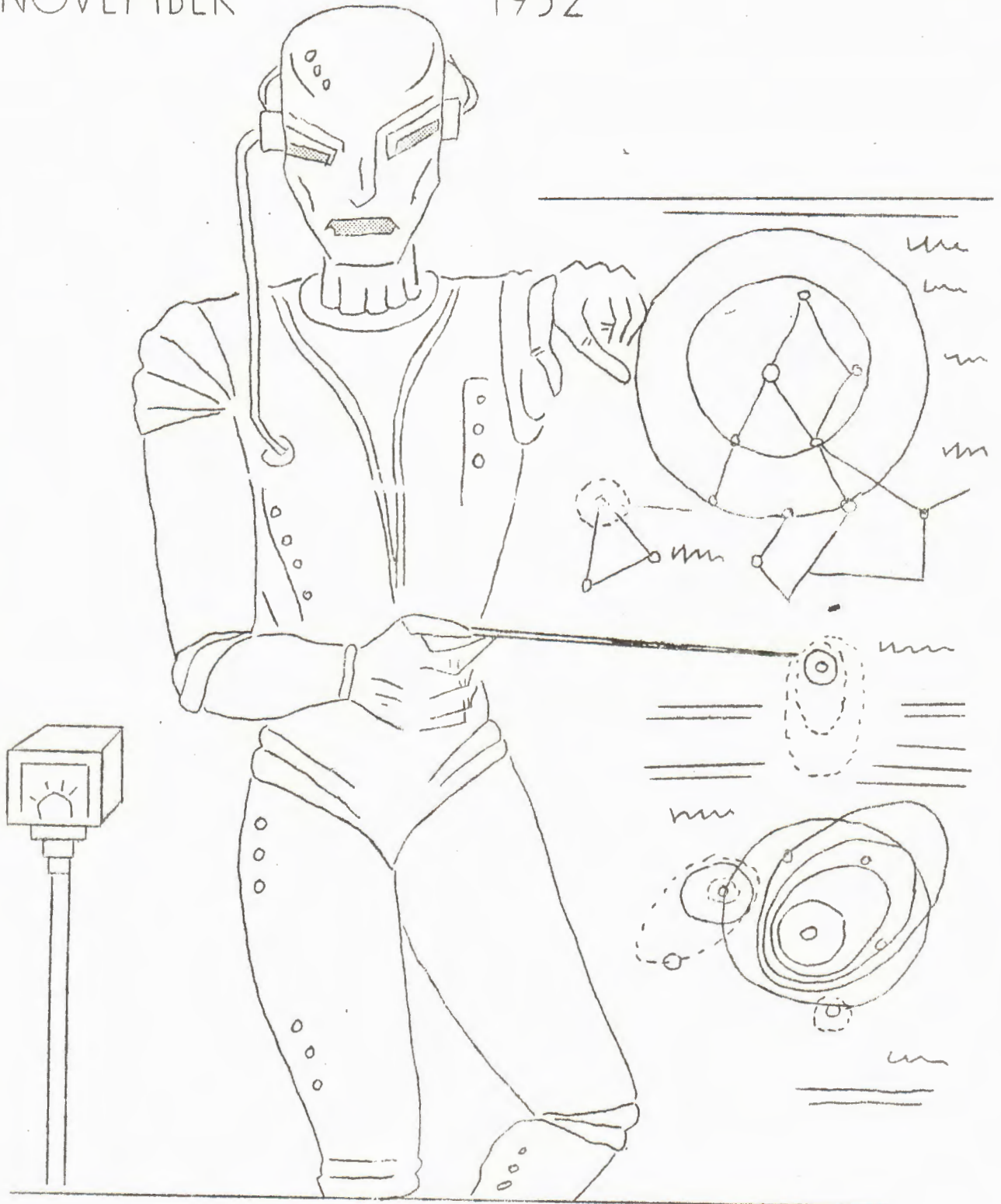


# PEON

NOVEMBER

1952



P. H. Economou:

WE ARE FISHED FOR . . . . . 3

Don Howard Donnell:

THE DREAMLESS . . . . . 7

Larry Saunders:

IT'S THIS WAY . . . . . 9

Henry Moskowitz:

IN DEFENSE OF THE DEFENSELESS . . 15

Ken F. Slater:

STOP THIS PUNISHING BUSINESS . . 17

Jim Harmon:

HARMONY . . . . . 19

Terry Carr:

FANTASTUFF . . . . . 21

T. E. Watkins:

KAN KAN KABITZER . . . . . 23

John Ledyard:

THE FAN PRESS . . . . . 25

BOOK REVIEWS . . . . . 27

PEON NOTES . . . . . 2

Cover by "DEA"

PEON, "A Fantascience Publication", is published irregularly (but at least four times a year) by Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut, with the able assistance of John Ring....Subscription prices: 10¢ per issue, or 12 issues for one dollar. Exchanges with other fanzines solicited and gladly arranged....The opinions and views expressed in these pages are those of the authors, and not necessarily those of the editor.



# PEON NOTES

Greetings once again from the "Rose of New England"--Norwich, Connecticut. The more I see of this beautiful countryside, the more I like it, and the more satisfied am I, that we chose this part of the U. S. to settle down in. The main reason for the long delay between this and the last issue of PEON is that

we have been enjoying the scenery around here and also we have been finishing up the new house. Your editor is almost ready to take out a membership in the local carpenter's union, after building a den up in the attic to house the collection of magazines and books. The place is now ready for occupancy, and once again, we extend an invitation to any fans coming up this way to stop by and pay us a visit. The phone number at the house is 9-8719, and we'd be more than happy to see you.

There will be one more issue of PEON this year, dated December, and mailed out sometime during that month. It will not be as big an issue as this one, and will be the last issue mailed out until sometime around May of next year, at which time, PEON's fifth anniversary issue will be released. This anniversary issue will be something of a landmark in the annals of fanzine publishing; and will be something that I don't think has ever been done before. Full details will be given in the next issue of PEON, but I might add a warning that if you are not a subscriber to PEON, you'd better become one before that anniversary issue, for you're going to miss something!

-oOo-

A new service for fans, and by a fan has been inaugurated by Ronald D. Rentz of West Hartford, Connecticut, the erstwhile president of the Connecticut Science Fiction League. Operating under the name of Fantasy and Science Fiction Book Club, Ron offers almost any new book in the science-fiction and fantasy field at good discounts. The club operates somewhat along the lines of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and while the theory has been tried elsewhere before, I am fairly certain that Ron has the know-how to make a success of this one. Dues are practically nothing, and I highly recommend that you contact Ron at 130 Vera Street, West Hartford 7, Conn., for further details. Tell him I sent you--maybe I'll get a free book!

-oOo-

I was highly pleased to hear that the Philadelphia group is going to hold next year's s.f. convention. Sincere congratulations to them, and I know that they will present a bang-up convention for us in 1953. It did me good to know that they won it, and not the California group--for if it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

we

are

fished

for

---P. H. Economou

Timidly, tentatively, Charles Fort expressed the above theory. Timidly, tentatively, a few have accepted it. For the most part with reservations. Fort offered a few isolated examples of odd disappearances to bolster his theory -- not nearly sufficient evidence to gain him general credence. Perhaps Charles Fort did not know the staggering truth--more probably, he dared not reveal it!

If the facts were divulged to the world at large, it would create unimaginable panic. It is my belief, however, that science fiction devotees as a group are realistic, mature and level-headed enough to receive this information with calm intelligence. And intelligence we need, my friends, if we are not all to vanish from the face of the earth.

I am a magazine editor. In the course of my business there has been gradually revealed to me a diabolical pattern. This pattern must also be evident to all others who do a substantial business through the mails, but it is not the sort of thing you can present to newspaper reporters or the United Nations. You bottle it up, bury it deep and deeper until you can't quite remember why your nightmares are slowly crumpling your mind. As the horrible pattern clarifies, your refuge is finally obtained in the blessed oblivion of madness.

This, then, explains the constant turnover in publishers and editors. If you are skeptical, compare any 1948 listing of editors and publishers with the 1952 listing. The exceedingly few duplications are accounted for in the main by the desperate practice of certain magazines to assign staff names such as Johahn L. Stromberry - Art Editor; which name is passed along to the 30 or more holders of that position during the ensuing years.

Let me not digress. I am exceedingly fortunate in being a stf fan. To fandom I can unburden my dread secret, and thus -- perhaps -- retain my



own tenuous hold on sanity. To fandom I can at last offer the incontrovertible proof that we are being fished for -- apparently by commercial fishermen, for a wholesale fish market.

My awareness developed gradually. The first indication was the small but steady trickle of magazines returning to us with the post office stamp "UNKNOWN" or "UNCLAIMED" across their labels. Who were these subscribers, I wondered? Why were they "unknown" at the address they had confidently given us? Did they know they were "unknown"? Did they think we were keeping their money to be mean? It was vaguely sad, I felt.

I became more disturbed as I checked back on the original subscription orders to be certain errors had not been made in addressing. Here was (where is?) Martin Jacques, of Shreveport, La. On May 4th, 1950, Martin sent us five dollars for his subscription. His first issue was mailed to him on May 8th. On May 16th, the magazine came back with the bleak stamp "UNCLAIMED." In one corner someone had scribbled "Moved - Left No Address or Number." Obviously a cover-up, I realize now. At the time I merely thought it unusual and rather unlikely that a person, sufficiently settled to subscribe for a magazine for two years, should in the space of 12 days or less, remove himself with such finality.

As this circumstance became duplicated over and over, I was forced to a reluctant conclusion. To multiply the unusual by the unlikely until it resulted in the commonplace was impossible! Therefore, these poor people were not removing themselves -- they were being moved.

As the months passed I came to accept the growing box of "return" cards with some indifference. A small core of uneasiness remained but it was so easy to shrug and say - "Oh, People." Until April 19, 1951, that is.

On that fateful day, the part of me that takes over on automatic, routine tasks was filling out a card for Donald Caron, 1446 Albrecht Ave., New York, N. Y. Again, it was a first issue, returning -- poor Mr. Caron would be receiving nothing for his money. I came to the space marked "reason for return". I filled it in from the post office stamp and then stared dumbfounded at what I had written! There was no mistake. The mind staggering reason for returning was: "NO SUCH STREET IN CITY NAMED"!

Then sanity took over. The whole thing was obviously a typist's error. I would find the subscriber's original letter, make the correction and send the magazine on its way with a letter of apology. I went to the files and pulled out the original. In sick bewilderment I stared at it; clutched it until my shaking hand blurred the neatly printed letterhead that read, "Donald Caron, 1446 Albrecht Ave., New York, N. Y." Idiotically, the first thought that came to my numbed brain was "What did he do with all his other letterheads?"

And then the thunder in my mind: "WHAT HAPPENED TO ALBRECHT AVENUE-- AND ALL THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE???"

I wrote a frantic letter to the New York postmaster. I sent him the letterhead to impress him with the fact that Albrecht Avenue MUST exist. I pleaded with him to tell me Albrecht Avenue had been right there under their noses all along -- that their harried employees had made a mistake. I received in reply a curt note to the effect that Albrecht Avenue did not and had never existed in the boundaries of New York City.

That was when I fully, for the first time, realized the presence of the FISHERMEN. Realized their growing boldness, ruthlessness. And realized my own helplessness. Individual people have disappeared and few think of the strangeness of it beyond the moment. But what was the full scope of Their power when an entire city avenue with all its inhabitants, could vanish, not only physically, but from the minds and records of all mankind! Where -- if anywhere -- were the Albrecht Avenue citizens. I wondered -- and trembled.

Once, They grew careless. A gap appeared in the veil and it seemed to me that I could almost -- but frustratingly not quite -- touch hands with the vanished. I will relate the eerie series of incidents chronologically.

His name was George Kotowski. In December of 1951 he sent us a subscription containing three dollars. We mailed the first two issues which promptly returned marked, "UNKNOWN". Another 'catch'. Stoicly, I relegated George Kotowski to the limbo of the lost.

In April of 1951, four months after his subscription had been received and returned, the veil swayed aside and the spectral hand of Mr. Kotowski tapped me on the shoulder. It appears that in some way, somewhere, Mr. K. came to realize that he had not received his magazines. We received a letter from him asking if we had received his subscription. When I came across his name in my routine check of the "return" file, I realized the implication of what had occurred. For the first time one of the lost had returned!

I wrote to Mr. Kotowski, explaining -- a clever letter that attempted to draw an explanation from him. My letter came back at once with the familiar stamp that froze my marrow - "UNKNOWN".

Two months later, we received yet another letter from Mr. K. It wrung my heart. Its tone was plaintive. He had sent us \$3.00. No magazines. He had written. No answer. Wouldn't we please --. Yours sincerely, Mr. George Kotowski.

I was confused -- hopeful -- puzzled. This was unheard of deviation. It seemed that, although I could not reach Mr. K., yet he was aware of his past actions, and could reach US through the mails! Once more I tried -- praying. If I could just get in contact with Mr. K. he might possibly be able to explain some of my intolerable bewilderment. My last letter -- and all my hopes -- winged back with the cursed stamp -- "UNKNOWN!" Twice he had returned and twice retreated -- it was too bitter!



I wrote a final desperate letter to the postmaster of his city and received back the most chilling answer of all. The letter from the postmaster revealed to me that Their influence was infinite, extending even to our civil servants. The postmaster "explained" the matter carelessly -- not even bothering to make it logical. The insolent, obviously phony "explanation" that I received was that Mr. K's landlady had a grudge against him and had been returning all his mail for the last eight months!

I was directed to continue to send the magazines and the postmaster would be personally responsible for their delivery.

Mr. K's magazines go forth regularly and no longer return. But I make no further attempts to reach him. It is futile.

I have become a shell - a stone. Incapable of further emotion, I have accepted with fatalism the latest development and enlargement of the diabolical pattern. With increasing frequency my magazines, mailed to hopeful subscribers, have been returning with the latest, most appalling, rubber stamp of all -- "NO SUCH CITY IN STATE NAMED"!

I write no more frantic letters. How can you write to the postmaster of a city that is no longer in existence -- with, I know, no record of existence.

I check no more original subscriptions. I know, from shattering experience, that the name of the non-existent city will be clearly printed or typewritten by the vanished. Significant it is, that never, with the one exception of Mr. Kotowski, have we received a query from any of these lost subscribers. What human being, free and walking this earth, would accept without complaint or question the loss of his dollars? Ask of yourself if this is not the most telling point of all.

For the examination of the skeptical we have on file, the complete records of these occurrences -- records of the Vanished, growing, burgeoning. Records that gibber of lonely souls -- neighborhoods of lost souls -- villages, towns and cities of our forgotten, forsaken brothers.

Editors of fanzines, look bravely at your own records. In miniature, I am sure, they will duplicate the pattern I have outlined.

Perhaps, it will come to pass, that when man finally reaches the mysterious, unattainable stars, he will truly find life on other worlds. Life scooped up in the seines of the unfathomable Fishermen -- set down intact in another of Their celestial fishbowls. Allah grant that this be so!

So be it.....

# THE DREAMLESS

don howard donnell

"Have you ever had a dream?" Henderson asked his wife who walked beside him. A breaker crashed against bared rock, and the clean salt spray filtered into the clean night breeze. There was the roar of surf pounding against the broken rocks that lined the shore, and there was the tangy fragrance of the sea that floated on the warm atmosphere of loneliness that prevailed. Henderson put his arm around his bride of one day.

"What is a dream?" Myrina inquired tonelessly. Henderson raised his nose to inhale the smell of marine life and rotting driftwood.

"A dream is something wonderful," he said. He stopped walking and stared for a long minute out into the churning turbulence of starlit, restless waters. Pulling his wife down with him, he sat on the radiant white sand of the beach. It still retained the warmth of the day, and it was pleasant to just sit there and watch the ocean roll in and out with a ceaseless patience and enduring calm. He still stared to sea with a vacant hollow look, as if he didn't see what he looked directly at. "A dream is like that ocean out there;" he said, "first, all is calm and the surface of your sleep is still and content. Then, there is a slight imperceptible movement, restless and pending. Then there is a ripple, small, insignificant, but it becomes two ripples, then three, then many as the surface breaks with an uneasy whisper and a silent wave pulls back, raises itself, then crashes with a splitting roar against the shore of wakefulness. You have a dream right there in that wonderful second between real and unreal, our world and the world of dreams. To have a dream is--good."

"What is a dream about?" The voice was coldly logical, precise, and with no emotion, no feeling to it.

Henderson looked at the girl he had married. The wind was in her hair disturbing it; she smiled at his attention to her, and self-consciously, with a motion the technicians had worked hard and long to duplicate, she brushed the straggling auburn locks back from her angular face, the blue-glowing starlight bouncing soft reflections from her ivory white teeth--she smiled. They were machine-honed to a mechanical perfection. Made to order; the perfect mate, he thought bitterly. Just right in temperament. Suited perfectly to him.

"A dream--" he searched the blank face, probing deep into the icy optics that gleamed with a cold fire, and he imagined he could hear the gears whirring and clicking inside of her, underneath the plastic covering and framework that served as both skin and bone to the production-line creature sitting next to him. He shuddered.

"I'll show you what a dream is like," he said finally. "Come," he



murmured, and took her unresisting hand and led her upwards, away from the beach, high about it, to the angry cliffs that jutted over the ocean. The wind whistled over the rough hewn edges of the rocks that cut Henderson's hands and tore his clothing. Myrina's resistant plasti-covering was unmarred. Exhausted from the climb, Henderson staggered to the edge of the cliff and wavered on the edge, dragging her with him.

They stood and looked downward into the maw of darkness. The sea was faintly perceptible as a subtle rythm far below. The stars, as they progressed the sky, looked down with a slight curiosity at the two figures that were perched high above the earth and water, and the stars saw a man of flesh with a haggard look on a lean nondescript face, and a faint hurt twinkle in his eyes. And the stars saw a woman of technology, a woman of wonder and great achievement, built with a perfection that unceringly matched her human mate, but who now could not understand his strange actions.

"Great God, Myrina, can't you understand?" he screamed suddenly. "No, I guess you can't," he relented. "You've never dreamed, have you? You can never imagine, nor hope, nor share my successes and failures. The antiseptic, concrete and metal, paper and ink government that built you has no use for silly things like that, does it? But the people was be kept contented. After the plague there are more men than women, so build new women. The beneficial government loves its population, and would do anything for them. Its technology wasn't good enough to fight the plague, but that doesn't matter, does it? Just keep the survivors happy. Life-like--just like real girls--do anything a real one could do. No! They can't dream. They can't share their man's hopes, desires, because they're only robots, regardless of how perfect."

"Dear, does that matter?" said Myrina, softly. Nerves of steel are not easily disconcerted.

"Yes, My God, yes!" He took her by the arm and led her to the edge of the precipice. "I can show you what a dream is like."

"I love you, dear...." It was the only thing she could think of. Desperately, her selectors reviewed tiny memory tapes, searching for the built in solution to the problem she faced, and not finding it. Relays clicked, and scanners probed memory banks to no avail. Her vocabulary tape moved under electric eyes, half-heartedly seeking the word 'dream'.

He took her hand and stepped off the cliff. They plummeted down like two rocks, down to the ocean that Henderson so loved. On the way down, the metal and plastic creature had the faintest stirring of consciousness. Memory banks of thick protein substance interwoven with fine electrical nerves recorded the sensation of falling under the classification 'dream'. Then there was a sensation that the selectors and scanners and memory bank were at a loss to explain. Their mechanical bewilderment lasted for exactly one one-hundredth of a second.

# IT'S LOOKE THOS..

larry saunders

"I think that I shall never see,  
Any good fantastic poetry."

--Duggie Fisher Jr. from ODD

Appropriately contained within the above two lines (used, incidentally without permission) is fandom's prevailing opinion of fan-poetry; an opinion that further strengthens with the appearance of each new poem. Despite this opinion it is a neglected field as far as criticism is concerned; hence the idea for the following paragraphs. In attempting to gain a critical viewpoint, I've glanced through all of the fanzines I have saved, through the past few years and read and re-read each poem, no small task. I could not possibly attempt to review all or even a fraction of the poems printed for various reasons; then, too, I've missed many fine 'zines which might conceivably contain good poetry. As you can see, what I have to say is limited in more ways than one.

Fan poetry, if nothing else, is plentiful. In this respect it resembles fan fiction; and like fan fiction its general quality leaves much to be desired. An analogy seems to be in order for no other reason than the fact that the two branches are generally considered to be in the same boat (of the sinking variety).

Fan fiction, needless to point out, is thoroughly and whole heartedly, despised by the majority of all fans, active or otherwise; and authors, like myself, do nothing to alleviate the situation. Yet, as few seem to realize, it is incredibly difficult to produce even mediocre fiction. One sentence or more can throw an entire story into the realm of the ridiculous, and since the majority of us hopefuls are not John Collier or Ray Bradbury, this very often happens. Clearly, here fan-poetry has the decided edge, for in composing an average poem, far less lines are used, and one can keep a tight check right through to the finish. Ever try this with an already condensed story?

Demand for fan-poetry is approximately nil for at least that's the impression I've received from reading innumerable letter columns and in my own personal correspondence. Yet while there is no demand for it, I doubt if it has any sizable enemies; most fans preferring to let its presence skip by unnoticed and unchallenged in the role of disinterested spectator. Continuing along this line of thought I've noticed that the general bulk of it is unoriginal, inoffensive; here it has the edge over fanfiction; and as a general rule makes a fine attempt to steer clear of fandom's barbed wrath, for which you can't blame the poets. The typical poem, is, in



effect, a filler; something that can be read and then immediately forgotten, calling for no appreciable comment, good or bad. By this method it is to be rated and manages to continue its persistent innocuous existence.

Of course, poetry is most certainly of limited value, if any, to either fandom or science-fiction itself. I sincerely doubt if any fuss would be raised if all fanzines and prozines suddenly dropped the practice of presenting poetry. Understandably, fan authors would be upset but if viewed in the cold light of reason, you'll discover that the greater bulk of poetry is representative of only a very small minority of readers; the regular contributors, as is the case with fan-fiction. Now I don't suggest dropping fan poetry, for like fan fiction, it serves a definite need.

Of the many types that appear, the C. A. Smith formula is undoubtedly the height of something or other. Apparently many fans highly value the poetry of Smith and have set him up as their model. The result is a god-awful mess that besides being unreadable is unprouncable.

Smith, I take it, has some sort of idea behind each poem, but if this is true, so far his ideas have escaped me--completely. Now, perhaps I'm being unjust; perhaps, when in such poems as "The Hashish Eater", "Nyctalops" (spelled backwards "Spolatcyn"--it's still unprouncable) and other such dandies, Smith weaves a quote "Riot of imagery colors", he is achieving a certain form of beauty; a form of beauty emphasized and developed sometime earlier by Swinburne and other romantic revolutionists. Of course, there are a few trifling differences between Swinburne and Smith; Swinburne being solely occupied with eroticism, while Smith contented himself with unspeakable horrors. Then, too, Swinburne also had the slight advantage of possessing genius; which, of course, wouldn't prevent C. A. from grandly jotting down eighteen page epics, which from the second sentence on are unreadable.

Influenced by Smith, a certain clique of fans regularly assault the various fanzines with their distorted efforts. I won't quote any lines or mention any names as this procedure of poking fun at fans is unfair and would only lead to unpleasantness. Of a deep mystery to me is why fans will continually turn out tripe of this sort which wasn't any good to begin with and which certainly doesn't improve any by their clever imitations. Poetic license allows them to, in theory, but in actual practice, it's something else again. Poetry is the most unrestricted of all forms of literature and as such, allows one to express themselves perfectly in his or her own personal idiom. Frankly, I cannot conceive of that type as being a personal idiom. Abortion, comic relief, yes--but, as something felt personally or even faintly experienced in the mind or reality--never. Swinburne, Rossetti, others perhaps are of genius calibre; but how many of us possess genius.

Generally fan poetry is concerned with telling a story, which is natural, and while most of these poems are relatively unoriginal and unimportant, at least they make an attempt to be readable, no small matter at

that. Many leading fanzines carry regular contributors such as FANFARE, SPACESHIP, QUANDRY. I omitted mention of PEON, since editor Lee Riddle has published, to my knowledge, only three poems since I've been receiving this most excellent 'zine. Opinion on poems: Not bad, not memorable, but not bad.

I thought that last stanza of the Dinwiddie (honest?) (honest--ed) poem "The Unanswered Question" that appeared in the September 1951 issue of PEON was certainly above the average in the descriptive sense:

"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?'"

Again I was impressed (not overly, of course) by Rory Faulkner's poem, "Roll Call" that appeared sometime ago in ODD. It's rather hackneyed, but I thought it had its beauty also (Again used without permission--only the last stanza):

"Then came a silence heart-breakingly poignant,  
All through the Galaxy stars hushed their mirth  
As somberly, sadly, Sol gave his accounting:  
'Dead by her own hand--my fairest one--Earth.'"

One of the very best is a poem by Philip Duke entitled "A-Bomb Rocket" that appeared in the September 1950 issue of FANFARE. The poem's text is not overly original, but its curious style and its deadly rhythm rises it above its apparent unevenness (printed without permission--what else?):

"You know not other course;  
All your life you waited,  
Waited till this moment  
When you are released,  
Free to go seek it, the city,  
The city where you  
Will fulfill yourself;  
At last as you see it  
Do you wonder why  
You had to wait so long?  
As your jets strain  
Against gravity's rein; and you run,  
Run eagerly to it,  
The City,  
A million people, there it is,  
Through the blue sky, its towers,  
You are almost upon it,  
Now! You know, and  
Knowing, know naught  
But for this,  
And this alone,  
Were you taught!"



The poems of Raymond L. Clancy which appeared in BEWARE are tinged with a streak of originality. Although they were rather crude in structure and poorer in execution, Clancy deserts the typical pattern and cuts one to his own specifications, as in "Smothered in Stars". I won't cite any particular passages for I thought none were that important, but he has the right idea. More power to him and others like him.

What is the reason for the almost complete lack of originality, for the stagnation, the lamentable lack of color and ideas, the tendency to follow the leader and pour one's energy and integrity into a shallow corset-tight mold? Efforts to rhyme every other line, regardless of results is one answer. By some unwritten law, I gather, all poems rhyme to some degree or other and this is a damnable practice. When you compose a poem it should, at least in my opinion, be unrestricted in either form or subject content, prescribing to no pre-arranged pattern or mold. It is not as if you were stuffing a turkey; have a certain proportion to fill in and no more. Certainly there are gifted individuals who can apply themselves to this formula with readiness and conviction, but so far I've failed to see any that have jelled with even moderate success within the limits of fandom.

Now, maybe I'm just being cynical or gloomy, or am just being idealistic, but it seems to me that as long as fan poetry continues to make its appearance, there should be some attempt made to improve its status, and quite obviously, the only one to undertake this project is the poet himself. As of this moment, the only poems left worth mentioning are in the humorous vein and these are painfully limited in number. Take for instance, the "epic" ballad of the "Battle Hymn of the Cavern Dwellers" (to be sung to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"). This questionable gem by one J. H. Caley, appeared in the August 1948 issue of SPEAR-HEAD. Without permission, naturally, here is the first verse:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of Dick Shaver's dero tales;  
He is raking in vast wads of cash  
While fandom weeps and wails;  
He is digging up new evidence and theories by the bales,  
His slop goes oozing on."

Appearing in the Volume One, Number One issue of BEELZEBUB is an Alice in Wonderland bit of nonsense which appealed to me immensley. Here are two verses from "The Persistance of Memory" (author unknown):

"While books are wrote in other lands,  
And seas and jungles, too,  
The only really other thing,  
Will always not be you.

The sign jumped over the carousel,  
And we had none but blue,  
The yellow cloth that pinches most  
Is purple. So are you."

Then, from the monster anniversary issue of QUANDRY there appear two fascinating items. Walt Willis unearths a little masterpiece that I am taking the liberty to reproduce in its entirety; it's that good:

"Evening Is A Lot of Work"

"The Night is shovelled  
Slowly on the world  
And patted down  
Very carefully into all  
The little crevices.  
And the workmen  
Stand back  
To light cigarettes  
And chew the fat  
While the man in charge  
Looks on an puffs  
On a big black cigar  
That we call the moon."

That, I think, can safely be called poetry.

In the same issue of QUANDRY, is a SatEvePost quickie by J. T. Oliver, carrying the rapturous title "And Vice Versa":

"Stories  
That smell  
Often  
Sell."

No doubt about it, humor has its points when handled well; it's too bad there's not more of it. Perhaps someone in the near future will stop and realize that the primary reason for poetry's existence is as entertainment, and not as a clue to solving the world riddle or cllobbering each other with Atom wars. Even so, such poetry could be entertaining if care were taken in its composition. Until then, I don't see how the reader can take fan-poetry seriously if for no other reason than the fact that the authors themselves do not.

-0-

ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT:

"...Howard Browne, at the same address, has some strong news about Amazing Stories. In about three months---right now to you writers---this book will follow the pattern of Fantastic and slip over into the smaller size. It will better the quality of its fiction, though keeping to the same general type. Stories must be more meaningful, without the type of pulp action used for action's sake. Violence won't solve situations, except as it is used through characterization....Amazing Stories in its new form should hold the old readers and at the same time attract new people...There will be no advertising for the present..."

---Writer's Digest, September 1952 issue.



# THE ETERNAL CONFLICT

[208 PP]

# THE LADY DECIDES

[139 PP]

In THE ETERNAL CONFLICT, Dr. Keller has developed, not only the theme of conflict between the sexes, but that other, more potent conflict with which the woman is eternally engaged. It is as Dr. T. S. Gardner says: "One of the most important cartographs of biological development and not only a naive present, but a critical future will find this book increasingly important."

It is a well-written book, cleverly developed for an adult and appreciative reading audience. The lovers of symbolism, mythology and beautiful execution of plot will find this a treasure, for it is the story of everyone--man and woman alike.

-ooOoo-

THE LADY DECIDES is a story of life which we all--if we are dreamers--might duplicate in full or in part. For, to live, one must dream. But it is in the texture of these dreams that the full stature of a man is determined. The true idealist allows not an iota of deviation from his preconceived notion of where his greatest happiness lies or the manner of its consummation.

In THE LADY DECIDES, Dr. Keller has, in his character of Henry Cecil, most artfully depicted our own problems, conflicts, reactions and the inevitable blind spot as to the possibility of defeat in our ambitions. The imaginative reader will see himself repeatedly and say: "Yes, indeed! That's how it was with me!" Therein lies the test of a book--when a reader may transpose the situations into his own life.

Both of the above books were printed in limited editions of 350 copies each, numbered and autographed by the author. They are printed on 50% rag paper, uncut, bound very handsomely and boxed, and originally priced at \$3.50 each. Dr. Keller has obtained the remainder of these books, and as long as the supply lasts, he is disposing of them at \$2.00 for one, or \$3.00 for both. All books will be personally inscribed and autographed. They should be in the library of all who have read Dr. Keller's stories since 1928. Send your remittances to Dr. David H. Keller, 55 Broad Street, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

# IN DEFENSE OF THE DEFENSELESS

## henry moskowitz

You there. Heh! Yep, I mean you. Science fiction fan, are you not? Well then, lend a ear.

For a very long time now, talk has been that Amazing Stories is too juvenile, too hackneyed, and too stereotyped. All that is true, but -- it is a big "but", this one is. Sit down. Let's talk this over. Let's thrash it out. Let's take all the facts into consideration and look at them carefully. After all, there are two sides to every story.

Now, where was I? Oh, yes. It is not enough to say, "Amazing is too simple, etc., and so pass it up." Before passing judgment, the case should be looked into more deeply. That "but"? Sure the stories are simple, but ... to you alone. By &you", I refer to the veteran reader, the fellow who has been reading stf since the year one.

Look at it in this manner. On the assumption that you are an intelligent person, permit me to ask you this: "Would you give a youngster of 7 a copy of "Great Expectations" and expect him to fully understand it?" I hope--for his sake and your own--that you would not. Therefore, would you sooner give a novice stf reader a copy of "Worlds of Null A" and expect him to understand it fully? Once again, I hope, that you would not.

In other words, as you would give a youngster a more easily understood book to cope with so would you give a novice a more easily read story of science fiction. What? You counter with this? "What if this novice is 20, not 7?" A good question, but there is no point of difference, for concerning stf, he is a babe in arms.

Ah! You begin to see the light. Good, for much of the tale still lies before us.

Then, this is the purpose of Amazing Stories, to introduce the novice reader of science fiction to that fascinating field of literature.

Take, for example, the imaginary case of Rick Sneary. The first time Rick saw anything of other worlds, it was in the "Buck Rogers" and "Flash Gordon" comic strips. Today, he isn't feeling up to par. For today is Wednesday. So he went with his mother to the candy store to get some news papers and other things. Rick wandered over to the magazine racks. Suddenly, "Hey! There is a book with a space ship on the cover. Wow!" Sure enough, he picks it up and reads the title---Amazing Stories. He leaves through the magazine, looking at the illustrations. "Gee, I'm not sure I want to buy it." He leaves through it again, this time the magazine falls open to the beginning of a story and he reads, "The Warspear was loafing along under a half G acceleration .. half G? I know, it means travelling under one-half gravities. Ma, can I have a quarter, please?"



Today, Amazing Stories has a circulation of over 110,000. Some years ago it was over 180,000. With such a circulation, imagine how many times the above scene might have been duplicated. Imagine how many times Amazing Stories brought a new fan into stf reading. It is a wonderous thought is it not?

Chances are in favor of the magazine and fandom that young Rick will be back next month, and in the months to come. He'll be back because near perfect conditions were operating; he will be back because the stf bug has been given a chance to bite.

There would have been another--sadder--ending to this little tale if the magazine that he had bought had been one with a more adult concept with a story like "The Demolished Man". Most likely he would have bogged down with the job of attempting to comprehend the concept of the story. If he could not understand the story, he could not like the magazine. Therefore, he would have gotten burned.

I quote from a letter by Harold Hostetler, co-founder of the Variants, a science fiction correspondence club, and a member of the National Honor Society, among other things. "...Amazing Stories is primarily aimed at the beginning readers of science fiction..." There you have the whole idea in a nut shell. We may liken Amazing Stories as unto a First Grade primer. Have simple stories with a simple, direct manner of writing, the magazine builds up a background for the more difficult stories yet to come. And Amazing Stories, as far as this writer can see, attempts to make no claim otherwise.

But Hal also says, "... it runs quite a few stories that are good by anyone's standards." Right again. I, personally speaking as a fan and reader of science fiction, would very much dislike being deprived of a good, enjoyable yarn just because it has no great or technical concept worthy of getting it into a magazine featuring stories of a more adult turn, such as "Empire of Women".

Magazines like Astounding Science Fiction and Galaxy Science Fiction owe much of their circulations to Amazing Stories, whether they wish to acknowledge the fact or not. The proof is there. After the reader graduates from the primary grade he advances, also, to more adult stories--stories with more complexity, more development, more subplotting, etc. He will find it in those magazines.

As a clincher, I offer you this: "But, despite disappointing the old guard, the magazine's (Amazing) circulation rose in substantial jumps with every issue. Thus, science fiction, for the first time in many years, began to reach an expanding instead of diminishing audience." Many will recognize this quotation as coming from "The Immortal Storm", authored by fan historian Sam Moskowitz.

That is what Amazing Stories was doing back in the '30's, and that is what it is doing today.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29)

# STOP THIS PUNISHING BUSINESS!!

— KEN E SLATER —

The Willis was the cause. He (I think) started it all. The reception given his classic "My father was a printer, and I have reverted to type." was justified, admittedly, but the continuation of this by many others in the form of pestiferous perpetration of putrid puns has swept through fan-kind like some devastating disease. While participation in the perilous practise was confined to the masters of the art it gave no greivous fault. Carried to the existing extreme it is inflicting injury on many ill-equipped to fight it.

Look around you, at any gathering of fon--you see that youngster sitting in the corner? Observe closely. He clutches in one sticky little hand a fanzine covered in the green of St. Patrick. Resting on one knee is a dictionary. The other knee supports a pad of paper. In his second hand a pencil, alternately sucked and gnawed, and occasionally used to enscribe a note on the pad.

His face, on which should rest the clean uncaring frankness of youth, is lined deeply with marks of worry and woe; of turmoil and tribulation, of care and concentration. He could give old Mother Macrae both a start and a beating when it comes to "teillworn and wrinkled with care." Around the pencil his lips writhe as he mouths unspoken words, distorting them in a desperate desire to twist tricky triple meanings from them.

He is typical of the young fan, active in effort to ape the verbose-variety of the terminological triumphs of Hoffman, Willis, Clarke, and Shaw -- and this is but the first stage.

After arduous aeons of tentative trial, he envolves some such statement as "I raced my car down to the depot and beat it in by a short head" and strains the text of his editorial to fit this into his fanzine; only to discover that the same has been embodied in earlier examples a thousand times.

Beaten, battered, but not yet broken in defeat, he returns to his dictionary; weary and worn he works with words to uncover some more subtle saying. Tremulous but triumphant, he steadies his grimy, shaking fingers over his typer, and slams out on a stencil, "The reconciliation of Gold and Campbell is astounding." Encouraged, he later inserts in his reviews: "The Introduction of native animal life into Arthur Clarke's SANDS rather mars the scientific accuracy..."

Now inspired, he heads an article "Hoisted By A Travelling Crane" and writes an ambiguous account of the activity of Aussie fan Lyell Crane during his recent world-tour, to support this heading. (1)



It is then that the trouble starts. Having committed an unwarrantable assault on the English language three times in one issue, he cannot back down. He must go on ... and on ... and on ... Excelsior!

Gibbering frenzied strings of associated words, his lips loosen; he drools as his fast flapping tongue utters uncouth syllables; his everyday life is affected. His friends depart, overcome by the garbled gibberish he vents upon them.

His parents, poor pathetic ma and pa, unable to escape so easily, cannot avoid the issue. Something must be done! Stern action is taken, and for weeks he cannot sit with ease! (Oh hell, look what I ~~xxx~~ done!) But to no avail, he is tight in the tangled toils of this tautological travail. A doctor is consulted. He visits the youth; stupified by the storm of double-definition he departs, leaving behind the name of a successful psychologist, or of a doubtful dianetician.

This worthy is called upon to work his mystic art, and to rehabilitate (2) the poor young fan-editor. After several months, the mental wizard, haggard, tired, and worn, departs, saying "I know you will rail at me for this, but I shall have to bar further visits. I've uncoveredd all his subconscious I can bear." Staggered, the harassed father watches him pack his little book of "Dreams and Their Meanings" in his big brown bag, is mulct of much money, and locks the door on his son.

Meanwhile the lad has gone from bad to worse, and from worse to b... awful! The question is Willis survive?

Probably not. Anyday now, the jovial gents in white jackets will be around. Now comes period of silence whilst we deplore his miserable future as a worthwhile citizen....

-----  
This poor child who has been our example is not alone. Others in like dire case surround us. The strain their imagination to produce a galaxy of dim-glowing puns. If their friends wonder and marvel at the startling sentences, the victims of this occupational hazard enter into normal converse, this is not amazing. The simple fact that so many of them have survived so long is, however, fantastic, and it is strange that fate has not stepped in before.

Many of them are at the end of their tethers. Before they snap under the strain, a strong lead must be given by some BNF (3). A firm stand is required, to bear the burden of his matter. Oblique reference in two-fold tongue; slanted comments intended to put readers into a quandry; willisful misuse of words; all these things must be avoided if a sane fandom is to be restored, and the VYI's (4) saved from this suicidal slipway of persistent punning.

Preventive, and if necessary, punitive measures must be taken. But who can we find to take the required steps? Who can we name? What one of us

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

# HARMONY

—JIM HARMON

**MATURITY:** The question before the house of science fiction is a many-sided one dealing with the relative maturity of various phases of itself. Fandom, as a part of the overall picture of science fiction has also faced this question. It would seem that the answer is that there are three chief groups of fans where maturity is concerned (with, of course, the inevitable sub groups or overlapping of groups of fans). These are (1) The group that doesn't care whether or not it is mature. Its members may or may not be mature, depending on individual cases, but their group behavior is markedly the same. (2) The group that avows itself to be mature, justifiably or not. They are staid, reserved, mentors to the rest of Fandom. They are wont to make great intellectual commentary, and not infrequently they come to the conclusion that anything that appears in pulp magazines (even if it also appears in the recognized and unrecognized great literature of the world) is not intellectual enough for them to concern themselves with. (They usually continue to stay in the group of devotees to this unintellectual genre.) (3) The group that thinks acting intellectual is not as intellectual as acting immature. Examples of the three groups might be as follows: (1) Lee Hoffman. (2) Marion Bradley. (3) Walter A. Willis. I don't know which group I belong in. A man can't say with any degree of accuracy how mature he is, any more

than he can honestly say how honest he is. After all, I can't get Ted Sturgeon to say of me, "This is the most truly adult science fiction fan I've ever held in my own two hands." I've never bought a story from him. Anyway, one adult may mean maturity, but two adults mean adultery.

Maturity would seem to mean persistent reasonable reaction. That would mean following the course that made you the happiest and made as few others as possible unhappy. Therefore, the mature person is one who has made as few enemies as possible. By this definition, mature people may exist in all three groups of Fandom.

Personally, on thinking over the list of people who are my enemies and who might have been my friends, I think I've acted pretty damned childish at times. How about you?

Or is the fault entirely with us, or not partially with all the others who have never thought of this?

**...AND COUNTER POINT:** The maturity of a form of literature is something else again. While some literature may make friends and avoid making enemies (as does the obliging moron who was not duly considered above) it is not an accurate guide to the quality and intelligence of the genre.

What is meant by maturity in science fiction (or any fiction)? Some editors as well as readers and authors are hazy on this point. I would say that maturity is found in a story where the characters' reactions are mature (which means immature where consistent with the characterization) and where the situations are logically consistent.

Obviously, Robert Heinlein



comes to the fore where considering maturity in science fiction. No event or situation is ever inconsistent with the ingeniously detailed environment he proposes, and the reactions of his characters are the mature reactions anybody would experience in the same situations, but those reactions are only to the most common of stimuli. A reaction to a threat of death is the same whether the source of that threat is from a Colt or a disruptor or a meteoric collision. The feverish desire of the explorer is the same whether he wishes to explore the Amazon or the Great Pyramid or the Moon.

Few authors of stf have succeeded in portraying reactions to unusual stimuli. Isaac Asimov did with his stories of the reactions of robots hampered by built-in obsessional inhibitions. Clifford Simak did in "Time Quarry" and Alfred Bester did in "The Demolished Man."

Ray Bradbury is frequently accused of being immature. True, his characters do not always react with consistent reasonableness, nor are his environments always logically consistent. However, Bradbury is telling the story of the all too common man who is not mature. Thus if the writer is to be mature, he must make his characters' reactions immature, i. e., consistent with their personalities. Robert Louis Stevenson may have formulated his environment first and then built his character and plot on it, but most other writers, great and small alike, work differently. They create character and plot, each dependent on one another, and then find a corresponding environment. (True, a writer may have some general background in mind such as the American Southwest, but he usually doesn't choose the exact background

until plot and character indicate the most sympathetic.) Therefore, if Bradbury is to tell his tales, he must make his Mars somewhat inconsistent with present-day science. I believe Bradbury's tales are worth telling and that he is therefore justified in taking such liberties. The result may not be pure science fiction, but since some of his situations are paranormally inspired rather than supernaturally, his work is to a degree, science fiction.

All in all, I think stf is more mature than any other form of magazine fiction--more so than the pulp style, and the slicks.

MORE ON THE MILKY WAY: English for the greek word galaxy, of course. The magazine of that name has run a lot of stories, but perhaps the best indication of the standard of quality it has is in its serials. Two of them are two of the great novels of modern science fiction, the previously mentioned "Time Quarry" and "The Demolished Man". Two are outstandingly good: "The Puppet Masters" and "Tyrann". And two stink to high heaven, namely, "Mars Child" by Cyril Judd and the recent "Gravy Planet" by Fredrik Pohl and C. M. Cornbluth. Considering that "Judd" is also Cornbluth with Mrs. Pohl, one might suggest to Horace that he should get rid of C.M. and the Pohl's if the three hadn't turned out some very fine stories individually. Together, they go down like bannanas and cat-sup.

All of which should prove that when Galaxy is good, it's magnificent, and Galaxy is bad, it's simply horrid.

SCHEHERAZADE OR TETRAETHYL OR SOMETHING: My esteemed colleague, Walt-  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29)



# TERRY CARR'S fantastuff

## AH SWEET MYSTERY AND STRIFE::

They were five fans gathered in the upstairs bedroom of Peter Graham, and their purpose was to hold a meeting of the Science Fiction Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty to Things; better known as the Things--or, with the Little Men saying it, the Little Chowderheads. Reading from left to right (which was rather hard to do, since everyone kept moving around so much), they were: Robert Eckelhoff, Ralph Shouts, Peter Graham, Terry Carr, and Bill Knapheide. This was a typical meeting of the Things, in that there were so few members, and the fact that the president, Frank McElroy, was absent. Finally these five agreed to elect an acting president to fill in for McElroy. Peter Graham nominated Carr, and either Eckelhoff or Shouts seconded it. Carr, in the spirit of fair play, nominated Knapheide. Someone, either Graham, Eckelhoff, or Shouts, seconded it. Knapheide thirded it. They voted; Carr won. He then called the meeting to ~~order~~ order, and called upon Knapheide to state his business. Knapheide, in the month or so before this meeting, had been reorganizing the Futurians, a s-f club that had disbanded in 1950. He asked the members of the Things to vote upon merging their club with the Futurians. Since he stutters, there was a lot of conversation going on between words. By the time he had finished his proposal, everyone else had reached their decision, it seemed. Carr, understanding their decision (for, to

tell the truth, he had already known what Knapheide had been planning, had listened to the other conversation instead), called the meeting to ~~order~~ order again, casting a warning glance at Graham, who was testing Carr's reflexes with a hammer upon his knee. When the room had sufficiently quieted down, Carr opined that he thought the matter should be decided at a joint meeting of both the Things and the Futurians. The date was set, and Knapheide voiced his second proposal. He said that, since the World Con would probably be in San Francisco in 1954, that the fans in San Francisco should petition the Little Men (who were going to make the bid) to allow at least one or two San Franciscans to be on the convention committee. If this reasonable proposal was not agreed to by the Little Men, he said, then the San Franciscans should 'picket' the convention. It seemed that none of the members present wanted to hinder the '54 con any, since it might be their only chance to attend one. However, the proposal did have its good points, so...? Carr, quickly perceiving the feelings of the members, suggested that this issue should also be taken up at the joint meeting of the Things, and Futurians. The members were getting rather noisy, however, so he again called the members to order, using a heavy pair of scissors upon a book (a dictionary, most likely, or perhaps one of Burroughs books). Graham was pestering him by running a comb along his arm, so Carr took the scissors and removed



some of the comb's teeth. Finally, Carr's suggestion was agreed upon, and the meeting was adjourned in favor of refreshments.

#### ANCIENT HISTORY:

"All science fiction readers will be agreeably surprised to learn that the book "When Worlds Collide" by Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie will be shown on the screen in the near future." So said the book-reviewer in Amazing Stories some time ago, and added, "A last admonition: don't wait for the film, acquire the book and enjoy it..." Ah yes, that reviewer was wise when he suggested that some time ago...in the October 1933 issue of Amazing, to be exact.

#### HAMLING, AGAIN!:

In the letter column of the September 1952 Imagination, Hamling says, "You will note that Madge is discovering a great deal of top-flight talent." Okay, let's take a look at the "top flight talent" that Imagination has discovered. First, there was Hal Annas, who showed promise as a humorist, but did not appear after his third story. A good writer, but hardly Hamling's discovery, since Rap was editor at the time. Next, there was J. T. Oliver, a fan who seems to be trying very hard to crack the pros. He appeared with a short-short. Hardly a classic, but good. Still he is no marvelous writer, though he does show promise. In the same issue with Oliver, Hamling's most promising newcomer made his first appearance. Daniel F. Galouye is

a good writer, it's true. But he is not the writer Hamling would have his readers think he is. "We think Dan is slightly more than terrific," he says. Tsk. The only other writer that Hamling discovered was Robert Sheckley. He's no "top flight talent" either. So what is Hamling raving about--maybe Dwight V. Swain? Swain has been hacking for some ten years now, so he's definitely not Hamling's discovery. In any case, Swain is obviously the worst hack Imagination has ever featured. So again I ask: What's Hamling raving about?

#### FANCY MEETING YOU HERE DEP'T::

Dear Reader, are you one of those fans who mourned the passing of World's Beyond, Damon Knight's mag? Then hear this: in the last issue, Knight forecast the following four stories: "The Ego Machine" by Henry Kuttner, another "Farewell to Earth" by Lester del Rey, "C/o Mr. Makepeace" by Peter Phillips, and finally an intriguing story by James Blish. Said Editor Knight, "just for a beginning it involves a wooden spaceship, filled with water and moved by muscle-power, and traveling on dry land!" Well, Kuttner's "Ego Machine" turned up in the first issue of Space, as you probably know; but did you know that the James Blish story mentioned is "Surface Tension", in the August 1952 issue of Galaxy?

#### PASSING THOUGHT::

Will Max Keasler be sued by Philip Wylie if his fanzine OPUS, reaches its 21st issue?

STILL

WANTED!!

Yes, I still want the February 1951 issue of PEON, and will still pay 50 cents for a copy in good condition....Editor, PEON

# KAN KAN KABITZER

## T.E. WATKINS

The biggest wish in the world is to live forever. A person here and there may get fed up and jump off a building, but most of us would like to hang around. It would be nice if we could stay young, or perhaps trade in our old bodies for new ones like we trade our cars.

That may be what happens. I ran across a report of a man with a wild talent the other day that suggests this wonderful possibility. His name was Edgar Cayce. Van Vogt's "Slans", Bester's master telepaths in "The Demolished Man", are bums compared to Cayce.

He was born near Hopkinsville, Kentucky, in 1877. He went to country school as far as the ninth grade and was a poor student. He got by because of a peculiar talent. He could look a book over, go into a trance for fifteen minutes and then recite it word for word. He could see whole pages by clairvoyance. After leaving the farm he got a sales job with a wholesale stationery house by memorizing, by psychic means, the whole catalogue of the firm.

As a young man he suffered from severe headaches. One attack left him unconscious for several days and when he recovered he couldn't speak above a whisper. This condition lasted for over a year and caused him to give up his ambition to become a Baptist preacher. Local doctors did nothing for him. He took up photography, an occupation that made little demands on his voice.

Here the record is confused. Sherwood Eddy, writing in "You Will Survive After Death" says Cayce consulted a noted New York physician who treated him by hypnosis and, discovering Cayce's psychic gifts, suggested self-hypnosis and autosuggestion as a cure.

Gina Cerminare, in her book "Many Mansions", wrote that a traveling entertainer and hypnotist who gave a performance at the Hopkinsville Opera House tried hypnosis on Cayce and effected a partial cure. The actor left town and a fellow townsman by the name of Layne, who had some talent for hypnosis, took over the case. This second story seems more in line with Cayce's limited financial means.

At any rate, one Sunday afternoon, while in a trance, Cayce gave his reading:

"Yes, we can see the body. In the normal physical state this body is unable to speak due to a partial paralysis of the inferior muscles of the vocal cord, produced by nerve strain. This is a psychological condition producing a physical effect. This may be removed by increasing the circulation to the affected



parts by suggestion while in this unconscious condition."

Layne gave the suggestion to the still unconscious Cayce that the circulation be increased to the affected parts. His chest became red with blood. After fifteen minutes the condition returned to normal. When Cayce came out of the trance he could speak as well as anyone.

During the next forty years this remarkable man gave thousands of these readings for people all over the world. He used medical terms and language, although in his waking state he had no knowledge of these things and could remember nothing of what had transpired during the trance. Most of these readings were taken down in shorthand by a secretary and are available for research. Many doctors in New York City and elsewhere sent their patients to him for diagnosis. One New York doctor, Dr. H. J. Reilly, who handled 300 of Cayce's patients over a period of seven years, said that the clairvoyant was not 100 per cent right, but that he averaged 20 per cent better in his diagnosis than the best rated specialists who sent their patients to him.

As Cayce's fame spread, many people interested in clairvoyance went to see him. A Detroit manufacturer wanted to know if astrology had any value as a science. In a trance, Cayce said that the movement of planets and stars had some effect on humans, but that the laws concerning this were not fully understood, which was the reason for indifferent results. During this reading Cayce dropped a hint that he had, in a former life, been a doctor in Egypt.

The Detroit man was very excited about this hint of reincarnation. He wanted to follow it up, but Cayce, who was a southern Baptist fundamentalist, did not believe in such things and wanted to drop it. It took a lot of persuading before Cayce would agree to go to Detroit for a series of readings on reincarnation. From this visit his "life readings" developed.

It was determined that we live many times on this earth, sometimes as a male and sometimes as a female, and that the behavior of the individual in these past lives determines the condition of health and happiness in this one. For example, a blind man was told that his condition resulted from the fact that he had blinded captives of his tribe with a red hot iron, in a former incarnation in Asia Minor. A girl, crippled from birth, was told that she had so enjoyed the crippling of a Christian girl by lions in the Roman Circus in a former incarnation as a Roman lady, that she was sentenced to go through this life as a cripple. A lonely woman of 42, who had no friends or relatives and who couldn't understand why she could not make friends, was told that she had abandoned her children by suicide in an earlier incarnation in which she was a prisoner of an enemy nation. The children, without her protection, had had a terrible time of it, and she was required to go through this life abandoned and alone.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

# The Fan Press

JOHN LEDYARD

THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION. Fall 1952. Irregular, 25¢, 4/\$1.00. Charles Freudenthal, 1331 W. Newport Ave., Chicago 13, Illinois.

The cover of this issue is a photograph of Howard Browne, which sort of illustrates the lead article, "An Amazing Quarter Century" by Edward Wood, which goes back over the long history of Amazing, giving detailed accounts of each year. An excellent report. Also worthy of mention are Charles Freudenthal's defense of Bradbury, "The Illustrated Man"; Arthur Jean Cox's analysis of Arthur C. Clarke's "Against the Fall of Night"; and Sam Moskowitz's "The Case Against 'Modern' Science Fiction." Highly recommended.

COSMAG/SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST. May 1952. Bi-monthly, 25¢. \$1.25 per annum. Ian T. Macauley, 57 East Park Lane N.E., Atlanta 5, Ga.

It's been about six months since the last issue of this magazine came out. In the meantime, Macauley says, the magazine was prepared twice and destroyed, in various formats. Finally it was decided to photo-offset the cover, and mimeograph the interior, with printed headings. The magazine itself is a composite of COSMAG, a good generalzine, and SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, which reprints items from old fanzines, as well as printing original material. SFD is the fanzine that prints Walt Willis' history of British fandom, "The Immortal Teacup". This issue of SFD, however, consists of a two-page editorial by editor Henry W. Burwell, Jr., explaining the lateness of the issue and why there is no more to his half. COSMAG, however, is in full force, with an excellent cover by Jerry Burge, and good material by Ken Slater, Lee Hoffman, Bob Silverberg, and Peter J. Ridley, among others.

SPACESHIP, April 1952. Quarterly, 10¢, 3/25¢. Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

This is the massive 40-page third anniversary issue that Bob has been advertising. In it is a very comprehensive history of the magazine, as well as a book preview by Sam Moskowitz (Keller's "The Ivory Tower") and material by Walt Willis, Redd Boggs, Roger N. Dard, Morton D. Paley, Richard Elsberry, Lee Hoffman, Orma McCormick, Fred Chappell, and quite a few others. Two nice covers. The front one is by Richard Z. Ward and the back by W. Max Keasler. And all for only a dime. Write for this one; Bob may still have some left.

FAN-FARE. Mar-May, 1952. Bi-monthly, 15¢, 6/75¢. W. Paul Ganley, 119 Ward Road, No. Tonawanda, N. Y.

This fanzine relies heavily on fiction and poetry, printing some very commendable pieces along with some not-so-good ones. This issue features



"Dread Huntress" by Andrew Duane, which, while being a good story, I find is eclipsed by James E. Warren's story, "Return From Terror." Along with these excellent offerings there is fiction and poetry, ranging from good to mediocre, by Walt Klein, Al Leverentz, Toby Duane, etc. If you like fan-fiction, then this is your meat. If not, you won't like it at all.

BLAGUE. 65¢ from W. Paul Ganley, 119 Ward Rd., No. Tonawanda, N. Y.

This is not a fanzine. It is an amateur published book of one hundred mimeographed pages, with an additional four illustrations by Don Duke. "Blague" is the title of the novel by Toby Duane and Al Leverentz. It's well plotted, fast moving, and reasonably well written. The mimeographing is beautiful. You'd better hurry if you want a copy of this book, because it is limited to 100 copies.

QUANDRY. June 1952. Monthly, 15¢, 3/40¢. Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga.

Another hilarious issue of fandom's funniest fanzine. Between the covers of Q we find such items as "How Weak Was My End" by the Original Robert Bloch, "The Harp That Once or Twice", by Walt Willis, and "Dammit, I Say, This Has Got To Stop!" by Thad Sweetbreath (the well-known penname of a little-known fan from Illinois named Tucker). If you've never read QUANDRY before, then you've missed a great deal of laughter.

OOPSLA! WAWillis Special Issue. 25¢. Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah.

I shouldn't actually review this, because if you haven't got a copy now, it's unlikely that you'll ever get one. Gregg only printed fifty, and those are sold out, so you'd have to find someone with a copy that he's willing to part with. This issue contains five items: the cover by Lee Hoffman, the editorial by Gregg Calkins, "The Harp and Q" by Lee Hoffman (telling how Willis' column "The Harp That Once or Twice.." started), "The Harp in England" by Walt Willis, and a half-page of Willis quotes from various sources. "The Harp In England" is a 14-page report on the London Convention, the first actual World Science Fiction Convention.

STF TRADER. July 1952. Monthly, 10¢, 4/25¢. K. Martin Carlson, 1028 3rd Avenue, South, Moorhead, Minn.

The cover is an excellent one by Neil Austin, who will be remembered as the artist who did the "Masters Of Fantasy" series in FFM. Inside is an assortment of ads for trading, selling, and buying stf mags, books, fanzines, and other items of interest to fantasy and science fiction fans. If you're at all interested in trading, buying, and/or selling stfantasy items, then get this magazine. Kaymar, who originally started STF TRADER, is once again at the helm, after turning it over to Jack Irwin to edit for a while. Jack is getting ready to be inducted, poor soul!

a dramatic tense. The story is laid thousands of years in the future, when earth has been shattered by atomic wars. The same scene has been used many times before, but not as effective as this one. If you haven't read the magazine serial, then, by all means get the book. If you have read it in Astounding, get it anyway for your collection. The price of \$2.75 isn't too excessive these days.

--CHARLES LEE RIDDLE

-oOo-

INVADERS OF EARTH, an anthology edited by Groff Conklin

Groff Conklin, who has a well-deserved reputation in the anthology field, has done it again. This time, he has chosen the invasion of earth theme, and gathered together 21 stories that have not appeared between hard-covers before.

The book is divided into two parts, with an epilogue and a prologue. The first part concerns itself with the distant past, and using Murray Leinster's "This Star Shall Be Free" for the prologue. Other stories in the same vein and also not-so-distant past are contributed by such well knowns as William F. Temple and A. E. van Vogt. All of these stories could have happened all unknown to us and in the past. All convincingly written, they are topped in interest by very few. A story by David Grinnel, "Top Secret", just might be the truth.

What could happen next week or next month is the basis for the second part of this book. Some of the best stories in the book appear in this section as for example, "Enemies in Space." This was written originally in German back in 1907, and as translated by Willy Ley, reads as if it was written by an 1952 author instead.

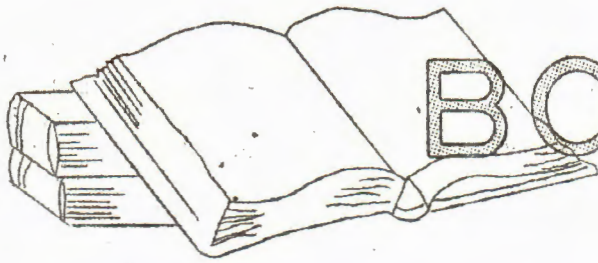
Howard Koch contributes the Welles-Wells concept of the invasion from Mars that created a minor havoc as the first real s.f. script to grace the channels of radio (how many of you remember that one?). Too often, Orson Welles is given credit for the script and Koch is forgotten.

Another wonderful piece of writing comes from the pages of the now-defunct Marvel Science Stories--William Tenn's "Will You Walk A Little Faster?", and the epilogue by Anthony Boucher, "The Greatest Tertian", is a masterpiece of humor.

All in all, this book is just what you would expect from Mr. Conklin, and is well worth the asking price. Your reviewers admire Groff Conklin a great deal, and are looking forward to his next anthology. Anthologists like him are hard to find these days, and the publishers certainly deserve applause for bringing out his works.

--JIM RUTHERFORD  
and CHARLES LEE RIDDLE





# BOOKS

## THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE, by Arthur C. Clarke

When Galaxy Novels couldn't get reprint rights from Street and Smith for "Needle", they substituted an original novel, "Prelude To Space" by a English author, Arthur C. Clarke. It was a fortunate substitution indeed, for today, while you can still obtain for 35¢ the first Galaxy Novel, you are going to have to pay around a buck fifty for that issue containing "Prelude". Don't bother going to Galaxy Novels for it; they have completely sold out!

Mr. Clarke has followed up "Prelude", at least in this country, with "The Exploration of Space", which in my estimation is just as fascinating reading, as his fiction. He has taken the premise of space travel being a foreordained fact (and what reader or writer of science fiction will not agree with him?) and has discussed in a nontechnical language of what the explorers of the future might find on the other planets, and just what they may run up against. Naturally, the book--being designed for the general reading public, and not primarily the s.f. fan--reads in spots like a first grade primer of the stars, but it is not boring in any sense of the word.

The book is well printed, has a simple and effective dust jacket, and contains many diagrams, illustrations, plus four full color plates. While the selling price of \$3.50 is just a bit more than the average collector of science fiction likes to pay, it well is worth that, and possibly a few cents more.

--CHARLES LEE RIDDLE

-oOo-

## GUNNER CADE, by Cyril Judd

Simon and Schuster continue to issue some of the best science fiction novels on the markets today; and this is no exception. The only fault I can find with this one is that it was issued too soon after magazine serialization in Astounding S. F. Those of you who are in the know will recognize the name of "Cyril Judd" as being the pen name of the collaboration of C. M. Kornbluth and Judith Merrill, both of whom are good writers in their own right.

This is the story of a fighting man, a mercenary if you wish, and told in





STOP THIS PUNISHING BUSINESS::  
(continued)

but will trip over his own tongue, falling headlong through the rungs, when weighing those steps in the balance preparatory to carrying them out?

Could Tucker tuck into it? Would Ackerman acknowledge the need, and hack a fan-sized niche in his pedestal to provide foot-room for the poor purblind fan to climb out of the morass? Can the silver-tongue Silverberg destroy this mountain of iniquity? Can Charles Lee raise an argument which will not be riddled with holes by the malicious tongues of the punsters?

Certainly Henry W. Burwell from down south couldn't berry well do it, but a yell to Ian T. Mac might do some good. A filip or two to the scheme in Rog's Club House might help, also.

But having got this far, I'm damn certain that Slater is slated not to be of any concrete assistance. Wallited in by punsters throughout the British Isles, it is not surprising the bricks I've dropped on the roof of my own construction. It requires completely retiling.....

- (1) I used this myself in a letter to Willis, and then realized the pit yawned to engulf me!
- (2) Rehabilitate in this sense means 'to make livable with'. Huh?
- (3) BNF - Big Name Fan, not to be confused with bnf - brand new fan.
- (4) VYF - Very Young Fan.

KAN KAN KABITZER:  
(continued)

On the other hand, new talents were discovered. Success in many arts and crafts are because of past life activity in those lines. Talent that amounts to genius in music, writing or sports may require continued effort over several life times. One unhappy and desperate lady was told that she had been a decorator in a temple in ancient Egypt. Although she was over 40, she changed her profession to interior decorator and became a huge success.

Cayce would never permit any advertisement of his talents. He charged only a small fee. Sherwood Eddy, who visited him at Virginia Beach, Va., where he lived many years, said he was a very humble man, taught a Baptist Sunday School class with becoming mediocrity, and was a transparent Saint. So many desperate people appealed for readings during World War II that Cayce, who hated to turn down help to anyone, worked too hard at his strange profession and died from exhaustion. He had spent his life in service to others and died a poor man.

He left thousands of these physical and life readings that are now being studied by interested researchers. One of these, Gina Cerminare, Ph.D.,

These things are apparent in Cayce's work. We have lived many lives on this earth. Our success and physical health depends on our behavior and interests in past lives. "As you sow, so shall you reap," may be literally true. You can better yourself in future lives by behaving yourself in this one and concentrating your efforts along lines you wish to pursue. The souls of men are going someplace. The bodies that men inhabit may die out in an atomic war, but the "I AM" will go on in some form or another forever. When you wear out a body, you trade it in for a new model after a period of rest. Isn't that exciting.

My head was ringing with this book when I sat down for lunch one hot day on the steps of Parker School. Mail carriers must eat their lunch on the route. The school being closed for the summer, I ate outside and fought with the flies for my sandwiches. During the half hour lunch I sometimes read my patrons magazines. This day I had a paper published by a religious organization interested in spiritualism. It contained an article by Thomas Payne, written forty years after his death and transmitted to earth by spiritualist medium; an article by a spiritualist in California who sported himself on Sunday afternoon by having his spirit friends materialize on the front porch and wave to the neighbors, and any number of want ads by psychic people who would get in touch with your dead relatives for the small fee of one dollar.

One such ad caught my attention. A woman from India, living in Florida, stated that she could tell you about your past incarnations and would throw in a symbolic analysis of your ego for only two dollars. She had learned the art in India. All she needed was the full name and age of the applicant. I sent for my "icarnascope."

Did I find out any thing? I certainly did! However, I have used more than my share of space here, and this is a long story, so I'll save it for some other column. I'll give this much of a hint--I WAS NO LOUSEY CLAM-DIGGER. Believe me!

A decorative border consisting of many small, light-colored circles arranged horizontally.

## AN APOLOGY::

One of the primary duties of any editor is to make sure that sources of material his writers quote are correct. I fell down on that job in the last issue by letting Jim Harmon quote H. L. Gold without requesting to see the letters apparently quoted. I apologize to Mr. Gold for this, and also for not knowing better. I've visited Horace in his apartment many times, and know for sure that he is not the type of person Jim tried to make him out to be. This apology was also given to Horace in person, and as far as he is concerned, the matter is forgotten, but I should and here with make it a public apology. ---Charles Lee Riddle

1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057 2058 2059 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065 2066 2067 2068 2069 2070 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 2079 2080 2081 2082 2083 2084 2085 2086 2087 2088 2089 2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 2098 2099 2100 2101 2102 2103 2104 2105 2106 2107 2108 2109 2110 2111 2112 2113 2114 2115 2116 2117 2118 2119 2120 2121 2122 2123 2124 2125 2126 2127 2128 2129 2130 2131 2132 2133 2134 2135 2136 2137 2138 2139 2140 2141 2142 2143 2144 2145 2146 2147 2148 2149 2150 2151 2152 2153 2154 2155 2156 2157 2158 2159 2160 2161 2162 2163 2164 2165 2166 2167 2168 2169 2170 2171 2172 2173 2174 2175 2176 2177 2178 2179 2180 2181 2182 2183 2184 2185 2186 2187 2188 2189 2190 2191 2192 2193 2194 2195 2196 2197 2198 2199 2200 2201 2202 2203 2204 2205 2206 2207 2208 2209 2210 2211 2212 2213 2214 2215 2216 2217 2218 2219 2220 2221 2222 2223 2224 2225 2226 2227 2228 2229 2230 2231 2232 2233 2234 2235 2236 2237 2238 2239 2240 2241 2242 2243 2244 2245 2246 2247 2248 2249 2250 2251 2252 2253 2254 2255 2256 2257 2258 2259 2260 2261 2262 2263 2264 2265 2266 2267 2268 2269 2270 2271 2272 2273 2274 2275 2276 2277 2278 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 2286 2287 2288 2289 2290 2291 2292 2293 2294 2295 2296 2297 2298 2299 2300 2301 2302 2303 2304 2305 2306 2307 2308 2309 2310 2311 2312 2313 2314 2315 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321 2322 2323 2324 2325 2326 2327 2328 2329 2330 2331 2332 2333 2334 2335 2336 2337 2338 2339 2340 2341 2342 2343 2344 2345 2346 2347 2348 2349 2350 2351 2352 2353 2354 2355 2356 2357 2358 2359 2360 2361 2362 2363 2364 2365 2366 2367 2368 2369 2370 2371 2372 2373 2374 2375 2376 2377 2378 2379 2380 2381 2382 2383 2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 2389 2390 2391 2392 2393 2394 2395 2396 2397 2398 2399 2400 2401 2402 2403 2404 2405 2406 2407 2408 2409 2410 2411 2412 2413 2414 2415 2416 2417 2418 2419 2420 2421 2422 2423 2424 2425 2426 2427 2428 2429 2430 2431 2432 2433 2434 2435 2436 2437 2438 2439 2440 2441 2442 2443 2444 2445 2446 2447 2448 2449 2450 2451 2452 2453 2454 2455 2456 2457 2458 2459 2460 2461 2462 2463 2464 2465 2466 2467 2468 2469 2470 2471 2472 2473 2474 2475 2476 2477 2478 2479 2480 2481 2482 2483 2484 2485 2486 2487 2488 2489 2490 2491 2492 2493 2494 2495 2496 2497 2498 2499 2500 2501 2502 2503 2504 2505 2506 2507 2508 2509 2510 2511 2512 2513 2514 2515 2516 2517 2518 2519 2520 2521 2522 2523 2524 2525 2526 2527 2528 2529 2530 2531 2532 2533 2534 2535 2536 2537 2538 2539 2540 2541 2542 2543 2544 2545 2546 2547 2548 2549 2550 2551 2552 2553 2554 2555 2556 2557 2558 2559 2560 2561 2562 2563 2564 2565 2566 2567 2568 2569 2570 2571 2572 2573 2574 2575 2576 2577 2578 2579 2580 2581 2582 2583 2584 2585 2586 2587 2588 2589 2590 2591 2592 2593 2594 2595 2596 2597 2598 2599 2600 2601 2602 2603 2604 2605 2606 2607 2608 2609 2610 2611 2612 2613 2614 2615 2616 2617 2618 2619 2620 2621 2622 2623 2624 2625 2626 2627 2628 2629 2630 2631 2632 2633 2634 2635 2636 2637 2638 2639 2640 2641 2642 2643 2644 2645 2646 2647 2648 2649 2650 2651 2652 2653 2654 2655 2656 2657 2658 2659 2660 2661 2662 2663 2664 2665 2666 2667 2668 2669 2670 2671 2672 2673 2674 2675 2676 2677 2678 2679 2680 2681 2682 2683 2684 2685 2686 2687 2688 2689 2690 2691 2692 2693 2694 2695 2696 2697 2698 2699 2700 2701 2702 2703 2704 2705 2706 2707 2708 2709 2710 2711 2712 2713 2714 2715 2716 2717 2718 2719 2720 2721 2722 2723 2724 2725 2726 2727 2728 2729 2730 2731 2732 2733 2734 2735 2736 2737 2738 2739 2740 2741 2742 2743 2744 2745 2746 2747 2748 2749 2750 2751 2752 2753 2754 2755 2756 2757 2758 2759 2760 2761 2762 2763 2764 2765 2766 2767 2768 2769 2770 2771 2772 2773 2774 2775 2776 2777 2778 2779 2780 2781 2782 2783 2784 2785 2786 2787 2788 2789 2790 2791 2792 2793 2794 2795 2796 2797 2798 2799 2800 2801 2802 2803 2804 2805 2806 2807 2808 2809 2810 2811 2812



PEON NOTES::  
(continued)

had been given to the Little Men of Berkeley, California, we would have had another flop such as the New Orleans group put on last year! It seems that the group out west doesn't care to be associated with the 'fans' of this day and age; but prefer, much prefer, to be classified as intellectuals of the science fiction genre. You can imagine what sort of a convention they would have given us!

-oOo-

Apologies to Terry Carr for associating him with the Willis death hoax I wrote about in the last issue of PEON. The convention is now over, and apparently no harm came out of the attempted hoax, fortunately enough, and the originator, Peter Graham of San Francisco, wishes to apologize to anyone who was disturbed by his post cards. He alone was responsible, and I am sorry that I rang in Terry on the deal. Peter has volunteered to repay me for the phone call I made to Lee Hoffman to verify the fact that the report was false, but so far has not done so--however, this is not intended to be a slur on Peter, but to show that he has realized the mistake he made and is trying to make amends for it. Okay?

-oOo-

PEON NOTETTES:: Congratulations to Jimmy Taurasi for completing ten years of publishing the only authentic and regular newszine of fandom, FANTASY TIMES. I don't imagine that there are any of the readers of PEON who've not seen a copy of this grand newszine, but if you haven't send a dime to Fandom House, % James V. Taurasi, 137-03 32nd Ave., Flushing 54, N. Y., for the next issue, and see all the news you may be missing out on....If you are interested in joining the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, contact A. E. Winne, 109 Ashley Street, Springfield 5, Massachusetts, for further details. Ev is the new secretary-treasurer, replacing yours truly who 'did not choose to run', and the waiting list is rather low. There is a definite good chance of your becoming a member without too much delay if you write right away and also if you can meet the requirements....A rather sad mistake was made in the last issue of PEON, giving the subscription price of CONNFAN, the official organ of the Connecticut Science-Fiction League. I quoted a price of 5¢ each, or 12 for \$1.00, which is absurd on the face of it. The correct price is 5¢ each, or 12 for 50¢. I am still the official editor of CONNFAN, and incidentally, if any of you readers correspond with, or know any, Connecticut fans, please send me their names and addresses, so we can contact them....That's it for this time, friends. Thanks a lot for all the letters of comment on previous issues, and remember, we are always looking for articles and fiction. We are especially interested in contacting fan-artists, for your editor is certainly not one himself, and we would like to liven up the pages of PEON a little more....See you next month, then....

Lee