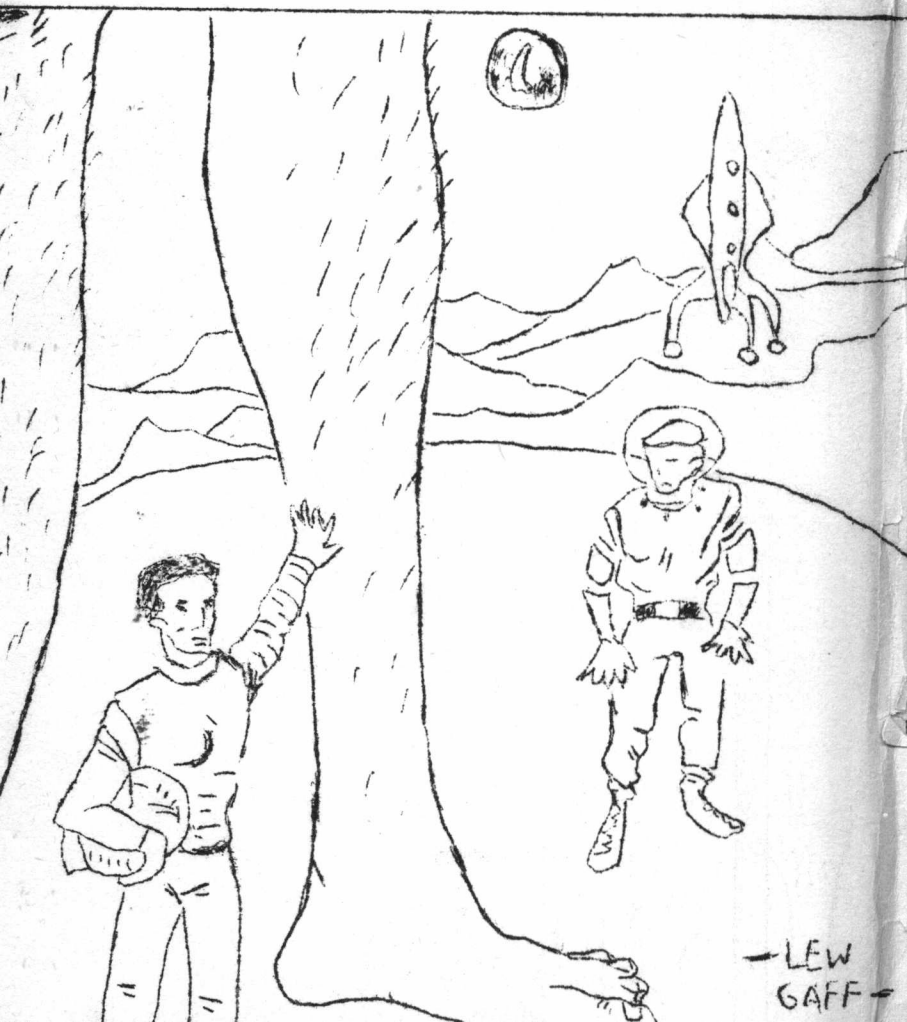


MSDE

254



-LEW
GAFF-

--the Thoughts, Lives, and Possible Exist-
ances of Man."

MUCH·ADO ABOUT INSIDE

Come in! Come INSIDE INSIDE! Slowly now. Start here. And then read straight through, page by page. Don't peak INSIDE!

But you are anxious to know what is INSIDE INSIDE? That you will soon know. But do you know what INSIDE is INSIDE of? That is, if INSIDE is literally INSIDE, it has to be INSIDE of something. So what we want to know is--what is outside? If you know the answer, page 20 tells you what to do with it.

Wait now! You promised not to skip ahead. You don't want to turn to page six. The story there is much more interesting. It's called "Martian Migration," its author--Claude Hall.

Now, if you don't care for stories, we have something for you anyway. An article, "Ideative Healing" by Miles MacAlpin, on page 11. It is off-trail for a fanzine. But it is presented for those of you who like to chew on hunks of thought, rather than be entertained.

Don't be impatient! You'll get to the INSIDES soon. Let's see what else we have for you first.

On page 16 is "War and Hell" by James Davis. It is his first appearance in a

fanzine. And a good job, too.

Page 21 gives us a satire so deliriously wacky that you will want to read it first. This is good! A horror called "Beware the Uslurpers" by Goof St. Bernard (a pen name of Richard Main).

Moving on we find--a serial? Oh, shades of Palmer! Not in INSIDE, too! Oh, horrors! But here it is, so what can you do? We look at it this way, a 200,000 word novel dribbled out into 17½ parts is always better than getting the whole thing at once. And we always give our readers the best. (Well, this is the end of the thing, anyway.) Don't forget to read Will Freeman's "Return from the Stars", page 25.

Hold on! I know your hands are trembling with eager anticipation, your heart is beating loud thumps, your chin is dripping drools. You want to get to the second episode of that serial. I know! But be patient.

There's more. Beginning on page 31 we have "Jalousi" by Albert Hernhuter. Pro Hernhuter, that is. Yep, with its second

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Editor: Ron Smith
Associate Editor: Richard Main
Cover by Dick Main

issue, INSIDE is already digging up (not really) pro authors. Al, with sales to "If" and "Dynamic", is the first. And, despite this, "Jalousy" is good. Don't take our word for it. Read it and laugh!

After all this comes the features, starting page 43. Now, don't go to them first! Read the stories. Then shuffle through them, lingering here and there to read your name. (It isn't there? Oh well!)

And you now find yourself leaving this happy fanzine, with its quietness, its picturesqueness, its hot and cold running air. And, as the sun sinks low behind the back cover, we bid a fond goodbye.

But not yet! There's still more editorial, you know.

P.S. For an added attraction we have a rip roaring space opera about a thing from another Galaxy--"Feed the Kitty" by Jim Mays on page 29.

And now the big news! In about two months, much more or less, the third issue of INSIDE will be completed and in your hands. But it won't be just another issue. This is the new star in the Galaxy. The fanzine with the new look. Next issue will see one hundred per cent improvement in all catagories.

In stories: Only the best by the best authors we can obtain. A new policy in stories: top-notch. You will read, if you like to read, "The Skipper" by KrisNeville. A story about an old Skipper and an old ship and what happens when both become too

old. "The Lady Takes A Powder" by Weaver Wright. About a girl who goes to a horror movie and the invisible girl who follows her when she leaves. She hears the girl's unbelievable story. Unbelievable, that is, until she too meets the little old lady. The little old lady with the magic powder. "A Comedy of Terrors" by Edward W. Ludwig. Ed has been making his first sales recently, all of them good ones. This is a story that almost made it but the mean old editor couldn't quite make up his mind. So Ed shipped it off to ole INSIDE who appreciates good work. I won't tell you what it's about because you wouldn't believe me!

In articles: Informative, timely, well written, that's our motto. And we intend to live up to it. Next issue we have the lead article by William F. Nolan, well known Bradbury fan, writing on his favorite subject. Want the INSIDE story on Brad? Just read Nolan. Also plus an added attraction: "Two Stories by Jack Vance" by Arthur Jean Cox. A comment on two of the master's novels in the style so familiar with readers of Fantasy Advertiser. The best critic fandom has, that's Art Cox. Certainly the most complete one--he leaves nary a stone unturned in his analysis.

In illustrations: Some of the best work Naaman Peterson, an up and coming fan artist, has as yet turned out. If you are a reader of Fantastic Worlds you are familiar with his terrific work. Here is a Naaman you have never seen before! Also featured on the twin bill is Neil Austin. You've

seen his work in the pros. Now you'll see some of his best INSIDE INSIDE. Some of the finest detail work you will have ever seen in a fanzine.

In covers: Next issue we are launching a series of three, possibly more, covers by the artist we think will soon be titled the successor to Chesley Bonestell --Mel Hunter. When you see these you will find it hard to believe that they are not actual photographs. They look like photographs, but they're paintings! You've seen his work on the cover of Galaxy. Soon you will see him represented on the cover of other titles. Now you can see his work on future covers of INSIDE.

In makeup: In case you haven't already guessed, starting next issue INSIDE will be photo-offset. It will have a new format, & new policy. It will have the new look.

Thirty-two pages, illustrated, with stories and articles by accomplished writers plus book reviews, letters, and editorial all for twenty-five cents. You won't want to miss this and future issues. So why not subscribe, if you don't already? You can have five issues for a buck and it will be the safest dollar you ever spent. For INSIDE in the future means good entertainment!

--RLS

illustrator: naaman



He wore a purple ten-gallon cowboy hat in a faint resemblance of a cowboy's style. But he wasn't a cowboy. He was a Martian--a Marshie from the sunny-side. Thank Ghu for that! Those weird creatures from the dark side of Mars are odd, loathsome things, almost evil and certainly ugly and horrible in appearance. Not that the sunny side Marshes are any better looking, you understand, but I have my own tastes. Now, George Patterson, my next door neighbor, likes the dark side Marshies - better than the sunny siders. Some people like the dark, some like the sunny. As for myself, I have my own tastes.

Take this Marshie for instance: PURPLE TEN GALLON HAT! And--ugh! I looked again. Yes. There they were. Jingling jangling spurs on all three of his six toed feet. They were ridiculous! Especially on the outside of his heavy bulky rubberoid suit. But then, he was ridiculous anyway. Double ugh!

Martians were everywhere now, at every step, at every corner. Of course, when Mars died, they had to have some place to go and the U. N. had chosen Texas. because that was about the least densely populated state in America, but why did the Marshies have to discover television? That was the gimic to the gamic!

Martians followed the old adage, "When in Rome, do as Romans do." They followed the adage all the way. In fact, they wore it out.

The old time cowboy, long dead and buried except in TV, was vividly brought back to life. Too vividly, in horrible contrast.

This Martian walking toward me paused, his pod forehead wrinkled in some kind of frown. His three globular eyes showed puzzlement. One of his rubber suited tentacles reached about his large brain case and snapped in indecision.

I stopped. It was evident that the Marshie had picked up my veri-mox thought waves. They can read minds, you know, at close distance. I faced him, searched all three of his huge eyes for some sign of hostility but found none. Only puzzlement.

"You don't like?" His speech was a jarring jumble of mixed notes with varied tones, rising and ebbing in pitch.

I gave him my coldest stare.

"No. Why?"

"But I thought all Earthmen dressed this way. We only wanted to be as like you as possible. That's why we try to dress like on the Television Sets."

I felt sorry for the weird creature. I patted him gently on the back. "Look! Get hep! We don't dress that way. TV westerns are almost a hundred years old and played on film before they quit making movies. Texas is modernized now. Get wise. We don't dress that way anymore."

"Ayiiiiii. I didn't know. How can I get hep?"

I could see one thing. This Marshie only wanted to please.

"Well, for one thing, throw away those silly spurs. Get some of these shoes with silver Mercury Wings on the heels like I'm wearing."

"Yes! Yes!" The Marshie exclaimed eagerly.

"And for Ghu's sake! Drop that purple ten gallon hat in a trash can somewhere. Get yourself a propeller beanie like the rest of the socialized class. Then you might almost look human. That was absurd of course, but I wanted to butter him up.

The Martian's eyes were really bright. "Yes." He threw away his ten gallon. He kicked off his spurs. "Yes?" He questioned

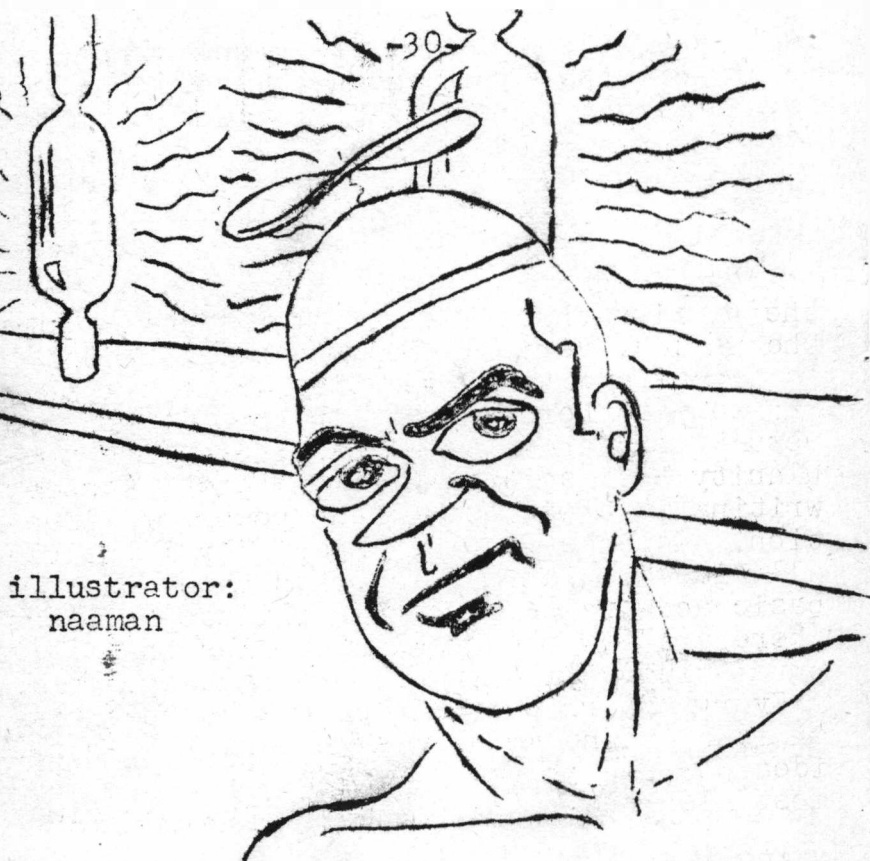
"Well, next thing, pull off those bulky clothes. No one wears clothes now. They're strictly a thing of the past. Get hep! This is the present! See those heat lamps on those posts by the sidewalk? Those are to keep the climate warm and pleasant all year round. No need for troublesome clothes anymore. Take them off."

The Martian eagerly, and foolishly I might add, twisted back his suit dome and slipped from his rubberoid type uniform especially made for all Marshies.

I watched in glee, fascinated, as his skin, yellow in color, popped out and became sprayed with green Martian blood. He died gasping, his huge lungs and boney ribs caved in from the heavy Earth air pressure. I kicked His carcass into the gutter, dusted my hands rid of the Martian

filth. And mentally added another victim to my score. That was my third Martian today. I had talked them into taking off their space suits, which had to be worn all the time by them on Earth.

As I said before, where Martians are concerned, I have my own tastes. I don't like them anyway but dead.



illustrator:
naaman

IDEATIVE = " =

= " = HEALING

Plato, and other great philosophers, held the opinion that "Ideas, not actions, rule the world". Very little good mental milling is required to show the truth of this phrase. Is there any action that is not the result of an idea? The increasing popularity of science-fiction and fantasy writing is a witness to the power of ideation. Science-fiction especially is nearly all "idea". Fantasy is often based on some basic acceptance in occult philosophy; but there are few present-day stories that are pure science-fiction or pure fantasy.

Every modern convenience was at one time an idea in the mind of some man. Often the idea was the object of ridicule from the most learned men of the time. A railway

train making thirty miles an hour was declared quite impractical, since the human body could not withstand a continued speed of thirty miles an hour. Horrible thought, to suggest subjecting a valuable human being to such nerve-wearing, muscle-cramping torture.

Nowadays some types are inclined to sneer at the leading scientists who are going metaphysical and declaring that "consciousness" precedes "matter" in the order of creation and evolution. This has been the accepted idea of the esoteric schools since time immemorial. Idea, and ideative intellectual process is not only the force that urges matter into precipitation from subjective consciousness (making it merely "objective" consciousness!), but it would seem to be the basic control-panel for the direction and the expedition of material involution-evolution.

Nearly all man's economic and social needs could be met with and ironed out by sufficiently deep, basic and interesting ideation. Such a remedy for economic ills would be curative rather than palliative, as are so many of our political, humanitarian and economic surface-scratching methods.

Many of Nature's nicest secrets are hidden in the conditions which we are prone to take for granted, bow down to, worship and never investigate. We accept the word of religion (miscalled) that the basic secrets are not for man to know. We listen to learned scientists and maybe we believe the

results of their findings...mostly limited by the capacity of a small test-tube full of matter only.

Comes maybe a philosopher with an invitation to enjoy moments of "wonder"...to go fishing for answers in the deeper waters of the unknown...and if he escapes the asylum, his offerings are tolerated or ridiculed by the majority. If the big preachers, priests and scientists do not know the right answers, who is the ordinary man, to think he can find out things beyond the capacity of the learned ones? No; let us be even as sheep, to follow the most pleasant and persuasive leader.

Let a philosopher from the Eastern schools suggest that in the birth of a human being spirit operates first, basic "mind" assumes its posture second; attributes, characteristics gather to pattern the "nature" and the astral or "model-body"...and in time the physical body condenses from the intense "thirst for existence" which is the root-idea behind all formative life. How many laughs do we get for that?

Oh no! Can there be anything prior to the isolated and fertilized germ that becomes a stone suspended in water, then a plant, then a beast, then a form fit for human habitation? Can there be involution-evolution paralleling, on unperceivable planes, the formation of the physical body in a womb?

According to the Ancient Wisdom, the story of what goes on between the visible

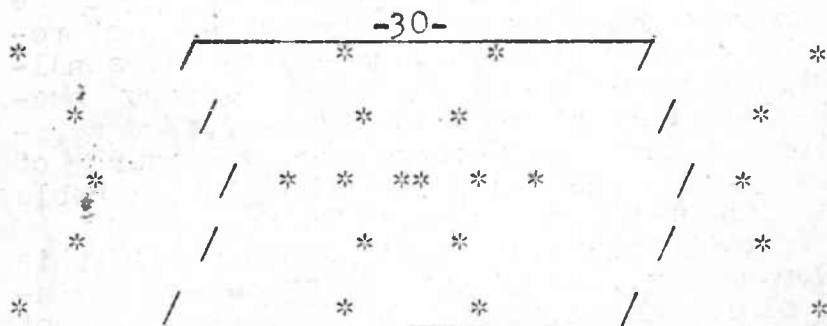
and the invisible, and the next visible states of human life holds even more in the way of fantasy-fairy tale atmosphere. All the vortices of energy that bear upon the "aggregate of lives" that form a so-called "man", all the gathering attributes and characteristics, mental and physical, are said to be merely the "returning to headquarters" of the self-same items used by the self-same "about-to-be-born" individual in past incarnations. Much the same as a great many millions of workers returning to a factory to work, or students returning to college for a new semester of study. Even the physical atoms that appear as flesh are said to be very much the same little universes that formed a body-vehicle in former lives.

But the individual (as the word implies) is indivisible, hence imperishable. Between the wholly perishable physical body and its more slowly disintegrating astral pattern-body there are degrees of durability up to the imperishable divine spark said to be the root of every man. The object of repeated schoolings in successive personalities, is said to be the basic effort prevailing throughout the universe...the raising of the self-conscious "thinker of thoughts", the man, to the imperishable status of his own highest factor.

But the healing idea behind all this wordage is...would an acceptance and an increasing understanding of the principle of re-birth and the law of action and reaction help mankind into a state of progress-

ive peace and brotherly cooperation? Believing humanity to be a fixed number of entities who constantly circulate through the visible and the invisible states of life (doing away with the word "death" as now understood), returning to meet the conditions of birth, parentage and characteristics we have earned in the past... would this have a soothing effect on our now rather bloodthirsty and sadistic human personnel?

If we were slowly to tune our selves into the fantastic time-tables of the Ancient Wisdom, expanding our awareness from days, months and years into millions and billions of years and "minutes" that may seem now like 25,000 years (just about a solar minute in some old chronologies)...if we regard a 1500-year "sleep" as no more than our present 8-hour nightly rest period... would all this have a tendency to correct some of our now foggy, faulty attitude and outlook?





It was ugliness. It was horror. It was despair. It was the life which the people lived. The poor people, the pitiful people. It was Europe in the days of the future. It was the future--and the end was on its way.

The war came. Early that morning, just as the sun gave up and allowed itself to be swallowed within low, misty clouds, the first wave of Red aircraft had swarmed over the small village. Sleek jets flashed over, releasing rains of destruction and terror. The horror stricken townspeople vainly sought refuge in their homes. But the earth shook with such all over-whelming demolition that nothing could withstand the force and the little rock houses which had stood in the village crumbled in flame and fury. The entire village became sudden chaos.

Within ten minutes the jets streaked onward, leaving complete desolation in their wake.

The shivering, lonely survivors shuffled back into the village from which they'd fled to save their lives. During the last war they had seen destruction like they were witnessing now, but never with such completeness and such fury. Scattered over the blood-red ground lay the mutilated bodies of the peasants. They knelt in grief over the bodies of their loved ones, as the low, scudding clouds began to discharge rain in earnest. The day was ended.

But the chaos was not only in this village. All over Eastern Europe roared

sleek waves of Russian jet fighters and bombers. Then came the seemingly endless waves of mechanized force -- tanks, big guns. And, lastly, came the worst threat and scourge of all--the Red infantry. Like the vengeful horde of Genghis Khan's warriors, they streamed over Europe, sweeping all in their path. They murdered ruthlessly. Within a week, over half of Europe was buried in fathomless misery.

It wasn't long before the first of the victims were seen walking down the road toward the Gates of Hell. The Demons on guard gleefully reported the approach of the first of a million new souls for the pits of his Imperial Lowliness, The Devil.

Such an event had not occurred for almost ten years, so it warranted a full dress review. His Majesty, surrounded by his hellish court and guarded by the Royal Guard of Hobgoblins, turned out to review and supervise the passage of the many victims of aggression.

The Devil rubbed his hands gleefully. "Look," he roared, jabbing his Minister of the Pits with his royal fork. "Look at your new recruits, Ezekiah! Think what we can do with them! We'll have more fun than we've had since August of 1945!"

And so the Mis-master of torture immediately set his assistants to work devising new and more diabolic tortures for the benefit of the new recruits.

On the morrow, the Devil and his court turned out in full dress array for the

games. As the first victim, ragged and hopeless in appearance, was dragged out into the ring and fastened to the ground as usual, the Devil noticed something odd in his manner. He was smiling! Later, as the flesh eating ants crawled over his body, he was still smiling!

The first one smiled. The others who followed him smiled. The Demons vented their insatiable barbarism upon the refugees for hours, but the victims only smiled. Some even laughed. To the amazed royal potentate and his evil court, it seemed that the supposed victims were having the time of their lives!

Finally, the baffled demons stood off in a body and looked up at the Devil for further instructions. Such a demonstration was unprecedented in the history of the Dark Pits!

The Devil instructed one of his aides to ask the refugees why they enjoyed themselves in the horrors of the Pits. In a minute he was back to tell the Devil what he'd learned. He whispered into the Devil's ear, and his Unholiness paled and for the first time in his unnatural life, his eyes showed fear. For a moment he gazed down unbelievably at the horde of European refugees, Europe's lost children. Then he hastily retired to his palace in one of the lowest caverns and set up a guard of his terriblest Demons around it, leaving the refugees to wander about the realm of Hades as they pleased.

For the impossible had occurred. From the

Devil's first day as King of Hell, he had dreaded something like this, but in his evil black heart he had never really believed it could happen.

After suffering pain, hunger, diseases, war and misery untold throughout their dreadful lifetimes upon the surface of the planet, Europe's people thought that this was heaven--not Hell!

-30-

WHAT IS INSIDE INSIDE OF?

As a title of a magazine, what could INSIDE mean? Many things.

INSIDE a world, in subterranean depths. INSIDE the subterranean depths of the mind. INSIDE the biggest--the universe. INSIDE the smallest--an atom. INSIDE the most powerful--thought. INSIDE the weakest--Man. INSIDE the forgotten worlds of the past, the unknown worlds of the present, the impossible worlds of the future--let us fly like Peter Pan, INSIDE.

But all together INSIDE means

To see a world in a grain of sand

To see a heaven in a wild flower,

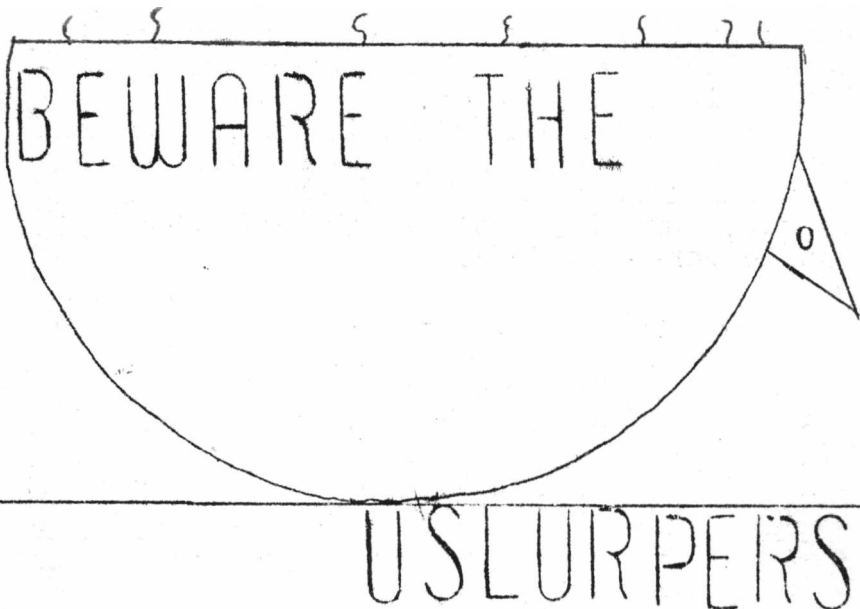
To hold infinity in the palm of your hand

And eternity in an hour.--William Blake.

And if you are capable of this, you have peered INSIDE. You know all the meanings. You win a subscription refund, for this magazine is worthless to you. For it will only show you what you already see.

But if you aren't, travel with us in future issues. INSIDE...

--RS



BEWARE THE USLURPERS

by GOOF ST. BERNARD

It was a cold flooper of a day when I stopped my putrid green bantam auto outside the old crumbling building. I pattered up to the massive 3 - ply door with it's solid tin doorknob, which after all these years was starting to come apart. I opened the door, which immediately fell off it's hinges, and walked rapidly up the rinky old stairs to the second floor. I went straight down the brightly lit hall and turned into the 29th door on the right. Damn, who closed that door? I opened the door and went into the old damp, dark, dreary room. Six people were here squatting on the wet floor. They all turned to look at me. No body uttered a word. I gave each one in

turn the bronx cheer. There was an old re-
tired army Pfc, an old quack doctor, a
young fellow with three arms, another one
who looked like a board, maybe he was a
board (I'll have to clean these glasses one
of these days) and he had a greenish look--
ing slob of a girl in his arms. "Oh fout
and fiz", I said, "Sorry to be so early".
"Lets get on with it". The quack said
quickly- "I forbid it. It's madness, it's
criminal lunacy". "Sorry you feel that way
old fellow, but I've gone too far to stop
now. On with it." I sat down on one of the
8 chairs in the place--Still haven't figur-
ed out why they are squatting on the floor-
and the quack doc came over and fired the
old machine gun off by my ear 5 times which
was too much for me--I screamed and passed
out--. After they revived me I sat up and
said--"Let's pass out now and find out".
We all ran downstairs and the boardish
looking fellow tripped on the 3rd stair and
fell down the rest of the way. I say, but
he looked rather splintered. We all crammed
into my massive bantam car. It was rather a
tight fit but we made it. I put the car in-
to gear and screamed out of the driveway
and roared off down the road with a thun-
derous roar coming out of the 2 cylinder en-
gine. What a powerhouse it is. As we sped
down the road at a healthy 12 miles an hour
we formulated our plan. We would go into,
Coffee-Dan's slop house and occupy the
rearmost table. They would all gather
around me so if I gave my game away, they
could get me out unhurt. After stopping

twice to pick up the doc who kept falling out of the rear window, we slid to a stop in front of the restaurant and we ran in and sat down at the rearmost table. We had to run because there were 3 other people running for it too, but we beat them. They (my friends) crowded around me anxiously with blank expressions on their faces. I listened awhile but could hear nothing. We were ready to leave for more fruitful grounds when four more people came in and sat down. I said "Lets wait and see if they order." Eureka the waitress came over to their table and they ordered. I sat, all tense and tied up. I say, Joh, will you take these ropes off of me, they rather hamper me, you know. The waitress brought their order and as they put sugar and cream in it, I waited. They sipped their hot brew and then it happened--I heard it--what a horrible heart wrenching sound. Gad. My hair shook up and I stood all over. I could barely whisper to my friends, "There are some of them over there. Great Ghu, the sound they make when they slurp that coffee, it's positively teryfing. Quick get me out of here before I go mad listening to it". When they had safely transported me outside, we held a conference. I decided that I would go to my rooms and think of a plan to rid the earth of the slurpers, and they would go hide and drink xeno juice until I came back. I took leave of them and went to my rooms to think of a plan. I heated the coffee and sat down and poured a cup. As I sipped my coffee, the amazing

revelation of the whole thing came to me--I
couldn't wage war on the slurpers because I
found out one thing--I too am a slurper....
BEWARE!

-30-

BUY...

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of

science fiction and fantasy magazines, com-
ics, big little books, pocket books. com-
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RON SMITH
332 East Date Street
Oxnard, California

illustrator:
ken kennan



Richard Bankman, captain of the first spaceship to the stars, has returned. He, his crew, his ship have made history, yet he is plagued by the glory. In his childhood he has formed a neurotic complex which preys on his mind until he finally threatens suicide. Knowledge of this threat sets all of New York on his trail.
(SEE ISSUE NUMBER 1)

He walked.

And walked, and walked. And then he ran.

The dark streets, the evil streets, the hated streets leered down at his moving figure. He ran from the buildings, and he ran into the buildings.

He was crazy. Crazy with fright over nothing. The nothing in life that drives anybody crazy. Nuts. Temporarily insane.

Running. In his mind, running, too.

"God! What is it? What do I want to know? Tell me, God, please!"

He stopped running. Silence in the dark shadows. There was nothing to tell.

"Tell me!"

Silence.

Walk some more. And then run some more. Then walk. Run.

His mind groped out in the darkness for an answer. He feared. He feared his greatness was not real, that still, after his conquest of space, he was still hated. Looked at. Pushed around. Spit upon. Inferior.

The evil buildings peered down from their lofty peaks in their superiority.

He had no love, and he fought it, trying to learn how to have it. How to overcome the conflicts over nothing. Nothing fighting nothing.

His fear winning, and then a resurgence of common knowledge, and then fear winning again. A see-saw. Fear that people weren't noticing his tiny figure, disguised as fear that they were. Fear of losing love, and not having it because of that fear. Not

admitting aloneness. Fear, solution, and in the solution more fear--rooted out, dug up from nothing.

While Dick ran, the presses ran, the police ran, the people ran. And history was made. The story of the contemplated suicide was in the papers. But that wasn't history.

Seven million people in a turmoil. A hundred nations reading a billion newspapers in eighty-six different languages.

It lifted the world and turned it upside down, because the man who had gone to the stars might die. Because then the symbol of conquest would die a little, too. Unless his death came out in space, or quietly, it would leave no illusion of greatness. And starry-eyed greatness is the writer of history.

The world was driven frantic.

The symbol saved; and it would quiet. There would then begin an era of unparalleled glory.

But first: save the symbol.

A minute, an hour, seven hours of tortured fear. Fear that disguised itself with purpose, with emptiness behind it. Seven hours of running, but failure to escape. The fear inside his mind.

Standing by the pier, gazing with deep eyes into the blue water. Thinking black thoughts. His well developed neurosis driving him toward death. His fear of life without attention. Lonliness.

Richard Bankman then thought of killing himself. He thought about it, seriously,

for awhile. And then, with the sounding of a voice behind him, he knew he never would want to again.

Janie, motivated by a deep love which she was newly aware of, had found him.

"Dick, don't do it! Don't even think of it. Life is worth more. Don't."

He whirled, the deep fear coming out of his eyes. Coming out, and loosing some of it, spilling over the pier into the water.

A long moment of looking. A long moment storing up energy for the lunge into her arms. A longer moment holding to her. Of fearing he had found the answer only to loose it again. And then, loosing the fear, as he held her tighter, the apparation proving real. A little of the horror died inside him, enough to give him a foothold on sanity. To pull him up out of blackness.

Janie had not been completely aware of her love. But she knew it now, and surrendered to it. To a life of struggle and happiness.

The search was ended. The policemen went back to their noisy city and its wickedness. The people to their homes.

The newspapers found a murder, a bank robbery, sex to fill the headlines. The great news was no longer and it died.

Just as fear and uncertiny and despair had died. Then love was born.

A BONUS STORY NOT INCLUDED ON THE
CONTENTS PAGE:

FEED THE KITTY

It drifted aimlessly through the dark reaches of space. No destination, no known origin. Just there.

It looked like a space ship. But it was not that.

Two ships, traveling along the same space route, sighted it. And, because it looked like an ancient and alien ship, they both decided to board it.

It was decided that one crew would board the mystery ship for two Earth hours and try to start it firing. After two hours a crew from the other crew would take over. If neither of them could start it firing, both ships would divide the salvage.

The crew of the Sidney Jane was the first to board the "thing". The door to the ancient giant was quickly found. On it was some sort of strange heirogliphics no one could guess the actual meaning. They thought it was instruction on how to open the lock. Yes. For there was an arrow pointing to a little burron.

Everyone was surprised to find the interior of the giant exactly like that of the Sidney Jane, even down to the controls

on the pannels. It would be easy to get started.

Only after the walls began to dissolve around them and they found it impossible to move, did they realize their mistake. Ashes were only left.

The other crew members were surprised to find everything exactly like that on the Black Diamond.

No men returned to their ships.

Who knows what was written on the dark door. Probably a warning to who would dare to open it.

As the "thing" sped away it started to divide like a giant yeast plant. An exact number of unknowns were formed as the number of men that had entered the mother.

And it and its brood sped away into blackness.

ATOMIC AGE MOTHER GOOSE

Jack and Jill went up the hill
And climbed aboard their rocket.
A swish of air; Jill wasn't there!
The door! Jack didn't lock it!

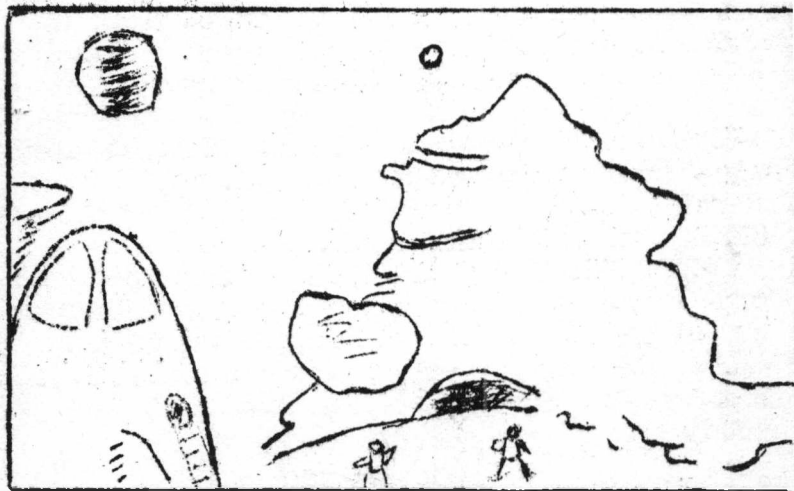
*

Little Boy Blue, come sound the alarm, --
We're heading into a meteor swarm!
Where is the boy who looks after the jets?
Out in the airlock, taking all bets.

--Lynn Kopperman

Jaloussi

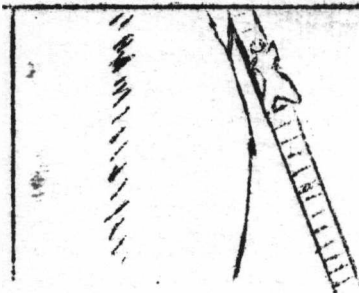
SCIENCE FICTION



BLURGEON

• HEINDSITE

• CLIFF



ALBERT HERNHUTER

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by Bill A. Building

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*

If you want this book, just send me seventy - five cents. Who knows? Maybe if I get enough money, I'll write the thing.

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JALOUSI Science Fiction is being published once and only once for those who hate science fiction. All stories printed in this magazine are fiction, and any similarity between characters and actual people is impossible.

Rebotco 2050 Vol 0 No 0

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Next issue at your newsstand the first week in Rebotco.

Printed on Mars
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FOR PEOPLE ONLY

Just in case you haven't figured it out by now, this is the first, last and only issue of a new science fiction magazine-- JALOUSI SCIENCE FICTION.

In this magazine we aim to bring you what you have always wanted. Good science fiction written by good authors. In other words, only space opera.

If you look at the back cover, you will see an example of the typical science fiction story found in the other magazines.

NOT SO WITH JALOUSI!

It is our policy to bring you top - notch, great, terrific stories by top - notch, great, terrific authors.

But enough of that. Let's take a good look at the magazine itself.

Let's start with the front cover. If you will look at it closely, you will see that it was made by a new process. This process is known as drawing. To accomplish this, the artist takes a pencil and draws a picture.

Also, you will see that it is not in color. This has been proven by laboratory tests to be easier on the eyes.

Looking further into the magazine, you can see the lineup of top names that we have.

First we have Ted Blurgeon. Among his well known stories probably the most well known is his DROOLING GENES. This story, which first appeared in magazine form, has recently been put between hard covers by Triplanetary Inc.

Next we have Robert E. Heindsite. Robert got his start several years ago in _____ Science Fiction (we have no qualms about mentioning other magazines). He has been writing ever since, and has turned out thirty-five novels and six thousand eight hundred and two short stories. What speed, and brother does it show it!

I think you will enjoy this issue.

AND WE WILL CONTINUE TO BRING YOU ISSUES YOU WILL ENJOY.

FOR JEALOUSY SCIENCE FICTION MEANS ADULT SCIENCE FICTION.

ADULT!

ADULT, DO YOU HEAR! ADULT!

--THE EDITOR

THE YEAR
OF THE
JACKASS!

by

Robert E. Heindsite

Thiostophelese Bourbon would never have noticed the girl if the wind had not taken the racing form out of his hands and deposited it at her feet.

He picked it up and was about to go when she spoke.

"Pardon me, but do you have the time?"

He pulled up the sleeve of his shirt and glanced at his watch.

"Two thirty-three."

"Did you say two thirty-three?"

"Yes," he said, beginning to move away.

She grabbed his arm.

"No. You mustn't leave. You must listen to me."

So he didn't bet on the race.

"Let's go somewhere else," she said.

"Okay," he answered, watching his racing form drift away in the breeze.

They walked into Louie's Bar.

When they were comfortably seated, with drinks in front of them, she spoke.

"Please don't laugh when I tell you my story. As incredible as it may seem, it is true."

He mumbled to himself, knowing she was crazy.

"The world is going to end thirty - two minutes from now."

He began to leave, glanced at his drink, and then sat down again. After all, if she was going to pay for them, he might as well listen to her story.

"Going to end?" He tried to sound very interested. Crazy, he thought. But he sipped his drink.

"In less than half an hour the world is going to enter a space-warp that will destroy everything--with one exception."

"And that is?"

"Louie's Bar."

Thiostophelese looked around himself.

"You mean this Louie's Bar?"

She nodded.

"And what will it be like when the world ends?"

She sipped at her drink before she answered. When she spoke her voice was almost a whisper.

"The entire world will appear to be entering into a gray mist. People will probably not even notice it until it is too late."

He looked a bit dazed.

"There will be no pain," she continued. "People will just--disappear."

"Everybody?"

"Everybody except those in Louie's Bar."

It was late afternoon, and the bar was almost empty.

"There won't be too many people left,"

he said.

"No," she said, looking into her now empty glass.

Louie came over at a motion from Thio-stophelese and refilled her glass.

"How did you find out all of this?" he asked.

"Just one of those things. I stumbled across it one day when I was working with Max."

"Max?" he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Max is the name of the calculator where I work. Over at Central Mathematics."

"Why didn't you tell someone about it?"

"I tried. No one believed me. And even if they did, what could they do? It's better this way. In fifteen minutes, the end."

The next fourteen minutes were spent in silence. Then they counted the seconds together.

Louie was still cleaning the bar.

"It was nice meeting you," Thio said, "But I've got to see a man about a horse."

He got up and walked to the door. Before he opened it he glanced around at the girl. Crackpot, he thought.

He opened the door and looked outside.

There was nothing. Nothing--except the gray fog. He turned and came back into the bar.

"Damn Max!" he said.

--Robert E. Heindsite

THE STARS STINK

by

Ted Blurgeon

Smat Blurston started at a sudden sound. Throwing down his fifth of Old Space Fuel, he drew his blaster and charged it. His white, fishy hand trembled as he spoke.

"All right, you," he said weakly, "come on outa there."

A beautiful Martian maid stepped out of the ruins of an ancient Martian city.

"Well," he said, smirking, "comona my my rocket."

She followed him silently into the ship. Inside the ship she finally spoke.

"Cheez, what a creepy joint."

"This," he said proudly, "is the most advanced of the H-66model rocketships. It can go thirty-seven and three eighths times faster than the speed of light.

"Cheez! What a fast creepy joint!"

Her lovely voice filled the space ship, seeming to smooth out its wrinkled hull, and fill in the scratches.

"I love you madly," Blurston blurted out, "Will you come to Earth with me?"

"What?" she said sweetly. "Go to Earth with you and live in some crummy two-bit hole-in-the-wall?"

"But..." Blurston butted in.

"Shaddup!" she chimed. "If I've gotta be stuck with you, you lazy slob, I'll do the talking around the house."

"But..."

"I said shaddup!" she said, looking lovelier than ever; her voice the sound of calm space itself.

He shut up.

Moments later, he had set the controls of the mighty ship on a course that would take the two of them to Earth. They both strapped themselves into their chairs, and pushed the take-off button.

The ship rose on a mighty tail of flame and fury. In space she confronted Blurston, her voice filled with evilness.

"Too bad, Blurston, but this is the end for you."

"What?"

"Yes. . I am really a secret agent from Rigel 19-IV-a, sent to spy on Earth. You would just be in the way."

She lifted a Mark 19 blaster from a hidden holster.

Blurston leapt forward and grabbed the gun.

"Did you say Rigel 19-IV-a?" he shouted.

"Yes."

"Small universe, isn't it?"

"What?" She looked at him.

"I am also from Rigel 19-IV-a," he said.

"My name is Jo Hon."

She looked into his eyes. "And mine is Mar Sha." She paused and spoke again.

"Jo Hon!"

"Mar Sha!"

The ship sped on through the darkness of space.

--Ted Blurgeon

WHO

READS JALOUSI



you are

IN JALOUSI

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"Well," he said, smirking, "Comona my rocket."

Smat Blurston started at a sudden sound. Throwing down his fifth of Haige and Haige, he drew his six gun and checked the cylinder. His white, fishy hand trembled as he spoke. "All right, you," he said weakly, "Come on outa there."

A beautiful Indian maid stepped out from behind a ruined hogan.

"Well," he said, smirking, "Comona my house."

Sound alike? They should--they were both written by the same hack writer. And neither one has a chance of selling. If this is your idea of science-fiction, you're welcome to it! YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT IN JALOUSI! We print ADULT science fiction!

FANZINE REVIEWS

LITY TION
QUA DUC
A PR
INSIDE

INSIDE will make it a policy in this and future issues to review only the best in fanzines, science fiction books, and magazines. Those titles reviewed in these pages will receive our acknowledgement as the "best", and are therefore well worth buying, reading, and subscribing to.

At the head of this column is a modest little seal. That seal stands for quality. We take you INSIDE quality productions. It is our small reward for a job well done, in the case of a fanzine, or a remarkable literary effort.

Occasionally we will list at the end of the column the names of publications which are especially bad, or which we have received bonafide complaints on.

FANTASY-TIMES. The best of the news-zines. In fact, it is our contention that it is the only newszine published in fandom. All others seen in this office have been used as vehicles for, usually, senseless gossip, and not for news.

F-T reports all of the news with semi-personal newswriting, and it is usually fairly timely. You can read this zine in a minimum of time and pick up a maximum of information. No other newszine, in our opinion, can make that statement.

Editor: James V. Taurasi, 137-03 32nd Avenue, Flushing 54, N.Y. F-T is mimeographed, eight pages (usually), ten cents a copy or twelve for one dollar. Bi-weekly.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER. Again, the best in its field--the adzine with the largest circulation, the best makeup, and the highest quality.

To all those interested in buying or selling stf/fan items, this zine will prove invaluable. To those interested in reading literary articles, and book reviews, on science fiction, this zine will provide the best.

A payment is made for articles at the rate of one dollar per page.

Editor, Roy A. Squires, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, California. SFA is photo-offset, from twenty-five to forty pages, twenty cents per copy or eight for one dollar, until June 1, when it will be six for a dollar. Bi-monthly.

FANTASTIC WORLDS. THE semi-pro zine. It tops them all. A wonderful balance of stories, articles, and poetry by pro and fan authors. The fiction is always good, if not better, and the articles excellent. The artwork is very good. It's all good. You can't go wrong in buying this zine; in fact, if you subscribe to any fanzine, this should be the first--the Galaxy of the fanzines.

Payment is made for material in the form of prizes.

Editor, Sam Sackett, 1449 Brockton Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California. FW is photo-offset, forty pages, twenty - five cents a copy and four issues at one dollar. Quarterly.

BOOK REVIEWS

SCIENCE
FICTION

THE BLACK STAR PASSES----By John W. Campbell, Jr. Fantasy Press, 254 pages, \$3.00. This book, which had been previously announced for pub. in 1952, was withdrawn so that extensive revisions could be made. Now this first volume in the famous Arcot, Morey and Wade trilogy is in print. There are three separate parts to this book but with connected characters. Piracy Preferred dealing with the first successful spaceship; Solarite, which tells of their trip to Venus; The Black Star Passes, the record of an invasion from outer space. Good.

WORLD OUT OF MIND----By J. T. M'Intosh. Doubleday, 222 pages, \$2.75. Eldin Raigmore appeared on Earth for the first time on May 23 in the guise of a mature, educated Earth man. He started at once taking the Tests, working his way up the ladder of Earth's scientifically stratified society to the exalted rank of White Star--one of the elite, a member of the top one per cent of one per cent of one per cent. Once arrived at this zenith of power, Raigmore was to direct an easy destruction of civilization by the alien forces who had fashioned his disguise and placed him here. This book

is one of the few that is picked up and found extremely hard to put down until completely finished. Showing to what lengths society in the future might go, this book is highly recommended by the editors.

MISTS OF DAWN----By Chad Oliver. Winston, 208 pages, \$2.00. Undoubtedly the best of the Winston juvenile series so far. We question the juvenile angle as we managed to find this one of the finest pieces of science-fiction in a long time. Through a strange twist of events, Mark steps out into a world old beyond comprehension and suddenly finds himself stalked by monstrous half-men--the hideous Neanderthals--in a desperate chase that mounts to nightmare proportions. Hopelessly cut off from his only means of escape, Mark stumbles upon one of the most remarkable cultures in all the fantastic history of mankind--the Cro-Magnon. Here among giant warriors, in this faraway corner of history, he finds refuge and friendship--and a glimmer of hope for return to a home that is fifty-two thousand years away! Brimming with details of thunderous wars between man and mammoth, crammed with vivid descriptions of the Neanderthals who prowled the plains in wicked packs, this tale charges toward a spectacular climax. Unforgettable in its evocation of an incredible world, Mists of Dawn is told with the force and reality that only a writer of remarkable skill and an anthropologist of rare wisdom, such as Chad Oliver, could give it.



LETTERS



CLAUDE HALL (Editor of MUZZY)

Yesterday I wandered down to the corner mail box--never suspecting. I looked inside the box, glanced inside the brown envelope, and found INSIDE. I kneeled over in my shoes. So soon? Hells bells!

Surprised? Yep, I was!

This story "Retn From the Stars" promises to be quite good, despite the fact that the tenses were all jumbled up. I'm waiting to see how the plot developes.

"Look Up"--prosey, but I didn't like it. It just didn't appeal to me, I guess.

"The Ides of March"--you spoiled. You cut out the reason why the little girl, Janie, cried out, "They're here!" The story never was much good, I'll be the first one to grant that, but still, without that one bit, there wasn't any reason for the story at all. (You're forgiven.)(Thanks--ed)

"The House That Jack Built--good. But I have to admit that I skipped parts of it here and there. The interest lagged.

Lets have a few letters anyway. The best ones, huh?

I'm not too much in favor of articles unless, of course, they're the special kind from people who know what they're talking about. Most people don't, but try to write articles anyway.

Well, you did it, Ron. Fifty pages and a damned good cover illeo that was certainly

something, though I haven't figured out just what yet. I hope you find ways and means for that photo-offset job. INSIDE could be the best in the business then. It was a damned good issue as it was.

One thing though. Why the double columns when single columns would be a great deal neater and a heap less trouble. Unless you go offset, single columns would be just about right for the size of paper you use. By just glancing through this issue, I can easily see that you certainly spent a lot of time and bother to keep those margins straight. I admire your guts for it and the trouble you had with those double columns. But you'll work yourself to death that way. Settle down--not in a rut--but the easiest way is sometimes the best.

604 East Belton
Brady, Texas

((Notice the single columns. We decided they make a better looking zine, as well as being easier. Despite the change in your story, I still liked it. And so did the readers--Eds.))

DAVID ENGLISH (Editor of "Fantasias")

Thanks for the copy of INSIDE. I think your mag shows great promise. This first is rather poor, but it shows a lot of originality. You seem to have set some rather high standards for yourself and I see no reason why you shouldn't attain them in time.

Now for a bit of specific criticism, for what it may be worth.

The cover is the best art in the mag. Still, it isn't any too good. Either the fact that the artist didn't take the time to work it out properly or else the stencil was poorly cut. The rest of the art was abominable.

The fiction was mainly amateurish. The two William Freeman stories were the best, but they could have stood polishing before publication. Still, I'll be interested in seeing how "Return from the Stars" finishes up in the next issue.

Your editorial was probably the best thing in the issue. It contained a number of interesting thoughts, nicely expressed. I hope you'll continue this.

Don't worry too much if you can't get a lot of good material for your first few issues and if they don't work out as well as you'd like. Soon you should be publishing a really fine mag. As I said, you do have some excellent ideas.

63 W. 2nd St.
Dunkirk, N.Y.

((You're darn right we've got ideas. We've got plenty of ideas. And we're going to use them. We're going to reach those high standards, and every issue will be better than the last.....You thought the first issue was poor? We did too, but were your reasons for thinking so entirely valid? Look over this issue and let us know how we made out on those improvements you wanted.--Eds))

MALCOLM WILLITS (Editor of "Destiny")

Thanks a lot for the first issue of INSIDE. I hadn't thought you could produce such fine results with your first attempt. Your next issue should really be good.

I could not say which story or article was best, for I liked them all, although some were much too short. Considering the fact that you are using a mimeograph, your illustrations turned out fine. I hope you can maintain such good issues and still come out often.

Please send me your next issue. Keep up with the good work.

McCormick Hall

Forest Grove, Oregon

((Some people are just easy to please! And we aim to please them more with every issue --Eds))

LARRY TOUZINSKY (Editor of "Fan to See")

I received INSIDE yesterday. Believe me, your work and planning was not in vain. I really enjoyed it. I like your format, the impression it left on me was that it was similiar to a pro-zine. About the only complaint that I have is that the last 9 or 10 pages were not stapled. What I mean is the top staple was all right but the bottom two completely missed these pages. Being rather clever, I removed all the staples and re-stapled it. Now the bottom staple is all right and the top two completely miss these pages!

2911 Minnesota Ave.

St. Louis, Missouri

((We had the same trouble, Larry!--Eds))

