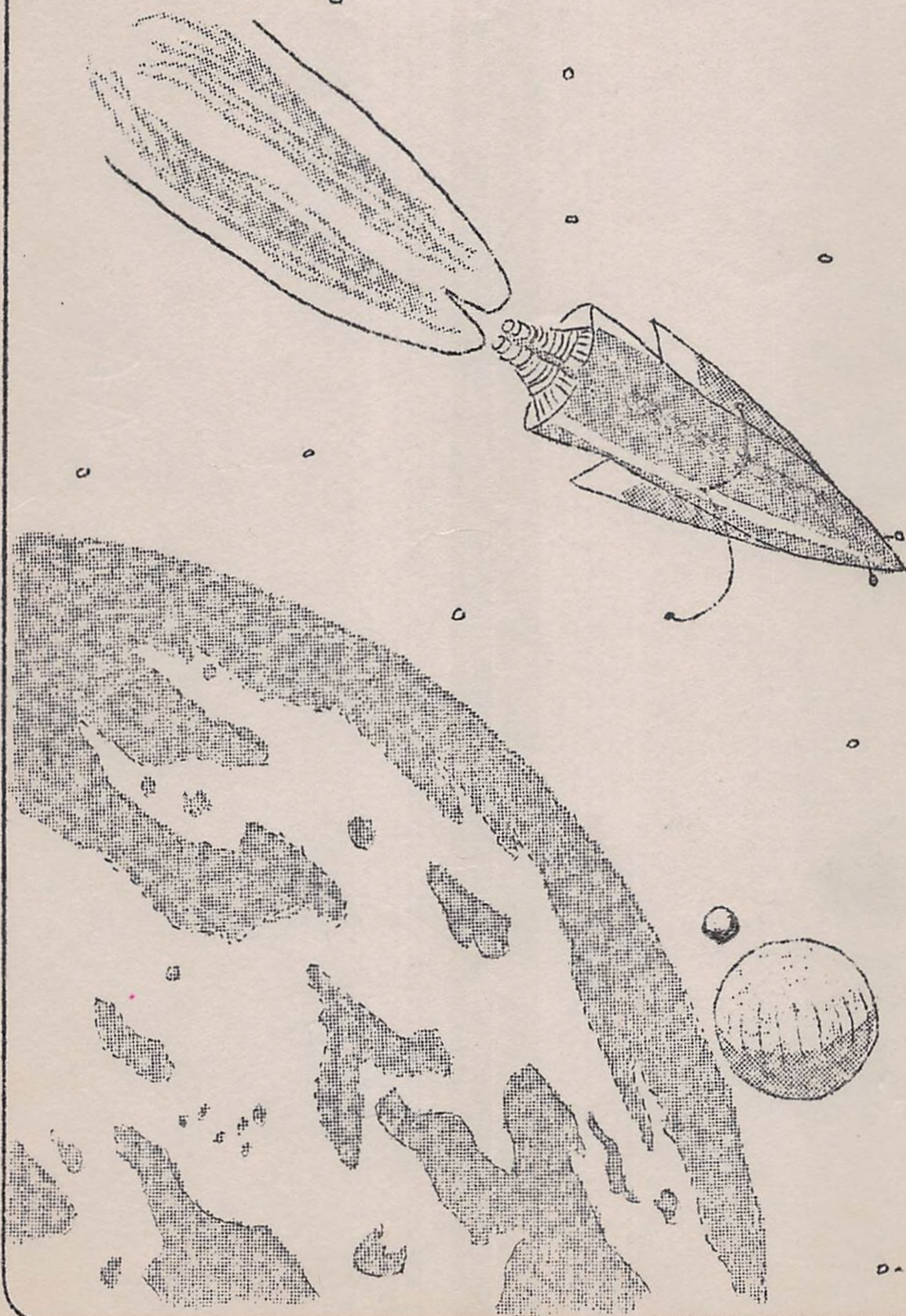


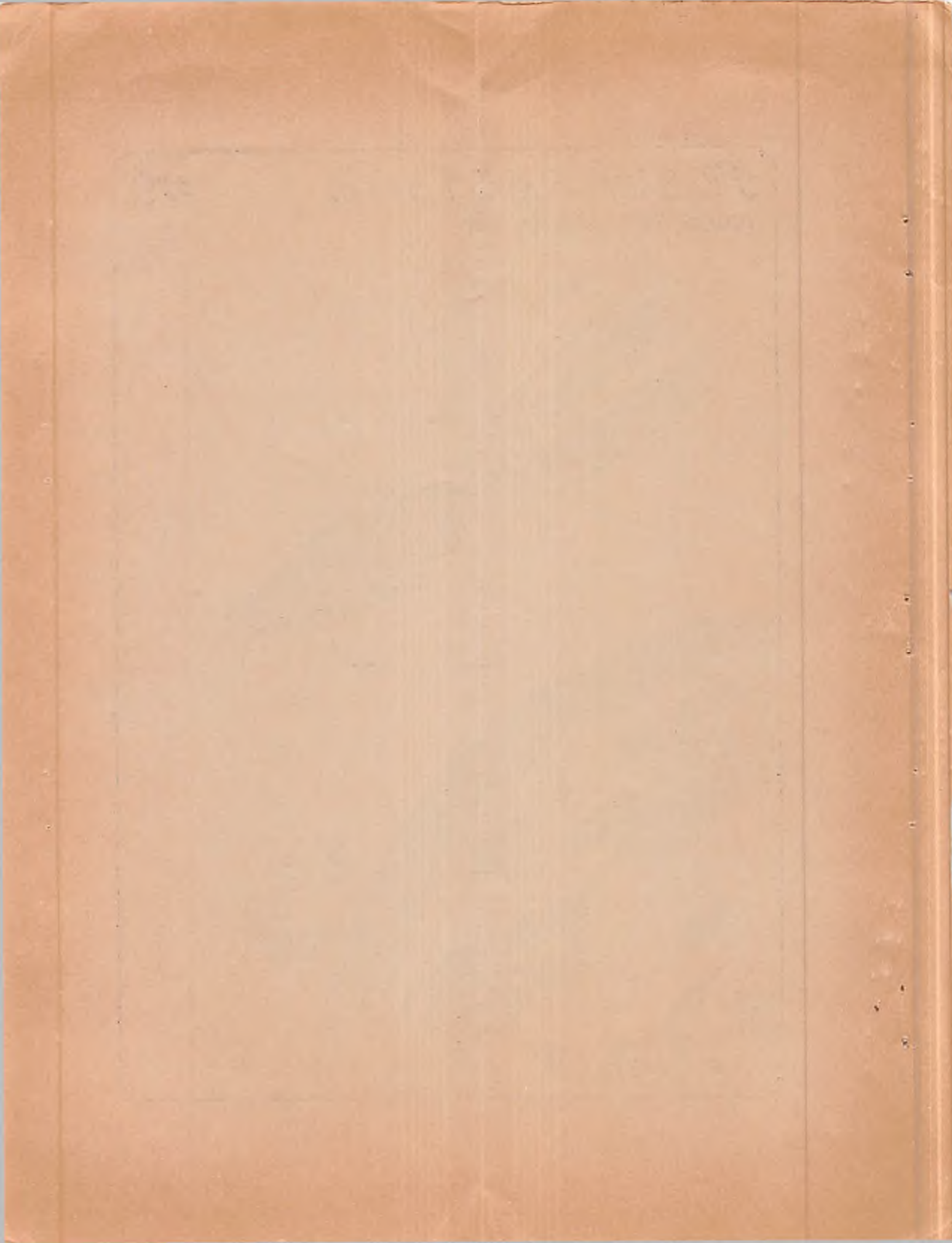
# INSURRECTION

#9

VOLUME TWO - NUMBER SIX







INSURRECTION is published approximately quarterly by Robert N. Lambeck; Bldg. E, Room 215; New Freshman Dormitories, Burdett Ave.; Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute; Troy, New York; U.S.A. (preceding address good after 13 September) ((Home address: 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan, USA)) INSURRECTION is available for 10¢ per or 10/\$1, contributions, trade, etc.

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Pages 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 16	- - - - -	- - - - - Ray Nelson
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Page 9	- - - - -	- - - - - Peggy Cook
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Several readers have asked for a dictionary of fan terminology. For \$1.25, they can obtain a copy of the FANCYCLOPEDIA II (186 pp) from Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia, U.S.A. Check to see if copies are still available before sending money.

The reason that you are receiving this issue of INSURRECTION is indicated on the address label. M indicates that you have material in this issue or that you will have material in a future issue. T indicates that we are trading zines. S indicates that you are a subscriber. X indicates that you can depend on receiving the next issue. Absence of an X indicates that you can probably depend on not receiving the next issue.





Well, it's like this. I'm a bit fed up with the general neofannishness of fandom in general. Neofannishness has to be endured when it comes from neofans, and it's usually worth it. Neofans often bring fresh insights and new slants into fandom. However, I don't think that I have to put up with neofannishness and general fuggheadedness under the guise of sensitive fannish humor and suchlike. Especially when it comes from well-established actifen who should know better.

From now on, incoming fanzines will be acknowledged with trade copies of INSURRECTION. Letters of comment will be written if I feel that there is anything worth commenting on. I will continue to correspond with fans, but, because of college work, I can't guarantee any sort of promptness in my replies.

INSURRECTION will continue to be published.

I intend to publish at least four issues per year, but I can't guarantee anything.

The material in INSURRECTION will be of whatever type I feel like publishing. The quality will be the best that I can get without resorting to paying money.

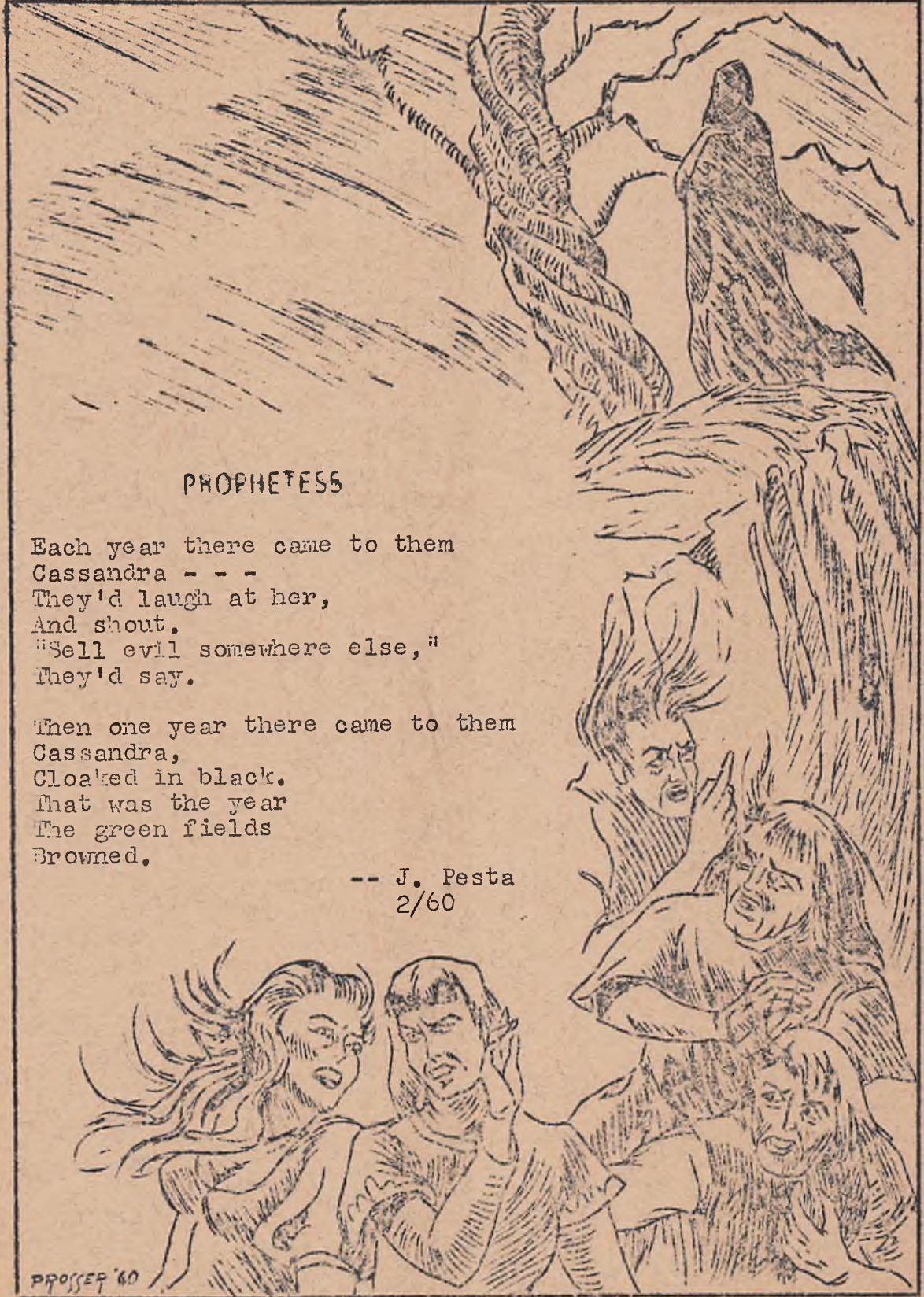
Since I can't answer all the incoming mail, I'll answer some of the questions of more-or-less general interest here:

Issue #8 of this fmz was officially EXCONN. This issue is the first INSURRECTION.

I have been accepted at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, NY. See address on contents page.

My College Board aptitude scores were: Verbal, 746; Math, 800. The achievement scores were: English, 647, Advanced Math, 800; Physics, 779. (highest possible score:800)





### PROPHETESS

Each year there came to them  
Cassandra - - -  
They'd laugh at her,  
And shout.  
"Sell evil somewhere else,"  
They'd say.

Then one year there came to them  
Cassandra,  
Cloaked in black.  
That was the year  
The green fields  
Browned.

-- J. Pesta  
2/60

PROSSER '60



TALES  
FROM  
THE  
CHILD'S  
GARDEN  
OF *ZEN*



GUNG HO

BY RAY NELSON



When Gung Ho, the devout Zen Buddhist Monk, arrived in America, one of the first people he met was a fanatical Christian who thrust a wad of pamphlets into his hands and panted, "Have you been Saved?"

"No, not yet, but I expect that I soon will be," answered the sage of Kyoto quietly, then he added in an earsplitting scream, "HALP! POLICE!"



~~~~~

A prostitute was trying to convince Gung Ho, the ardent student of Zen, that he should try her wares.

"Buddha won't mind if you have a little fun," she said.

"True," answered the Pride of Kyoto sadly, "No pleasure is forbidden me so long as I maintain myself in a state of complete spiritual detachment."

"Let's go then!"

"But," continued the Black Sheep of Kyoto, "unfortunately I have discovered that in a state of complete spiritual detachment I can't get a hard on."



~~~~~

Gung Ho, the Jerry Lewis of Zen Buddhism, was playing chess with Father O'Malley one night, carrying on a bit of religious discussion on the side. When at last the game ended in a draw, Father O'Malley sat back with a smile and lit his pipe.

"You don't believe in a Heaven or Hell, do'ye, m'boy?" asked the Irish priest.

"No," answered the Buddhist.

"Then answer me this, m'boy," snorted Father O'Malley in triumph. "If there be no Heaven or Hell, where do

ye go when ye die?"

"Where does my fist go," answered Mister Ho, clenching his fist and smiling over-so-slightly, "when I open my hand?"







Gung Ho, the pride of his Zen monastery, was walking in the woods with another monk from a Christian monastery, talking quietly of the sins of the World, when all at once they came in sight of a beautiful young girl who had lifted her skirts to a rather indecent height in an effort to keep them dry

as she tried to wade across a stream. Without a word, the Buddhist monk swept her up in his arms, carried her across the stream, and set her down on the other side with a chuckle and a kiss. The Christian monk followed, mouth agape, as Gung Ho continued on his way. They had

walked for several miles in silence before the Christian monk could contain himself no

longer and burst out, "After all your talk of Detachment from Worldly Things, how could you pick up that brazen young tramp in your arms ... and even kiss her?!!"

The Buddhist looked at the Christian in surprise and answered, "What? Are you still carrying that girl around? Why, I set her down on the riverbank long ago!"

~~~~~

"One place I've never been," roared the sailor, leaning over the bar table and breathing in the fact of Gung Ho, the faithful follower of Zen, "and that's in jail! I've sailed the whole world round, seen every inch of sea from here to Australia and back so many times I can tell my position by the color of the seagulls that come after the ship's garbage, but I've never been in jail! I'm not saying I'm an angel, mind you, but if I ever done anything, at least I wasn't caught at it! I've been everywhere that's worth being at, seen everything that's worth seeing, but there's one place I've never been and never will be, and that's jail!"

"Some jails," observed the Zen monk, "float."

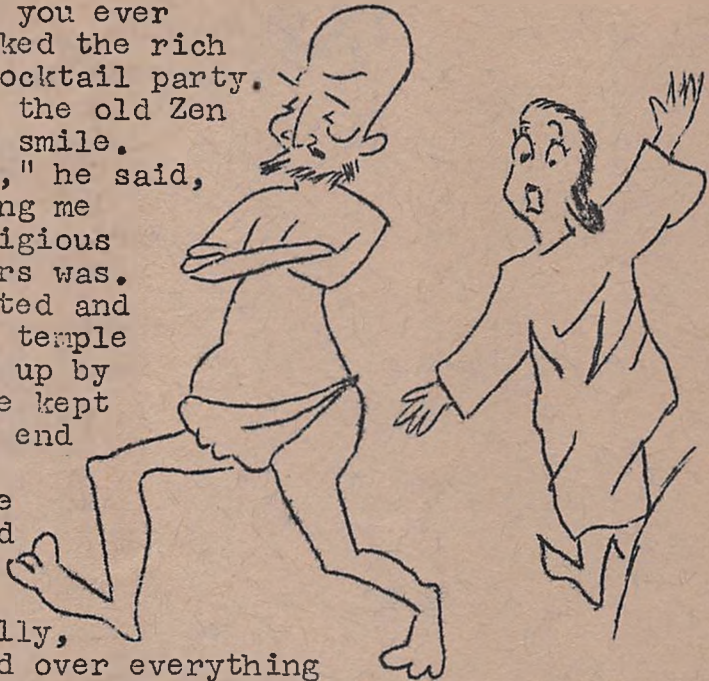
~~~~~



"How did you ever become a Zen monk?" asked the rich society woman at the cocktail party.

Gung Ho, the old Zen master, replied with a smile.

"One day," he said, "my wife started telling me about what a fine, religious man one of the neighbors was. She told me how he fasted and prayed and went to the temple all the time and ended up by informing me that if he kept on like that, he might end up a saint. Then she started to criticize me for my worldly ways and say that I could never hope to be anything like a holy man. Finally, I had enough. I signed over everything to my wife, tied a dirty cloth around my loins, and walked barefoot about 200 miles to the nearest Zen monastery and I've been a faithful monk ever since."



"But good Heavens, your wife must have been upset!" cried the society woman.

"Not for long," answered Mr. Ho. "When that neighbor found out how much money I had left her, he left his own wife and ran off with mine."

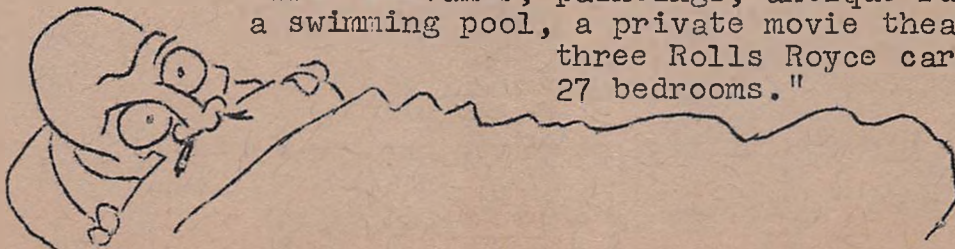
"You must hate that neighbor!" said the society woman.

"No. Not at all. You see, he felt so guilty about it that he gave all the money to my monastery. Men like that are the life-blood of all religions," said Gung Ho.

~~~~~

"I hear your book on the history of Zen is a best seller, Mr. Ho," said the college student to the Zen Buddhist monk in the halls of the university. What are you going to do with all that money?"

"I've rented a huge mansion," answered Mr. Ho, "with servants, paintings, antique furniture, a swimming pool, a private movie theatre, three Rolls Royce cars, and 27 bedrooms."





"Wow," gasped the student, "You can sleep in a different bed every night!"

"No," said Gung Ho, raising his thin hand, "the 27 bedrooms and all that other stuff is for my guests. Please don't tell anyone, but I sleep in an army surplus sleeping bag in the attic."

"Congratulations, Mr. Ho," said the college president, shaking the hand of the old Zen monk from Kyoto. "I hear you have been giving private lessons to some of the students in this university, and that your pupils are leading all the rest in their studies."



"That is correct," said the little Japanese.

"But is it true that you are teaching ALL subjects, even in advanced courses?"

"Oh yes, is true."

"But good heavens man," gasped the college president, "what an education you must have! What breadth of learning!"

"Oh no," answered Mr. Ho, "I have no education and no learning."

"But then how do you teach all those subjects?"

"I have no knowledge or understanding but great interest in everything. It is the students who teach me. When they have repeated what they must learn enough times and simplified it enough so that my stupid head can grasp it, then a miracle happens and they understand it themselves," said Gung Ho.

-- Ray Nelson





## Balladeer of the Outer Dark\*

With his rucksack and brogans and old battered hat  
and guitar with the silvery strings,  
he rose like a mist from the hills of the south  
where the brown mountain whippoorwill sings.

All lonely men heard old ballads of Earth  
as they stood the ghost-watch on the Moon;  
and homesick young spacers, patrolling on Mars,  
would be cheered by a soft mountain-tune.

No man ever saw him, this wild balladeer,  
though they'd hear his soft song in the night;  
and the legend of John spread throughout the frontier,  
wherever man touched in his flight.

And even out here, on Centauri, they say --  
while the bitter wind howls all night long --  
you can hear the swift whisper of silvery strings  
and the echo of old mountain-song.



\* with apologies  
to Manly Wade  
Wellman

by

Peggy  
Cook







It is unfortunate, in stories of this kind, that the reader's forgiveness must be asked. So it is with my tale; it places the reader in the position of having to accept as true (or at least pass judgement on) a story remarkably deplete of helpful clues and details, deplete of any and all proof -- a story of which the narrator often doubts the truth, although it happened to him.

The day was dank and morbid. Rain drenched the porous soil into muckiness and loosened bits of the crumbly earth, which rolled down the muddy river bank and toppled into the choppy Ohio River. I had hoped to take some photographs of the Cincinnati skyline, but, this made impossible by the weather, I slid my camera back into its worn leather case, almost breaking a flash-bulb in the process. I turned, ready to climb the hill. I took one last look at what should have been the Cincinnati skyline. Instead of this familiar silhouette, I saw, to my complete astonishment, a great city of some glowing green stone, with spires and columns reaching high into the sky. Over the city flew (I am almost tempted to say 'floated') a craft of gigantic size, which I took to be constructed of some metal resembling aluminum, all silvery in colour, which had the form of a great disc. From the centre of the thing came a beam of yellowish light.

It was then that the river attracted my attention, for there were water-craft that floated not on the water, as do our present-day boats, but a few feet above it. These boats seemed to draw water up into them, as if they processed water for propulsion.

This weird apparition remained before my eyes but momentarily. However, before it faded away I managed to get a few shots of it with my camera. These, when developed, showed nought but a curious green haze.

The next moment the Cincinnati skyline was there again, the same one which had been known to me for many years.

What happened that day is far beyond my knowledge and erudition. I can but guess. Perhaps some unknown temporal snag showed me the Cincinnati skyline as it will be at some time in the future. Maybe what I saw was aeons ago in the earth's fathomless past, in the aera when races not human held sway over our planet.

For all I know is that for one moment a great city of some strange stone rose up, while, a moment later, the skyline of today was there again, with conventional aeroplanes in the sky and everyday boats plying the rain-roughed Ohio River.

What was the daemon city that rose ghost-like almost to the sky?

-- George Henry Wagner



What I intend to do this time is to review a book that should be of general interest not only to science-fiction readers but to the reading public in its total mass. The book I have selected is not the sort that would probably be covered in Cry, Yandro, or any other sf fan- or prozine. This book has, I believe, a vital significance to all of us, and I hope that I can make this significance evident to those who read this. My selection is a truly great work, despite its brevity. I might never have seen it myself had it not been selected, and rightly so, as one of the two Rutgers "Books of the Year." Friends, Romans, and countrymen, I give you Jacob Bronowski and Science and Human Values.

Science and Human Values, regarded externally, is a slim, unimposing volume in its paperbacked edition (Harper Torchbooks, #TB505, \$.95, 94pp.), but, when one turns it over, one finds that it is plastered with all sorts of appreciative comments by Dr. Norbert Wiener, Julian Huxley, and Scientific American, to name a few. It is even slimmer when one subtracts from its meager 94 pages those pages which have been illustrated with sketches by William Blake and Leonardo da Vinci. Nevertheless, it contains enough truly thought-provoking material to fill up more space than what I intend to take.

Dr. Bronowski is a truly distinct personality in contemporary Anglo-American culture in that he is both a distinguished professional scientist and an inspiring humanist. This becomes obvious when one reads his description of the ruins of Nagasaki. It seems he was being driven from southern Japan over the mountains to a ship in Nagasaki harbor. Having no idea of the length of the journey and knowing only that he would be passing through the ruined city, he did not even realize that he had left the open country until he heard the ship's loudspeakers broadcasting loud music. At this moment the awareness came that what he had thought were broken rocks were the left-overs of a concrete power house with its punched-in roof. He makes the point that what happened in "that city" was really nothing new -- men have been using weapons against each other for centuries -- and that the only innovation was in the scale of destruction, indifference to man, and newly realized immediacy of conscience in revenge. "Before this immediacy fades, let us acknowledge our subject for what it is: civilization face to face with its own implications. The implications are both the industrial slum that Nagasaki was ... and the ashy desolation which the bomb made of the slum." The



ship, ironically enough, was playing an old dance tune called "Is You or Is You Ain't My Baby?" which is the same question that civilization asks of both ruins.

BART

This question is not being asked of scientists, but of ordinary civilized men. Those whose educations and/or preferences have been confined to the humanities insist that scientists alone are to blame for the destruction, for, plainly enough, mandarins don't make tools of destruction. Scientists reply, equally contemptuously, that the aesthetes can do well to assume no responsibility for the past, but what are they doing to direct a society that suffers more from inaction than from error? This sort of bickering between two major cultural groups is uncomfortable and useless. Our world is constantly and wholly influenced by science. It is a real world which cannot, must not be turned into a game by taking sides. Such a game would cost us our most valuable possession -- the human content of our lives. The world today is both made and powered by science; for any man to abandon an interest in science is to walk openly toward slavery. The general aim of Bronowski is to show that the parts of civilization make a whole -- to equate science with humanistic creativity by correlating their similar aims and processes.

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No scientific theory is merely a collection of facts. The evolution of a theory comes through original research and individual experience. Just as the poet or artist communicates his experiences through his medium to the world at large, so does the mathematician or physicist. Science finds order in experience; art, music, and letters find a variety. However, there exists only a single creativity. Scientific discoveries and works of art are explorations, expeditions in search of truth of expression. True creation, as Bronowski means it, is creation of truth. Hypothesis, therefore, is a tool of creation. Science-fiction is a form of pure hypothesis. It could be construed as an honest attempt to recreate the future.

There are two ways of looking for truth. One is to find concepts that are apparently beyond challenge because they are held to be self-evident either by faith or by authority. The other is by purposeful doubting and testing and correcting our concepts. This other, the second, is what has come to be known as "the habit of truth." It is always minute, yet always urgent; it has long been the mainspring in our civilization.

I must warn the general reader that this is not a book intended to entertain. Let those who feel that they are too tired to think forget about it entirely. For that matter, they should abandon science-fiction and degenerate themselves to a less taxing

(cont. on p. 17)



# BICKERINGS

THE  
OPPRESSED  
READERSHIP

Walter Breen      So what's your grotch at CRY? Later issues  
311 E. 72      have been better than #137 if anything.  
NYC 21, NY      Foop! ~~My~~ My grotch is simply that there is  
nothing in CRY that is either interesting or  
entertaining enough that I feel it would be worthwhile to  
gag through an entire issue to find it. Perhaps it has im-  
proved since #137, but I don't intend to waste a quarter to  
find out.}}

Wouldn't it depend on the female whether you found her  
appealing unclothed? How about Trina on the cover of FAN-  
NISH II? All that clothes do, basically, is to create a  
deception; any aesthetic quality that have is strictly sec-  
ondary. And of you insist on not 'noving, say, what your  
own wife looks like unclothed before the First Night, well  
-- blame only yourself if she turns out to be shaped like a  
rag doll underneath those clothes. Fout. ~~Of course~~ Of course it  
would depend on the female whether I would find her appeal-  
ing unclothed. However, I think that, in general, she would  
be more appealing when tastefully attired. Yes, clothes  
create a deception. That is why I find them attractive.  
I think that a woman should select her clothes to show off



"It's ingroup ter-  
minology, without  
obscene connotations,  
generally conceded  
to be a corruption  
of the more common  
term 'foghead.'"

her figure -- not necessarily as a  
bikini would show it off, but to give  
sufficient hints that one might let  
one's imagination supply the details.  
In other words, I have a helluva lot  
of fun trying to guess what a girl  
looks like. Guys like you are just  
taking all the fun out of the game.}}

E.E. Greenleaf, Jr.      I've decided  
1309 Mystery St.      that I'm not go-  
New Orleans 19, La.      ing to bushwack  
you. Killing's  
too good for you. I'm going to let  
you live, so you can suffer. Wait'll  
Campbell starts sticking pins in your  
image, or Ellison takes over TWILIGHT  
ZONE! ~~Okay~~ Okay, I can wait. Actually,  
being bushwacked in the halls was go-  
ing to have been the highpoint of the  
PITFCON for me. You see, I was going  
to be prepared! I'd be carrying a  
guitar case with me which might con-  
tain a guitar or, perhaps, a tommy gun.  
rat-tat-tat!}}



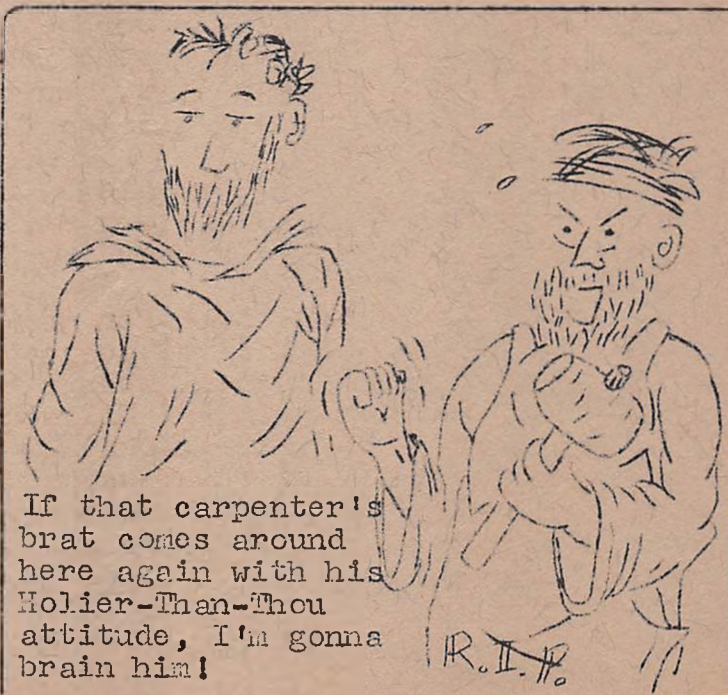
Mike Deckinger 85 Locust Ave. Millburn, N.J. Stating that you will publish only what you want is nothing new -- what fanned at one time or another hasn't declared that this was his policy, and fie on anyone who thinks differently? But just what type of zine do you enjoy. You failed to specify. {{I'm pleased that you were so observant as to note that I didn't specify what type of zine I enjoy. There is a definite reason for this. There are several types of zines that I enjoy. I don't intend to restrict myself to publishing any particular type of material. As I've said a couple times before in EXCONN, you're liable to find just about anything in this zine.}}

Ross S. Trevitt 600 Main St. Hyannis, Mass. c/o Exiners I can't very well go into a song and dance about how EXCONN/INS 'looked' when it arrived in what is laughingly called my mailbox because it didn't. Arrive in my mailbox, I mean. Janet Freeman threw EXCONN and some other zines at me last night, and I happened to catch this one. Enough on an involved subject.

I liked the art on pp 3 muchly. Who did it? {{The artist is angry at me because I mentioned his name on page 17½ of EXCONN #8}} Outside of that, I enjoyed everything but your fanzine reviews (which got tiresome). That doesn't leave very much, does it? {{The fmz reviews were intended more as acknowledgements of the zines. I've instituted a new policy, however, of not acknowledging anything, so you won't have to worry about my interminable review columns in the future.}}

Your lettercol was completely esoteric in spots, but I like that sort of thing in small doses.

In case you haven't figured it out, I'm trying to mooch another copy so that I can figure out just what kind(s) of psychosis you have. {{You're not being as funny as you think you are. I came near to not passing my Rorschach test. Now how the h--- am I going to pad this out to the bottom of the page?}}



If that carpenter's brat comes around here again with his Holier-Than-Thou attitude, I'm gonna brain him!



Fred Galvin    {{Why did you DND your letter, Fred? I would have extended your sub one issue.}}

Harry Warner, Jr.    Something definitely seems to be wrong with your address. All those things shouldn't happen to the incoming and outgoing mail, particularly the manner in which it usually becomes soggy and torn. Did you ever stop to think that there may be a mean water nymph living somewhere near your home, intercepting your mail because you displeased her somehow, maybe by wearing overshoes or carrying an umbrella? {{It couldn't be that. I don't wear overshoes or carry an umbrella. But, you should see what copies of EXCOMM look like that are returned for various reasons. One was practically torn in half. Usually, the only thing recognizable on a returned copy is my address and the postage due stamp.}}

Someone ought to print a five-page Dick Schultz letter one of these days. I keep getting that letdown feeling whenever I find yet another paragraph in the Cry or some other letter column with the brief note that this is cut down from five pages. {{I'll give serious thought to the possibility of running a Schultzletter as a serial}}

Noe. There, maybe that'll satisfy Len Moffatt and Ray Nelson and all the others who keep insisting that I can write no wrong. {{Don't forget Al J Lewis, who says, "Harry Warner, Jr. can right no wrong!"}}

NBF  
Ms.  
Bu.



AND WE ALSO RECEIVED  
BRICKBATS FROM .....

Clay Hamlin: Your latest issue is best described as forgettable.

Miles MacAlpin: Don't you permit the owl-eyed sophisticates to kill the strong individualism of your worthy zine.

Les Nirenberg: Like Eryb said in his zine reviews in DAFOE, EXCOMM is a below standard zine.

Fred Galvin: Thanks for welcoming me to the NFFT. Welcome yourself.

Billy Joe Plott: It's about time we stood up for Faned's Rights.

Johnny Bowles: "die"



FROM THE BANKS (cont. from p. 13) form of relaxation, such as (ugh!) westerns, leaving stf to the more serious. But, to get back to the particulars, let me say that I think Science and Human Values is truly one of the most vital books of this or any other age. Buy it, read it, and absorb it! It will be an experience you will not easily forget.

Any comments on this session of From the Banks should be sent to me at my home address, since they'll be answered faster that way. I answer all mail. Address: Bart Milroad, 91 Locust Avenue, Hillburn, New Jersey, U.S.A.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bill Wolfenbarger, 602 West Hill St., Neosho, Missouri, U.S.A. would like to BUY copies of the first 7 issues of this magazine.

Allen Rasor (4121 Dean Dr., Oak Lawn, Ill., USA) and Bruce Modes (11041 S. Keeler, Oak Lawn, etc.) plan to publish a fanzine, INFINITY, which will feature fan-written stf. "We want stories that are GOOD science fiction. We want something that is exciting and colorful."

\*\*\*\*\*

# R E C A P I T U L A T I O N

| issue | title        | duplication  | date    | # of copies |
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| #1    | CONNECTIFAN  | hecto&carbon | Oct '58 | 18          |
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| #5    | "            | "            | Nov "   | ?           |
| #6    | "            | "            | Dec "   | ?           |
| #7    | "            | "            | Feb '60 | 140         |
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\*\*\*\*\*

I'll never forget the day I found out cats were homosexual.



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