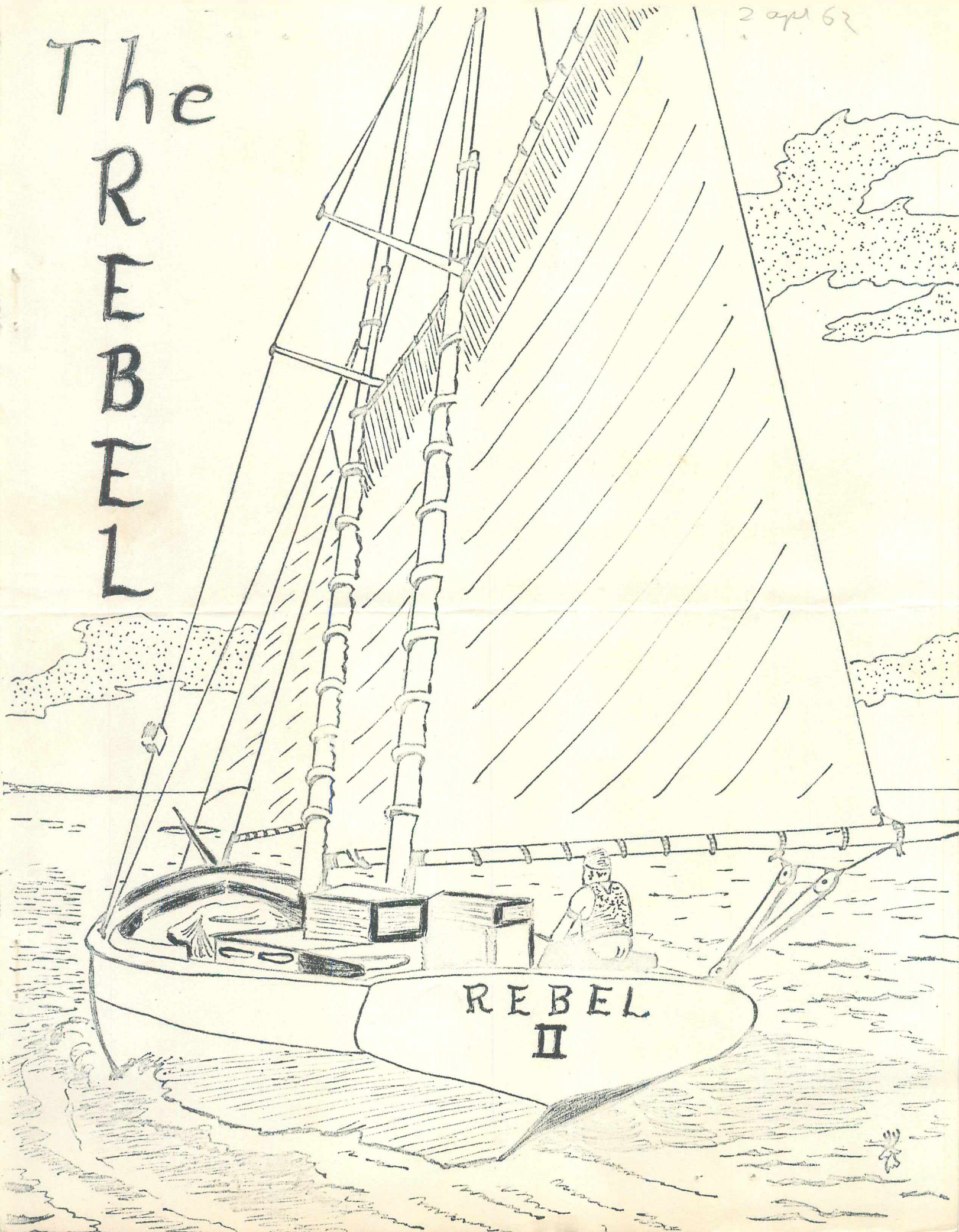


The REBEL

2 apr 62



Rebel #2

VOL. I, NO. 2

A JET Publication

March 1962

THE REBEL, a JET publication; is edited and published by John Jackson, RR#7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Indiana; USA, approximately quarterly-- and I do mean approximately. 15¢ each, 7 for \$1. Also available for trade, contribution, or to other favored ones for any of several devious reasons. Although letters of comment are welcomed, and encouraged, this fanzine is not usually available for just a LoC, tho there may be a few exceptions. "If you can't get it by hook or crook, use money"-- Ray Trevino.

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Dave Locke.....	logo 1, bacover
Randy Scott.....	4
Mike Kurman.....	7, 18; 19
Tom Armistead (KOTA).....	8; 12
Ray Trevino.....	16, 17
Kitty Stuckey.....	20
John Jackson (JET).....	anything else

In future issues we'll have--fiction by Mike Kurman, Bill Bowers, Mike Hayes; articles by Mike Kurman, Tom Armistead; Dave Hulan's column, hopefully a column by Dave Locke, and possibly either an article or a column by Mike Hayes. ## Due to, among other things, a scarcity of money around here, I'm going to cut the circulation for next issue. Anyone who does not reply in some form or other will probably be dropped. So please take heed, if you want to continue to receive THE REBEL. ## Mike Hayes is an Eric Frank Russel fanatic, and is interested in getting in touch with other fans of EFR. Also would be willing to buy any stories or books by him or articles about him. If anybody is interested in Russel, or has any material concerning him, Mike would appreciate a card or letter. Mike Hayes, Box 436, Niagara University, New York. ## See y'all nextish, which probably be out around June sometime....



MOLLNIR

---AN EDITORIAL

From out of the depths of some black limbo, THE REBEL once again rears its strange head. There were times when I had my doubts that we'd ever be heard from again, but we pulled through somehow. I hope to long continue publishing THE REBEL, and to even longer continue my wonderful association with science fiction and fandom. I seem to have finally found my niche here, and I think the whole business is great.

A bit of information for those of you who do not know me: I'm a 16-year-old junior at Crown Point High, currently at the top of my class, a wrestler and football player, tho I'm only about 5'2" or so, and weigh now about 123. I don't know how many of you are familiar with high school wrestling, but I'm going to go into a small disertation on same, since it is really my sport, and I really like it.

So: High school wrestling is not at all like the ham acting on TV or at the local arena. This is a real sport. It is divided into 12 weight classes, something like boxing, and you only wrestle boys in your own weight class. And one thing I should mention now: when you are in wrestling shape, you are really in trim. You can pack an awful lot of stamina, speed, and muscle into an awful light frame. If you think you're in good shape, you'd probably lose ten pounds to wrestle. Boys I know have lost nearly 20 pounds to make a certain weight class and then have to nearly starve during the season to stay under the weight limit. Each match is divided into three 2-minute periods, "the hardest six minutes in sports!" The object is to pin your opponent if possible, by holding both his shoulders to the mat for two seconds, or if not, to win by a decision, by outscoring your opponent. I've wrestled varsity since my freshman year, under a couple of the best coaches, and on several of the best teams in the state. My freshman year, our team had a 11-2-1, 2nd in sectional record. Last year, we went undefeated in 14 dual meets, and were sectional champs. This year we were 12-2, and were both Calumet Conference Champions and sectional champs. I, myself, have only lost one dual meet match in my life: that was once during my freshman year. That year I took first in sectional, 2nd in regionals, and 4th in the state finals. Last year I was 2nd in sectionals, and 3rd in regionals; this year I was again sectional champ, but took 4th in the regionals. The boy who beat me at regionals lost the night match, and the next week took 3rd in state, and the boy who beat him, our regional champ, became State Champion. (By a pin, too, I might add)

This year I wrestled in the 112# class, tho by sectional time, 115# is allowed. The 1st and 2nd boys in sectionals go to the regionals, and the first two there go to State, where they will get a minimum of 4th. Here below is the way my sectionals went:

	Davis (R)		
Perino (A)	Perino (A)	Davis (R)	
Tarr (Mann)		(pin)	
	Cunningham (L)	Jackson (CP)	
Jackson (CP)	Jackson (CP)	4-2 (O-T)	
Smith (Em)		(Pin)	
Johnston (Merr)			Jackson (CP)
Collins (Toll)	Collins (Toll)		4-1
	Hildreth (V)	Hildreth (V)	
BYE		(pin)	
Hirsch (LW)	Hirsch (LW)	Hildreth (V)	
	Radtke (Ed)	Radtke (Ed)	4-2
			3rd Radtke (Ed)

The O-T means overtime. In tournament play, if the score is tied at the end of the regulation six minutes, the wrestlers go for an additional two 1-minute periods. If it is still tied after the overtime, the referee and judges make a decision, and decide who they think has been the best, most aggressive wrestler.

So much for that. Have to get another ad in here. These are new items for sale: 25¢ each, 5 for \$1.10, or thereabouts.

SOLAR LOTTERY-Dick (Ace); ADDRESS: CENTAURI-FLWallace (Galaxy SF Novel); ROGUE IN SPACE-Brown (Bantam); TIME IN ADVANCE-Tenn (Bantam); DOUBLE STAR-Heinlein (Signet); METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN-Heinlein (Signet); THE OUTER REACHES-ed by Derleth (Berkeley); A TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION-ed by Conklin (Berkley); THREE TIMES INFINITY-ed by Margulies (Gold Medal); SARGASSO OF SPACE-North?THE COSMIC PUPPETS-Dick (Ace Double)

ASTOUNDING/ANALOG-Mar 1959; April 1959; May 1959; June 1960; AMAZING-June 1959; IF-Feb 1958; Sept. 1959; IMAGINATIVE TALES-Mar 1957; F & SF-May 1960; SUPER-SCIENCE FICTION-Feb 1959; THE ORIGINAL SF STORIES-Jan 1959; SATELLITE SF-April 1958; FUTURE-#31, Winter 56-57; #1, May-June 1950; ADVENTURE-Feb 1948

Got to make money somehow... Would also like to trade, if any of you are interested in something there. Anybody got THE BEST FROM F & SF 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, or 10th Series? Or SF THE YEAR'S GREATEST 3rd, 4th, or 6th Annual? In pb or hc, but pb's are easier to pay for.

Thanks for any of you who sent in art. The response in some departments was almost overwhelming. I got half a dozen different covers or offers for covers. However, I do not have near the interior art I would like. If any of you getting this are artists, I'd appreciate any art you could send my way. Contributors get both the ish their work appears in and also the next one, which would contain comments on their stuff.

If you're not sure why you're getting THE REBEL (or if I'm not), it's probably because you are a faned and I want to trade, or because I would like you to contribute, or if nothing else--subscribe: this publication also needs money to keep it going.

I'd also like to get some serious discussion going in the letter-col. Letters next ish will be of necessity smaller and cut more. Most letters this time were pubbed in their entirety because of the relatively small number of them, and because I had the space, which I probably won't have in my next issue. Material is already piling up, and I've got a number of promises for material. But the letters will occupy a fair amount of space, depending on the quality and quantity.

How do you fen feel about the Fan Awards? I think it's a good idea, but lately I've heard some harsh criticism coming from various corners.

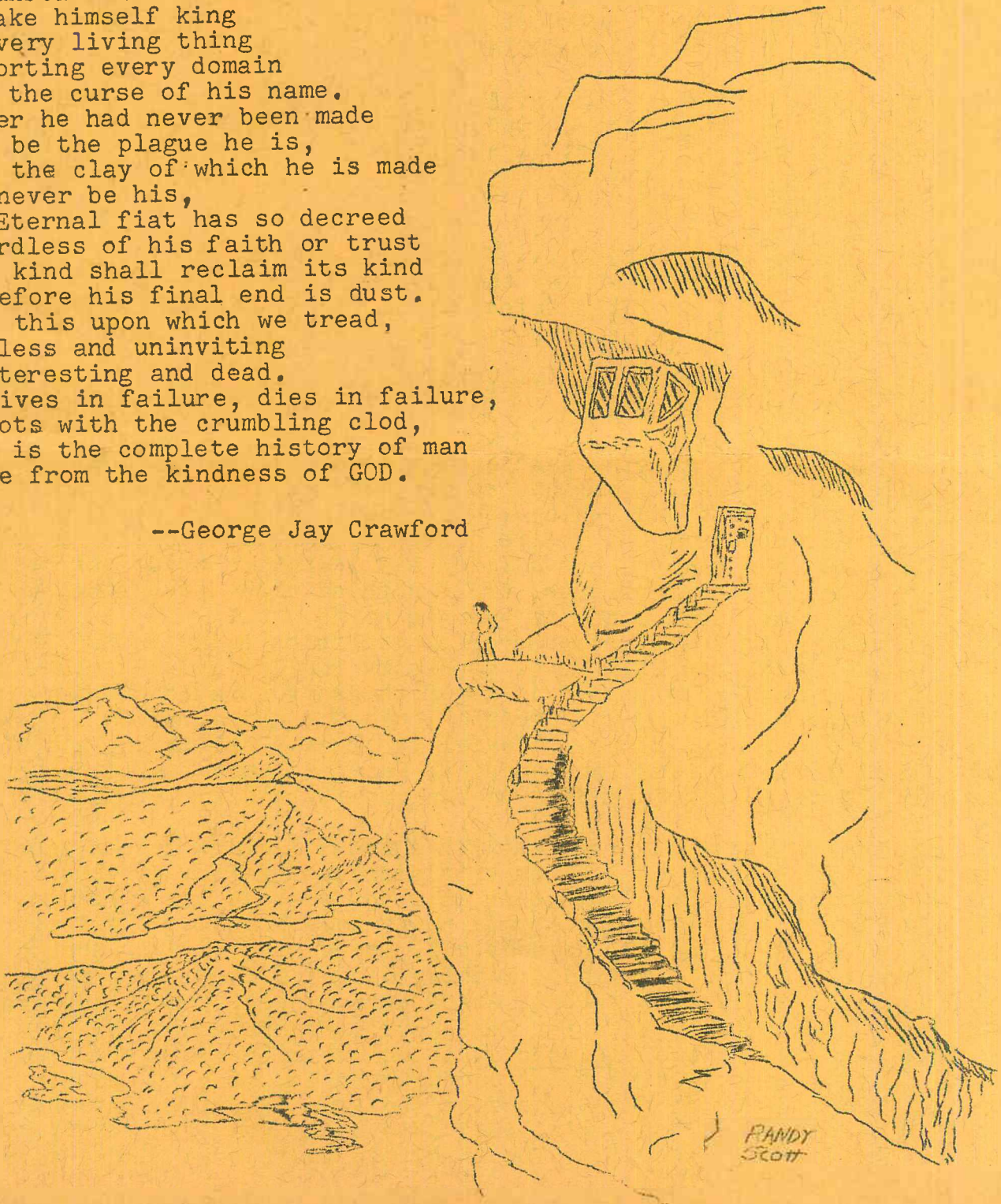
Have you joined the Convention yet, and sent in your nominations for the Hugos? I finally got around to it this month, after a too long delay. And if I can do it, anybody can. To my mind, YANDRO should get the award for fan publications. Nothing else has come close to being such a consistently good effort, every issue, every month. Stranger in a Strange Land gets my vote for Best Novel. Heinlein has always been my favorite author; and Stranger... is undoubtedly the best sf work of 1961. If you agree, get in there and support it. Even if you don't, put in your membership dues, and vote for your favorite. Why should the Hugo go to something you don't like? It's up to you. The Hugo is your way of showing what you like. The committee can't read minds; they can only count ballots. VOTE

And that about winds it up for this month. See you next. --JJ

*
*
DISTORK
*
*

Kindness, that attribute of Deity,
Can man acquire
Or must he be content to gaze
Upon things as they are.
Distorted by man's inhumanity
And unreasonable desire
To make himself king
Of every living thing
Distorting every domain
With the curse of his name.
Better he had never been made
Than be the plague he is,
Even the clay of which he is made
Can never be his,
For Eternal fiat has so decreed
Regardless of his faith or trust
That kind shall reclaim its kind
Therefore his final end is dust.
Like this upon which we tread,
Lifeless and uninviting
Uninteresting and dead.
He lives in failure, dies in failure,
He rots with the crumbling clod,
Such is the complete history of man
Aside from the kindness of GOD.

--George Jay Crawford



BLACK FRIDAY

by SCOTT NEILSEN

The date was October 5, 1973...they called it "Black Friday". That was the day great blobs of darkness descended over cities, towns, states, countries, oceans, lakes, rivers....only a few places escaped it. One moment everything was perfectly normal; the next, people were walking through a haze of black.

Tests were made on this substance and it was found to be...ink. At first, it was thought to be a new method of attack from a foreign country, and an outraged diplomatic note was sent to Russia (they thought of sending a missile instead of a note, but thought better of it). At the same time, the United States received an almost identical note from the Russian Embassy. Charges flew fast and furious. Scare-headlines appeared on newspapers and outraged editors printed biting comments in their editorials on the whole fiasco.

Articles in many newspapers told of the results of the black mess that had descended upon the world: a boat on the Atlantic was lost in the black smog; cars wrecked in the sticky black stuff; people ran into their houses to wash their faces with water, only to find the water filled with the same substance; barber-shops went out of business; commerce shuddered to an ultimate standstill... That was before the ink dried. When it did, it could be peeled off faces and people went around with raw, red countenances where they had peeled it off. When the air had cleared of the smog, planes could take off again. One pilot went aloft to report on what he could see. He was immediately put in an insane asylum when he came down; he was babbling about seeing the letter "W" printed right over Washington, D, C.

The worst was yet to come: the sun and stars disappeared next....

* * *

Mr. Jones had been wondering what to buy the twins for their birthday all day. It was their tenth birthday, and he wanted to buy them something educational, something they could learn something from. He thought and thought, but nothing came. When he got off work, he went into a store specializing in unusual gifts for children: THE JIM-DANDY TOYS FOR THE LITTLE JOYS STORE.

"What have you got in the way of an educational toy for children around ten years old?" he asked the clerk.

The clerk looked thoughtful, and then asked, "How about our new, Jim-Dandy Kiddie-Car? It teaches the children how to drive at a younger age so they won't have to take drivers' education when they get into high school." Mr. Jones looked at the price tag, looked in his wallet, and decided that a Jim-Dandy Kiddie-Car was not what he wanted, nor what his billfold wanted!

"Don't you have something a little more sophisticated (and a little cheaper)?" he asked. He knew the twins were very bright and would like some more intelligent toy. Now it was the clerk's turn to think...but nothing came. In the meantime, Mr. Jones was wandering about the store; he came upon something he liked. "Clerk! How much is this?" he yelled.

He was referring to a globe of the earth, done in breath-taking colors, which seemed almost three-dimensional.

"We just got that in today," said the clerk, "so I couldn't tell you. If you'll wait a minute I'll go and ask the manager." In the meantime, Mr. Jones stood and admired the artistic workmanship of the globe. He looked for a trademark, but could find none. He thought he could distinguish tiny buildings in New York and the Capitol Building in Washington. All the mountains were elevated (he pricked his finger on Mt. Whitney), and the seas looked realistically wet.

The manager came back with the clerk to interrupt his reverie. "Hmmm, I see you want to buy that globe. Well, I'll tell you what: since you're the first person wanting to buy this globe, we'll let you have a discount of ten dollars on it. You can have it for \$20."

At the mention of this price, Mr. Jones paled slightly, but since he was so attracted to the beautiful globe, he took out his wallet and paid the outrageous price. Then, with the globe on its standard tucked under his arm, he walked out of the store. Funny, his arm felt quite wet where the oceans hit it...

The twins were quite delighted with their fine new gift. In fact, they liked it so much that they played with it all the rest of the evening, spinning it around on its axis and stopping it with their fingers to see where the "Bomb" hit....

* * *

Half of the world's population died at the hands of the Jones twins that night!

THE SPACE BETWEEN THE STARS

The space between the stars is wide and deep:
Light years are small laggard crawlers;
They are but chromatic tears of suns that weep.
Weep silently, for none in the solitude has ears.

Man the mighty, an the strong, brings war
His might, his strength and glory to keep,
Out There of these he is shorne, for
The space between the stars is wide and deep.

Defeated, He once more returns to home,
Returns to the planet where he was born,
No more to wonder war and roam,
He returns, tired, weary and worn.

Defeated by the cold disappointing fact
That the treasure troves he tried to reap
Are too far, because of what he lacked.
The space between the stars is too wide and too deep.

__Ray Trevino

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say:
"Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today."--Horace

Tests have shown that women make better satellite pilots than men. This confirms the widely held opinion that women are excellent drivers --given plenty of room.

K A L E I O C P
A E D S O E

BY Peter J. Maurer

Stranger in a Strange Land by Robert A. Heinlein still sits on my shelf unread. The size of the book and the fine print have kept me away from it. "Lazyness" would probably be a better explanation, though. And also because I have so far completely disagreed with every one of Heinlein's insane philosophical ideas. That man can come up with the wildest plans for the ruination of our society.

A reading of Starship Troopers shows some of his disillusionment with our world, and I suppose his new book gets even further down into the problems that he thinks are the root of our troubles. Heinlein is all done with science fiction. Old men don't write good SF.

Gordon R. Dickson's Naked to the Stars has a lot in common with Starship Troopers, but its outlook is hopeful. It doesn't answer the question: "When does a man cease to be a soldier and become a murderer?" but it does leave plenty of food for thought. The story itself is beautifully written by a fine stylist. The characters aren't deep, but in this case they don't have to be.

The book version of NttS will probably fill out the details a little better. There isn't very much SF and not too much excitement here, but the story is an interesting one that will reach a wider public than the more imaginative SF. It would make a perfect "Book-of-the-month" club selection. This is the first Dickson I have read, and for my money, Naked to the Stars is the best new book of the year.

I made a survey of the newsstands and came up with the following top ten magazines:

1. ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE--The best edited, best written fiction anywhere.
2. THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION--Sometimes great, sometimes not.
3. AMAZING STORIES--The number one and only "straight" SF magazine.
4. GALAXY--Between the "kookie" stories and unpleasant illustrations, pure gold. (H.L. that is!)
5. ANALOG--Mr. Miller and an occasional masterpiece (plus J.C., Jr. are worth the price of admission.
6. FANTASTIC--I just like it. Fun.
7. THE SAINT MYSTERY MAGAZINE--Good editor. Leftovers from EQMM.
8. IF--A better title would be "WHY?", but every so often...
9. READERS DIGEST--Best bathtub reader on the market.
10. SPORT MAGAZINE--The only sport magazine.

PLAYBOY, POST, and ARGOSY have occasional good features, but not often enough. Queen and Boucher are the very best editors, but Queen has a much wider field to choose from, and for that reason is top man. Robert P. Mills has not kept up the high standards set by Boucher in F & SF. Too bad.

After reading The Gods of Mars by ERBurroughs, I can only repeat what other critics have said about



the John Carter saga: "Vivid excitement", "Stirring action", and "Pure romance"! It is hard to be critical of such fascinating fairy tales. ERB is often a childish moralist and a ruthless plot stretcher. The coincidences pile up equally with the mutilated victims of John Carter's wrath. One wonders why such a sentimental, heroic mass murderer can't even keep track of his wandering wife.

But some of ERB's science fiction and fantasy have elements of clever logic and real poetic fancy. His conception of the Tree of Life is beautiful and clever. If the battle scenes are a bit vague on strategy, at least they are never dull. ERB is at his best in colorful dramatic scenes that stand out and are gone all too quickly. When (in The Warlords of Mars) Mati Shang's daughter leaps from the flyer deck to her death in the sea bottom we witness a perfectly executed bit of melodrama. I enjoyed every page of The Gods of Mars.

More Macabre, edited by Donald A. Wollheim, contains some great horror stories. "Mother by Protest" by Richard Matheson will chill the blood of anyone who loves the utterly fantastic. The idea of a Martian being born of woman is not pleasant to think about. The author hangs his plot on two very human characters, and there lies the secret of Richard Matheson's art. His screen play for "Naked Edge" is another example of what a really talented writer can do, even for Hollywood. The rest of the book is of the same high quality even though it tends to be unnecessarily gruesome. "Fungus Isle" by Philip K. Dick could have been cut in half. The characters took far too long to find out that if they didn't get the hell out of there, their names would be mushroom.

"To Heaven Standing Up" by Paul Ernst impressed me as the best fantasy reprint so far from FANTASTIC. The leading character was so human. "Beat Cluster" was about the best Fritz Leiber I've read for years. Very clever plot.

Several Pohl-Kornbluth stories have come out lately. Those two were the best SF team, but Pohl does almost as well alone. He was the satirist, while Kornbluth did the action. They will certainly be missed at least by me.



ME?
I'M TRYING
DOCTOR KEEPER, NOT B

KUTA

THE DAY & THE CONVULVULUS

by John Berry

JEB

It's strange what ideas flit through my mind...and, indirectly, what steps I'll take to think of a plot for an article, because if, as authorities proclaim, there are only seven basic plots, I've flogged each one about a hundred times. But I got kinda lost there. I've only a simple story to tell you, and this is how it came about....

I find some delight in throwing bread to birds which congregate in my garden. Over the years I've noticed that besides sparrows and chaffinches and robins, starlings seem to be getting more and more numerous. Mentioning this to a friend of mine, he mentioned that years ago, someone had the bright idea of introducing starlings into Australia, and now they're a national disaster. That applies to rabbits, too, there are about three million to a square acre now in Australia...

Having nothing better to do, I got a book out of the library dealing with this sort of thing, plants and animals being introduced into new countries, and it really is surprising what chaos can result from this experimentation....

The book concluded:

"...these 390 pages have shown how ignorant people, without the slightest thought and consideration, have done untold and irreparable damage the world over by taking plants and animals out of their natural environment and placing them in situations the other side of the world and where their natural enemies do not exist.

Such major calamities as the waterweed blocking the Nile, the rabbits in Australia, and all the many similar cases I've enumerated, merely prove the calamitous thoughtlessness of sometimes well-meaning but nevertheless completely irrational idiots who think that they have been granted a Divine Right to organise things which Mother Nature, so they think, omitted. Surely, nowadays, there is such a public outcry against, etc, etc, etc....."

I read the book avidly, but with some trepidation, in case he'd mentioned my case-history. Fortunately, he didn't, probably because what I did, bearing in mind the international scope of his book, would count merely as provincialism. But if someone writes a book in a hundred years time, they just might spend a chapter on the....but wait, let me tell it in my own way.....

I was nine at the time. I lived on the outskirts of Birmingham, in England.

This would be in, er, 1935, and where I lived with my family, it was but a short walk to the countryside of leafy Warwickshire. It's all different now, and where once my house was in an 'outer fringe', it's now a fourpenny bus ride to even see a blade of grass. But in 1935, as

I've said, I was a 'cityite' living in very close proximity to the country. Being of a rural disposition, it was my wont to take walks into the country, so as to get fresh air into my lungs, view the wonders of nature in the form of rare examples of flora and fauna, and try and find out why teenage boys and girls all headed for the countryside, too. In my safaris on my hands and knees in the fields and hedgerows, my education increased enormously as regards loving couples, and therefore I didn't ever have time to discover any rare examples of flora or fauna.. ..but once, just once, I had a rare emotional experience. Picture the scene...the sun beaming down overhead...a slight but balmy breeze...a lesser spotted tit warbler making with its entrancing mating call in an oak above me, and three yards away, Bert Hoggins and Betty Perkins showing a remarkable lack of self control...and me esconced behind a bushy hawthorn, communing with Nature....

THEN I SAW IT.

Such a beautiful flower it was...

Sort of white, petals opening wide, stemens trembling, and lucky green leaves all around it...I couldn't miss it, it seemed to visibly pant before my eyes, as if to try and make me notice it....

Bert and Betty were taking a breather, and knowing that I wouldn't miss much for a few moments, I looked closely at the bell-like flower. It was a beautiful thing, like I said. Such superb craftsmanship..delicate, but at the same time proud, trying itsutmost to make me notice it, and straining to get a peep at the sun, sort of politely telling me to get my big head out of the way.

Bert and Betty staggered away towards the city, so I lay on my back and lit a cigarette. I knew all about boys and girls, but very little about the birds and bees...and flowers.

True, my father had cultivated a nice garden, with mundane flowers of great beauty, but here in the countryside, was NATURE....

I'm not inclined to be impulsive, but I stubbed my cigarette, and with one swift movement, decapitated the flower, stuck it in my button-hole; and pulled up the root.

I wanted to surprise my father, so with the root in my pocket, I went home and planted it where he wouldn't see it. Soon, it took root. I looked after it with maternal care and feeling. Fertilizer I put on it by the bucketful...fertilizer I obtained at great personal sacrifice by walking round following horses all day with a bucket and shovel. My plant soon took root and grew. What a lusty plant it was...and suddenly, one day, I got the impression it was a creeper. I put the manure shovel in the ground next to it, and went in for tea, and when I came back again, the plant was curled all round the shovel. I transplanted the flower at the base of a vertical length of wore, which served to hold up our wire-less aerial. (They had no transistors in those days.)

Next summer, the plant had climbed about six feet up the wire, and it produced many beautiful bell-like flowers, which I proudly told my father I had nurtured. I remember even after all these years that a strange look flitted across his face. His hands seemed to tremble, and curve into a clutching posture, which fitted either my neck or the clump of white flowers, and for a moment I wondered which way they were going, but then he seemed to control himself, and he patted me on the head (rather heavily, I thought) and said indeed it was a lovely flower, and made his garden complete.

Time passed. 1935..1936..1937..and by 1938 my flower had performed the uncanny feat of actually creeping all the way up the wire to the top of the thirty feet high pole, and then horizontally along the aerial wire which went the length of the garden to the roof. (They still hadn't

invented transistor radios) The aerial wires and pole had disappeared in a veritable bevy of white flowers and pointed green leaves. Then my plant discovered when it got to the roof that it had nothing else to wind round. In 1939, the plant stopped to think. Then the war came, and the top of the garden was dug up to make an air-raid shelter, and what with fitting gas masks and being evacuated, and firewatching and everything, my father and I forgot all about my flower....

One more thing I must explain.

This house of mine in Birmingham...it was part of a big estate...a vast square of houses, with gardens at the rear. All these gardens converged in the middle of the square, like segments of an orange when it's cut across the middle. And the place where all the gardens met was very convenient to the aerial holding wire and pole. It's important that you should remember this...

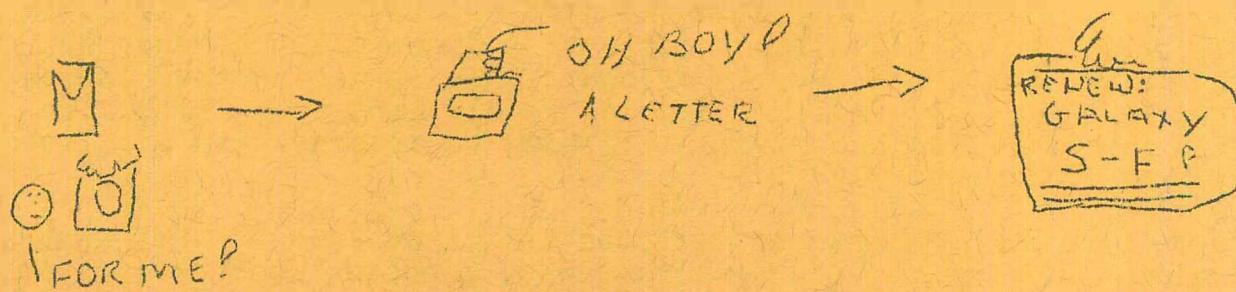
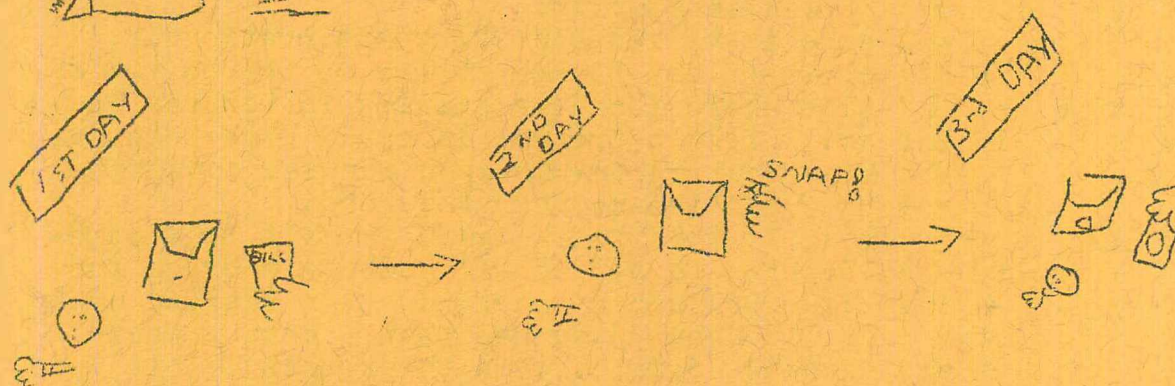
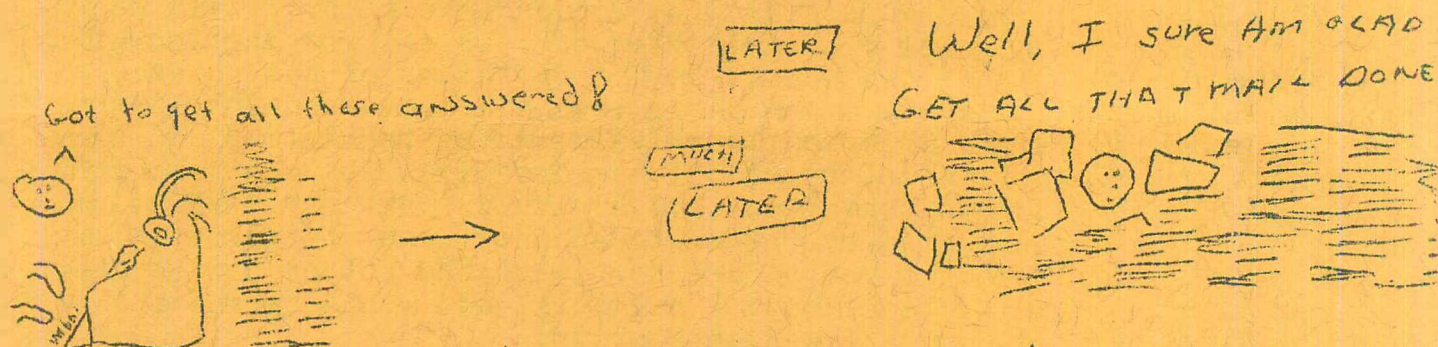
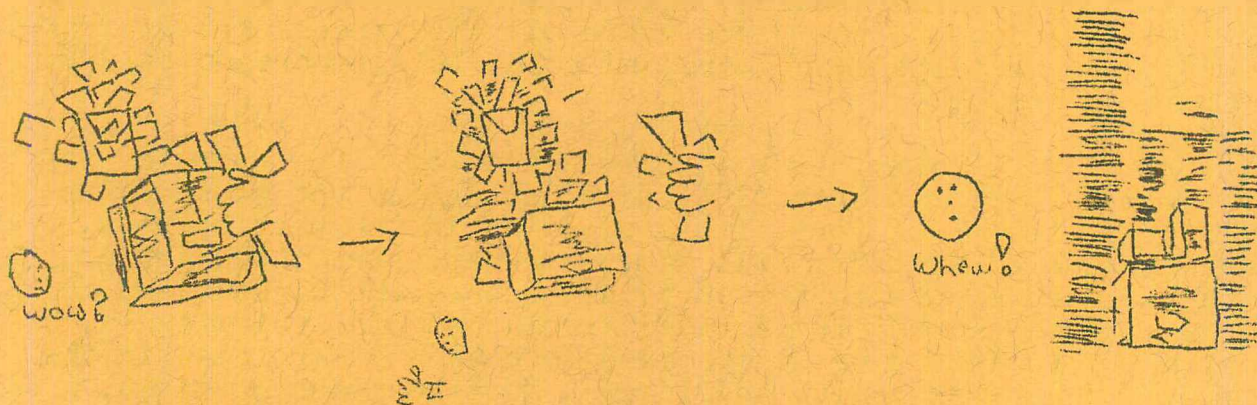
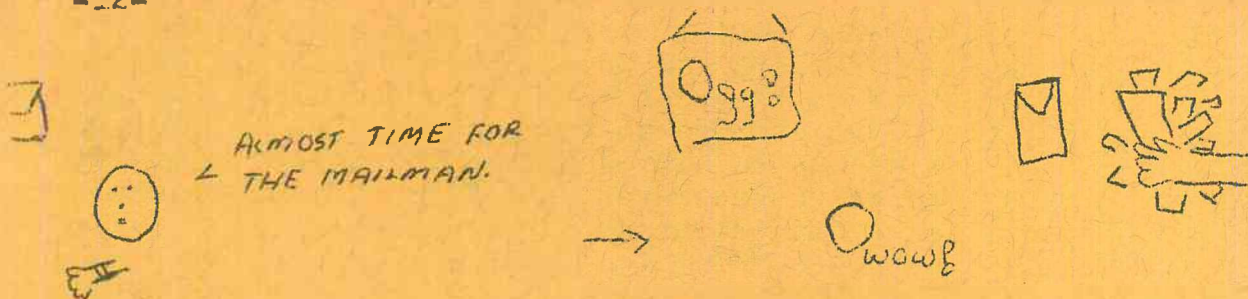
Last April, 1961, I went back to Birmingham for a few days to stay with my parents. They were both old, and consequently the garden wasn't as well looked after as of yore. I was sleeping in the back bedroom, and in the morning of my first full day, I yawned, stretched, got up, crossed to the window, opened the curtains, opened the window, and took a deep breath of the extremely polluted Birmingham air. (Birmingham, I would say, has more factories in its compass than anywhere else in the world.) I opened my eyes again, and I saw a most bewildering sight. The many gardens in the estate did not, as I last remembered, converge together like the points of a star with wooden fencing or privet hedge. Instead, I got a wonderful panoramic view of rows of Creeping Convulvulus stretching as far as the houses on the far sides of the square, a couple of hundred yards away, and these rows all converged into a sort of big huddle of parent Creeping Convulvulus where the tops of the gardens used to be. At first, I thought I was dreaming. It wasn't so much that the hedges had been converted to Convulvulus. But questing tendrils reached across gardens from one hedge to another, and one woman a few doors away actually had to use an axe to get to the bottom part of her garden to get to the Potting Shed. I saw this, and I hid behind the curtain guiltily, in case she saw me looking.

Aghast with what I had done in my innocent 26 years previously, I went downstairs in a sort of trance and hacked my way to the bottom of my parents' garden, to the site where I had originally introduced Creeping Convulvulus to Birmingham. I felt a tremor, it could have been mutual recognition, I don't know, but my on-the-spot perusal convinced me that even a flame-thrower wouldn't have been any good.

I didn't like to mention it to my father, but I brought up the subject kind of naturally when talking to neighbors, and their brows furrowed, and they said things like bulldozer blades had been blunted on it, and one wizened man, who when I'd been young had been a most ardent horticulturist, said these damning words: "...you think this is bad, you should see the next estate; they're thinking of evacuating it." It figured. I had a schoolboy friend in the next estate, and I'd given him a clipping...and in my dim distant memory I had an idea that once my friend told me that he'd given a friend of his on yet another estate a clipping of my flower. And I'm thinking really hard now, did he...er...did he say that his friend had given a clipping to someone else who lived in northern Birmingham?????

It is possible, H-bombs notwithstanding, that in a hundred years' time, where once industrial Birmingham was, Creeping Convulvulus will hold sway, steadily spreading its way north, south, east and west to Wolverhampton, Leicester, Bromsgrove and coventry...it could happen.

Remember the Triffids?



REVIEWS AND SUCH

by

DAVID G. HULAN

THE NEMESIS FROM TERRA, by Leigh Brackett (Ace, 40¢)

I don't know if this new PB by Brackett is a sign that she's again writing her inimitable brand of space opera or whether it is a reprint of something she wrote long ago - some of you PLANET fans can probably say. But whichever, it's good.

Rick Urquhart, a space-born Terran, is being tracked down by the press-gangs of the Terran Exploitation Company when he finds a hiding place in the home of an old Martian seeress. The seeress reads his future and tries to kill him when she sees his "shadow over Mars". He kills her instead, is forced to flee, and the press-gang finds him and puts him to work in the mines.

Meanwhile, the Martian wind is rising - the natives are grouping to throw the Terrans off the planet. Another Terran faction which is opposed to the excesses of TEC is trying to convince the Martians to let them help and to only expel the Company. One of their group is Mayo McCall, a Beautiful Wench in the best space-opera tradition.

Rick leads a revolt in the mines and Mayo goes in to try to show the public what is done to those who work in the mines. She is stopped by Jaffa Storm - a Terran born on Mercury who has acquired telepathic powers by living with the natives there, and the Evil Genius of the story. But in the confusion Rick and Mayo escape and are rescued by the winged people of Mars - diminutive remnants of a once-mighty race. Rick, however, is wanted by the natives for killing the seeress, and after a mockery of a trial is crucified.

From there events move fast. Storm's men attack the Martian citadel, the last native king is killed, and Rick is given the iron collar symbolizing rulership. By using this he gets the Terrans and Martians to unite against the Company and it is destroyed, but not before Storm has gotten away, taking Mayo with him. Rick is then betrayed by his fellow-Terrans, and sets out on Storm's trail with every hand against him. How he finds Storm and exacts vengeance make up an exciting yarn, and one which I'll leave it to you to read. Brackett's Mars is like that of Burroughs and Bradbury, and nothing like the astronomers think, but this is not science fiction in the real sense of the word. This is a story of high adventure, and one which lovers of adventure will enjoy. It is not great, but it is exciting and will while away a pleasant hour or so. Recommended for all space-opera fans.

This is a double novel, backed up with Silverber's COLLISION COURSE, a novel of two cultures in conflict in deep space. Also worth reading at this price, if you haven't already seen it in hard covers.

MAELSTROM #7 - fanzine by Bill Plott, Box 4719, University, Ala. 15¢ each, or the usual means.

This is the only fanzine I've gotten in some time, but I'll review it for what it's worth. MAELSTROM has been folded for about a year now, but Plott is a faan and couldn't get away from the pubbing game. #7 is mainly a wrap-up of some material left over from earlier issues, plus Plott-talk, all rating from par to excellent. If you saw the last couple of issues of MAELS, you'll have a pretty good idea what this one is like, and you'll know whether you like it. Bill is a lad who goes out and does things, and who can write about them in a witty and engaging manner, so that his editorials are a pleasure to read.

As for other material, the leadoff is a short story by Ray Nelson which I found only fair. Better than most fanzine fiction, but not anything like worth pro publication. If it had a plot I was unable to find it - vignette would be a better name than short story. If you like David Bunch you might like this.

Then an amusing article by Lee Hoffman reprinted from TIME STREAM, Winter '52-'53. It deals with some of the early crudzines put out by such leading lights of later fandom as John B. Michel and Bob Tucker.

Following that there is baddish verse by Charles Fortier, & Les Sample, and fairish verse by John Pesta. Then a skimpy lettercol (which is nevertheless interesting), a book review by Howard Shockley which is fairly well done, and a goodish poem by John Pesta to close it out.

Interspersed through the whole zine are quotes from various fens which Bill thought interesting and/or amusing. I agree about most of them. This is a feature which Bill uses more than any other faned I know of, and uses more effectively. His quote of the month, though, is attributed to Al Andrews when Al actually got it from Me. Grr. Too bad it wasn't copyrighted...

MAELS 7 isn't one of the great fanzines, but it's a good one. I don't think anyone will regret sending for it.

LOKI 1, by David G. Hulan, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Ala. 15¢ or the usual means.

I don't know really why I'm reviewing this, my own zine, since I've already sent out all the copies I have. ((I'm not real sure why I kept this in here, either-JJ)) Maybe to get material. I'll just tell you what's in it and not make any judgements, so no one will accuse me of conceit. ((Ha! Look in the lettercol at his comments, and then accuse him of conceit-JJ)) ((I hope you all don't mind my sticking my 2¢ worth in here. But I'll take off now, anyway, and let Dave get on with it. Hi, Dave!-JJ)) It's published quarterly for SFPA and general circulation, and is generally slanted toward fantasy, especially light fantasy. #1 contains an editorial by me, an article on fantasy by Lady Barbara Hutchins, a short article "How Many Oz Books?" by Ruth Berman, a quasi-fable by my brother, and reviews of THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD (the book, not the movie) and THE DCOR INTO SPACE by me again. Runs 16 pages in all, with the repro nothing to brag on but fairly legible in most copies. Mimeod on white paper. I'm looking for material for future issues - deadlines are one month before the mailing dates of the 15th of March, June, Sept, and December. Articles about fantasy are particularly wanted - no fiction, please. They may be about some author of some work of fantasy, or they may be pro and con articles about fantasy in general. Anything, as long as it's fantasy-oriented. Preceding was an unpaid political announcement and I wouldn't blame The Kindly Editor ((me???) if he cut this review. ((Especially to those of you who like light fantasy, try LOKI; it's pretty good. I like it. ##The preceding was also an unpaid political announcement, and I wouldn't blame Kindly Old Dave if he paid me...-JJ))

-dgh-

Mark my words, the day will come when millions of aroused bacteria will rise up and destroy toothpaste....

I don't care what they say; the last great frontier is the feminine mind--JJ

Money is the refuge and last resort of the mental incompetants

--Ray Trevino

THE GUILLOTINE

MIKE KURMAN, 231 SW 51st Ct., Miami 44, Fla.

Received THE REBEL today, and I must say I am greatly surprised. It is marvelous for a first ish. And the repro! Unbeatable! ## Your cover, I must say, is below par. It downgrades the issue, in my opinion. It's not really BAD, but it certainly isn't good. You said you wanted ratings, so I will rate with 1 as highest and 10 as lowest. Your cover gets an 8. ## Mjollnir (what a title!) is, of course, fairly neoish. That is to be expected. It happened to me, too, as it happens to any neo who puts out his first fanzine. But it is interesting, and tells all useful information, so I would give it a 5. Don Anderson's "The Last Legion" was superb. Very well written. More faneds should print this high quality short-short story. Rating: 2 ## "Dumbesoue" was fair. About 7½. Finch's article was good, but entirely too short. While he was on the subject, he should've put more work into it and done more research. The length even if doubled would have been too short. Of course, there may not be that much to say on radio-telescopes, but certainly there was more than what Dick has. Especially if READER'S DIGEST had an article on it, which, incidentally, I read. Rating: 4½ ## John Melville's true experience was the best thing in the ish. Extremely superb. The experience itself was not so terrific; it was the way he wrote it up that made it excellent. This would rate a 1, since there is nothing higher. A really marvelous piece of work. ## Seth's "Path to Paradise" was a pretty competent review. I'd rate it a 4. Hulan's poem was good; rating: 3½. Lenny Kaye's faaan-fiction was humorous, as it was meant to be, but poorly written. The plot alone saved it. Rates a 7. Neilsen's two poems were pretty good. I'd give the first a 6 and the second a 6½ (not much difference). Both were pretty juvenile, the second especially. "Death Comes" was quite good, worth about 4, I'd say. REBELiously was fine. Some of those items interested me, especially the AMAZINGS. Rating: 6. Altogether, you have a very fine zine. You need much artwork, but your written material is wonderful. Lots of luck with REB. I know you will get much enjoyment from it.

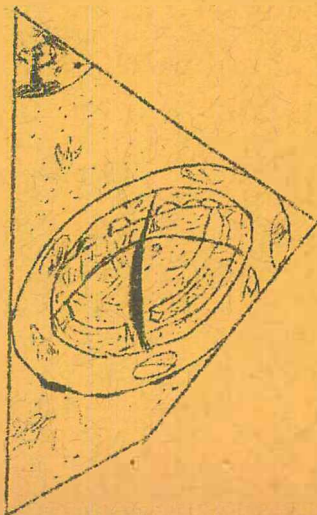
ESTHER RICHARDSON, 3627 NW 65th Ct., Seattle 7, Washington

Forgive my lateness in acknowledging your very excellent fanzine, THE REBEL. It was one of the best first trys I've ever received. I also liked the different stories and poems you picked for it. For such a young man you showed fine taste. ## THE LAST LEGION appealed to me as that is about the way I believe. Nothing is really lost. All is eternal. Thought the poem DUMBESQUE by Crawford was very good. It makes sense. Just think how many times we say when speaking about someone, "Oh, he is sure dumb!" We don't really mean it as bad as it sounds, but it sure doesn't sound too good. Finch's bit is wonderful stuff to start us thinking--thought provoking you might say. Enjoyed Melville's story too, especially since it was "true". That old saying, "Truth is often stranger than fiction" sure fits that tale. ## Seth Johnson is an old friend of mine, and we more or less think along the same lines. It is hard in this wild and wooly time to get young people, or anyone, as far as that goes, interested in the occult studies in our western world. In parts of the Far East though, even lisping babies understand some of it. ## THE VENUSCORP MAN by Hulan was keen, but I do hope that David's ideas are wrong when it comes time for us to travel there. Somehow, I have a hunch all will not be as bad as some people think it is. After all, no one really knows for sure just what Venus will be like as she

keeps herself pretty well concealed from our common eyes. Ever think that maybe conditions on Venus might be far more civilized than we are??
Whenever I run across one of Lenny Kaye's stories, I am simply amazed at his brilliant ((??)) ideas. His sense of humor is good too. I read DEATH COMES before some where ((That's doubtful...)) UGH! Left a bad taste in my mouth but it was good. ## Your editorial was good, and I must not leave out Scott Neilsen's two swell poems but hope he will send you in some more later on with a happy ending. Between reading David's unhappy poem and Scott's two just as unhappy ones, I'm starting to wonder if we should try reaching too far in outer space?? ((Sometimes I wonder about that myself; maybe we are taking on more than we can handle. But that won't stop us, either way; we're stubborn, combative creatures, who just don't know when to quit. That's part of what makes Man the wonderful being he is.)) ## I'll be looking forward to your next issue. ((By the by, Scotty says he's retired from the poetry department. I'm glad he's still writing fiction, tho. How does "Black Friday" compare with his verse?)) ((PS: Thanx for the money))

SCOTT NEILSEN, 731 Brookridge Dr., Webster Groves 19, Mo.

I must say--and this is the qualification that made me mad when I was receiving LoC's on my first issue--for a first issue, REBEL is good. You apparently have the talent to make a top-flight zine out of it in time; like so many new faneds, you show promise of much better things to come. Let's hope they do come....((Let's...)) ## Your duplication is nice, but considering you used an electric--I assume your church uses an electric--mimeo, it ought to look good. Your cover was slightly less than terrible. In fact, it was even a little worse than the cover on my first issue, and that's getting pretty bad. ((Since Scott seems so intent on getting in a plug for his fanzine, I might as well yield: That's FANTASMAGORIQUE, a very-well-reproduced sf-slanted zine. He's changing the title for this next ish, but that's still a secret...I think...)) It might be a good idea to use a little originality with your lettering guides, too. ((Criticism accepted. How are they thish?)) ## Considering your lack of art, you did an excellent job of layout. Writing material may form the backbone of REBEL, but written material like some of the poetry you used does no good, mine included. The space taken by these little fillers would be better spent on artwork, if you could spare the time and effort to stencil some art. ((Oh, I had the time and the effort, but lacked the art. And I couldn't conjure it up out of thin air. Some fans came thru thish, and we have some art; next-ish I hope to have even more; I agree that it does liven up a zine considerably.)) ## Your material: the editorial was at least well-written, but self consciousness drips in great green gobs. You also limited yourself too drastically on some things, but you'll find out what I mean as you go along. It's something every new faned should learn for himself. ((Still haven't quite figured out what-all you meant, there...)) On a rating system of 1 to 10 through this whole letter, I'd give you a 4 on the editorial. "The Last Legion" was trite, and gets a rating of 2. ((I should mention here that in contrast to Mike Kurman's ratings, Scotty has his best as 10)) "Radio Telescopes and the Creation of a New Science" was the best thought out and most coherent article of the bunch, and it even managed to make itself fairly interesting. Rating: 6. "The Call That Saved Their Lives"



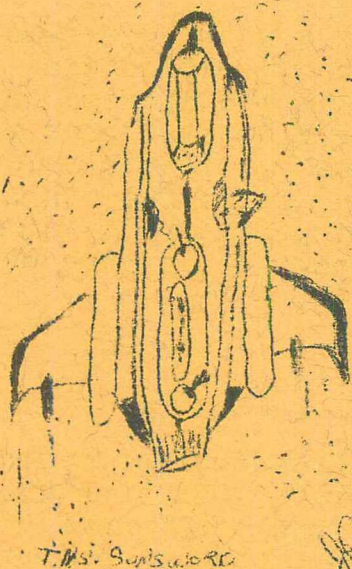
interested me not; therefore, no rating.

"Path to Paradise" was a typical Seth Johnson article. You'll know what that means when you've been around more. It needed some editing which very evidently wasn't done. Rating: $3\frac{1}{2}$ ((These vague "you'll know more when you've been around a little more" references are beginning to grotch me. Say what you mean or don't say anything)) "A Kind of Justice" was slightly less than terrific. I'm of the opinion that every first issue should have a piece of work by Lenny Kaye, "The Cure-all for Neo-faneds". At least that way Lenny will become famous faster. Yes sir, he'll be known as "that nut who gets in all those cruddy first issues." Ah, well, in spite of the fact that the thing needed a little editing to make it a little less awkward, it was excellent and rates an 8.

I refuse to comment on my own stuff, except to say that "The Soul of Joe" has less corn and should have been printed first. ((I disagree)) ((Obviously)) Both of the things were written last year in Creative Writing class. I didn't realize how really bad they were until now. ((I'm glad you refused to comment on your own stuff...)) "Death Comes" was well-written, maintained a nice atmosphere, and had a good ending, but was too short. ((Well, we can't have everything)) Rating: 5. And there's not much I can say about REBELiously except to say that you sure have a dandy style of listing books and mags. Teach me how, huh? ## No matter how grouchy and grotchky this letter may sound, don't be discouraged. ((I'm not)) ((In case you're interested)) You have a good thing going here. Keep up the good work, only make it better. I liked the zine....((Didn't mind any grouchiness in your LoC; I got my revenge. And I hope my comments don't grotch you. Too much.))

RICHARD EDGAR AMBROSE, 1745 Murray Hill Road, Birmingham 16, Alabama

First issue!! What are you trying to pull? Your zine had one of the finest jobs of reproduction I've ever seen. It was just plain Good and there are no two ways about it.((I bow modestly..)) ## Your content was also very well written and especially well organized. I particularly liked the fiction, which was some of the most thought-provoking I've seen in some time in a fanzine. Anderson's "Last Legion" was picturesquely written, with a common theme but an odd and unexpected ending, which was well done. Lenny Kaye's "A Kind of Justice" is sadly symbolical of the kind of life fans lead, although slightly exaggerated. ((Mmm, slightly)) ## The verse was very well written too, especially David (Long-fellow) Hulan's "The Venuscorp Man". Hulan's poems are known far and wide as classics in American literature (You don't think I'm being too optimistic, do you?). ((Well...)) The most academic article, in my estimation, was the one on radio telescopes. You can tell this boy has done some researching. ## Sorry I don't have any of the pro mags you want. Heavens to Ghu, with the listing you've got you must be planning to start your own private Library of Congress. ((Besides the LoC, Richard sent other encouragement in the form of the cover of this issue. That was in the nature of an experiment, repro-wise, and I'm afraid I didn't do justice to the original. Please forgive, Richard. And thank a lot for the art; it looked very good))



MILES MACALPIN, 7540 $\frac{1}{2}$ SW 51st, Portland, Oregon

Beg to acknowledge receipt of first ish of your REBEL. This seems like a much more solid zine than most of the stuff I receive. Although the articles and stories seem well done, they are more factual than science-fiction or fantasy, seems to me. But this is my perpetual beef about the NFFF pubs...little or no fantasy. Maybe I do not know what fantasy is, anyway. Aside from this lack of deep imagination, I like your first effort very well. You seem to write like a much older person, yet have the ebullience of youth. (I hope "ebullience" is correct and



that it has nothing to do with bull-throwing.) ((???) ## Was interested in Mr. Finch's article. If Greece was the first bit of civilized human life, was Egypt a myth? And who built Ang-

kor Wat and other mysterious relics in India and Asia Minor? Of course school-book history knows nothing of the older civilizations. When we built the big Pyramid it was some seventy-five thousand years ago, though probably no Westerner would believe that. And who is going to believe that the old astronomical book, "Surya Siddantha" is...well, in India popular belief endows the book with an age of two million years. I have been informed that it is more nearly twelve million years old, having been started by an astronomer named Asura Maya...on old Atlantis some twelve million years ago! ((Well, you believe it, don't you? So there is at least one Westerner, and you're probably not unique in this country. Also Dick did not say that Greece was the first bit of civilization, but merely said that they were the most civilized people until 1700 AD. This statement, however, could also be argued with...)) ## And with a mere skin-deep awareness of our own planet, the busy little bees desire to visit other planets...even other galaxies. Can anybody visit one of the six other "humanities" that evolve pari passu with us (in different frequencies, of course) right here in (not "on") ((What meanest thou?)) this planet of ours? But Mr. Finch's comments on possible intelligent life-forms other than our own indicate a broad and receptive mind which may be unusually adapted to fast expansion. Shoving horizons over the edge, as y'might say. ((If we are to meet with alien races on a friendly or at least neutral basis, we're going to have to change a lot of our current ideas and prejudices. We are, in effect, going to have to "grow up" racially and mentally, or we may meet with some hard lessons in survival and galactic tranquility. It's a hard universe, and we're going to have to learn sooner or later that everyone (or everything) is not going to bend over backwards to please us. We're going to have to compromise, and try to get along, or we're going to find ourselves arrayed against the rest of the galaxy. And you can't fight the whole universe)) ## Glad to see that dear old Seth Johnson is sticking to his latest Master-Mind, the venerable Kirpal Singh; but I doubt if a fanzine is the place to ballyhoo one's favorite political, religious, or metaphysical acceptance. This article was the only jarring note in your zine, seems to me. If Seth could write a story, showing the application (not the preaching) of his Master's Voice, he would get more attention from thoughtful persons, I do believe. But "The Path is one for all; the means to reach the goal must vary with the pilgrim". ((What about all the politics in so many of the more serious of today's zines?)) ## The story about the phone call is the best bit of true fantasy; rather better written, I think, than the so-called fiction. A bit longish for a zine, perhaps, but really interesting...for a change. ## Oh, yes; now I have figured out that "MJOLLNIR" sticker. It must mean "My Jolly Old Last Laugh Now In Rebel"

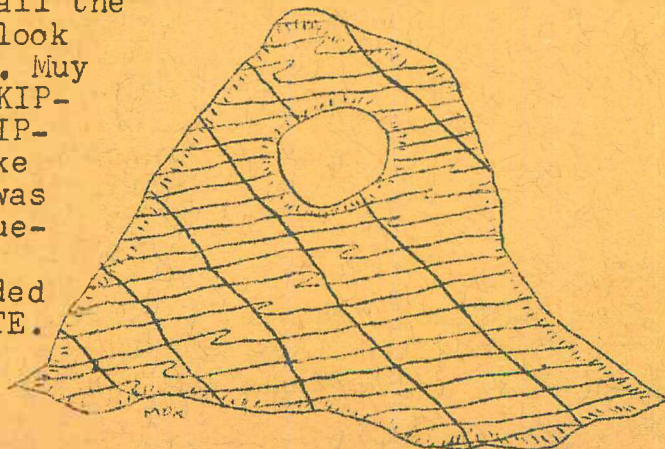
((For the benefit of those of you who didn't get the title, Mjollnir is the name of Thor's Hammer. And as a matter of actual fact, only one person who got that, at least that said so, and that was Dave Hulan. See his letter, later on))

ROBERT COULSON, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

((And here he is, ladies and gentlemen: Buck Coulson, fan extraordinary, and the Ghreat Ghod of fanpublishers. From all the comments I've heard, Buck is the authority, and his word is law. So harken to his words of wisdom...)) A comment or two on REBEL. When Seth Johnson says "all authorities" I assume he means all religious authorities -- I've certainly never encountered many authorities who claim that we live forever. I have only one real complaint about Seth's article; he skips explanations and says that I should get the book. I don't want the book; I want Seth's opinions. I doubt if many of your readers are enough interested in the occult to go out and buy books about it, but they are interested in a good description of the books...this type of commentary should be different from the book review where the reader is contemplating the purchase of the item. ((I would tend to agree with you there; in such cases, I would like to know about the book, and what the reviewer thinks about it)) ## An entire class of senior English students ((in "Death Comes")) comes up with a line like "leaving them in a position to which he could not possibly get"? No wonder they say Johnny can't read. ((When my English teacher read my zine, and the story, she sorta flipped, too. It also turned out that the story was written by one of the students in the class; the others had a similar assignment, but this one was picked for the paper.)) ## I liked Hulan's verse. ((So did he)) Neilsen's was spoiled by awkward phrasing -- "Who into space was the first man to go" -- twisting sentence structure to make a rhyme is the mark of an amateur (especially since the rhyme was with a person's name, which is sort of cheating to begin with). He does have rhymes, though, forced though they be. I can't see that Crawford has much of anything except a tortured cliché. ## Melville's item was sort of odd -- read like a back issue of FATE. Neatly done, I think. You got beautiful reproduction; some people publish fanzines for years without ever getting them as clear as THE REBEL. ((Thanx for the comments and compliments. Coming from you, O Ghreat Ghod, that is indeed noteworthy))

LENNY KAYE, 418 Hobart Rd., North Brunswick, New Jersey

REBEL arrived today and on the whole, it is not bad. The cover was good for a home made job, and the contents were strikingly legible. A few complaints, now. Your headings are all the same. You should vary them. Take a look at the way KIPPLE uses its headings. Muy excelent. ((I would take a look at KIPPLE's headings if I had a copy of KIPPLE. But I don't. And how do you like the present headings?)) ## Fiction was all pretty good....Finch was el-oh-uees-why. lousy. The chapter headings were pretty terrible. Melville sounded too much like something in -ugh- FATE. ((Another FATEfan...and that wasn't intended as a pun)) It was a pretty good first issue though.



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

I don't have REBEL handy to comment on, so I'll see what I can remember. I didn't care much for your other poetry. I just couldn't make the meter read right. Sometimes you have to strain a little on mine, but you can always accent it so that the meter falls right if you try. Maybe the author could do it for the others, but I couldn't. The stories... let's see. Lenny Kaye's wasn't badly written, but it was a bad story. The subject matter was too wildly different from the theme. The same story without the fannish overtones might be quite a good one, if a bit hackneyed. But the end result was grotesque. ## "The Call That Saved Their Lives" was good. The writing wasn't as self-conscious as a lot of fanzine writing is, the theme was interesting, and the character of the old lady was well-drawn. It was particularly interesting how the main point was the difference in meaning between the English and American use of the same word. Things like that are rather a hobby of mine, as Alan Dodd could no doubt tell you. I liked this the best of anything in the ish. (Except my poem, of course.) ## Your editorial Mjollnir (where's

the connexion? Mjollnir was Thor's hammer, but you don't seem to be lambasting anyone) ((Hah!"I have not yet begun to fight!")) was too short. I don't even remember what it was about. REBELiously was nothing but one long ad, and since I wanted none of your stuff it failed to interest me. ## All in all, a pretty fair first ish. Repro good, though I like white paper better. If I sound unduly critical, don't worry - REBEL is better than most first issues I've seen. It takes time to develop a "stable" of competent contributors, and until you do, you can't expect to be another Coulson. ((Ed: note: the rest of this is from another later, letter)) Glad your readers liked my poem. Incidentally, I see where you want numbered LoC ratings of the material, so since I'm now looking at your zine, I'll give 'em.

1. The Venuscorp Man- a masterpiece!!!!
(what else?)

2. The Call That Saved Their Lives

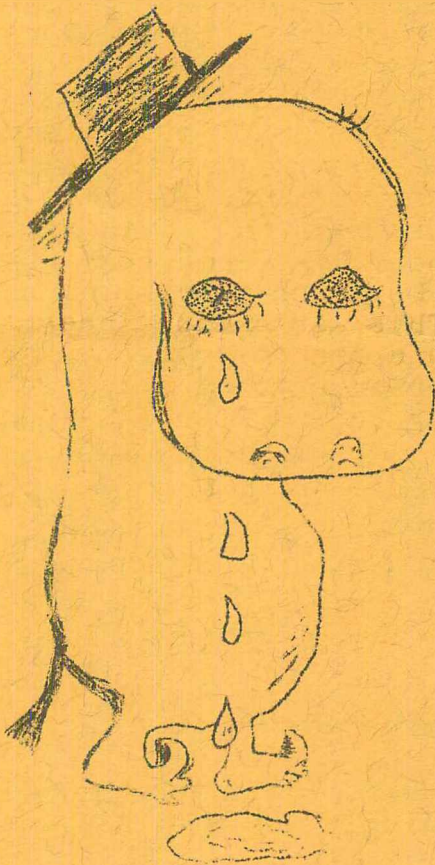
3. Death Comes

4. The Last Legion

((I've listed only the first four, since, among other things, I'm running out of room. I'll take this opportunity to say the following about the ratings of REB #1: The Call That Saved Their Lives by John Melville finished first almost unanimously, with The Last Legion by Don Anderson and Dave Hulan's The Venuscorp Man coming in next. Lenny Kaye's A Kind of Justice seemed to draw the most comment, tho. Thanx for the ratings, but next issue they won't be necessary. I still, of course, would like comments of all kinds, but you can for-

get the numbered ratings. I'd also like to get some serious discussion going, especially about such things as what would happen during and after World War III. How 'bout it, y'all?))

BILL PLOTTE, PO Box 4719, University, Alabama



The cover leaves much to be desired, but then a cover doesn't necessarily make a fanzine good. A nice cover can be an asset to any zine, but it certainly isn't any criterion for the contents of a great fanzine. Still, I didn't like the cover very much. ## Of the verse, I liked Hulan's "The Venuscorp Man" best. I had read it previously, right after Dave wrote it. He has a well-knit style of creating scenes with rhymes and meter. Would like to see more by him. ((So would I!)) Scott Neilson's poems were pretty good, but not up to par with Hulan's. I didn't particularly care for the Crawford poem... ## Of the articles and stories I enjoyed John Melville's "The Call That Saved Their Lives." Who is Melville? ((A good question. I got the piece from the MSE, and haven't heard from Melville at all)) He knows how to write with a professional-like atmosphere. This was, by far, the best thing in REBEL. He creates a good picture of the times and circumstances of WW II London and then molds his story - a true story at that - into a damned interesting piece of writing. ## I didn't care much for any of the fiction. I'm not sure whether Lenny Kaye was writing for fun or for creating a realistic situation. In the event of the latter, he failed. The story is realistic only in as much as a fan and his hobby are concerned. The Communist purge by the pseudo John Birchers is slightly improbable. ## "The Last Legion" and "Death Comes" offer nothing new in their plots and/or ideas. Seth Johnson delivered a reasonably competent book review. The article on radio-telescopes was rather extraneous in a fanzine. The condensation leaves little information for the interested readers and the chapter divisions were somewhat out of place, don't you think? ((I never think. Bad habit)) ## Your editorial suffers from the fact that all first ish editorials must explain the "who, why, where, when, what, and how" aspects of the fan and his zine. This doesn't offer much to comment on except the paragraph on your personal history. This was a wise insertion with foresight--it gives fans who don't know you a chance to become acquainted. ## All in all REBEL has a top-notch reproduction and layout appearance. Your material wasn't especially good, but it wasn't bad at all for a first issue. I'd say THE REBEL #1 was quite a commendable job as a whole... congratulations!

ART HAYES, RR #3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada

((This is one of those last minute arrivals, which I just had space to squeeze in, at least partially)) THE REBEL has lain here too long, so comments on it are due. The Last Legion did not satisfy me...Radio Telescopes, etc. contains little that hasn't been published around....## The Call... The differences in the meanings for a word that one country has when compared to another, even if speaking the same language, is usually the subject of humour. This particular instance was luck. When I was in London, in 1958, at the London SF Convention, some of the Americans with me were rather startled to find the hotel maid asking what time they wanted to be knocked up, meaning, of course, when they preferred to be awakened. ((Hmmmm)) ## A Kind of Justice. You know, being a fan COULD create some rather distorted opinions by others about such a fan. A good example was a couple of days ago, when I had two registered parcels at the Post Office, from Moscow, Russia, containing two English SF books, translated from Russian into English. I've received and written many letters to countries behind the Iron Curtain. I'm peeved however at the Russians at the moment ((Who isn't?)), for on these parcels, they had the equivalent of the meter stamp, not much good for a philatelist. ((Would someone please explain that last sentence, slowly...)) ((I also heard from, very briefly, Ray Trevino, Ann Chamberlain, Tom Armisted, and possibly one or two others whose names don't come right to mind. All full-fledged LoCs were printed in about their entirety, but I'd like some more comment next issue, please...))

?WHY?

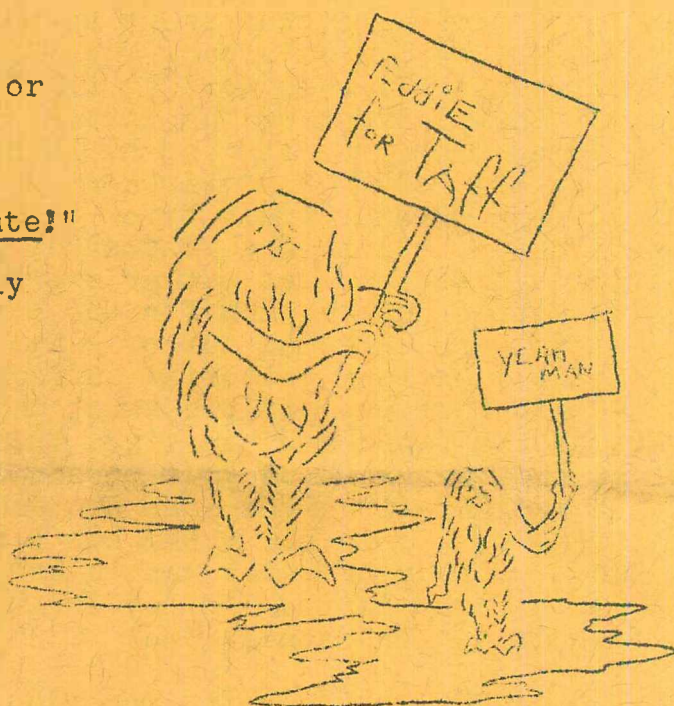
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