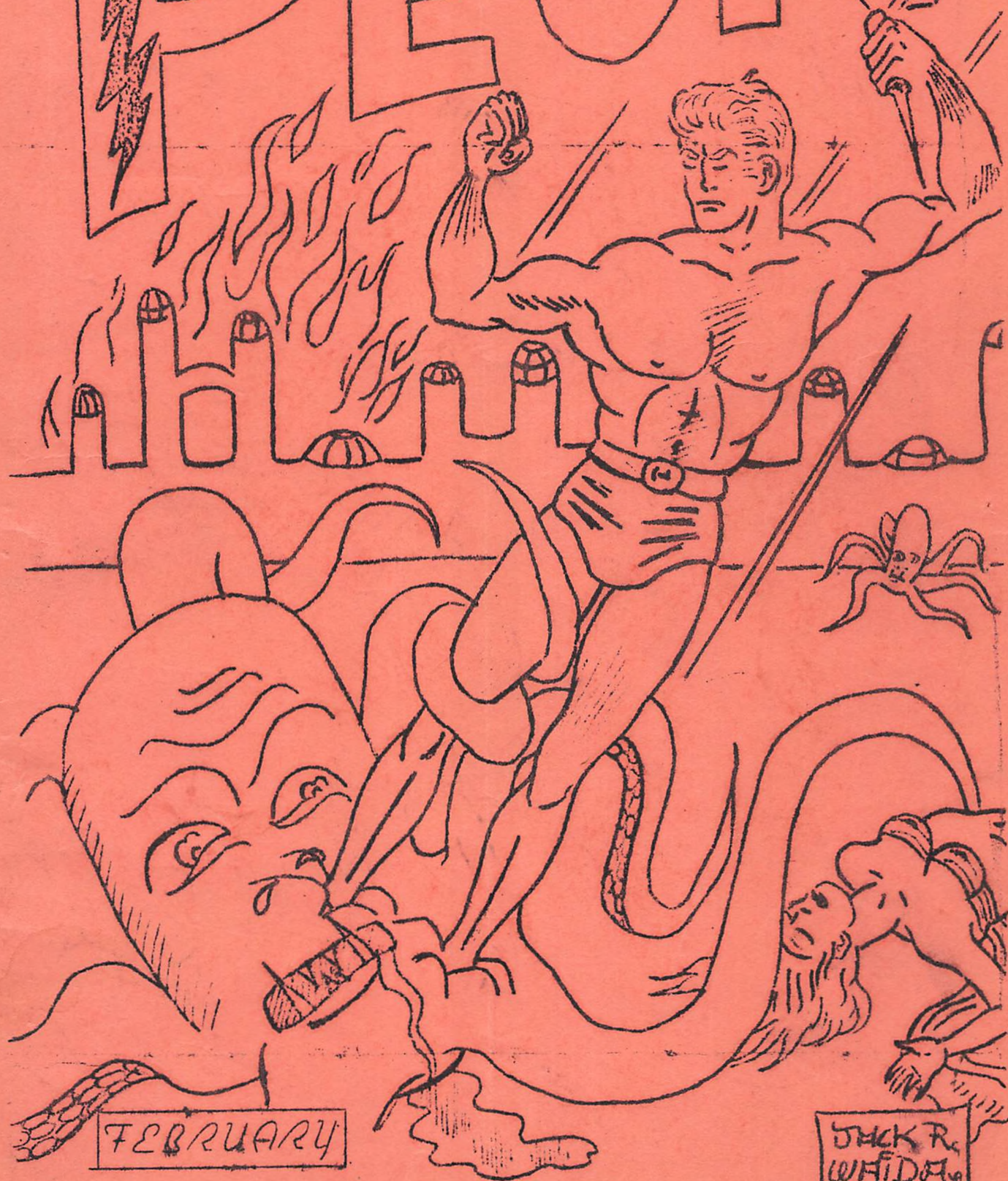


# PEON



FEBRUARY

JACK R.  
WHITMAN



# PEON No 7

Volume Two--Number One  
FEBRUARY 1949

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Cover by Jack R. Waida  
Remainder by the Editor and SEA.

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# PEON NOTES



Well, I back down--PEON will not be monthly henceforth, but has gone back to the old publishing schedule of bi-monthly publication. Don't worry, I'm not quitting the fantasy publishing business. However, pressure of naval work, and keeping up with those two sons of mine has forced me to once again put PEON out every two months. Subscriptions will be advanced accordingly. Monthly publication is nice enough, and I would be able to do it were I a civilian--but my first love, the Navy comes first! So, at least until September, when my enlistment expires, PEON will reach you every other month.

It appears that we were a bit premature in our last PEON NOTES regarding the suspension of r.t.Rapp's SPACEWARP--and we are very happy to report that the rumor was false. However, the latest and current issue of IF (Con Pederson) reports that he has been forced to quit publishing. If this keeps up, PEON will probably be the only general fanzine put out on the west coast--and then where am I going to swipe future ideas? Seriously, though, every fanzine that quits is missed a great deal and we do hope the editors will be able to turn their creative efforts to other fanzines but soon!

The editor of PEON has finally made the grade, and is now among the 'elite' of fandom, what with applying and be accepted as a member in both FAPA and SAPS! We're planning on publishing a new fanzine for FAPA, called "NEBI" and if you would like a copy of the first issue, due out in April, drop us a line. Circulation outside of the requested copies will be confined to members of FAPA. Publishing plans for the SAPS are indefinite at the present time.

Speaking of publishing plans--you're going to have one big surprise in the next issue of PEON. For with that issue, we're to print PEON on regular sized and 20 or 24 lb. mimeo paper. Some of our readers have asked why the small sized and poor type paper we've been using the past seven issues. Well, the reason is simple...back in July of last year, we were fortunate enough to purchase thru surplus sales, 40 reams of mimeograph paper for \$15.00--which is by far cheaper than you can buy it on the market. Government offices use (for some unknown reason) 8x10 $\frac{1}{2}$  paper, which was the reason the small size. Most of the paper was rather rough (oh brother, how rough!), but that's all in the past and you will see PEON looking much better in the near future!

The cover this issue is by a new artist, Jack R. Waide, who says it is his first attempt at stencilling--but we think he did rather good. Jerri Bullock who works across from my office at the Naval Air Station will appear on future covers also. Incidentally, we're always glad to receive copy from our readers--short-shorts, poetry, articles, etc. If we like them, they'll be printed, either in PEON or NEBI, so let's hear from you.

Lee





# THE SEA-BOSS

by Evan H. Appelmar

Did you ever swear at a wave? Watch out! Your days are numbered!

I

The small boat tossed in the waves beyond a New England Harbor. Donald Munroe looked around him. His guide, a grizzled old fisherman, was speaking: "Many a ship's run aground on them." He pointed to a group of sinister looking rocks rising from the sea near the boat. "I remember one time I was out in a boat with my boy. He was new to the trade and I was showing him the ropes.

"It was rough, like today. A wave came over the side and hit the boy. He swore. Right then, the boat took a dip and out he went. I grabbed for him but the current carried him away and wrapped him around the rocks. Poor lad! He should have known better."

"Known better than what?" asked Munroe.

"Than to swear at the sea," replied the fisherman.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Munroe, "You talk as if the sea were alive!"

"It is!" affirmed his guide. "I can give you another example. The Sea King sank in the Pacific, not so long ago. If you looked up the record you'd find that everyone was rescued except one man, who died when a life boat sank. Well, I got the whole story from someone who was on that lifeboat.

"The rescue ship was near, but it was wavy and progress was slow. This man cursed the hindering waves. In a second the boat had sprung a leak and before you could say 'Jack Robinson' it went down. Just then the sea became calm and the rescue ship picked up the survivors. They had been able to stay afloat in now calm water. But this man was missing 'cause, all of those aboard the lifeboat, he was the only one who couldn't swim!

"The sea isn't cold-blooded. No sir! Leave it alone and it'll leave you alone!"

"Bah!" said Munroe. "Coincidence!"

A wave hit the side of the boat and ground into fine spray. Munroe sputtered, "Damn that ocean!"

"Heaven help you Mister!" exclaimed Munroe's guide, "You've done it now! I'm going back!" Without further ado he turned the boat around and headed for shore.

Munroe was undisturbed but knew the superstitious characters of New Englanders too well to try to stop the guide. He might have been less at ease, however, if he had exchanged viewpoints with the old fisherman as to the violence of the sea, for isn't it odd for the sea to be rougher at one end of a boat than at the other?

(continued on next page)



## II

Munroe watched the sunset slowly disappear, then turned to walk back along the pier. His foot landed in a puddle of water and he slipped. He hit the water with a loud splash. As he struggled he heard footsteps and then another splash. A strong arm grasped his and a voice called, "Hey, Bill! Give me a hand!"

In a few minutes Munroe was back on the pier. Two men were leaning over him. One of them spoke, "Hister, you sure had a close call."

Munroe smiled, but the next day he began taking swimming lessons.

## III

Munroe hung up the telephone receiver. "Well" he thought, "If I have to go to Europe, I have to go, but at least I'll take the safest way possible. The Dauntless is said to be unsinkable. I'll take it."

## IV

Munroe looked over the rail of the Dauntless at the sun rising majestically from the Atlantic. Suddenly the deck began to tremble beneath his feet. Then a loud roar pounded at his eardrums and his mind went blank.

When he came to, Munroe found himself clinging to what once had been a good sized piece of the Dauntless. All that could be seen of the ship were a few other pieces of floating wreckage. Munroe shivered as he thought of the fate that confronted him.

Munroe listened. What was that sound? He strained his eyes in its direction. He saw a tiny moving speck in the distance. Slowly it resolved itself. A seaplane!

Munroe leaped to his feet and tore at his shirt. Getting it off he waved it frantically, never taking his eyes off the approaching plane. The sea, meanwhile, was getting rougher. The plane turned. They saw him! Still he waved. The plane circled him. Suddenly Munroe lost his precarious footing and tumbled into the sea. Sputtering for air, he heard a soft splash near him. Reaching out his hand he felt the yielding surface of a life buoy. He pounded on it! The seaplane landed nearby.

As the plane's crew helped Munroe aboard he was talking deliriously. "The sea! It's after me! Stop it!"

Later, however, he apparently regained his senses, told his story, and was returned to the United States. He did not make another attempt to go to Europe.

## V

Once back, Munroe closed his business and left town. There was only one place for him--Death Valley! It would take money to live there in class, but Munroe had it and intended to use it. He set up a desert oasis, and not only was safe, but made money on the side. But--the following item appeared in a newspaper later---

DEATH VALLEY FLOODED!

For a reason scientists have not, as yet, been able to explain, Death Valley has been flooded for the first time in history and oddly, the worst of this flood seemed to center around a desert hotel run by Donald Munroe. The building was totally destroyed and Mr. Munroe, then the only tenant, lost his life.





# FANTASY COLLECTING by S. A. Peeples

## PART "C": BOOK HUNTING

Aside from the pride of ownership, the pleasure of reading, perhaps the greatest enjoyment of fantasy collecting is the hunt. You want books that you cannot afford to order from a dealer, and you look for them. Bookstores are the first target, and of course the best bet. But, don't stop there. Books are everywhere. People that own nothing else, own books. Junk-shops, charity stores, second-hand dealers--books are to be found everywhere.

Not that you'll find a desired fantasy on every trip. You can't expect it now. A few years ago, yes. It was a matter of choice, then. But now there are too many fans (and, unfortunately, dealers) hunting, too. But that makes the game more exciting. And there is the pay-off when you walk into a dimly-lighted store, and see staring you in the face thousands of old ARGOSY magazines, with that great treasure of fantasy untouched; the pay-off, when, on an inaccessible shelf, or in a little-used basement, you run into a FIND! They are there! Dig 'em out. It's up to YOU and no one else what you discover. And it's fun hunting. It's a game that pays off. Not alone in good reading, but in monetary gain. Collecting is a game; and it's played for money, big money. The more hard-to-get fantasy books on your shelves you have, the more potential gain you have.

## "D": SWAPPING BOOKS

There is an extra dividend in fantasy collecting, if you are minded to enjoy it. Correspondence, with others who share your interest, everywhere, in every nation (almost) in the world. You can get to know people, sometimes important people, who otherwise would never be met. You share an interest that transcends class, religion, color, race, creed, financial position. Authors, lawyers, artist gamblers, day-labourers, scientists, engineers, doctors--the fantasy fan is everywhere, in every walk of life, the drunk on the corner who can lose ugly reality in dream-fulfillment fantasy; the man or woman or child dying, can lose the pain, the terror in the strength of great imaginative creations, can use, in imagination, limbs wasted or gone, can share a mighty love, mighty deeds, can escape the boundaries of earth, of pain, of worry, in fantasy. Know these people, develop an understanding of your own kind; and fantasy can be the gateway through which you may stride at will. No barriers are closed to the true fan; his letters get answers. Delayed, sometimes, but ANSWERED!

And the fun, the sheer mental pleasure of horse-trading is yours when you swap fantasy. Sure, you can get gypped, probably will; but it's fun! And, by using common horsesense, you will more than break even. Because, everyone's tastes differ. The old book you prize may be just that, an old book, to someone else. And it works both ways. The GIFT SUPREME by George Allan England, sadly out of date, not fantasy, meant nothing to the chap I got it from; but to me it rests with pride on my shelves with the rest of England's books.

It's a great sport writing others; sometime you haven't time to spare to write often; but they understand. They'll bear with you, and be glad to hear from you when you do write. And book-swaps are simple. Make up your mind what you want,



3 offer what you have surplus or excess--and, above all, BE FAIR! Don't value your books by the prices seen in catalogues. Value them by your own terms, by what titles you'll take FOR them. What books you would rather have. And you'll find the average fan will go along with you, will play fair. There are exceptions, wolves hanging about on the edge of the pack, defiant, teeth bared in a perpetual snarl, damning everyone ELSE for their own shortcomings. YOU'LL meet them, I know. I have. But it's simple enough to stop writing them. Once gypped, twice burned. Learn as you go along, don't be a sucker, and don't take others for suckers.

### "E":THE PROZINES

Maybe the books, hard-covered, are not your meat. You like the magazines best. Okay! The same rules apply! Know what you want, and collect it, be it AMAZING, WEIRD TALES, FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, FANTASTIC NOVELS, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, SUPER SCIENCE, THRILLING WONDER, STRANGE TALES, or GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK (which ran some good gothics in its time.)

But in magazine collecting, there are one or two separate rules that may be applied:

- (a) Collect the magazine you are interested in BY THE YEAR. Complete them by rotation, and always, carry a list of the issues you lack with you.
- (b) If you are cover-folder-over, buty TWO copies of the current issue of your favorite magazines. Keep one, MINT, for your collection, read the other. If you can't afford this practise, then whip up a magazine protector from stiff cardboard, trimmed to size, and fastened with scotch tape. The tape is easily removed from the slick covers of the magazines, and you'll find reading the mag as easy as reading a hard-covered book.
- (c) When buying the mag from your newsstand, don't take the top copy, look them over, pick out a good copy. It pays in uniformity later, when you stack the set on your shelves.
- (d) This rule applies to books as well, discourage borrowers. With books, if the borrower knows you place a value on the volume, it is usually handled with care. But not so a magazine. 25¢, they think, what the hell! Let him buy another one if this one's beat up or lost. And, to reverse matters, DON'T borrow from someone else. Sooner or later it will lead to misunderstanding.
- (e) Binding magazines is not too expensive, if you want them in a more permanent form. Your local library can supply the name of the firm doing their binding, and such a firm is, usually good at the job, and will charge you less.
- (f) Nothing I know of will prevent pulp mags from discoloring sooner or later. But it will help delay matters if you keep them in a DRY place and out of the sun.
- (g) If old mags are dusty (and they usually are) DON'T slap them together or beat them with your hand to remove the dirt. Use a vacuum cleaner. Adroit use of a gum-rubber eraser will take off some of the grim the vacuum cleaner won't touch. But be careful inside!

Oddly enough, fantasies are published in many mags not known to contain that sort of thing, from WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, to LIBERTY. But the only way to find



these (and sometimes they are true gems of fantasy literary expression) is by hunting through each mag, a tiresome task, but it does pay-off sometimes.

Excerpting stories is a questionable practise, at least to my mind. But if you must do it, then use care. You might want to have the story bound later, and indiscriminate chopping of the margins makes it impossible.

"F" PRICES AND VALUES

To have a basic understanding of collecting as a hobby, many things must be considered, not the least of which is the price you must pay, and the value of your books on your shelves. Any opinion on these matters must, by the very nature of it, be arbitrary. I don't expect all of you to agree with me, but I think you'll find that most dealers, and certainly most large-scale collectors who have bought and sold fantasy for years, will agree.

You can't place your value on the books you wish to sell. It won't work. Books, while material, yet have intangible variants that must be considered. In some few cases, binding, printing, etc., as in deluxe editions, such as SHIP OF FIAME by William S. Stone, count in the prospective retail value of the item. But, largely, the rarity of the book is the deciding factor. OUTSIDER AND OTHERS by Lovecraft, indeed all of Lovecraft's books, are much sought after; the price is high, and probably you can get about what you ask for them. Even from a dealer. But, in the main, price is determined by the current sales picture. And right now, the price trend is UP.

That doesn't mean you can sell your copy of IMAGE IN THE SAND, by E. F. Benson for the \$6 that Korshak of Chicago asks for it. To a dealer, your books have, at most, one-half the current retail value, and usually less. I think the simplest way to evaluate your holdings is by consulting every ad of every dealer, every price-list you know of, and average that figure. That's the BASIC worth of the book, if you offered it for sale. But one-half that figure is the approximate worth of the book if disposed of through normal channels, to a dealer, for instance.

The price you pay for fantasy, and the price you can get back from it, are two different matters, far apart! For that reason, buy carefully. Know what you're buying, know it's approximate value, and pay no more. Maybe you won't get that title immediately by following this procedure--but in the long run you won't be out as much.

Collecting is a potential (not a real) source of profit. But it depends on many things--your commonsense, your luck, and, in the eventuality you must dispose of your collection, how long a period you may have for that disposal.

But, I believe that by following the basic tenets set forth in these series that you can avoid being taken; that you can have a systematic collection of fantasy you'll enjoy owning, enjoy reading, and that what you have invested is secure, and will, with normal luck, increase in value.

Good Luck!

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FANTASY COLLECTING by Samuel A. Peebles, with all the series together under one cover may be obtained from the editor of PEON for 15¢ in coin or stamps. Limited edition--order your copy of this interesting series today!  
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FANTASY on RECORD

by R. H. Ramsay



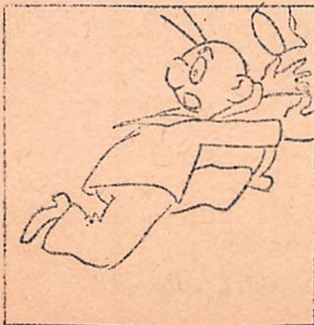
The Pleasure Dome of Kublai Khan, by Charles T. Griffes; Victor; recorded by Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting; single disc; \$1.20.

The label of this record dates it, for Ormandy quit Minneapolis in 1936, and a new recording of this work is long overdue. However, it would be unlikely to improve on the Ormandy rendition.

Charles Griffes, who many believe would have become America's greatest composer to date if he had lived, has succeeded in translating Coolidge's opium dream into music. The piece has many qualities reminiscent of the drug; it is heady, sweet, cloying, and very habit-forming. Many commentators have found significance in the fact that the work was not titled merely Kublai Khan, and Griffes himself admitted that only certain passages of the poem are here interpreted: the "stately pleasure dome," the "sunny pleasure dome with daves of ice," the "miracle of rare devide." The music was written in 1916, and first played in 1919. Altho usually classed as impressionistic, Griffes' style has little resemblance to the inimitable nebulosity of Debussy.

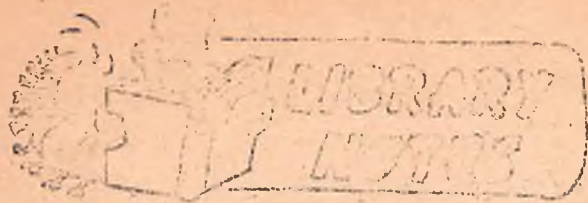
Dark, hollow, semi-dissonant chords from the piano, with underlying murmurs from the orchestra, call up the sunless gloom of the "caverns measureless to man." The deliberate triple rhythm suggests the sullenly-flowing water. The lonely voice of a solo oboe wanders thru the gloom, like a gleam of light seen from far ahead. The piano chords mount higher and more compelling; the orchestra gradually joins in. Suddenly, the walls and towers of the khan's gardens heave into view thru the mist; the ensemble sweeps into one of the most powerful climaxes in music.

The gardens of the khan. The wandering voice of the oboe traces the winding paths, the other instruments suggesting the breeze-caressed greenery. The oboe's theme is taken up by a violin; the sensuous cellos speak of love and gaiety. A brightness, an excitement come over the orchestra. Sounds of revelry are heard, rising and swelling. A sudden break, then discordant brasses announce a ruthless martial theme; a theme which, whatever the composer's intentions, is strongly suggestive of the "ancestral voices prophesying war." What will ensue we do not know, for again the piano is conducting us away down the sacred river, and the music fades into nothingness.

Stalemate

We don't know whether or not if Ed Hughes, the creator of "Stalemate" which you have been seeing recently on the back pages of PEONY, is a fan or not, but we do thank him very much! "Stalemate" and many of the cartoons you've seen, and will see, appear in these pages through the courtesy of SEA, or Ship's Editorial Association. SEA is one of the Navy's help to ship and station newspapers editors,





"The Sign of the Orange Gostak" by David H. Merwin Jr. (Slime Press, \$122.50, plus tax, 2 vols., 1800pp.)

"The Sign of the Orange Gostak" is one of the most interesting books that has come off the presses in the last few years. While not actually fantasy, and

hardly stf., and perhaps not true "literature" in the exact sense of the word, it still has a certain "something" that will have an attraction for the truly mature reader.

Unfortunately, or otherwise (depending how you look at it), in any discussion of the book, I feel it only fair to mention that certain parts of "The Sign of the Orange Gostak" have what might be called a tendency to emphasize some of the coarser aspects of sex (vulgar word!) This makes a really impartial discussion of the book's merits impossible, as the whole thing depends on the reader's individual judgement. To quote from Chapter 75:

"John leered slowly at Matilda as she shrank from him in loathing. 'My God is Woman,' he muttered hoarsely, 'and my altar their bodies. And I want to worship. Now!' 'You beast,' she screamed, 'remember, I am your sister!' John smiled evilly, and moved closer. His hands....."

Basically, the story is a conflict between Good and Evil. Good is more or less represented by Matilda De Bauchery, a pretty, sophisticated young shoplifter. Her brother, John, is Evil Incarnate, lurking behind the mask of an army recruiting sergeant.

As the story opens, Matilda has just been indicted for manslaughter. For various reasons (admirably explained in Chapters 4, 5, and 6), she has short and killed her aged grandmother. Things look very black for Matilda, for she finds herself short of money with which to bribe the jury. At this point, John enters the story. By a bit of clever perjury, he manages to convince the judge that Matilda is somebody else. This leads to complications later.

However, John is not the carefree, cheerful fellow that he seems. He broods secretly (see Chapters 45-56) over the fact that he has a tail. This, he imagines, makes him repulsive to women. To test this, he lures his sister to his room, and forces her to live with him. Three years later, she manages to escape, and starts life anew. But traces of his evil influence still remain.

It is at this point in her life that Matilda makes a surprising discovery. After she has recovered from the birth of her son, the doctor tells her, to her horror, that she has six fingers on her left hand! She is a mutant! Matilda never recovers from the shock of this discovery, and dies soon after.

Her son, Raymond, grows up amid squalor and poverty. But he is a bold, cheerful fellow just the same. Though he is forced to live for seventeen on 13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>¢ a day, his character rises above such things, and he is the pleasantest fourflusher that ever sold the Brooklyn Bridge to visiting farmers.

As might be expected, Raymond leaves home. He travels over much of the world, always seeking something, but never knowing just what. Finally he decides to return to the United States.



At this point, the continuity of the book is marred somewhat by a long, and rather pointless biography of John Paul Jones.

Three hundred pages later, the narrative resumes. The author finds to his horror that he has three pages to finish the story in. He wastes one of them on an epic poem bemoaning this, but is obliged to cease as he is unable to find a rhyme for "orange."

When Raymond returns home from his wanderings, his father is standing on the pier with open arms to welcome him home. But Raymond has been approached by strange men before, and he knows how to handle them. He refuses to recognize his father, and that worthy gentleman departs in a huff (size 9).

His father plots revenge, and disguising himself as a dope peddler, lures Raymond to an abandoned canning factory, where he gives him the once-over with a meat cleaver. This is graphically described.

The story has a surprise ending, so I won't spoil your fun by telling you how it ends. A hint: remember Raymond's mother's extra finger? Welll.....

The book is well up to the author's previous efforts, and surpasses many of them. (Cf. "The Stink in the Cellar," "Wife Everlasting," etc.)

I highly recommend this book as a Christmas or birthday gift to wee tots from four to seven.

"The Sign of the Orange Gostak" has been reviewed by Joe Schaumburger.

## UNFEE--WILL IT WORK?

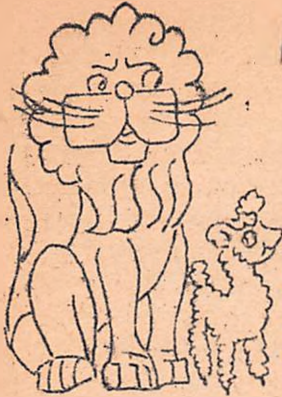
BY C. LEE RIDDLE

More than 3 years ago, atom bombs were dropped with almost completely destructive force upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Up to that time the discovery of atomic energy had seemed to promise the benefits of a new and wonderful age; but the bomb, developed by the United States with the help of Great Britain and Canada, signaled the possibled approach of a more terrible era in warfare. Consequently, as the people of the world learned some of the facts about this appalling force capable of destroying civilization itself, they began to demand assurance that hereafter its use would be directed toward peaceful ends, so that mankind would not have to live under the fear of atomic destruction.

For close to 3 years, effort have been made to obtain international control of atomic energy in the United Nations. During this time, 14 out of 17 nations, represented at different times on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, have cooperated to work out a system of control which, in their opinion, is both feasible and effective. The Soviet Union, Poland, and more lately, the Ukraine, have rejected the proposals of the majority.

The proposed plan of control agreed upon by the majority of the Commission and by the Assembly is based on the scientific and technical facts of atomic energy. The majority believes that without the feature of this plan there can be no security in the atomic age, and that the peaceful benefits of atomic energy can be enjoyed by the peoples of the world only if nations are willing to share thier sovereignty in matters pertaining to atomic energy. The alternative appears to be a race in the production of atomic weapons, with the distinct possibly of an eventual atomic war.





## MEETING OF MINDS

Want to blow off steam? Want to share your thoughts with other fans? Want to start a feud? Then, this is just the place for you! No holds barred; nothing excepted--you write the letters and we print them. One dollar is paid for the best letter in each issue as judged by the readers.

The winner for the best letter in this issue will be announced in the next PEON.

FROM: Evan H. APPELMAN, 195 Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

This is late, I know, but that is due to your little eccentricity in sending me PEON No. 5 before No. 4. I will not spend any time on No. 5 as there was little there to comment on.

In No. 4, I will first of all dwell on Claude Plum's review. The principal thing that I have against it is that it is not a review whatsoever, but merely a synopsis. Such an item is all well and good when you are explaining to third-grade children what a movie is about, but when you get even a few years older you begin to prefer to see the story of the movie in the movie and find out in the reviews how well the picture was filmed, how well acted, etc. Let's see more of that and less story.

Both pieces of fiction were excellent, although I can't say that I understood the "Treasure Island Fantasy." I like to have at least a bit of rationality in the stories.

Now to Meeting of Minds. It's hard to say which is the best, but I guess I'll give my vote to Len Moffat, a person who appears to be able to say more things in less space than any other person, fan or non-fan, whom I have ever known.

Vaughn Green's letter fascinates me. He is, to some extent, right. N3F does need a means of expelling undesirable members. But such a power is tricky and it is necessary that no less than a two-thirds majority of an organization expell a member, in fact, it would be much safer if that was boosted to three-fourths.

Vaughn seems to have overlooked the fact that it is not what a person thinks, that should be judged against him, but what he does. Anti-Shaverites, race-haters, homo-sexuals, athiests, and the like, are a part of society and there is no reason that they shouldn't remain so unless, and I stress the word unless, they actually disregard the rights of others in actions, not in thoughts, and thus become a concrete danger to society.

As I stated, Vaughn's great letter fascinates me, particularly his technique for doing things. Now I don't pretend to doubt that he has perfectly good intentions. He merely has failed to examine the future that would result from these intentions. Let's see what will happen.

Now, Vaught has named anti-Shaverites, race-haters, homosexuals, athiests, radicals, conservatives (gads, there go the Republicans). Okay, let's propose a hypothetical club where all these elements are removed. For a while, things will go nicely. Then someone will pop up and say: "We will have to expell all Negroes



from the club. The difference in color will cause strained relations."

So the Negroes go. Then, perhaps someone else will say, "We'll have to expel all Jews from the club as the differences in religion will cause the balance of the organization to be upset." So the Jews go. Then comes someone who states, "All Catholics will have to go for their extremist religion interferes with the proper functioning of the club." So the Catholics go. And this keeps up until there are maybe a dozen odd members left. Then someone may say, "Everyone who doesn't have red hair will have to go. The differences will cause social friction."

This will continue through, to, perhaps color of eyes, until there are maybe two or three members left in the club. They are probably relatives. Of course, in the process, Vaughn Green will probably be expelled, but, as it is for the good of the club, he certainly will understand.

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FROM: r.t.RAPP, 2120 Bay Street, Saginaw, Michigan.  
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The fourth excellent issue of your zine has arrived and been thoroughly digested. Quite the most remarkable thing therein was (as you probably aware) our boy VG's enthusiastic launching of The Campaign to Kick Everybody but Greene Out of Fandom.

I am tempted to fly to the defense of Cox and Singer, but I refrain, since both, I'm sure, can reply more effectively and interestingly themselves. Besides, on the race and religion questions I disagree with 'em, so how can I conduct one feud with them and another with Greene because he is feuding with Cox and Singer?

But I must protest against the horrible suggestion that we poor, inoffensive anti-Shaverites be banished. We ain't planning to boil in oil anyone, except maybe Richard himself and a few of his most ardent disciples. Think how much happier our lives are because we refuse to believe the deroes are ready to reupt underfoot! Vaughn wants to jar us out of our happy complacency. Great Ghu, what with the threat of atomic doom and inflation shrouding the rest of the world, can't we skeptics enjoy our fools' paradises while they last? YOU know the deroes are on the march, Vaugh, but do we HAFTA get panicky with you in order to stay in fandom?

One other minor detail: Who is going to constitute the Council of Rulers of Fandom who will decide whether a fan is pure Aryan or not? And who will decide whether the Council have upright, sterling characters and spotless morals? And what does it have to do with the hobby of fandom, anyway?

Brazier's "Booby Trap" seems to have roused a thick cloud of indignation in certain quarters. Heh, regardless of whether or not I agree with its implications, I still think it's the funniest piece of fanfiction in many a moon.

Shure an' begorra, me bhoys, there's nothing like a wake to provide an excuse the bottle around--but 'tis a bit premature Ye're being whin ye make SPACEWARP the corpse. Seriously, thanx for the condolences, even though they weren't necessary. It's nice to know the mag would be missed if it DID fold.

"A Red Barrel" has me stumped. It starts out as a good stf and winds up as a readable fantasy, but the two halves just don't seem to go together. I read it 3 times, though, to see if there was something I'd overlooked--maybe that indicates it's a fine story, anyhow.

"Fantasy on Record"--very interesting. Articles like this always make me wish I knew more about music.

"The Poots Cornered"--"Ayesha" nice. "The Witching Hour" has a well-chosen theme, but the meter limps in spots.

"Frankenstein"--readable.

"Treasure Island Fantasy"--excellent. I suppose one would have to be a Navy man to appreciate all the satire and allusions, but as 'tis I got a flock of chucles from it.

"Fantasy Collecting"--Like all attempts to define fantasy, this winds up by making it a matter of individual judgment. "What is fantasy?" "Anything in



my collection." "What goes into my collection?" "Anything that's fantasy." Like riding a merry-go-round.

Meeting of Minds--always the outstanding attraction of PEON. I have already gone into Vaughn's remarks, so I haven't much more comment on individual letters... except Jack Cuthbert's suggestion for eliminating staples from fanmags. True, staples are the world's best efficient binding system, but it's pretty hard to find any other method that combines the two virtues of cheapness and rapidity. The best solution to the loose-page problem is to buy a stapler and reinforce the flapping mags yourself. Or buy a paper punch, punch the pages, and file the mags in a loose-leaf binder. But it's hard to imagine any fanzine publisher sitting down and threading 100 or 200 shoelaces through 100 or 200 copies of each issue of his zine. Seems to me I once read about a fan sewing the issues together on his mother's sewing machine. This is undoubtedly one of the vital problems which modern technology should consider. After all, if we can produce atom bombs, we should be able to devise a better method of keeping fanzines from shedding like autumn leaves!

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FROM: Len MOFFATT, 6766 Hannon Street, Bell Gardens, California.  
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Skipping hastily over the fiction (awk!), the poetry (ik!) and the articles (OK!!)...we come to the Lettersection...the Meeting of Minds. Ah, but first I must say that your mimeograph is almost as lousy as that found in a certain FAPAmag sub'd by a certain fan who's initials are ljm. Hmmm. Almost, did I say? Well, Big Hearted Len, they call me. Not for nithin! (I gotta pay 'em!)

Typerrors (another item I am an authority on...) were abundant and I noted (on my letter, at least) that your copying of letters isn't too accurate. But TIME should improve you and the mag so I won't holler too much.

Now. The Letters. Tis difficult to choose the most interesting letter. Several vie for first place, in my mind, tho I'm certainly not in agreement with all that is said in said interesting epistles. Oh...make it Guerry Brown.

The guy I want to argue with, tho, is Vaughn Green. Throwing people out of the NFFF or FAPA is not the same as throwing people out of fandom. NFFF, FAPA, PSFS, LASFS, etc. are fan clubs, fan organizations. But fandom as a whole is not organized into one group, goverened by one set of rules or laws. The NFFF is the largest fan club in fandom but all fen are not NFFF members. Fandom is not a place. Fandom is not a way of life. Fandom is a group of people, loosely held together perhaps, but not quite dead, not quite ineffectual. The hobby of crifanac has the same purpose or purposes as any other hobby. To entertain. Perhaps to educate. As far as politics, religious beliefs, etc., are concerned, "fandom" is ineffectual (as compared with organized political parties, churches, organized anti-church groups, etc.) Why should it be otherwise? Kicking people "out of fandom" wouldn't make it less "ineffectual." Except by a complete boycott this is impossible to keep anyone from fanning. If someone gets just too troublesome and becomes a menace to fan-society, that boycott can work pretty damned fast and said character will soon find himself booted and laughed out of the fan group. (Remember Degler?) Now let's take a look at these people you want to get rid of in double-quick time. Paul Cox, the fan who is anti-Negro. WHY kick him out? Oh, yes. He is anti-Negro. Wouldn't it be better to keep him around where you can debate the question with him and perhaps eventaully get him to change his view-point? Bigots can be found in all wakes of life and are not peculiar to fandom. Fight bigotry where you find it, is a good motto, but that doesn't mean you have to kick the bigot out of your ken.





Now atheism is another thing. I'm not an atheist, but I don't think atheism's "undermining of faith...leads to moral disintegration". All people who have ambitions or any kind of desire to live as well as possible in this world have some kind of faith. Faith in themselves if nothing else. Atheism is a form of personal belief and as such demands as much respect as does any other form of personal belief be it religious or non-religious.

Of course, you can argue with atheists if you think they should change their minds but why throw them out of your ken? Maybe you put atheism in the same class as bigotry. That just doesn't make sense. There are--no doubt--atheists who are bigots. But there are a lot of "God-fearing" bigots too. And if a census was taken, I imagine there'd be just as many unbigoted atheists as there are unbigoted religious folk.

By the way, Vaughn, according to a survey made by Bob Tucker and reported on at the Torcon, there are more non-religious fen than religious fen. Looks like you have quite a kicking job, wot?

And now, what to do about the homosexuals? That too is up to the individual. As long as the perverts leave me alone I'll make no fuss. If ever accosted by such a person (fan or non-fan) I know exactly what I'll do. I'll tell said person I'm not interested in such goings-on. I prefer women.

As has been said before, I'm more inclined to think of Shaver as a "profit" (in ~~the~~) to Z-D, rather than as a prophet. But if you like AS and FA and want to read 'em I got no kick. I don't buy them. I don't read them. I don't collect them. I do buy, read and collect a few other stfantasy mags because I enjoy 'em. To which you may say: So What? And I'll just grin and nod: So What?

People are people. Fans are people. All people are not fans. Bigots are people. Some bigots are fans. All fans are not bigots. Homosexuals are people. Some fans may be homosexual. All fans are not homosexuals. Atheists are people. Some fans are atheists. Some fans are not atheists. Some fans are very conservative. Some fans are very radical. Some fans are Democrats. Some fans are Republicans. Up. Fans are People. And people are people. And logic is logic.

Any questions, Mr. Green?

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FROM: Paul D. COX, 3401 6th Avenue, Columbus, Georgia.  
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PEON arrived and with it Vaughn Green's er--letter. It seems that way back in the misty past Rick Sneary brough up something about ejecting me from the NFFF. Now our boy, Vaughn, expands a bit on the subject. Not only should I be kicked out, says Vaugh, but also myriads of other folks who have displeased him in one way or another.

Let me enlighten you about a few things, Vaughn. The NFFF constitution does have a provision for ousting undesirable members. The unanimous vote of the five directors is what it takes. Do you suggest that it be made easier to expel a member?

When you were through with your purge, Vaughn, fandom would be a stripped skeleton of its former self. Probably, it would be one fair-haired, Republican, Methodist lad standing on a street corner in downtown San Francisco. Let's look at some statistics (estimated: The NFFF has about three hundred members--- Atheists or other types of non believers: 200; Homo-sexuals (at least 15% according to some): 15; Deadwood and overcoservatives: 5; radicals: 15; race haters: 5; Shaver haters: 10; miscellaneous: 10. That leaves you with forty members and no doubt you could find enough reason for expeling them if you hunt hard enough. In every case I believe the estimates are rather conservative.

Your statement that Ackerman bends the majority of fandom to his every whim is debatable. Frankly, the time has long past when Ackerman could sway a large segment of fandom. Sure, he influences a few. So the whole Ackerman-Shaver feud was just a foul plot by Merwin to wreck Amazing? Hah!. I might not have understood you. Did you say you believe in dictatorships? It seemed that way. Well come again some day when you've convinced lots of people that a dictatorship is a swell thing.



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FROM: E. Hoffman PRICE, 2547 Woodland Place, Redwood City, California.  
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The arrival of PEON #4 reminds me that in addition to thanks for your kindness I owe you also apologies for not having acknowledged and with appreciation, your having sent me PEON #2. Things do stack up on my desk, and the problem of branching out into westerns, to supplement my major industry, adventure fiction, has distracted me. So that you have the distinction of being the first fanzine editor in all history who has ever failed to get an immediate acknowledgment from me! Unhappily, I am not wired up to send you a suitably engraved silver trophy, or to create a order of knighthood appropriate to your distinction. I can't even get away long enough to make the Asiatic gesture of rubbing my beard in the dust of your threshold---which of course may not be dusty enough to make that gesture effective.

#2, page 13, last paragraph. One can come to odd conclusions by taking isolated instances. For instance, 50% of the professional writers I know of, who drive chevrolats, have committed suicide. 50% of the suicides used automatic pistol; 50% used exhaust fumes piped in with vacuum cleaner hose. 50% were fantasy writers. Would Fords, Cadillacs, or Hispano-Suizas have had any material effect?

PEON #4, page 14: this business of evicting people from fandom. "N3F" Constitution implies an organized body or group, and such can of course very properly setup standards of membership. Depends, however, on how much real effect character and personality have to with the achievement of the aims of the organization. It is debatable, isn't it, that "fandom" has any aim other than to foster exchanges of ideas on fantasy and science fiction? I've read a good many fan mags in the past 16-18 years; they ranged from chit-chat to very competent and purposeful amateur essay writing and fictionizing and editorializing. Yet the over all aim seemed to be fun and sociability. The differences derived from the old axiom, de gustibus non disputandum est. I got a fanzine from Japan, edited by a well known press correspondent and his clique. It was written in an English dialect which rather puzzled me; it seemed almost done in code, the code talk of a close knit, fun-loving clique who literally spoke each other's language. My comment on this effect drew me a blistering rebuke, and a couple digs in the next issue. Anyway, all sorts of fanzines, and fans, and all sorts of ideas on what is fun and self expression. I can't help but feeling that Vaughn Green is a bit more purposeful and mission-minded than the situation warrants. Homosexuals, communists, atheists--well, they are the dreariest bastards, for sheer dullness unsurpassed, and no body but another of their kind could find them otherwise. So, what harm would they do? And if F.J. Ackerman is such a menace, it is only because people pay him heed; evicting Ackerman is illogical, unless you also evict all those who were influenced by one so allegedly undesirable. I have no knowledge of FJA, for or against, yet my generalization is, I think, valid. True, numerous fans have stated that F.J.A. is spare parts for the cavalry, but with so many horse lovers in this region, is THAT derogatory?

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FROM: Jack CUTHBERT, Box 1736, Ptsbg, Pa.  
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I have received, with pleasure, Issue Number 4 of dear old PEON and was greatly eggocited to find that my little gem of wisdom had been voted the best letter in Issue 3, which only goes to show that you must have a most highly intelligent collection of readers, well above average in perspicuity (I shall not say what average they are above) and accordingly wish to thank those appreciators of great literature who voted for same--and so much, for self-adoration.



So, as long as I am here, I may as well issue my usual comments on the recent issue, and let me hear no "Oh, no--not that again." remarks from Alameda. We find therein two stories of which I shall mercifully say little. Mr. Green writes well but I suspect he contrived the whole thing just so he could get off the last sentence in a blaze of wit. However, it could have been worse, and anyhow, I liked his letter much better--to be touched on later. Mr. Ottum's story (?) was somewhat confusing--which was no doubt its purpose--and it certainly served the purpose, I might say. I shall go no further.

The poems I suppose, were O.K., if one likes poetry--the only kind I care for is what I write myself--and even it I don't care much for. Fantasy on Record was very well done but again will appeal but to a select few--I think--but if there are enough care for it--I am willing to overlook its limited value. This, I might say, goes for Claud Plum's article also which seems to take up too much space describing in minute detail an aged and obsolete film. It is well written shows evidence of a remarkable memory or a collection of films but--well, somebody must like it--Plum and Riddle, maybe? I think Mr. P. could do much better on something else. So, lest you think I don't like anything this time, except the announcement mentioned above, leave us hurriedly turn to Mr. S.A. Peoples article which is very good indeed--and could have been given more space by leaving out certain other things I shall not mention. It promises to be a nice thing in its entirety and I shall look forward to the next installment which I trust will be longer. I too, have had some trouble deciding what items may be classed as fantasy--and what not, and I disagree with sundry so called experts. To use some of Sam's examples, I cannot see "Seven Footprints to Satan" as fantasy, in spite of the fact that the late Merritt wrote it--a straight adventure story to me--and "Rim Of The Pit" was just another mystery to me. Up to the point that the happenings were explained, it might have been classed as Fantasy--but as soon as they start shoveling out logical explanations for weird happenings, then, out it goes. For example, a story may have nineteen ghosts in it, but if it turns out that the ghosts were the Butler and his 17 children, then I want no part of it. Hum--let's see, I left that one ghost short--let us say one of his children had two-heads--maybe that would make it Fantasy then. Well, anyhow, how would S.P. classify "Van Loon's Lives"--it is fantasy, in a way, and historical biography in another way--but, as Samuel says, it should be left up to the collector himself--and not always to the experts. Now, shall we turn to the letters. Moffatt's, Brown's and Peoples were all good (gad, how modest I am becoming, I didn't even mention mine own) but for the one that may stir up the most words, I shall select Mr. V. Green's, the writer mentioned not too flattering above, not that I agree entirely with all he says, but for the reason that he is not afraid to drag certain things out into the light. So, reluctantly leaving my own letter, I select his for the Mythical Award. Now, it is granted that S. F. and Fantasy collecting and indulging, being what they are, this activity is quite apt to attract what was known at times as "The Lunatic Fringe" which includes Homos, Reds, Atheists and such. I'm not so sure that all of such should be ejected from the NFFF as long as they are not detrimental to the organization--and even if they should, Mr. Green has not stated just how one would go about doing such a thing. Perhaps he has in mind a door-to-door survey, maybe. With a pollster rapping on the door of each NFFF member and inquiring--"Have you a little Fairy in your home?" (For the benefit of the younger generation--hi, Charles--there once was, sometime before 1920, a popular soap known as Fiary Soap--and their ads, which appeared in all the mags, were embellished by a picture of an objectionable little character and the slogan, which became quite popular--"Have you a little Fairy in your home?" which excited amusement among certain ribald minded characters I could name. It expired shortly after. End of explanation of joke). Anyhow, I think it would be quite a difficult thing to get rid of all these characters--and in any case, I think if they are left alone--they will gradually disappear from Fandom--I hope. What NFFF needs perhaps, is more members (active ones) who will counterbalance this (again I hope) small minority.

(THERE'S MORE OF THIS GUY ON THE NEXT PAGE\*\*GAD!)



Last I end without my usual suggestion for improvement--and usually ignored, I shall go on some more.' Seems to me the letter section would be improved if Ye Deare Olde Editore would let loose with a few comments after each letter--even if only to say "This stinks" I will grant the boy has enough to do putting the mag together, and editing and typeing and printing and mailing and reading and reject-ing and so on--but as it is, one can only imagine, as the Editor reads through the letters he receives, him perhaps saying tohimself either (a) "What fools these mor-tals be" or (b) "E Good Gad, why did I ever start this thing?" or (c) "Now, if I can find one that will fit in this empty space--" or (d) "Well, Lucky Me, here's another letter from that brilliant Cuthbert fellow. Wife, bring me the asperin and the Bou-bon, and stand back." Well, it's just an idea.

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FROM: Jim HARMON, 127 East 8th Street, Mount Carmel, Illinois.  
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It was indeed a pleasant surprize to find PEON resting comfortably beside a circular advertising sexy photos for the discriminating artist in my morning mail. And Lo, what should I find nestling in PEON's pages than an announcement that I had won the cash prize for the best letter in PEON #2. Another pleasant surprize! I drooled in my pabulum.

Upon reading "Meeting of the Minds" I found out that my letter was too short, too long, had nothing to say, tried unsuccessfully to be funny, tried unsuccessfully to be serious, too modest, and too conceited. Other than showing me I had a split-personality, this made me wonder how a letter like that could win anything other than the booby prize. (Which in some respects it may have done!)

However, to the fine fen that voted for me and the excellent editor that ran the contest, my sincere thanks. It's only a \$1 in cash but it's a \$1000 in ego-boo.

I would now like to give my opinion of PEON #4, if I may. It's rather hard to say that PEON, as a whole, was good, bad, or indifferent, since it, in reality, is two 'zines. First, the letter 'zine is excellent, but the general 'zine is only fair.

"Peon Notes" is about as full of life as a decapitated, oak-staked vampire on the Sahari Desert at high noon eating garlic. You remind me of the minister who was against except reckless sin, that was of course, if you hadn't tried everything else first, and sin was your last resort. Get mad at someone. Me, for instance.

"A Red Barrel" was one of those half-serious, half-wit fantasies that can be, if well handled, whimsy, or if not, tripe. Green's tale falls in the latter cati-gorey very neatly.

As for Ramsay's "Fantasy on Record" the only thing of interest about it was the realization that Ramsay must be a very careful listener. On something like this, he can only express opinions where as previously he worked with facts. That maybe is why the department has dropped in my humble esteem. I suggest "Dance Macabre" as a future subject.

The poems by Messurs. Coccagna and Walkup were messed up. "The Poets Cornered" is an excellent title. These should be and shot.

So ends the reviews of the poorer material, which I found interesting in a morbid sort of way, anyway.

Plum's review of the "Frankenstein" pictures is accurate at least. Plum seems to be merely giving a synopsis of the pictures instead of his comments on them and succeeds nicely. Personally, it is my opinion that the best thing Uni-versal could do for the "Frankenstein" series, is to strike a match to their copy-rights and master prints..

"Treasure Island Fantasy" was one of the finest fan stories I've ever read. Five stars, four bells, and a dozen





orchids to Mr. Ottum.

Now let's take a peep at Peeples. "Fantasy Collecting" appealed to me for a deffanition of fantasy. His reports on book collecting were received ungraciously, since I'm strictly a magazine collector.

Grossman's cover was excellent. John, along with Russ Manning, is my favorite fan artist. Your art, this time, was quite good and rather humorous. Of course, it was only good, till you got to the pics for "Meeting of the Minds", then something happened. You broke your arm, perhaps?

Now, we come to the "Meeting of the Minds", and the most important feature, I might add.

Emily A. Thompson: Yes, Charles Henderson is a card, but remember, you usually throw the Jokers out when you start to play.

Vaughn Green: Mr. Green reminds me of a certain large-chined fellow who used to make speeches from a balcony. Finally some of his listeners caught up with him. He was fit to be tied, but they raised him to great heights anyway. Mr. Green advocates the throwing over of our government and depriving citizens of Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, and Freedom of Worship (which includes the freedom not to worship if you so chooso). He says nothing about Freedom from Want, so I presume it's all right with him, if we don't want to want. To practise these beliefs would be treason, punishable by death. Therefore, I urge Mr. Green to practise his proceedings. Fandom, and our country can do without his kind. Mr. Green shows the extent of his stupidity by referring to the King of England as a powerful ruler, when anyone of I.Q. of an imbecile has and does know that the King has no more power than a free American citizen.

Mr. Green should know this since I'm sure he has the I.Q. of an imbecile.

As for government headed by a dictator, it doesn't seem to be very lucky. Caesar was a dictator. Rome fell. Napoleon was a dictator. France fell. Hitler was a dictator. Germany fell. Stalin is a dictator. Well, time will catch up with him as it does to all dictators.

Bob Frazier: Being the type of person that has things go to his head, I wish to enter Mr. Frazier's contest, also. In PEON #2, it is my opinion that the mermaid is looking across to the opposite page at the giant bird (a Roc?) and thinking how impolite it is of the bird to stick such an immodest portion of his body in the face of a perfectly respectable mermaid.

Len Moffatt: I do hate a group of people. People who hold their personal rights above the privileges of others. This includes dictators, race bigots, and a large number of wives. Do you have a reason why I shouldn't, Mr. Moffatt?

Jack Cuthbert: If Mr. Cuthbert is joking about not liking "The Booby Trap", he has a fine sense of humor. If he is serious, he has a very small mind.

Len Moffatt wrote the best letter in my humble opinion.

Your announcement that Sam Peeples has sold a historical novel, raises a fervent desire in me to give my opinion of historical novels. To do this, let us take a mythical novel from our non-existent book-shelf. Let us!

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

In California, he meets a beautiful dance-girl and they spend a lot of time in bed together. Meeting the cowgirl again they go to bed once more for old time's sake. Suddenly, they find the dance-girl and the cowgirl's husband in bed together in the other twin bed. Our hero and Tony, the cowgirl's husband go for guns. The lights go out and shots are fired. The cowgirl then can be heard shouting, "Which twin has the Tony?"