

- THE REBEL -

MAY—1937

NUMBER TWO

EDITORIAL

☞ I've been told (by everybody and in every way) that there's no room for another *fan* magazine. Maybe there isn't—who am I to say there is? But I think there's plenty of room for a magazine that tells the truth, and isn't afraid to do *that*—isn't afraid of stepping on the toes of editors and writers and readers and the like. Most *fan* magazines fail thru no fault of their editors and publishers. They do their best, but it's a *damned expensive* job, and readers know they may send in fifty cents or a dollar, get an issue or two and hear nothing more about it. And then, when there are twenty or more of these magazines, it's expensive.

☞ Here's THE REBEL, then. I hope you subscribe. I need the money, since nobody every made anything out of publishing a *fan* magazine, and usually you only go broke. But I'm not crying for subscriptions — if you think the magazine is worth fifty cents, swell—If you don't the hell with you, and you'll probably get it from a friend anyway.

☞ This is something new, as I guess you've figured out by this time. It's a *fan* magazine that isn't in the rut. I'll *print anything*, and I don't care particularly whether it's fit to print or not. And I want contributions. Maybe a lot of people will be glad to send their stuff to a magazine which respects confidences, and which lets them say what they want.

☞ I don't care who gets hurt—THE REBEL is going to tell the truth.

☞ Okay. Here's the magazine. Do you want to see more issues?

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HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS, by Pitou Beroud — Principal Productions is making **TARZAN'S REVENGE — NIGHT MUST FALL**, starring Bob Montgomery, tale of a pathological killer, is a smash hit, according to preview notices. Why not more horror tales like this, instead of *lousy* retakes like **THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR** starring Lewis Stone, recently previewed?—Karloff in **NIGHT KEY** plays the part of a scientist who battles gangsters with fantastic inventions. In his next picture he plays the part of a Chinese war-lord. *Idea*; why not co-star him with Shirley Temple, who (we hear) is fat as a pig, although the studio keeps it quiet—**THE ETERNAL MASK** played to poor houses at the Grand Theatre in Los Angeles, although L.A. is supposed to be a good town for fantasy addicts. Most of 'em are too lazy to go—I caught **REVOLT OF THE DAMNED** at a fifth run house recently, which was originally **REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES**, a Halperin picture. What revolted was my stomach — Famous European picture of a decade ago was **THE GOLEM**, tale of a stone robot. It's recently been remade, and is good, although not as good as the original.

FANTASY NEWS, by Cole M. Duane—August Derleth's new novel, **STILL IS THE SUMMER NIGHT**, is getting enthusiastic reviews and deserves them—The Lovecraft anthology, being compiled by Derleth and Wandrei, will contain 34-5 titles from **DRAGON** to **AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS**, and will probably be called **THE**

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OUTSIDER—Earl Peirce, Jr., has sold Dime Mystery **CEMETERY HOUSE**—C. L. Moore and Henry Kuttner have collaborated on a novelette, **QUEST OF THE STAR STONE**, in which Northwest Smith meets Jirel of Joiry. *Weird Tales* bought the story and will publish it soon—*Weird Tales* also bought **MCGOVERN'S OBSESSION** from August Derleth—Thrilling Wonder ought to go monthly soon since sales have been satisfactory—Our old friend Hugo Gernsback has got out a new pocket size magazine called *Milady*. Wonder why writers submit material to the guy? A lot of them were left holding the sack when *Wonder* folded — The only way to change a deadbeat editor's tactics is to boycott him, both writers and readers.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE READERS? by Jack L. Liggett

(It is the opinion of the Editor that fiction is what the reader makes it)
FAN magazines are full of articles purporting to explain what's wrong with fantasy fiction, some of them serious analytical discussions, but most of them simply sorehead yells by guys who wouldn't know a good story if they saw one. *I'm sick of it*. The writers and editors take it on the chin. The editors are damn fools; they're hidebound follows of a formula; they won't take good stuff. So the soreheads assert. Or the writers are slaves of the formula; they won't write good stuff because they know it won't be accepted. "Ah, for the days of the old *Argosy*, and stories like 'The Blind Spot', 'Under the Moons of Mars', and such classics!"

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Yeah. I'd like to see those days come back, too. *But there's somebody to blame besides authors and editors.* THE READERS. An entirely different class of readers from the ones who read the old Argosy now read fantasy, and kick about the sameness of the stories. Yet the stories generally published are SUITED to the mental calibre of the average juvenile fantasy reader, as editorial discussions and letters prove. Stories which are utterly atrocious and stinking from the standpoint of style, artistic merit, or even good grammar are praised to the skies, while a genuinely good story is dismissed briefly, or called poor. Listen you prophets who howl furiously for better stories—suppose you did get what you want. What would be the result? You'd be satisfied, but the great majority would scream for the old Tom-Sawyer-on-Jupiter piffle.

What's the answer? God knows. Argosy is coming to the fore again with some good yarns, and with the boom in the magazine field there'll probably be some more fantasy books put on the market, and some old titles revived. Esquire is using fantasy. So are some other classy magazines. (But here's the truth, and you can take it and like it: good science-fiction or weird fiction is over the head of the average fantasy reader of today. About 1-5 of the group has sense enough to appreciate a good yarn. I wish the rest would stick to Flash Gordon and the Bobbsy Twins and give fantasy a chance to go someplace!

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