REBEL

VOL. I
NO. 3

THE REBEL 3

JULY 1962

/17

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."--Thoreau

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THE REBEL is edited and published by John Jackson, RR#7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Indiana, bi-monthly (I hope) or so. It is available for trade (preferably all-for-all), contribution, or 15¢ each, 7 for $1.00.

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Many thanks to those Ghood Fen who have graciously contributed artwork. I don't have near as much art as I would like, nor (as is readily apparent) as much variety. You fanartists out there, I would indeed appreciate anything you could send.

As you may have noticed, there is no page 23-24, and there is no article by George Willick, which would have gone there. I've been caught behind the times due to the lateness of this issue(because of a tie-up of the multilith used for the repro thish), and George has apparently dropped the Fan Awards. It does not appear to be an entirely dead issue, tho, as various fen are still interested in the idea of the Awards, per se.

Sorry for the delay in getting this out, but it couldn't be helped. That's the way it goes, I guess.

I've been toying with the idea of a slight price increase. What do you readers think about it?

Note to Mark Owings and a few others: Scott Neilsen <u>is</u> changing the title of his fmz, but <u>not</u> to Infanity. Guess again.

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." --Voltaire

((MJOLLNIR))

Well here we are again, multilith and all. I don't know how long this good luck will last, but I'm trying... Or for that matter, next ish could even be dittoed, or some such horror, but I don't think so--at least I hope not.

A BONE TO PICK--I've been hearing similar comments from a number of quarters--Dave Hale (in a letter) for one, and Buck Coulson (in YANDRO) for another. These have been comments about the fact that my layout and repro and paper et al seem like YAN, or at least as if REB was produced by "some elder fan like Greg Calkins". Quoting again from Buck, "The repro is so good that one expects the material to be better." Now look, fans, what do you want me to do, get it dittoed, or do a worse mimeo job or something, so the material will be a relief? My material is improving, as I get established, and know more about this editing business, but I still think I should make the reproduction as good as possible.

Now this issue, at least some of the critics should shut up, since it is being multilithed on white paper. But if I can't keep this up, I'll be going back to a mimeo job on gold paper. As to the paper itself, I have a few more remarks. In the first place, I've got lots more of it yet (I buy in quantity), so I couldn't change the paper if I wanted to (which I don't, particularly). I like gold paper. And I ordered the gold paper before I had ever seen a copy of YANDRO.

If the paper and layout makes you think of YANDRO, then go ahead and compare! If someone has a good idea, or good layout, then it's good, period. He doesn't have a copyright on his paper... And if I'm compared to YANDRO and found wanting, is that something terrible? I still think that YAN should get the HUGO, as the best fanzine, and if I'm not that good, so what? Maybe in nine years, I will be. But until then, I'm still going to try to come up with the best I can, and that includes the best repro I can manage.

AN AWARD OR TWO--I might as well stick a plug or so in here again. First, why don't you get off your tail and join the Chicon? It's only $2, and if I can manage to pay it, so can you. And when you're a member, you can vote for the Hugos. I am sticking with YANDRO, ANALOG, and Stranger in a Strange Land for those awards. I don't know if I'll stay with ANALOG next year, if Campbell keeps on monopolizing the mag with his editorials, written by him or otherwise. But it was still the best magazine last year, and will get my vote.

And now we have the Fan Awards...a most interesting problem, I think. You should find elsewhere in this issue an article by the perpetrator of this idea, George C. Willick. He will be replying to all of his critics, so read on, and if you disagree, then speak up. Several people have already done so in the lettercolumn. I am not now stepping to one side or the other; I'd like some good discussion, tho. And one thing it seems to me is wrong with some of the critics is the business of the design. Now if you don't like the design, why don't you do something about it? Like, get another one. And a lot of the criticism seems to be leveled at George himself. Now I wasn't involved when the whole thing started, so I'm not in with all the background. I haven't seen anything he's done that's been drasticly wrong. If he has, let me know; I don't want to be firing blind. And if you have an opinion, write in and sound off... You might find somebody agreeing with you, or even better, someone might disagree with you. Nothing like a good old-fashioned argument to liven things up a bit.

"None so good that he has no faults,
None so wicked that he is worth naught."--ELDER EDDA

BONE TO PICK II--Another comment I've been hearing regards the title of this publication. Many fen seem to think it's ill-chosen, since I don't seem rebellious. They think maybe I should be more off-trail or something. One person commented that if I had articles defending the "ban-the-bomb" demonstrations, or if I advocated just reading prozines pubbed before 1945, then THE REBEL would be a more apt title. In many ways, I like the older prozines better than those published today, but if I carried articles like that ban-the-bomb bit, I'd call this fanzine, not THE REBEL, but more aptly, THE ASS.

Now whether or not I'm considered such in fandom, at least in the mundane world, I consider myself a rebel. If you're in fandom, you're a rebel of some type. And wait til I get a full head of steam going... Tho I do not intend to go out just to get somebody mad at me, this certainly wouldn't bother me; I'm used to it. And it seems like these days, if you're not getting slandered, slighted, or sued, you're just "out of it".

I personally like the title; that's why I picked it. And if some of you think the material doesn't live up to the title---tough. Join those who say it doesn't live up to the repro. Does it have to "live up" to anything? I hope I have stirred up something somewhere... I like an argument, and I love to talk...

S.O.S.--Attention all artists: I need art for this zine of mine. The response in written articles and fiction has been gratifying indeed, but I don't have nearly the quantity of art I would like to have. Most of the art in this issue comes from a very few people, but these are the only ones who have replied. To any of you whose work is included in these pages: thank you muchly; you are Good Fen indeed. Some criticism arose from last issue's art, and I'd just like to say that I'll include the best I can get. I'd love to have tremendous art in REB, but unfortunately, no tremendous artists have seemed to anxious to contribute. Up to a point, I think that some art is better than nothing, and I said I would have some art in REB 2, and I did. Some of those contributors said they were not artists, but were willing to contribute what they could. And I am very grateful to them. I think the art in this ish is better, but there would be far more variety if a few more artists would reply.

The schedule of this fanzine is apt to be rather erratic, as you may have guessed by now. I do not know when the next issue will be out; the only thing I can say is that it will be out as soon as material and money have accumulated in enough quantities to make it possible. I would like to make THE REBEL a bi-monthly magazine, but I don't know how long I can keep this up; mainly it depends on money, of which there isn't an over-abundance (or even any kind of an abundance) around here. The availability of REB is because of this. I don't think 15¢ an issue is too much, certainly. YAN and CRY are now 25¢ each, I believe, and tho I'm not <u>that</u> good, I'm trying. One of these days...

REB will continue to be available for trade for almost <u>anything</u> (within reason), preferably all-for-all. If some of you monthly fmzs find this unacceptable, I'm sorry, but I will just have to miss some issues. I am pouring a major part of my finances into fandom, and THE REBEL as it is, and I am not able to pay for the issues which wouldn't be available for trade. And I don't have the time to LoC those issues, either. Being as active as I am in school, and still maintaining my straight A standing takes a lot of time, and most of the rest of the time is taken up by fandom--reading, and putting out this monster. To any of you who don't like those terms, I am sorry, but that's the way it has to be, as far as I can see, so that's the way it <u>will</u> be.

And you might remember my motto, in the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist."

THE REBEL

MIKE HAYES

"...A new life"

Mrs. van Snoot struggled off the bus, crossed the street, and plodded into the shop. She didn't even look up at the gaudy sign. She never did anymore. She'd been coming to my shop for a long time.

That sign was a perfect example of ironic understatement. It read: "Mr. Adonis' Reducing Salon. Let us give you a new life."

Most remarkable wording.

But then, I'm a remarkable man.

I ran that shop for more than twenty years, and never had a dissatisfied customer. I was the model of courtesy, and I leaned over backwards to please. And one tells another, you know, so I always had plenty of customers.

Of course, I was just playing a role.

You see, I hate fat people!

No, not all fat people. My own folks were overweight, and I loved them.

The ones I hate are those rich, snobbish, closer-to-the-gods type of slobs who patronized my shop.

They don't want to lose weight: their size is their only security. They just pull themselves inside those huge carcasses, and nothing can touch them. Those vast mounds of obesity came to my shop just to relieve their guilt complexes. They lost the guilt, but the weight remained. Usually it increased!

But they think they're the Chosen People, and treat me like dirt.

So I hate them.

But that's not unusual. They repel everybody.

Other people, however, react the wrong way.

Take a guy, for example, who hates cats. Such people usually stay away from cats.

Me?

I'd make the cats stay away from me.

Like the day when...

...Mrs. Cornelia van Snoot plodded into the shop.

"Good morning, Mrs. van Snoot," I said, reverently.

"Good morning, Donnie," she said, bringing her mind down from its higher metaphysical plane. "I can only stay an hour. I have an important meeting this afternoon, and I don't wish to be late. But neither did I wish to break up your schedule by breaking my appointment."

Dear Corny. Always catering to poor little Donnie.

"Oh, don't you worry about my schedule," I said. She wouldn't anyway. "I know you're very busy, and I'm only so happy that you can..."

"Busy!" she interrupted. "How could you ever know? Why, I never get a moment's rest. Meetings all the time. But some are born to follow and some to lead. What would your lower classes do without our leadership?"

"Of course," she rambled on, "it has its rewards. It's good to be appreciated by common people like yourself. I'm happy that I can find time to stop in here from time to time, to give you a little business."

"Why, thank you, Mrs. van Snoot," I said, back on the reverence kick. "That's very thoughtfu..."

"But something has always puzzled me," she went on. "I never could see how you working people can be content. Physical labor is so intellectually barren. Don't you ever get the urge to really DO something?"

Sure I did. Like right at that moment. But I surpressed it.

"Oh, it has its rewards too," I defended. "I enjoy being able to do a small part to make life more bearable for you and our other leading citizens."

She really ate that up.

/continued on page 6/

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO NORMAN

by Richard H. Hulan

Dear Dick,

This probably isn't very important, but something keeps telling me I should write it down, so I'm writing.

There was something about the new boarder that gave us the wim-wams. At least until we got to know him. Then it wasn't so much that the effect was lessened; we just got used to the idea of having the wim-wams.

I guess the most obvious quirk he had was his misuse of the language. It wasn't consistent enough to be called an accent; the guy just talked funny. Like when he rang the bell that first day. Mrs. Anselm opened the door.

"How do you do, my good woman? Yes, of course. Your front right room upstairs is vacant; I accept your therms and will fill that vacancy. Excuse me while I get my greep. Here it is."

None of us had noticed that he was carrying a suitcase, but he was; and as the speechless Mrs. Anselm stepped aside he carried it straight past her and up the stairs, smiling at us who sat at lunch.

So Rolly arrived in our little circle. Smiling. And that was another thing about him--he smiled knowingly all the time. If anybody ever had what might be called a "knowing" smile, it was Rolly Trulighu. And you can't imagine how disconcerting that can be in a boardinghouse. As when George stepped out of Jane's room across the hall (something he had done every morning for three years) holding an egg, which he could say he was borrowing for breakfast. Which is what he told Rolly, who just smiled, knowingly. This upset George no end.

"How can he know already?" he demanded on returning to our room. "The guy has only been here eighteen hours, and I feel like he can tell what I'm thinking. Christ!"

"I couldn't help overhearing," said Rolly from the door. "Don't sweat it, man. You don't really believe that." And he went down to breakfast, with that same knowing smile.

Now our landlady is one of these oddball types that says grace when she eats at a public restaurant. Or she was then. So we all sat down at the table and bowed our heads--all except this Rolly. He stared at Mrs. Anselm and in a calm, friendly tone of voice said, "That isn't necessary when I'm around." And, of course, he smiled knowingly. And she didn't say the prayer.

It's hard to describe the impact this Rolly had on all of us. Basicly it was subjective thing, anyway. We didn't talk about him much, but sometimes he would say something strange and I'd catch somebody's eye and know that the other person felt just as uncomfortable as I did.

There was the day we went to the races--George, Rolly, and I--and he gave us both tips that came in at 20-1, but he didn't even place a bet for himself. "I don't gimbel," he explained with that smile of his; "it wouldn't be fair."

Once I asked him privately what his source of income was, if he didn't work and didn't gamble. He smiled and answered, "I find buried treasure when my cash runs low." I didn't exactly believe him, but he didn't look like a thief, and I was afraid that if I kept asking questions he might convince me. I'd rather not know where a person's money comes from than know he just went out and dug it up as if he were God or something.

That's another subject I discussed with him. You know I'm not any devout Christian or anything, but I try to keep informed. I saw Rolly reading a book by a well-known contemporary theologian, and I asked him

what he thought about it. "Oh, he has the general idea, but he's mostly wrong on specific details," he commented, smiling knowingly. "For instant, he doesn't think man was created in the image of God, which of course you are."

Well I usually associate this kind of dogma with radical fundamentalist types, but Rolly certainly wasn't one of those. He never even went to church. Which made me wonder why he always took leave of people by saying, "See you in church."

I guess I should tell how he left us--that was fairly exciting.--We were sitting at supper one evening and Rolly got up before dessert and said, "I want all of you to know that my visa with you has been most rewarding. I have had my walk in the garden, and you have your reward forever; but now I really must get back to work. Mrs. Anselm, the rent money is on my bede. See you in church." And with a last, infinitely knowing smile, he stepped out into the hall.

After a few seconds Mrs. Anselm recovered from the shock and jumped up to say goodbye and fuss over him. But he was already gone, out of sight around the corner or something, as if he had vanished into thin air. We hadn't even heard him him open and close the door: it was that sudden.

What Mrs. Anselm said when she returned to the dining room pretty well expressed the way we all felt. "Well! Did you ever? I mean, doesn't that man just beat anything you ever? Coming and going like some kind of spook. It's funny he did that, because the rest of the time his manners were simply divine. You can think what you want to; I say there'll never be another boarder like him."

And I had this creepy feeling, as if somewhere Rolly was still looking at us with that knowing smile.

I'm ashamed to say what I think now that he's gone, but I'd be glad to hear what you or some of your learned colleagues at the Divinity School think. I mean, who he was and what he was doing and all. Write if you have any divine revelations or anything.

Your friend,
Norman

//continued from page 4//

"Thank you, Donnie," she purred. Having wrestled her way out of her coat, she lumbered behind the screen, and began to remove the acres of clothing she was wearing. "You do make life more bearable. I'm only sorry that this must be my last visit."

That shook me for a moment. But no... she couldn't know.

"Your last visit?" I asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, no," she assured me. "It's just that I'm so busy. And my husband is beginning to wonder where I disappear to so often. Of course I never told him I was coming here."

So nobody knew she was there. Perfect!

"I'll miss you very much, Mrs. van Snoot," I said, hiding my jubilation, "but come along. We wouldn't want you to miss your meeting."

She cam out from behind the screen, wrapped up in what looked like a parachute, waddled over to the steam cabinet, and clambered in. I made a few adjustments, locked it, and turned the power on.

"This will really be a new life for you, Corny," I said. "After looking down on things all your life, it'll be strange looking up..."

She was already gone, but I finished.

"...into the face of a Tyrannosaurus rex."

... Well, that's the whole story, doc. And you can see I don't belong here. I'm not crazy. The whole thing was perfectly logical.

I only wish I could project sound through time that easily. I would have liked to hear her scream!

R_E_V_I_E_W_S A_N_D S_U_C_H

BY

David G. Hulan

The subject of my column this month will be two books by real old-timers in the SF field which recently appeared in paperback versions. One is a vintage reprint, one a new novel by an old author.

THE SHADOW GIRL, by Ray Cummings, is the older novel, published by Ace (35¢). I have been unable to discover the original publication date, since Ace doesn't credit a magazine source. Possibly it is something was unable to sell when he wrote it and which Ace picked up from his estate--I don't know. The style, however, is decidedly that of the 1920's and early 1930's, with most of the strengths and weaknesses belonging to the period.

The plot, too, is the typical one of the times--three people, a brother-and-sister team, plus a third man, a friend of the brother's, encounter a Menace. The Menace is being fought by (among others) a beautiful girl. After sundry adventures, the Menace is conquered, the brother falls in love with the girl, the brother's friend discovers that all along he had loved the sister, there are vows of eternal love, a clinch (but very discreetly done--there must be no suspicion of s-x in SF, just platonic affection), and the lights fade as they turn to face the future shoulder to shoulder. I sometimes wish that just for variety the brother would fall for the sister, or for his Boon Companion (who is usually the narrator), but somehow it never works out that way in this particular breed of formula hack.

However, if you don't mind an utterly predictable subplot, and a very 1920ish "had-I-but-known" style, this is a reasonably interesting story. Cummings had a good grasp of the basic storytelling art, in the same way that Burroughs and Verne did--by maintaining the action, physical and/or mental, at a high pace, and by skillful use of the two-simultaneous-story technique which maintains a degree of suspense despite the fact that you well know what will happen in the end. (The 'two-simultaneous-story-technique' is my term for the sort of story in which you are following two characters who are separated. One gets into a jam at chapter's end, and the story is switched to the other. He gets into it at the end of that chapter, switch back to the first. Get him out of that jam, into another one, back to the second. An old technique, but still effective on occasion.) The scientific concepts involved (essentially that of time travel) are old hat now, but must have been fairly fresh at the time the story was written.

This is not a really good novel, and if you have all you want to read you won't be missing much by skipping this one. However, if you're curious about the sort of SF they published back in the old Munsey days, this is a fairly representative sample.

The modern book is TALENTS, INCORPORATED, (Avon, 50¢), by an author who was writing SF before Cummings and who bids fair to be writing it when the current crop of writers has turned to dust--the prolific, indestructible Grand Old Man of SF, Murray Leinster. There is one thing about this book that puzzles me--it is so much along the lines of the sort of thing ANALOG has been running into the ground lately that I can't imagine why Campbell didn't buy it. I have a feeling that it was in fact written with an eye to Campbell, but that for some reason he rejected it. If so, I believe he made a mistake, because this is a highly enjoyable little opus, not of any great depth but full of interesting ideas and gadgets and

written in Leinster's highly readable style. Certainly it's much better than some of the other serials he's run in the last year or two.

Leinster's style has been described by Damon Knight as being "one precarious step above 'Peter Rabbit'". There is some validity in this criticism, in that Leinster rarely resorts to involved constructions, long words, or esoteric allusions, but a better word for it is "slick". Leinster, under his real name of Will F. Jenkins and a variety of other pen names, makes most of his living writing for such magazines as LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, SATEVEPOST, etc., which demand a high degree of communication with the reader whatever his intelligence level. Constant adherence to this standard has left a style which is spare, clear, and never interferes with the story in any way. Who ever quoted Leinster?

The story itself centers around the attempts of the small planet Kandar to ward off the encroaching Empire of Mekin, and a remarkable group of "talents", psionic and otherwise, who try to help. Captain Bors, the protagonist of the yarn, is an exile from Tralee, a planet already captured by the Mekinese. He and his uncle, the Pretender of Tralee, came to Kandar and are hoping to help save it from the fate of Tralee. However, the majority of the people of Kandar are convinced of the futility of hope, and only hope to make the best deal possible with Mekin when the conquering fleet arrives. Their tiny spacefleet will go out to its death, hoping thereby to make the Mekinese conclude that here are honorable enemies and not submissive slaves, and that thus they would hold some slight respect for Kandar.

Then Talents, Incorporated, arrives on the scene, and offers to help. Most are suspicious, but Bors grasps at straws and allows one of the talents, a mathematical genius who can out-compute any computer by several orders of magnitude, to devise a new system for programming their missiles used in space war so that they operate under changing acceleration. The enemy computers can't handle this, and when the Mekinese fleet arrives, the far smaller Kandarian fleet succees in wiping it out with almost no loss of its own.

You would think that this would be an occasion for rejoicing, but in fact the Kandarian High Command is aghast at what they've done. A token resistamce might have gained the respect of the Mekinese--but by wiping out an entire fleet with such a small force of their own, they had insulted the Mekinese pride and the most likely result would be that Kandar would be fusion-bombed out of existence. The only ray of hope is that the entire Mekinese fleet was destroyed, so that Mekin doesn't yet know what has happened.

From here on things happen fast and furiously, yet with impeccable logic. Bors goes out as a pirate ship--the conquered planets of the Mekinese Empire begin to seethe beneath the oppressors' hands--new devices are thought up by the talents--and in the end, Mekin is defeated utterly.

For those who are looking for a Message, this book will have no appeal--though scattered through it are a number of keen human insights. But the action is fast, the writing clear, and the concepts logical and accurate. In short, it is Leinster at his best.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come." --Shakespeare

"Brave men can live anywhere.
A Coward dreads all things." --Elder Edda

time tears dream
from immortality
to concrete doom
as nows pass
till memory resurrects
in subjective resume
the one reality.
-E.E.Evers-

G-R-U-N-T AND G-R-O-A-N

by Mike Deckinger

Several years ago, I used to be a member, in good standing, of "Wrestling " fandom. The wrestling I'm referring to is not the sort you find at colleges and universities, which is basically honest, and a test of strength and skill, but the sort of wrestling you encounter regularly on television, and at big halls, which is as honest as a crooked bookie, and is a contest between a good guy and a bad guy, with little actual skill or strength being exhibited.

I would not only view these matches faithfully on television, I used to make every effort to attend the shows in person, if I possibly could. I've been to wrestling shows at Laurel Gardens in Newark, the Paterson Armory in Paterson, and even the famous Madison Square Garden, in New York. I've sat in front row ringside seats, jammed between hordes of shouting, gesturing, thoroughly outraged wrestling fans who would be doing everything capable to display either their pleasure, or displeasure, at the action in the ring.

The first thing to realize is that the wrestling seen on television, and in person (excluding the college type) is probably 70% fixed. There is very rarely a set "script" to a match detailing who will make what move, and when, like a movie fight, but the victor (and how he wins) is usually known beforehand. Most matches try to pit a good guy (the handsome, clean wrestler) against a bad guy (the bad looking, dirty wrestler) and stick to pretty much of a formula act. For 70% of the match the villain gets to knock bloody hell out of the hero, using every nasty trick at his disposal. But abruptly, in the remainder of the match, the hero, marvelously rejuvenated, will suddenly leap back into the fray, thoroughly pummel the villain, which pleases the crowd no end, and take the match.

A fall is registered when one wrestler pins the shoulders of his opponent to the mat for a three second count. Of course the villain wrestlers are free to use anything at their disposal to get their opponents in such a condition as to make pinning easy.

Practically every wrestler today fits into the hero or villain category. The promotors, who stage all the events, are aware that just as a crowd will go to see a hero constantly triumph, they will also take equal pleasure in seeing some dastardly villain mercilessly beaten. Some of the really top wrestlers, like Antonina Rocca, the biggest crowd-drawer in the U.S., are given "invincibility auras" so that even though there's no suspense in whether or not they'll be defeated (you know who'll win), a large crowd amasses to see precisely how the hero murders his opponent.

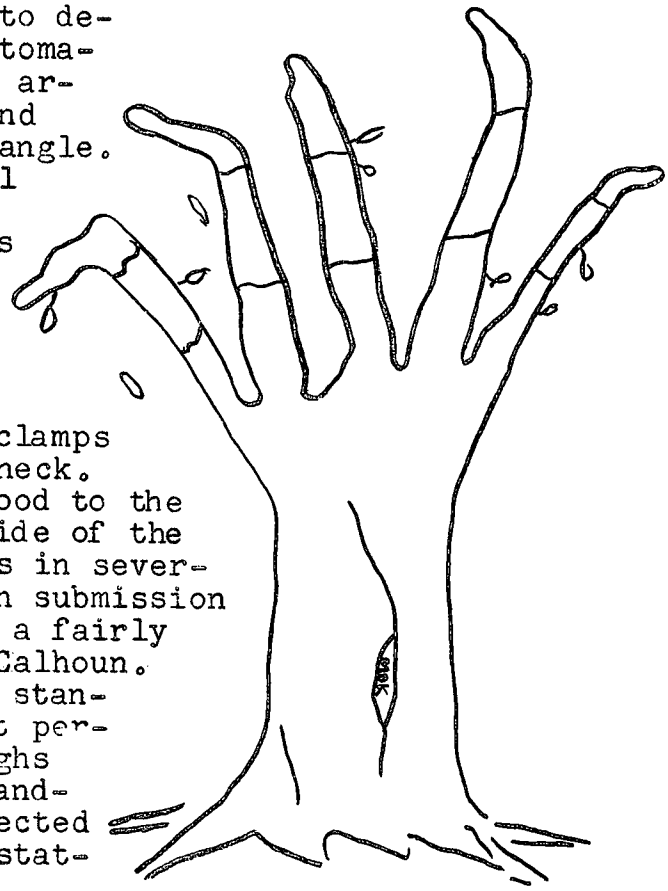
There are several requisites for heros and villains. Villain wrestlers are usually easily recognizable because they bleach their hair almost chalk white. Not all villains have bleached hair, but if you do see a wrestler with bleached hair, chances are he is a "bad guy". Gene Stanlee is an exception to this rule, since his hair is bleached, and he alternates between the parts. In addition to having bleached hair, a villain will refuse to shake hands with his opponent before the match starts.

Several villains employ skilfull "illegal" devices, used with great care, sometimes even in front of the referee, who as a rule is blind as a bat. Some of these gimmicks are really ingenius too. One wrestler, by the name of George Bollas, wears black trunks and a zebra-striped full face mask, and goes by the name of the "Zebra Kid". At a critical point in the match, he will swivel away from his opponent and the referee, and then, usually in full view of the tv cameras and/or the viewing audience, remove some object from his trunks and slip it into his mask, directly over his forehead. Then he merely grabs his opponent, and delivers a crashing "skull butt", smashing the poor fellow forehead to forehead, which is usually sufficient to send him stunned to the mat. The Zebra Kid then nimbly leaps on him, pins him for the required three seconds, and is up and

/10/ has removed the object before the referee can do anything about it. That is, if such a "foreign object" exists, even though he does all he can to convey to the irate viewers that there is one.

Another rough-tough wrestler, going under the name "Killer Kowalaki" employs a fearsome submission hold colorfully known as a "stomach claw". Kowalski tosses his opponent flat down on his back, and with his long and powerful hands begins kneading and twisting away at the man's abdomen, in an imitation of the dreaded "Myojo" stroke in judo, the ultimate ripping stroke used to tear a man's intestines from him. It takes little more than a few seconds for the opponent to call it quits.

There are a number of submission holds which individual wrestlers develop and tailor for themselves. An Indian wrestler, Chief Big-Heart, in addition to delivering vicious judo slices he calls "tomahawk chops", specializes in the"bow and arrow"hold, in which he twists the arms and legs of his opponent back at a painful angle. Several top wrestlers use the "abdominal stretch"--a submission hold in which a wrestler gains leverage by anchoring his opponent's legs to the floor and then swiveling his body in a manner which is (allegedly) extremely painful. Another popular, and more spectacular, hold is the "sleeper". In this one the wrestler grabs his opponent around the head and clamps his arms tightly about the side of the neck. This supposedly cuts off the flow of blood to the brain, from two small arteries at the side of the head, and renders the victim unconscious in several seconds. But probably the ultimate in submission holds is the "Big Splash", performed by a fairly new wrestler named William (Haystacks) Calhoun. The "Big Splash" is nothing more than a standard belly-whopper onto a prone opponent performed by Calhoun, who incidentally weighs 601 pounds. The effect of 601 pounds, landing with calculated force on the unprotected chest of a fallen man can be quite devastating.



While Calhoun, at 601 pounds, is a behemoth in the ring, he's not the heaviest wrestler in the business today. That distinction belongs to a fellow known as Happy Humphrey (modeled after Humphrey in the Joe Palooka comic strip), who tips the scale at 750 pounds. Because of his size, Humphrey--a glandular freak--is not a wrestler like the others. He can move with surprising agility for a man his size, but when one punch is sufficient to send a man flying through the ropes, he does not have to be a wrestler. Attractions like Humphrey and Calhoun are used to appeal to the hidden "side-show instinct" in wrestling fans. People don't go to see these two because they expect to see good wrestling (which they don't) but mainly out of curiousity. Humphrey and Calhoun do not wrestle; they place themselves on display.

For display purposes, however, the real crowd drawers are the midgets. In some locations the little men are more popular than their full-sized counterparts. In the ring they can be extremely fast, racing around like men on roller skates, infuriating the referee and delighting the audience.

The women wrestlers also manage to draw quite a following, but as with the midgets, they are strictly a "novelty" appeal. The women can be extremely violent in the ring, and I have seen them argue, talk back, and

even hit the referee. In Washington D.C. a woman wrestler once tossed the referee out of the ring, in dispute over a decision, which is about as damaging as can be to a male ego.

Women wrestlers share a certain immunity too: no male referee will ever hit them, no matter what the provocation. After all, just where is the poor referee expected to hit them in the first place?

With male wrestlers the referee fares a little better. There are some states in which wrestlers can be ejected for striking a referee, but many of them ignore this edict. Referees usually try to be fair in their judgements, and in some instances may even play dumb, permitting a villain to get away with some illegal tactics, so that the crowd can work up a proper hate for him. It's never wise for a referee to see too much in the ring, and most of them don't.

The fans at wrestling matches may start out well-behaved, but as the heat of combat mounts, they are transformed into wild, shouting, frantic beasts. At the old Laurel Gardens in Newark (which was torn down for a parking lot) the ring would become littered with cups, stones, bottles, and anything else the irate fans could get their hands on. At Madison Square Garden I've even seen ice tossed at wrestlers.

But there's no denying the heroes put on a good show, and the villains can get the crowd to hate them with a vengeance (and this is all they strive for). The wrestlers today are no more than glorified movie actors, switching their portrayals from the screen to the ring .

"Man's a phenonomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
'Tis a pity tho", in this sublime world, that
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure."
--Lord Byron

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life,
For which the first was made..."
--Browning
((Quoted in Isaac Azimov's Pebble in the Sky, and on a recent TWILIGHT ZONE))

/12/

THE PSI STUDENTS

A ROUND ROBIN STORY

by

Seth A. Johnson-John Jackson-Stan Woolston-Rog Cox

I-Seth Johnson

Jack Davide sat in class. The rest of the seniors were sitting gossiping and comparing notes over the physics lesson and other homework; a gentle buzz of gossip and giggles filled the room. Jack however had no ears for all this. Before him lay the math exams and the glaring red F for flunk. This was the payoff. All through the term he had struggled vainly with the intricacies of geometry and calculus, with little or no success. His mind simply refused to hold a number or figure of any kind no matter how he tried. In fact the harder he screwed up his forehead in concentration, the more flighty and elusive became the formulas. Painstaking work, grinding through one textbook after another, and coaching by one tutor, teacher and friend after another simply did not seem to reach him. Nothing seemed to help. Yet without an A in math there was little or no hope of entering M.I.T. And aviation had been his life and hope for fifteen years--ever since he was a small boy. Unlike other small boys he never gave up the dream of creating and handling planes, rockets, and all the other wonderful things he had read of in AMAZING and FANTASTIC. All hope now seemed to be lost.

He glared at the other gay and carefree students who seemed to absorb their lessons with no visible effort and could go to proms, parties, and dances, could have their choice of girls, and still come in with at least a B plus without half trying. Yet he had time for none of these things, and was sick of constant grinding and just as constant failing. What could he do that was worth doing if he couldn't learn math and aeronautical engineering? Yet there he sat glowering and gazing off into the distance, wondering what the others had that he lacked. Somehow he knew that he was more intelligent and certainly far more ambitious than the rest of the gang. But they quietly took the scholarships, accolades, and prizes as their due, even though none of them put in half the effort that Jack did.

Suddenly the laughter stopped. Silence pervaded the classroom. The door had opened, and stepping in was a lad of about 17, wearing an ordinary suit of clothes, but with a turbaned head, and a large jewel hanging directly in the middle of his forehead. Deep brown eyes that seemed to see and understand all things made the femmes giggle in embarrassment. The slim willowy body seemed far too frail to the boys. But every eye was dominated by the figure of this slim lad. He smiled gently and asked, "Is this Miss Barley's class?"

"Yes," replied a burly wrestling champ, with a quizzical wondering look on his crew cut craggy looking face. "Miss Barley is out just now, though. Is there something you want?"

"I'm assigned to this class," replied the lad with a slightly tilted head and smiling face.

The class was dumfounded. What in the world was this freak from a side show doing in their class? The lily white class of Woolston High School. A pregnant silence pervaded the room, and gradually each student managed to tear his eyes away from the jeweled stranger and back to his books. All but Jack, who sat there and stared.

Somehow he seemed to hear the stranger talking inside his head. Somehow all the math problems were suddenly becoming clear, and his mind quickly and efficiently reviewed all the lessons and books he had read during the term. Everything seemed sparkling clear and bright. Now he felt

like kicking himself for not understanding such simple and elementary rules that had been fouling him up all through four years of math.

And now the voice or presence seemed to take him through the physics lessons, illustrating and explaining each one, reviewing and remembering each lecture and book read, rapidly understanding, and integrating and correlating with his newly acquired knowledge of mathematics. One by one the elements went past his eyes; the atoms themselves became visible; the action and reaction of all the elements upon one another became obvious and natural.

Suddenly he realized he knew more than the teacher. And all in the space of a few seconds. And yet the voice went on; the mind kept going on into mystery after mystery. Rapidly the galaxy was unveiled--its suns, planets, form, birth, and death. All in the flash of an eye.

By this time the whole class was staring at both Jack and the newcomer. Both were literally staring into each other's eyes. Neither seemed conscious of any other presence in the room. Somehow the class resented being excluded and being confronted by something they couldn't understand.

Then the teacher came in.

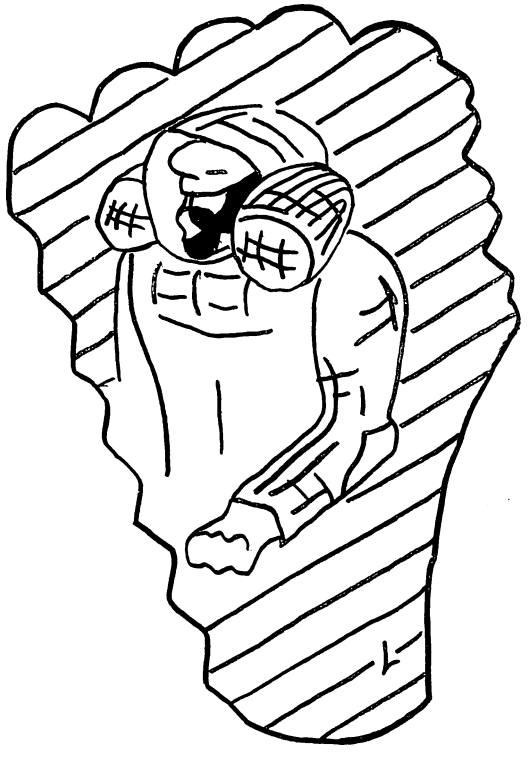
II-John Jackson

The entrance of Miss Barley broke the spell that had begun to pervade the room, bringing the students back to the world of the familiar. The teacher stared at the strange-looking boy with the turban, still mentally locked with Jack.

The boy blinked his eyes, and with a visible effort turned his head away from Jack to return the teacher's surprised look with a concentrated one of his own. "You are Miss Barley?" he asked politely, though it seemed to be more statement than question. "I'm Jon Koturi, the new student assigned to your class."

The teacher turned to her desk, uncomfortable under the slim boy's eerie stare. "Yes, I've been told about you. Welcome to Mathematics 216."

"Thank you, Miss Barley. I think I will enjoy this class during my short stay. You see, I'm only going to be in to be in town as long as it takes-uh-my parents," he hesitated just slightly, "to complete their business here. Then we must return...home."



"Well just take a seat; we were going over the exams, and the period is almost over."

The boy sat down next to Jack and gazed questioningly at him. Jack was equally, if not more, curious about the strange lad from some far-off, no doubt mysterious place. The teacher evidentally didn't like the idea of such personal communication in class, but the bell stopped whatever comment had been forthcoming.

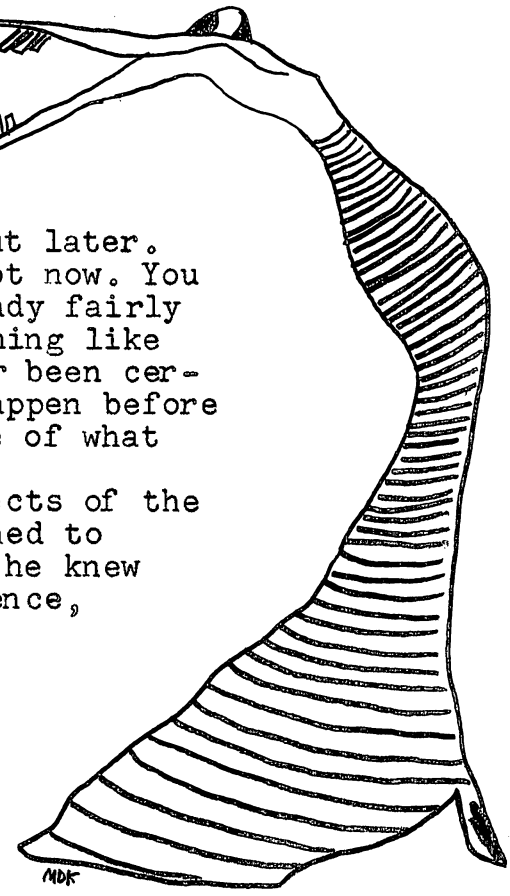
As they rose from their seats and quietly filed out, Jack asked Jon, "What do you have next?"

The slim stranger replied, "What class do you go to now?"

"Why as a matter of fact, civics. But--"

"Then that is what I have next, too. We can go together, and you can tell me about yourself on the way. And perhaps you'd like to ask about that little episode when I came in today."

"Yeah, I sure would. I suddenly saw everything so much clearer, as if everything I've been studying in school was mere first grade stuff. What did you do? I almost thought you were inside my mind, poking around and clearing up my thinking."



"Well in a way, you're right on both counts. Most of the subjects you are now studying are not worth a fraction of your mind's concentration, but you will find that out later. And I will answer all of your questions, but not now. You are not yet ready. But, I hope, you will be ready fairly soon. First I must ask you something: has anything like this ever happened to you before? Have you ever been certain, for instance, that you knew what would happen before it actually happened? Or that you were positive of what someone was thinking?"

Jack was extremely puzzled about many aspects of the slim mystery boy walking beside him, and he ached to know the answers to some of his questions; but he knew he must answer first, and by a strange coincidence, something like that <u>had</u> happened to him...

III-Stan Woolston

They were walking down by the river after school, before Jack had a chance to reply. Classes had gone by swiftly. Just before entering each class Jon had looked into his eyes, and any confusion he might have had on the coming subject had disappeared.

Once again Jon looked into Jack's eyes, but the look was merely inquiring.

"I have a feeling you know what I'm going to say," Jack started. "You asked me if I had had such an experience before. I did."

They found a place off the main path and sat down on a fallen log.

"You remind me of Grand-dad--everybody called him Big Ed, including the kids. He came back from a two-year stay in the Andes with some natives, living as they did near the top of a mountain. Before that he had been on an archaeological expedition in Egypt. We had not seen each other since I was very little. So we went to the mountains together--to a friend's cabin.

"He had gray eyes, but they saw sharply whatever was around. He showed me how to fish--really fish--and how to camp well. After it was over, on the last night, I had proudly finished the last scrap of fish I'd caught that day, and we were sitting outside over a fire. Just sitting--not talking about his experiences in India or China or anything. But we felt close together.

"And all of a sudden I felt--like when you looked at me. I knew my fishing technique was very poor--that it had been purely by accident I had caught two big ones. I knew what to do to get them next time, and how I should have made the fire we cooked them on. Everything pulled together--and I now knew for sure what had before been but random thoughts."

Jon smiled. "Have you ever been attuned since then?"

"No. And what <u>is</u> attuned?"

"There are some things words can't tell, but it is a sharing. And a completion of what you have read or known about in passing through experiences, Jack. It is shared empathy, of synergy."

They got up and walked away from the river, towards an opening in the woods that was like a park. Moist spring breezes pushed at them.

"And about myself: soon my parents will arrive. My stay here was very short. I came because each mind sends out a radiation--a call. And your mind called along a wavelength I'm attuned to naturally. Jack, I would like to have you come visit my home."

They stopped at the edge of the park. Jack looked out at it, and slowly the emptiness was filled with a glasslike object, which became more distinct by the instant.

"My foks are coming for me now...and I would like you to come with me for a visit of a few weeks. We would be back shortly, in almost no time at all, for this is our family timetraveler."

IV-Rog Cox

The shining crystal-like object expanded, fell back within itself, and once more expanded, giving a view of a long doorless corridor of metal, with two barely visible branches leading off to unknown areas, as if a door had been opened into another dimension.

Jon lead Jack through this portal gently, as Jack suddently developed nerve trouble. Inside the "portal" there was no sign of a park--or anything else even vaguely normal.

At the end of the corridor "behind" the place where Jon and his friend had disembarked, a panel slid back into a heretofore unnoticed recess in the wall, revealing a rectangular room decorated with the same dull metal sheen. A desk and three chairs were situated on a scarlet unembroidered rug, and a fat, very strange-looking man lounged in a straight-back chair of no distinct coloring. In fact, the chair seemed to change its tint slightly at every flickering of light from the walls.

It came to Jack with a start that there was no apparent light source--just a constant glow from the walls, ceiling, and floor of the cubicle.

"This is Rinelot Carroszza, our DCD-time-space-force-object jumper. That is, he has the distinct psionic talent to distort the laws of time and dimension to suit our purposes. However, as you can see, he is retared."

With this remark, Jack came back to reality with a snap, as Jon continued: "In truth, this is a colony of psionicly talented mutants, all collected from over a billion worlds in almost as many dimensions. This is a metal enclosed ball in the 0.0 DCD patter. In other words, this is the next ultimate possibility of dimensional existence, allowing only for the existence quality, as the 00.00 does not. Only Rinelot here holds us in balance. If we lose him...we go poof! in a brilliant flash of nothing."

He took Jack Davide then and "explained" telepathically the scientific concepts behind this, but they were totally beyond any idea Jack had ever heard of...

Jon showed him the rest of the refuge--as it was called--going on a roundabout semi"tour". There were peoples from many far-flung worlds, some of them almost ordinary, and others verging on the terrifying and utterly impossible.

Finally Jack was ushered into a small bare room, devoid of furniture save for two beaten chairs. "The time has come for your ultimate decision," said Jon. "You must either return forever or stay and live among your own people. What shall it be--exile...or companionship?"

In those few seconds Jack answered the question which was to shape the face of his life. "Yes. You are my people. I will stay." He said it as if in a dream--one that never ends.

"Your first lesson shall be one to remember," stated Jon simply. "You see, there is no such thing as a human being." And then Jon changed. A horrible change, into something terrible--unfit for the eyes of a sane man.

Then Jack screamed. It floated through eternity as one shrill shriek. His hands... His hands were clawed...

***

KIPPLE 24 - Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland
CINDER 11 - Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass.
CUTWORM 2 - Ken Gentry, Box 1462, TPI, Cookeville, Tenn.
HYPHEN 31 - Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'ards Rd., Belfast 4, N. Ireland
LOKI 2 - Lt. David G. Hulan, 228-D Niblo Dr., Redstone Arsenal, Ala.

DAVE LOCKE'S MERMAID'S HAIR

Don't try too hard to find a connection between the title of this column and anything in fandom, because Mermaid's Hair has nothing to do with fanzines, beanies, typers, stencils, quotecards, or even femmes. Mermaid's Hair is a blue-green algae that lives on mud, rocks, and piling in shallow water of both coasts; and is also the name of this column.

Just thought you might want to know.

MERMAID'S HAIR is sort of a review column; "sort of" because it isn't as much an objective fmz review col as it is a vehicle to express my own personal opinions concerning things going on in fandom today. This column will be a more or less regular thing in REBEL, depending on how bu$y I am thi$ $ummer.

Let's wander over to my stacks and stacks of fanzines and take a few looks at a copy of KIPPLE 24. This is a thirty-eight page George Sokolsky Appreciation Issue (Geo is a columnist for the Baltimore News-Post), and immediately following the beautiful cover/table-of-contents, and a blank inside cover, we are treated with a most unusual eleven page Ted Pauls editorial which discusses HUAC, censorship, and other things whichone would never suspect Ted Pauls of discussing. However, Ted spends two pages on science fiction and gives us also a page of humor. Following this is a four page reprint from the pamphlet Community of Fear, by Brown and Real, and following this is the usual long letter column. I dunno... but I think a lettercol needs, if anything, a few dashes of humor or lightness to somehow alleviate the weariness of reading page after page of "Serious Nit-Picking Discussions" (as described so aptly by Ted White). Pauls edits virtually all humor and lightness from everything that appears in KIPPLE, which often leaves one with the feeling that this nit picking and sober fanzine may one day just dry up and blow away.

The fallout shelter controversy is beginning to die down, with several wounded and no one converted. Pauls hops from subject to subject and consequently nothing is really gone over to anyone's satisfaction (except maybe Pauls'). I think the shelter discussion is a good one and should be continued, but I also think it should be continued in a different fanzine.

There's one thing about the way Pauls has handled this discussion that's bugged me, and that's the way he dwells on issues that are not germane to the discussion. He talks about the inhumanity of the shelter-builders, people plugging your air pump, costs involved, etc. Shelter-builders are selling their shelters to people who haven't a chance of survival if they live too close to ground zero. Pauls would momentarily drop the point of 'are shelters protection or aren't they?' to discuss the inhumanity of the shelter constructors. It just isn't a relevant point. You should take first things first, and in this situation the first thing to consider is whether or not the shelters serve a useful purpose. If they

do, then you go about combating people's ignorance and shelter-builders' inhumanity and people plugging your airpump and wotever--but not before, because such factors 1) mean nothing if the shelters are no good, and 2) cannot destroy the effectiveness of the shelters shoudl they prove adequate radiation/blast protection.

Pauls feels that, since he lives in Baltimore, Maryland, he lives close to ground zero and thus would have little chance of surviving even should thev prove fallout/blast protection. No one seems to have considered the possibility that if the Russians do not bomb Baltimore, Maryland, Ted Pauls could use a shelter to protect him from the radiation that would blow his way should the Russians bomb Washington DC (one of their top targets, presumably). Hmmm?

The discussion on rock 'n' roll is about equally dead. It bugs me slightly that I'm not allowed to answer some of the rebuttals to my recent article defending rock 'n' roll; it certainly was a short-lived discussion, and should have lasted a little longer--even if seventy percent of it was subjective in nature.

Pauls also seems determined to prevent me from defending my views on "conformity", so (by damn) I'll defend them right here in REBEL.

I see now that I should have defined what I meant by "personality defects". No, Ted, I didn't mean introversion (unless, of course, it is carried to an extreme). There are a good deal of introverts in our society, and you should know that most of them are not outcasts. It's not hard to explain just what I meant by personality defects, but I didn't think that you would misunderstand what I meant. Phonies, sexual deviates, idiots--that's what I meant by personality (among other) defects. People don't care whether Joe Doe is extroverted or introverted; if he's fairly interesting then they'll probably get along, but if he's oddball in such a way that a good number of people don't want to be around him--then he's an outcast. Dig?

There are individualists and introverts in fandom who get along well with people. Those fans who don't get along with anybody must know that they can't pin the blame on individualism or introversion, and they must be quite aware of what really makes them outcasts. And, by the way, I'm talking about outcasts who would be outcasts most anywhere they went, not outcasts who are only outcasts to a certain type of people (to high society, to ditch diggers, etc.). This should clear the situation up a bit--I can hope so, anyway.

The main thing of interest in this issue is the fact that Ted White has moved his column UFFISH THOTS out of KIPPLE and into another fanzine; this is because Pauls rejected Ted's recent installment on the grounds that it was "too ephemeral for KIPPLE" and that most of it had the "substance and appeal of cold mashed potatoes" (which certainly isn't a very appetizing description). One might disagree with the former description in that KIPPLE (discussing and nit-picking at current topics and events as it does) is a very ephemeral fanzine while humor (such as that in the rejected UFFISH THOTS column) is generally more enduring in nature. As for the latter description... well, the rejected column turns up in CINDER 11, and I only wish that I had been able to publish it. It's excellent, and if you haven't read it already, get a hold of a copy of this CINDER.

Larry Williams has brought his fanzine quite a distance since I first encountered its fourth issue almost a year ago, and the change is due to the combination of such factors as: better material, improved layout, more mature

editorial personality, and better ditto reproduction. CINDER has grown from an interesting but average fanzine to a better-than-average fanzine, and from all appearances it will continue to improve. The editor doesn't take his fanzine too seriously, which is unusual with a zine that appears so frequently (almost monthly), but this is a good factor and CINDER is all the better for it.

The latest issue only confirms my belief that each CINDER will be better than the last. The Ted White piece would have easily taken top honors in many a past issue, but UFFISH THOTS must share the spotlight with Al Wood's excellent second installment of his column "Thoughts of a Neofan", which is equally as good. A graceful blending of humor and thought-provoking personal opinion, and one of those few pieces of fannish material worth re-reading, TOAN makes me look forward to the time when Al will begin writing more prolifically for fandom. Ted Pauls is also present in this issue, with a short article giving his opinions concerning the moral and ethical viewpoints of the bombing of Hiroshima. And Roy Tackett writes a rather disappointing article, which starts out well but dwindles down to end with a sound of dropped cantaloupe. Larry's editorial column is mostly quotes, but it's readable, as is the rather good letter-col. ATom has two very nice illos in this issue.

Speaking of new talent, I've got a fanzine here called CUTWORM 2, from ghood old Ken Gentry (KEN Gentry to you FADAWAY readers). CUTWORM is strictly a fun-zine, and if you think you're an intellectual you'll have to look elsewhere for your cheap thrills, because everything in here is for entertainment only. This is, I think, an SFPA zome. because the first-ish (BLOB 1--this is a fmz with a changing title) was. Ken tells me that he had to throw away some of his planned layouts in order to make the deadline, and I can believe it, but just the same most of the layouts are imaginative and inventive. I think that being around Jennings too much has influenced Ken's typing, because it's as horrible as Bob's is; but somehow (as with Bob) the typing only adds to the personality of the zine and we get the impression of an easy-going guy who likes some fan ac but then isn't going to strain himself at it either. Ken is a very good artist who has mastered a style of shading which I would have thot impossible to get on stencil, and CUTWORM has a few samples of Ken's serious SFish art and also an excellent cartoon strip titled SIR GAUL, In the Daze of King Auther, which is the sort of wild and wacky thing Ken Gentry emerges (from beneath his tar pit) with at times. Ken writes a humorous editorial, a review of MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (the book and the movie), and an excellent short-short Sfish mood piece. There is only one piece of outside material, and that is so horrible that I must question the editor's personal literary tastes. Never have I read such horrible book reviews before, and I trust that in the next issue of this fmz (whatever it will be called) Mr. Gentry will come to his senses and make a public apology assuring us that never again will he print such gross, crass, and uncouth writing from this 'Dave Locke' who seems to fancy himself a book reviewer. 'Nuff said.

Ken needs Material, and if you've got anything decent lying around he'd appreciate receiving it. You couldn't send it to a nicer guy (unless you sent it to me).

Now that we've looked at some new fen, let's pull the fanzine out of this bottle that just washed up on the beach and see how Willis is coming along with HYPHEN (#31, to be exact). I like the cover, which shows a carnival fortune teller looking up from her crystal ball and saying to a guy: "What would 'Fugghead of the Year" be?" However, the guy doesn't look much like Chris. (Walt, for Our Amusement, has listed four alternative "cut out & paste on" cover captions in EAVESDROPPINGS, all of which are good--and while I'm on the bacover I'd like to correct you in your choice of words, Walt. You say "An X here means your sub just died____." Fanzine subs don't die, Walt, they just expire.)

HYPHEN is always a good fmz. From the editorials to the James White

column to the BoSh articles to the Berry articles to the ATom illos to EAVESDROPPINGS to the various articles--and most everything is aimed at humor, and hits. Unless there is an occasional discussion-type article (like Brian Aldiss' in the last issue) to fill the letters up with serious-type comments, most of the lettercol is humorous too.

There's nothing much you can say about such humorous material, except that it's good.

My ghood Buddy Dave Hulan has put out the second issue of LOKI, and, as usual, it's fantasy slanted. There seems to be evidence that the children's fantasy kick which killed the last issue (for me) will gradually die out, considering the amount of non-children's fantasy material present in this issue. I found most of the last issue unreadable, but there's nothing that isn't readable in thish tho there isn't any above-average writing present either. Dave has granted Katya (the better-looking member of the Hulan family) a few moments away from drawing LOKI illos, stencilling art, and washing socks, in order to write a one page editorial. While it's nice, anyone who knows Katya is aware that she needs several pages to even get started with her wonderfully entertaining ramblings. I expect a bomb in my next letter from Dave for even hinting that Katya should get as much editorial space as he does, but then I correspond with Katya too--so that might <u>not</u> be so bad at that. It's all relative, I suppose.

Lady Barbara writes about Loki ((the god)); Alan Dodd gives us a brief glimpse at Algernon Blackwood and some of his stories; we have fanzine reviews by, I think, the Hulan's cat; Dave reviews SATURN OVER THE WATER, by JB Priestly, and GAUL 5; Larry McCombs has an article about, mainly, THE LITTLE PRINCE, and makes one of the most ridiculous statements I've read in a fanzine for months: "A story which brings only laughter and no tears is a shallow story indeed." There is a lettercol, which could have used a bit more editing to do away with such things as: "Must go now. Write..." It's a pretty good letter column, tho, and Alan Dodd takes top honors with his outrageously hilarious letter (which is probably the best thing in the entire issue).

My tastes in writing obviously run a little different than those of Earl Noe and Dave Hulan, because I like fantasy which "tries to masquerade as SF or apply a pseudo-scientific veneer." Of course, I wouldn't describe it exactly that way... Sometimes I think fantasy can be like salt or pepper, to add a bit of taste or seasoning to a story. I often "like fantasy as fantasy", but I can like fantasy in a lot of other ways, too. I AM LEGEND and THE SHRINKING MAN (both by Matheson), which Dave seems to dislike, are what I consider masterpieces, especially the former. Dave says: "Both would be good stories if he'd played them straight as fantasy, but as SF they're failures." Obviously my tastes in literature (used loosely, Walter Breen, used loosely) are a little less narrow, because I can find enjoyment in stories which have combined sf and fantasy.

For the last few paragraphs I've been receiving some vague telepathic emanations from, I think, our Kindly Editor, who seems to be saying (shouting? screaming?) "Enuf enuf enufenufenuf...." So I guess that's it for this installment of MERMAID'S HAIR. Tune in again sometime for some more thrilling adventure and kind-hearted bitching. I'll be seeing you.

Unless you see me first.

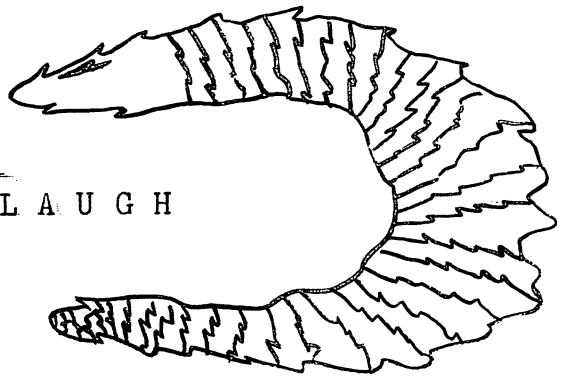
The golden drops that the sun disdainfully
Lets escape to us
Travel in a dark
Infinity of eternal loneliness and dark ebony.
--Ray Trevino

STAR

The white point:
where man has been;
the whole dark void:
the spirit's wandering.
__E.E.Evers

MICHAEL D. KURMAN

OUT TO GET A LAUGH



John Barton Maxwell was sitting in his easy chair reading the morning paper when the phone rang.

He made no effort to raise himself from his comfortable seat, but after the ringing had sounded four times and his wife hadn't emerged from the kitchen, he stood up with a sigh, crossed over to the other end of the room, and picked up the receiver.

"Is this the Maxwell residence?" an excited male voice inquired. John immediately matched the voice with Professor Gustin A. Darvitch, mathematics head of New York U., and replied, "Hi, Gus; what's up?"

"John! Get over here on the double! I've got an important discovery at my fingertips and I can't let it slip through."

"But what do you need me for?"

"I'll explain later. Get going!"

"Right, Gus. I'll be over in ten minutes flat."

The ten minutes was actually closer to twenty in the heavy midtown Manhattan traffic. John had been wondering all the way what Gus Darvitch wanted with a second-rate psychologist. Of course, Gus was a good friend of his. But if "The Vamp", as his students called him, was on the verge of a major scientific breakthrough, John was sure Darvitch wouldn't want anyone else nosing in on it.

From his first impression of the campus as he pulled into the math department's private driveway, it seemed to John Maxwell that everything was as it should be. Students chatted with others on their way to class, ancient professors hobbled past the dorms, and the few dozen birds that inhabitated the tiny pond right outside Darvitch's window made enough of a racket to drive anyone mad. It was the rare perfect March day, with a clear blue sky and a slightly chilly easterly wind. John emerged from the car and began to softly hum an old Russian song. "Dum-da-da-dee. Fortune blows in from the sea..."

He entered the sitting room and walked up the stairs on the right that led to Gustin Darvitch's study. No sooner had he rapped on the door than old Gus opened it.

"John, John, how good to see you again! Why it's been over two months! Come in and I'll show you what I've found." Gus liked to talk, and once you got him going, he wouldn't stop. But today Maxwell was amazed, for the aging professor quit after completing only three sentences. But John had no time to make any comments, for as he was about to open his mouth, Darvitch poked a small metal gadget in his face and said, "Here it is."

"Here what is?" Maxwell asked.

"Why, my lates invention, the parmograph," Gus said proudly. It was a little blue gadget that vaguely resembled a transistor radio, except that it was literally covered with tiny knobs and switches.

"Since when did you start inventing things?" Maxwell queried.

"Now John, you know better than that! Remember that egg-beater I made? Why, if it hadn't been for..."

"Whoa, hold it," Maxwell interrupted. He knew that if he let Gus continue they'd be sitting there all day. "Just what does this... What was the name?..."

"Parmograph," said Darvitch. "P-A-R-M-..."

"Never mind. Just what does this parmograph do?"

"It looks through things," Gus replied. "It shows what they really are. Come on over here and I'll show you."

He untwisted two screws and a side came off. "That's the cover plate," he said. "It protects the picture tube." He held it up for John to see. Maxwell studied it for a few seconds, then muttered, "Hmmm. Just like a miniature T.V."

"Right!" said Gus. "Now watch." He pushed a button and a low hum came from the gadget . "Keep your eyes on the screen," he directed. A few seconds passed. Suddenly Gus cried, "There!" Sure enough, a picture was slowly forming on the screen. It took shape, and in a few split-seconds John could see what it was. It was a monkey wrench.

"So?" John countered. "A regular ordinary monkey wrench. What's so special about that?"

"Look closer," Darvitch said. John peered intently at the gadget.

"See it?" Gus asked.

"See what?"

"The beam of light under the screen," Maxwell looked closer. Then he saw it. A thin beam of blueish-white light stretched from the bottom of the screen to the nearby desk.

"Yeah, I see it," said John. "But what does it mean?"

"It means that my desk is really a monkey wrench."

A few seconds passed. Then Maxwell said, "Huh?"

"I'd better explain," sighed Gus. "You see, last week my class was experimenting with Jorge Martinez's method of equilateral calculus. I'm sure you've heard of Martinez and his fine mathematical work down in Brazil.

"Well, anyway, we had an equation going, and one of my students had just completed it. I sent him up to the board to prove it, and he couldn't. Now I knew he had done the problem right, for I was watching him work. So I went up to the board to try to prove it. I couldn't, either. The whole class agreed I had done the equation right, but one by one they tried to prove it, and one by one they failed.

"I was pretty mad now. So I scrapped the problem and did another one. And sure enough, I couldn't prove it either. And it was the same with at least twenty more. I was sorely perplexed at it all, and was thinking about writing Martinez and asking him how the hell this calculus of his worked, when the answer hit me like a light.

"I dismissed the class even though it was five minutes early, and figured out the proofs by the way I was thinking. And every one of them came out right! 2Y couldn't equal Y plus Y if Y was really X!

"Then I started to work out this machine. It was my theory that everything in the world --from pennies to footballs, from Lincolns to the Empire State Building-- everything was something else! I further surmised that this could only happen if the culprits were members of another dimension adjacent to ours--sort of pranksters, out to get a laugh. When our backs were turned, they took a piano from the inside of a warehouse and a violin from a music center, switched them, then put them back, so that the violin was really a piano, and the piano in actuality was a violin! Of course, we couldn't tell the difference, but it was fouling up our math and science like crazy.

"I don't know why they did it, but see for yourself. This desk is really a monkey wrench. And... Wait while I turn this on again..."

/continued on page 25/

FARAWAY

We will wander far and away;
We will travel toward infinity;
We will work and battle to win the key
To conquer space and all eternity.
Flaming suns and freezing planets
Are ours to find and claim;
We'll lay life down as our bets--
Win or lose we'll take the blame.
We will live and die, hate and love;
We will destroy and create;
We will challenge the skies above;
To do this we'll go through light's gate.
From Terra our home
We will wander far and out,
Forever to travel and roam--
Between man and space, a cosmic bout.

--Ray Trevino

talking . a few friends
and i . under the tree
- it looks lonely -
someone said
- who talks to a tree -
- let's make friends -
- hello tree. old friend
how are you today -
we all said . and in a
few days the tree had
withered and was dead

E. E. Evers

THE PLANETS by Don Franson

Jupiter

We don't know much about you
For no one's ever dared
Defy your vicious gravity;
We're just too doggoned scared.
From up on Barnard's satellite
As from an ivory tower
We're satisfied with what we see
Of your terrific power.
We see your equatorial storms,
Your belts and Great Red Spot,
If we could throw the Earth in there,
It wouldn't make a blot.
So you can have your hurricanes,
Your gases raw and wild;
We're staying far away from you:
We like our planets mild.

Mercury

Mercury is not so hot,
If you know just where to look;
I can tell you of a spot
Where you freeze instead of cook.
Where the sun is never seen,
On the planet's outward face;
All the Solar System screen:
Mercury's the coldest place.

Saturn

Gold rings,
Cold rings,
Infinitely old rings
Far light
Not right
Till you are a tourist sight.

The Rocket roared towards the heavens with an earsplitting roar. It mounted ever higher on its growing pillar of flame. Inside the Rocket the Captain, Harry Man, was checking everything to see if he had forgotten something. "Airlock closed, Autogyro set, multibrain on," he muttered to himself in methodical rhythm, "Trivision repaired, innerseal refilled, and somonibeam focused. Yep, looks like I got everything." Six days later he was making the turn in preparation for landing on Altriz, and he was half way through when his rockets failed. Frantically he checked everything over again and then noticed the fuel gage that rested squarely on Empty. By this time he was coming in sideways towards the planet, and his last thoughts before he made the meteoric plunge to the planet's surface were: "Ahhh, Come on Now, I'd never forget anything that Important." Maybe not, but somebody did.

--Phil Harrell

HE RAN AWAY

by
Bill Bowers

The small man child came striding down the street, bursting with pride in himself and his race. He gazed about as if he owned the whole expanse of his scope of vision, and passed fearlessly through great masses of his seniors, the adults of his world. And they, those that noticed him, glanced on with amusement at his cocky bearing and obvious indifference to the opinions of the world in general, and them in particular.

He, the man child, came at length to the great avenue, 'round which the pulse of the mighty city beat. He gazed with awe at the great stream of traffic that flowed in a seemingly never ceasing line, and marveled at the way they buzzed and whizzed past his vantage point. Momentarily, his self-assuredness faltered, but, reasserting his confidence, he faced the momentous sight with a nonchalance that many of his elders would have been glad to share.

For this was his first visit to what his parents--in reverent tones--called the "Big City".

* * *

He had come to visit his uncle in his luxurious apartment, far up in one of the verily "sky-scraping" buildings. But, as one might have guessed, he soon tired of the old man, who had never been Out in Space, or even on the Other Side of the World. And even the wall-filling viewing screen and the breath-taking view from his bedroom soon lost their magic. So, with tales of How It Used to Be in the Good Old Days ringing in his little ears, he decided to Run Away.

It had been done before, and would doubtlessly be done again in the future, but to each participant, it is one unique time in the cosmos -- The Time I Ran Away.

Of course things were greatly advanced by the old man's custom of taking a stroll down to and around the park, while the boy was supposed to be getting his afternoon nap. But there was a tacit agreement between the two "men" --separated by nearly two-thirds of a century-- that such things as naps were convincing proof of the fuggheadedness of parents, and were to be avoided in any way possible. And so, each afternoon, the old man safely tucked the little man in bed (so as to be able to report truthfully to the boy's parents) and headed for the door. Pausing in the hallway outside, he quietly chuckled to himself as he heard the creak of springs, and the twin slaps as two naked little feet hit the floor, and knew that when he came back he would find the boy in bed, exerting a great effort to keep his face straight in his foxing--but neither was fooled.

The boy loved the old man, but love is a notoriously fickle thing in one so young, and understandably so. But he would not have hurt the old man in any way if he knew he were doing it. He did not understand that to run away would hurt the old man deeper than any physical blow, for the old man trusted him.

* * *

As he heard the door softly closing, he hopped out of bed with his usual exuberance, and waited as the old man's footsteps faded down the hallway. Then, with unconcealable glee--for this was to be The Day--he raced to the door and pressed his ear against it. The first week the old man had carefully locked the door behind him, but of late he had either forgotten the procedure or decided it wasn't necessary.

When he was sure that the old man hadn't forgotten something and was coming back for it, he scampered back to his room, and hurriedly dressed. Then, confidence shining forth, he returned to the door. Again he pressed his ear to the latch, but this time it was merely a gesture. Then he opened the door and was Free.

/25/ Another child might have felt dwarfed by the hallway, but not he. For he knew that this was His hallway, and had been awaiting his presence. Setting off down the glistening floor, he began his journey.

Fearful -- no, not fearful; just cautious, he assured himself seriously -- he avoided the transhutes, and made his way to the old unused stairs that were antique hangovers from the days in which elevators occasionally became stranded between the floors of large buildings. At first the trudging down steps almost overcame him, but with a little experimenting, he was soon merrily sliding down the rails -- an experience few of his fellow junior citizens could have enjoyed in his world.

At length, he reached the ground level, walked boldly out the main entrance, and went striding down the street...

* * *

The boy--no, the man child--stood many a minute on the curb of that great avenue, drinking in every sight and sound; realizing that this was His world, His city, and His people. And he was proud of them, just as he was proud of himself.

Some time later --he never knew how long he stood there fascinated by the flowing traffic-- he in effect shook himself, and wandered off down the sidewalk. Great stores presented their faces to him, and through seemingly endless expanses of glass he saw wealth and variety untold. And so he went down the street, occasionally stopping to marvel at the displays in a shop window; at other times he threw back his shoulders as if daring the world to stop him, and marched face forward down the sidewalk.

It was growing dim now, as dusk passed and night grew near, in that period just before the avenue lights went on to illuminate the area as if day had not passed. Then came the park: he did not know if it was the one the old man talked about or not, and right then he didn't care. He was tired. He chanced across a park bench hidden behind a clump of trees, and as was his right, he took up residence there and lay down. He slept.

* * *

Dawn was breaking when he awoke; but that was not what awoke him. He had heard the baying of police dogs, and the shouting voices of men near-by. Then, suddenly, a man appeared before him, and immediately let forth a yell: "Here the young scamp is!"

He couldn't understand it: why were they looking for <u>him</u>?

/continued from page 21/

He touched three buttons, twisted a knob, and a few seconds later a cabin cruiser appeared on the screen. This time the ray pointed to John's shirt.

"See," Gus said. "Your shirt's a boat."

"But, but..." stammered Maxwell. "This is too incredible. It can't be true!"

"But it is. And worse yet, they've started on living things now. Watch." He switched on the machine, and in a few seconds both men knew that the tiny ornamental potted fern in the corner of the room was really a bulletin board.

Darvitch had his back to John now. "I'm only afraid," he muttered, "that soon they'll start on human beings. And then we'll all be in trouble. What do you think, John?"

No answer. "John?" Gus whirled around.

Professor Gustin A. Darvitch was talking to a bicycle pump.

--------END--------

THE GUILLOTINE

MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

The cover on REBEL #2 isn't bad, though rather far-fetched from a typical fanzine cover. ((So who"s typical??? Certainly not me-JJ)) And the character on the boat looks awfully odd, sitting on the deck without his pants on. What does he do in case of splinters?

Since you bring up the question of the fan awards I don't think it's too bad an idea myself, provided it's handled properly. Unfortunately, Willick has so thoroughly botched up the presentation of it that it will take quite a while to undo the harm he's done. His whole attitude in handling the awards has been one of surly arrogance, determined to shove it upon fandom, whether or not they're concerned with it, to the point of selecting an involuntary committee for the awards. The trophy itself, as designed by Prosser, was as ridiculous a proposed award as I've ever seen. ((George has his say in the article on page))

Maurer's comments, at least most of them, were good. His magazine list, however, certainly does not deserve to be designated as the "top ten magazines" with the absence of publications like ROGUE and ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, which both have printed some excellent stories. 1944 is a good magazine, I won't quibble there, but referring to it as the "best edited, best written fiction anywhere" smacks of sheer ignorance. Doesn't Mr. Maurer read any other magazines besides those 10?

And on the next page, in his justly deserved commendation of the Matheson book, Maurer applauds Matheson for his screenplay of "The Naked Edge", which would be fine, except for the fact that Matheson had nothing to do with the film. The screenplay was by Joseph Stefano, who also did the screenplay for Bloch's PSCHO (receiving an "Edgar" for it) and is working currently on "A Private Affair"!

[illegible] WORDS, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

Your fanzine title doesn't seem to have any obvious connotations that an artist can put down in picture form, and seems a little unfortunately chosen, since you don't seem very rebellious. ((Is DISCORD discordant? Is DISCORD any more easily put down by an artist than THE REBEL?))

"Gjollnir" presented some pleasant chatter. Since you're matched only against boys of your own weight class, I can see how you could easily manage to hold your own in wrestling, but how does a 123-pounder get along in football, where he must be outweighed by most opponents? ((Well, it's a problem. But remember, size isn't everything. Speed, skill, and brains count for something. An all-conference halfback from Edison was only 5'5", and wrestled 120#))As for wrestling, that indeed is a great sport, but I don't think I'd like it the way you play it. I prefer it my way: wrestling with girls. ((Where do you think we get practice? And those bouts aren't the kind you publicize much, anyhow...))

Peter J. Maurer writes an interesting column, even after making us mistrust him as a critic by confessing he's intimidated by the size and "fine print" of a Heinlein novel, and then declaring that Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine is "the best edited, best written fiction anywhere." Anywhere? Come now, Peter J. Maurer, literature isn't quite so dead as all that. After reading a couple of Edgar Rice Burroughs" Martian yarns not long ago, I can only repeat what other critics have said about them: Ho-hum.

John Berry's "Day of the Convulvulus" was a delightful little variation on the "Ivy War" idea, and I thought this was the best contribution to the issue. David Hulan, alas, abandons any pretense of living up to

his title, "Reviews and Such", by contributing a barefaced plug for his fanzine, but his other "reviews" were mere synopses or run-downs of the table of contents. Such mislabeled and adulterated material ought to be turned over to the pure food and drug administration. ((For Dave's reply to this and other comments, see his letter, later on))

Doesn't Crown Point, Indiana, have some connection with the career of John Dillinger? Were you named for him? ((As I recall, Dillinger had a very brief stay at the jail here, before he broke out. I was not named for him; my full name is John William Jackson, Jr. I was born in LA, and only came to Crown Point a few years ago.))

MARK OWINGS, 319 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland

Hmmm... You want comment on what would happen during & after WWIII? Easiest thing in the world. During, there would be a hell of a lot of radioactivity, and an unusually large loss of life. Afterwards, nothing much would happen, tho in a few million years protein molecules may begin forming again...((Nay, I don't agree. I'm not that much of a pessimist))

A philatelist is a stamp collector; the meter stamp is the stamp left by a postage meter, such as is on boxes and bulk-rate mail. Now you see?

"The Day of the Convulvulus" is the worst thing I've ever read by Berry. It's excellent.

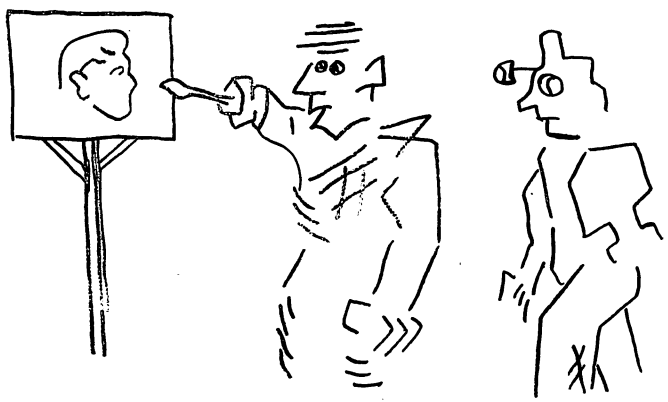
BILL PLOTT, PO Box 4719, University, Alabama

I rather disagree with Peter Maurer re Robert A. Heinlein's writings, ((so do I)) but to discuss would take more time and space than both of us could handle at present. Naked to the Stars was not the best novel of the year by my count. Daniel F. Galyoue's Dark Universe is the most original and interesting SF novel to come out in quite some time. It deserves the HUGO without reservation. Also I agree that YANDRO is a steady, top-notch fanzine, but my HUGO vote in that categorv goes to L.D. Broyles for his monumental compilation: WHO'S WHO IN SF FANDOM. ((I haven't read either NttS or DU, so I'll stick with Heinlein's Stranger... I'll also stick with YANDRO, as the best effort throughout the year))

BUCK COULSON, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

I guess I should comment, even if you did make fun of me in the last lettercolumn. (At least, I hope you were kidding; I'd hate to think that anyone believed all that....)

High school wrestler, eh? Remind me to keep on your good side, even if you are in the 112-pound class. ((I'm afraid I'll never see 112# again. In a couple months after the season was over, I went up to 130#, but now I'm back down to about 125)) I'm not the athletic type; I prefer to stand back and pot 'em with a .30-06. (Though if my eyesight keeps getting worse I may have to brush up on hand-to-hand combat...) ((I'll take you on at Chi...))



"IT'S CALLED AN ABSTRACT SELF-PORTRAIT"

Peter Maurer is going to miss a lot of good reading if he only reads books whose philosophies he agrees with. He might even miss getting his mind broadened. He has an interesting "top ten" magazines, too. Not restricted to science-fiction, obviously, or even to fiction--and yet all

six stf mags are included. I deduce that Maurer is (a) young, and (b) not a long-time stf reader. Present-day stf mags are not that good. Of course, any "top ten" picked on the unrestricted basis he uses can only reflect the taste of the individual picker; in today's era of specialized magazines there is simply no basis of comparison. One cannot objectively compare such magazines as MAD, GUNS AND AMMO, READER'S DIGEST, AMAZING STORES, ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, VOGUE, THE NEW YORKER, and WRITER'S DIGEST. Or any other group which includes mags from more than one field of interest. ((Can any"top ten" not reflect the taste of the individual picker. And can you really objectively compare any magazines, in the same field or not, especially where such a field as sf is concerned? And when I told Buck that according to WHO'S WHO, Maurer was 33 and had read sf for ten years, he had this to say: "I suppose I could have looked up Maurer in the WHO'S WHO. All I can say is that if he's 33 and has been reading stf for 10 years he should know better than to make some of the statements he did. Best 10 magazines on the newsstand! Bah!"))

Numbered ratings, eh? Okay.
Ratings from 1 (low) to 10 (high).

cover - - - - - - - - - - - 3
interior art- - - - - - - - 2½
Mjollnir- - - - - - - - - - 5
Distork - - - - - - - - - - 3
Black Friday- - - - - - - - 3½
Kaleidoscope--- - - - - - - 2
Day of the Convulvulus- - 7
Ogg!- - - - - - - - - - - - 1
Reviews - - - - - - - - - - 4
Guillotine- - - - - - - - - 5
Space between the Stars - 3½
reproduction- - - - - - - 9
layout- - - - - - - - - - 8

(if Ted White gets REBEL he will raise on his hind legs and scream like a banshee at seeing this, but I <u>like</u> simple, uncluttered layouts.) ((Was that supposed to be a slur on Your Editor's mind???))
Overall-- -- -- -- -- -- 4

GEORGE SCITHERS, Box 9006, Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Va.

If there's anything I hate, it's folk who write "you write (act, draw, etc.) like an older person". It's an implication that all the youngster has done has been to do what an average slob a few years older could do. This is a Hell of a slap at the youngster; --a good--effective--competent--talented--or whatever--16-year-old is an entirely different thing than a 18- or 20-year-old of average capabilities. This feeling, that all you (16-years-old) have done is to reach 18-or 20-year-old competence, can be one of the biggest blocks you can have to developing further. It's <u>not</u> important that you are competent beyond your years--it <u>is</u> important what you <u>will</u> be if you're this good already. ((Well said, sire...))

/30/ From your description of yourself, you must be a living example of the hero of Mary Renault's book, THE KING MUST DIE. ((I read Juanita's review in AMRA, and the hero surprised me somewhat. This is the first time I've ever been compared to Theseus. Salaam. From what I've read of the Theseus legend, I've never pictured him as Miss Renault evidently does, but it does sound somewhat familiar. I'd like to read the book, but $4.50 puts it a might out of my price range, and I doubt that the local libraries will have it)) I'm well aware of what good wrestling is like, though my own experience with it was in gym class rather'n competition.

Objections to the fan awards? Yes, I have some. In the first place, Willick has never established that any large body of fandom wants them--he has not published the results of the poll, but merely said that the results supported him. Since the present poll run by Howard Devore and Noreen Shaw shows a 3:1 vote ration against the fan awards, I'm not going to believe the earlier Willick claims. Like, I trust Noreen's count. In addition, George has been damn high-handed about the poll thing; he's made himself a thoroughgoing nuisance to three successive World SF Convention committees; and finally,that proposed statue for the award itself was the silliest thing on record. Like, it'd cost about $40 or $30 each.

DAVID G. HULAN, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Ala.

((After I relayed a few of the criticisms of his column last month, Dave had this to say:))

Well, look, I wrote that column under the impression I was doing reviews, not critiques. The two have different purposes. A review, in my mind, is supposed to tell the prospective reader whether he will or will not like the book, and nothing else. Of course, in order to let the reader decided you have to give him some information about the book, since what I like differs in some way from what anyone else likes. But this is the assumption on which I've been writing my reviews. Now a critique is something different. A critique is something which goes into the philosophy of a book and that sort of thing. This is not what I intended "Reviews and Such" to be at all. ((Thanks, Dave. Any more comments?))

Berry is - Berry. What more can be said? He's about the most prolific fan-writer around, and yet I've never read anything by him that I didn't thoroughly enjoy, article or fiction. This was another fine one. One question - what is the common name of Creeping Convulvulus, or is there one? There is some sort of vine that was introduced into Mississippi to help hold the dirt in cuts, since the soil there is loose and prone to slides, and which has since spread over all the surrounding countryside until it looks as though a green blanket was thrown over everything. I wonder if it could be the same thing? (After conferring with my Beautiful Wife, she says she thinks it is convulvulus. Small world, ho???)

Miles MacAlpin goes a little far out, though, in some places - though he's obviously an occultist of some sort and as such hard to argue with on an intelligent basis. I don't know what "other mysterious relics" he's talking about, but there's nothing particularly mysterious about Angkor Wat - it's in an oddish location, out in the jungle and all, but it's quite well established that it is a product of theCambodian civilization that flourished around 700-1200 AD. And as such much more recent than Greece, of course. As for the pyramids, there is excellent authority for dating them around 3000 BC, and certainly not so long ago as 75,000 years. After 75,000 years they would have weathered to the vanishing point--remember, we know what they're made of. In India popular belief makes the world sit on the back of four elephants which stand on the back of a turtle which swims in a sea which...and so on. I guess Miles believes this, too. As for what he means by "in (not 'on') this planet of ours", I can guess that he subscribes to the theory that we're really living on the inside of a hollow sphere. Though on this point I'm assuming - I can't see what else he could mean.

Post scriptum from Buck Coulson:

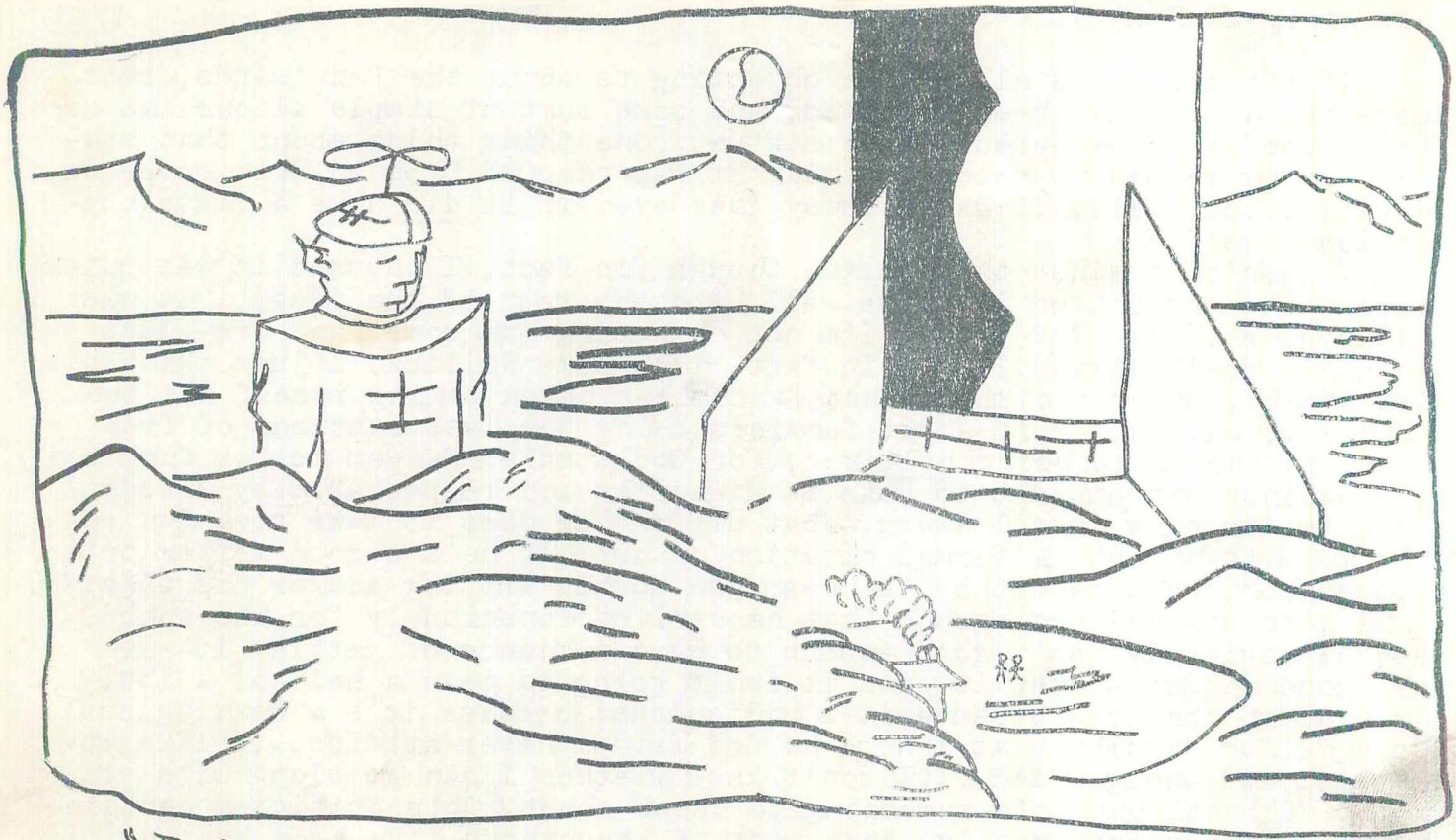
If the design is all you're objecting to about the Fan Awards, rest easy--the design has been scrapped, and some sort of simple plaque has been substituted for the naked female statue. (One thing thing about that statue; nobody seemed to recognize that it was adapted from an Emsh cover on INFINITY...oh, well, it was a lousy idea even if it did have a vague connection to stf.)

I wasn't against the design, though (in fact, I thought it was quite appropriate and fitted in quite well with the rest of the idea)((" it was a lousy idea..."---???)), and I'm not objecting--as some fans are--just because I don't like Willick. In fact, I do like Willick. I just think his idea stinks. My criticism is that fandom has begun taking itself all too seriously; all this guff about fanzines being the last bastions of free speech in the US is being believed, for God's sake! Fandom is for fun, and I am against any attempt to make it dignified and respectable by a formal presentation of a formal award. What difference does it make to a fan editor whether he gets a formal citation or not? If he's a good writer or a good editor, he knows it by the response to his writing and/or his fanzine. If he's so starved for egoboo that he strives consciously for the award, then he obviously isn't good enough to have a chance of getting it--if he's good enough to get it then it isn't going to mean a hell of a lot. I'm against the idea because it's ridiculous; because it's a meaningless striving for dignity that I hope to God fandom never attains...I like it informal and undignified. ((I don't know whether I can go along with you on all of that, but it's something to think about. This criticism certainly makes more sense, really, than most of the others I've been hearing. If anybody's interested in a strong defense of the Awards, get Bob Jennings' latest FADAWAY, in which Bob opens fire strongly on many of the critics of the Awards along with some of the backers of the Willis Fund))

DAVE HALE, 12 Belmont Rd., Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., England

The only grouse I have is that REBEL reminds me far too much of YANDRO! You may take this as a compliment or an insult. But the paper is identical, the layout of most of the sections very similar even to the lettercol and the YANDRO-like interlinos. While this similarity means that you have an effective tidy presentation you can't help comparing it to Yandro, and there you fall far short. Just a hint from me, but it might help if you branch out and try some ideas of your own repro wise. True the general effect might not be so tidy, but it would be you, and while others may not have had the Yandro comparison in mind, I'd certainly be more pleased. ((Who you???)) Folk have told me that they actually dislike YAN because of the uniformity of issue, the bleak sameness of presentation time after time. Up to a point I agree with them, but I think that after such a good start you should try your own ideas out, and certainly change the paper... please. ((I printed this part of Dave's letter to show you all what I was firing at elsewhere. I have already replied somewhat to this, but let me add one or two thoughts. THE REBEL came out before I had ever seen a YANDRO. The ideas I'm using now are my own. I like things tidy and organized. As to the paper, I've still got reams of it left, and I still don't see anything wrong with it. I liked it when I first decided to use it, and I haven't changed. End of Sermon.))

ALSO HEARD FROM WERE Bill Berger, who didn't think the title fit; Seth A. Johnson, who related a joke inspired by "Distork"; Stan Woolston, who sent in a number of useful criticisms; Scotty Neilsen, who says he enjoys running down his own stuff; James V. Warrington, who questioned both the editorial on wrestling and Dave Hulan's reviews; Roy Tackett, who disagreed with Peter Maurer, but like his article; E.E.Evers, who liked the verse; and several others who chipped in with shorter comments. Thanks, all.



"I DUNNO WHAT HE WANTS, SOMETHING ABOUT A 'RESTROOM'"

[X]--If this space is checked, your status for next issue is pretty secure; if it is not, I am questionable about our trading status, or you do not have a contrib herein, you have not subbed, or you probably have not replied to this fmz at all. If you think the box should be checked and it is not, please write; it could easily be a PO goof.

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