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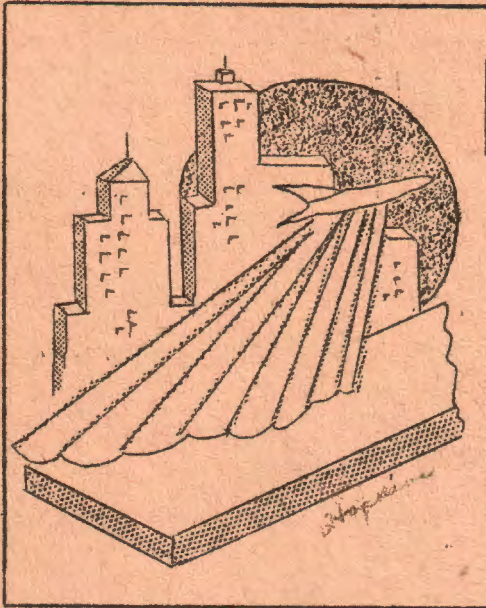
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Cover drawing by DEA

PEON, "A Fantascience Publication", is published bi-monthly, on the first day of January, March, May, July, September, and November, wife willing, by

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PEON NOTES

Notice something different about PEON this time? There have been several changes in PEON, with lots more coming up, and with this issue, comes two major changes.

First of all, PEON is now a bi-monthly fanzine. I've set myself up a rather hard and strict schedule to follow, and with the aid of the regular contributors, will

bring you PEON during the first week of January, March, May, July, September, and November, hereafter. Deadlines for these issues will be the first day of the preceeding month. And with an increased schedule of publication, I will need more and more material. So, any of you would-be writers, artists, poets, or what-have-you, please send in your stuff for possible publication in PEON. You'll hear from me promptly about it, and I certainly would like to hear from you.

Another new thing about this and future issues of PEON is the size and appearance. You sharp-eyed readers will notice that the off-sized paper used in PEON for these past five and a half years has been abandoned in favor of the standard size. Also, I am experimenting with using colored paper for the inside pages, and would like your reactions on this. However, there is one apology necessary. I started using a new Smith-Corona for typing the stencils this issue, got half way through when I ran off the first batch and discovered that typewriter does not put out the good stencil work that my old typewriter did--so the rest of the pages were done on the old standby, Royal--and hence, the different looking typing and spotty mimeographing. Future issues will be done on the Royal as before. Possibly a small thing to worry about, but important to one who takes pride in PEON like I do.

We have also been experimenting with a new type of cover work as you can see on the front of this issue of PEON. In fact, I wonder how many of you can tell me how the illustration was put on the stencil? It was done on a mimeograph stencil alright, but a dollar bill will be sent to the first reader who can describe or tell the method.

At any rate, PEON is in the process of being revitalized, and any suggestions, comments, or ideas you might care to send our way will be appreciated greatly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

Blood

Will

Tell

---JAMES WHITE

Frank Clay nearly lost a finger to the buzz saw when he heard the scream. It was the sort of scream that might be expected in a horror movie. The sound belonged millions of years in the past, when our alleged ancestors were still swinging from the trees; providing an occasional meal for the beasts of that era.

Clay hurriedly turned his saw off and went over to where a crowd had already begun to form around the victim, stopping for a moment to listen to some of the remarks that circulated, as remarks will at any accident. "What happened?" "Bryan got his hand caught in the band saw and lost it at the wrist!" "Look at that stuff spurtin' out o' his arm!"

"All right, you guys," Clay ordered as if he had some authority shouldering through the crowd, "Move back and give him some air." His eyes sifted the bunched-up men until they centered on a man he knew well. "Henson. Go get something I can use as a tourniquet. Steele, call an ambulance. Move!" He knelt beside the man on the floor. Some thoughtful soul had stopped the saws and belts. A silence fell on the mill, giving it the air of a cemetery at midnight.

Bryan was screaming with pain and shock, his left arm flailing about and a thick yellow substance gushed from the stub as water from a tap. Grasping the arm at the wrist, Clay squeezed to stem the flow--of blood?

The victim babbled incoherently in what seemed to be a foreign language, but Clay could think of no tongue he had ever heard that even remotely resembled this insane raving. He made soothing sounds to the man, who, of course, paid no heed. His screams were loud in the church-like silence of the mill. Even the excited talking had stilled self-consciously.

Henson returned and handed Clay a short piece of pipe and took his belt off. The tools were hastily converted into a tourniquet. Clay watched the arm as he tightened the belt with the length of pipe, unable to keep his eyes off the strange fluid that flowed freely. Steele, who had returned from his errand, clutched Clay's shoulder to attract his attention. "Frank," his voice rose an octave higher, "Frank, his face is turning black!"

Clay's face was a sickly green as he looked upon the countenance that showed more agony than the loss of a hand could ever account for. With a final agonized shriek, Bryan died.

"It's almost as if he'd been killed by remote control." Henson, the calm one, said in awe.

Clay ignored the remark. "You can go back and tell the hospital we won't be needing their ambulance now," he told Steele for the benefit of the circle of gaping men. "Bryan is dead."

He took the length of pipe out of the belt and handed the belt back to Henson. Then the remark Henson had made struck him. "What did you mean, 'killed by remote control'?" he asked, glancing curiously at the man, "I'd say his death was pretty direct, if you asked me."

"Well, look at it this way, Frank," Henson explained smoothly as he tugged at the lobe of his ear--as if the habit was directly responsible for the formation of his thoughts, "The fact that he is different from the rest of us shows that there are either races of civilized people on earth that have remained undiscovered, or that he is from another world. I'm in favor of the latter.

"His accident could either have been caused by remote control--which would explain my private theory that he was a spy or an advance scout for invaders--or it might be just what it seems, an accident. I can't say which. If it was an accident, it was merely unfortunate for the hypothetical invaders. But if it were actually remote control that killed him, then it seems to me that Bryan had simply outlived his usefulness to his race. Perhaps they would have picked him up when his job was finished, maybe they couldn't do so without running a grave risk. Again I don't know."

"Aw, you've been reading too many comicbooks." Clay scoffed, "How could anyone cause an accident by remote control? I saw one of those 'other world' movies once and it left me cold."

"I don't know how such an accident could be caused from a distance, unless Bryan had been hypnotically conditioned to commit suicide when his work was done." Henson said earnestly, pausing reflectively to light a cigarette. He blew the smoke out in a rush and continued, "I just don't know. There are too many unknown quantities, making everything about this mess just a lot of supposition; except the fact that Bryan is--was--different from the rest of us."

"Hell, Bill," Clay laughed, still unconvinced, "you're a little too imaginative." His eyes strayed to the body again and he rubbed his chin puzzledly, the weirdness of the situation hit him with full--if belated--force. He leaped abruptly to his feet and started for the door at a run, weaving his way through the saws and the crowd that hastily parted for him. He was retching before he got there.

When he was able to work up an interest in his surroundings again,

Clay looked warily out the door, too sick to even wonder about the mystery of the yellow blood spilled by the dead man. His eyes opened wide and his mouth flew open at the sight that greeted his eyes. "Henson!" he yelled. "Come here!"

Henson, who had knelt and laid his jacket over the man's face, rose and came out to where Clay stood watching people running and screaming; flaring brightly for an instant, then floating gently to the ground as they flew apart in a cloud of fine ash.

Henson reached the door at a run, and together they stood looking up at the cause of this wholesale slaughter. From horizon to horizon the sky was thick with metallic, sphere-like ships from which rays of various colors were shooting in all directions. Whatever a ray touched went up in flames, briefly rivaling the sun in illumination, then floated gently to the ground.

Clay tore his eyes from the scene to look at Henson. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that the men working the sawmill had all crowded to the doorway, leaving the dead man by himself. "Well, it looks as though you were right, Bill," he said, returning his gaze to the slaughter again, "Wonder where they're from."

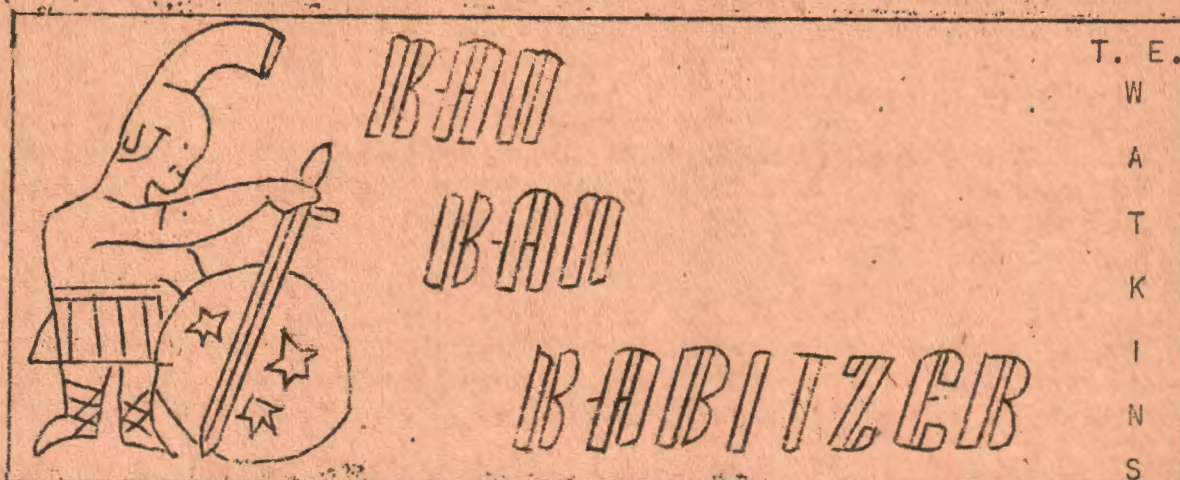
"They're from beyond the range of earth's largest telescope!" said Henson with his deathly calm. Clay wondered if there was anything that would make him show emotion, short of bodily harm. Bryan had been of a similar nature: as unemotional as a brightly burning live oak that was two hundred yards from their doorway.

Then the real meaning of the other's words hit him. "How do you know? You..." Clay glanced quickly around at the men who stood nearby, watching their world being devoided of life and trying not to believe it. "You have too many ideas about all this not to know something unless you're..." he didn't want to go on. It was a terrible thing to have to suspect of a man. It was even worse to have to accuse him of it.

"I'm one of them," Henson admitted mildly. "Bryan took the easy way out, but I've kept up an irrational hope until the last that we'd be rescued. It doesn't look that way, though, does it?"

A blurred form leaped between the two men and took a hold on Henson's throat that only death





This is clean-up day. I'm going to throw a lot of this stuff away. I've got to have some order around here. Look at this mess--old magazines along with old coke bottles, old chess correspondence cards, old rejected stories, old books, old Esquire calenders. I'm going to clean everything out today. We'll start with this old clipping file. What have we got here?

"OBJECT" SIGHTED BY JET PILOTS, Dayton, Ohio, March 10, 1950. Two jet planes at Wright-Patterson air base in Dayton, Ohio, pursued an "object" which looked like a bare pin point of light. An astronomer (no name given in the clipping) is quoted as saying it could be a n "an astronomical--object;" Boy, that scientist went out on a limb. He could call anything in the air "an astronomical object." Wonder what those flying saucers are, anyway?

SATAN WORSHIP RETURNS TO ENGLAND, Paris, November 1951. The police--in France and England--are very much worried over the growth of cults that practice evil rites which include attempts to summon the devil. These cults were established by an Englishman, Alasiter Crowley, who called himself Beast 666, the "wickedest man on earth." Crowley died in 1947, and was buried with pagan rites. His cults are growing fast in England, Franco, Germany, and Sweden. Some of these rites include ritual murders and the cults are a profitable field for swindlers, blackmailers and other crooks. Two Hollywood actors were reported to have been at secret rites in Germany in the summer of 1951, at which a goat was sacrificed. A Chicago woman, a Crowley follower, was expelled from France when she tired to set up a cult in Nice.

This guy, Crowley, fascinates me. Why did he have to be beast 666? Why couldn't he be Beast 665 or 667, or even Beast 236? Perhaps Beasts are numbered to their evil powers, the devil being Beast No. 1. If the devil is #1 and Crowley was #666, there must be 665 other Beasts running around, and that's not counting numberless imps, witches, demons and the

like who are also at large. It just isn't safe to go out anymore. Perhaps it's just as well that I'm down here in the basement with my clipping collection. There hasn't been any beasts around here lately that I know of.

DYNAMITE SALESMAN SIGHTS FLYING SAUCER WRECK, Mexico City, Jan. 1950. This character says he saw the wreck near Mexico City. The ship was 46 feet in diameter, and in it was a dead body of a man twenty three inches high! He's a liar! Now, why say that? Why would a dynamite salesman, who never had a headline in his life, come up with a silly story like that? According to Alfred Still in "Borderlands of Science", the rule on such reports is that when an ordinary citizen comes up with a fantastic story, the chances are two to one that he has seen something, but that his judgment as to just what he saw may be faulty.

GHOST OF G.B.S. BEATS UP AGENT, Chicago Sunday American Weekly, 7th of June, 1953. Gabriel Pascal, agent and close personal friend of George Bernard Shaw, has been haunted by Shaw's ghost. Mr. Pascal is psychic. He was in India when Shaw was in his last illness, and he had a premonition of his death. He hurried to London to be with Shaw when he died, but failed to make it by hours. That night, Pascal awoke with the feeling that something was in the room. He felt a chill in the air and knew that G.B.S. was there. Then he felt a series of sharp blows in his back as though someone was beating him with his fist. The pain was agonizing. It was as though the spirit was in a frenzy to get through to him. This continued for several nights and finally stopped. Mr. Pascal says that Shaw still visits him from time to time, but comes in peace. It is as though Shaw had forgiven him for failing to be with him in that last hour.

Shaw did not believe in personal survival after death. He would have roared with laughter if anyone would have told him that story. And it must be very disconcerting for athiests to wake up in the after life and find themselves spirits after all. I heard a famous psychic, Hodson, talk in Kansas City, Mo., last fall. He described what happens after death. Those who have no belief in an afterlife, according to Mr. Hodson, some times wake up in a void in which they can see, hear, or feel nothing. They can only think. This condition continues until they convince themselves that they still exist. Brrr, wouldn't that be awful? A stubborn athiest could float around in that void for years, I guess. I'd better do less drinkin' and more prayin' and we'd all better get along to the next clippin'...

PICTURE of Ann Miller in a bathing suit, vintage 1944. Well, honey bunny, how did you get over here with the flying saucers? You got yourself back over in the other collection!

HOUSEWIFE HAS RARE DISEASE, Georgia, March, 1953. A housewife in Georgia came down with that rare disease, multiple personality. Names are changed in the article, so the names are unimportant. She was a mouselike creature and lived at home with her husband and two children. Suddenly, she left home, took a hotel room downtown, got a job and started going out with other men. She wore exciting clothes and became very naughty. She took no interest in her home, husband, or children. She knew her husband,

but wouldn't have anything to do with him. He took the case to a psychiatrist, who got her to consent to an analysis.

After a lengthy examination, the doctor found a third personality, a combination of the best qualities of the other two. Number three was strong-willed, efficient and moral. At the time the news item was released, the doctor was trying to force the third personality into dominance and having some success.

Cases of multiple personality are described in every textbook on abnormal psychology. The most famous is from fiction, Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." For the most part, this strange disease remains a baffling mystery. Madam Blavatsky, a well known occultist of the 1800's, had an interesting theory on multiple personality that she wrote about in "The Secret Doctrine."

Blavatsky claimed that the soul, the spiritual man, puts only a "ray" or part of itself into incarnation. This is the personality and it sort of dangles out into the material world, from the finer vibrational world that is the home of the soul. Now, if the personality starts jumping a round and cutting up at the end of its tether and the soul can't do a thing with it there comes a parting of the ways; the soul casts the personality adrift. That doesn't hurt the personality at all, it continues to exist as a "souless man." (No doubt you've run across a few!) When the body dies, the personality has an "astral life", but it will slowly disintegrate unless it can get itself attached back to its soul.

The soul in the meantime, puts another ray into incarnation. The old personality, whose astral life is fading, always latches onto the new personality and tries to invade it. It becomes the terrible "Dweller on the Threshold." It's that terrible face you see in your dreams that wakes you up screaming in the dark. If the new personality relaxes and goes on a binge—you know, kicks up its heels a little—the old personality invades his little bubble. For the rest of his life he has company. At any moment, the old personality may "Grab the neurones" (gain control of the nervous system) and gives the new personality a hell of a ride like Mr. Hyde had.



I once read of a case in a book on psychology where a doctor flushed five distinct personalities in one guy. Boy, what an irresponsible soul that must be—spewing out personalities in litters and then cutting them off. You can't even trust souls anymore. How do you know you haven't been cut off? You've been bouncing around a little haven't you? Blavatsky insisted that "the world is full of souless men." All of which proves that the average citizen has more to guard against than "throat scratch"!

3 FLYING DISCS OVER WONSON, Korea, Feb. 1952. Two bomber crews in Korea have sighted flying discs. The first was seen by a B-29 crew over Wonson about midnight, Jan. 29, 1952. Another crew saw one over Sunchon on the same night. Air Force officials are impressed and a "full investigation is underway."

That's all, bud. Stop right there! We'll never hear another peep out of them. The best way to blot out all information is for the Air Force to "start a complete investigation."

Why don't flying saucers ever fly over Kansas City? No reliable witness has ever sighted one within a thousand miles of here. And why should a flying saucer fly over Kansas City? Because, I, Thomas Eugene Watkins III, would like to see one, that's why! If any flying saucer pilots read this, come on over. We have no anti-aircraft guns to speak of and plenty of eager and reliable witnesses to report a sighting.

Which reminds me that flying saucers reports have been very scarce lately--none for weeks and weeks. Perhaps there will be no more and if I throw this clipping collection away, I'll be without any flying saucer reports. Besides, where will I get another Shaw's ghost, another multiple-personality, or a Beast 666? I can't afford to throw the clipping collection away, but everything else is going to go! It's a little late tonight, but tomorrow for sure, I'm coming down here and clean everything out except the clipping collection. We have to have some order around here.

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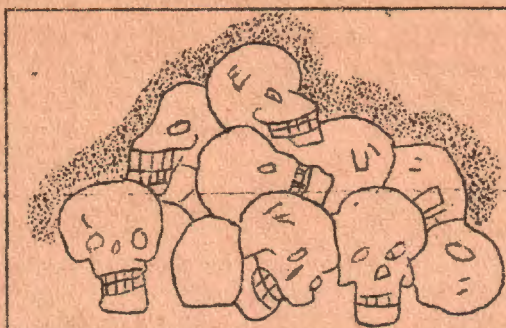
PEON NOTES (continued)

I'm always happy to have fans travelling around in this neck of the woods to stop by Norwich and pay us a visit. Recently the Riddle family has had the pleasure of meeting Ed Cox, just back from Korea, and now stationed in the deep south. Ed called us one early Saturday morning and informed us that he was in town for a brief visit. We enjoyed having him so much that we persuaded him to remain over the entire weekend. Strangely enough, all that time available was not spent in talking over fan affairs--which, I think made the visit that much more enjoyable.

Another visitor, and one who promises to be a regular one, was Burton K. Beerman, or nearby Madison, Connecticut. Formerly of Detroit, Burt is just now getting interested in active fan work, and had an afternoon of questions for me. Good thing I had just finished reading a bunch of fanzines. I know he'll be back--in fact, he's scheduled to show up here and help put this issue of PEON together.

Don't forget, if ever you're up this way, be sure to look us up. The telephone number in Norwich is Turner 9-8719, and in New London, it's 2-4431, extension 9. Readers, fan, or otherwise, you're always welcome at 108 Dunham Street.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)



FANTASTUFF

BY

terry carr

NOTES'N'QUOTES:: Sam Moskowitz, in "Chain Reaction", Science-Fiction Plus, August, 1953: "Our voluminous mail seems to indicate that SFP is the most dramatically new idea in science fiction magazines since 1926." If you ask me, that "dramatically new idea" was first conceived and carried out in 1926. Start 'em Young Dept.: from the "Space Passport" issued to members of the Z-Ro Explorers by Capt. Z-Ro, the local goshgoshwowboyboy kiddie show on TV; "...is authorized to travel in accredited space ships from the planet earth to the farthest Star in the Universe...must travel in chartered orbits at designated speeds not to exceed 50,000 miles per hour." Egad, they'd have to start 'em young if they expect to get that "farthest Star in the Universe" at that speed!

SPEAKING OF TYPOS:: Which we were not, but are now; there was a beauty in Startling Stories for Feb. 1953. In a letter from Bob Kessler we find the quote: "In the classics you will find the use of a basic drive, sex, as an intergal part of the story..." And, in case you missed it on the contents page of the last issue of PEON: "The opinions and views expressed herein are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the author." Well, yeah, I guess that makes some sort of sense...

TRACTION AND RETRACTION:: In the

last issue of PEON, I said "Hopes for a worldcon in San Francisco seem dim now." Well, since then things again have changed. True, the Little Men aren't what they used to be, but a Convention Committee, composed of members of the three Bay Area fan groups has been set up. This would continue to function even in the event of the fall of three clubs. Already, this convention has snagged the 1954 Westercon for San Francisco, and hopes to get the '54 Worldcon in addition to this. If they can do this, then that year's convention would truly be the Biggest Science Fiction Convention ever, for the two cons would be combined...and, since the Westercon is one of the biggest in the world, aside from the worldcon, this would be a terrific combination. Right now, I'd like to say that San Francisco is your best bet for a terrific convention in '54. If you go to Philly howabout supporting us?

DEPARTMENT OF AMUSING SUBTITLES: ..or, So You Think YOU Got Troubles Dept: The Dell edition of Clifford D. Simak's novel sports "First He Died" in big letters, with "Time and Again" right below it in smaller letters.

AD INFINITEMS:: How about those pennames in the initial issue of Vortex Science Fiction? Like "Dorfla (Spell-it-Backwards) Leppoc" and "H. E. Werett", instead of E.

Everett Evans. The Evans story, incidentally, originally appeared in PEON under the title of "R-R-R Revenge". Idea was dreamed up by editor Riddle and Evans one day a few years ago. Know that bit of information would be of some use one of these days....To John Ledyard, PEON's erstwhile fanzine reviewer: thank a lot for the nice review of VULCAN, but you've got Peter Graham's address wrong. It's now Box 149, Fairfax, California. And anyway, he's no longer publisher. The Golden Gate Futurian Society is....Another retraction. It wasn't Dave Ish who wrote back to Bob Stewart after the Carr-Is-Graham-Boax, asking who Torrey Carr

was. It was Dave Hammond....Betty R. Lewis, whose "Know Thy Neighbor" appeared in a recent issue of Galaxy, is an San Franciscan. So is "Bruce A. Agnew", the penname taken by Mike Walker for "The Key" in Fantasy & Science Fiction for June, 1953. Elizabeth Lewis' last story, incidentally, caused quite a amount of amusement when it was passed around at the Westercon. I don't know whether it'll sell pro however, as it's more the fanzine type of thing.

STOP PRESS ITEM:::

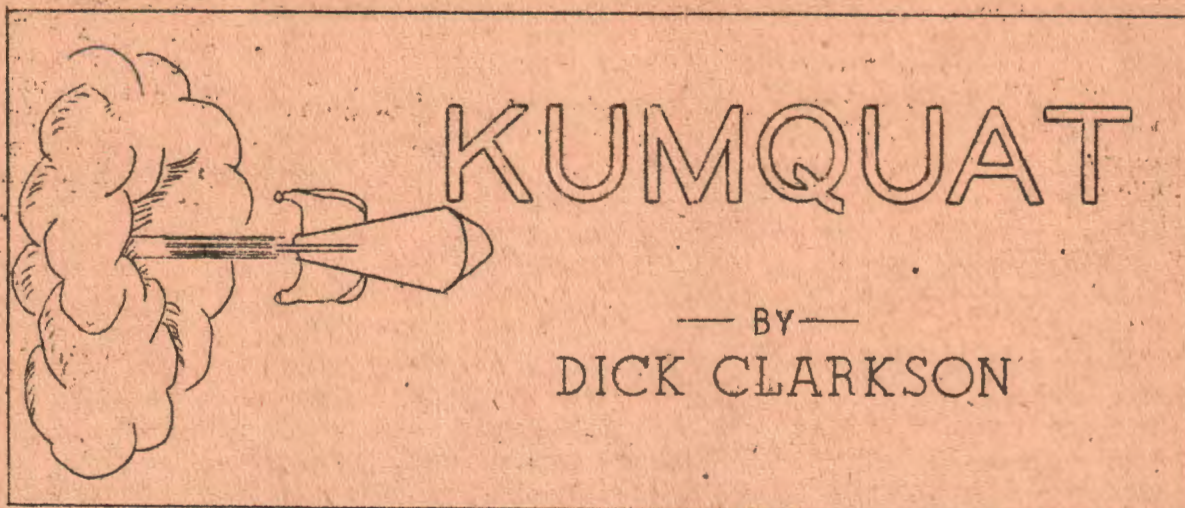
Mari Wolf and Rog Phillips are divorced, according to a reliable source (Mari Wolf).

THE CASTAWAYS

by Carol McKinney

We dream of diamond stars at night
Beyond the heavens' sweep,
Stars fire-pointed, sparkling sure,
Then silently we weep.
When cold, gray mists renew the gloom
Before the sun has set,
And dampness creeps into our bones,
We never can forget
The first wild thrill of rockets' thrust,
The dwindling Earth Below,
The stab of pit that we knew
For those who could not go.
Stars around, beyond the ship,
Harsh and glaring bleak
The light-years hiding secrets old
For those who are not weak.

The gray-green fungus creeps unseen
Beyond the marshlands far,
Over a shattered, rotting hulk
That aspired to reach a star.
Few of us lived and left the wreck
And fewer still are here,
The months drag onward hopelessly,
And naught is left but fear.
We curse the clouds that hide the sun,
The constant, cloying mist,
Grimly rotting clothes and books,
It's useless to resist.
We were not born to crawl in fog
After spanning spacelanes far,
But we'll die in muck, forgotten,
Upon the Morning Star.



So I'm to take the place of Hal Shapiro. Well, I'm going to try to do so and with apologies to no-one. However, it seems to me that my taking over his position is something like changing a sub to Astounding to one to Planet. But I hope, only for a short time; as I go along, I'll pick up the knack of his style, maybe. But just the same, picking up where he left off will be one hell of a job. Let's get underway, though, and see what we can turn out. First, I'd like to be one of the many who wish Hal the best of luck in civvies again. I think he'll find that, once he gets himself installed as before, he will have more time for fannish activities that he thought. I for one, hope so.

Hal has a point. College is a serious business, more so than things which, temporarily, may be more enjoyable (although college is probably as much or more fun than anything else) and certainly less work. But from what experience I've had, college isn't so hard, so rough, or so time-consuming that you don't have time for anything else.

This year, a lot of fans are going to begin their first year of college. Two outstanding examples hit my mind immediately; they are Ian Macauley and John Magnus. And I know there are others whom I can't think of right now. But at any rate, during the past few months, I've had several letters asking me what it's like to go to college and be a fan at the same time.

Well, I'll answer that. First of all, college is miles above high school in every way and aspect: you learn more, you do it faster, and you work harder. Probably the first thing I noted was that the competition is rougher and on a far higher level than high school. I'd estimate that fan such as you or your correspondents are far above the average potential. That makes it easier, notcherwelly. But you still have to work --and hard--as in college, in order to keep out of hot water. You have to go on the assumption that every student there is as good as you are. And most of them are.

But you don't sacrifice your fun. A lot of the queries I got seemed

to contain a slight fear that college would be all work, and a fan who wants to keep up with his crifanac would be better off out of college. That's not true.

I had plenty of time; I could have done as much or as little (and it turned out to be the latter most of the time) as I pleased. You have, remember, 24 hours a day there to yourself. No, I found that the biggest bugaboo so far as keeping active fandom-wise was concerned was not a lack of time for it, but that there are so many other things you can do in college. Goof off with your roommates or some of the guys, go here or there, and so on. Quite often, I get so I had no ambition for fanwork---sometimes I'd been studying and wanted to gafia from everything. Other times I was under the influence of a woman, a party, or a trip that had happened recently. That's the fan's biggest worry--college takes more of your time, actually, in an indirect way than it does directly. It's the connections you make, not the work itself. But you'll manage; it's impossible to stop a fan. The point is that Hal was right; college is more imporant than crifanac. However, instead of letting one compete, with the other, I managed to give each the time that could be afforded, and it worked out fine.

Hope that answers the queries, and helps out some of you.

One thing that has interested me recently is the two-part series of articles that the New York Times Magazine Section ran on s-f as literature and such. They are even better as a result of the fact that the author likes it himself; or at least he seems to from the tone of his writing. Anyone wanting a good and sound discussion of s-f's recent impact on American literature in general, and the reading public in particular--not to forget damn good entertainment--should look them up. The dates or Sunday, July 12th and 19th. They can be found in any good public library. The articles aren't written by a man particularly well versed in s-f's past and general "aura", so to speak, so he uses quotes from Campbell and Bretnor to state some of the things for him. There's a lot of good think material there; well worth the trouble.

Another thing which immediately hits my alleged mind is the 3-D pic, the first s-f pic to be so produced, "It Came From Outer Space." Taken from a story by Ray Bradbury, this movie is good in more ways than being just good s-f. There are a minimum of objects coming out at you from the screen, the satire and the comment on today's society and on human nature is sound and quite thought-provoking, and sex is at a minimum in favor of making the picture sensible and more enjoyable. The only real fault I found with it was the Xenomorphs, as the advts call them; in the true BEM style, they are capable of changing themselves at will into any form they choose. There are only a couple of glimpses of them as they really are in the movie, but they are as bemnish as any of the best BEM illos I've seen in promags. The best yet.

Recently, after a long drought, I came back to reading the pages of

Astounding again. About this time last year, I got disgusted with the stories they were printing and quit reading it completely. But in the past week I've been at them voraciously, reading the latest six issues inside of four days. Most striking of all, in my opinion, is the lead novelete in the current August issue, "Sam Hall", by Poul Anderson. Any of you who may have loff off of ASF for a while, be sure to read this one. You wonder just how big a snowball one man is capble of rolling once he gets impetus. Categorically, that is, not specifically. A master job; in comparison with the previous five issues as well, "Sam Hall" is still the tops.

The trend in science fiction nowadays seems to be something like "pick a concept -- any concept", and then elaborate on same. In a letter the other day, someone was kicking about that. Well, the idea now is to be original--that makes the question, "What is originality here?" If it's naming some concept and writing about it, then s-f today is original. But to get up some good, radical idea to write on, you have to place it, of course, in an s-f setting--which means one of two things; either extrapolation from something going on today, or putting the idea into alien set ups, to lend plausibility to the story. Well, the power in sciencefiction is not so much alienness per se as the relations of humans to the concept involved. If you have a story based on aliens, or some un-humanish type of idea, a lot of the story is wasted, a lot of wordage and nothing else. It takes the human touch.

No, it would seem that originality, the originality that s-f today is looking for, is not just anything at all, made to sound reasonable by using whatever means are handiest, but a study of man in one fashion or another in a way which may be different, taboo, or something equally untouched-on. You can be as original as you please, but unless it has some bearing on what we've had experience with and can half-understand, you're in the wrong seat. As a matter of fact, this originality may not be even original; it may be something which, for one reason or another, is not normally discussed. Science-fiction is an excellent opening in which to put forth your gripes....write it in straight, serious article-form, and you're liable to have anything from the DAR or the Women's Prohibition League to the federal government or half of American society down on your neck in no time.

In other words, originality in s-f can be anything different; just so long as the author has something to say. That is the essence--you have to say something. Just like a paper for collogoe....it can be a humdinger, and still get an "F" if it doesn't relate to anything. That's one of the reasons that s-f has made such a bang; you have the standard good writing, but in addition to that and the entertainment value, good s-f has a quality which few other forms of literature have: true originality. That it causes people to think, people who hate, fear, and loathe both mental work and the thought that if they did some thinking, that they might see something they'd rather not--is yet an even better tribute to the type.

I'm open for arguments.

-oOo-

TOO, TOO, MANY!

Yes, I've too many magazines for the amount of space I have available to store them. So, I've had to clear out some of the duplicates in my collection---and this is your opportunity to obtain them at a big savings to you. Check the listings below and let me hear from you real soon!

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1938 - June, August, September, October
1939 - May, March, April, June, Aug., Oct.

SPECIAL - ALL TEN FOR \$4.00

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THE GRAB BAG - Any one, 25¢; 5 for \$1.00

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1952 - Mar, Apr, May, Jun, Jul, Aug,
Sep, Nov, Dec
1953 - Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, Aug

Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction

1950 - Winter-Spring
1951 - October
1952 - June, July

Imagination

1951 - September
1952 - May, October
1953 - February

Other Worlds

1949 - November
1950 - November
1952 - June, July

Wonder Story Annual

1950
1951
1953

Space Stories

1952 - December

If

1952 - March, Sept
1953 - January, July

Space Science Fiction

1952 - November
1953 - February, July

Fantastic Story Magazine

1950 - Summer
1951 - Winter, Summer, Fall
1952 - Winter, Spring, Summer, Nov.
1953 - January

Startling Stories

1948 - November, September
1949 - Jan, Mar, May, Jul, Sep
1951 - Jul, Nov
1952 - Jun, Jul, Aug, Oct

THRILLING WONDER STORIES:

1948 - December
1952 - June, August, December
1951 - October, December
1953 - February, April

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1952 - Feb, Mar, May, Jul, Sep, Oct, Nov

\$1.00 SPECIALS

Books:

MURDER IN MILLENNIUM VI
d/w, autographed

FLIGHT INTO SPACE
d/w

WHO GOES THERE?
no d/w, but autographed

Magazines:

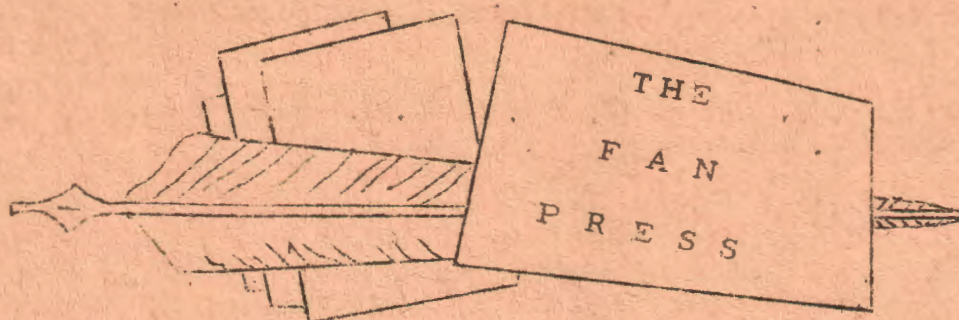
Astounding Stories

1931 - Jan, Feb, Mar,
Apr, Jun, Aug.

1932 - Feb, Mar, Jun.

ALL MAGAZINES IN ALMOST MINT CONDITION

Charles Lee Riddle 108 DUNHAM ST. Norwich, Conn.



by
JOHN LEDYARD

APPROACH TO INFINITY by Morris Scott Dollens. 25¢, Roy A. Squires, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, California. Lithographed.

This is an exceptionally well-done booklet made up of sixteen pages of art work by Morris Scott Dollens, with a sort of running dialog to keep continuity between the pictures. If you've ever seen Dollen's covers on SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER, then you'll know what I mean when I say you shouldn't miss this.

BOO! Undated, but #7. Monthly, 5¢, 12/50¢. Bob Stewart, 274 Arlington St., San Francisco, California. Mimeographed.

The issue at hand has a rather amusing cover by Dean A. Grennel; it's a map of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and the surrounding area ("AMHERST, Like A Town From Another World", "BLOCHVILLE, Formerly Milwaukee," etc.). Inside there's a column by David Rike, a story by Richard E. Geis, an article by Van Golding, a column by Bill Knapheide, an article by "Seig E. Draheir" a column by Larry Balint, poetry by Orma McCormick and Terry Carr, and illustrations by Richard Bergeron, L. Chapman, Roger Canales, Ronald Trammel, and Bill Reynolds. A pretty good fanzine, if you forget the myriad typos (must be something wrong with Stewart's typer). The boobs are especially enjoyable.

ECLIPSE. May, 1953. Irregular, 10¢, 6/50¢. Ray Thompson, 410 South 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska. Dittoed.

A rather entertaining new face on the fan scene, with stories by Celia Block and Lew A. Gaff, a column by Marian Cox, poetry by Isabelle Dinwiddie and Rory Faulkner, and miscellaneous stuff, including a contest. Reproduction is good, on a whole, and there's a fairly high level for the material.

ESCAPE. June, 1953. Irregular, 5¢, 6/25¢, 12/50¢. Larry Balint, 3255 Golden Ave., Long Beach 6, California. Mimeographed.

This is actually Larry's former FANTASTA under a new title and in a new format. It's 4 1/4 x 11", stapled at the top (as was the third issue of Lee Riddle's LEER). A very enjoyable item, too, with columns by Bob Stewart,

Don Cantin, David A. Bates, and Ron Ellik, plus fanzine-reviews and a letter column. Larry crowds quite a variety of things into the small-sized pages of his fanzine.

FAN TO SEE. #3. Irregular, 10¢, 12/\$1.00. Larry Touzinsky, 2911 Minnesota Ave., St. Louis 18, Mo. Mimeographed.

This is one of the best of the new crop of fanzines. In this issue there is a very interesting article by Hal Shapiro, stories by Don Cantin and Elmer Kirk, and columns by Paul Mittelbuscher, Harlan Ellison, Max B. Miller, and Terry Carr. Colored paper and good reproduction help to make this zine really worth getting.

FIENDETTA. June, 1953. Irregular, 15¢, 3/40¢, 8/\$1.00. Charles Wells, 405 E. 62nd St., Savannah, Georgia, Dittoed.

This fanzine is developing fast. Current issue is very colorful, to say nothing of the fact that it contains some damned good material. There's Don Cantin's "Science Fiction Manus", in which he tells of the first trip to the moon, complete with names as characters; Art Wesley's very entertaining column, plus just plain stuff from Larry Anderson, Russell Watkins, Dale Tarr, Karl King, Dave E. N. Parker, and a beautiful cover by Max Kessler. Definitely worth supporting with your sub.

INFINITY. Vol. 1, No. 1. Quarterly, 10¢, four for 50¢. Charles Harris, 85 Fairview Ave., Great Neck, L. I., New York. Hektographed.

One of the best first issues I've seen in a goodly while. A long article by Algis Burdys takes top honors, but there is also a lot of other good material in here. The reproduction is beautiful, and the use of color on the illustrations helps to brighten up the zine a lot. Future issues, according to the last-page editorial, will be mimeographed. I'm actually rather sorry to discover this, for Charles uses the hekto to very good advantage. Hope he's as good with a mimeo.

NOTE. May, 1953. Bi-monthly, 5¢, 6/25¢. Robert Postrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska. Dittoed.

A very neat appearing fanzine, with liberal use of color and artwork (mostly fillers). None of the material is great, but I always find each issue to be interesting nevertheless. Best in this issue is "The Ether Coagulates", a takeoff on pro letter columns by Douglas Graves. There are columns by Dick Clarkson, Bert Hirschhorn, and Rich Lupoff, too, plus the usual features.

PSYCHOTIC. July, 1953. Monthly, 10¢, 12/\$1.00. Richard E. Geis, 2631 No. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. Dittoed.

A surprisingly good first issue. Up until now, I had rarely ever heard of Geis, but if he can continue in an upward direction from this starting point, he's sure to be on top someday soon. Material here is mostly by yeddo, but is good nevertheless. "A Ghostly Gripe" by Roger Mar is about the best, though Francis Bordna's "Prozine Potshots" is a well thought-out

article. Gois is also to be congratulated on printing one of the few half way readable bits of material by Raleigh Multog. Then too, there's a column by Terry Carr, in which he reviews fanzines from the artist's standpoint and some good artwork by Gois (one of them looks exactly like a Rot-slor!)

SEETEE. March, 1953. Irregular, 10¢, 10/75¢. Peter Graham, Box 149, Fairfax, California. Mimeographed.

Along comes another issue of SEETEE with the same three-color cover by Bob Johnson! Graham, in his editorial, says that he sent me an "advance copy" of the cover. True, but why did he staple it on the rest of the issue? Something fishy here. Oh well, on the the review, men. The use of color in this post-card-sized fanzine is well done. The contents page, for instance, is done in two colors; there are pages run in red and some in black, and one even in white on black paper yet. Poetry by Page Brownton, and Terry Carr, an article by Jack Schwag which never should have been printed, and a column by Terry Carr. All in all, a nice little item.

TERRA. Vol. 1, No. 1, Quarterly, 15¢, 4/50¢. Gilbert E. Monicucci, 675 Dolano Ave., San Francisco 12, California. Hektographed.

Despite the promise of the contents page, this first issue is not up to par. Layout is horrible, reproduction often botched-up horribly, etc. Contents: stories by Peter Graham and Terry Carr, an article by Marian Cox, a column by Rap Capella, and a couple of things by yodde. Marian Cox's article presents a particularly good deffense of the "Fanettes".

XENERN. #2. Irregular, 15¢, 6/75¢. William D. Knapheide, 992 Oak St., Apt. #C, San Francisco 17, California. Mimeographed.

Another postcard-sized fanzine, this one with a fascinating cover by an unnamed artist. Probably Knapheide, since most of the other material seems to be editorially-written. This is only natural, however, when you realize that this is an index-zine. Each issue presents an index of all the sources of information for various things fannish. This issue covers conventions, with a couple of research articles on conventions to round out the issue. If you ever do any research-work, whether for fan articles or term reports for school (many fans choose science fictional subjects for these), or whatever, I'd recommend that you subscribe to XENERN. It may prove to be invaluable some day.

STARFARER. #3. Irregular, 25¢, 5/\$1.00. Henry Oden, 2317 Myrtle Street, Alexandria, Louisiana. Dittoed.

I don't know--he wants a quarter for this! The reproduction ranges from bad to poor, but what can be read is very good. It's a shame that the good material Henry has brought together has to be presented so poorly. However, the poor kid is trying, so help him out. However, I still feel that 25¢ is way too much for any fanzine, let alone this one. Maybe he's trying to make enough to buy a new duplicator--if so, I'm all for it. The best in the issue is the story by Robert McCrory, "The Crud From 20,000 Fathoms", followed closely by George Wetzol's offering.

CANADIAN FANDOM. Sept. 1953. 15¢, 4/50¢. Quarterly. Gerald Steward, 166 McRoberts Ave., Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada. Mimeographed.

This is a revival of an old time fanzine, and one that is well remembered by yours truly. It was first published in 1943 by Beak Taylor who issued it until sometime in 1947, and then taken over by Ned McKeown, until 1951. Gerald Steward has revived it this time, and has done very well by it. Articles by David Lane, Joe Martin, William D. Grant, a story by Roberta Carr (any kin to GM?); features by Steward, Howard Lyons, Ray Palmer, Ken Hall, William D. Grant. Neatly and effectively mimeographed. If Gerald can keep up the high standards set in this first-revival issue, he will have a leading contender for top spot fanzine listings. I definitely recommend that you send for at least one issue.

FAN WARP. Vol. 1, No. 1. 20¢, 6/\$1.00. Bi-monthly. Lyle Kessler, 2450-76 Avenue, Philadelphia 38, Penna. Multi.

And yet another new fanzine comes out. This one is far better than the average first issue, as Lyle, with the assistance of Marvin Snyder, Jerry Hopkins, Russell Swanson, Sol Levin, and advised by Robert A. Madle, has plenty of experience to draw upon. Features by Sol Levin, Milton A. Rothman; articles by David H. Keller, Robert Bloch, Alan E. Nourse, Mari Wolfe, Robert A. Madle; and fiction by Basil Wells and Dave Hammond, all add up to some mighty good reading. Appearance excellent, as is the makeup. Another fine fanzine to look out for. Of interest to other fanzine editors is a brief statement contained in this issue to the effect that Dr. D. H. Keller, who has never turned down a request for material from any fanzine editor that I know of, has decided to refuse future requests. Certainly hope this is an error, for the good doctor is well remembered by many fanzine editors for his cooperation in the past. At any rate, be sure you get yourself a copy of this fanzine.

INSIDE. Vol. 1, No. 2. 25¢, 4/\$1.00. Irregular. Ron Smith, 332 E. Date St., Oxnard, California. Mimeographed.

This is a pint-sized fanzine, about 5x7" overall, and containing this time 50 pages. I'm rather at a loss to try to describe it to you, since it in some spots sound like one of Gold's earlier boasting editorials--"This is the new star in the galaxy. The fanzine with the new look. Next issue will see one hundred per cent improvement in all categories." Those are actual quotes. Several stories, a fanzine review column, letter column go into the makeup. It's neatly mimeographed, and if Ron could get over the idea of charging 25¢ for it, think it would be a success. As it stands, INSIDE is not worth 25¢ (in my opinion, no fanzine is), but would be well worth a charge of 15¢.

OTHER ITEMS OF FANZINE INTEREST::FIENDETTE (Charles Wells, 405 E 62nd St., Savannah, Ga.) came out in a two-sided one-sheet affair for the August issue. Not much to it, but since it doesn't count on your sub, okay.... Another one sheet affair received recently, was the SATURDAY MORNING GAZETTE, which claims to be a weekly fanzine (something tells me there is a slight fishy odor here) from John Magnus, Federal 203-B, Oberlin, Ohio. At any rate, it does give his new address!.....See you all next issue....JL

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Y

Jim Harmon

It is with considerable pride that I, a columnist for one of the leading amateur science fiction magazines, can scoop the entire magazine and book industry with a special condensation of a eagerly awaited book. This has been made possible by a great guy and, very possibly, a great but much misunderstood man. He is no stranger to science fiction, long a fan and recently a contributor to a leading s t f magazine. With those references, it would seem that fans would eagerly welcome him into their ranks, but this isn't the case. With almost a psychopathic prejudice they have evidenced their hatred for this man. And I must confess I was guilty of this unreason myself. I wrote him a near psychopathic denouncement of his literary work and sat back smugly. Well, in a few days, I got back a letter that kicked guts out of my arguments, but in a friendly and sincere way. From this drew a friendship with this man who is undoubtedly the greatest living writer--a man who allows the violence of the human soul to be relieved by reading, not true violence, and so lets man become something greater than man.

Of course, his critics say he writes with perversion and sadism, that he compounds stupidity with brutality, that he panders to the lowest element of the human animal and brings it to the surface, doing the race and its civilization a great disservice, only for money, as he admits his goal for writing to be. Just how much turth there is in that emotional argument I leave for you to decide after reading the following. Due to previous committments with book publishers and a comic-strip syndicate, I cannot use the Author's name, and I must slightly alter a few of the characters' names. The work itself, as is obvious, can only be the work of one man. The story has been edited and condensed by yours truly, Jim Harmon, in order to touch on the highlights of the story and still tell a connected story. Of course, it is only a shadow of the greatness of the complete work.

ME, EXECUTIONER

I shoved the smiling cop out of the way, and walked into the room. Nobody said anything. They didn't dare. I walked over to Ike House, and I could feel their malice towards me. In a minute, I'd leave them, and then they could start plotting against me, but there was something I had to do

first. I knew that when I saw my best friend laying there with his hands full of his own bloody guts. He must have tried to stuff them back in after someone blew them out with .45 dum-dums.

"You can relax," I told Ike. "I'm going to do your job for you. I'm going to get the guy who done this. I'm going to give it to him in the belly button, just like he gave it to Ed Riley, a good guy who just hobbled around on his cork leg that he got when his still blew up -- a guy who just hobbled around like that from one of his slot machines to another, a guy who never done anybody any harm, a guy who always stopped for the school crossings on his route. Yeah, Ike, I'm going to get the guy who came out of the dirty shadows and unleashed his tarnished lightening on Ed."

It was all a hard thing kicking me in the stomach like I was pregnant. The red waving before my eyes almost kept me from seeing Ike shifting from one foot to another. The bells ringing in my ears almost kept me from hearing what he was saying.

"I don't mean to tell you your business, Mick, but I'd let things cool down some. The DA told me he'd revoke your license if you killed anybody else this month.

I smiled tight. The drinks I had were hitting. "Zhat show?" I said, and smiled tight. Ike was a good guy, but I hated the DA's guts. He was like my father; always keeping me from having fun. I hated him, but I had to admit he was a good looking guy. That wavy hair of his made me want to run my fingers through it. I'd get the DA someday. I kept smiling tight.

I looked about the room, looked into the polite faces of the pale people who were against me. The littlest guy in the room hated me the worst. The big guy spat in my direction, but after thinking a minute, I decided the little guy hated me the worst.

"You," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"Me" he said, although he knew I meant him. He was scared to admit it. I had him scared -- it felt good -- I felt big. "What the devil business is it of yours?" he said. I was pretty sure I was going to kill him along, now I was damned sure I was going to kill him. He was a punk.

"Well," he said finally, "I guess you got a right to ask. I guess I just came in when I heard all the excitement. I was just passing by."

I smiled tight. "You're trespassing. Get out."

He shrugged and started for the door. "One thing," I said, "you got a gun?"

"Of course not," he said and kept heading for the door. I let him touch the handle. Then I splattered his brains on the door with a loud hollow sound.

"I shot a trespasser," I said to Ike, ' still holding the smoking gun. "You saw it all."

Ike nodded. He was my friend but he knew I'd shoot his guts out if he crossed me. I put the gun back into my shoulder holster, but I kept my hand inside my coat like I had an itch. Keeping my hand inside there, showed them who was boss. They all knew a guy with his hand inside his coat was boss. They all knew who I was. I had to think a minute before I knew who I was, though. It's like that when you're real smart. You have to take the longest time thinking about things and make sure you're careful, because when you're real smart, what you think is real important.

All of a sudden I knew I had to go to bed with a woman or kick a man's teeth out, or vice versa. I also knew I had to get Ed's killer and I knew where to start--with the punk who lived with Ed. I went out of the room fast, but careful. I felt their hate on me, and I hummed as I went. That's me--Mick Hummer.

II

I kicked open the door of Ed's apartment and gave it a quick once-over. There wasn't much to see -- some slots in for repair, some broken down furniture, and the Mex kid, Manny, down on the floor, high as the roof, with a reefer.

I went over and slapped the marijuanna stick out of his mouth along with a tooth. "I got questions, Kid."

He was just a kid--thirteen maybe. Ed had jockeyed him into being his punk a year ago when the kid was weak from starvation and couldn't lift a shiv to keep from being jumped. Ed and me has had some laughs over that. He was a good punk -- slim, tan, with brown eyes and black curly hair. I kinda wanted to run my fingers through that hair.

Manny fumbled in his pocket for another butt. I often fumble in a pocket for a butt myself -- but not of Mary-Jane. "Have one with me, Mick. Go on. No use fighting it. You can't. Come on, let's reach for it together."

I smiled smugly. The Army had shown how the stuff could ruin you. They had taught me not to mess with the stuff myself. There was no monkey on my back. I was glad the old Army had taught me not to use the stuff myself. "No, thanks, Kid," I said, "but I'll sell you a stick at the regular rate for my customers. You're out of the stuff."

"Out, out", he said desperately. "But I had some drags left on my stick. Where is it? Where? WHERE?" He was running his hands over the floor like crazy, but he was going to find that stick. I was standing on it.

"Better buy, Kid." At that, he began to turn his pockets out. He gathered up the change off the floor and counted it fast. I managed to cover another nickle with my other foot.

"Ninety-seven cents, Mr. Hummer -- just three cents short. This time, just once, please, Mick, please!"

I smiled. "A Dollar, Manny, one buck."

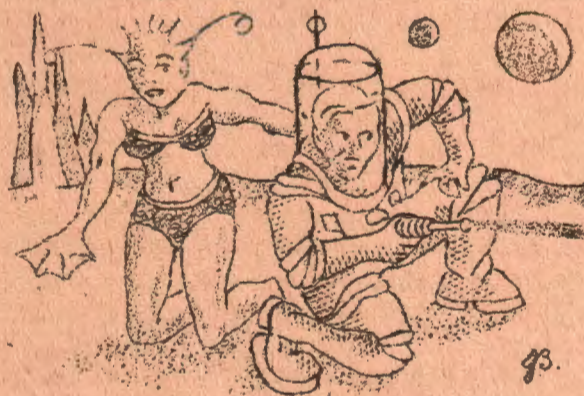
"I'll do anything, Mick, anything!"

I slipped out my gun. "I got questions, Kid." I went over and laid open his cheek to the bone. He whimpered like he was six instead of thirteen. "Who killed Ed, Manny?"

"Ed? I didn't even know he was..." he began to blubber. I was seeing solid red and the bells were ringing louder than anything.

I hauled back and hit him with my gun as hard as I could. The force tore the gun out of my hand. I haven't got much of a grip.

Manny just looked at me wide-eyed. Maybe he was dead---or maybe he was mad. I made him mad hitting him. And I didn't have my gun! I had to find my gun! I dropped to the floor and went over the floor with my hands and crawled along on my belly, scared of what Manny might do to me, looking for my gun. I was getting splinters in my hands and the pain was awful. I had to stop looking for the gun. I can't stand pain.



I got up and looked at the kid. He was just sitting there with his eyes wide open. Probably he was dead, I assured myself, but maybe he was mad at me. And I didn't have my gun! I had to get out of there fast. I ran.

III

I had been running a long time when I saw the open door and went in. It was dark and I couldn't see much in there. I just stood there getting my breath and waiting for my eyes to adjust to the darkness.

"Hello, Handsome," a sultry voice said from out of the darkness.

"Hi," I said.

She came out of the darkness, and stood in a shaft of pale light. She had long legs and big breasts. Who cared about anything else?

"Been waiting long?" she breathed huskily.

"Awhile," I said tentatively.

"Then you won't have to wait any longer." She pulled open her dress and showed me her full breasts. She slipped out of her skirt and showed

her well-muscled torso. A pregnant coal-miner, I thought. No, she was no minor. Then she ripped off her thin stepins sensuously. She was the first truly bald woman I had ever seen. And she made me feel different--different from any other woman I had ever known. I didn't want to run my fingers through her hair. It was a good thing, too. It would have been the classic frustration.

Suddenly, from nowhere and everywhere, there came music. Bum-bum-bum. Bum-de-de-bum-de-de-bum-de-de-bum. Strange exotic music like never before heard on earth. It drove itself into my soul. Then, she began to dance with great feathery fans. In the half light I could barely make out the words on them: New York World Exposition.

She thrust with her breasts, she bumped with her hips, she churned with her torso. It was a strange exotic dance, like never before seen on earth. Then the music began to repeat itself--bum-click-scratch-bum-click-scratch-bum...Now, she no longer thrust her breasts or churned her torso -- she just bumped her hips. No thrust, no churn, just bump, bump, bump to bum-click-scratch... It was maddening. My head reeled, my stomach was a hard knot, my nails were biting into my palms. I can't stand pain. I yelled at her wildly, "Stop bumping! Thrust or churn. Thrust breasts or churn torso! Thrust breasts, thrust, thrust, thrust, thrust, thrust!"

"Churn, churn, churn head!" she called back to me huskily.

Then! It hit me! I knew who she was! "Mother!" I cried.

She stopped her dance. "Don't let that stop you. A girl's got to earn a living."

"But Mother," I cried, "you always taught me sex with a good girl was impossible and sex with a bad woman was unthinkable. All that was left was boys, and that was wrong, too. And they all kept tempting me into sin. So I've had to show them. I've shot the guts out of the girls, and kicked the teeth out of the boys. I tell you, Mother, I've had one hell of a time."

"So what else is new?" she asked.

I reached for my gun to shoot her guts out, but my gun wasn't there. I didn't have my gun. But I always shot their guts out at this point!

Then she turned her back on me, and I knew the end was not yet. I looked at her standing there, her green skin shamelessly signalling "go", and I was reminded of my own green skin. That was why they all sadistically tempted me--they were all prejudiced. (Mother always claimed I was a Martian colonist of Atlantis, but I suspected Grandma had been frightened by a counterfitter). I ran out of there fast.

IV

The office door was locked when I got there, so I broke it down. Svelta looked up in surprise from the desk where she was typing. I shoved

her chair over and dug out my extra gun from the bottom drawer. With it in my pocket, I felt like a man again.

Svelta got up rubbing an interesting part of her anatomy, and sat it on the edge of the desk.

"Ike House called," she said to me. "They got back the autopsy report on Ed Riley.

"They did, huh?" I said, as I put my hand on Svelta's knee. However, I conquered the beast within me. Svelta was an angel, a madonna, a good girl. Sex was unthinkable with her. Mother had said so. But it is a wonderous thing what the Mind of Man can Imagine.

"Yes," she continued sweetly. "You probably were in one of your wonderful righteous rages and didn't notice, but Riley had been scalped.

"SCALPED!" I shouted. Then I knew! It hit me! "Then," I said, "then I know who the murder is!"

Svelta sobbed. "So do I, Mick. I was there when you did it! He wouldn't let you run your fingers through his hair, so you flew into a homicidal rage, scalped and shot him. After that, I guess you blanked out like you often do. Oh, Mick, it looks like you've solved your last case!"

I took hold of the gun in my pocket. "You're wrong, Baby. This is going to be an unsolved case. Even a genius detective like Mick Hummer can't win them all."

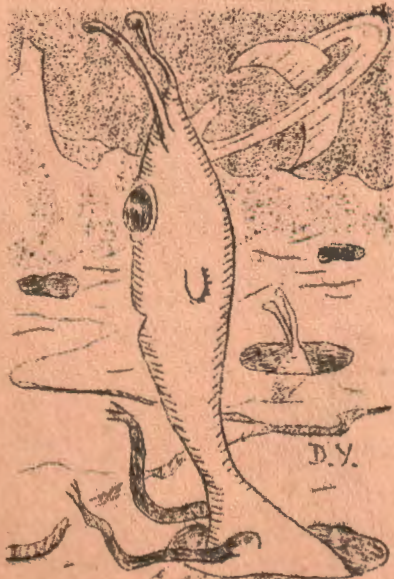
While she stood there with her mouth open, I shot her through the navel with a couple of .45 dum-dums.

Then it came over me; a shivering expectation of delight. I ran back to the desk and pulled out the bottom drawer. I took out Ed's hair. It was mine, all mine. Now I could run barefoot through that wonderful hair in the evening dew. I was mad with passion. I panted over the wavy black hair, and ran my fingers through it again and again. All caution was gone. I didn't even care if I got ingrown hair on my finger-tips. I hugged the hair to my bosom. I didn't even care if I got bald-chested.

Just then, Svelta stirred in a final moment before death. I paid no attention. I just kept stroking the hair I had lovingly cut and hacked from Ed's head. Bloody bubbles burst on Svelta's lips, and let out words.

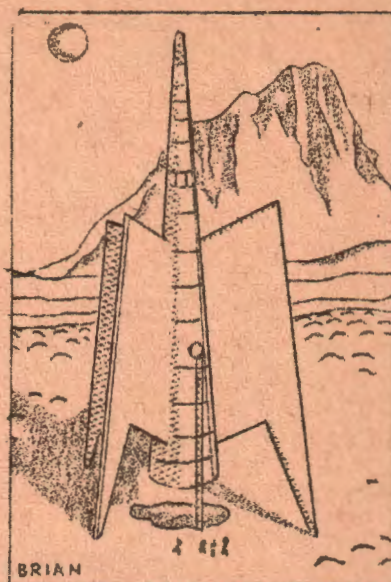
"How could you, Mick?" she gasped.

"Easy," I said, clutching the severed scalp. "I belong to the Butcher's Union."



PEON NOTES
(continued)

I've been meaning for sometime now to give credit to Alan Hunter and the Fantasy Art Society for some of the fine drawings that have appeared in the past three issues of PEON. Alan is the organizer and the guiding light in the FAS--an organization that can introduce the budding artist to the fanzine editor looking for artwork. Many fine fan-artists belong to the FAS, and Alan, who is also a darned good professional artist (as witness his work in New Worlds), is to be congratulated for having organized this group. Prospective British members can contact him at 124, Belle Vue Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth.



While we are on the subject of British fans, not only those residing in Britain, but those fans "down under" will be interested to see that PEON has two mighty fine representatives in those respective locations who will receive your subscription money. Of course, I will be happy to exchange for any other fanzine, but should you care to receive PEON on a subscription basis, be sure to contact PEON's representatives in your area. Incidentally, I am giving a three issue sub to any Australian or New Zealand fan who joins the National Fantasy Fan Federation through John Gregor. Contact him for further details.

Ken Slater has done it again, with the 1953 Operation Fantast Yearbook. It is just out and free to members of OF. Full of interesting items about various fan-matters, it is a necessary addition to your reference library. It lists fanzines, fanclubs, services, etc., and if you will send 75¢ or 5/- to him, you will be enrolled as a member for a year in Operation Fantast and receive the Handbook. A small correction on that last item--send 75¢ to either me or J. Ben Stark, 290 Kenyon Ave., Berkeley 8, California; the 5/- for overseas fans goes directly to Capt. Ken F. Slater, 13 Gp., R.F.C., B.A.O.R., 29, c/o GPO, England.

That's all for this time, folks. See you two months from now--and let me know how you like the improvements (?) on PEON, huh?

Lee