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PEON, "A Fantascience Publication", is published irregularly (but at least four times a year), by Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut. Subscription price: 10¢ per issue, 12 issues for \$1.00. Advertising rates on request. Exchanges with other fan-zines solicited and gladly arranged....The opinions and viewpoints expressed herein are those of the author and do not necessarily represent those of the editor...This issue also being sent to F.A.P.A.



PEON NOTES

Well, by the time you start to read this, another year will be drawing to a close. It also marks the end of the fifth year of publishing PEON by yours truly. It's been rather an eventful year for not only PEON, but for the country, and fandom, as a whole. PEON has traveled from Hawaii to New York and from there up to Connecticut, where apparently it will settle down for a mighty long time to come. Fandom and the country has seen a new president for the U. S. be elected in an amazing turnout of voters. We all look forward to the forthcoming year with anticipation to see what it brings us.

One of the things of personal interest is that the editors of PEON are planning to celebrate the fifth anniversary of PEON with something special for its subscribers. We had originally intended to make this the fifth anniversary issue, but have decided to put out a regular issue, and make this a special event sometime during the middle of the year. We promised you details in the last issue, and here it is. Sometime around June 15th, earlier if possible at all, all regular subscribers to PEON will receive an approximate 125-page special issue of PEON, entitled, "The Best Of PEON", and consisting of an anthology of some of the best material that has seen print in fandom--and which has appeared in the past five years of PEON. The price to non-subscribers will be determined later on, but all you regular subscribers will get it free of charge. We think you will like it.

This also changes our regular publishing schedule. We had not planned on putting out an issue of PEON until the special issue, but there will be a February issue of PEON, mailed to you sometime the latter part of January. Deadline for material for that issue is December 26th. If present plans work out, PEON will have its own mimeograph starting with the February issue, and will not have to depend upon the generosity of others--although we've never had any trouble finding someone with a mimeograph who would let us use it. With the purchase of a mimeograph, we hope to be able to mail out PEON on a regular quarterly basis, although we're still going to maintain that we're an irregular publication!

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The Commonplace

DONALD CANTIN

"... and just 'cause we're friends, doesn't mean I have to buy every cockeyed story you dream up," said Rudolph Gamm, editor of FANTASTING STF MAGAZINE.

"Whaddaya mean 'cockeyed'?" This was Kenneth Colby, self-styled wrier of science fiction. "They're good. Besides you're lucky you don't have to read the story, all you've got to do is sit there and listen," he said, as he flipped open the notebook he had been holding. "Now listen to this one, Rudy..." he began.

"Hold it," interrupted the editor. He sat in the nearest chair. "I can't take this standing up. You don't have to read them tonight, do you? The dinner was good, so are your cigars, but don't spoil the evening. Let's watch television, instead," he said, motioning to the fall wall.

"C'mon, be a pal," said Colby, "I've got only a couple tonight anyhow."

"Awright, go ahead, but make it snappy."

"This is the first one," Colby said, as he rummaged through his notebook. He got up and went to the fireplace. With an elbow on the mantel, he began: "There's this guy, see, and he's supposed to go on a business trip today, so he tells his wife. But when he gets to the office, the boss tells him the trip is canceled and gives this guy--let's call him John--the day off. So John goes home, happier than a blueberry that's been left out of the muffin, opens the door of his one bedroom apartment.

"Grace, oh Grace...you home? Guess not," he mused, as he shut the door. "Gee Whiz," he mumbled, "a whole day to myself, and nothing to do." He went into the bedroom, just as he was about to hang up his coat, an ashtray on his wife's dresser caught his eye. He did a double-take and almost yelled out loud. There was a cigar butt on the tray. He put on his coat and was almost out of the door when he thought, "Where am I going

now? Nope, can't leave now, got to figure this thing out.' He sat on the sofa, bit his fingernails, and frowned. He sat and he bit and he frowned for over an hour, thinking of his 'faithful' wife and the owner of the cigar butt.

"Suddenly, his face cleared up, and he had the solution! Just in time too, as his fingernails had run out. He turned the answer over in his mind a few times: 'I'll buy a box of those cigars; have a party; invite all of my wife's friends;' a fiendish smile crossed his face, 'and see who smokes that kind of rope. But I mustn't let my wife know,' he spoke hurriedly, 'I'll get out of here and come back at six, then Grace'll think I worked as usual, and she won't suspect a thing.' He left, headed for the nearest cigar store.

"The night of the party, there wasn't a busier 120 pound, 43 year old, man in the city. John didn't stop for a minute, going from guest to guest, groups of guests to groups of guests, offering cigars to the men.

"Then it happened.

"John stood frozen before the husky, black-haired fellow as he took a handful of cigars from John's box, with the comment, 'Hmmm...my favorite brand.' John turned on his heel and went into the bedroom, reached under the bed and pulled out a steel box, in which he kept extra cash, receipts, and a .45 automatic.

"I'll kill him,' he muttered over and over again. 'I'll kill him!'

"After the party broke up, John left with the guests.

"I'm going out for some air, be right back,' he told his wife. 'Out for air--that's a laugh,' he thought. He put his hand in his coat pocket, and felt the cold butt of the gun. He looked down the street and saw the black haired man he had met at the party. John's grip tightened on the gun as he followed the man's footsteps. John saw him slow down and light one of the cigars he had given him.

"Now's my chance,' he almost spoke aloud. 'Hold up a second,' he yelled to the man he was following.

"What is it?' the man asked looking puzzled. When John brought the gun out of his pocket and pointed it at the man's face, and then motioned for the man to go into a side alley, he readily complied.

"What is it--a holdup?' The man blinked his eyes in the darkness--- 'Hey, you're the man with the cigars. This must be a joke,' he grinned, looking relieved. John shot him in the head.

"Then John ran back home. He was in the elevator now, going up to his apartment, thinking of his 'faithful' wife. His everloving wife. His jaw muscles tightened as he clenched his teeth, 'Kill her too, blow her

brains out.' He stepped out of the elevator, went to his apartment and opened the door silently. He stood in the doorway a moment, looking at the back of his wife's head over the top of the chair. He pulled the trigger and her head was no longer a head.

"John walked towards the window, determined to throw himself down five flights. He stopped to look at the mess that was once his wife, and gasped. He had been wrong! He stared at the ash tray beside his dead wife. His eyes shifted over to her limp hand and the cigar between her fingers that she had been smoking . . . "

"How's that?" asked Colby, beaming as he envisioned a check for his story.

The editor shook his head.

"No?"

"No. Where's the science fiction in that story?" The editor asked.

Colby's mouth fell open, he fumbled for words. "It happened on Mars, in the future, ten years from now--1978."

The editor shook his head again. "It's a good story, Ken, but it won't fit in my mag."

Colby let out a long sigh. "One more?" he asked expectantly.

Rudy Gamm bobbed his head. "If it is the last one, okay."

"There's these guys, see, and they don't like the way the government is run, so they plan to revolt and head a new form of government. They're going to kill forty million people."

A sceptical frown crossed the editor's face. "How?"

"They're going to send sub-sonic and super-sonic waves through the transmitter at the Hourly News Building, to the Ear Receivers that one fifth of the population is wearing. These waves will rupture the delicate brain cells and kill the people wearing these receivers before they know it.

"These three guys think that since most government officials wear the Ear Receivers, they, too, will die. Then," he paused for breath, "then, they'll replace the dead officials with their own men and retake the country during the confusion.

"These guys figure that most people will turn on their receivers to hear the news on the rocket expedition to Venus."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

PEON NOTES
(continued)

Ken Slater over in the English Army in Germany has a credit of 85¢ due him. Now, this is quite a surprise to him, I am sure, and it happened this way. Remember in the last issue, when he wrote "Stop This Punishing Business"? You will recall that he sprinkled quite a few puns throughout that article. At the same time the article appeared in PEON, a navy newspaper, "Navy Times", was running a contest about puns, and paying a dollar for each one they used. I took one of the puns from Ken's article--"My father was a printer, and I have reverted to type"--and sent it in, and won the first week's contest prize of one dollar. So, after deducting the agent's usual 15%, Ken now has 85¢ to his credit. What do you want done with it, Ken?....While we're speaking of Ken, Lyell Crane writes from Australia that, while visiting with Ken this year, he discovered the true facts about Ken's mail. He's verified now the fact that the army just exists in Germany to handle Ken's correspondence, and that when the mail comes in, they don't even bother opening up the sacks, but take it all to Ken, and he gives them back the few pieces that pertain to army official business!

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The Missouri Science Fantasy League, a new state-wide club for Missouri fans, has just been organized, and the founders are asking that all fans living in that state contact them. Also, if you write to, or know of any fans in Missouri, they would like to have their names and addresses. Please contact Larry Touzinsky, 2911 Minnesota Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., for further details. Their club fanzine, FAN TO SEE, should be in the mails in the very near future. I wish them luck--better luck than the Connecticut Science Fiction League has had, for the CSFL seems to be now defunct.

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Although the fanzine reviews are adequately, and more so, covered by John Ledyard elsewhere in this issue of PEON, I have received several that should be noted and recommended to you. One of these is a new one, ICE (the firgid fanzine) ably edited by Hal Shapiro, 790th AC/W Squadron, Kirksville, Missouri. Hal will send you the next two issues for 25¢, and in spite of the title, I'll guarantee ICE won't leave you cold (ouch!).... And for one of the best mimeographing jobs and neatest looking fanzines just out, I'd suggest that you send 15¢ for a sample copy of SF, to John L. Magnus, Jr., 9612 Second Avenue, Silver Spring, Maryland. This is an excellent fanzine, and leaves me rather envious at the reproduction job... SPACE TIMES is the name of a new club organ out of the Northwest S. F. Club over in England. The editor of this nice little 'zine is Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St., Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England. While concerned primarily with club doings (and rightly so), he manages to include one or two articles and stories of interesting reading. I look forward to this one each month, and perhaps if you send over a prozine or two for their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

NOT SO, MR. GOLD

edward wood

As one who wrote into Galaxy and Mr. Gold and asked for no readers' column, I think his case is valid with some exceptions. He writes as if all fans were alike. This is the greatest possible mistake of almost everyone who has written about fandom including some fans who should know better. There are very bright fans and stupid fans. I imagine that the I.Q. follows the normal probability curve. And there are the ambitious and enthusiastic fans who publish fan magazines. Far too many of these come from the lower portions of the curve. There seems to be a negative correlation between enthusiasm and intelligence.

I challenge Mr. Gold to prove the following statements from page 18: "...many of the defunct titles were old, established ones; some were new and outwardly healthy. They all had one thing in common--they misjudged the reactions and demands of fans as those of the general audience and followed them faithfully...right to the publishing grave."

A little analysis is surely in order. Titles that died before World War II did so because of economic conditions. The paper shortage did for some during the war. Now the postwar picture---

A. Merritt's Fantasy Magazine...the wholesale extinction of Popular magazines during the years 1950-51 accounts for this title. With only 5 issues, it was one of the new ones.

Worlds Beyond...killed before the 2nd or 3rd issues. A case of over-expectation by the publishers.

Out of This World Adventures...no fan that I know wanted an inserted comic book. Surely, Mr. Gold can't blame this one on fandom.

Fantastic Novels Magazine...with 20 postwar issues, this reprint magazine certainly did not listen to the fans with the constant re-printing of A. Merritt's works. Mr. Gold might be right in this case, but it is doubtful to blame only the fans. Popular cut the lowest selling titles and evidently FNM was one of them. Its policy did not change during its life.

Fantasy Fiction (Stories)...a magazine that came as a surprise to fandom. 2 issues of retitled tripe. How did listening to fandom kill this one, Mr. Gold? The editor admitted in FANTASY TIMES (#103, April 1950), "The secrecy of my first issue was not unintentional. I believe I knew what I wanted to publish..."

Super Science Stories...another Popular magazine. If you want to blame the extinction of FNM, AMFM, and this one on fandom, who do you blame the many detective and love pulps that went under?

Amazing Stories Quarterly...this rebind of regular issues has never been the responsibility of fandom. Never has Amazing been the fan's favorite magazine since 1938.

Fantastic Adventures Quarterly...the same comments as above.

Avon Fantasy Reader and Avon Science Fiction Reader...irregular publication, typical Avon covers. These are to be combined, I understand.

Suspense...a partial fantasy and science fiction magazine. Tried to please too many types of readers. Never a fan's favorite.

Marvel Science Fiction...the only magazine that went overboard after a bad start to please fans. The distribution was about as poor as it could be. Good intentions are not a good substitute for good stories.

Fantastic Adventures...I understand from reports that FA is due to take the dive. I never saw this magazine (over a hundred published issue-range) at or near the top in fan polls. Ziff-Davis, not fandom, is responsible for this.

This, I believe, is the complete list of defunct postwar magazines, unless the west coast semi-professional magazine Fantasy Book has finally given up the ghost. Only in the case of Marvel, Super Science, and Fantastic Novels, could Mr. Gold have a chance of proving his statement. Other evidence is more convincing and unless Mr. Gold has definite proof, he might just as well blame the flying saucers on fandom.

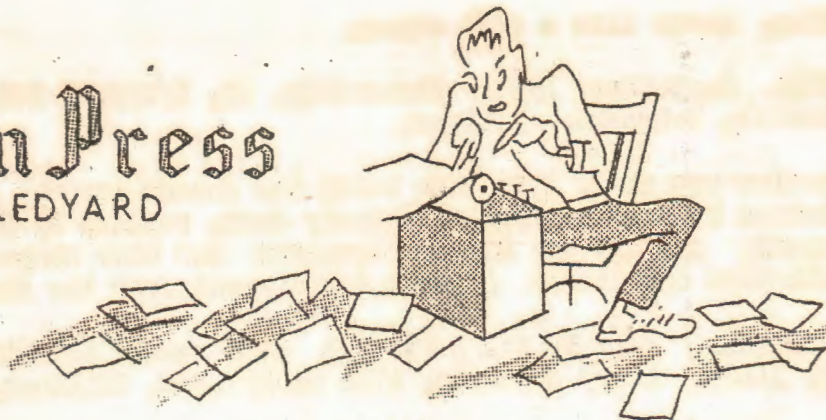
The intelligent fans--and if I'm wrong, I'll admit it--know that the top 3 magazines are still aSF, Galaxy, and Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, with Fantastic a strong comer. They obey the fundamental rules of: (1) Good stories; (2) Neat makepp; (3) Trimmed edges; (4) Name authors; (5) Non-lurid artwork (in the majority of cases); and (6) Good and strong editorial guidance.

I would not blame the success or failure of any magazine on the shoulders of fandom. The active fan is rare and seemingly becoming rarer. In numbers, fandom is not strong. However, it is in the knowledge of the field that fans possess strength. When the big, book publishing companies wanted to publish science fiction, why did they come to the fans? Because the fans and apparently only the fans knew, there was and where, it was. This situation was only temporary and fans did NOT make the most of it. Certain of the editors in science fiction don't even know what their own magazines did before they became editors, nor do they care! Fans do know and do care. Science fiction is as legitimate a hobby as stamp collecting or any other. Since this is so, there is a role that the amateur can play in his hobby. What this role is, is one of things fandom should find out.

50¢ for a copy of the February 1951 issue of PEON will be paid by---editor

The Fan Press

by JOHN LEDYARD



From now on, I intend to make it a general rule to review only new or little-known fanzines in this column. The big fanzines like SLANT, COSMAG SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, QUANDRY, etc., all get enough publicity. I'll just mention exceptional issues of these. However, I can't keep up reviewing little-known 'zines, unless I have enough to review. If you want your zine reviewed, send it to me care of Editor Riddle; I'll pick it up at his house.

ALIEN. August, 1952. No schedule listed, 50¢ per year. Official Organ of The Aliens. Vic Waldrop, Jr., 212 West Avenue, Cartersville, Ga. Mimeographed.

A new zine, which shows sign of improvement ahead. There's a good story, "Id", by Jim Schrieber, and a poetry column conducted by Joe Green, containing an excellent selection. The rest is mostly club stuff. Try it.

BREVIZINE. October, 1952. Monthly, 10¢, 3/25¢. Warren A. Frieberg, 5018 West 18th St., Cicero 50, Illinois. Mimeographed.

Small-sized, 4"x6", with quite a bit of improvement over last issue. There's a story by Bobby Warner that's good, plus a new column by Henry Moskowitz. Other than these, the contents are fair to pretty good, with a lot of cheap sensationalism: "Do you know what's going on in the world of science-fantasy? Of course you don't!" From there, it goes on to plug Moskowitz's column. Aside from the fact that Frieberg's editorial reads like Ray Palmer at his worst, this zine shows a lot of improvement ahead. It needs it.

HYPEROPIA. July, 1952. Quarterly, 15¢, 4/50¢. Official Organ of The Buffalo Fantasy League. Robert J. Fritz, 819 Michigan Ave., Buffalo 3, N. Y. Mimeographed.

A monstrous thing, 8½"x14", with 38 pages, in this first issue. A nice list of authors, including Al Leverentz, Ken Krueger, Lee Hoffman, Battel Loomis, and W. Paul Ganley. There are, aside from a story, eleven illustrations by Lee Hoffman, including front and back covers. Unfortunately, they are not up to Lee's usual standard. I particularly enjoyed Ganley's Indian Lake con-report and the stories by Betty Howard and Marilyn R. Ven-

able. Looks like a real comer.

MOTE. September, 1952. Bi-monthly, 5¢, 6/25¢. Bob Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. Dittoed.

Another new zine, this one being the second issue. Not bad at all. Has fiction by Stan Sermer, and Terry Carr, columns by Dick Clarkson and Rich Lupoff, and art by Richard Bergeron and Dave Hammond, among other contributors and items. A great improvement over the first issue.

SCINTILLA. Vol. 1, No. 3 (though it's really the 5th issue). Irregular, 5¢, 3/10¢. Larry Anderson, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Mont. Dittoed.

A real colorful item, with three or more colors on almost every page. The cover has three colors; it's a cartoon by Charles Wells. Inside are more cartoons by Charles Wells, articles by Redd Boggs and Terry Carr, columns by Charles Wells and Bob Johnson, fiction by Charles Wells and A. Charles Catania, and other stuff (poetry, features, et al). Generally good stuff, though the reproduction could be better. But, since this is the first dittoed issue, that's understandable.

SEETEE. No. 7. Irregular, 10¢, 12/50¢. Official Organ of Tellurian Sciencefictioneers. Peter Graham, Box 149, Fairfax, Calif. Mimeographed.

Another 2"x6" item, and with another three-color cover, this one by Bob Johnson. Very nice. That 50¢ subscription entitles you to membership in Tellurian Sciencefictioneers (sort of a correspondence club) for the length of time it takes Peter Graham to send you 12 issues of SEETEE. This issue, aside from the cover, contains material ranging from fair to excellent. John Sweet's poem struck me as about the best thing in the issue though there were two very good short stories.

VANATIONS. September, 1952. Bi-monthly. Norman G. Browne, 13906 -101A Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Canada. Mimeographed.

There's no price listed above because Vn has no definite price. Norman sends you the issue, then you send him the amount of money you think it's worth. It's a rather good magazine, too. Cover by Orville W. Mosher, material by Dick Clarkson and G. M. Carr, among others. Send for a copy, and see what you think it's worth--then send that to Norman Browne.

VARIANT WORLD. May, 1952. Published every 6 weeks, 15¢, no sub price listed. Official Organ of the Variants. Sheldon Deretchin, 1234 Utica Ave., Brooklyn 3, N. Y. Mimeographed.

Very nice.. Material by A. Charles Catania, Marion Cox, Douglas Mitchell, Fred Chappell, David Rike, and others. The cover and interior cartoons by Rike are very cleverly done. A lot of the material pertains to club doings, but is interesting nevertheless. There are two stories on the same theme in this issue, though, which rather fouls up the zine's balance.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



Beware the shadow land,
Ignore the outstretched hand...

This column last time was about Edgar Cayce, a clairvoyant who could read past lives. Cayce is dead, but there are others who have this talent it seems. I saw an advertisement from one of these in a newspaper devoted to an occult religion. For two dollars, this Florida woman agreed to tell the applicant who he was in a former incarnation. All she needed was the full name and birthdate. (And, of course, two dollars.)

You ask, "Why would anyone want to know what he was in a former life?" Well, this information can be very practical. According to Cayce, talent is never developed in one incarnation. To produce a Heinlein, Einstein, or Marilyn Monroe, takes continued effort over several life times. If one knew what one was doing in former lives, he might discover a hidden talent. Who knows, I might be one of the world's greatest flute players and wasting my time in the Post Office. For two bucks, how could I lose?

A round trip by mail and I got my answer--the Florida mystic said, in part:

"Your progressive symbol, which indicates your development (soul development, you dope) is the moon obscured by a cloud. (No wonder I need glasses--a built-in cloud.) This is the symbol of duality. It represents mind in the third stage of evolution. The mentality is remarkable for its rapidity of comprehension, and its impatience to perform any task allotted to it....You are forever grasping at, and striving after, knowledge...This is not an altogether favorable sign. (Wouldn't you know?) It denotes an irritable temperament, with an inclination towards the hyper-sensitive. It sometimes denotes peculiar fancies....It brings strange events into your life. (I hadn't noticed.)

"Looking back, I find you in Wales. The country was small, agricultural and divided into small principalities. War between them was constant. All combined to fight the Normans. Everyone lived by brigandage of one sort or another. There was no trade and only enough food was raised to feed the population.....

"I find you in that unfortunate country in the XIII century when Prince Llewelyn, taking advantage of the internal chaos in England, tried to assert his authority over the whole of Wales....You were a minor Welsh baron (I told you I was no clam digger!) and you had thrown in your lot with Llewelyn. It is clear that you led certain French mercenaries against the English. Initial success is indicated, but finally the English gained ascendancy and Llewelyn met his death in battle.

I ran for the hills and stayed out of sight for a while, but later joined the English and agreed under duress to marry an English woman. We had two sons. I administered a small section of Wales under the English. I was interested in education, and even went to France and studied educational methods. I was killed in my 63rd year in a fall from a horse.

My clairvoyant continued, "I also delineate three existences in sequence prior to the one herewith examined. The charge for this work is ten dollars."

From the career standpoint, my Wales incarnation was a solid zero. The minor baron business is all washed up and I have tried being a soldier with indifferent results.

A few days after receiving my "Icarnascope", an Army buddy of mine arrived for a short visit. He is very much interested in the occult and was the one who had loaned me the book on Edgar Cayce. He is president of a local branch of a world-wide occult organization, and is familiar with all types of clairvoyance. He was most interested in my "icarnascope."

Jim told me that there have been a number of clairvoyants who could read past lives, but as far as he knew, no one was engaged in this type of research. His organization would be very happy to find someone with this talent. He warned me that there was more fraud than talent operating in the occult.

Jim wanted me to give my clairvoyant the "acid test". "Don't send her any more money until I find out if she is on the level," he warned.

It seems there was another clairvoyant in his home town with some talent for this work. At least he knew what some of his former lives had been. In his life prior to the present one, he had been a monk in England and although he had never been in England in this life, he could describe certain places in England exactly. An English historical society had verified these descriptions. Jim's idea was to send my clairvoyant two bucks for a reading on this ex-monk. If she identified him, then she might have something.

The days went by and I received no answer from Jim. I got so curious as to what my "three existences in sequence prior to the one examined" might have been that I sent the lady ten dollars and asked, "How do you do it?"

Most clairvoyants who read past lives get their information from "The Akashic Records" which are called by mystics, "The Memory of God." These records are supposed to contain everything that has ever happened since the beginning of time.

My Florida seer wrote that she did her work by "symbolism." It is so difficult that it would require a book to explain it. She learned the art in India. Only one "well versed in mathematics" could understand it.

Continuing my 'incarnascope', she found me in England, during the time of Henry II (12th Century) and Thomas Becket. I was a prosperous landlord in south England. (Another minor baron!) I was a sharp business man and a double dealer. I spent some time in jail and fiddled around with black-magic. I had a wife and three kids. I died in middle age as a result of food poisoning. (The wife, no doubt). The clairvoyant wrote, "As I look back over this existence I see few generous impulses. I see the inner vision blurred--" (Oh well, even John Mize doesn't bang out a homer every time up, you know.)

I was a Roman in the first century A.D. on the Island of Cyprus. Worked for the government in a minor post as a customs inspector. Married a Greek. One kid. Girl. Was converted to Christianity by St. Paul, no less. Died at 58.

I was a prosperous Hebrew politician in Jerusalem in 628 B.C. My uncle was Jeremiah. I got him out of jail once. Another time, I put him in jail. I was a sort of a double dealer. (Still am, if the truth were known.) I married a Greek. One kid. Girl. I was interested in magic, became very wealthy and died a natural death at a ripe old age, for once.

My clairvoyant ended the letter with this sentence: "I also predict two future existences and give an outline of future world conditions. This work is difficult and priced at fifteen dollars."

Then I got my answer from Jim. Remember the ex-monk who could remember his past lives? His name was sent to my clairvoyant and this is what she told him for two dollars:

She found him in England during the time of Henry II and Thomas A. Becket. He was a prosperous landlord in South England. He was a sharp business man and a double dealer. He spent some time in jail and fiddled around with black magic. He had a wife and three kids. He died in middle age as a result of food poisoning. She wrote, "As I look back over this existence I see few generous impulses--I see the inner vision blurred--."

This information was quite a shock to an ex-monk. It was also a wet blanket for my budding enthusiasm for the occult. Jim's friend may or may not be able to remember his past life as a monk in England. But certainly he and I could not have inhabited the same body at the same time. Say, come to think of it, perhaps that's what made this minor baron such a double dealer. One's "inner vision" would certainly be blurred if one had two souls fighting for the eyesight. Jim's conclusion was emphatic--my clairvoyant was a fraud.

Let me say here that this report is not intended to cast aspersions on honest and sincere people who are interested in the occult. They believe in their work and think that clairvoyance is a proper means of research into matters with which science cannot deal. It is not my intention to say that they are wrong. However, as my friend, Jim, warns: there is a great deal of fraud in this shadow work. You have to keep your fingers crossed in dealing with it. (Both hands, if you ask me.) Neither do I wish to cast any aspersions on the work of Edgar Cayce, about whom I wrote in my last column. I have read three books about him. He was a sincere and devout man and all agree, he had something.

I wish I could spare fifteen dollars. It might be worth it to find out what my Florida seer thinks future world conditions would be like. In the bargain I get an outline of two future existences. Knowing what I do about her 'talent', I'm having a hard time holding on to my money. Curiosity has always been my worst failing. If someone could actually read my past lives, they would probably find that I had nine existences as a cat!

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THE
FAN
PRESS

(continued)

Seems to be sort of a humorzine, though not of the QUANDRY-CONFUSION type. You'll have to try it yourself to see what I mean.

FIENDETTA. September 1952. 10¢, 3/25¢. Charles Wells, 405 East 62nd St., Savannah, Georgia. Hekto'ed.

Another nice first issue, and a very promising one. The cover is multi-lithed by Lynn Hickman and rendered by Arden Cray...very nice. Inside stuff by Charles Wells mostly. There's an article on "Fandom: 1950-2000" by him, which is very good, as is "The 1974 Convention." Then, there are three stories, two passably good, and the other very good, if you get the point. I did, but I doubt if many others would...it's about Peter Graham, but there aren't too many hints to that effect. For that matter, maybe it isn't about PG at all, and I'm wrong. I don't know too much about the boy except that he was the perpetrator of the Willis Death Hoax. Anyway, this story fits him to a "T".



FANTASTUFF

BY

terry carr

LOOKING AT COMICS::

For those science fiction fans who like their westerns set in future times a la Amazing, I have good news. A publication has appeared on the stands that should be just what the doctor ordered for them. Space Western Comics is the title, and it looks to be real exciting. It features "Spurs Jackson And His Space Vigilantes", a real gosh-wow-boy-ohboy-strip. The lead story is "Spurs Jackson vs. The Saucer Men", and also has Spurs Jackson starred in "Death From U-235". Rush right out and buy it now, kiddies...While observing this bunch of crud, take a peak at the comic, Lost Worlds which has a story titled "The Quest of the Chlorophyl Monsters". This story should make other comix publishers green with envy. Also in Lost Worlds is a story (not illustrated) called "The Man Who Didn't Know Venus"--by Jerome Bixby, of all people... And, in Tales To Hold You Spellbound, another comic, there are a couple stories written by Stan Lee. He just happens to be the guy who writes "My Friend Irma" for the radio. Maybe pretty soon the comics will feature "My Friend Irma", eh? Well, it was just a thought... But there is some good stuff in the comics aside from Pogo and the E. C. comix. The Spirit (second issue) features a satire on TV space-heroes, titled "The First

Man On Mars", in which the kids throw off on the Spirit in favor of their new idol, Captain Isotope.

PERPETUAL STATES OF A FAN COLLECTOR:::

Perhaps it is a trifle unethical to fill one's column with the writings of another; but, I'll quote David Rike anyway, as I agree with him completely:

"From experience I've found there are two perpetual states of existence a fan-collector is **forever** in...(1) that of irritation for he knows that there are magazines out which he does not have and wants, and (2) even with the self-satisfaction that he has all, he is perturbed by the boredom caused by looking at a dreary newsstand, and knowing that he has all the magazines that he wishes that are there; and to remedy the situation, he wishes he was back in state (1); but in such he wants to be in state (2).....well, by now, you see it's a never-ending circle."...I also believe that there's a subphase to the two perpetual states of a collector (which, however, applies only to the out-of-the-way fan-collector): that of suspenseful wondering if there are any mags in newstands of the larger cities, which are available locally."

Of course, I personally have never experienced the latter sensation, since I've lived in San Francisco all my fan-life. But I do know there's a third stage: that of knowing that there are mags in near by cities and towns that have not been distributed locally as yet. San Francisco gets magazines anywhere from three days to a week later than Oakland, just across the bay.

DOUBLETAKE DEPARTMENT::

While browsing around a comic stand (in search of items like earlier in this column), I got stopped, but fast, by the title of another new sciencrud comic. The title? Fantastic Worlds.... And in the October 1952 Imagination's "Cosmic Bluff", by Makronalds, I ran into: "...but I'd been getting a good deal of ego boo the past months...." So now, fannish "esoteric terminology" (to quote RHODO) is invading the pros?

AD INFITEM::

Dear Reader (s?), did you think that R.W.Lowndes' new mag, Dynamic*

Science Fiction, was a revival of the old Dynamic Science Stories of 1939 vintage? Did you really? Well so did I...until I thought about it for a few moments. Then I realized that, after all, the old Dynamic was a companion-mag to Marvel-- whereas the new Dynamic is the companion of Future. Comprenez-vous?

A TALE OF TWO MOSKOWITZ'::

Once, there was a fan by the name of Sam Moskowitz. This fan was a very well-known fan. Then later, there came another Moskowitz with the first name of Henry. Since so many people were confusing him with the Sam Moskowitz, Sam Mines dubbed him "Hank." This did not seem to be enough, so Sam Mines then said that Henry of the Moskowitz' was the grandson of Sam of the Moskowitz'. (Still with me?) Since both of these fans lived in New Jersey, this seemed quite logical on the surface. However, let us take cognizance of the fact that Sam Moskowitz is a bachelor, and always has been one. This kinda blows up Sam Mines' theory, doesn't it?

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THE COMMONPLACE (continued)

"Aw, c'mon, don't waste my time," the editor rose to his feet. "You know as well as I do that there's no science fiction in that story. Cripes, everybody wears these receivers." The editor's hand went to his ear, with the receiver there, no larger than a nickle.

"Besides," he continued as he looked at his watch. "It's almost ten o'clock." Rudy Gamm turned on his receiver as he said, "They're supposed to give us news on the rocket expedition to Venus tonight. Turn yours on, Ken, it should be interesting...."

harmony



JIM HARMON

And the identification I have long felt with fandom is no longer spiritual which is a tedious thing to maintain under the practicalities of modern life, but physical. Perhaps, science fiction and fandom have become a god and a religion to me respectively. This probably is the over-dedication a friend, H. L. Gold, warns me of--it probably is, since where I am concerned, I have found him always right and myself wrong. But, I enjoy it, and no man can know a better life than I lead.

At the Convention, I found that the Gods of my religion are such that I couldn't dream up better ones. Walt Willis, tall, handsome, sophisticated, urbane and urban. Lee Hoffman, a lovely and clever young woman. Forrest Ackerman, devastatingly informed, warmly human. Sam Mines, a nice guy and a good human being. Ray Palmer, unconformingly intelligent, surprisingly suave. Evelyn Paige Gold, fabulously beautiful and charming. John Campbell, brilliant, modest. Rog Phillips, rakishly clever. Mari Wolfe, unaffectedly pretty. And Jerry Bixby, Gerry de la Ree, Robert Bloch, and all the rest. Glowing praises, perhaps, but I have

I sit here quite some time after the great event in Chicago's Morrison Hotel, August 30, 31, and Labor Day--the tenth and largest; and to me, the best--of the Science Fiction Conventions. The annual convention is perhaps the most important event in Fandom. To those who identify themselves with what is perhaps one of the truest expressions of Man's creative instinct--blending Art and Science--Science Fiction, the expression of that interest via correspondence and their fan-magazine efforts is devoted to nothing so much, perhaps, as to remembering and anticipating the conventions. Before, I have never been able to throw myself into the spirit of the conventions, but this time I was a part of it.

found it enjoyable to be Boswell to these fine people, who, to me, are Science Fiction.

There was quite a crowd in the lobby of the Morrison Friday night. I'd spotted Anthony Boucher, who introduced me to Howard Browne who didn't agree with me that he could sell Fantastic Adventures to the pulp crowd, while selling Fantastic to the slick reader. Ted Sturgeon came along looking not unlike the conventionalized version of Christ, and told me where to go--up to the tower to see Campbell. But, before I could get the nerve, 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 knew it was that or a table of food. Thought you must have been hungry. Yeah, you must always be hungry," I added, looking at his wapish waist.

"Hungry? Uh, that reminds me. Nice meeting you. See you."

He couldn't fool me, though. He had a blonde look in his eye.

After Harlan Ellison, Max Keasler, Gregg Calkins, Dick Clarkson, and a roomfull of people and bottles, it became Saturday. With it, came Manly Bannister and Henry Burwell, who looked lean and hungry and tried to have me for breakfast, but Manly made him put down the knife and fork.

At breakfast with a lot of people, Henry mentioned The Thing.

"Speaking of western movies," I spoke, "nobody makes them like Tom Mix anymore. I think he was a superman."

A very pretty girl across the table leaned forward interestingly. "I think you're right! Anybody who could do all that must be superhuman."

Bannister smiled--he's one of those mildly cynical clever people that always make me feel dumb. "Captain Future was the greatest cowboy that ever lived, Lee."

"You're Lee Hoffman," I said. "Well, how do."

"Yep, that's me. You've met Walt Willis?"

"Uh-huh. What do you think of western movies, Walt?"

"I try to avoid them as much as possible." No "Faith and Begoray" at all. He talks like English gentlemen on the radio. A little better, maybe.

Thereafter, the talk went to zap-guns and other equally weighty

matters.

Just before the official session, I cornered del Rey and got his autograph and that of somebody with him.

"Sorry. I can't read your writing. Who are you?"

"He's George O. Smith." del Rey sounded disgusted at one of us. Maybe both.

I met Forry Ackerman, S.J. Bryne, E.E. Smith, and a lot of others at the first session and made acquaintance with a few bottles up in Burwell's room, later. Things developed spectacularly.

Next morning, I met Landis Shepard, one of the first fans I met in fandom, at the NFFF meeting; also Honey Wood, whom I could swear I'd met before; Eva Firestone, the number one fan this year; and Racy Higgs, the hardest working NFFFer ever; and by-passed the aspirins offered me by my old friend, Bob Farnham.

Outside, I saw someone who looked familiar. "Say, aren't you George O. Smith?"

"I'm tired."

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.

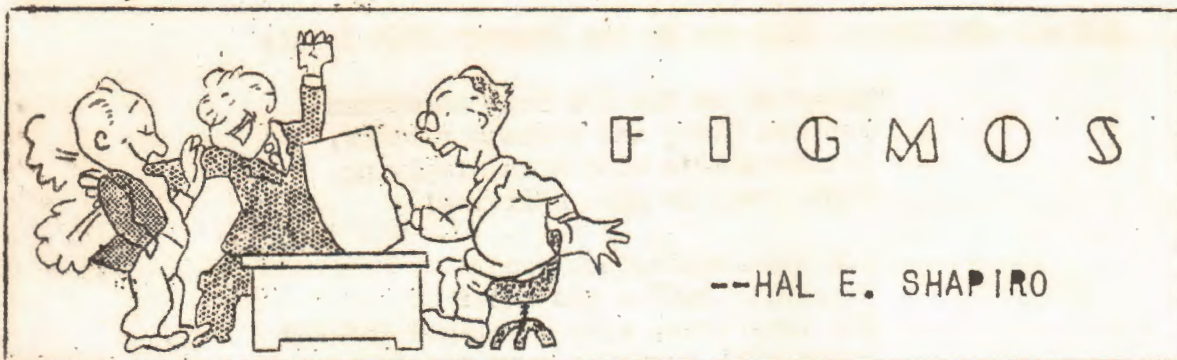
"Yeah," remarked Rog, "she's vicious. She vicious to be number one fan."

I was talking to Rog's wife, Mari Wolfe, too. "What about this mistake in "All The Answers" that Lowndes made so much of. I couldn't spot it."

"Neither could I. And I'm supposed to know all Rog's mistakes."

At the banquet, I saw a familiar

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)



And so, another column begins. This will continue, or will not, depending entirely upon reader and editor reaction.

Do you like poetry? In PEON #24, Larry Saunders quoted Duggie Fisher and those immor(t)al lines: "I think that I shall never see, Any good fantastic poetry," and went on to attempt to prove it. Of course, he spoke primarily of serious poetry. We don't hold with serious poetry and, only very rarely have we ever found any serious fan poetry we could appreciate. However, this definitely does not mean that there is not any good serious fan poetry.

For instance, in almost every issue of Shelby Vick's CONFUSION is a column by Joe Green titled "Gateway", which usually quotes some damn good fan poetry. In fact, one such item by Lee Hoffman impressed this writer no end. It was a simple little thing of four lines that went:

"Someone came in the night,
And held my hand,
And sighed--
For I was dead."

But serious good fan poetry such as this is comparatively rare. It is the humorous writings in rhyme which are long remembered. One of the foremost fan poets of today and yesterday is, of course, Art Rapp. Who is there of the old SPACEWARP readers who cannot lovingly recall his poems to the postmen? Take for example this one on the mailing page of the March 1950 WARP (#36):

"Ye blisterfoot postmen so proudly we hail
Who thirty-six times conveyed WARP through the mail
For without you to scatter over the nation
This acme of zines would have no circulation."

As historians back thru these pages are picking
Think of all the ARP stamps that have taken a licking
And when this historic occasion is gone,
The postman, as usual, will still carry on!"

And who ~~can~~ forget this one in the January 1950 issue:

"Ahead of us the New Year stretches
Fen are glad; the postman retches,
Toting WARP's with much misgiving;
What a way to make a living!

Men who manufacture paper
Gleefully guffaw and caper
For they know, with anguished screams
Rappy will purchase many reams;
To them will go the profits -- say!
That's how to make a fanzine pay!"

And, of course, no collection of this sort would be complete without the classic on the mailing page of the October 1949 SPACEWARP:

"alack, in new brunswick, in georgia and maine
the postmen are hitting the bottle again
their red eyes roll wildly, their nerves are quiver
for again they're confronted with WARP to deliver.

o postmen of brunswick, of georgia and maine
let one bright hope cheer you thru horror and pain
as you bear the curst burden remember, remember
once you get these passed out, that's all till novembér!"

These, of course, are poems with a message, and Rapp excels at writing such meaningful verse. Then, too, across the wide water, you have Walt Willis, ~~was~~, in SLANT 4, came up with this astounding bit of philosophy:

"They don't care for Thrilling Wonder
Down under,
And when they see a Planet,
They ban it."

The limerick, too, has its place in stf poetry, as witnessed by this anonymous piece in the second issue of the TORQUASIAN TIMES:

"A brilliant young Doctor, McKnight
Could travel much faster than light.
He set out one day -- in a relative way --
And returned on the previous night."

Nonsensical verse, too, has its place when you consider this item by Ray Nelson in the second issue of UNIVERSE in 1948:

"Mary had a little BEM
Her pa cut off its head,
So now when Mary goes out to play,
The BEM stays home in bed."

Sticking with the WARP crew for a while, there is the little four-liner by Rapp in the May 1948 issue of MUTANT:

"If you'd like the sensation of
A trip to Mars by rocket;
Unscrew a lighted bulb and stick
Your finger in the socket."

Leaping wildly through the pages of many of our best SAPSazines today is a new species of rhyme created by Wzai Ballard which he calls "Not-Poetry". Since a description would be futile, the best way to show you what it is, is to quote some. I quote from OUTSIDERS 8:

"VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY SPEED-O-PRINT

Blotch
Splotch
Quick Watson the ink
The mimeo drives me to the brink
Of despair
And I tear
My hair.

Hi baldy.

II

Put another stencil on the drum
You bum
Turn
Slow burn
Take it off
Take it off
Now is the time for all good men and true
to come to the adi of the mimeograf
Instead of which I will start up the Amazon
on a raf

III

Slip sheet
How sweet
Very neat
Too much work
I'm beat."

All in all, I'd say that your best fan poetry today is to be found in the many ajoy zines and poetry leaflets in both SAPS and FAPA.

Well, astronomy students might be interested in studying the stars on cloudy nights. This is possible with a kit put out by a Hollywood corporation, and consisting of 250 luminous stars, moons, and planets which can be put up on your bedroom or den ceilings. They're gummed and the kit sells for \$2.00, complete with directions and a chart. Would suggest that you write to "Stars", 12127 Huston St., North Hollywood, Calif. Unpaid ad.

Ray Nelson is a art agent now, in case you're interested. He recently sold a cover illo to IF for Jerry Weiland. Since IF seems to be unavailable in this part of the country, I dunno whether or not it has appeared.

Stf reared its head in the recent elections, 'tis understood. In Detroit, for instance, a rocket ship toured the city to coax out citizens to register for the elections. A duplicate of the Terra IV (of TV fame) toured the city and in order for the kids to go through the ship, they had to be accompanied by a registered adult. Adults did not have to be accompanied by children.

The SCIENCE NEWS LETTER claims that no one can drink a quart of 100-proof liquor a day and live. A chronic alcoholic might finish off a fifth of 100-proof stuff in 24 hours, but no more....

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Just a Sad Sack, That's me ---



Doesn't someone, somewhere, have a copy of the February 1951 issue of PEON? I need it desperately to complete my files, so I can have the previous volumes of PEON bound. My offer of 50¢ for a copy in good condition didn't seem to do any good---so, I'm offering now a brand new dollar bill for the first copy that is sent to me. Where else is there such a good return on your money? Please let me hear from you!

Charles Lee Riddle
108 Dunham Street
Norwich, Connecticut

HARMONY

(continued)

figure again. "Aren't you George O. Smith?"

"I'm tired."

The masquerade came and I attached myself to Sam Mines again. "I hear Rap is running a letter of mine in OW which says I'm running for President of the United States. I remember I say in there I'm making you Secretary of Labor because you're the only man who could get along with John L. Lewis."

"Yeh, you said that in a letter to me. Just what do you mean?"

"Mines..." I said, tentatively.

He buried his face on the shoulder of his wife, Susan.

Later, somebody came along and Mrs. Mines got introduced as Jim Harmon and I as Mrs. Mines.

I passed a triple-breasted woman and some double-breasted ones, and some green men--I didn't pay much attention to them; when I came face to face with Gerry de la Ree and Dave Ish and I went up in the elevator with them and Lee Hoffman and some people.

Somehow, I got to telling about a story I wrote in which de la Ree was a prohibition-era gangster and was going to slug Willis if he didn't Tuarasi out from under a table. He was there because he liked cramped places since he was turning into an olive.

"I like it, I li-i-ike it," Lee said.

After we got where we were going, I saw Forry Ackerman.

"Forry, Rog Phillips has been making all the usual puns on my name--musical harmony, harmonize, etc.--can you think of any new ones?"

The Great Mind whirled. "Well, Harmony science fiction magazines do you want to write for?"

Next day, after Willis had shown himself well in the debate, I was with him, Lee, Max Keasler, 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."

Well, Ted Sturgeon sung and I won some original Williamson comics after the fine speeches and ballet. With my originals tightly clutched in my hot little hand, I started to leave the lobby, when I spotted a strangely familiar figure. "Say, aren't you Tired?"

"I'm....hungry."

I was tired--but happy.

FANZINE BARGAINS

In the many years I've been active in collecting and reading science fiction, I've managed to accumulate a large number of fanzines--too many, in fact, for the amount of space available for their storage. So--now, you get a chance to obtain some of these at a bargain price....I've gathered these up in batches, paying no attention to either date or title, and if you will send me a dollar, I'll send you 15 fanzines--some old some new (no FAPA or SAPS'zines are included)--and guarantee you'll be pleased at the selection.---Charles Lee Riddle.



BOOKS

TIMELESS STORIES FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW, edited by Ray Bradbury. Bantam Books, New York. 35¢.

The introduction of the anthology written by Bradbury states: "This anthology was collected for three reasons; to locate stories by authors who rarely write fantasy, to find stories not previously used in fantasy anthologies and most important of all, to publish stories of quality." Ray Bradbury has certainly succeeded in fulfilling the first two statements, for here in this book are such famous names as Steinbeck, Isherwood, E. B. White, and Kafka, who contribute to only the top flight magazines and publishers. But in most of these stories the fantasy is usually questionable and sometimes negligible. Still there are some excellent stories by Kuttner, Bradbury, Steinbeck, Clark, and others. Certainly you cannot lose by purchasing this book at thirty-five cents. It is an interesting sampler of fantasy as viewed by writers in other fields. This definitely is a bargain compared to the other anthologies which sell at three and four dollars and which contain stories printed a few months before or previously printed in other anthologies.

--CHARLES KELLY

-oOo-

PRISONER IN THE SKULL, by Charles Dye. Abelard Press (381 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.). \$2.50.

A recent news item in FANTASY TIMES told of a fire in the warehouse of Abelard Press which destroyed the plates and an unknown quantity of copies of this book. Such a disaster is bad enough for any book company, but when they have a possible big-seller such as this book, it becomes much worse. On a recent trip to New York, I was very fortunate in obtaining an advance copy of Charles Dye's first full length novel, and believe you me, I really liked it. I read it on the train trip home, and the 2½ hours required for an otherwise boring ride went by like magic while reading this original novel.

The story is laid in the year 2000 A.D., with a colony of scientists al-

ready established on the earth's moon and regular schedules of rockets between there and the earth. Mr. Dye has touches of van Vogt interwoven in his plot, what with the side-glances of everyday life you get while reading the story. There is plot and counter-plot, all in the very best vV style, yet you can't accuse him of copying the master--for he definitely has a style of his own. The hero is Alister Conrad, who is Rene de Lamiter, who is Alister Conrad, who is Rene de Lamiter--and so forth, until the reader sometimes begins to wonder if he is Alister Conrad! In other words, you won't be able to guess the ending until you reach it--it's one of those type of stories.

Incidentally, guess what the names of two of the scheduled rocket ships are--the Willy Ley and the Arthur C. Clarke, believe it or not!

Charles Dye, in whom I have a special interest (he's an ex-navy man, and I am all for those navy men who like science fiction, especially those who write it), deserves fulsome praise for this novel. Abelard Press has done a wonderful job in following up their recent "Mars Child", in presenting this novel in an attractive format, a distinctive dust jacket, and above all, a reasonable selling price. If and when it becomes available get it.

--CLR

-oOo-

VAULT OF THE AGES, by Poul Anderson

ISLANDS IN THE SKY, by Arthur C. Clarke

ROCKET JOCKEY, by Philip St. John

MISTS OF DAWN, by Chad Oliver

SONS OF THE OCEAN DEEPS, by Bryce Walton

--all published by the John C. Winston Company (Philadelphia), and costing \$2.00 each.

Following up their spring release of five books in one crack, the John C. Winston Company, has recently released the above five books also at one time, thus jumping to the head of the list of number of s.f. books published in one year by one company. They almost tie with first place also for the number of s.f. books ever published by one company.

As was the case with the first batch, these are all aimed at hitting the juvenile trade, and come at a most opportune time, what with the Christmas season here with us. If you have a young friend who is interested in s.f. these are perfect gifts--and that is just what the JCW Co. hope for. The books all have a young person for the central figure (oh, there's adults around also, but only to counsel the younger person, and in most cases to further the plot along by making the younger person's task a more difficult one. However, just because I have labeled these books as excellent for the juvenile trade, don't get the idea that they are to be enjoyed only by those youngsters--I enjoyed practically every one of them, and I am sure you will do likewise.

~~Rather~~ than ruin your enjoyment of the stories by describing them, I'll merely give a brief outline:

ISLANDS IN THE SKY is the story of one of the space stations that circle the earth, and of a young lad, Roy Malcom, who wins a trip and a visit to it in a contest sponsored by a earth airway firm. Action centers around a strange spaceship which anchors close by.

VAULT OF THE AGES is laid in the far distant future after atomic war have ruined the earth and plunged mankind back into feudal days. Same theme has been used before, but not with a teen ager as the hero. The best of the entire lot, in my estimation.

MISTS OF DAWN tells what happens when a young man is sent back to pre-historic times by an accident with a time-machine. Neanderthals play prominently in the story. A good tale.

SONS OF THE OCEAN DEEPS is the weakest in the current series. Full of thud and blunder one has come to expect from Bryce Walton, but should appeal to the emotions of the younger set. Laid in the ocean seven miles below the surface.

ROCKET JOCKEY concerns itself with a young space-cadet who outwits the Martians in the "Armstrong Classic", a sort of hot-rod race of the future. In spite of the title, the story is excellently written.

Once again, I will repeat--these books will make excellent Christmas presents for those young friends of yours who can't get enough space fiction. And while you're at it, why not get one or two--or even the whole five for yourself?

--CLR

-oOe-

INDEX TO SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES: 1926-1950, compiled by Don Day. Perri Press (Box 5007, Portland 13, Oregon). \$6.50.

In spite of the staggering price, this is an invaluable piece of property to any fan who tires to maintain a decent collection of science fiction magazines. Don has been indexing science fiction magazines for some years now, and this is the result of his labors. 58 different magazines that have appeared during the span of years covered are indexed, and each story that has appeared in these 58 magazines is listed twice--once by title and once by author, thus giving you a ready reference if and when you need it. The appearance of the book is impressive in itself, consisting of 184 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 pages, and bound in sturdy buckram. As Kenneth Squires put it, "...you, as I, will find yourself digging through your older magazines to reread forgotten yarns that the INDEX has reminded you of." Inasmuch as this is a labor of love by Don and published by himself, I don't imagine that the price of \$6.50 represents too much of a profit to him.

--CLR

PEON NOTES
(continued)

club library, I am sure that Eric will send you a copy or two of SPACE-TIMES in return....While in the same vein, I hate to report this, but it has to be done. STRAIGHT UP, one of the foremost newszines out of England, has ceased publication with the December issue. Frank Robinson, who has done a wonderful job with what meager equipment he had, has finally had to quit publishing STRAIGHT UP. The main reason was the lack of equipment, and he promises, however, to be back with a new fanzine in the very near future. I certainly hope so, for he has a marvelous sense of humor and a knack for putting out a grand fanzine.

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While reading through the pages of SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER and the KAYMAR TRADER the other night, looking at the varied prices asked and offered for old science fiction magazines, a thought struck me. Why don't a group of fans (possibly a local stf club) get together and put out a yearly price catalogue of old magazines, such as the annual Scott's Catalogue for stamp collectors? Such a catalogue, if issued annually, or even semi-annually, would be an invaluable guide for those of us who wish to buy and are afraid that we would be paying too much today and find out about it tomorrow. It also would be a great help to the isolated fan who wishes to dispose of his collection, but doesn't have any contact with other fans to discover a price to put on his magazines. In my estimation, the idea of such a catalogue would have merit, and I wish some of you readers would take it up. One way to arrive at an average price, is to study the various price lists issued by individuals, shops, etc., and try to strike a balance between them all. I'd be interested in arranging publication of the listing, if needed.

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PEON NOTETTES: The FAN VETS will hold their third annual convention again in New York City next year to raise funds to defray expenses in sending out magazines and books to members of our armed forces overseas. If you would like to help out this worthy organization, send your contribution to Raymond Van Houten, 129 Spring Street, Paterson, N. J.....Another new prozine is due to hit the stands in the very near future. H. L. Gold informs me that the magazine will contain nothing but fantasy and will be edited by him. The title has yet to be decided, but it should be out in the near future. He also informed me that Galaxy, in connection with Simon and Schhuester, is sponsoring a contest to discover new talent (although the contest will be open to anyone), and are offering for a novel of approximately 65,000-75,000 words, a minimum of \$6500.00! Full details will be announced in the February issue of Galaxy, but you would-be authors can get your typewriters oiled up now, for this your big chance!.....That's all for this issue, friends, but I do want to wish you a Very Merry Christmas, and a Most Happy New Year. I'll see you all again in the February issue, and until then, Happy Reading!.....

lee