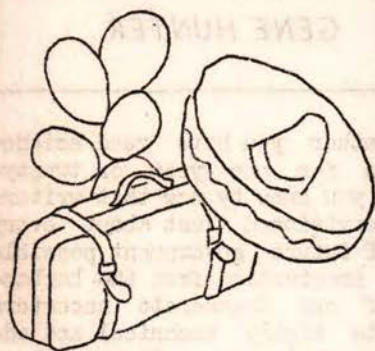


PEON

SEPTEMBER 1951



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SEPTEMBER '51

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necessarily those of the editors.

PEON NOTES

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE

Aloha! Gene and I weren't able to do it. Or rather shall we say, our wives wouldn't let us do it! They say that we have been doing nothing but work on PEON of late, trying to get back on schedule, and we want to keep on good terms with the better halves, so, this issue has been dated up one month. Therefore, instead of the August issue, you are now reading the September one. This will give us two more months to get out the November issue, and we can be on time thereon. This way, there will be only five issues to Volume Four--BUT we will be on a bi-monthly schedule and on time in the future!

I have marked the date on August 22 down in red on my calendar--for that was the date I finally got to see "Destination Moon!" After all this time, it finally hit the islands, but I had to go to an army theatre to see it. One of the downtown theatres had scheduled it two weeks ago, but moved it up to the 19th of August. We had a big movie party all set up to go, when we discovered that it had been canceled for some reason. Then, we decided to take it in when it hit the navy circuit--but it was also canceled there. So on that particular Wednesday, I took special liberty from the office at 1030, packed the wife and the kids in the car, and took off for Schofield Barracks and caught the first showing at 1200--we ate lunch on the way in the car

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)

(2)

FAN TOMES

GENE HUNTER

Whether you have read science fiction for one year or twenty-five, you know by now that writers have envisioned just about every type of future government possible to the imagination from the barbarism of our degenerate ancestors down to highly technical and advanced sociologies. Stories have been written concerning athiestic societies, matriarchies --- well, you name it.

But as far as he knows, Hunter is the first to suggest a government run entirely by the fans, of the fans and for the fans. Allowing himself to extrapolate a trifle upon current events, this deep thinker has spent the major portion of his life determining what sort of society the true Fanation might be.

In order to simplify things for readers with only one or two tendrils, he has laid down the following conditions: Sometime in the near future the entire actifan world, alarmed by present-day conditions, will migrate to a charming Pacific island. Just how they might arrive at their destination bothered Hunter for many years, during which time he cogitated on it while in the bathroom, until he has hit finally upon what seems to him a logical solution.¹

When the time rolls around again for Pacificon II, the donations for it will be used instead to purchase some sort of ship from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)

BLACK ART

by Dave Mason

The first exhibition of the remarkable works of Ivor Kronisch was an undoubted sensation. The newspapers had begun jeering weeks before, but the jeers turned distinctly sour when the sales of the painter's works mounted and vanished into vague beardmuttering among the orthodox critics as frenzied bidding brought the price of several paintings well up in the thousands.

"It's really very simple," Kronisch explained to newsmen. "My paintings have only one purpose — to sharpen the exquisite edge of the Death Wish into agonizing ecstasy. That is why you can see nothing there but unrelieved black. Under the blackness there is a magnificent work of art — a thing so beautiful and terrible that no man may live with it — only with the anticipation of it. Only once may anyone look at my paintings — at the moment of their death. They are done in colors that will not burst into full and fluorescent glory until the deadly radiations of an atom bomb fall upon them. Therefore, the possessors of my work will wait, drooling, without fear, until death strikes — death, bringing with it the supreme gift — the sight of a genuine Kronisch!"

They thought he was crazy.

But the Van Underdoncks paid twelve thousand apiece for six of the oblongs of dead black canvas. And the Rumblebills, not to be outdone, bought eight which they hung between the ancestral portraits and the Rembrandts and Vermeers. Everybody who was anybody had to possess a Kronisch.

The suspicious and crafty old Cornelius Atterbury Ketch, who had never been gulled yet according to his own boast, had a famous atomic scientist examine his own prize, a square entitled "Four Dark Sayings."

"Yes, there is a painting there," the scientist told him, "but Kronisch is right. You can't see it, except under those special conditions."

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And if you do see it, you'll be dead within hours. The radiation needed to bring it out is absolutely a fatal dose."

4 Finally, Ivor Kronisch stopped painting. Three last canvasses sold for a price that was enhanced to a fantastic level by his announcement that he would paint no more -- "A Suggestion" to the Oil King, Vesalius McClutchnie, "Two Hands and a Torso" to a retired burlesque queen and "Headline" to William Randolph Hearst.

The newspapers were so full of tense paragraphs about the breaking off of negotiations over the Dardanelles and the bombing of Kabulistan that not even a brief paragraph heralded the sailing of the schooner One-A-Minute, bearing Ivor Kronisch, six handsome models and a number of cases of assorted foods and beverages. No one asked her destination -- the island of Waguaweia, eight hundred miles northwest of nowhere in particular.

Ivor Kronisch's portable Geiger counter clicked furiously some months later. He did not pay it any attention, since he was occupying himself with a blonde and a pile of nicely aged coconuts -- a business demanding his full attention.

In New York, glowing smoke bearing a scattering of flaring firedrakes obscured the shattered windows of the eighteen-room apartment where Vesalius McClutchnie sat. He could feel the tingle and burn of his skin. The phone no longer worked. It grew darker, and on the wall "Suggestion" by Ivor Kronisch began to glow faintly.

Vesalius leaned forward, straining with failing eyes to catch the beauty he had paid for so dearly. Letters -- not forms -- began to appear on the blackness...

In the homes of those who still lived, the same scene -- and the growing anger as realization came. Not a picture, but a message -- in each case a different message -- but the import always seemed the same.

Vesalius McClutchnie gasped and died in a gurgle of rupturing blood vessels as the two words on the canvas burned themselves into his brain. They were indeed a suggestion -- one that would have been anatomically impossible even had he been in the best of health.

On Waguaweia, Ivor uncorked another coconut and tickled the blonde in a friendly way. He stared at the horizon, smiling thoughtfully and with a touch of wistfulness.

"Well -- perhaps I can get along without flake white and viridian green after all." His thoughts were disturbed by the faint snapping of the Geiger counter. He reached across the blonde and shut it off.

KAN KAN KABOTZER

BY T. E. WATKINS

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE, by Fred Hoyle. (Harper & Bros). 1951. \$2.50

Space opera is due for a shot in the arm. Here is a new book filled with extrapolation* possibilities. And extrapolation is the meat and bread of the science fiction writer and reader. Best of all, the book is easy to read and understand.

"According to Hoyle", creation did not occur in a single day, or a week or in a hundred years or even in a hundred million years. Creation is going on right now.

One atom of hydrogen is created per year in a volume about the size of the average skyscraper. This process goes on throughout all space. Hydrogen is the material out of which the universe is built. Its density is space remains constant and its total mass is much greater than all the galaxies and stars put together. Out of this background material of hydrogen, great clouds of gas are formed which we call galaxies. Out of the gas in the galaxies, the suns condense.

This theory of "continuous creation" is the major premise of the New Cosmology of Lyttleton and Hoyle, two British astrophysicists who have created a sensation with their ideas.

This New Cosmology answers many of the questions about the universe that have been so puzzling. To the science fiction enthusiast it brings startling new vistas of speculation.

For example: How did the universe start? Did it begin with a giant explosion as some of the earlier astrophysicists believed? According to them, the galaxies were at one time a huge ball of matter which exploded and remnants of this explosion are now rushing away from each other at tremendous speeds. There are many objections to this theory, the main one being that the galaxies would have to be much older than the evidence warrants.

*Extrapolation: To imagine a situation or relationship that does not as yet exist on the basis of one that does exist. -- Winthrop Sargeant's idea of stf in "Through the Interstellar Looking Glass", Life, May 21, 1951.

Hoyle insists that the universe has always existed and will exist forever. All the older theories, such as the "big bang" theory mentioned above, deal with a universe that will eventually run down. Hoyle's universe is immortal! New galaxies are being created at this very hour. They form, and because of the creation of new hydrogen, are pushed with increasing speed toward the edges of the universe. When they attain the speed of light they "disappear". That is, they cannot be seen.

How was the earth formed? Did it come from the sun? Was the material that formed the planets pulled from the sun by a near collision with a passing star? No, says Hoyle. The sun contains over 90% hydrogen and less than 1% of the heavy elements, such as iron. This difference in composition between the planets and the sun indicates that the planets had their origin elsewhere.

To understand the origin of the planets we must begin with the supernova. As the stars journey through the interstellar gas of the galaxy they are constantly drawing in more hydrogen. Hoyle calls this "tunneling". The faster the star moves through the gas, the smaller the tunnel. On the other hand, the slow stars carve out fat tunnels and take on huge amounts of hydrogen. They consume this hydrogen at a prodigious rate and become hotter and hotter. More and more energy is lost from their surfaces. The result is that the star collapses. It spins faster. The internal temperature increases and the forces set up by the rotation become tremendous. Reactions between atomic nuclei become rapid and the heavy elements such as iron are formed. The collapse of the star is rapid, taking less than a minute, and the result is a gigantic explosion, the supernova -- the most violent outburst occurring in nature.

Hoyle believes that our sun was at one time part of a binary system and that our twin star became a supernova. So great was the explosion that all the remnants were blown a great distance from the sun, with the exception of a wisp of gas out of which the earth and planets condensed. This gas had the necessary heavy elements which could only have been created in a supernova and which are not present in the sun in great enough quantities.

Are there other planetary systems in our galaxy? Hoyle, calculating from the frequency of the supernova in the galaxy, believes that there must be at least 1,000,000 planetary systems in the Milky Way where life may exist.

These questions are but a sample of the sensational nature and concepts in the New Cosmology.

How are Hoyle's ideas faring with professional astronomers? Not very well, according to a book review by Harrison Brown in The Saturday Review of Literature, April 28, 1951. As a matter of fact, they are hoppin' mad. It isn't because of anything in the ideas themselves. The scientists believe that Hoyle may be completely right on many points. Their main objection is to the method of presentation. The usual procedure is to have a new theory sifted by scientists the world over before it is publicized.

After this careful scrutiny, the rough spots are ironed out and then the theory is popularized.

Hoyle by-passed the professional scientists. His theory was introduced in a series of radio lectures over the BBC and was a big success. Next, a series of magazine articles appeared in Harper's from December 1950 through April 1951. Time carried an article about Hoyle which was reprinted in Reader's Digest. And now comes the book, slanted for the layman. In other words, the theory was popularized before the scientists had a chance to criticize it.

"The Nature of the Universe" is beautifully written. Hoyle uses numerous picture stories to illustrate his ideas. He hints at mathematical proof behind his theories, but does not disturb the lay reader with its intricacies. The complex subject matter of the atomic reactions of the stars is stated quickly and clearly. The vast drama of the universe -- its speeding galaxies, its exploding stars, the tremendous reaches of time and space -- all are revealed clearly. It is better than many science fiction novels.

To the science fiction reader the book may have some irritation. Hoyle quits when his mathematics run out. He refuses to speculate. For example, he describes the galaxies rushing away from each other at an increasing velocity. He says that the speed increases as the square of the distance. When the galaxy reaches the speed of light, it is lost from view to the observers in this galaxy. Hoyle says it is quite probable that the galaxy continues to exist and to increase its speed, but he does not speculate as to what eventually becomes of it. Here his math runs out and Hoyle does not care for unsupported speculation. And it is just here that the science fiction fan becomes most interested. What would it be like to live in that galaxy that is rushing beyond the speed of light in the remote reaches of space? Would it not have a cargo of intelligent beings scrambling to ditch the run-away galaxy? What a story that would make?

Here is another one. Hoyle insists that we are in a young galaxy. There are at least 1,000,000 planetary systems in the Milky Way that could support life. Why have we not seen any of these life forms? Hoyle does not bother with such speculation. Could it not be that, because it is a young galaxy, all the civilizations are young and have not yet solved interstellar travel and is it not possible that many of these systems will arrive at this development at about the same time? What a century that will be! Will there be war or peace? As a science fiction reader who has, in fancy, voyage the mighty black for many years, I'd say it would mean a war, that would make our World War II look like a housewife argument over the back fence.

Hoyle may have scored a solid zero with the scientists when he by-passed them with his New Cosmology, but he will score a big hit with science fiction's authors and readers who will find his theories rich in new ideas. And our authors are going to have to be on the ball if they intend to surpass with their interpolation what Fred Hoyle has done with mathematics and theory.

THE WORLD OF V

"The Ultimate ends of science are, in the last analysis, incompatible with any and all attempts to pierce beyond the strict barriers of the being/non-being equation in its secondary formulation."

--Duke of Milan, 1606.

Adelbert Gossheyk was totally unprepared for the verdict of the lie-detector. In fact, he was startled by the introduction of a lie-detector into the matter; as far as he could see, it was irrelevant. Yet there must be a purpose, else those in authority would never have questioned his presence. Regarding the situation from the Null-V viewpoint, Gossheyk decided that since the lie-detector detected only lies, he had nothing to fear from it. Gossheyk was careful never to lie, particularly when anyone asked him the questions which the guard (obviously suffering from dementia praecox, Gossheyk thought, noting the way the man's left eyelid fluttered) put to him: "Who are you? Where are you from? What is your purpose here?"

Gossheyk replied objectively and accurately: "Adelbert Gossheyk--Blowsy City; to play the races."

And the lie-detector exploded.

Gossheyk and the guard both stared at the smoldering remains of the lie-detector. Gossheyk's cortex integrated itself rapidly, in accordance with his null-V training. He had told the truth, as he saw it; the lie-detector, which was infallible, had exploded instead of labelling the statements true or denying them as false. Therefore . . . ?

Only one solution was offered by the facts; Gossheyk had thought in all honesty that he was telling the truth -- therefore he had not actually lied; yet he had made false statements; therefore the lie-detector, unable to answer correctly either way had put an end to its own functioning. And that meant . . . ?

He was not Gossheyk. He was not from Blowsy City. His purpose was not to play the races.

II

"The difference between man and man is no greater than the difference between any one man and any other man."

--J. B. L.

Ejected summarily from the race-track, Gossheyk -- as, for purposes of convenience, he continued to think of himself -- wandered the city's

streets in a daze which was less confusion than profound null-V cogitation. The lie-detector was infallible; his own reasoning was flawless. Therefore, in spite of his own convictions, he was not Gossheyk, had none of Gossheyk's background or purposes. His mind, somehow, was not his own. Was it someone else's, or a completely synthetic one? Gossheyk decided it probably was, but filed the problem for future reference. Meanwhile, what could he do?

This question, at least, was abruptly answered. A force-ray swooped from a low-hanging aircraft and shot him breathless into the air, from which vantage-point a sky-hook grasped him and pulled him within the ship. Gossheyk found himself surrounded by grim looking men — weaponless, but an instant of null-V orientation showed him that this did not necessarily indicate peaceful intentions. One of the men, who had no arms or legs and was mounted on a kind of dolly, peered intently at him and remarked with satisfaction, "That's he." The others rubbed their hands in unpleasant glee — a gesture, Gossheyk noted with awe, entirely contrary to the teachings of V.

The man on the dolly laughed in Gossheyk's face. "Now, it seems, you are no longer a threat to us! For one of your capabilities, you have handled yourself very poorly!"

Gossheyk considered that with sharp curiosity. No longer a threat to them — who were they, and how was he (whoever he was) a threat to them? And what were his "capabilities"? Even V supplied no answers. Suddenly the ship reeled; the men clutched frantically for support. Gossheyk, propped on his elbows on the floor, slid suddenly and thudded against the wall. There was a sickening sensation of swift descent, of turning over and over, and an annihilating crash.

FANZINE CLASSICS

Because of the numerous fanzines of old which the newcomer to the field of fantasy and science fiction does not have access to, the editors of PEON are presenting a series of reprints from these old timers which we think fall into the classification of "Fanzine Classics". Such is the present offering, which first appeared in SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, July 1946. After a demise of several months, this fanzine is again with us, under the title of SHANGRI-LA, and is published (as of old) by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, at a price of 15¢ per issue. Subscriptions should be sent to Forrest J. Ackerman, 236½ North New Hampshire, Hollywood, Calif.

III

"The search affet trnth
starts from untruth."

--Cleopatra

From complete blackness, Gossheyk's mind swam gradually and painfully into the light of being. He took the null-V pause, before opening his eyes. His body felt normal, unhurt. He rested on a bare, rather cold surface. Some sort of light, smooth material was over him. There was no sound, but a faint, sickish odor. He groped for memory. The lie-detector — the

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Q strange aircraft, the man on the dolly -- the crash. He must be -- he
E opened his eyes.

1 Gossheyk lay on a thick slab of marble, and under the soft light of
Ø tube-lamps he saw that his body was covered by a sheet. Around him were
other slabs, bearing other bodies. These, he noted, did not breathe.
Gossheyk did breathe; and he sat up and slid from the slab, flinging the
sheet around him toga-wise. As his bare feet felt the cool floor, he saw
coming toward him from the far end of the immense room two persons. Nei-
ther was familiar to him; both wore expressions of great astonishment,
touched with fear.

One drew a blaster and aimed it. Gossheyk ducked, whirled, and dashed
out the nearest door. The bolt from the blaster sizzled the air by his
right ear. Barefooted, Gossheyk ran down the long corridor out the double
doors at the end, and out into the fresh air.

Near him was a forest; he headed into it, ran with many turns and
twists deep into the forest's heart. When he was satisfied that he had
eluded any pursuit, he paused for breath and took stock of his situation.
His ponderings revealed nothing constructive, but eliminated a great deal.
His body was absolutely unhurt, therefore had obviously not suffered the
crash he remembered. The sky above him was brilliant yellow, therefore
he was not on Earth. One of the strange men had fired a blaster at him,
therefore he was not among friends, or even neutral people. Were these
people associated with the dolly men? There was no indication. Yet some-
one had shot down that aircraft. Gossheyk decided he needed some sleep,
and curled up in a tree.

IV

"A loss reflects more of a logically constructive
nature than does a gain. However, the common dis-
regard of this introduces a variable factor."

— G. W.

Gossheyk was awakened by a stone which struck the tree-trunk by his
ear. Gazing down, blinking the sleep from his eyes, he saw below the man
who had shot at him in the hall of the lifeless bodies.

"Gossheyk!" the man cried, urgency in his tone. "Come on down! We
have little time!"

Gossheyk considered, noted the blaster in the man's hand, and slid
down. The stranger sheathed his blaster and held out his hand. "I'm
sorry I had to shoot at you; I could have hit, you know, but I purposely
aimed to the right. You see, the one with me is—one of them!"

Gossheyk took the null-V pause. This man a friend? He seemed to
assume that Gossheyk understood the whole situation. Did he mistake him
for the real Gossheyk, if such there was? And -- was he, "Gossheyk",

perhaps now the real Gossheyk, if such there was? And -- was he, "Gossheyk", perhaps now the real Gossheyk, since clearly he could not be one man who had been in the crash? Thoughtfully, he took the stranger's hand. As he did so, the second of the pair stopped from behind a tree, blaster raised. Gossheyk turned and ran. He heard the man whose hand he had shaken cry, "Don't let him get away!" Then the ground opened beneath his feet and he was falling -- falling --

"Where is there accuracy in its truest sense save in the workings of machines?"

--Schiedhoven.

He landed with surprising lightness, on a mattress-like object. He was in total darkness. His skin felt, obscurely, a vastness around him, and great beings coming and going. A metallic voice boomed from somewhere behind him:

"Gossheyk! Adelbert Gossheyk! I speak for the man who knows your identity! You are to proceed to Earth at once by the first available transportation. At the race-track you left in a previous incarnation, you will find clues which will help you. Proceed, Adelbert Gossheyk!" And he was elevated as though by a force beam; something gaped open above him, he was deposited on the ground before a huge silvery spaceship aimed up at the yellow sky. His mind automatically sifting the statements of the mysterious voice, Gossheyk approached the ship and the orderly standing by the steps leading to the door. The craft, he learned from the orderly, was to take off in three minutes for Earth. Gossheyk knocked the orderly unconscious, donned his uniform, and entered the craft. A moment later, just as Gossheyk got himself strapped into a seat, the rockets roared and the ship lifted from the ground, gathered speed, and flashed into space.

Gossheyk slid open the metal panel over a window. A quick glance at his position in space, and that of the world he was leaving showed that he had been on Mercury. During the rest of the trip, Gossheyk considered with null-V objectivity his latest adventures, and sent his mind over the whole dizzying course of events since he had learned of his mistakenness in supposing himself to be Adelbert Gossheyk. "Previous incarnation," that voice had said. "A previous incarnation." The significance of this was illuminating, but Gossheyk found in it no clue to his identity or purpose. Well, at the race-track he should find a clue.

VI

"The operations of chance can be reduced by logic to law. On the other hand, laws can by logic be reduced to chance." --J. S.

At the race-track Gossheyk found no one but a lonely-looking bookie. He approached this person, mentally forming a gambit. As the bookie,

looked him over with mild curiosity, he enquired, "Would you know Adelbert Gossheyk to see him? Would you say I'm him?"

The bookie considered this without visible enthusiasm. Finally he said, unemotionally, "Watch ya' grammar, bud." With which he turned away, and seemed to consider the matter closed.

Null-V is occasionally slow-working. However, its functionings are flawless. Gossheyk's cortex came through with the answer to at least one major question, just as he was tottering on the verge of an untypical gloom. The bookie's phrase held the promised clue: "Watch ya' grammar!" Grammar! The Institute of Applied Grammar! Of course....

As Gossheyk fairly ran toward the majestic building housing the Institute, he marvelled that the answer had been so slow in coming. The minions of the dolly-man, as well as their chief (for so he clearly was) had exhibited characteristics entirely at variance with V; they were a gang not above violence, and acting in secrecy; it was only reasonable to assume that they were working against the very existence of V itself. That being the case, and Gossheyk (or whoever he was) being somehow involved in the matter as a key personage, his source of help and information could logically be nowhere else than in the Institute of Applied Grammar.

Arriving there, Gossheyk found the place strangely empty of life. He wandered through the halls with sinking heart. Then, in one room he found a man; a man who looked at Gossheyk steadily from behind an enigmatic mask and whispered, "You arrived just in time. I have not long to live."

"When we come to examine the structure of the riddle-form, we find that....the answer is always implicit in the statement." ---Mother Goose.

Reverently, Gossheyk sat before the masked man and awaited the explanation. "Now that you are here," the grammarian whispered, "my work is done. I have therefore taken poison. It works more rapidly than I had expected. Listen carefully. The man on the dolly was a creation of mine, existing only to serve my purposes. I have planned this for many years. You are my agent as truly as the man on the dolly. I created V itself, and when a variable factor introduced itself, I saw that V must face opposition. Therefore you. You are my long arm. You can accomplish what I cannot. Having overcome the obstacles I created for your testing, you face the enemy with the odds in your favor." Abruptly, he bent double. "Gossheyk!" he cried aloud. "Remember--none of the race-horses lose!" As Gossheyk's null-V trained mind grasped the staggering significance of this the man in the mask dropped dead. Mind dizzy with the magnitude of the facts he had learned, Gossheyk reached down and removed the grammarian's mask. The face he saw answered his last question.

It was the face of A. E. van Vogt.

(12)

COMIC BOOK SIMILIARITIES

BY

NICHOLAS HURD

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I found a copy of Phil Stong's "The Other Worlds" (25 Modern Stories of Mystery and Imagination) Garden City, 1942 in a Honolulu book store recently. This anthology was never very popular with the fans, probably because of Stong's vitriolic attacks on certain beloved phases of science fiction and fantasy, but it was one of the earliest hard-cover collections of pulp stf and as such it should be better remembered than it is today.

Browsing through it, I read "The Considerate Hosts" by Thorp McClusky and was immediately struck by its strong resemblance to something I had read not long before. Finally, I remembered where.

For a short time I purchased nearly all the weird stf comic magazines that were appearing on the stands and in many of them I ran across themes that were obviously inspired by old pulp yarns.

I found "The Considerate Hosts" almost identical to a comic strip story I had read in one of those magazines. I looked through a stack of them that I had on hand, but I no longer seem to have it so I can give no details as to publisher, date of issue, etc. However, I imagine that somewhere in the fan world there is a completist who is faithfully saving each issue of these zines, so I pass this information along for what it may be worth.

I think the comic version of the story appeared between summer and winter 1950, but I don't know the exact date. Possibly someone is attempting to rewrite old pulp yarns into comic strip scenarios—

a practice that definitely should be frowned upon.

In "The Considerate Hosts", one Marvin Phelps is forced to detour during a rainstorm onto an isolated country road. Here his car stalls and he goes to a nearby house to phone for help. He is welcomed by a John and Grace Reed who invite him in and Phelps hears the woman say to her husband: "We'll have to think this out differently, John."

The telephone — an old fashioned, "coffee grinder affair" — is dead. John Reed invites him to stay until the storm lets up, saying that while he is there he will have "the illusion" that he is in a comfortable house.

Grace Reed, however, objects to this and her husband grudgingly agrees with her. Angered by their inconsiderate conversation, Phelps buttons up his coat and prepares to leave. The couple apologize, telling Phelps they are actually ghosts — dead for twenty-one years! Reed was electrocuted for the murder of the Chairman of the School Board in nearby Little Rock Falls. He is still wearing trousers with a slit leg and his head is shaven.

Phelps hazily remembers the case. The murderer had been a man named Reed and his wife committed suicide a few days after the execution.

Reed explains that another car stalled near the house belongs to Lieutenant-Governor Lyons. Twenty-one years before, while County Prosecutor, Lyons had won the conviction that sent Reed to the chair. Reed insists that he was framed, with Lyons winning a polit-

ical feather in his cap with the conviction.

They knew that, due to the same bridge washout that had detained Phelps, Lyons would have to detour on this road on his way home. At the present moment, they say, Lyons is in the hall. He fainted dead away the instant he saw them. When he regains consciousness they intend to frighten him again, knowing that he has a weak heart and that repeated shocks will kill him.

In the denouement, Phelps convinces the shades that they should not torture Lyons and he and Reed carry the unconscious man back to his car. Phelps manages to start his car at last, and leaves. The next day, still puzzled, he returns to the scene. The house is there, but deserted and obviously untenanted. The floors are thick with dust, the furniture is rotting away, the windows are broken and cracked. Later he reads in the paper that Lyons died a few days after a heart attack suffered the night of the storm.

That's the story as McClusky wrote it, and almost the same outline is apparent in the comic strip version. Now I don't have the original magazine in which "The Considerate Hosts" appeared, but the stories in "The Other Worlds" are listed as having appeared in Weird Tales, Astounding, Amazing, Westminster Magazine, Esquire and Thrilling Wonder Stories. Perhaps, as I said, it's worth some interested fan checking. I'd like to do more myself, but don't have enough information.

There's no reason why good weird stories shouldn't be reprinted in a weird-comic version, but it seems to me that the proper credits and payment should be made.

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION

ISABELLE E. DINWIDDIE

What presence was here in the
night,

What was here that woke me at
three,

Waiting in the palpitant darkness,

Waiting for a sign from me?

I laid then in dread and listened

Till it seemed my ear drums
would burst,

I knew something was hiding there,

That must be evil and accurst.

The darkness, like black velvet

Had enwrapped me as in a
shroud,

In terror I ried to rend it,

Failing that, I cried aloud.

The intake of a sobbing breath

And a low sigh fell on the air,

And the presence thinly vanished

As again I cried "Who's there?"

martian interlude

GENE HUNTER

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Last night I dreamed I was a boy again, for a few brief moments. For a while I was a boy again, and I stood by one of my people's beloved canals, staring down into the deep blue water of the man-made stream. Before me and on my right and my left stretched the endless, shifting desert that was my world--behind me lay the tiny oasis that was the current home of my people.

In those days the water was free, the gift of our god, L'Tor, who had spent his life in the building of the canals so the small cities and the roving nomads of our near-dead world could survive. Those were the days of the Good Men, before political intrigue and the perversions of the New Civilization had stopped the flow of precious water, driving my people away from the seared deserts and into the hated cities.

I was twelve then, and in the last year of my boyhood. During the next year my body and my mind would change and mature and I would become a man. I would discard the rude gryph-skin I wore about my loins and don the colorful dress and toga of the adult.

For years I had looked forward to the day when I would leave childhood behind me, but now, with manhood almost upon me, I was suddenly afraid. I wanted to remain a boy forever, to know always the joys and ecstasies of youth. But even as I stood there on the banks of the canal, my hands clenched, the tears streaming down my cheeks and my heart burning with a strange shame--even as I prayed to L'Tor to keep me a boy forever--I knew that it could not be.

Like the other desert children, I was doomed. I wondered if they ever realized the thing that was happening to them--if they ever prayed as I did. I know now that they did not. They would accept manhood as inevitable--as a duty--as a responsibility to look forward to and enjoy. It was I who was different.

Like the others, I would assume the cloak of adulthood in a few more months. I would mate with the girl selected for me by my father, and I would beget children. And when my people felt the urge to travel, I would mount my family on a great gryph and go with them to find a new home.

When we chanced to meet another roving tribe, I would go into battle with my people against them. If we were victorious, I would help slaughter their remaining men, I would help capture their gryphs and their women and richer and more powerful, we would go on our way. This would be my life for a few brief years and then, if I chanced to survive the wounds of battle and the rigors of our nomadic life, I would begin to wither and die.

At thirty I would be a cold, naked corpse, and my mate and my mistresses and my children and my friends would stand over me and weep and pray for me. Then my mate would burrow a shallow grave with her bare hands and when my friends had lowered me into it, she, weeping with a religious and emotional hysteria, would cover my body with the sand. They would leave, and a new spirit would burst forth in the firmament above.

Thus would it be, for thus it had ever been.

Then I dreamed that night came, and I made my way back to my tribe's oasis. The evening meal was over, and the men sat about the entrances to their tents and talked far into the night while the women worked and the children slept. In my dream my sleep was fitful and disturbed. I was alternately hot and cold, and at last I awoke in a cold sweat.

It must have been very late, for the men had all retired and the camp was still except for the occasional bay of a logar or the low moan and stirring of a sleepless gryph. I stood outside my father's tent and looked up at the stars in the crisp air above.

But they weren't stars to us in those days. Every light shining in the sky was the soul of a departed warrior, and the two balls of fire that raced across the skies were not the prosaic moons of Diemos and Phobos as we know them today. The larger was the spirit of the great L'Tor, and the smaller that of his mate, V'Dra. I thought again of praying to my god, but in my heart I knew that such a prayer would be a sacrilege.

Then out of the sky came a hissing flame and I heard a roar like that of a thousand gryphs, and in my sudden fright I thought that the spirit of L'Tor had come down from his kingdom to carry me away. The strange noises awed me, and I dropped to my knees, praying fervently, with all my heart.

Then I awoke. My old-man dream was over.

As is the custom with old ones, I tried to drift back to sleep in the hope that I might recapture that dream of long ago, but all attempts at sleep were fruitless. It was early morning, but instead of rising as usual, I lay there trying to relive that night so long ago when my dream had been a reality.

The boy who had been myself a decade and a half ago rose from his prayer and turned to face the direction of the coming of his god, but it was not L'Tor come to translate me. For many days my people wondered about the phenomena from out of the skies, and then we heard of the coming of the Earthmen. The flash and the roar had been the first of their great ships to land on our world.

Now they have been here for years and I know that they have done good things, but it is hard for a pre-Terrestrial Martian like myself to grasp



EUSIFANSO (Vol. 2, No. 4 - July 1951). 10¢ each. Published by the Eugene Science Fantasy Artisans and the Little Press (Roscoe Wright, editor) 146 East 12th Avenue, Eugene, Ore. Neatly printed with excellent artwork, EUSIFANSO is vehement in content. "The Editors Over A Broiling Flame" by Lemuel Craig more than broils the prozine editors — it roasts them most thoroughly. H.L. Gold is currently serving as God Almighty, according to Mr. Craig, with Campbell a fallen angel taken to literary prostitution. Bob Lowndes is an "heroic figure", Sam Merwin, Jr. "has struggled manfully and well", Jerome Bixby "shows great promise", Boucher and McComas "seem to be successful," Ejlar Jakobson "seems to have lost interest", Ray Palmer "deserves the most condemnation" (Craig overlooks the unfortunate accident that set Other Worlds back as well as Palmer), Bill Hamling is only "slightly better", Wellheim has become a robot, Damon Knight should sit on the right hand of God while Browne and McIlwraith do a competent job in "an undistinguished manner". If your favorite isn't listed in the above roster don't blame me, since I've listed all those mentioned in the article. Full of pretensions, snap judgments and meaningless, unconstructive criticism, Craig's piece takes the Hogwash of the Month award. Norman Hartman's "Monsters of the Future" and the anonymous fiction piece, "Mugwump Tree" are well done, but it will take more than these to get the taste of Craig's article out of your reviewer's mouth.

DAWN (No. 15) combined with THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTOR (No. 5). (July-August 1951). 15¢ each, two copies for 25¢. Published by Russell K. Watkins, 203 E. Wampum Avenue, Louisville 9, Ky. A real improvement since last time in cover art and mimeography, but the "clean up Fandom" campaign hits a new low in inanity. Russ Watkins, who is both moral and sincere, is quickly developing ulcers over Fandom's (allegedly) immoral publications. J. Howard Palmer, writing on slang and profanity, would have us say "What a despicable person!" rather than "Damn his hide!" Offhand, your reviewer can't think of anyone except possibly Li'l Abner who has ever used the latter expression and is reminded of a kind-hearted but somewhat soft-headed Sunday School teacher he once knew who tried to implant in thirsty little minds the fact that "Oh, my goodness!" or a like exclamation—actually used the Lord's name in vain since He is Goodness personified. I don't know whatever happened to the other kiddies in her class, but doubtlessly those who took her admonishment to heart found themselves unable to think of any way to express disgust or surprise and grew up with all sorts of (you should pardon the expression) engrams. The others (and I hope they were in the minority) probably felt that if such a mild expression was denied them there wasn't much use in pretending any more and that same

day began saying "dammit all to hell!", growing up to be fairly nice people. Edward Wood gives the lunatic fringe of Fandom a kick in the -- oops! -- pants in "A Look Around", Lester Fried contributes some book reviews, Kon Beale rattles off book and movie news and Bob Silverberg paints a word-picture of the first issue of Fantastic Adventures way back in 1939 a. d. Evidently there is an article on science fiction in the old dime novels, but a page is missing from PEON's copy, hence the author must remain unheralded.

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST (Vol. 3 No. 1 - June-July 1951). Published by the Elves, Gnomes, and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society, 2524 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, Calif. The DIGEST manages to intermingle restrained humor with a sort of West Coast seriousness, making it perhaps the most adult of all current zines. Modern science fiction gets a polite going over from Edward Wood, Don Fabun analyzes a Dianetics report, Bob Shaw is hilarious with "The Gentle Art of Fansmanship" (reprinted from SLANT) and Falstaff Fluellen reviews the prozines. There's lots more in this sixty-page, multilithed fanzine -- reviews, letters, indexes and articles. The general tone is not that of the average fan publication, making me believe that the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men represent a variety of interests, of which the love of fantasy is but one. You'll find little here to anger you, not too much to discuss -- just general entertainment. I recommend it most heartily.

SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST (No. 2). 25¢ each, \$1.25 for six issues. Published by Henry Burwell, 459 Sterling Street N. E., Atlanta, Ga. The same title as one of the real oldtimers, but not a revival. Actually there is nothing digested here except Arthur Burks' autobiographical "If I Could Live My Life Over" which appeared a few months ago in THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTOR. The rest of the issue is taken up by a lively discussion between R. J. Banks, Jr. (pro) and Lee Hoffman and Bob Silverberg (con -- definitely) regarding Banks' suggestion that the top ten fanzines be subsidized and edited by a selected group. As might be expected, there is violent opposition to this from Hoffman and Silverberg. Banks, I believe, has the right idea in theory, but one that would be entirely unworkable in a loosely-knit group such as Fandom. SFD is reproduced well, but a better use of art and a cover design of sorts would dress it up a great deal.

SPACESHIP combined with WYLDE STAR (No. 13 - July 1951). 10¢ each, three issues for 25¢. Published by Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Str., Brooklyn, 13, N. Y. This hardy perennial has improved a great deal since Bob and Saul Diskin brought out the first issue three years ago. Bob Tucker is represented with an excellent article blasting the fannish idea that fans are above the average in intelligence. From what little I know of the acti-fan world, I would say that fully 50% of the better-known fans are neurotic nonconformists who have taken up "Fandom" in order to find a release for their bohemian thoughts and actions. This should not be construed to mean that any of these 50% are dangerous or even unpleasant fellows, but in many cases it is evident that they are radicals who just hap-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

A Book or Two

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SPACE ON MY HANDS. By Frederic Brown. Shasta Publishers. \$2.50

A collection of nine short stories from the pen of Frederic Brown who uses the same meticulous techniques and skill in science fiction that made him an outstanding detective story writer.

Something Green, the lead story is not the best one. McGarry space wrecked alone in a world of crimson sun in a violet sky is obsessed with the longing to see the earth color green. But he finds something in this alien world that makes him destroy his chance to escape.

Crisis 1999. Brown carries his first love, detective fiction, over into the world of the future with a clever double twist, making his hero break the law in order to preserve it.

Pie In The Sky. Strictly Shrdlu with soap box opera advertising raised to the stars.

Knock. Superlatively done. "The last man on Earth sat alone in a room. There was a knock on the door....." There was a woman of course who declared she wouldn't marry him if he were the last man, which he was. The woman wasn't the one who knocked.

All Good Bems. It comes to the aid of the reader with a vocal barnyard. The dog talks, the chicken is no dumb cluck, a cow that is not placid and a rattlesnake. Wacky.

Daymare. Human characteristics persist, even on Callisto. The age-old problem of murder gives Rod a real headache when the same cremated victim reappears to be murdered again and again by different methods.

Nothing Sirius. A particular aptitude for clever tattling of tales this one off. There's absolutely nothing sirius. Yep--t h e g i r l gets her man. What's wrong with that?

Star Mouse. What fan doesn't know and like Mitkey, the first mouse to make the trip to the moon? Somebody ought to introduce Mitkey and Walt Disney. Mitkey is a real personality, a loveable, quaint, squeaky hero-victim of science.

Come And Go Mad. Excellent. Here is the terrifying story of a man that is not a chimera walking the world of the future, but a real guy with a truly personal problem growing out of the extingencies of his time--mature science fiction at its best.

—ALICE BULLOCK,

(19)

NUTRO 29. By Frank Norris. Rinehart & Company, Inc. (NYC). \$2.75.

This is labeled "A Romance", but don't let that fool you. I guess you could call it science-fiction, or even fantasy, for it concerns a pill composed of seaweed and sunshine that takes the place of food, made by two ex-atomic scientists. The story primarily relates what happens to the country and the world (Russia is bombed with the pills instead of the atomic bomb, thus bringing her into the same position as the U.S.) when the manufacture of the pill gets out of hand and into the waiting arms of the public. Everyone immediately naturally drops what he is doing and heads for the wide-open spaces. In the U.S. the trend is towards the south where a man can fish, loaf, lay in the sun, or what-have-you, without any worries about getting the daily bread.

The principal character is one of the inventors, Doctor Thomas Hightower, but there's a lovable set of characters interwoven throughout the not-so-complicated plot. You meet the regular army general who can't stand civilians and reserves and particularly detests the navy (this I got quite a kick out of). You'll like Finky, the ex-Hollywood stage hand and ex-card sharp, who befriends and adopts more-or-less a little girl orphaned by the burning of Los Angeles. Then, there's Herman, the Indian from Oklahoma, who gives a ride to Mother Callahan, a nun. Herman and Mother Callahan spend quite a time discussing his soul—that is when Herman isn't engaged in his nightly sojourns with their Florida hostess.

The book is in the main part a biting satire, and I think you'll enjoy it as much as I did. Editor Lee Riddle got it as a bonus for ordering two other books, but I believe that the asking price of \$2.75 is well worth the entertainment you'll receive.

—LYMAN HAKE

NOTE FOUND ON A DEAD EARTH

Neal Clark Reynolds

It was bound to happen. Congress had passed laws, but they weren't obeyed. Offenders were to be killed, but they were too slippery. Yet, these offenders had their side. Why should they be kept from their harmless pastime? It wasn't hurting anyone. But--they didn't realize what this hobby would soon cause. And it was they who caused this.

Of course, when some offenders were caught, and their hobbies destroyed, it made those of other offenders more valuable. Yet, these

offenders weren't really behind it. The ones behind it were those who had created the products which caused this. And they did it for money.

If it weren't for those offenders, peace would have existed. But these objects in the hands of offenders were insulting.

However, perhaps those who felt insulted had been guilty of the same thing that these offenders had been. In fact, it's practically certain they had been.

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FAN TOMES

(continued from page two)

a Los Angeles Army-Navy Surplus store and one night, under cover of darkness, smog and an alcoholic haze, this sturdy craft will set sail from Los Angeles Harbor² and head for the beautiful blue Pacific.

Feeling that such matters are beneath him, Hunter does not concern himself with the actual voyage, which should be a dilly and may well provide the inspiration for a long fact-serial by Sam Moskowitz, nor does he bother with the longitude and latitude of the island. Our philosopher feels that he is needed for Greater Things and someone else can damn well take care of the details.

The constitution for this new government will have been finally approved sometime during the night before they reach the island, Hunter believes. This, of course, is based on the assumption that the trip will last at least three weeks. It will be impossible to reach important decisions in any shorter length of time and unless the ship is pretty slow a mild case of chaos may break out. As to the name of the island, there is little doubt in Hunter's mind as to what it will be: Sland, of course, a fanified word meaning Slan Island.

After a tremendous cargo of typewriters, mimeograph machines, ink, stencils, paper and beer has been unloaded, the fans will undoubtedly sink the ship so that there will be no possibility of anyone leaving the island. Not that fans are isolationists or anything -- just a precautionary measure, you understand.

Everyone who thinks he might like to publish something on Sland will bring his own mimeo and while

the wets are unloading the beer the dries will be running off the first page of SLAND NEWS. This will, however, prove to be a one-shot since everyone will know what is going on anyway, and the publishers will find that there isn't much use for a newspaper.

Fanzines will be a different matter. They'll last a little longer, Hunter believes, but all except one or two will later fold because lack of contact with the outside world will stifle inspiration and cause major psychic disorders among many who have always thought that fans could survive alone. But these disorders will gradually be cured when the boys turn to the women they brought along (all colonies, you know, must have women) and discover that there are other biological functions in life than fan activity.

Since he's in this vein and going according to Ole Doc Kinsey's statistics concerning American males, we might say that Hunter has mentioned several times that a certain percentage of Sland population may be deviations from the sexual norm. When this is discovered and bandied about for awhile, an estimated 8% will rebel against the administration and move to the other side of the island³ where they will set up an anarchist government and produce two lively fanzines. They will be ignored in-so far as possible by their former friends.

A fan who will be nameless here⁴ will, in order to establish unification on the island, have brought along the one and only complete collection of books, prozines and fanzines on the island. This will be owned jointly by the population, but the Insurgents will be made up of those who have ceased to care a healthy damn about pro stuff

or anyone else's fanzines and the collection will fail in its objective.

According to Hunter there are several possibilities to choose from at this point. His favorite -- and by far the most probable -- is one wherein a passing ship eventually discovers the Slandsmen and, since the beer is ~~running~~ short, the silverfish are boring their way through The Collection and the salt air is lousing up the typers and mimeos, the colonists will return to America en masse.

There they will discover that things weren't so bad after all, three new magazines will have started publication and four suspended ones revived, they'll have a helluva lot of fun scouting around for the issues they missed during their sojourn and much money will be exchanged as completists vie to buy copies of the fifteen hundred different and assorted fanzines that were published by newcomers while they were gone.

¹He realizes that one man's logical solution is another man's sneer, but bear with him.

²This is some fifteen miles from the City of Los Angeles. Hunter hopes this won't confuse Eastern fans.

³A little study will show that all islands have other sides. This is true of most things in Nature.

⁴During the course of a few private conversations Hunter has identified this chap only as a certain Woods J. Packorboy, Esq.

a martian interlude

(continued from page sixteen)

and appreciate the marvels they have brought. For the children who do not remember the old days, perhaps this rejuvenated world will be a good one, but I cannot help but yearn for the past.

Once I dreaded maturity and prayed that something might happen to save me from it. Now I regret that the old order changed--that I was not allowed to live my life as one of my kind should.

So now I write this in my little room, and when I finish I shall make a pilgrimage few men make any more. I shall go down to the edge of the great canal, long dry now that the Earthmen have taught us the secrets of synthetics and as night falls I shall watch the souls of L'Tor and V'Dra race across the star-studded sky, and soon another new light will shine forth, as one of the last of the old Martians departs his world . . .

NOTE FOUND ON A DEAD EARTH (continued)

Maybe that's how the unfortunate incident happened. Maybe an offender started comparing notes with the one who later complained of being insulted.

But what difference does it make? It's happened. It can't be undone. And, although the creator of this object was blamed, a similar object would have been discovered by one of the others.

Now, our world is being destroyed. I could be the last Earthman. And to think that this war was started because a Martian got ahold of a copy of Mars Is Heaven!

PEON NOTES

(Continued from page two)

so we wouldn't be late! Yes, I know I could have waited until that night, but after waiting so long, I had vowed that the first time it showed anywhere in the Hawaiian Islands, I would be at the first show or die in the attempt! And I was, too. Since the picture is probably old stuff to most of you back in the states, I won't even bother reviewing or commenting on it, but believe you me, I thoroughly enjoyed it. I know the two older boys, Ira and Robbie, did also, for since that time, they have decided that when they get big and have lots and lots of money, they are going to take daddy to the moon 'cause he reads so much science fiction!"

Speaking of 'science fiction there is a rule in the Riddle house that the boys can read any magazine they want, except daddy's science-fiction magazines. The other day, Robbie brought me over a copy of Amazing Stories, and said, quote, "I can read this, can't I daddy,-- it's not science fiction, is it?" How far wrong was he?

Don't be too surprised if you find another new address for the editor of PEON in the near future. I'm eligible for shore duty once again and have applied for a transfer to either New York City or up in the area around Quonset Point, R.I. We are rather anxious to get back to the states, especially me, where we can be more in contact with fan activities. Naturally, I will continue to issue PEON from wherever I may be on duty--but if I do get transferred back to the east coast, you may find PEON in a new and different format.

My co-editor, Gene, has once again hit the pro market, this time with a story entitled "The Betray-

ers," in the September issue of Amazing Stories. Recommend you read it and also his story in this issue of PEON and see why I am very glad to have him help me in the publishing of PEON!

Whassa matter with you people? Don't you want to make money any more? You'll notice there's no "Fetters For The Editor" this issue and you know why? Simple--we can't constantly run letters of pure comment on PEON--what we want is letters that will cause good discussion and argument--like those of old in earlier issues of PEON. So, unless we get some, there will be none! Naturally, we are glad and appreciative to receive your comments about PEON, for we don't know if you like it or not, unless you tell us, but give us something to use in the letter columns!

Apologies are due to several people who have written me and have not received a reply for lo these many months. Pressure of official duties, work at home, and above all the beautiful weather of Hawaii have all combined to make me very late in answering correspondence. But I think I can promise you a quicker reply in the future, for my squadron has once again started to work tropical hours (7:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., and I'll have more time to catch up in the future.

Apologies also for the appearance of several pages of this issue which are due in the main part to the mimeograph I have for use. It is a pre-war relic (Spanish-American, I think) and acts the part most of the time. So, if some of the pages don't look up to the usual standards of PEON, you know the reason why.

Aloha! — LEE.

THE FAN PRESS

(continued from page 18)

pened to turn to Fandom -- the same way other restless souls take up Communism, atheism, religion or any other subject that welcomes loud and vehement adherents. Also recommended -- Redd Boggs' "Destination: 1965", a review and discussion of recent sf movies and Lee Hoffman's "Fanzine Blog". Everything else is average or better stuff, except possibly the (ugh!) poetry.

In addition to these general zines, PEON has received several specialized publications recently. In the newszine field, you should try FANTASY TIMES, 137-03 32nd Ave., Flushing 54, N. Y., if you want the straight and best dope on what is going on in Fandom and the Prozines. Both domestic and foreign science fiction events receive a thorough reportorial going over...THE FAN VET, 127 Spring Street, Paterson 3, N.J., is published by the Fantasy Veterans Association. For information contact Ray Van Houten at that address...THE OUTLANDER NEWS REVIEW, 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, Calif., is a highly localized zine. This first issue covers Westercon IV...SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER, Box 260, Bloomington, Ill., is an excellent, professionally edited mag, photo-offset style. Full of news and photos of fan people(?) and events.

The adzines have been coming in, too. Best among these, especially for the book collector, is the old standby, FANTASY ADVERTISER, 1745 Kennoth Road, Glendale 1, Calif. Nicely planographed, with a beautiful cover by Morris Dellens....If you're looking for some good buys in back issue prozines, we recommend Jack Irwin's STF TRADER, Box 3, Tyro, Kan. Mineography could stand improvement, however...FANTOPICS is a newcomer from Box 622, Riverside Station, Miami, Fla., devoted to both music (hot jazz, if you please) and sf. There is some fan stuff, but it seems to be mostly a trade and sale zine. Midget sized, photo-offset.

GENERAL NOTES::::Editor Riddle wants me to remind you fanzine editors. He will be happy to exchange PEON with you. I manage to get ahold of the zines that he receives eventually for review in this column, so your exchange will serve a double purpose. However, this will be my last opportunity to review these zines from here in Hawaii, as I'm being transferred to duty in New York City; but I will still review the fanzines that are sent to PEON....I might add here that these opinions expressed herein are, of course, my own, and not those of either the editor or assistant editor of PEON. If I seem to criticize a fan magazine too harshly, believe me, it is not from malice, for I like reading them, and do appreciate the work and effort that is put into the journal by the individual editor. My criticism stems from a desire to see better work turned out. If you doubt that, just ask Lee Riddle--for he has been rather provoked several times by my remarks about PEON!....The reason for these reviews is that the effort of other editors should be recognized. It may even get another subscriber for the editor--and the good Lord only knows that every-dollar that comes in makes it that much less from the editor's own pocket! I'll see you, then, in the next issue of PEON with more reviews. - pau -