out of town. Maurice Lubin, Worcester, Mass., spent a very enjoyable weekend with us (supposedly to help work on PEON, but nothing was ready at that time) and we had a grand time talking over fan affairs with him. He is publishing a local fanzine up there in Worcester, trying to organize Massachusetts fans into a state-wide organization....Two more out of towners visiting Norwich recently were David C. Norman and Bob Hazard of East Greenwich, R. I. Dave and Bob are the editors of a school-circulated magazine, and have managed to devote quite a bit of the space in the magazine to science fiction and fan-type material. I was so impressed by their work that I managed to get Dave to be the assistant editor of PEON starting with the next issue, to help type up the stencils, etc. He'll probably be represented also with a few articles and columns from now on. They came over one Sunday afternoon while I was working on the new room and got impressed into service with a hammer and saw. Wonderful workers, these fans....While on a trip down south last month I was able to stop over in Baltimore for a morning's visit with Raleigh Multog and John Hitchcock of STAR ROCKETS fame. Two very nice guys--quite different from the impression you gather from their writings. Also had the opportunity to stop over in New Jersey to see Jerry Hopkins and Gerry de la Ree. Jerry has done a wonderful cover for the next issue of PEON and if present plans work out, you'll see it in two or three colors. And if you want some wonderful bargains in magazines and books, contact Gerry, whose address you'll find elsewhere in this issue of PEON. I was very fortunate in that I was able to fill out quite a bit of my collection when I stopped by his house for a visit.

-oOo-

If you have been contacted by Harry Harrison to do a fan column for SFA
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)

RAN

RAN

RABITZER

--T. E. WATKINS

The other night I dreamed I was on an airliner with George Jessel as the pilot. The flight was very, very important, but I couldn't recall after waking just what was so danged important about it. We got over Kansas City and George turned to us passengers and said that we were going down for a look. Now a peculiar thing happened. I seemed to be both in the plane and on the ground. That part of me that was in the plane was very much afraid that we would crash into the trees that the part of me on the ground saw waving around. I got into such a state of anxiety that I woke up. I'd like to have Joseph come out of Egypt and interpret that one for me.

Ever since Joseph interpreted the Pharoah's 7-cow dream in the Bible, man has been trying to make something out of these night adventures. And, almost everyone who could read and write had something to say about dreams in the past 2000 years. I have here a book, "The World of Dreams" by Ralph L. Woods (Random House, 1947) that is "an anthology of the literature of dreams from the pharaohs to Freud." Such men as Thomas Paine, John Wesley, Daniel Defoe, Descartes, Cicero, Voltaire, Emerson, Haggard, and Mark Twain--to name only a few--have essays on the nature of dreams in this book.

Mark Twain was a firm believer that something inside him went out and had the dream experiences. He called this "the dream self" and he believed that it survived death.

H. Rider Haggard had dreams which came to him between sleeping and waking. He once saw himself in a violent episode in Egypt that seemed entirely real and not dream-like at all. At another time he saw himself as an Eskimo and could even describe what he had to eat and it proved to be logical Eskimo diet. Haggard discussed his dreams with the scientists of the day and believed that they were either racial memories or visions of past incarnations or just uninhibited imagination. (Sir Oliver Lodge, to whom Haggard related some of his odd dreams, thought they were the results

of Haggard's highly polished imagination. What a grouch!)

Almost everyone will agree that dreams are filled with symbols. To understand what the dream is about, one has to interpret these symbols. Joseph did right well with the pharaoh's dream stating that seven lean cows eating seven fat cows meant that there would be seven years of plenty followed by seven years of famine. This proved to be correct and Joseph got himself appointed prime minister. Since Joseph no one has quite solved the combination.

Did you ever see "dream books" for sale on magazine stands, price 15¢, which will tell your fortune by interpreting the symbols in dreams? This book is probably based on a very ancient scientific study of dream symbols by a Roman of the second century by the name of Artemidorus whose "Oneirocritics" was considered the standard work on dreams until Dr. Freud decided that if there were any symbols in dreams they were sex symbols. He believed that all circular objects and containers were symbols of female organs and oblong objects, male organs.

But are dreams real? Do you go out of your body and have experiences like Mark Twain believed? Or are they subjective hallucinations like Freud believed? There is a lot of evidence on both sides. Charles W. Leadbeater, a famous occultist of the early part of this century insisted that dreams were often objective real experiences on the astral plane. One writer, identity unknown, wrote a piece in the "Occult Review" of April, 1920, under the pseudonym of "Oliver Fox" in which he insisted that he could control his dreams. He could go out of his body through the Pineal gland (in the head), walk down the street, and even spy on you if he took the notion. Mary Arnold-Forster, wife of an Englishman who was a well-known politician at the turn of the century, wrote a book on controlling dreams. She did it by "presleep suggestion." She liked happy flying dreams; got so expert that she spent the whole night flying all over the place. You can just bet your socks that I tried it.

I thought about airplanes all day and went to sleep thinking about flying. And I dreamed about crawling through several dirty rooms in an old building with a friend of mine. We got to a dirty window and looked out at sidewalk level and I was very happy thinking, "This is it--this is the life!" (You see, I could see up the girls' dresses and any clean cut American boy can have a dream like that without any pre-dream control at all.)

Did you ever read H. P. Lovecraft's "Beyond the Wall of Sleep"? Lovecraft took the objective dream theory one step beyond the astral body-theory. His story intimated that the dream life was the real life and the everyday world was the hallucination. And Lovecraft was quite aware of Freud's "puerile symbolism" because he dismisses it at the start of the story with a single sentence. Did Lovecraft believe such a theory or was he just writing a good story? You see, Lovecraft was a scholar and was probably familiar with the Buddhist religion, one of the central ideas of which is that the material world is an illusion.

You would think in this age of Freud that no one would support the theory that dreams foretell the future. A retired British Army officer, J. W. Dunne, in 1927, wrote a book entitled "An Experiment With Time" in which he claimed that dreams are made up of episodes from the past and the future all mixed up together. To unmix them, one must get the dream written down correctly. Dunne has an elaborate system for doing this. Put notebook under pillow, the instant you awake start writing--recall as much of the dream as possible and put down only words and sentences to suggest it to your mind. Then, write out the details. Don't depend on your memory. Write it down. The most illusive thing in the world is a dream. You may find that isolated episodes in your dreams are coming true. Perhaps it will be only a detail, a person, an image. Dunne says that this is "image-hunting" and is "a fascinating and exciting business." Theodore N. Besterman, an investigator for the Society for Psychical Research, tested Dunne's dream theory and out of 430 dreams of 43 subjects who "took the course", 45 events were "possibly precognitive," but of these, only 2 had a good case.

Most modern psychologists insist that dreams are subjective hallucinations. One of the best books on the subject recently published is Calvin S. Hall's "The Meaning of Dreams". (Harper's 1953, \$3.00). Dr. Hall is a professor of psychology at Western Reserve University and his study of dreams is founded on thousands of dreams of normal people (mostly college students) whereas most dream studies are based on dreams of the neurotic or mentally ill.

Hall says a dream is "a sequence of pictures or images which embody the ideas or conceptions of the dreamer." It is a play or motion picture of which the dreamer is producer, director and actor. Most of the props, actors and even events of a dream are symbols. No dictionary of dream symbols, however, is possible, because each person cooks up his own symbols--a greased telephone pole may be a sex symbol to one person, but the difficulty of achieving an acting career to another. To make things a little more complicated, your subconscious mind may make the same item a symbol for two different things in two different dreams--but, in most cases, your symbols remain constant. And that is how you can find out what they are. Record your dreams in series and it might be possible for you to determine what your symbols are. If still in doubt, consult a psychologist--\$20.00 a visit!

Most of your dreams are about the five basic conflicts of the mind which are:

- (1) The triangle. You are competing with your father for the love of your mother. Oh yes, you are! Every Freudian will insist on it!
- (2) Freedom vs. Security. You'd like to get away from home and have fun, but you are afraid you can't support yourself. When you get married, you'd like to dump the

family, but you know society won't approve of that.

(3) Moral Conflict. Part of you wants to do right and most of you wants to do wrong, and I mean real dirty nasty wrong, too. And fight it out day and night.

(4) Conflict of the sex roles. Some guys dream they are girls and some girls dream they are guys--it says here.

(5) Life vs. death. The other night I dreamed a guy walked through a pair of French windows and shot me in the belly. I died thinking, "He didn't even know me." Dreams of death occur after 40 according to Freud who believed there was an instinct to die as well as an instinct to live.

Well, what do you think? Are dreams real?? The other day I read this story in our home town newspaper, The Kansan. An old man who lived with his son near the edge of town wandered away and got lost in the woods. The boy was frantic because the night was going to be a cold one. He organized a search party and spent most of the night searching the woods. At dawn, he was near exhaustion and lay down on the day couch to get a little sleep. He dreamed he had met his father in a certain clearing in the woods. He woke up, went to the clearing, and found his father, suffering from exposure, but still alive.

Scientists have an old habit of overlooking these odd details that don't quite fit into their neat theories. Charles Fort became famous by collecting this overlooked datum. At any rate, I dream like all get out. I must have lots of conflicts (Hall) or a long past and a long future (Dunne), or an overdeveloped astral body (Leadbeater). For example, the other night I was just at that half-asleep stage--dozing, that's the word. My field of vision was completely black. Then a flicker of yellow in the corner of my vision caught my eye. Something was moving rapidly toward the center of the stage. I was awake, staring at the object, all my faculties bounced to the alert. It looked like a thin man clothed in a yellow flowing silk robe on the top of which sat a withered head like a pumpkin. It was the most evil and sardonic face I had ever looked upon. This strange apparition marched to the center, did a left flank march and came right toward me. I froze with horror. It leaned its yellow head right up under my nose, stuck his thumbs in his ears, waggled his fingers and went, "Blaaaaaah!" I sat right up in bed and rubbed my eyes. I was awake, honest to heaven, I was sound awake at the end. I'd like to have Hall, Leadbeater, Freud, or even Joseph explain that one!

JUSTIFIABLE DECISION

CAROL MCKINNEY

One of the minor problems with which a fanced must concern him or herself is whether or not to justify the right-hand margins of the zinc in question. At least it becomes a minor problem when placed beside any number of more vital ones, such as finding good material. I'm sure those who know what I'm referring to will agree, and we won't pay any more attention to the rest of you. There are some fen who will argue about most anything and there always will be.

To justify or not to justify: that is the question. Whether it is better to use extra paper, eraser and correction fluid, together with all your patience, though you do end up with some neater pages, or go blithely ahead with your typing and stencil cutting and just overlook the ragged right-hand margin. Either way you are probably the only one to whom it is going to matter very much as you just suit yourself and N. Q. (Neatness Quotient). You pays yer money and you takes yer cherce...

Now those of you who possess a low N. Q. needn't bother reading the rest of this discourse, unless you want to just for the laughs on the painstakers. Perhaps in the long run you are the happiest after all, who knows? (Imbeciles never have to worry about the high cost of living, and those who are admittedly feeble minded are taken care of by those with a higher I. Q.) Which is appropos of nothing, so we will dispense with the bricks.

I remember before I went to high school and took typing I'd look at all the nice, neat margins in books and the newspapers, and think how wonderful it was going to be learning to do that. Never having a typewriter to fool around with before that, I did not learn the horrible truth until it was suddenly thrust upon me. I took one of those nice neatly margined paragraphs in the typing instruction book and copied it exactly, breaking my lines where it did and words the same. Only when I was through, my paragraph didn't look nice and neat; the right margins were straying all over the place. My typing teacher never did understand when I complained that the publishers had cheated by scrunching some of the words together....

To get back to the subject at hand, everyone must realize that there are several ways in which margins can be justified, and not just one. The most commonly used is when the words are typed normally most of the way across the line and then the two or three remaining words are spaced

further apart, with perhaps the last one divided at the proper syllable. It isn't easy, especially when you first try it, and nearly always necessitates erasures here and there on your paper, or may even need typing over again for better spaced words.

There is also another way, often used in conjunction with the above described method. This is the last word or two being squeezed together or perhaps just a few letters of a word so that a long syllable can be held so that not too wide a space will occur before the last word of a line.

Then there is another method, usually used only by neofen who don't know any better, or who just plain don't care. This method can be highly amusing at times or its user may have serious reflections cast upon his school larnin'. This lad (never have seen a fem fan use this method, yet in all seriousness) but, this lad's trouble may stem from the fact that he's never taken the time to notice that words are divided into syllables and that definite rules have been set down as to where the exact division comes. He thinks that a word can be broken any place, with disastrous results at times. And to the ultimate despair of his harrassed English teachers....

Ah...now we come to that very unique method which is known as Rikoism. Those of you who have had the pleasure (?) of receiving letters, and etc., from David Rike will immediately know to what it is I refer. All others-- read on, read on...This lad is strictly from genius (though I couldn't say how far). I strongly suspect that he knows better, but has a tendency to not let anyone else know it. On the other hand he never has any justifiable concern over his margins. He just goes gleefully typing along and when he happens to come to the end of a line before the end of a word, why of course it's easier to put the hyphen at the beginning of the next line than to worry about aligning it up on the supposedly correct one. Of course a little thing like come to the end of a word and line and still having a space left is taken care of very easily by a certain fraction key. Rike has to replace it every six months or so. But who cares how he divides his words? To become upset over it, that is? Haven't seen anyone racing thru here on their way to California carrying a meatax...yet...! He has a lot of fun, just being different. To some it is given to the staid and responsible; others may relax a little. And then there's Rike who goes overboard about it. Are they who start isms always so...gleebish?

So you see it's all up to you whether or not, you decided to justify your margins. You are the one who has the work and the only rewards are your own satisfaction. It is very seldom that someone else will go to the trouble of commenting on them or even noticing the darn things in the first place. (Except maybe some other faned with a high N. Q.) Could be that's why there are so many cases of justifiable homicide lately...

FANTASTUFF

terry carr

TYPOS, INC.:::GRUE #19, page 22: "...a bunch of High School Seniors trying to impress the rest of the fannish student body with their impotence." Ah, yes...

THE COMIX:::Panic, after a miserable first issue looking like an ordinary Mad-imitator, turned out a highly readable second issue. It's becoming rather obvious that Panic plans to feature a different type of satire than that of Mad--which is logical, considering that Feldstein is not Kurtzman.

Anyone care to take me up on the bet that the next Mad cover format will be that of Time? Maybe with a cover by Artzybascheff, yet. Oh, you dreamer.... # About the only good imitator of Mad, I've seen yet is Flip.. which contains one or two stories which are actually vaguely amusing. # For fantasy, Kurtzman style, see "Country Clubbing" in Haunt of Fear #23. It's either by Kurtzman or it's Feldstein imitating Kurtzman. # But then if you prefer the double-entendre (bonjour, monsieur) type of story, try "Witch Witch's Witch" in Vault of Horror #36.

EYETEMS:::"S.F.D. Notes" in Science Fiction Digest #1: "There are more science fiction magazines being published today than you can run and jump on." The fans do a pretty good job, thos... # I still like Nebula S-F and that they've been running on the bacover every issue: "IT TAKES 27- to produce the Best Britain has to offer in science fiction." # While speaking of Nebula, we must mention Bob Silverberg's story, "Gorgon Planet", his first pro sale. His second was to Science Fiction Adventure's fan-column, and his third was a novel. Sez he: "The novel is an sf juvenile, 'Schoolroom In The Stars'. It's been sold to Thomas Y. Crowell Co., the contract has been signed, I've received an advance on royalties, and when I finish revising it, they'll publish it. Many of the characters are fanish by name, but not by character." He also says that SPACESHIP will be appearing "extremely irregularly" from now on, due to his newly-found pro-career.

COME ONE, COME ON:::Received a card from the "City Clipping Bureau, P.O.Box 139, Cincinnati 10, Ohio" last week. Here's how it goes: "Dear Mr. Carr, we have an interesting magazine article concerning you. Please

return this card with \$1.00 for postage and handling, and this article will be mailed to you promptly." I should pay a buck to get an excerpted copy of one of my letters in the prozines (I can't stand the sight of most of them now anyway.)

STRICTLY ENTRE NEWS:::Boob Stewart, San Fran BEM extraordinaire, has expressed his intentions of quitting fandom. "What's it get you in the end?" he asks. Well, to tell the truth, it can get you a writeup in "Fantastuff". At any rate, this evening he announced that the gafia seems to be wearing off a bit...he was even contemplating the reading of a s.f. story. Egad, you mean you READ the stuff? # There's an off chance that the presently-defunct RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST will be revived. A few of the Little Men members are considering its renaissance, purely as a non-club venture this time. They plan on about the same slant as before if and when. # Kent Corey is a penname for Walt Bowart. There, I've said it. Now, who's Walt Bowart?

ENDURANCE RECORD:::According to a reliable source (Carol McKinney), a certain femmefanno from Provo, Utah, has read every single magazine stf story since 1947 or thereabouts to date. When asked how her eyesight was, she replied that she needed glasses only when she wanted to see.

DWIPPLETOP:::Since Redd Boggs has been printing items like this, I might as well try it: novels I'm contemplating writing are...one about Tucker's daughter, "BNF's Daughter"; concerning a house of ill repute, "So Shall You Rape"; and the story of a veteran fan who turns to drug, "The Old Fan And The Tea." Enough? I thought so.

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WHO'S A PARANOID?

VERNON L. MCCAIN

The March issue of Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction contains a story by Alfred Bester, entitled "5,271,009". Mr. Bester is a writer with tremendous talent, but one which he seems to have never gotten completely under control. He apparently feels the way to write is to pile on detail until a condition of hopeless confusion is achieved. This trait is evident as early as 1942 when he produced the Unknown novel "Hell is Forever" and is most obvious in the gimmicky and vastly overrated "The Demolished Man". Outstanding and lasting works invariably concentrate on simplicity, ruthlessly eliminating the slightest distractions. But only once, to my knowledge, has Mr. Bester ever deviated from literary gingerbread. This was in the grim "Adam and No Eve", a story which is unsurpassed in the science-fictional field for the stark economy of its development.

How such an un-Bester like tale emerged from his typewriter is one of those incomprehensible mysteries. Certainly "5,271,009" is not another "Adam and No Eve." It's an amusing little story which follows the usual Bester pattern and manages to wring most of its humor from the mechanical repetition of the phrase "on account of a mysterious mutant strain in your makeup which makes you different", and also of the title.

But the blurb above the story inspire this article. Anthony Boucher gives voice to an idea he has indicated in his critical writings before, that sf is "pap for paranoids....which frees the individual from responsibility for his acts....everything is caused by THEM and set right by HIM (the superman, the all-powerful mutant, the unmad scientist....)".

It would seem clear here that Mr. Boucher is referring to the branch of science-fiction known as the van Vogt School and in particular, to A.E. himself. Whether the 'paranoid' label is meant to apply to all science-fiction enthusiasts in general or just to those who are admirers of van Vogt and similar writers, I don't know. However, I fall into both categories and I feel impelled to protest what seems to me a gross misreading of the evidence.

I'll admit I'm not particularly fond of the "We're property" theme where the human race is pictured as helpless and frequently persecuted puppets. Not that there's anything basically wrong with this type story. But the possibilities are limited and Eric Frank Russell's "Sinister Barrier" set off a rash of imitations which pretty well exhausted the theme.

But the superman theme is something else again. The possibilities here are almost infinite. Just about anything conceivable might become a new human ability. We're far from the bottom of the barrel here. And I find a well-written story of this type as delightful as anything in the entire field of fantasy. So, if addiction to this type fiction is indicative of paranoia in anyone, then it is certainly true of me.

Now, it is a truism that the person whose mental balance is, say... slipping a little, will judge the entire world insane before ever considering such a thought in relation to himself.

So my word is hardly much good in this respect. However, Mr. Boucher has referred to one particular type of insanity, paranoia, which is probably more thoroughly mapped than any other type.

Certain easily observable phenomena are inseparable from this brand of abnormality. I've come into close contact with several such people who were fairly far advanced although not yet confinement cases and they could have stepped right out of a case book so closely did their actions fit the traditional pattern.

The most obvious of the phenomena is a conviction, shared by all paranoids, that they are the victims of a vast plot and other people are constantly persecuting them.

I have never heard of even a mild case of paranoia where this wasn't present to some extent so I think the simplest way of disproving its existence in myself (I can hardly speak for the other people who read such fiction but disproof in my own case should indicate a fatal flaw in Mr. Boucher's conclusions) is to say that I harbor no such feelings about other people at all and that I find the idea utterly ridiculous. In fact, I am the sort of person who goes to the opposite extreme. I am constantly plagued by the conviction that everybody is ignoring my existence and the percentage of exhibitionism which exists in my generally introverted character is doubtless designed to obtain reassurance that people do notice and are aware of me.

Now that statement in itself should be enough to disprove any abnormal traits along that line. I am no expert on the subject, of course, but it is my understanding that such a statement is completely out of character for a paranoid. Understand, I'm making no claims to be completely normal or sane. I'm willing to grant the possibility that I am completely cuckoo (although still at large) in some way I've never suspected. I simply maintain that I know enough about paranoia to be sure it is completely alien to my own character and personality.

I should point out there is one flaw in my argument. Paranoids can be extremely cunning people, weaving huge fabrics of deception to attain their own warped ends, and it is theoretically possible that I am convinced all the readers of MCF and this magazine are in a huge plot to have me declared a hopeless paranoid and locked up, and that I am writing this whole thing to try and deceive you and this paragraph is merely meant to further throw you off guard. If you choose to believe that you might as well stop reading now as there is no way to disprove such an assumption.

However, I think this is not the way a paranoid would usually try to avert suspicion and you will have to admit it's far more likely I am telling the truth when I scoff at the possibility of any large group plotting

against me. (I am willing to grant the possibility, though not the probability, that there might be one or even two people somewhere engaged in a plot against me at this moment--but I'm rather at a loss to figure out any possible reason for it!)

There are quite a few other trade marks to paranoia which don't fit me but proving their absence in myself would be far more difficult, so I won't go into it here.

I would like, however, to raise an objection to one of Mr. Boucher's supplementary assumptions, that "everything will be set right by Him (the superman, etc.)". While I can't speak authoritatively for others, I know that in my own case, I don't get the sensation of being safe, warm, and protected by some omnipotent superman flying through the air with a red cloak. Oh, as an addict, I identify all right. But not in that way. We addicts of superman stories identify....but with the superman himself. It is a highly personal matter when we learn in forgotten records that we've regrown a leg...for that is our leg! And the thrill of accomplishment when a cube hovers half an inch above the table is ours, for it is our mentality (aided by Mr. W's typewriter) which keeps it from falling.

I do not claim that the van Vogt stories are great literature. I won't even deny they are evidence of unhealthy states of mind in their readers. I do deny, completely, that they indicate paranoia.

This thrusting desire to personally conquer the universe, to exhibit our own mastery over things which are beyond the normal human, to go out and joust with the cruel and relentless fate which homo sapiens is helpless to avert may be abnormal and may be unhealthy. But paranoia it is not!

The feeling superman stories inspire is no father complex. I don't know what the technical term for it would be, but I suppose it is a good complex. We do not experience vicarious safety, but vicarious mastery.

This does anything but confirm the line about "freeing the individual from responsibility for his acts, and decisions." For, granting that the reader is vicariously a god-like being while reading the story, who is more responsible for his own actions than a god? Men can always attribute their failings to fate or powers beyond their control. The god has no crutch to lean on.

It is precisely this abhorrence for the crutch, I believe, which makes the superman story so attractive to people such as myself. (And I will grant that these super-human powers are in themselves crutches, but not psychologically). I am an agnostic for precisely the same reason; although given an extensive religious training as a child I found the concept of a greater being on whom man could lean and who retained many of life's decisions as his own prerogatives to be completely abhorrent. Where religion is concerned a person invariably believes what he wants to believe, so I became an agnostic. Of course, I had been an agnostic for a

a number of years before I isolated this facet of my character and realized the cause of my religious defection. But, while many find the religious crutch the thing which sustains them through life, to me, it was a weakening factor, as are all crutches, in reality.

The same personality quirk, which involves renouncing childhood, has caused me to embrace maturity and independence as much as possible. This causes me not only to be an agnostic and enjoy superman stories, but also to be intensely repelled by the dominant political philosophy of our era, also known as the welfare state. From the comparative mildness of social security to the harsh tyranny of communism, it is all the evidence of a deep urge with much of present-day humanity to be protected and not having to face life themselves. It is a mass panacea which falls halfway between the father-symbol now becoming weaker in a society growing increasingly matriarchal and the god-symbol which is retreating in a materialistic world where science is siphoning off much of the old religious faiths. So the government has been assuming the role of the all-powerful protector.

As a matter of personal preference, I reject this with an admittedly irrational intensity. I believe firmly that every intelligent being has a small spark of divinity within him and that his salvation lies in fanning that spark into as large a flame as possible, since it is actually the existence of his own individuality. I think all the great writers, scientists, painters, philosophers, etc., of the past were people who kindled that spark of divinity into a bonfire which engulfed their whole being. And the twentieth century trend towards forcing everyone into duplicate molds of their neighbor, whether it takes the form of mass-produced automobiles, catch phrases like 'the common man' (There's no such person, everyone is uncommon), a religion such as Communism, or a drive for conformity with the past principles, such as McCarthyism, is a threat toward that spark and an effort to smother it. And this is fatal, for without the spark of his individuality, man is man no longer--but merely a well-trained mind.

I am in favor of everything which abets the individual's struggle to maintain and develop his individuality. And if Superman stories (of the van Vogt type....not those seen on your comic book newsstand) aid in this even slightly (and I believe they do), then I think they are worth while. I only wish my abilities were such that I could write them myself.

In closing, I would like to apologize for perhaps dwelling at too great length on my own personality traits, prejudices, and idiosyncrasies which cannot be of vital interest to the reader; if I had known of some more impersonal method of contradicting Mr. Boucher's assumptions I would have used it.

And I still maintain I'm no paranoid. By the way, Mr. Boucher, could you talk van Vogt into coming out of retirement and doing a three part serial for the Magazine of Fantasy?

THE FAN PRESS

IAN T. MACAULEY

Four months ago, in these very pages, I made the audacious remark that the fan press picture at the beginning of 1954 was, indeed, a quite dim one. Now, however, I would like to state simply that the good fan publications of 1954 have risen out of their obscurity for the most part. There seems to be an unchangeable balance of both worthy and worthless publications in existence in the fan world today. And, fortunately, the quality fan journals seem to be on the upswing. FANTASTIC WORLDS, basically a "little magazine", is one of the current leaders mainly because of its superb offset-format and high quality material; GRUE, mostly an apaper periodical, is another fine journal--but that is attributed to the editor's excellent wit; HYPHEN is another; OOPSLA!, also, is a top-runner, recently revived and printing its usual notable material; PSYCHOTIC and VAMP are two examples. Happily, I can now say that the previously mentioned titles are only a few of the numerous high-quality publications currently available.

The policy here is quite simple; all fan journals received are immediately considered for review. However, not every issue of every fanzine can be reviewed. This way, each fanzine will have its chance to be listed and the same ones won't be continually reviewed, leaving out some fan periodical every time.

Please address all copies of publications for review in PEON to: Ian T. Macaulay, 57 East Park Lane, Atlanta, 5, Georgia.

ALPHA #2, Feb., 1954. Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium.

This fanmag is primarily the newsletter of the Antwerp S-F Club, and contains mostly book reviews, news about books, and book listings. There are however, several articles and an editorial included. The editors are attempting to build up a science fiction library, but are hindered by the fact that they are unable to obtain much stuff of any form in Belgium. All spare magazines and/or books, I am sure, will be thoroughly appreciated.

CANADIAN FANDOM #21, June 1954. Gerald Stewart, editor, 166 McRoberts Ave., Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada. Mimeographed. 20¢. Quarterly.

As usual, CAN FAN is one of the best ~~mimeographed~~ fanzines to appear in my

mailbox. And, not only is the mimeography superb, but the format is extremely commendable. In this particular issue, the two best items are Norman G. Browne's article, "Fandom's Current Controversy", and Howard Lyon's column, "Phi Alpha." Lyon's column, dealing with every phase of science fiction and fandom imaginable, is itinerant, but extremely enjoyable. Browne's article, while centered around the new trite subject of Howard Browne's so-called choice in science-fiction, is well-written and entertaining. The majority of the remaining material is all excellent, including Stewart's editorial which rather makes the first two sentences of this review unnecessary.

CONFAB #2. Bob Peatrowsky, editor, Box 634, Norfolk, Neb. Dittoed.

Peatrowsky, here, has come forth with a very light, friendly-type fanmag consisting (with the exception of his editorial) entirely of commentary from his readership. The format is informal, yet not unattractive. Peatrowsky's new publication is, I believe, largely an exchange magazine, but I presume he will be willing to send copies to anyone interested in receiving them. The letters, ranging from those by G. M. Carr to those of Redd Boggs, are all amusing and make for some ideal leisure reading. I would like very much to see more of this "friendly-type", as editor Bob puts it, fanmag in fandom today.

CONFUSION #16. Shelby Vick, editor, P. O. Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida. Mimeographed. 10¢. Irregular?

This standard-sized issue of cf. which appears for the first time in a good many months is quite gratifying to the many fans who admire the wit and cunning of Shelvick. Once again Shelby has returned with such a carload of humor as to make each and every faneditor highly covetous. Willis and McCain's columns are featured. Other writers include Bill Morse, Cal Beck, and Bob Silverberg. Bill Morse's bit is an hilarious play, Beck's article deals with Famous Fantastic Mysteries, and Silverberg writes of his regret in starting this whole business of numbered fandoms (see QUANDRY #25, October 1952). The most striking item in the issue, however, is the center page spread which, opened up, produces the chinaman loudly protesting that cf. is here to stay.

DAWN #21. May, 1954. Russell K. Watkins, editor, 110 Brady St., Savannah, Georgia. Dittoed. 10¢. Bi-monthly.

The most enjoyable, interesting, and useful item in this issue of Watkin's neatly produced fan journal is "Fanzino", a listing of all fanmags currently being published. Compiling lists of amateur publications is a hobby of mine, too, Russ and, I have some twelve titles on my list that are not on yours. The majority of DAWN seems to be along the humorous line; there is quite a bit of poetry and a nice satire by Art Kunwiss. There are several articles by Denis Morren and Ray Thompson on sf movies and amateur press associations, respectively. All in all, Watkin's publication is a commendable one and certainly one of the better fanzines being published today.

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland. 15¢.

This is not a fanzine. Far from it. The Enchanted Duplicator is--according to the authors Walt Willis and Bob Shaw, everyone who has read it, and myself--a monumental item of fan publishing, ranking with the Fancyclopedia and The Immortal Storm. It is a delightful satire on the life of a fan, containing much poignant and subtle wit. Written in the combined fashion of an odyssey and an old-fashioned fairy tale, The Enchanted Duplicator carries its hero, Jophan, desirous of becoming a true fan and publishing the perfect fanzine, from the Country of Mundane, through the Jungle of Inexperience, the Desert of Indifference, through the Canyon of Criticism, to Trufandom, where he finds the Magic Mimeograph. If at all possible, be sure to obtain a copy of this tale. It will make for the most enjoyable half-hour of reading that you've ever experienced.

FANTASTIC WORLDS #6, Spring, 1954. Sam Sackett, editor, 1428½ S. Bundy Drive, Los Angeles 25, California. Offset. 30¢. Quarterly.

I don't think that the 30¢ price-tag for FANTASTIC WORLDS is at all expensive. Having had two years experience of publishing an offset magazine myself, I feel that Sackett is perfectly justified in charging the price he does. Besides, FANTASTIC WORLDS is the best of the near half-dozen offset fan journals currently being published. There are two fine articles by Bob Silverberg and Alden Lorraine. Silverberg's deals with the writings of Olaf Stapledon, and Lorraine's deals with the cryptic significance behind the pseudonym of Francis Flagg. The stories, poems, and features are all good and highly worthy of reading. Don't deny yourself the opportunity of enjoying the perfect little magazine in the science-fiction field.

GRUE #20, Spring, 1954. Dean Grennell, editor, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wis. Mimeographed. 25¢. Quarterly.

Grennell's highly humorous magazine is unique in many aspects. Although it is circulated primarily through FAPA, copies may be obtained by the non-fapan also. GRUE is one of the really few good apa periodicals, having items of interest to every fan. In the fifty pages of this issue, there is an excellent lengthy letter column, an article by Vernon McCain lamenting on publishing a printed fanmag, pages of Tuckerania, "Miscellanea" by editor Grennell, and much other material of delightful amusement.

HYPHEN #8, April 1954. Walt Willis, editor, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland. Mimeographed. Monthly.

I don't know how much Willis is asking for this, but I believe that U. S. fans can obtain a copy or two for each U. S. Promag they send him. The only complaint that I have for this excellent magazine is that its format is a trifle crowded; one has to really dig into the text in order not to miss any of the humor that Willis has hidden throughout his magazine. And

non one wants to miss out on any of his zany writings. Material in this issue is by Bob Shaw, Vinç Clarke, Chuck Harris, Bert Hirschorn, and others. An interesting, amusing, and needed section of HYPHEN each time, is its reprint section "Toto", revealing the cryptic writings of yesterday's fan periodicals.

INFINITY #2, January, 1954. Charles Harris, editor, 85 Fairview Avenue, Great Neck, N. Y. Mimeographed with dittoed illustrations. 15¢. Irreg.

This fannag is undoubtedly one of the neatest-appearing fan journals that I've had the pleasure of seeing in quite a while. Harris' format is very excellent, and the illustrations are harmoniously blended in several colors. A unique bit of verse by Barry Roberts entitled "Perpetual Motion" is probably the most striking item in the issue. There are two fairly interesting articles by Cal Beck and Harlan Ellison, a bit of fiction by Algis Budrys, a column by Don Cantin, and a number of departments featured. Harris' material is a little on the weak side, but his superb format and presentation quickly removes that fault from the eyes of the reader. INFINITY is very highly recommended; it's a shame that it isn't published more often.

OOPSLA! #13, May 1954. Gregg Calkins, editor, 2817 - 11th St., Santa Monica, Calif. Mimeographed. 15¢. Bi-monthly.

This is the first opportunity I have had to review OOPSLA! since its revival, and I would like to say that I am extremely happy to see it back in the fold. Calkins' inimitable publication has returned with its typical, excellent quality of material. There seems to be the same basic material featured in every issue which includes Calkins' editorial, a letter column and columns by Vernon McCain, Shelby Vick, and Walt Willis. Willis's column is unique in that it is none other than "The Harp That Once or Twice", rescued from the pages of QUANDRY. Willis remarks, in the center of his column, over what seems to be three of a possible ten commandments for fans; I trust Walt will follow through with the remaining seven soon. McCain names his choice of the best sf novels of 1953, and Shelvick incorporates a paraphrasing of the writings of Don Marquis' "Archie" in "Dear Alice". It is interesting to note the rising interest of fans towards the writings of Don Marquis's intellectual cockroach, Archie, which originally appeared in the New York Sun back in 1916.

PERI #3. Ken Potter and Dave Wood, editors, 5 Furness St., Marsh, Lancaster, Lancs., England. Final Issue. Mimeographed.

The cover is unique, showing two amoebae evidently looking at one another. The caption: "But you... you're different." (The truth is that they are mirror reproductions of each other.) At any rate, it is unfortunate to see Messrs. Potter and Wood fold shop so soon, especially since their magazine shows tremendous possibilities. This final issue is mainly devoted to the 1953 London convention; reports are presented by such persons as Walt Willis, Terry Jeeyes, Chuck Harris, and others. There is an article on science fiction, a rather pessimistic approach (singular)

the article states that we should be more optimistic in our stf stories), by M. Goldsmith. Another article, by Nic Oosterbaan, on stf in the Netherlands, is featured. Bards Robert Bloch and Ken Potter liven the issue up with their ballads, "Ode Upon the Midwescon" and "Lament on the Passing of Sixth Fandom", respectively.

PSYCHOTIC #12. Richard E. Geis, editor, 2631 No. Mississippi, Portland, 12, Oregon. Dittoed. 10¢. Monthly.

Already a year old, PSYCHOTIC is perhaps the brightest of the newer fan journals. Arranged in an informal and friendly format, PSY presents to its reader an excellent balance of humorous and controversial material. In #12, there is a bit of fiction by Noah W. McLeod, a column by Bill Reynolds, an article by Earl Kemp, a letter section, and several editorials by Geis. Of all the latter, the letter column is the most interesting this time. Particularly attractive to my eyes were the epistles of Jim Harmon, dealing with Nydahl's comment on his lack of interest in fandom, and Gregg Calkins, lamenting on the still-existing sixth fandom.

SCINTILLA #15. Larry Anderson, editor, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana. Dittoed. 10¢ each, 3/25¢.

This has shown a tremendous amount of improvement since its first issues, and this number is a very attractive one with a nice load of amusing material. However, all of the four articles included are reprints two from the National Fantasy Fan, and two from FAPA publications. Originally speaking, the material is not extremely good---that is, the new features (a short story, an article on the S-F Book Club, a fanmag review column and editorial by the editor, and a book review section) are not exceptionally interesting. Nevertheless, SCINTILLA is very enjoyable in many respects and editor Anderson has excellent taste in reprinting articles.

SPIRAL #7, April 1954. Denis Moreen, editor, 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Illinois. Mimeographed. 10¢. Bi-monthly.

The seventh issue of this particular fanzine is a good one and definitely shows that it is going places in the fan press world. Featured in this particular issue are articles by Richard Geis and Claude Hall, a bit of fiction by Denis Murphy, and the usual editorial and letter section. The article by Geis, centering around that old theory that fandom is a sublimation for those suffering from inferiority complexes, is probably the best item in the issue.

STF TRENDS #14, March 1954. Lynn Hickman, editor, 534 High St., Napoleon, Ohio. 25¢. Multi-lithed. Quarterly.

Once again Lynn Hickman has scored a hit and this time has managed to obtain reprint rights to "All Aboard for Outer Space" by Stanley Frank. This article, complete with its original professional illustration, first appeared in Nation's Business, the publication of the U. S. Chamber of

Commerce. The article seems factual enough and is quite informative and interesting. Lynn is to be congratulated for bringing this significant bit of material to his readers' eyes. The rest of the issue is also very entertaining, especially a humorous bit of fiction by Wilkie Conner entitled "Tale of Two Cuties". The pages of STF TRENDS are delightfully sprinkled with Hickman's zany cartoons. The whole magazine is indeed very neat and contains an excellent choice of material.

TELLUS #1, Winter 1953-54. Page Brownton, editor, 1614 Collingwood Ave., San Jose 25, Calif. Mimeographed, quarter size. Quarterly.

The first issue of Brownton's little magazine is rather empty, but the editor promises the reader great features in forthcoming numbers. Disregarding the format and material—for it is a known fact that extremely few first issues ever possess the latter two qualities among their virtues; I would like to say that Brownton has a nice style in his writing and he seems to know what he wants in his publication. This shows possibilities.

UMBRA, Feb., 1954. John Hitchcock, editor, 15 Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 28, Maryland. Mimeographed. 10¢. Nine times yearly.

The cover here is rather faint—a hecktographed affair—and the mimeography inside is also rather poor and spotty in many places. Hitchcock seems to be an intelligent lad, and what I can read of his magazine is interesting enough. The majority of the issue seems to consist of a fairly entertaining letter column and a fanzine review column. Work on your format and reproduction, John, and I'm sure that you will have a very fine publication before very long.

VAMP #9, May 1954. John Magnus, editor, 9612 - 2nd Ave., Silver Spring, Md. Mimeographed. 10¢.

The first issue of Magnus's successor to his noted SF was well received. VAMP, I can see, is going to be the delightful and informal humor fanmag, paralleling the excellent quality of QUANDRY. There is a zany article by Dean Grennell on titling a fanmag. Hank Moskowitz is present with his theory on Other Worlds (the promag, that is). Other material is by editor Magnus, Ian Macauley, and Stan Woolston. Particularly attractive is the simple cartoon cover.

VULCAN #4. Terry Carr, editor, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, Cal. Mimeographed. 15¢. Irregular.

VULCAN presents quite an attractive format to the reader; the mimeography is quite nice and the multi-colored pages add an effective, harmonious effect. The material in this issue is also quite entertaining. J. T. Oliver appears in a fanzine for the first time in several years with a tricky little bit of fiction entitled "Fadeout". Russell K. Watkins writes a fairly interesting column, mostly dealing with science fiction television adaptations. There is a slice of satire by Don Cantin and much more fine material including an interesting letter column and editorial.

PEON NOTES
(continued)

be sure you do it with the understanding that you may have to wait for a year or so to get your money for it--if you get it. Harry is not to blame for the situation. He's a wonderful guy to work with, but he is hampered by the publisher's refusing to pay for material used. I know that the article I did for the May issue of Science Fiction Adventures would not be paid for until the magazine was published, but here it is in August, and I haven't heard anything from them. Harry tells me that he keeps reminding the publisher of the non-payment, but that's all the good it does. However, I understand that probably I shouldn't kick--the big time pros have not been paid for their stories either. So, just remember that when you other fan-editors are asked to write for SFA--if they haven't folded up as yet!

-oOo-

Starting with the next issue, Dick Clarkson will be back with PEON and will have his good reading column, "Kumquat" with us again. Dick had to quit writing and fan-activity last fall when he had an operation on his leg, making it necessary for him to devote all his spare time to catching up on his college work, but he says that everything is okay now and he plans to keep on with "Kumquat" indefinitely....Since Jim Harmon has one of the largest amount of space ever given to anyone before, in this issue of PEON, his column, "Harmony" has been held over until the next issue..... I had planned to bring you a detailed description of the last convention in this issue, also, by Bob Tucker, but PEON is so late that it would not be very appropriate now. I'm very sorry, Bob, and hope you won't hold it against me too much.

-oOo-

If some of you would-be novelists and essayists would like to see your stuff in a foreign fanzine, then give a listen. Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Bergerhout, Belgium, the editor of that new and very popular fanzine, ALPHA, is in the market for various types of fan articles and stories. He will be glad to look over your stuff. ALPHA is now printed practically in English throughout, and I might recommend at the same time that you ask for a sample copy, although a late pocketbook or sf prozine would be greatly appreciated by him and his various readers throughout the Low Countries. Jan is a grand guy to know by correspondence, and I think WAW had better look to his laurels.

-oOo-

Well, friends, that does it for this time again. Luck having it, I'll be seeing you again in about 45 days. We are still looking for some good articles for publication in PEON, so be sure to send something, won't you? Until the next issue, happy reading.....

Lee
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