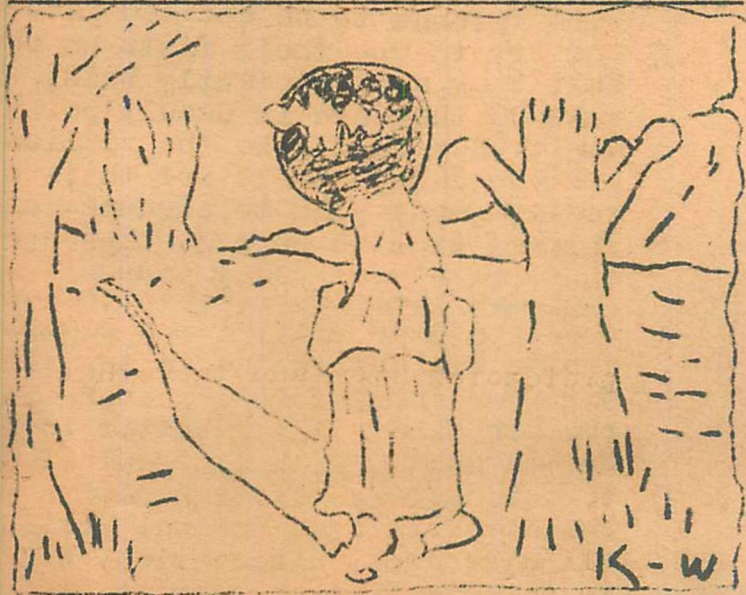


THE REBEL

-Wilson H. Shepherd-

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NUMBER THREE



SOLDIERS FREE

The endless beat of marching feet----
Blood-clotted mud.

The suck of slime, the death of time--
Thud----sodden thud.

Rain, icy rain benumbs the brain--
Unseeing eyes,

While dull despair rides everywhere,
'Neath frowning skies.

An H.E. shell--portent of hell
Screams overhead.

But what care, we soldiers free--
Soon to be dead!

On, on we plod o'er mangled son.
A dead man's hand

Beneath my heel--belly-sick I reel
To no-man's land.

Through leaden spray we crawl and pray
Machine gun blast

Sans reason or rhyme, we've served our
time----

Soldiers free at last.

-----Johnny Reb.

And they devote themselves and their lives to the cause. To what end? When the hero comes along they blurt out their story in a stupidly childish manner and confide their schemes to him as though he were their best friend. Then instead of killing off the chump they wait awhile-either offering to take him into partnership, or trying to plan an elaborate murder for him. And they always are foiled by the sap at the last moment; all their plans go for naught, simply because they didn't kill the hero when they had him hit over the head. How utterly silly they are! I feel sorry for the poor villains.

-I do not like the heroines or villainesses in science fiction stories. They are revolting. The heroine is a priggish little fool who blunders into trouble. Usually it is her damned uncle or father or some male relative who is responsible for all the trouble and send her into danger. Why these heroines don't kill off these crazy old coots before their inventions materialize is beyond me. Nor is that the only bone I have to pick with

NUTS TO SCIENCE FICTION, by F. B. A. Baker--I do not like the heroes in science fiction stories. They stink. They are tall-lean-bronzed. They have keen blue or grey eyes. They have reserve strength and determined jaws and a manly grin. They resist sirens and prefer vapid sweeties. They get lured onto space ships and are thereupon clubbed over the head and set adrift. They are suckers for crazy scientists who ask them to embark on wild time-travelling voyages. They address these scientists as "Sir" They allow themselves and their helpless girl friends to be enticed into the silliest traps, then go hog-wild and try to use their fists on obviously superior villains. As a result they are constantly being knocked unconscious, so that when they wake up they are in deadly peril. Science fiction heroes? They make me vomit. Nor do I like the villains in science fiction stories. They are too damned smart for their own good. Often-times they have a really great plan to execute, and a just reason for their mis-deeds. (Please turn to page 3, then continue here):- the love interests. They are always silly enough to prefer a dumb, jeopardized hunk of womanhood ~~AND~~ the hero, instead of succumbing to the brilliant, sophisticated villain who really has something to offer. But these faults are duplicated in the villainess. She too loves the hero, for some inexplicable reason. With all her beauty, brains and allure she can find nothing better to lavish her affection on than a poor doomed mortal with the soul of a diaphanous goldfish. Women characters in science fiction always suck! And what's more I do not like the scientists in science fiction stories. They talk too much. They all make great discoveries, but blunder.--I do not like the monsters in science fiction stories. They are too human, too anthropocentrically stereotyped. They are never real.--So there you have it. I do not like the heroes, the heroines, villains, villainesses, scientists prop characters, or monsters of science fiction. (I also do not like the editors and most of the readers of science fiction, too I care little for 95% of the writers of science fiction, Editor).--What is there left, you ask? All right I'll come out with it:-

-I do not like science fiction. Nyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!
SOME NOTES AND CORRECTIONS:-lots of rotten spelling, but I call your attention to Astonishing Stories, on page 6, this should have been Astounding Stories, the quotation from Lovecraft though old, still holds good with me. As usual with such things, everyone appreciates Lovecraft after he is dead, and not before...this issue is dated Sept., where it should be OCT.-NOV. I hope to do better next time.

ODDS AND ENDS. some stray thoughts: Notes to amateur journalists: "We would set up a national headquarters manned by professional, full-time organizers...we would put amateur journalism on the same basis as successful business" these lines were taken by the writer from the latest blurb coming from The Committee for a Greater Amateur Press. It expresses the idea behind all this dirty work: In short they mean to try to make amateur journalism over into THEIR brand of professional journalism. To make a.j. a "SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS" are we supposed to swallow this tripe and like it? Fellow members of the AAPA, it is high time that we stood up on our hind legs and howled. DO YOU WANT AMATEUR JOURNALISM (for the love of it) OR DO YOU WANT PROFESSIONAL JOURNALISM? DO YOU WANT AMATEUR JOURNALISM TO REMAIN A HOBBY OR TO BECOME A "SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS"???? I call your attention to the fact that one of my main planks in my race for President of the AAPA is the smashing of this rotten scheme. If you vote for me you vote FOR the American, and AGAINST placing A.J. on the basis of successful business, you vote against commercialism, professionalism and the other "isms"!!!

-----Wilson H. Shepherd.

"I've pointed out time and again that the junk in the science fiction pulps is simply a mess of absurd and extravagant hack formulæ without substance and convincingsness--just puerile! And Lovecraft was right for his works in Astonishing Stories were received on the most part by boos----- which reminds me of the fact that most science fiction fans still wear three-cornored pants....finally I find some space to give notice of my tanks to fellow AAPA'ers who have given us a friendly hand, this means each and every one of you, and this thought reminds me that we welcome contributions in the way of fact and faction--verse and prose, we have plenty of good material and want more--our compliments to George Kay for his work on the latest OO which was good work despite Georgies constant hinting to the other wise, and our thanks for the use of the little yarn, which even though it wasn't so hot, made an excellent space filler, and acknowledgment of receipt of The Tryout and The Blunderbus in the pass arounds. Thanks fellows.