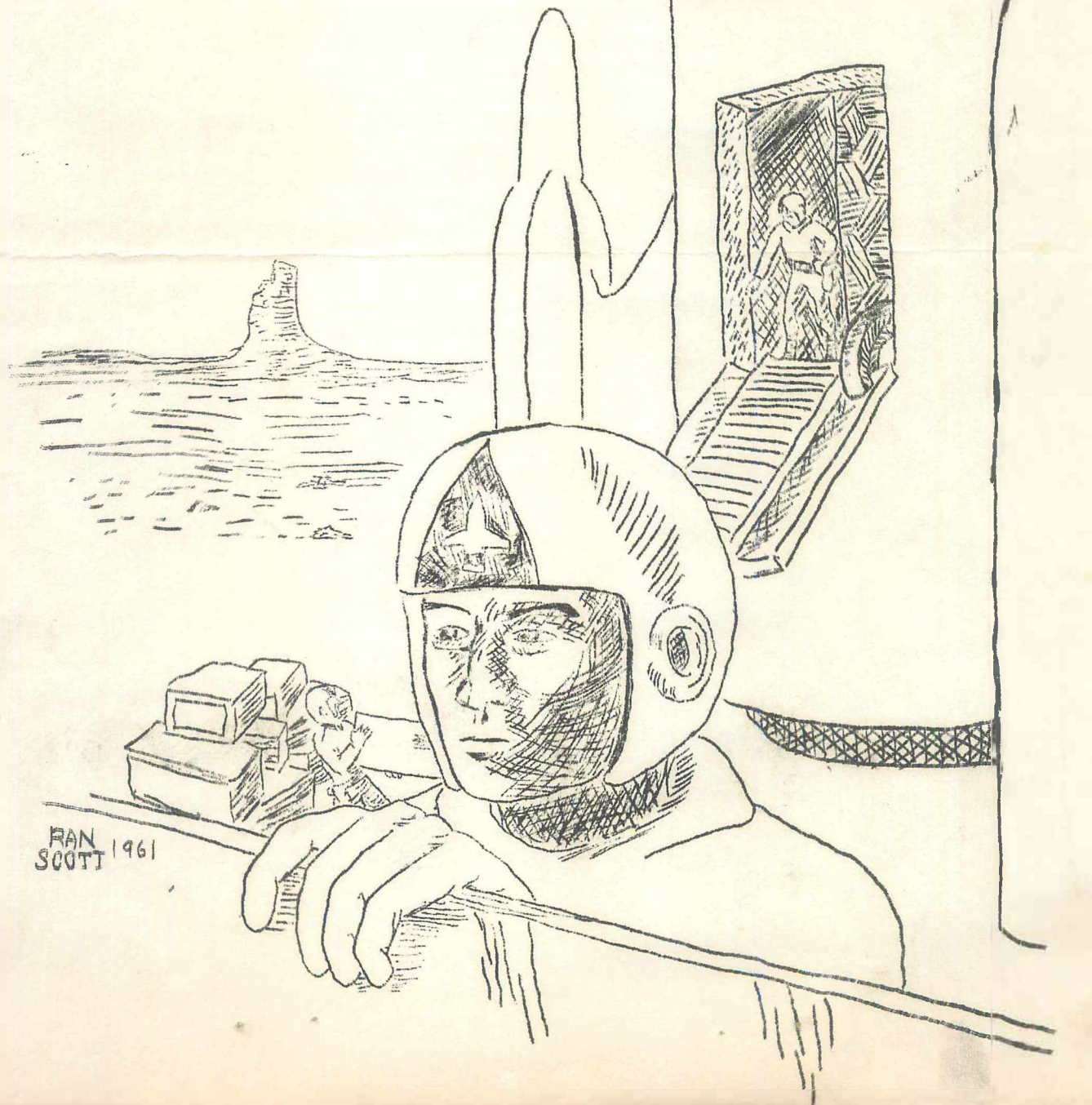
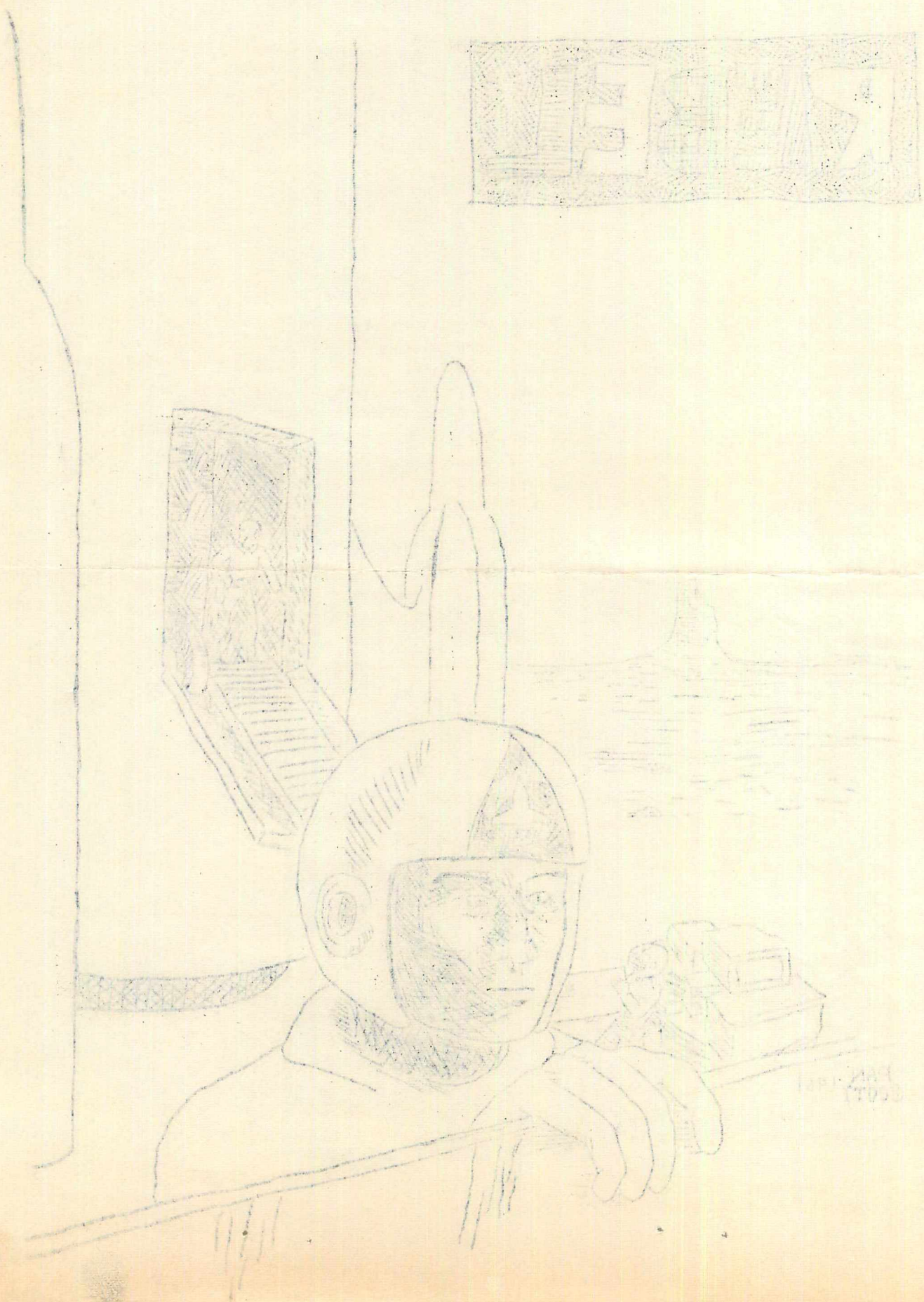
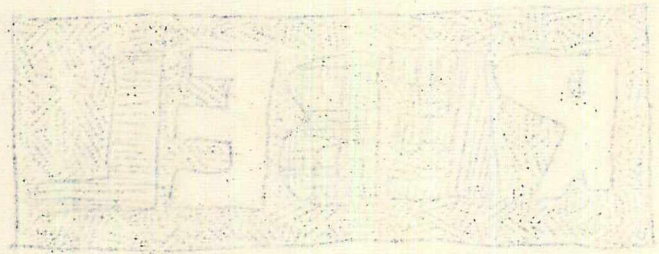


REBEL





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This issue brings a return to mimeography, as you have obviously discovered by now. As I stated lastish, the multilith was just for one issue. I did not get a lithograph; the last issue was run off partially through my father and partially by George Scithers, who also graciously donated the cover of THE REBEL #3. Many thanks again.

And speaking of Ghood Men, I must also thank Dick Eney, who got the "REBEL" stamped on that same cover. Thanks also.

And these two reminded me of another matter, the next worldcon. The first progress report was out the last day of the Chicon. The committee is organized and should really give us a swell convention. Send in your dues now: 21st World Science Fiction Convention, Box 36, Mt. Rainier, Maryland. Just \$2. DC in '63!

Mollinir

I know what I'm about to disclose is really going to break all of you up; I know such bad news is going to jar you, but try not to take it too hard... Anyhow, to get on with it: this is as much of an annish as you are going to get. This year, anyway.

My original plans called for an issue featuring a conreport to come out not too long after the World Convention, and a gala annish to come out around Christmas time.

But this is my Senior year in high school, and I am really busy, especially since the advent of wrestling season. And due to the fact that the material didn't come in as soon as I wanted it, and my shortage of time, I soon realized I couldn't get another issue (after the convention ish) out this year. And with the postal increase coming the first of the year, I couldn't afford a big issue in January.

So getting realistic about it all, I put the two together, and this issue you hold in your hot little hands is the resulting hybrid. I hope you enjoy it; it's been enough trouble getting it out.

In response to a diminishing number of requests...(yes, you have heard that before)...you are seeing more of your editor and his work this issue. In fact, more than one-third of this is pure, unadulterated, me. This should be enough to satisfy everybody for months to come. You've opened Pandora's box; now try to shut it.

On page 14 you will find an effort of mine into the realm of sword-and-sorcery. S-and-s is one of my real interests in the field of science fiction/fantasy, so I decided to try writing some. I enjoyed it. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did writing it. I realize that's rather doubtful, but I always was an optimist. I am at present trying to whip up the next part in the adventures of The Three, and if the response is half-way favorable (Notice I said 'half-way'...heh, heh...), I'll publish it, possibly in the next ish, at the rate this thing is coming out. (Stop that hissing...) Mike Hayes, who is also interested in this sort of thing, and I have been discoursing on our fantasy worlds between us. If anyone else is similarly inclined, I'd be interested in hearing about it. Or, if you have such a story, I might like to publish it here (Hopefully if it were better than my story; after all, I get, since this is my fanzine, to publish my own crud; you can stick somebody else with yours). Any takers?

Another little thing for some outside participation is this new "Fabius Foghorn" series. Ah, yes; groan if you must; it's another one of those. But I enjoy it, and I am editor. If you want revenge, publish your own fanzine. But if you have ideas for such a punned story, send it in. Make sure you create your own pen name for the series; that way we'll keep straight who sends in what atrocities, while at the same time remaining unknown. You are free to speculate on the identities of the two punsters in this issue; the connections between the names and the authors' real identities are somewhat vague, but they're there. Do we have any eager volunteers in this department?

Hmmm...I see I've come to the bottom of the stencil, out of ideas, with a whole blank page to go. Wonder what drivel will come next?

As most of you may have gathered by now, THE REBEL has abandoned any attempts at a regular schedule. Whenever I get the time, money, and material at the same time you will get another issue. Those circumstances, of course, are a rare occurrence, so issues may be few and far between.

Just so you'll know.

We regret the absence of "Mermaid's Hair" from this ish, but Dave Locke said he just couldn't make it this time around. Hopefully next time he will be back.

Also you may have noticed the lack of a lettercol. This for several reasons: there wasn't an awful lot of comment on #3, somewhat to my surprise, and I don't really have the space for one in this rather garbled issue. That too should return in THE REBEL #5.

John Berry: yes, we wish you would write an interesting little something for us, also. It doesn't even have to be an interesting little something...

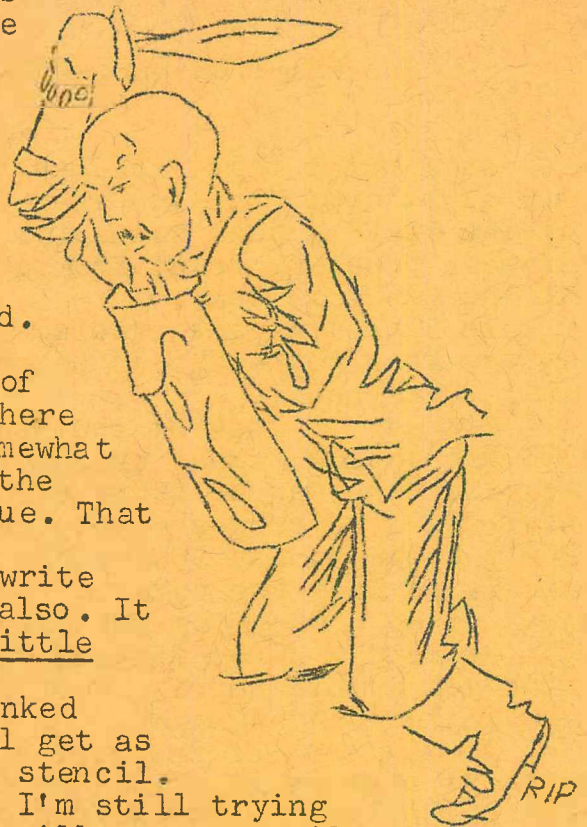
Arthur Thompson: verily you are thanked for your contributions. I'm sorry they'll get as mangled as they will when they're put on stencil. Put that down as editorial incompetency. I'm still trying to figure out how to get a couple of your illos on stencil, without too much success. It's too bad I'm not better at it, to do them justice.

Miz Coulson: I would appreciate some more from you, too, please. Really I would...

And many thanks to Terry Jeeves, Dick Shultz, Mike Johnson, et al, who were kind enough to send in their work. May the Great Serpent pass over thee and thine.

And to the rest of you: for shame! What excuse can you offer for not having something in THE REBEL this ish? Contributions by one and all are most earnestly faunched for, be they artwrok, fiction, verse, reviews, or any such. If you have something on your mind, pray speak up.

To interject a more serious note, I'd like to add just a word on the subject of Robert Jennings, D. Bruce Berry, and "A Trip to Hell". The word I'd like to add is quite unprintable with the circulation this fanzine has, so I'll have to content myself with this: That whole deal is a bunch of junk. Berry's out of his mind and should be back in an asylum; it rather shocks me that someone like that is running around loose. The facts in the article are quite false. Aside from various technical details (such as the fact that the army must have felt he looked taller than 5' 8", too, for they put 5' 11" on his discharge papers), it is completely established that Earl and family were in Los Angeles over Labor Day. The whole thing is easily proven a big lie by anyone who knows anything about it, but there is the possibility that some newcomers will not know any better. This is really too bad. The fault is Berry's, but since he is apparently out of his mind, the blame must fall greatly on Robert Jennings. It was a stupid, foolish move when he published the whole ridiculous thing. Take heed, all: know what you're talking about before you open your big mouths and stick your big feet in them. End of lecture, and end of editorial.



Hurricane Hayes

"BEST OR BEST-LIKED?"

by Mike Hayes

As I write this, college freshmen everywhere are holding their annual elections. When you read it, the losers of these elections will be voicing their annual complaint that the best-qualified always lose to the most popular. True; from a group of strangers you naturally pick the one you know best.

We have the same problem in the Hugo-elections, and here we can do better. Here there should be no "strangers" (not directed at Mr. Heinlein, of course!).

Suppose we look at the Nth World Con, at Dunkirk, N.Y. We find 1000 fen voting. Among the nominees in one category are X, the heavy favorite (the mag or story that everybody argues about), and Y, the under-dog (the promag nobody can get, or the story P. Schuyler Miller didn't review). Say 900 of the voters have read X, while only 300 have read Y. To load the odds in Y's favor, all 300 who read Y vote for it. Now X needs a whopping 301 votes from its 900 readers, a scorching 34%. Result: X wins. Conclusion: X is the best?! I wonder. It seems we might get a more representative vote if every voter had read enough to make an honest judgement.

In the case of the stories, the problem isn't too difficult to beat. If a story is great, the word will get around (through fandom's vast grapevine) to enough fen to get it nominated. It wouldn't be too much trouble for the voters to read all the stories nominated.

But the magazines...there's a problem. If one hates GALAXY, one needn't wade through every issue, just to assure himself that he won't give it his vote. If you've seen a mag and didn't like it, eliminate it. My beef is the elimination of a mag you've never seen.

We run a WORLD con, and the British Isles are (contrary to Irish rumors) a part of the world. Have you read any of the British magazines lately? If you have read them and 1) voted for one, or 2) did not vote for one, you can 1) skip this, or 2) look ashamed. If you haven't read them, you should.

There are four British magazines now: SUPERNATURAL STORIES, NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, and SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES. I'm excluding the first of these because I don't think there are enough "weird" fans (though there are numerous "weird fen") to vote it a Hugo and because I haven't seen a copy yet, myself. It seems to be popular, though, as it is now in its eighth year and is a monthly. Worth looking into.

The Nova triplets (NW, SF, and SFA) are a must. Whatever your tastes in stf, at least one of them has something for you, and all are better than most of the fare we get over here.

A common left-handed compliment is that the British mags are ten years behind ours. That should please everyone, considering all the beefing over the lost "sense of wonder". Wouldn't you rather be back in the late '40s and early '50s? Remember ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, PLANET STORIES, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, FANTASY MAGAZINE, etc.? What have we today?

My only complaint is the lack of length in the Nova mags; they each give us only 110, or thereabouts, pages of fiction. But, for all its pages, ANALOG only gives us that much fiction, what with illos, editorials, articles, book-reviews, lettercols, etc. The Nova mags aren't missing anything much.

[continued on page 7/

REVIEWS AND SUCH

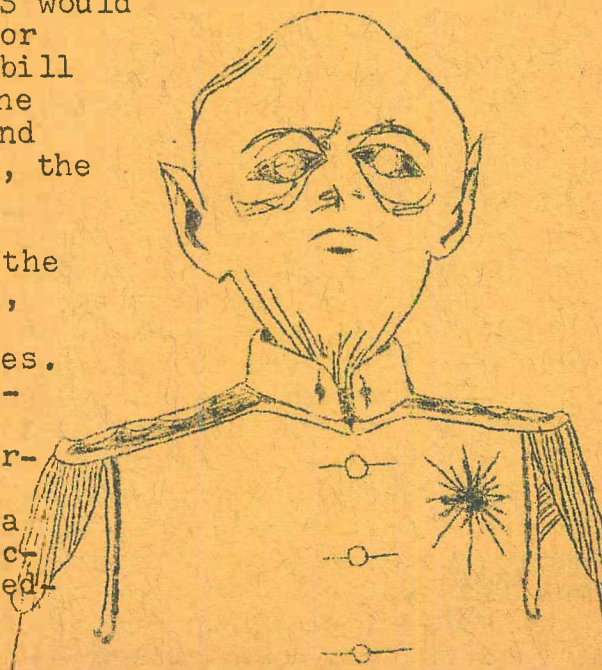
A Shade of Difference

Though not billed as science fiction, Allan Drury's latest novel fulfills the requirements of any reasonable definition of the literature. It is the second in a projected tetralogy which began with the Pulitzer Prize-winning Advise and Consent, this time dealing primarily with the UN and the race question.

Some of the leading characters of Advise and Consent are also important in A Shade of Difference--Harley Hudson, who has succeeded to the Presidency; Orrin Knox, new Secretary of State; Bob Munson, Majority Leader of the Senate; Seab Cooley, President Pro Tem of the Senate; Senators van Ackerman and Smith; and a number of wives. There are also many new and interesting characters--Sen. Hal Fry of West Virginia, chief US delegate to the UN; Rep. Cullee Hamilton of California, a Negro Congressman from California; LeGage Shelby, head of DEFY, a CORE-like organization, and a college roommate of Hamilton; Sue-Dan Hamilton, Cullee's wife; the Secretary-General of the UN, a Nigerian; "Terrible Terry" Ajkaje, the M'Bulu of M'Buele, hereditary ruler of Gorotoland, who is at the UN to plead for immediate independence for his country from British rule and incidentally to make as much trouble for the US as he can; and Felix Labaiya, Ambassador from Panama, brother-in-law of the Governor of California and implacable enemy of the United States. It is a cast of characters as rich and varied as the scope of the novel, and all come to life under Drury's pen.

The basic plot-line of the book is simple enough. Felix Labaiya has introduced a resolution in the General Assembly recommending immediate independence for Gorotoland, instead of independence at the end of one year as the British have promised. Ajkaje mixes into a school-integration crisis in Charleston, S.C., is bombarded with rotten eggs and vegetables, and presents his grievance to the UN. Labaiya introduces an amendment to his Gorotoland resolution to condemn the US for its racial policies, and to set up a UN commission to investigate these policies. Hamilton introduces a resolution in the House to apologize to Ajkaje, pay an endemnity, and promise that the US would move more rapidly toward full equality for Negroes. Cooley filibusters against the bill in the Senate, but is too old to stand the strain and after eight hours collapses and finally dies. Finally, after much debate, the UN defeats the Labaiya resolution by the margin of one vote.

This is the bare skeleton on which the flesh of a highly dramatic novel is laid, but the real interest, as with beautiful women, lies in the flesh and not the bones. Drury is what might be called an enlightened conservative--one who, although he does not in many ways approve of the spirit of the times, nevertheless recognizes the necessity for living with it. He is a newspaperman, and his most pointed criticism is directed at the ultra-liberal bleeding-heart press; such papers as the New York POST, Washington POST, London DAILY



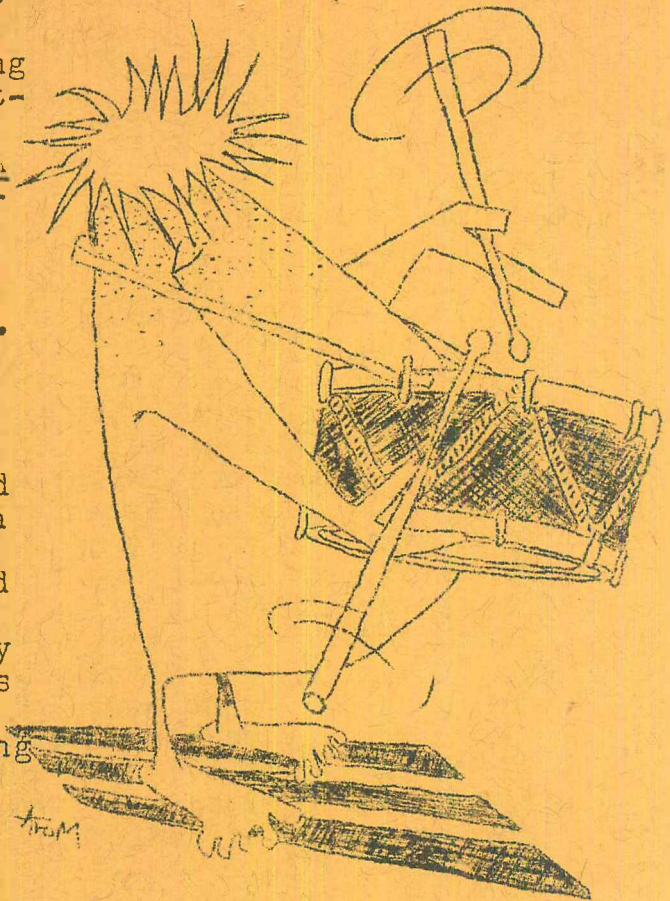
EXPRESS, Manchester GUARDIAN, and so on. He, even as I, has trouble understanding why the press delights in downgrading its own country, accepting unsupported the word of foreign politicians and refusing to believe the statements of its own leaders. (Cf. Nation of Sheep, by William Lederer--another excellent book, this time non-fiction)

The case in point here is the treatment of Gorotoland by the press. Gorotoland is a primitive kingdom where cannibalism, human sacrifice, and slavery are still practiced, and where "Terrible Terry" has incidentally imported a number of Russian and Chinese Communist "advisors". Britain points this out, and they are hooted down by the press as imperialists and degraders of "The great Negro race". This last is a whacking great fallacy which constantly appears in the press and in UN debates in this novel, as if a race could be "great" or anything

else. There are great Negroes, as there are great white men and great Orientals, but there are no great races. Neither is a slur on a given country a slur on a race--why is accusing Gorotoland of practicing slavery taken by all as a condemnation of the Negro race, but accusing the Soviet Union of the same thing not taken as a condemnation of the white race? Here, it would seem to me, the true racists are those who defend Gorotoland, for they are the ones who truly make race an issue.

From this we go to the racial policies in the United States, and here again Drury makes a point which is too often overlooked by many. There are many people, in the South particularly, who have no ill will in the world toward the Negro but are honestly, whole-heartedly convinced that the Negro is an inferior breed. The fact that they are wrong does not obviate their sincerity, nor mean that they are basically evil at heart. Seab Cooley presents this viewpoint, and while he will not convince anyone of the truth of his position I believe that a person who has read this novel will emerge with a much better understanding of the attitude of the old-line Southerner to the Negro.

The reverse side of the coin, the attitude of the American Negro to the whites, is shown in its basic forms by the contrast between Cullee Hamilton on one side and LeGage Shelby and Sue-Dan Hamilton on the other. Cullee, who seems to me to represent the wiser of the two viewpoints, is opposed to the way in which his people are treated, but realizes that the whites, as well as the Negroes, are victims of their pasts, and feels that the best way to achieve true equality is to demonstrate by his actions that a Negro can be a responsible, valuable citizen. Shelby and Sue-Dan, on the other hand, believe that the only way to attain equality is to create so much unpleasantness that the whites will be forced to give in simply to have a little peace and quiet. They hate the whites--an attitude not uncommon in the Negro community, and one which causes some misgivings in some otherwise-sympathetic whites. Such groups as the Black Muslims show this hatred in its



most naked form, but anyone who has lived and worked for a considerable period in the midst of a Negro community (as I have) is well aware of its existence as a strong undercurrent even outside that organization.

Cullee is accused of being an "Uncle Tom", a "white man's Negro", by his wife and friend, and eventually Sue-Dan leaves him. His opposition to Ajkaje seems to be compounded of equal parts of patriotism and personal dislike, for in an earlier meeting Ajkaje had indicated a taste for Sue-Dan which Cullee feared was more than a little reciprocated. This personal rivalry adds heat to their political battle. After his powers of persuasion fail to get Cullee to drop his bill in Congress Shelby hires thugs who beat him almost to death before the police arrive.

To describe every phase of this novel would require far more space and far more time than I am allotted. The great personal tragedy of Hal Fry; the efforts of Orrin Knox and Bob Munson to save face for Seab Cooley, though his refusal to accept their aid leads to his death; the vicious scheming of Fred van Ackerman, unchastened by his censure at the close of Advise and Consent; the interplay of turbulent national emotions on the UN floor: all these and many more enrich the book and make it a "must" for anyone who is at all interested in the nation and the world. Read it now--give it the Hugo in '63!

/continued from page 4/

NEW WORLDS is the British ASTOUNDING, the thought-provoker and entertainer. The usual lineup is five stories and a serial. These latter are sometimes reprinted from US pbs, but for the non-book-buyer NW has presented a good selection, from EFRussel's Wasp in '58 through Sturgeon's Venus Plus X last year to Aldiss' Minor Operation (The Primal Urge, in US pb) this year. An added feature lately has been the "guest editorial"...about stf! Most have been of negligible import, but NW #121 features one by a young fan, a real stinger, which will be the controversy-piece of the year, IF anybody reads it! No reason for anyone to miss NW. I've found it in three drug-stores in Buffalo and imagine it is being distributed around the country now.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES is the British PLANET STORIES, and is much better than the old American edition was. It features the long galactic-adventure story, usually three novellettes or two novellas and a short. Don't lament the death of the Ed Hamilton story; it's still around, and better than ever.

SCIENCE FANTASY is the British FANTASY MAGAZINE: it has the wackiness of UNKNOWN, the literacy of F&SF, and occasionally the horror of WEIRD TALES. Here we find Mackin's hilarious series of adventures of "Hek Belov, cyberneticist extraordinary", funnier and better-written than what we get from the likes of Sharkey and Laumer. And here we find Mike Moorcock's sword-and-sorcery tales of "Elric, Lord of Melnibone", the best such since Howard and CASmith left us.

My Hugo vote? SCIENCE FANTASY had a few great stories. ANALOG had many good ones. ANALOG also had JWC, Jr., articles, editorials, and lettercols. I'd vote for SCIENCE FANTASY!

Give the Nova mags a try, and don't vote until you're qualified.
If you want a popularity contest...

...what the hell...

...go all out...

...PLAYBOY for the Hugo!

AN APPLE FOR TEACHER

by Bill Plott

"Maybe I got up on the wrong side of the bed," Alicia Cartwright mused over the old cliché, "or maybe the world is just deliberately rubbing me the wrong way today."

Miss Cartwright had been late in getting her monthly attendance report into the principal's office. To make matters worse her car had failed to start, her brother in Tucson was seriously ill, and her first period Senior English class had been a veritable riot.

Although she had prepared a relatively simple grammar lesson on misplaced modifiers, the class had been restless with spring fever and disinterested in the mechanics of good English usage.

"Kenneth Bowen, what is the error in this sentence: 'While soaring through the air we watched the sea gull'?"

Kenneth Bowen, a husky crew-cut football player with a deep southwestern drawl said, "Well, Miss Cartwright, it seems to me that them modifiers are shot all to hell."

Alicia's cheeks flushed as she remembered taking him to the principal's office while the class howled with laughter. She had lashed out with a homework assignment that quickly changed laughter to sickening distaste.

The grapevine had done an excellent job of spreading the word around school. Her remaining classes were orderly, but spiced with an undertone of ridicule and snickering. She had never realized before just how much of a relief the final bell could be for the teacher as well as for the student.

She was so preoccupied with her thoughts that she didn't realize someone was standing quietly in the doorway. Jerking apologetically around, she opened her mouth, but no sound was emitted. Alicia Cartwright could only stare at the young boy standing before her. He was in his twenties, nicely built, and quite handsome. His sandy hair was cut close; his blue eyes were sharp and aware; and his thin lips seemed to betray a faint smile.

Her knees quivered and a cold chill shook her body. She could feel her pulse quicken and her heartbeat gain speed. A feeling of dizziness and wonder passed, and waves of nostalgia swept over her...

* * * *

The park was alive with the warmth and beauty of spring. A cool breeze fluttered across the lake and settled upon the items under the shady tree. A picnic basket, empty and forgotten, lay to one side of a white tablecloth; the remnants of a meal lay waiting for the ants. A parasol, a pocketbook, a lady's shawl, and a man's coat were the other occupants of the oak's cool canopy.

Down a worn path in the coolness of a wooded alcove two figures embraced in silent ecstasy.

"You'll lose your job if they find out." The whisper was soft and masculine.



"I know, but right now I don't care." The reply, feminine, was barely audible.

Silence. They embraced again, lingeringly, then parted and fell back on the blanket, to their own separate thoughts. He closed his eyes and sighed as he held her hand tenderly. She stared across the lake for a moment and then looked at him with a strange mixture of affection, enchantment, and mystery.

"Jim."

He murmured under his breath to signify that he was listening.

"Why do I love you? Why am I risking my job, my reputation, and my happiness for something that can never be? Why? I'm a teacher; I'm supposed to know the answers, but this question...it's as if I had been tried and found wanting, like Belshazzar. I only know that when we're alone like this I'm at ease. I can relax and enjoy life, and I don't care a damn about the School Board and the townspeople."

He opened his eyes when she swore and studied her face.

"Alicia, that question has plagued lovers for eternity. Writers have written volumes on it; philosophers have made known their feelings of emotion; poets have died for it; soldiers have fought for it; but no one knows and has ever answered the 'why' of it.

"Why do birds sing? Why does the moon reflect the sunlight? Why are we here, now, in this place, in each other's arms? Don't ask me why, Alicia; just accept it--and live it."

She smiled and laid her head on his chest. She hardly knew him at all. He had just appeared suddenly one day, and she had followed him to this spot, neither knowing nor caring why.

"I wish I could live for eternity with you. Never die, never grow old, just live with you and throughout eternity enjoy life as much as I am enjoying life now in this lost, secluded, Garden of Eden."

He pushed her away gently and looked intensely into her eyes.

"Immortality is not something to be desired, Alicia. Can you imagine remaining young while those around you age, wrinkle, and die? Your friends and loved ones expire with time, yet you remain alone. It is not a life to be desired, Alicia; it is a hell on earth."

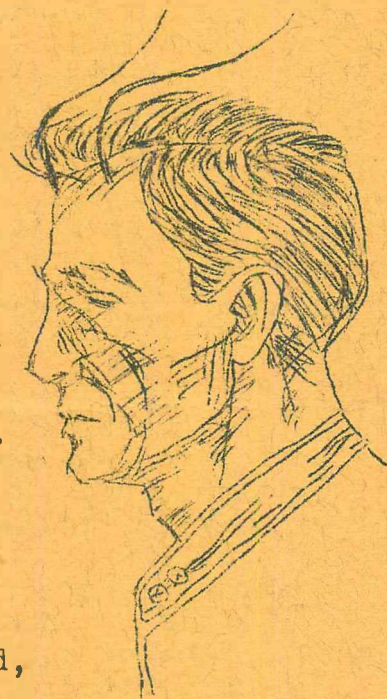
"Why, Jim, you act as though you've actually lived through many lifetimes," she laughed. "Tell me who you really are. Are you Cartaphilus, the wandering Jew?"

He ignored her lightness and continued, "Can you imagine wanting to die in the prime of youth, but lacking the courage to pull the trigger or drink Socrates' hemlock? Can you imagine the loneliness of adapting to a new era, a new existence, a new life every generation? Can you imagine the torment of knowing you will live on while others die around you? It is the knowing and the ability to do nothing that is so painful."

"Jim, I believe you're serious about this," She sat up and looked at him curiously.

He stared and said nothing.

"Jim, tell me about yourself. I'm...I'm frightened. I have to know. Logic tells me I'm a fool; but my heart tells me to look before



I leap." 10

"Goodbye, Alicia. You'll see me again...someday."

"What...what do you mean?"

"I must leave now before I hurt you. It isn't fair to you."

"What isn't fair? Oh, Jim, I didn't mean to talk so crazily. I was only kidding. I love you!"

He was gone. Like a shadow he flitted silently through the trees and left Alicia Cartwright bewildered and alone.

*

*

*

*

"Hello, Alicia." His voice was firm and resonant.

She was silent for a long moment and then she said slowly, "You said I would see you again someday."

He nodded. They both stood silent for a moment. She didn't offer him a chair and he just stood silently in the doorway.

"Why?" she asked.

He didn't answer the question. He didn't seem to hear or understand it at all.

"I've found myself," he said hesitantly. Then confidently, he went on, "It took me a long time, almost six thousand years, but I did it. I've got courage at last, and repose is the next step. You don't understand, Alicia--don't try to. You're still a 'miss' and you're only thirty-five. Eighteen years is a long time to spend in a dream world. Every sleeper must eventually awaken from every dream. A bachelor in this town has his eyes on you, and you'd best take notice, Alicia. I know I've nearly ruined your life--the waiting, the wondering, the doubt, the fear, the hope. But as I said, repose is next. Real paradise lies ahead, not a make-believe Eden by a wooded lakeside. It never could have been the way you dreamed; you know that deep inside."

Alicia didn't say anything. She was apprehensive, but silent.

"Well, goodbye, Alicia, and don't worry. When I see you again, it will be forever--in the Elysian Fields."

He turned, but halted when she called his name. She walked to the door on shaking, unsteady legs, kissed him briefly, and whispered a soft farewell.

He left and she sat down at her desk once more. Outside a car was started. A girl's scream shattered the air, and then there was the violent impact of steel and glass against brick.

Alicia Cartwright said a silent prayer as a tear fell from her eye.

TIME

--Ray Trevino

The dark splendid grandeur of time
Haunts mankind like a spectered ghost
That cloaks the human race without reason or rime,
And steers Homo Sapiens, forever at its post.
Since the first animal climbed out of the seas,
Until the last man lies down on a dead Earth,
When his fate determines whether he be God or Beast,
Time will enfold us eternally, to death from birth.
The atomic fires within the hellish suns
Will be extinguished to cold ebony ash,
Err time barely be starting its eternal runs;
A million milleniums will be merely a dash.
When the bright hot lights of the galaxy have died,
When the blackest nebula has dispersed away,
When the furthest shoals of space have no more tide,
Time will have started its first young day.

SHOUTERS

It seems that one of the hazards of living in or near a big city is the fact that the city invariably attracts a horde of odd-balls, undesirables, and other unusual characters, many of whom feel it is their sole mission in life to save mankind (or at least the inhabitants of the particular city) from their sins.

As a former New Yorker and one who travels into the city quite often I know.

I know all too well.

Because New York has its breed of sin shouters and holy rollers too. The omnipresent Salvation Army somewhat augments their force, but the majority of them are loners, little independent groups who have pamphlets printed up, obtain permits, and set themselves on the streets of New York.

These individuals are usually male, usually white-haired--or at least bearing traces of advanced age, and usually capable of outshouting any arguments advanced before them. They are never mean, but are dedicated to their mission, and like Billy Graham, for instance, are completely unable to understand why some people choose to be left alone.

On the corner of 8th Avenue and 42nd Street in mid-town Manhattan is a bank, bordered by an expansive sidewalk, and this is a favorite roosting place for one particular group, which has been there practically every time I have. I sometimes flatter myself by thinking that they are deliberately waiting for me, callously striving to snare me in a trap of verbal gobbledegook and religious mysticism.

Newcomers are sometimes overwhelmed by this treatment. As they approach the corner a white-haired, grand-motherly-looking old woman, smiling like a cherub, will appear in their path, and unswervingly thrust a small printed pamphlet into the individual's hand. Then Grandma will smile pityingly at the person, as if to let him know she recognizes his unfortunate condition, and move away, to apprehend another passer-by. The small pamphlets will generally begin with a biblical quote, followed by an interpretation by some learned holy man, followed by more quotes and more interpretations.

Progressing further, past the philanthropic woman the stroller encounters the main resistance movement; a white-haired man who looks close to fifty, tightly packed amidst a throng of curious passers-by. This man is running through his spiel like a well-trained carnival barker. The passers-by have stepped out of curiosity mostly, and will soon find themselves compelled to reply to some of his charges, whereupon he will fling new counter-charges at them.

The gist of the talk the old man gives is that we are all sinners, all consigned to hell unless we do something, and pronto. He may talk for two hours, in a voice that ranges from coaxingly light to thunderously commanding, but he'll never say anything beyond that. Chances are he doesn't know anything beyond that. His motive is to transfer the fear of God (or at least fear) into the listeners.

Naturally this sort of talk is bound to arouse heckling. I've seen everything from a young, trampish looking woman asserting that the life she's living on Earth is worth an eternity in hell, to a tough-looking colored laborer, solemnly assuring the old man that he is full of crap, before jauntily striding away past Grandma, who evidently assumed that the pamphlets would be useless on this sinner.

[12] The old man is of course used to this treatment and can resume his orating immediately, without giving any more thought to the hecklers. Sometimes crowds of hundreds of people will gather, and of these perhaps a dozen will be genuinely interested in what he's saying and perhaps moved enough to do something about it.

Once, several years ago, I was traveling through the city with several friends, and we came across a similar crowd surrounding a sin shouter, this time a young woman. This woman was dressed as plainly as she could manage, and with her hair unimaginatively combed, large horn-rimmed glasses, and no make-up, she had little fear of the more forceful males, who might size her up as a possible pick-up. She was so plain and unappealing that even rape was an impossibility.

And she spoke at great length about hell, with so much zest and verve that she must have worked for the Chamber of Commerce there.

She had an interesting habit of turning her gaze on some meek-looking observer and then delivering her line almost directly to him. She asked for no money, gave out nothing, but only sought to extract the promise from everyone that he would become a better Christian, go to church every Sunday, and love thy neighbor. In a way this was a bit of a veiled insult, for she based her talk on the assumption that every single person who listened to her was a godless, sinful heathen.

One of the fellows I was with, whose name was Jerome, had just been shopping for some gifts for a younger sister. In his arm he carried a bag containing dollhouse furniture along with the miniature family. As the woman hammered on, he slowly withdrew some object from the bag and began to do something with it. I couldn't see what, but assumed it was of no importance. The woman had relented and switched to another individual, leaving the first one almost gasping for breath. As he staggered away, and she resumed her tirade, condemning us for our sinfulness, I caught a glimpse of Jerome.

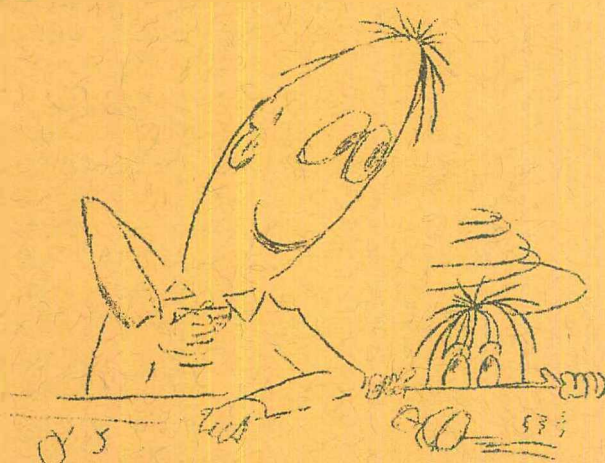
He had taken a small doll from the bag, which bore a surprisingly accurate resemblance to the woman and was hard at work--shoving pins through it. Every few seconds he'd grunt in satisfaction, as he forced another pin into the doll's torso. The crowd, hearing these pleased groans, would look at him, turn back to the woman, do a sudden double-take, and stare more closely at Jerome.

He was becoming the center of interest now and was enjoying it. The woman had latched onto a teen-age boy and hadn't noticed Jerome, but the crowd had. There were at least three pins glistening in the doll's body. Jerome held it up in his hands, so the persons at the fringe of the crowd were treated to a better view. They waved approvingly. Someone offered him a large hatpin but he refused it.

We had just been taken on another round trip of hell when the woman at last looked Jerome's way. She spotted the doll, the pins impaling it, and instantly she recognized the motive to his actions. She stared icily at him. Jerome went on with his work, ignoring her, as more and more pins were shoved into the small object.

The crowd was watching her hopefully. I don't think anyone really believed in voodoo or the power of small dolls, but just in case, they weren't taking any chances on missing anything.

The woman's speech began to falter. She became more hesitant, seemed less certain about herself. The power



"MONATOMIC HYDROGEN,
THAT'S WHAT"

of suggestion was working.

13

It was becoming a duel between Jerome and his doll and the woman and her preaching. The doll glinted all over with pins, while the crowd regarded this with great delight. At that moment Jerome decided he didn't like the attention he was receiving. Perhaps it was pity for stealing the woman's audience, or boredom, but whatever it was, he promptly broke the doll in two and tossed it onto the ground.

The crowd watching gasped. The woman coughed.

Jerome turned and walked away. I followed him, while the woman unsuccessfully sought to resume.

Whether or not the woman succeeded in gaining many converts is not known to us. Jerome often tells me that if any converts were gained, it was probably the woman--to the field of black magic and voodoo. He says she probably runs a tea parlor in Greenwich Village, living in a three story walk-up and reading fortunes in tea-leaves.

I don't know, of course, what she's doing.

But if she is right, then it should conclusively prove that all the sin shouters and holy rollers on New York streets are attacking the problem the wrong way.

I think Jerome should teach them the right method.

—Mike Deckinger

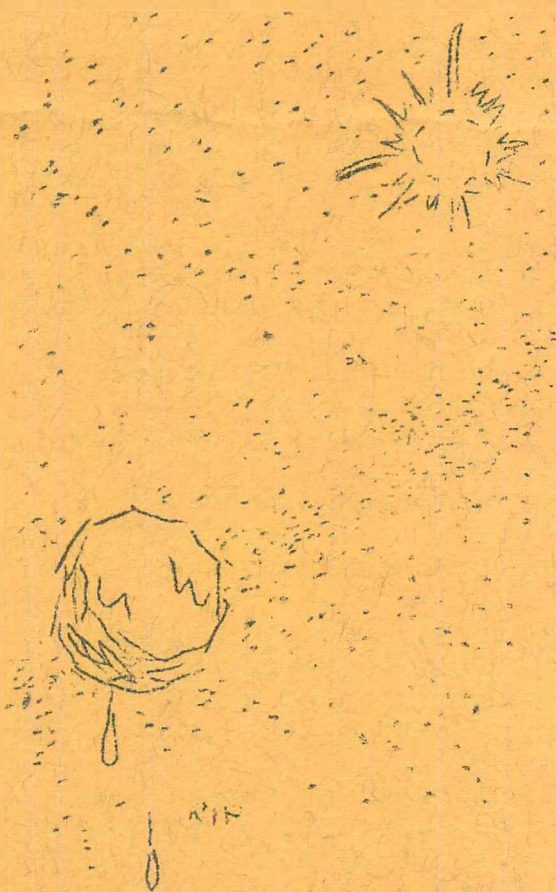
Winterwalk & Lonely

It's a black, black dark
and the road is frozen hard
and I'm walkin'
but not to anywhere.

Car tires before the freeze
treaded the road like a waffle;
I hear ice crunch underfoot
before I feel my footfalls,
but when I feel them
sensation starts
at the knee and works
both ways in sparky pain;
An approaching headlight
catches the lifted sole first
throws a light pool
on the ice
the beam moves up
catches me and I have a
halo reflected on ice
and then my transient god
moves on and I'm
in dark again.

And it's a black, black dark
and the road is frozen hard
and I'm walkin'
but not to anywhere.

ee evers



JOHN JACKSON

IN PERILOUS QUEST

Three who dared in perilous quest
From the city of death to wrest
The 'ternal jewel, the vial of life,
Armed only with sword, axe, and knife,
Ventured thence, and shielded by night,
Challenged ancient Kulan Dar's might.

--Song of The Three

Deep within many miles of virtually impassable jungle lay a massive, walled city, gleaming even in the dim light of a day-old moon, its broad, sweeping arches and ivory columns starkly incongruous amidst the wilderness which jealously guarded it. This was the fabled Kulan Dar, the Eternal City, city of gold-paved streets, city of wealth beyond imagination, city of sorcery...city of death. Or so went the legends. Few men knew the truth, for few had dared to test the legends, and fewer still had ever returned. At the moment, three men just outside the wall were attempting to add themselves to those few.

They crouched in the shadows on the west side of the wall, invisible in the gloom to any observers over a dozen feet away. The shortest of the three, the man called Rondo, looked up again at the wall and muttered a soft curse.

"By the Great Serpent! Fate is against us. That wall must be fifteen feet high, and as smooth as Carringan silk."

One of his companions, a tall, thin man named Parsifal de St. Germaine, as outlandish in dress as he was in name, garbed in a flowing cape and a plumed, broad-brimmed hat, spoke softly. "I've an idea which may work, given Eric's size and strength."

"You've got it," growled the towering third man, "but I can't see what good it'll be. Even on my shoulders you can't reach the top, and the wall's as smooth up there as it is down here, so you can't climb it, even with a lift."

"But, Eric, surely you're stronger than that: hold me on your hands. Or," he added innocently, "is that too much for you?"

"Too much for me!" the big man roared. "I'll throw you over the wall, you little--"

"Not so loud!" hissed Rondo. "Or do you want a squadron of the Royal Guard to settle it? Parsifal, if you've got a way to get over the top, quit being so mysterious about it. The more we delay, the slimmer our chances are."

"All right, all right. But it seems obvious. Eric can hold me up on his hands, and with my height I should be able to reach the top. Then I'll see about acquiring a rope or something to let you two up."

Rondo thought a moment. "I don't have any better ideas, and we've got to get inside soon. Let's try it."

Scant seconds later, a combination of Eric's sheer strength and Parsifal's balance had the lighter man perched atop Eric's massive arms. But even in the darkness Rondo saw they were short by nearly a foot.

A whisper and a curse floated down from the top of the human tower. "I can't make it!"

This was followed immediately by an angry rumble from below him: "You and your smart ideas."

A thought suddenly flared in Rondo's mind. "Eric, can you jump 15 with him on top of you? It's our only chance."

The fair-haired giant gave a grunt of assent, tensing his muscles in a slight crouch. "Get ready!" Rondo's hoarse whisper shot up to the tall man above. "Jump!"

Grunting involuntarily with the effort, Eric extended his body straight up into the air, opening his palms to free Parsifal's feet. He landed awkwardly on the ground, stumbling to his knees. He looked up just in time to see a thin dark shape disappear over the top. With a sigh of relief, he sat down. Pleased with himself, he grinned. "What now, wise one?"

The other, who though more than a foot shorter than the big man was in a way just as big, replied with a characteristic shrug. "We wait."

On the walkway inside the rim of the wall above, a guard lay, almost naturally, with a slender poniard in his throat. Two others approached. A second knife flashed, and the man in front, gurgling oddly, fell next to the first sentry. The third guard barely had time to raise his spear against a flashing, dancing blade. Unaccustomed for so long to any danger, the surprised man made nary a sound before the deadly sword, wielded by the finest fencer in Garth, possibly in all Reven, shot in and out, leaving him sprawled with his companions, a supremely amazed look still on his face.

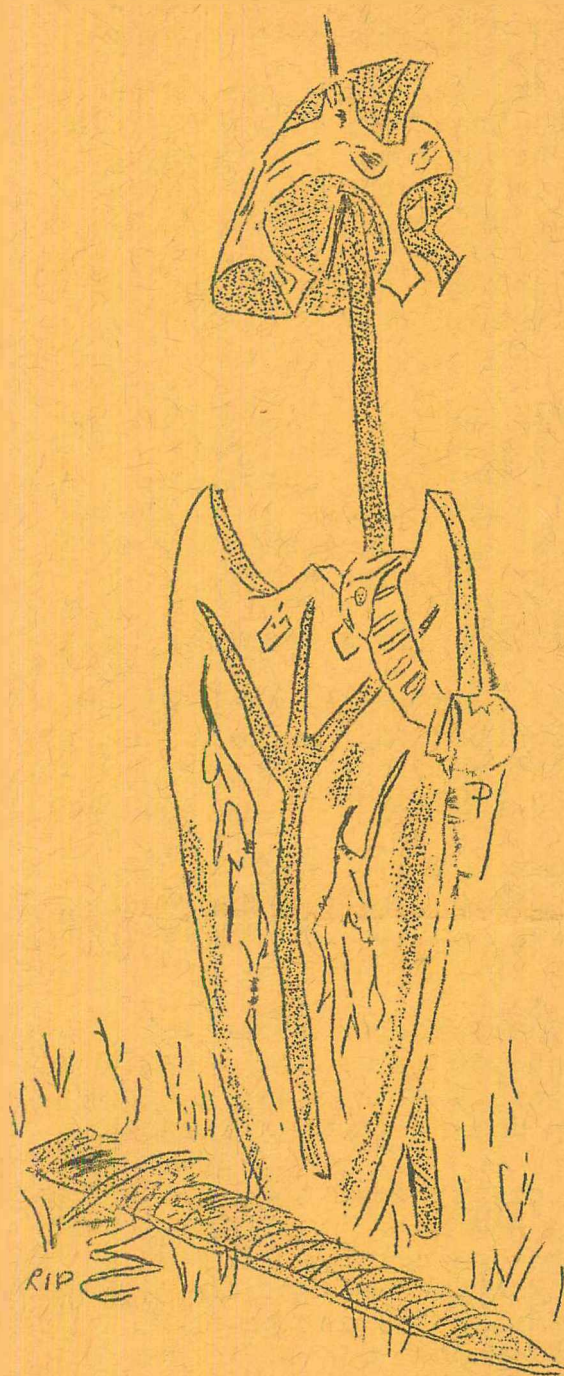
Parsifal wiped the slender rapier on the dead man's clothing and sheathed it again. "Thank you, my Dancer," he said softly. Recovering the two daggers he had hurled with such deadly accuracy, he soon found a quantity of rope, enough to help his two fellow adventurers over the wall to his side.

Rondo only glanced at the three dead guards and nodded to his tall friend. Assuming the lead, he silently followed the steps down into the city, reflecting again on the amazing mission which had brought him and his blood-companions to this city of evil.

They had been summoned by Kanka B'Arat, a sorcerer whose infamy had spread far from the city of Muramoor, outside of which, all alone on the borderland of the swamps, stood his gloomy abode, set in the shadows of the dismal area as if in wait for unwary victims. A house of evil.

Inside, in a room as comfortable as it could be in the atmosphere of death which pervaded the place, the three had met him. Kanka B'Arat was an aging, wizened, slightly fat man, who grew craftier and more devious as he grew older. Rondo immediately got the impression that he spoke but half-truths when he wasn't lying completely, and he looked as trustworthy as the demons he reputedly could conjure up. All three companions disliked him on sight.

But the mission of which he told them was intriguing, to say the least. He produced an old, wrinkled map, which he said revealed the location of Kulan Dar, the legendary city of mystery. A murky pool of water in the next room cleared to reveal a vault-like room, locked and guarded, but filled with the wealth of ages in gold, jewels, figurines carved in ivory or ebony, and countless beautiful ornaments. And in one corner of the room, on a table inlaid with silver, was a jewel-encrusted cask, wrapped in shimmering chains. That, or rather the vial contained within, and its liquid contents, was their goal. They wondered what could be in the bottle of such worth, for Kanka had promised a chest of gold from his own stores besides whatever they could carry off from Kulan Dar's treasure, but on that matter the old wizard refused to elucidate further.



The three had decided to go forth on the mission mainly for the sake of getting into and out of (they hoped) the strange city, rather than any wealth they would acquire. If they lived, it would be a tale to be told throughout the land, another episode to be added to the exploits of those who were already rapidly becoming legend. If they lived.

At the edge of the jungle which shielded Kulan Dar from the rest of the world, they had left their horses and extra gear guarded by Rondo's savage devil-dog, a beast as mysterious and deadly as its master, and proceed through the untractable jungle on foot.

And now they were finally within the city itself.

The three men strode silently along the dark streets. In the lead, Rondo stopped near the entrance to a noisy, torch-lit inn, and turning slightly, nodded to his taller companions. They acknowledged the nod and followed him in. Parsifal took time for a quick look up the street and then went in with the others.

Pausing inside the doorway, Rondo's gaze swept the room. The smoking torches gave the place a dim, shadowy appearance, and the stale air smelled badly of mahirib. Most of the men there could scarcely have been called questionable, for there was no question who they were. Thugs, thieves, assassins, peddlers or smokers of mahirib, even a soldier or two. There was nothing unusual about them; they were typical patrons of such a place--men of the gutter, men of the night. These made little impression on Rondo's questing gaze. What made him stop short was someone at the table a few feet away.

A very frail-looking man sat negligently in a chair facing the short warrior, looking singularly incompetent to wield the curved sabre hanging awkwardly at his side. He had his arm almost self-consciously around the shoulders of the girl sitting next to him. And it was she who made Rondo's heart jump within him, exciting a long-buried pleasure...and pain. She of the smooth brown hair, the sparkling brown eyes, the ever-smiling red mouth, and the perfect, tempting but untouchable form, smooth and set as a statue's. She who had once meant more to him than life itself. In spite of his rigid control he couldn't contain a small, choked cry: "Laia!"

At his voice she glanced up, and sudden recognition dawned in her face. "Rondo? What are--?"

Seeing the bearded, crafty Izulah coming toward them, and spotting the recognition between his comrade and the attractive girl ahead of them, Parsifal shoved Rondo hurriedly toward the approaching figure.

Knowing that knowledge of their identities could well mean death, he ¹⁷⁷reached out for the owner's arm and jerked him forward. The smaller man's surge of anger was replaced by one of amazement, as Parsifal whispered, "We are sent by Kanka B'Arat," simultaneously making the instructed sign with his left hand.

Looking nervously around, Izulah murmured, "Come quickly."

The three were only too glad to comply with the request, for even as they disappeared behind a heavy curtain, Laia was talking hurriedly to her companion.

In response to the unasked question on Parsifal's face, Rondo said simply, "Later." The other nodded; there were more urgent things to be done.

Izulah took them into a back room and down a set of narrow steps, into a small, dingy storage room, lit only by a single flickering candle in a recess in the wall. Suddenly the little man gave vent to his ire. "You fools! I may lose my head for this! If the guards find out, I'm a dead man...and so are you. If that accursed B'Arat didn't--" His speech faltered there, and the anger gave way to despair. "You want to get into the palace, I suppose?", he asked dully.

"Yes, into the treasure room," replied Rondo, testily. He was growing suspicious of the whole affair. "You knew?"

"Yes; Kanka B'Arat has tried--" He stopped suddenly, realizing he was revealing too much.

Eric sensed betrayal. "I don't like this."

"Nor I," said Parsifal slowly. "I feel like the bird before the attack of the hawk."

Commotion above caused Rondo to look around again. "How do we get out of here?"

Hearing the noise, Izulah became even more nervous. He pressed a section of the wall, which promptly slid back, revealing a low, dark, winding passage beyond. "Right into the palace. One of the branches leads straight to the treasure room."

"Wait a minute!" roared the giant Northerner. "That's a trap...it must be. The fire-giants' lair would be more welcome."

"You're right, Eric. I think our little friend here knows quite a bit more than he's telling. And until he gives us some information we're not leaving, and neither is he." Rondo turned to the bearded one, the smile on his face not pleasant to see. He pulled out his dagger, placed the point against Izulah's throat, and grinned again. "Talk."

What the old man could have revealed remained unknown, for the steps erupted in a flood of guardsmen. Rondo searched quickly for the man with Laia who must have alerted them, but that young man remained conspicuously absent. Throwing Izulah to the side, Rondo leaped to the stairs. Avoiding a spear-thrust, he spitted its wielder on the point of his shortsword. He drew blood again, but was forced back by the mass above him.

There was little room for finesse or any of the niceties of sword-play, which left Parsifal at a decided disadvantage. And Eric had neither the time nor the room to pull out his great longsword, having to be content with the double-bladed axe at his side. But that, swung with terrible efficiency by his mighty arms, was enough to account for the life of any man near him. The guardsmen found their spears useless in such tight quarters, and in close combat they couldn't stand against the three outlanders.

With his small size, strength, and speed, Rondo jumped in and out of the press, his short, light sword reaping a toll of death. One guard tried to keep him at bay and out of range with his longer weapon, but the short warrior darted in, too close for the other to use his sword

easily, and hacked for the heart. The guard fell to his knees, clutching his chest, and Rondo kicked him to the side.

Izulah, who had heretofore kept out of the fray, now darted for the stairs and safety. A sword slashed out viciously, and a wrinkled, bearded head rolled onto the floor.

Dispatching another man easily, Rondo saw the last of the guardsmen fleeing up the stairs for help. "Get him!"

Scarcely had he uttered that cry, then a knife, thrown from Parsifal's left hand, flashed into the man's side, as he started to round the stairs. He lost his balance, stumbled, grasped for the railing, and crashed headlong over it to the floor below.

With awesome force, Eric split the skull from forehead to shoulders of the only other remaining guard.

Looking around, breathless, Rondo took charge again. "Grab the candle. We'll have to use this passage, though I don't like it either."

His slender companion removed the flickering light from its nook, and followed the other two into the hole. Spying a small knob inside, he slid it sideways, and the stone door swung shut behind him. The die was cast. Candle in hand, he took the lead along the dusty, foul-smelling corridors, leading the way to unimagined wealth and success...or quick death.

A while later, Rondo perceived a subtle change in the make-up of the enclosing walls. "I think we're in the palace. Watch that light; we may have to put it out. If we're discovered, we're dead."

The passage branched out in several directions, but they stayed on the central corridor. Beyond the next curve, they were rewarded by a shaft of light slanting in from the wall. Parsifal, wordlessly, put out the candle. A glance through the crack showed success. The opening device was found, and moments later the three adventurers stood inside the treasure room.

Even the wondrous tales of the great wealth of Kulan Dar failed to do justice to the gleaming splendor before them. Bracelets, brooches, priceless tiaras of gold, encrusted with glittering diamonds, emeralds of green fire, rubies the size of birds' eggs--the wealth of the world overflowed from huge oaken chests piled high as a man's head. Even Rondo, who had seen the fantastically beautiful fairy cities of the East, could scarcely believe such existed.

Eric was as a man amazed, digging through priceless ornaments as if to assure himself that such riches could be real. Parsifal stood silently, awed by the shimmering, shining beauty at his feet.

After his first shock, Rondo searched hurriedly for the jeweled chest containing the mystic vial which was their goal. Then in the corner he spotted the low silver table, exactly as he had seen it through the sorcerer's black magic. Lifting the chest off the table and onto the floor, he knelt down, prying the golden chains off their mysterious, guarded secret.

Gazing at the mass of gold coins and jewelry before him, Parsifal saw it in a far different light than Eric. "Golden blood," he murmured to himself, "...of a thousand, a hundred thousand, men, paid for with their lives." Standing there, his ears suddenly caught an odd sound, like a heavy weight being slid or dragged across the floor, and out of the corner of his eye he saw a huge leopard bound out of a revealed recess in the wall. "Yesht!" As he cried out, his right hand flashed from his sword-belt, hurling one of his throwing knives with deadly accuracy at the cat's head. The glinting little blade struck like lightning, but the beast's charge was unswayed.

Dumfounded, Eric grabbed for the axe at his side, but even as he reached he knew he was too late, for at that moment the great cat left

its feet, cleaving the air like a living lance, straight for Rondo's kneeling body.

At Parsifal's shout the short warrior whirled to see the leopard's snarling, savage jaws inches from his face. The flying cat hit him with the force of a thunderbolt. Smashed backwards by the power of the cat's leap, with a near-instinctive reaction Rondo grabbed for the juncture of the beast's front legs and shoulders, lifted with his legs, and borne backward, rolled completely over, landing again on his knees. Carried by its own impetus and aided by the power of Rondo's flip, the leopard landed stunningly against the wall, back first. Rondo's shortsword carved a glittering arc through the air and into the back of the dazed cat's neck, shearing through skin, muscle, and backbone, spreading red blood over the gold and silver under its twitching body.



Eric stood over him, gleaming, double-edged axe gripped fiercely in his big scarred hand, while behind him the tall cavalier inspected the way revealed by the sliding panel. "Nobody here, but we'd better leave while we can. Whoever released their little pet there is just liable to follow, and we can't fight off the entire guard."

Eric looked at the riches piled everywhere and sighed. Then he looked at the dead beast and grimly agreed. "He's right, for once. As much as I hate to leave it all, it won't do us any good if we land in the royal dungeon. I'm already tempted to carry some of this with us, and we can't take the chance. Let's go."

His short companion, bleeding slightly from several claw-marks, picked up the little chest, now bereft of its chains, and tossed it to his big friend. "Here. I'm not about to leave this behind, after all we've gone through to get it."

Eric snared it easily in his huge left hand, keeping the axe in his right, and started for the big statue which concealed the secret passage out of the palace.

"Halt! In the name of Jerrard, Dom of Kulan Dar, halt or die!"

Eric turned to face an increasing group of royal guardsmen coming out of the passage in the wall behind him. Resplendent in their crimson and white uniforms, flame-colored capes hanging from haughty shoulders, they advanced, spears at the ready, except for their captain, who, sword in hand, had just yelled the halt.

Eric knew how long he would live once captured and in the hands of Jerrard's men. Knowing this, there was no hesitation in his movements. As he turned and took in the scene at a glance, his war-axe left his hand, striking the captain full in the chest. The officer dropped to the floor like a stone, dead before he touched. At nearly the same instant, one of Parsifal de St. Germaine's many knives brought equally sudden death to another of the guard.

For a second or two the guardsmen were too astonished to move.

This gave Rondo, who was closest to them, just enough time to jump in for another man. He kicked viciously at the nearest fellow's groin, wrenching the spear from the moaning man as he crumpled. A blow with the butt of the spear knocked him flat.

Holding the weapon like a staff, Rondo blocked the spear-thrust of a lunging guardsman with the foot of the spear, and in an immediate reverse motion ripped the other's face with the broad blade. He blocked another blow, jabbed and missed his nearest antagonist, and fell back to help Parsifal cover Eric, who, having dropped the chest, was unlimbering his huge sword Derdriu from its harness on his back.

In seconds Eric had the sword gripped in his hands, and the other two parted, to let him have room. In the huge semi-circle made by the swinging four-and-a-half foot broadsword, two of the foremost guards were caught. The steel blade sheared right through the neck of the first, smacking into the other's shoulder with almost undiminished force. Eric jerked his blade loose, and the man, cut nearly in twain, fell to the side. It was a giant of a sword, wielded by a monster of a man, the likes of which had never before been seen in Kulan Dar, and it caused titanic havoc, scattering the guard like grain before the scythe.

With the mounds of treasure at their backs, the three could only be attacked from the front, and there was none among their foes who was a match for any of them. Nearly a dozen men were down, and several were scrambling wildly back toward the passage from whence they came. The resulting confusion in the rear prevented any organized action by the guardsmen, so their numerical superiority availed them naught.

Out of the corner of his eye Rondo saw what he feared most: a guard was maneuvering toward Eric's side, though well out of range of the slashing, razor-edged death being dealt his comrades, spear poised in hand. Raising his captured spear, Rondo yelled a warning: "Eric!" This was done as much to distract the guard as to warn his big friend, but in this it was only partially successful. The spearman hesitated but a second before throwing his weapon. Two spears flashed simultaneously. Rondo's caught the guard in the chest, passed through his ribs, and pinned him lifeless to the wall.

Rondo's warning and the soldier's hesitation, slight though it was, proved enough to save Eric's life. The spear, hurtling toward Eric's stomach, was caught and deflected by a lightning-like down-and-out slash of the long sword. The point but sliced a shallow groove along his thigh.

The guard, however, was now falling back and regrouping itself. Rondo knew that this would be the last chance the three had to leave; it was now or never. Grabbing several spears in one hand and the chest in the other, he herded the others toward their only means of egress, the statue in the corner. While Eric covered them, he handed the small chest to Parsifal, sending him down the stairs into the passage. The guardsmen had fallen back again, giving them a chance for escape. He grabbed Eric and motioned toward the steps below. "Down. I'll hold them."

His big companion hesitated. "No, you go. I'll fol--"

"Down!!" There was no time for dispute. As he shoved Eric down the worn, stone steps, a spear crashed into the wall, knocking chips of rock into his face. He hurled a javelin straight and true into the body of a charging guard and then dropped into the blackness below, barely touching the steps. Eric jumped to the side to avoid him. "Get going. Straight down the passage."

Again Eric hesitated. "What about you?"

"I'll be right along; I just want to slow them up a bit."

[21]

As they turned down the pitch-black corridor, a form appeared at the entrance above. With one of his two remaining spears, Rondo spit-
ted the man on its point. A choked cry was followed by a body tumbling
down the stairs. A voice cried, "Bring torches! We need light!"

Rondo darted back along the wet, musty way toward his fellow war-
riors, realizing the slight delay of the guards would be sufficient to
allow them to leave the tunnel in safety. Slipping on the smooth stone
under his feet, he was prevented only by his marvelous sense of bal-
ance from sprawling onto the slime which covered the ancient passage.

A shaft of dim light heralded the open entrance. Beyond lay the
small room below the tavern, and in the middle, waiting for him, Eric
O'Brien and Parsifal de St. Germaine. Rondo instantly noticed Eric's
axe resting in its accustomed place on his hip. "How'd you get that
back?"

Parsifal smiled. "I managed to recover it."

Rondo grinned back; they had managed so far to come out of this
adventure in good shape. He nodded toward the upward stairs. "Let's
go."

They found the room upstairs completely deserted. Rondo thought a
moment, then realized its former patrons might have some difficulty
explaining the presence of the dead bodies of a dozen of the royal
guards.

They hurried unopposed through the same streets by which they had
come only a short time ago. They were still undiscovered when they
came to the walk slanting up to the outside wall. Creeping up in the
shadows, they spotted a pair of guards slowly pacing toward them. Then
came the sound of running feet and excited voices, and the flickering
light of torches behind them. The sentries on the wall turned toward
them, attracted by the disturbance.

"The guards!" growled Eric.

"Over the wall!" Rondo said, as he leaped forward toward the sur-
prised men. The other two were but inches behind him. As Rondo slammed
into one, a mighty blow from Eric's fist knocked the other guard tum-
bling back down the ramp. Clutching the chest tightly, Parsifal sailed
right over the wall. A second later, Eric and Rondo dropped beside him.

As they disappeared into the underbrush, Parsifal held up the chest.
"I would say," he said slowly, "that we have accomplished our mission."

Eric shot back, "Yeah, but we're not back yet. Not by a long shot."

"Yes; it is a long way back," he replied brightly.

And Rondo, thinking of another time and place, long ago, a pair of
flashing brown eyes, the cool touch of moist lips, and the never-to-
be-forgotten feel of a beautiful, yielding form, murmured soft agree-
men. "...a long way back."

((Sequel to follow))

Through Time and Space with Fabius Foghorn

Fabius Foghorn was one of the few hunters to bag a
specimen of the dreaded horned tiger of Rigel II. When
asked how he'd managed it, he replied that he had heard
a noise in the bushes, and had turned and fired.

"But how," his friend asked, "did you know it
wasn't another hunter?"

"Simple," said Fabius Foghorn. "It was an esoteric,
frank rustle."

--Sean McJack

RICHMOND WANNEN

KALEIDOSCOPE

JOURNEY TO THE 7th PLANET--American-International--1962--Produced, Directed, & Written by Sidney Pink--Screenplay by Sidney Pink & I J Melchior

Oh me! After doing pretty well with some fairly well-done sci-fi and horror pix, American International is entering the field with another typical cheapie, for which most of the money involved is probably for publicity.

The story depicts the landing on Uranus of an exploratory party from Earth (Now don't get your backs up about this leading statement. This is no FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF OUTER SPACE affair. It's set in the future, and the USA has already reached Saturn). Anyhow, the silly stuff starts right here. Everyone in the ship suddenly becomes paralyzed, a bunch of lights in panoramic design flash over the darkened screen, and a mysterious, deep, gurgling voice booms warnings of death & destruction to all. Ho hum!! So when they awake, they land (they've been drifting in orbit), look out the window and see (thrills & chills) an Earthian forest. Too Earthian. 'Specially when one of the travelers finds it just like the forest near his house. So it goes from here. There is a slight air of mystery--I think one fault was that I knew what was coming, but from the way the picture went, I don't think it would have made any difference. Among other things they discover are plants without roots, as if just set there (here they begin to really believe something is amiss), a farmhouse from the childhood of the ship's big cheese (Carl Ottosen)...and girls, friends of the explorers. And this is what gave me the biggest pain in the stomach I have ever had. John Agar is walking back to the ship when he is stopped by a girl who proceeds to romance him. And he romances back!!! Apparently this jerk just does not know the meaning of fear. Here he has landed on a planet millions of miles from Earth, finds air, a forest, and girls he has met on Earth, and he finds time for romance. I can think of better things to do. Like run.

Messing around a wall of vines, our heroes discover a wall of air pressure through which they discover the real Uranus. They wind up in a cave attacked by a giant one-eyed animal (later learned to be a rat, tho the resemblance sure didn't strike me) which, as you can just guess --since it has happened in ULYSSES, 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and countless other cyclopean-monster-featuring movies--the group blinds. And throughout all this, the gurgling voice and flashing lights slide in and out, adding to an air of suspense, terror, and stupidity.

A run seems to be on on Uranus for cyclopean life forms as the group eventually discovers that a one-eyed brain-like critter is conjuring up all these things (including lights & gurgling voice). When they freeze it with liquid oxygen, the whole place caves in and the vast forest vanishes. Oh, incidentally, in case you didn't catch the coincidence, John Agar's last SF work was THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS. Now he's got another brain.

The thing about Am-Int pix which has constantly surprised me is their way of handling special effects and editing. When the brain creates the rat, intricate (and well done, by the by) models are employed.

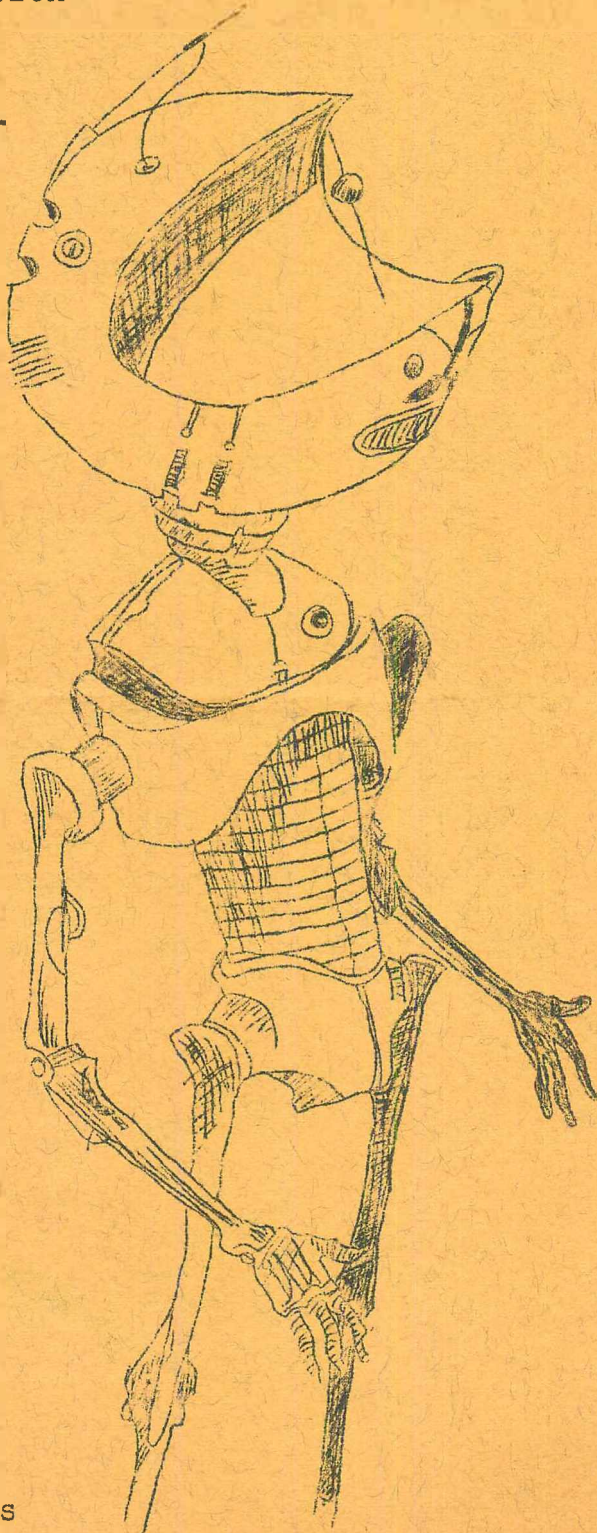
But when it creates a spider, all we get are old clips from Bert Gordon's THE SPIDER tinted either red or blue. Why??? Also, half the shots of the brain are another intricate model, while others show those paper-mache crumple balls (like are stuck in phoney books to pop out on unsuspecting saps) with marbles shoved in the middle. This one just ain't worth it, tho it'll probably gross ten times its cost thanks to publicity. Don't see it, if you can avoid it.

CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA--Filmgroup--1961--Produced & Directed by Roger Gorman--Written by Charles M. Griffith

If you happen, like me, to be one of the unfortunates who gets into a theater after the feature has already started, and this particular accident occurs with CREATURE, I doubt very much that you will be able to figure out just what gives til the picture is nearly done. After the 1st half hour (and this one only lasts about 61 minutes), it suddenly dawned on me that CREATURE is not a serious-type cheapie sci-fi picture, but a comedy (still a cheapie, tho). This confusion is caused by mainly the fact that this comedy Just Ain't Funny. Oh, I must concede that a few gags brought a chuckle to my lips, but it isn't any funnier than the usual supposedly serious flick. I did notice that this picture happened to be filmed in the same year, with the same cast (main 3 people, anyhow), and in the same location (Puerto Rico) as Filmgroup's LAST WOMAN ON EARTH, and is also staffed by many of the same people. This plus the completely illogical writing of the script leads me to believe that Corman, not getting enough of his money's worth out of his trip to Puerto Rico, has Charles Griffith whip him up a quick script and send it to him. Probably, but I certainly can't prove it.

I said illogical. Throughout the entire story, an air of comedy is kept about everything that happens, even to the uncoordinated monster apparently designed for a purely comical effect (tho not succeeding), except at one point where, after a couple of people die at the hands of the monster, Betsey Jones-Moreland accuses Antony Carbone of the crime. The abrupt change to seriousness here seems so strange, it sort-of throws the story out of whack. From the actions of the characters, such a serious mood just shouldn't be possible.

So much for that. The story concerns gambler Renzo Capeto (Carbone), who is assigned to smuggle the treasury of a

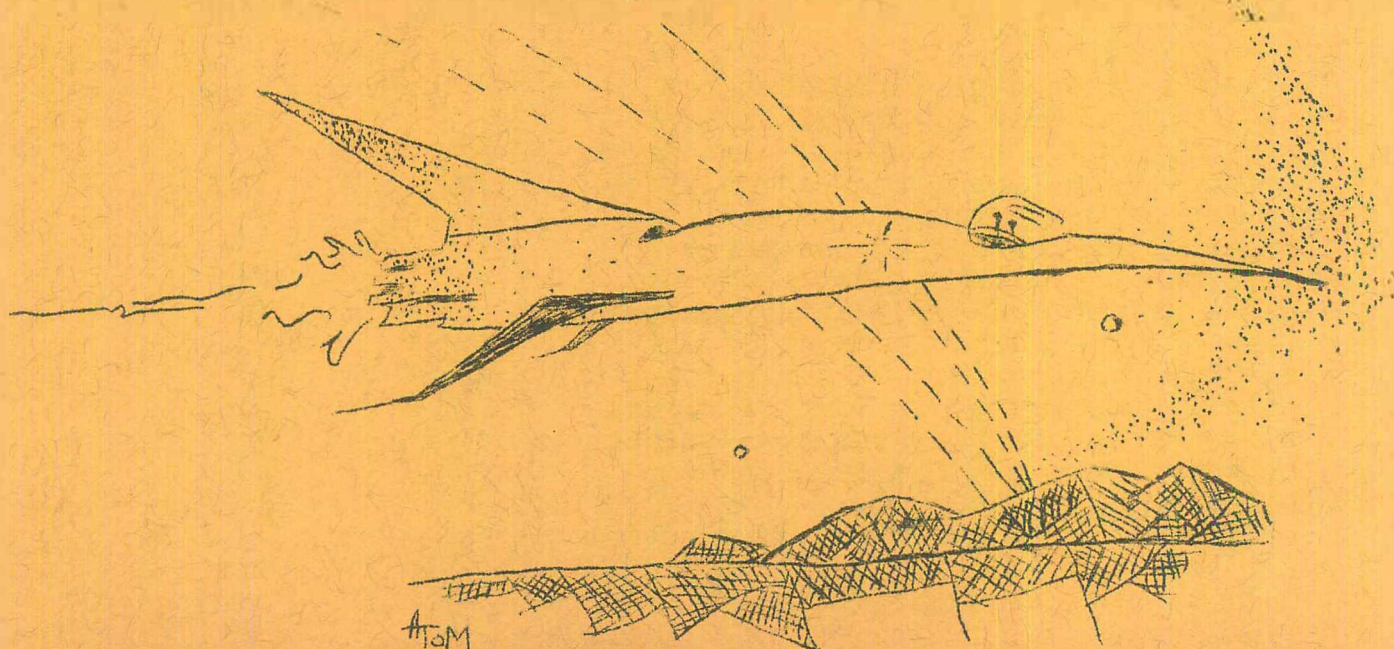


government off an island steeped in revolution. He decides to steal it instead, but a general (Eduardo Alvarez) is assigned to stay with him, so he uses a monster-scare in the local waters to convince the general they should go to the nearest shore--namely, Puerto Rico. Using a bathroom plunger, green ink, a garden hand-rake, and a lot of plain stupidity he succeeds, but draws the real monster (and this is the really ridiculous thing) to the ship with growls made by gangster Pete Peterson, Jr. (real name: Beech Dickerson, which isn't much better), son of an animal imitator. They dunk the treasure in 30 ft. of water, hoping to later return, only to discover the soldiers accompanying the general are skindivers. Wandering around the island are Sophia Gonzalez and Sonya Noemi, two island girls, who take to Beech and Jack Monahan (Robert Bean) respectively. Betsey, sister of Jack (she plays Maybelle M.) loves Sparks Moran (Ed Wain), who in turn is an American agent incognito (what he has to do with a revolt on a foreign island is beyond me) and falls for Esther Sanderson, a prostitute ("I found her in a sort-of girls sorority house along the wharves" claims Jack). While Capeto & company play phoney monster and pick off Cubans, the real monster picks off Capeto & company, and everyone but Sparks, Carmelita (Esther), and Sophia wind up eaten. Ha ha ha! I'd rate this one three yawns and a snore.

VOODOO ISLAND--United Artists--1957--Produced by Howard Koch--Directed by Reginald LeBorg--Written by Richard Landau

For having been produced by the same company (Belair) which put out the beautifully done horror pic THE BLACK SLEEP, this offering with Boris Karloff is certainly not up to their capability. I can't really say it's bad, and I can't really say it's good, because I frankly don't know. I couldn't figure it out. The story and actions just didn't make sense.

A fellow named Carleton is attempting to build a hotel on, of all places, the middle of an unexplored South Sea Island. However, his exploratory party is destroyed, and the only member surviving is found on a beach (what beach isn't said. If it was American, I'd say he has since won some sort of trophy for such a feat) in a trance. Here the story opens. He is being kept in what appears to be a burlap-covered cabana affair, with a back room to it and opening on a weedy field near a highway. If this confuses you, just think how I feel. I saw all



this; you're only hearing it. Karloff is an old-myths-exploder, or so it seems, who just stands around making snide remarks and laughing at Mitchell (the guy in the trance). I wouldn't think so much of it if he just laughed at the insistence of the use of voodoo in this, but he seems more to be just plain laughing at Mitchell's plight. They decide to visit the island and drag Mitchell with them. He staggers alone, yet no one seems to pay the slightest attention to him. Several things happen on the way to the island, including a fog around a plane where there isn't any fog, unexplained static, voodoo charms lying around, and Mitchell, dead, who points towards Voodoo Island when he falls. Karloff still laughs, and some of his dialogue led me to believe he thought Mitchell wasn't dead or something.

On the island, the group runs into plants which have a snake complex, silly voodoo natives, a silly voodoo chief, instant trances which are caused just by watching a little girl eaten by a plant (this scene was the only terrifying part of the program, as the little girl is heard screaming, being squeezed to death in the folds of the huge plant, and more laughing from Karloff. Along with this goes Beverly Tyler, who couldn't act if threatened with torture, and Rhodes Reason, who tries to make love amidst the cobra plants, which snap at him at every turn. Captured by natives, Karloff still scoffs. Then, suddenly and for no apparent reason, Karloff decides to believe in voodoo, and the party is released. The story ends here, but we are still left to wonder 1) do they safely get off the island, for even the chief admits they must get past those silly plants; and 2) what becomes of the entranced Murvyn Vye (he saw the girl) who just staggers along with them. I just couldn't catch this plot at all, and I'm still waiting to see it again (via TV) so as to see if I've missed anything.

DARK SLEEP

Midnight enclosed the Black Lagoon;
The gloomy shadows looked
Down on the nightmare scene below,
Down on the Creature gliding by,
And on the silent tents of men.
Unknowing, quiet, still, they slept—
A sleep that lasts forever.

--John Jackson

Through Time and Space with Fabius Foghorn II

After a time-trip many centuries into the past to visit the Amerindians, Fabius Foghorn returned to the Stellar Council to plead for a special reservation to be set up, so that the Amerinds could be hauled out of their own time and saved from extinction.

"But, Fabius," cried one senator, "why should we go to such time and expense? They never really accomplished anything lasting."

To which Fabius Foghorn replied, "Oh, but they did. Their mathematical concepts have survived to this day, though falsely credited. While I was there, I saw a maiden on a buffalo robe, who had a son, a woman on a deerskin, who had a daughter, and a woman on a hippopotamus skin who had twins, a boy and a girl. And this of course proved that the squaw on the hippopotamus equaled the sum of the squaws on the other two hides!" --Ivan Ivanovich

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

A REPORT ON CHICON III

JOHN JACKSON

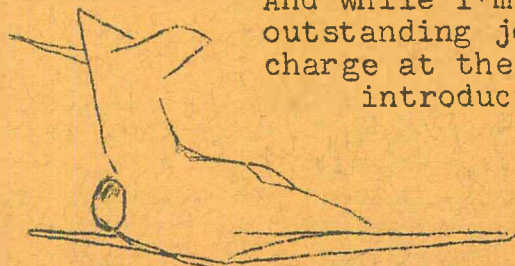
Having had some experience with the enjoyable confusion and furor of Pittcon, I had been determined to lead a less hectic existence over this Labor Day weekend and take it easy. As was to be expected, I didn't. I did make a conscious effort in this direction, in such matters as not bothering to get up for the business meeting Sunday morning (having retired at the early hour of 6:00 AM), and not being overly distressed at missing half a dozen talks and panels I had planned on seeing. Of course all this preparation did very little good. Fate was working overtime to sabotage my well-intentioned plans.

To begin with, I had to work like a dog the weekend before the con in order to scrape up enough money to make the convention possible, if not completely plausible. Then, around Tuesday or so, I broke out with a bad case of poison ivy or oak, or both--the first time I had had the stuff in many years--all over my arms, and some on my face and neck (completely concealing my natural good looks...). Subsequently because of that junk I decided not to wear my costume, which my mother and I had worked on for months (part of it got put to use, though; I wore it as Macbeth in our English class dramatization of the play).

Nothing personal, I just hate your guts...

Then I was caught up in a rush of preparation. On Wednesday I helped Martha (who, as most of you should know, was N3F Hostess) and Hank Beck ferry innumerable boxes from their place into Earl Kemp's in Chicago, where we picked up still more, and finally into the hotel. There I met most of the committee I had not previously been acquainted with (Isn't that the most grammatically beautiful sentence you ever saw in your cotton-pickin' life?), and they are a nice, friendly, hard-working bunch. And they were really slaving to make the convention a success. And to all appearances, they succeeded.

We three (the Becks and yours truly) left around noon Friday, and everything was touch-and-go until--much, much later--we finally got things organized in the N3F Room. I spent a good deal of time around the N3F Hospitality Room, and I can honestly say it was quite a success. It was filled practically around-the-clock (literally), and many new members for the NFFF were gained. I think Martha Beck should get a medal for all the work she personally put into that room (and anybody who can put up with me for that long deserves a medal).



And while I'm giving out medals, I can think of an outstanding job done by another person: Al Lewis took charge at the N3F Banquet and did an excellent job of introducing everyone, organizing the agenda, and conducting an orderly business meeting. For this Martha would like to thank him again. And besides this, Al did a marvelous stint as auctioneer, keeping it alive and moving, and making it (to me, at least) one

of the most interesting parts of the convention.

Chicon III was quite an opportunity to meet many of my heretofore-unknown (personally, anyhow) correspondents and contributors, few of whom of course turning out to be remotely similar to the way I had pictured them, even with a photograph. It was also an ideal time to see a great many authors and BNFs. I finally got to meet Walt and Madeline Willis and Ethel Lindsay, which distinction we who attended can share with very few others. Outside of Ike Asimov and a very few others, most of the pros were there, including Robert A. Heinlein, who duplicated his Pittcon feat by arriving Sunday night in the nick of time to receive his Hugo.

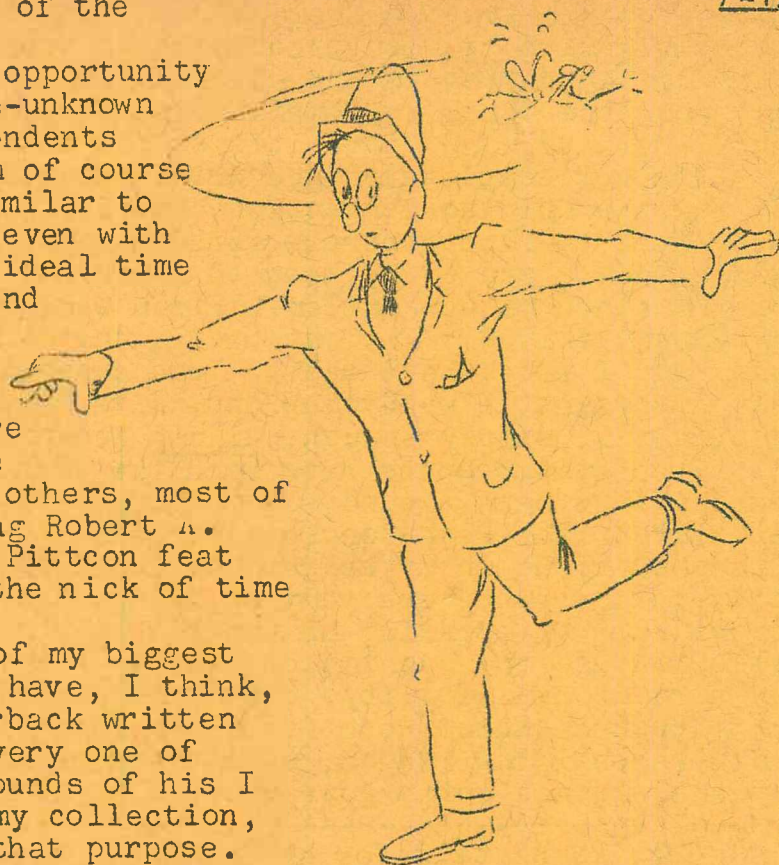
Which brings me to one of my biggest thrills of the convention. I have, I think, a complete set of every paperback written by Heinlein, and he signed every one of them, plus a couple of hardbounds of his I had--every Heinlein item in my collection, brought to Chicago for just that purpose.

There were countless other interesting and funny experiences, like the time Steve "Scott Neilsen" Scott and I got involved with one conventioneer who had had a little too much bourbon for one night, the confusion involved in trying to rope a roommate for the weekend (who promptly got locked out of the room the first night, accidentally), the mob scene when Frank Robinson gave out free copies of the summer fantasy issue of ROGUE, the time I had gathering my stacks and stacks of books and magazines, and even the disorder of the Masquerade Ball, which was one of the very few spots of the con that didn't come off well, although the frantic rearranging of the panels, when their members couldn't make it, and replacements were hunted up with minutes to spare, kept the issue in doubt. But you're probably tired of me by now, so we'll switch viewpoints to some of the others who were there.

VIC RYAN

There's been a disparity in fandom for years, and it appears as though it's finally beginning to resolve itself. One city bid for the convention for 1961. One for 1962. One for 1963, and perhaps all of two for the rather dubious honor of holding the 1964 world convention. One has mentioned interest in 1965, and beyond that the only interest seems to be in getting Tucker to host in South Bloomington some year. This apparent apathy is perhaps the best indication that the disparity between what convention committee members think they're getting into, and what they really find, is clearing up so rapidly that the well-informed fan group simply doesn't want the burden.

Don't get me wrong. There are some very fine rewards involved in serving on the convention committee. One becomes the center of attention; everyone has a bitch or two to make, and since you're likely to be handy, you're the one to hear it out. You become subject to lawsuit, petty grudges, and blackmail. You're permitted to stand at the



banquet to receive the applause that's pretty well meaningless, as it probably should be. You broaden those already wide mental horizons with a liberal education in the assorted paranoids that make fandom a home away from the Home. You busily fume over charges of "self-aggrandizement", "graft", and "favoritism". You have fun

I'm not completely sure why I had all this fun as a committee member for the Chicago convention, but Buck Coulson has already countered my failure to find concrete reasons with the simple fact that Earl Kemp didn't hold a gun to my head to force me. (After all, Earl hasn't used his gun since he and Harlan Ellison were running a holdup gang back in September of 1958.) For one thing, the convention's work was close at hand, and I would have had to lead a hermit's life to avoid it. Perhaps most important, I was young and naive, had never attended a world convention and, simply enough, didn't know what I was getting into.

Fond remembrances have been the vogue in convention reports as long as I've been around, and I suppose I have as many of them as the next idiot. The Pick-Congress personnel will probably always have a treasured niche in my heart. Who could ever forget the wonderful security police, who were very obliging, never moving anyone from the stairs and not breaking up the slightly noisy group that sat in the halls outside the Washington suite? Of course, this apathy extended to any sort of availability; they sure as hell couldn't be bothered to open the Buckingham Room for the morning. Then there were the officers, who were obliging indeed, with their grandiose plans of troops of bartenders, with a lofty guarantee on each. They were exceedingly obliging

 Boy, is he tall for his height!

when we found ourselves displaced from the Florentine Room five minutes before the fan panel was supposed to commence.

There are more personal memories, too: hurried breakfasts of coffee and endless cheeseburgers in that miserable drug store downstairs. Listening to endless jokes about the personality tests, and trying to grade the damned things. Attempting to convince Les Gerber not to louse up the distribution of the I.Q. scores with the zero he planned to get. (Apparently he slept through the testing, so fandom will never know if Leslie has the potential to be a complete incompetent.) Tipping the porters, who were only too eager to soak the rich convention committee. Appearing on the fan panel without knowing a thing about the subject, and undoubtedly performing accordingly.

I suppose I'll take heed of some good advice and try to avoid any enumeration of all the fine people I met; someone is bound to be forgotten. (Of course, as George Scithers said, convention committee members are usually rather poor at taking advice; after all, they've already disregarded the most important advice, and bid for the convention anyhow.) There were some fine events: sitting in the committee storage room ((for storing committee members?)), listening to Bloch alternately autograph his Advent: book and wisecrack; attending a banquet with food that was good indeed (as banquets go) and listening to a masterful master of ceremonies job by Tucker and perhaps the most sincere speech I've ever heard, delivered by Guest of Honor Sturgeon; the small, exceedingly quiet party in the Kemps' room, with everyone quietly drinking and far too tired to enliven things, watching people like the Shaws and the Lupoffs come and depart, and joking about "A Trip to Hell".

Who else is bidding in 1966?

 "Keep your ears open! Remember, the main purpose of holding a convention is to collect and record every faux pas or personal remark made by fans and pros alike."--Robert Bloch, in The Eighth Stage of Fandom.

Today, two months after the convention, I am finally writing my con report. We waited anxiously month after month for the Chicon--sixty seconds afterward, it was all over. Confusion, fog, tension, laughter, tears, and it's gone. Wha' happen?

I remember setting the NFFF room up, after having the usual trouble with the hotel for an hour and a half--calling Earl Kemp at work and getting into a four-way phone conversation (Earl, manager, room reservation clerk, and me), and clearing it all up in five minutes. Hank (husband), John Jackson (who he?), and Jim O'Meara helped unpack, setting coffee and all the other stuff up.

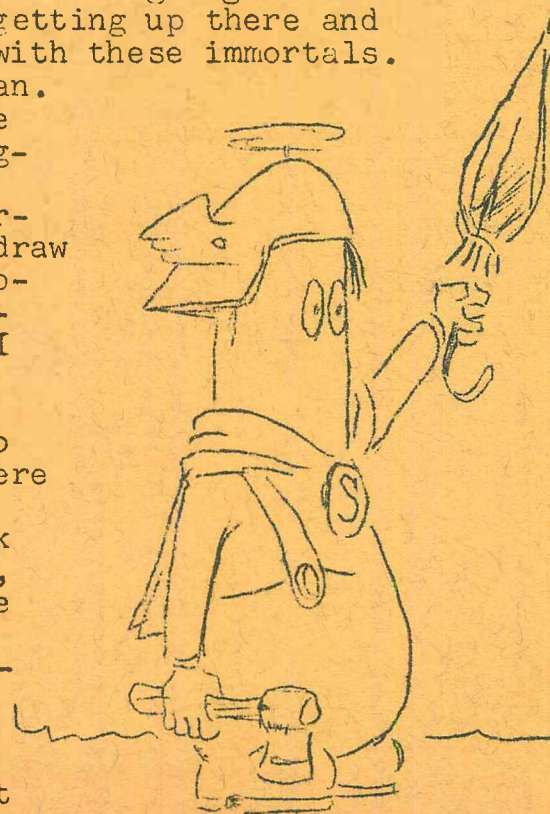
Met Don Franson and Art Hayes, saw Howard De Vore again, and had a pre-con meeting about the suite--Hank got the badges, but we didn't have time to read all the interesting things in the folder. Friday night I saw Martin and Ann Moore and other peeples, but didn't really have time to sit and talk, just to say Hello. Saw 4E Ackerman and told him about one of his fans that couldn't make it to the con (my son, Henry, 10). He wanted some back issues of FAMOUS MONSTERS and didn't know how to get them. Forry referred me to his publisher, James Warren, and naturally I never saw either again. Oh well, he can write him like any other FM fan. Being a Weird Collector, I can't understand the young people who collect junk like that (Hoo-hah)--but it is his hobby, not mine...

Rushed Saturday morning to the N3F Breakfast at the "Y", worrying about noone coming, and having forty-two people show up. Al Lewis did a wonderful job as Master of Ceremonies, introduced everyone, and conducted the business meeting. Afterwards, everyone paid me at once, while I wondered if I could possibly figure out who paid what, and when, but with Hank's help, it all totaled up right.

Watched the first panel show with the idea of getting some hints about my panel, saw a Real Pro being moderator...and realized that I couldn't do it, when I found that basically, I'm a coward in front of crowds. The mere mention of the names that were going to be on the panel left me speechless, much less getting up there and batting the sex question back and forth with these immortals.

Luckily for the panel, I met Katie Maclean. We retired to the bar (trying to get fake courage), and she was so full of good suggestions and advice that I gave her the job!!! And luckily for me, she did wonderfully. She knew the panelists and could draw them out on the subject. Earl made me publicly acknowledge my cowardice at the beginning of the discussion, and whatever I said, I don't remember it... That sea of faces in front of me and those immortals sitting next to me made me sick, and I do mean sick--if that podium hadn't been there I would have fallen on my face. Everyone enjoyed the panel, and slowly I swam back into focus listening to Charles Beaumont, Don Wollheim, Avram Davidson, Philip Jose Farmer, A. J. Budrys, and Fred Pohl.

Started to worry all over again, because we weren't sure the costumes would arrive on time--then having to miss the Coulson and Sturgeon music-making in order to change. Two other women and I went



107 as "Sex Symbols of Suburbia" (In other words: Clowns). Parties, and still more parties--exhaustion Sunday night. The Banquet: Sturgeon's speech enthralled me so much that when the waiter poured ice cubes down my back, I didn't give a damn.

Bloch, Heinlein, Tucker, the speeches. Seeing "Dance Chromatic" for the second time and feeling the same way again, laughing at Bloch showing his slides, and feeling for Earl, as the mike broke off the stand, and he had to crouch down in front of the podium and hold the mike steady all through the program.

Monday, and the rush of checking out and getting the sleepers out of the room before noon. (We had an overload of sleepers in the NFFF Suite, but what can you do???) We had to leave early Monday because of the kids' school starting the next day, and since my daughter's birthday was Monday we had to spend some time with her.

Oh, yes, and all sorts of odds and ends, buying books, books, and

Faunchingly: "You're all heart...but what a messy arrangement!"

more books, and laughing about how I was going to cook them in various ways, since we had spent two weeks' grocery money besides what we had saved for books.

Sat and talked till early in the morning with Frank Prieto, Frank Dietze, and Carl Brandon (I know that isn't his real name, but I can't think of it right now. I saw him in the elevator, naturally read his badge, then said only three words to him--"You don't exist"--and turned my back on him). Doc Smith introduced me to his son, and I met his wife and daughter again. Saw Don Ford again, met Fritz Leiber, his son and wife, Betsy Curtis and her husband (that reminds me: I have to get her recipe for homebrew). Lost the only picture that I wanted by goofing off and not making up my mind in time. Hank asked me if it was worth \$7 in books, so naturally I had to go back and look at the books again. While I was gone, Trimble got it--a hex on him!! Tried to buy it away from him, but no luck.

It would be impossible to thank everyone that helped me at the con; I tried, but couldn't. Hank and I intend to go to Washington next year, and perhaps we will get to see more of the con this time--this past one flew by too fast.

Thanks John...thanks everyone...see you in DC? OK?

THE REBEL #4
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John Jackson
RR#7, Box 137-D
Crown Point, Indiana
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Dick Shultz

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