



INSIDE magazine

see back cover



RICHARD CARLSON EXAMINES PIECE OF FRAGMENTIZED ROCKET
IN OFFICE OF HERBERT MARSHALL, SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION
CHIEF, IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW'S "RIDERS TO THE STARS".

films in the future

forrest | ackerman *

A PREVIEW:

Here's the Inside dope on 1954's opening "two from Tors", the second and third scientific films in the Office of Scientific Investigation series which began so auspiciously with "The Magnetic Monster".

RIDERS TO THE STARS, scripted by Curt Siodmak and in technicolor, will be the first to be released. A nerve-wracker of the near future, it portrays a preliminary step that may have to be taken on the star-way leading to the conquest of space. Scientific films' most familiar face, Richard Carlson, seen in quick succession in "The Magnetic Monster", "The Maze" and "It Came from Outer Space", and menaced by an amphibian humanoid in "Black Lagoon", is one of the heroes of "Riders to the Stars" who braves the void to bring back a meteor "alive". Plot revolves around siodmakian theory that meteors in space may be surrounded by some chemical coating which protects their core from disintegration by the hard-pounding cosmic rays. For it is found (in the picture) that when rockets ascend 400 miles or so above the surface of the earth, the molecular structure of their metal alloys crystallizes and they crash.

Fearing the establishment of an Iron Curtain in the sky if the USA doesn't establish a space station first, the OSI drafts top scientific and technical talent, puts the candidates for Operation Meteorball thru a rigorous series of tests both psychological and physiological. Finally the choices are narrowed down to three men for three rockets.

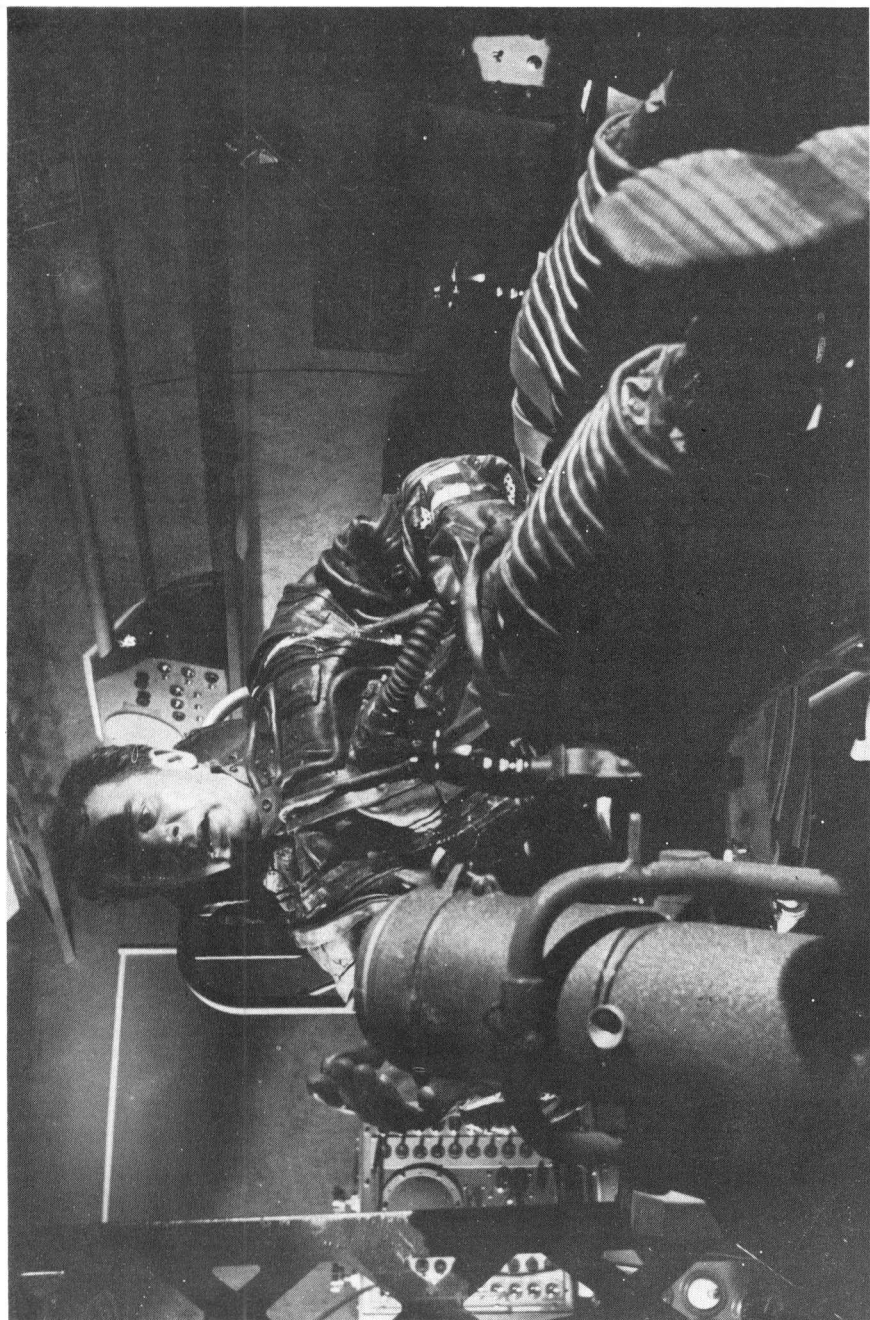
Take-off! The trio of meteor hunters rise almost simultaneously to a height of approximately 150 miles. Robert Karnes is the first to sight a quarry. At a speed of 300 miles a second Karnes "inches" up on the celestial speed ball, which is traveling at about the same rate. He is warned by the trackers on earth that the meteor is too large for his scoop, but realizes too late his mistake in attempting to capture it anyway, and is blown up.

Carlson goes mad as the desicated remains of Karnes float by his rocket in a ruptured spacesuit.

And what of Wm Lundigan--the final man left? Now wouldn't it surprise the pants off everyone in the audience (and on Marilyn Monroe it would look good) if he too blew up and the Russkies put a red eye in the sky and we all lived unhappily ever afterward?

*Mr. Scientific

RICHARD CARLSON, 150 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH, GOES MAD AT THE SIGHT OF A FELLOW METEOR HUNTER WHO HAS DIED IN SPACE.



SUPER SONIC SABOTAGE! UNENDURABLE VIGRATIONS SCREAM
SOUNDLESSLY IN THE AGONIZED BRAIN OF FREE WORLD SCIEN-
TIST IN "GOG AND MAGOG"



GOG AND MAGOG (not to be confused with "The Great Green Og") is science on a spree, a picture with more gadgets and gimmicks packed into it than a bacover on Science-Fiction Plus. In fact the robot menaces of the film, Alpha & Beta, might almost have been modeled after Paul's second cover on the back of SFPlus for October '53.

In a labyrinthine underground laboratory-city, secretly constructed beneath a meteor crater in the Arizona desert, 150 Free World scientists are busy experimenting night and day on ways and means to conquer space before the enemy. They are aided by Novac, a giant cybernetic computer.

They are hindered by a saboteur.

David Shepard of the OSI investigates. As he combs the catacombs, he encounters a variety of weird experiments in progress, all fascinating to the fannish eye:

The "G" Research Lab with its giant centrifuges and electromagnets, where free fall and super-g conditions are simulated.

The nega-thermal chamber, where animals are being quick-frozen to test if human beings could be refrigerated, shot into space in robot-controlled rockets, and thawed out at their destination.

A botanical lab, where the secret of photosynthesis is being sought via the use of radioactive isotopic injections in plants.

A solar mirror project.

A high explosives unit.

Super-sonics.

Snakes!

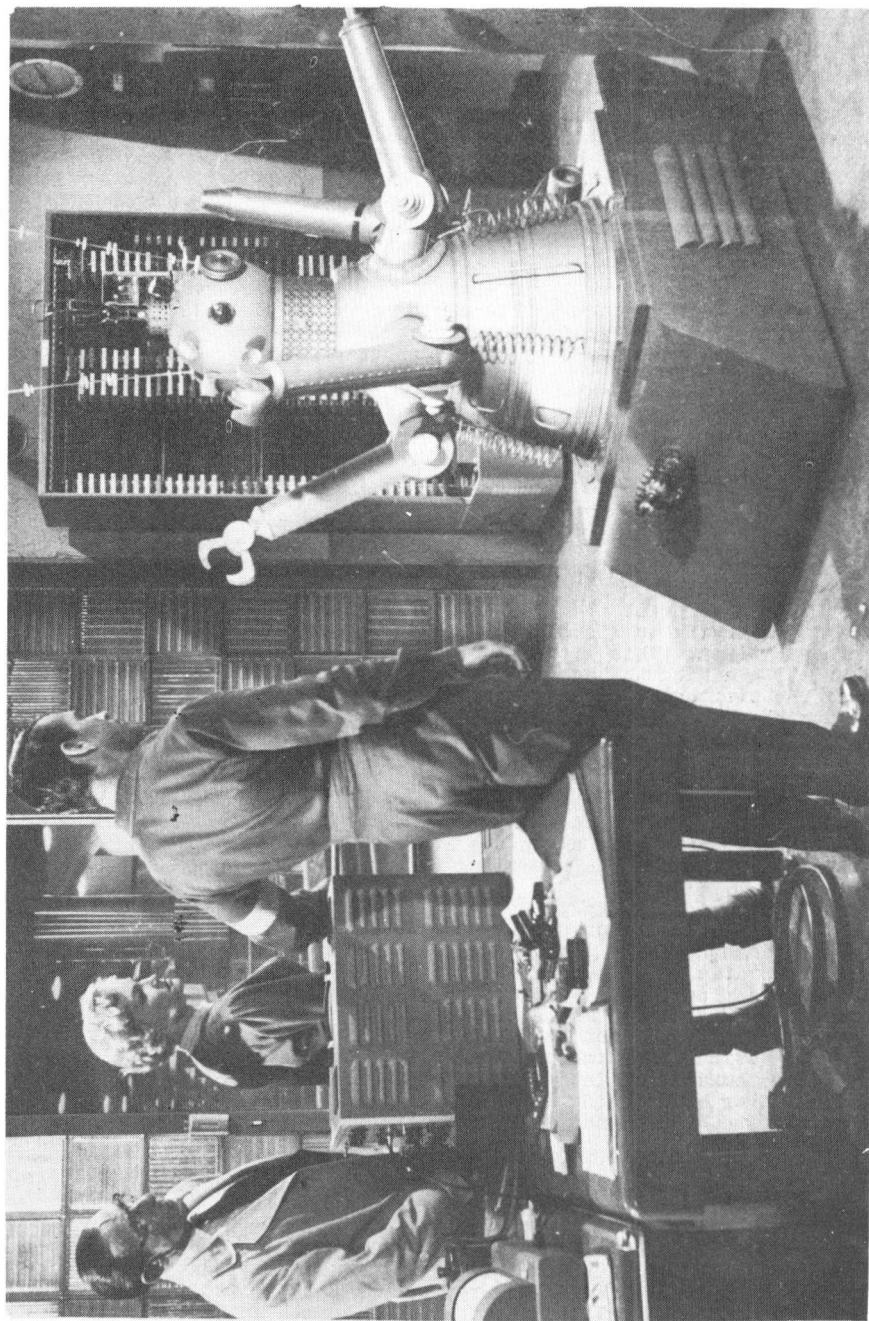
Brooding over all, the Giant Brain; and underneath in all, an incipient catalyst of catastrophe, a huge uranium pile.

Inexplicable accidents eliminate the scientists, inexorably, one by one. Frozen solid, then shattered to a thousand shards, is the fate of one scientist; whirled to death in the centrifuge the fate of another. The solar mirror frankensteins its creator into a crisped frankfurter. A radioactive cactus kills the botanist, the audio-engineer's brain is burst by high-frequency vibrations.

Horror and havoc run maverick in the cells of the scientists, and finally the servo-mechanisms Alpha & Beta turn metal monster and terrorize the subterranean inhabitants.

It ends well, with a swell surprise in the villainy department, the identity of the master mind behind the murders coming, I believe, as a distinct shock to the majority of viewers.





THE ROBOT ALPHA, WHICH GOES BERSERK AT THE CONCLUSION OF
IVAN TORS' SCIENTIFILM THRILLER.

fantasy classics

neal clark reynolds

A REVIEW:

This is a review of five fantasy movies. Hollywood would call them "art films". For this reason, chances are you haven't seen them. At least, probably not all five.

So I am going to tell you about them. I hope you will find interest enough through my discussion so that you will want to see the films. I hope you will see them if you get the chance. They are excellent examples of fantasy, superior to the usual Hollywood run-of-horror.

RASHOMON (Japanese): This is the best picture ever made, in the author's opinion. This naturally leaves me wide open to irate movie fans who have their own favorites. But I think this film has more consistency in the quality of the individual characteristics than any other. "Rashomon" stands far above other pictures in plot, direction, acting and photography.

The picture, as a whole, is not fantasy. But there is one episode which should interest fantasy fans; this episode alone is worth the admission price.

Up to this point the plot has dealt with a group of Japanese citizens trying to discover the truth in back of the death of another citizen. (This is a symbol of people searching for truth.) A bandit, claiming to have killed the citizen in honorable combat, and the citizen's woman have told their versions of the deed. Since these versions vary greatly, the citizens calmly and credulously decide to ask the dead man for the story through a medium.

The scene is a large desolate looking courtyard. An older woman gets up and starts a frenzied dance. Dancing wildly, she suddenly sinks to the ground. Then, lying on her stomach, her mouth opens and her lips move. But it's a deep voice, one belonging to a man, that speaks. And once again the story is told, but a story different from either of the preceding two. The citizen says he killed himself.

The most intriguing point in this episode is the fact that the dead man's story later proves to be a lie. The citizen thinks he died a dishonorable death. And, according to the Japanese moral code, suicide is very honorable.

The casting in the production is outstanding, along with the make-up and acting. Japan has the courage to portray the bandit as he actually is. Not only is he primitive in his appearance, but in his actions. Anytime he feels like it, he spits. He growls, and at times bursts out into wild, mirthless laughter. The woman has a shield over her personality. She remains a subtle mystery through the picture. Though the other characters are portrayed much better than the average Hollywood heroes and heroines, they aren't as outstanding as the bandit and the woman.

Highly recommended, not only for the fantasy sequence, but for the total effect.

FANTASIA (U.S.; Walt Disney): This film is what I consider pure fantasy. It is composed of Disney's impressions of various classical pieces. "Fantasia" represents this artist at the height of his career. Unlike his other full length animated features, this isn't aimed primarily at children. Actually, there are only three sequences which would be understandable to youngsters.

The picture starts out with the explanation that the cartoons

to follow doesn't necessarily tell the story the composer had in mind. They're merely the artist's impressions on listening to the pieces.

An outstanding sequence is one which tells absolutely no story at all. The music in the background is Bach's Toccata and Fugue. And the art is pure expressionism, composed of various shapes. As an example, tri-angular shapes appear and expand like ripples in a lake. The rest of the sequence is indescribable. But it interests the viewer in music that isn't ordinarily interesting to the average person.

Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" doesn't make Disney think of spring at all. The modern music of Stravinsky reminds the artist of the beginning of the world. During the sequence is a fight between two prehistoric monsters which outdoes anything shown in "One Million B. C." Other things are shown, such as the amphibian who first ventures on land. Yet it seems that Disney fell a bit short of what he could have done with the theme. The audience expects to see the beginnings of the human race. But Disney doesn't go that far. Yet this is one of the best examples of what a good cartoonist with imagination can do.

Another weird sequence is based on Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain". This is paired, strangely enough, with Schubert's "Ave Maria". But meaning is given to the coupling of these two contrasting selections. The first selection represents pure, unadulterated evil in unholy revel. Suddenly light appears and the demons are driven off. And the picture ends with the religious presentation of Schubert's song. It's a very simple yet effective way of showing a conflict between good and evil, with good triumphant.

Other sequences, somewhat paled by the more stark and fanciful selections, include: Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony", showing a congregation of imps, centaurs, and winged horses having a picnic; "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" starring Mickey Mouse; and Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite".

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (French; Jean Cocteau): One occasionally has good reason to wonder why Hollywood has to resort to cartoons to present truly outstanding fantasy. It's interesting to speculate what the film capital would do with this fairy tale. It would undoubtedly end up as either a Disney cartoon or another stupendous flop. But give the idea to a master artist like Jean Cocteau and he immediately sees how the camera can be used to give people something completely new.

This film is good in the same qualities as "Rashomon", though it falls short of the outstanding Japanese film. Yet, it has some of the best fantasy sequences ever put on film.

The plot is well enough known so that it doesn't have to be retold. In fact, the average fan might think the plot too much of a children's story to make adult fare.

And then Cocteau turns his surrealistic concepts of the story loose. Since this is the outstanding quality of the film, the excellent acting will not be dwelt upon. It's sufficient to say that the Beast is a true monster in the Wolfman tradition, while the Beauty is a personification of the abstract word in its purest sense.

The film is interesting, but not truly fantastic until Beauty's father, lost, comes across the Beast's castle. He walks in the door and stares down the dark hall. As he starts walking down it, light flares into being. It comes from torches held by bodiless arms projecting from the walls. He passes by a statue--a statue which watches him as he walks by. More bodiless arms emerge from a table to serve him food and drink.

After a night's rest the father meets the Beast. First he sees

the mangled body of a deer. Then he and the camera look up simultaneously to see the Beast. How simple it would have been to show the Beast first. But Cocteau thought it more appropriate to show the monster's handiwork first. This is a masterly way of preparing the audience for the bearded, wild-appearing, ghastly creature which threatens the father.

The artist in this film doesn't believe in presenting everything to the audience directly. First he tells you what he's going to show you. An admirable example: The scene opens on a statue whose eyes are slowly moving back and forth. Obviously he's watching someone pacing back and forth. The audience is given time to guess who's doing the pacing and why. Finally the camera backs up to show Beauty.

The quality which makes the legend live is the way the Beast changes. Without any obvious change of make-up, Cocteau shows him slowly softening by camera angles. There's a moment when he suddenly reverts to his most primitive state, and he appears to Beauty in his most ghastly appearance. Suddenly he finds himself so awed by her pure beauty that he becomes pitiful. An unanswerable question is how can any artist make an audience begin to admire a frightful looking monster. Cocteau does it.

Unfortunately, most good things have their flaws. Admittedly, the legend calls for having the Beast suddenly change into a handsome prince. But it seems too childish to have that prince look exactly like the handsome prince who loved Beauty before she left to stay with the creature. And the prince who, at the end, has the idea of stealing the Beast's riches, and put an end to his strange rival, is killed and turns into the Beast. True its symbolism. Yet, to these admittedly untrained eyes it seems phony, as if Cocteau's seen too many American movies. However, no ending, no matter how phony, could detract from the body of the film. Surrealism on the screen can be as beautiful as the same on canvas.

TALES OF HOFFMAN (English): The English, like Disney, chose, when considering the filming of this well-known opera, to rely heavily on music. The person who doesn't like opera will find this fantasy hard to follow. The two previously mentioned foreign films have a distinct advantage in that they used English subtitles. Though this opera is sung in English, one rather wishes that some subtitles would flash on the screen so he'd know for sure what's going on. Still, there's a wealth of beautiful music, as well as excellently filmed fantasy. The first tale is the most fascinating to this viewer. Hoffman's first love is a mechanical doll which, especially when looked at through the magic spectacles, looks quite human. It's intriguing enough just to watch the ballerina go through the mechanical contortions of an automaton. The tragedy is quite inspiring when the inventor, in a fit of rage, destroys his creation. Dismembered parts land here and there. And the final note is struck when the doll's head stops rolling and the eyelids flutter for the last time.

The other two tales have to do with a duel between Hoffman, who's lost his reflection, and a rival who's lost his shadow; and a consumptive who sings herself to death. The duel seems to be lacking--the losses of the contestants aren't shown sufficiently. On the whole, however, the film is excellent.

A word of warning: If you get too absorbed at the end of the movie, don't be startled by the hand which, as the words "The End" appear, stamps "Made in England" on the screen.

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER (U.S.; Edward Arnold, Walter Houston, Simone Simone): The final picture to be discussed is the easiest of these five to see. It has been shown on TV several times.

In ways, it is a very good presentation of Benet's story. In other ways, it deviates too much from the original idea.

Benet was very impressed with this country, and therefore emphasized patriotism very much. However, the director of the picture was more impressed with Jabez Stone. Where this picture is weak in driving home the patriotism of the short story, it contains a stronger human element which the original piece lacked. Yet Stone is the same symbol of mankind.

The outstanding characteristic of the picture as a whole is the way the folk tale quality is preserved. There's nothing truly significant in such a picture, but it's exceptionally entertaining.

This picture does much to show that Hollywood can do good fantasy. Where does it differ from the average mass-monster-mess? It differs in the very beginning. The Devil, played by Walter Houston, is studying a notebook with several names in it. Finally, he chuckles as he circles a name and starts out toward a house. There is no attempt to make the fantasy emerge somewhat logically from realism. Good fantasy needs no such crutch, but can stand alone. People don't believe in the devil walking around collecting souls, any more if he appears after half the picture is over, than if he appears at the very beginning. The Devil is about his business.

From then on things happen credibly. Jabez has sufficient reason to call for the Devil.

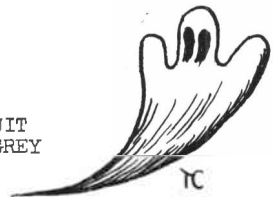
And individual fantastic scenes are played for the awe. There's an outstanding dance of death, in which Simone Simone, a beautiful agent of Satan, dances with a doomed man. The other dancers are ghosts, with a visible aura around them. The dance becomes more and more frenzied until the poor victim falls lifeless.

And the final trial scene is conducted by more ghosts, but ghosts of the most infamous Americans ever living. One mistake is the inclusion of Benedict Arnold, and the resulting lack of Daniel Webster's sarcastic line, "I miss Benedict Arnold." But otherwise the scene is outstanding. There's no doubt that these are supernatural creatures. Their unearthly sounding chatter, their strange aura, the look in their eyes, tells us they're not human. This paints a picture recognizable by the latecomer. This is something modern movies lack. You would never know, under most circumstances, that the picture you're walking into is fantastic, until you have been there ten or fifteen minutes.

After looking at the techniques used in these various examples of fantasy, one might easily wonder what's wrong with Hollywood. But I doubt that Hollywood will ever wake up. If it's worked before, it'll work again, the experts say. If the picture attempts to be intellectual, it will fail. But I feel there is a line that could be drawn between the extreme intellectual and the ridiculous that would be extremely successful. Experts or no experts.

There are, of course, many other fantasies I would recommend. Some of them are:

LOST HORIZON
TURNABOUT
THE MEDIUM
ORPHEUS
FIVE
ALIAS NICK BEAL
THE GHOST GOES WEST
ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER
THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GREY







Sundown and Dawning

robert ernest gilbert

A brown ichthyornis squawked through toothed beak and flapped into the air. The Scout sprinted under the young sycamores. With tail horizontal to balance his running body, he crashed through horsetails and ferns, staggered across checkered, crumbly dried mud, splashed hip deep into stagnant water.

The Low Chief and the Elder turned from the tiny, unidentified footprints. "Tyrannosaur!" the Scout croaked. He reeled from the water with slimy algae dripping from his thighs, waved a four-fingered hand backward, and scrambled up the nearest ginkgo.

The Cook, swaying over the ammonite-shell pot in the Scout's wake, hissed, "Careful! You almost spilled the oysters!"

"Tyrannosaur," the Scout gasped from the highest limb that would bear his weight. "Followed me from the beach. Right behind me. Quick! I see him!"

Frowning, the Elder squatted once more by the traces in the moist dirt. He glanced at the tree and spoke in a series of grunts and hisses that scarcely seemed to be language. "No one has seen a tyrannosaur in thirty seasons. We have seen none on this expedition, and--"

A noise swamped the Elder's voice. The noise began faint and high pitched, then welled into a deafening booming that sounded more like thunder than the cry of a living animal.

"Climb!" the Low Chief squeaked. Already the Cook had run half way up a cypress, clinging to a tangle of creepers. The Low Chief followed the Cook, and the Elder lifted himself up through the branches of the ginkgo until the Scout's tail dangled in his face.

"I see him," the Scout repeated. "He's taller than that sassa-

fras clump!"

"Silence!" the Elder warned. "Do not move, and he may miss us."

Saplings thrashed and snapped. Vibrations quivered through the ground, agitating the scummy surface of the drying pond. The tyrannosaur planted his gigantic taloned feet in the cracked crust that fringed the water.

The low morning sun cast the carnivore's shadow to the clearing, and over the smoking fire and steaming pots. He stood on massive legs, bracing his black warted body with his tail, while his useless stunted arms twitched spasmodically. The tyrannosaur twisted his stocky neck, cocked his hideous head and peered into the trees not much taller than he. Dripping jaws parted, revealing innumerable dagger teeth.

In one stride, the reptile stepped over the pond through which the Scout had struggled. With him came a stench of carrion and the sickening smell of the rotting vegetation through which he had stalked. Under the fan-shaped leaves of the ginkgo, the tyrannosaur paused.

He moved his right foot and placed it squarely in the fire. The ammonite-shell pot crumbled. A little cloud of sparks, steam, and wood ashes spurted, and to the tree tops drifted the odor of frying flesh.

Three pteranodons glided on taut skin wings toward the sea. Somewhere in the swamp a crocodile bellowed. Gazing first up the ginkgo and then up the cypress, the tyrannosaur stood, while his foot burned.

The Scout expelled his breath in a long sigh and the Elder shook his head. A screech escaped the tyrannosaur. He swayed with smoking right foot clawing the air. He blundered into the ginkgo, snapping branches like sticks, and lurched through the forest, crushing a cycad and stumbling over the fallen trunk of a sequoia.

As the sounds of the agonized flight dwindled, the Scout dropped from branch to shaking branch. He hit the ground prepared to run, but the Elder's hand closed on his shoulder. The Elder said, "No need to leave our equipment. He has forgotten us. I do advise that we move at once. We are two days overdue at the village, and the tyrannosaur may return."

While the Low Chief and the Cook descended from the cypress, the Scout gathered his hornshell tipped javelins into a bundle and slung his whip bow and arrows over his shoulder. "You didn't believe I saw a tyrannosaur," he told the Elder.

"I thought they were extinct," the Elder admitted, leafing the thin wooden pages of his notebook and thrusting it into his pack. "None had been reported for thirty seasons, and you know your imagination."

"I was trying to fish an octopus out of a pool," the Scout explained. "I didn't know he was around till I heard him walking. I knew what it was from those pictures by the Past Artist."

As the Cook mourned over the mess made of breakfast by the tyrannosaur, the Low Chief commanded, "Get ready to move before that thing comes back."

"We've had no food," the Cook moaned, "and he trampled everything but the persimmons and breadfruit. He broke every pot!"

"You'll have less to carry." The Low Chief slipped into his pack and took up his lance.

The Scout raised his ear from the ground. "I hear the tyrannosaur walking again!"

"Trot!" the Low Chief cried.

The Scout led, followed by the Low Chief and the Elder; and the Cook tried to run in the rear, carrying a load of fruit. They skirted the edge of the pond and headed south through the shoulder high fernbrake. Under the sun flecked branches of the ginkgo grove they trotted, and into the damp gloom of the cypress forest.

When the sun had climbed half way to its maximum height, the Low Chief called a halt at a mossy slope under a flowering magnolia. They lay panting on their packs.

The Low Chief said, "What do you think of your expedition now, Elder? What has it proven besides that two good homosauers can be trampled to death in a triceratops stampede, and that the rest of us can almost be eaten by a tyrannosaur?"

The Elder scratched his greenish back plates and said, "The deaths of the Under Priest and the Fisher were regrettable, but all of you volunteered. I warned you there would be danger."

"Too much danger," the Cook muttered, munching a persimmon.

The Elder consulted his notebook. "I say the expedition is a success, in that it bears out my previous fear. When we reach the village, I shall again propose to the High Chief that we move farther south, where conditions should improve."

The wooden pages rattled as the Elder turned them. "A change is coming over the land," he said. "You saw the evidence. It was even more apparent to me, since I had been almost as far north fifteen seasons back." The Elder marked his points on his thumb and three fingers. "Earthquakes have opened new rifts in the ground, and we have felt tremors almost everyday. Two new volcanoes where none were before, and--"

"I agree with what the Under Priest said," the Low Chief interrupted. "Those volcanoes have been there since the Agents of the Great Lizard built them in the beginning."

"The sea is drying up," the Elder continued. "Even at the village the shore is a hundred paces wider than when I was hatched. The swamp is drying up, and the dinosaurs have died or gone elsewhere."

"That tyrannosaur didn't look dead to me," the Scout, who had been cleaning the caked mud from the tip of his tail, observed.

"True," the Elder admitted, "we have seen several dinosaurs. Seven triceratops, eighteen duckbills of various breeds, and this morning's tyrannosaur. However, the swamps and forest used to swarm with them. Strangest of all, we have seen not one baby dinosaur and not one freshly hatched nest."

"And then those little footprints made sometime last night at our camp, and the others we saw yesterday among the rocks. I do not like them. They are strange, made by something even smaller than a terrapin. They seem to raise some memory in me." The Elder's hissing voice subsided in thought.

"Look out!" the Scout exclaimed.

They jumped up with weapons ready. A long necked, long tailed creature, running on slender hind legs swished past and out of sight amid the trees.

"Nothing but a struthiomimus," the Low Chief sighed. "I thought the tyrannosaur had us."

"Your cousin, Low Chief," the Elder goaded.

"What?"

"The struthiomimus is your cousin. He has a bill, a longer neck, and is somewhat larger. Other wise, he looks like you."

The Low Chief gripped his lance in both hands. His speech approached a roar. "More of your heretical nonsense! If the Upper Priest were alive, he could tell you the Agents of the Great Lizard built us homosauers to be supreme in the land! Let's move before the tyrannosaur really does come."

Following the path taken by the fleet struthiomimus they reached a shallow river fringed by sycamores, waded across, and walked through thinning trees. The Elder, keeping at the Low Chief's shoulder, said, "Have you ever seen an ornitholestis? There is another cousin. He even has our neck and teeth."

The Low Chief merely grunted and pursed his leathery lips. "If they're our cousins, why are we so much smarter?" the Cook called

from the rear.

"A good question, Cook." The Elder tapped his bulbuous cranium. "Brains. We have larger brains than any living thing. That tyrannosaur was so stupid he let his foot burn before he could realize he was standing in fire. Remember those bones the workers found in the blocks for the new egg pen wall? Bones so old they had turned to stone. I named the reptile podokosaur and I claim him as my ancestor in spite of what the Upper Priest may say. We have merely developed larger brains since that ancient time."

Whirling so suddenly that the Elder bumped into him, the Low Chief stood immobile in the game trail with his multiple rows of teeth bared. Birds squawked and cackled from the brushwood into which the forest had merged. The sun, scarcely obscured by the scanty clouds, had almost reached the top of the sky. "Enough of your heresy, Elder," the Low Chief hissed. "The Upper Priest may say much when I give him my report on you. You say the land's changing and the sea's drying. I say they're eternal!"

"Even the trees and the air itself is changing," the Elder said. "None of us will live to see the end of it, but the palms and cycads are almost gone, and last night the air was cool enough to chill the blood. In these fifteen days that we have marched, no rain has fallen."

"Shutup!" The Low Chief whirled again, this time crashing into the Scout and knocking him to the ground. "Get up and move!" the Low Chief bellowed. The Scout pointed a quivering finger.

On a low knoll that marked the horizon, swayed a black and ominous figure that became huge when compared with the forest trees to the east. The black thing limped down into the brushwood.

"The tyrannosaur! Trot!"

They followed the Low Chief in what became a mad race. Through sassafras clumps and over ground pines they bounded, dodging the long sharp leaves of welwitschias and the sticky needles of junipers. Up a gradual rise and down the other side they fled, until the forest was no longer visible, and the brushwood became a sparsely vegetated plain in the distance.

Mutually exhausted, they at last flung themselves down in the shadow of an eroded rock. "My blood is fairly boiling," the Elder wheezed. "I am too old to run all day."

The Scout lifted himself on an elbow and looked back. "Don't see the tyrannosaur," he panted.

The Scout sprang erect. "Where's the Cook?" he cried.

Sitting up, the Low Chief and the Elder stared at each other and at the Scout. "He was behind me, but I never once looked back," the Scout murmured.

"He probably fell," the Low Chief said. "The tyrannosaur has him by now. It saw us sure enough." He turned to the Elder. "So, the dinosaurs have died or gone elsewhere! But three good homosaur are killed on this expedition by dinosaurs."

"We must go back and find the Cook," the Elder said, standing.

The Low Chief picked up his lance. "We'll go back all right--back to the village as fast as we can trot. With the stride that tyrannosaur has, we'll be lucky to get there ahead of him. Maybe the watchers can handle him with the great catapult."

"The only way I ever saw one killed was with a stonebladed deadfall," the Elder said.

The Low Chief started walking, and the Elder and the Scout followed. "That, Elder," the Low Chief sneered, "may be what happened to all the dinosaurs. To hear you tell it, you used to kill them in droves back in the good old days. Get up here in your place, Scout!"

"I was trying to see my javelins," the Scout said. "I must have lost them when we ran. I still have my whip bow."

"That won't be any more than pine needles if the tyrannosaur

catches us," the Low Chief grunted. "Head due south. We ran southwest, and that should put us past the curve in the sea shore. We have made enough speed this morning to reach the village before night."

Under the hot, midday sun, the three plodded through brush no where higher than their heads. Somewhere behind the tyrannosaur lost the trail and gave up in favor of other game.

In the early afternoon, they reached a sullen stream hidden in a tangle of ferns, rushes, and willows. After a makeshift meal of water lily shoots, soapberries, and raw mussels, they rested with the Scout on guard.

The Low Chief stood up and stretched. "Let's move."

Something rattled. Something rumbled. The waters of the stream splattered high and overflowed the banks. The earth vibrated. The Low Chief awayed and fell.

Clinging to each other, the Elder, the Scout, and the Low Chief crawled out into the brush, away from the trees. A willow lashed the air, as if in a high wind, and sagged down across the water.

"Another earthquake," the Elder said, when the movements ceased and the ground again seemed solid. "We must have the village moved farther south! If anything like this hits, the whole thing will slide into the sea."

"Look, the stream's gone!" The Scout ran forward and gaped at the empty, muddy course. He sloughed out into the mud and caught two small bony fish flopping in suffocation.

The others followed the Scout across the bottom and out on the opposite bank. The Low Chief said, "Could it be, Elder, that the Agents of the Great Lizard have done this to warn you of--"

"Low Chief," the Scout interposed, "I know it's a rise above my place to say this, but three homosaurus have been lost, and we three should do our best to get back. Can't you and the Elder save your differences for the High Chief and the Upper Priest?"

"The youth is right," the Elder said. "We had best concentrate on a safe return. Look at the sky."

Blackness reared up in the west. A great churning, puffy mass of clouds approached the sun. Blue-gray and blue-black blended, at the horizon, into a solid sheet the dirty white of a plesiosaur's belly. Down the wall of the storm trickled a river of lightning.

"Back toward the forest!" the Low Chief ordered. "We'll be struck on this open ground!" The angry boom of thunder punctuated the Low Chief's hisses.

Once more they stretched their tails and ran. They jumped a narrow fissure the quake had opened in the earth. Afternoon switched to twilight as the onyx clouds obscured the sun and billowed overhead. The visible sky compressed into a narrow blue band on the eastern horizon when they reached a crest and saw beyond the forest, the swamp and the sea.

Visibility dropped to nothing in a world that had become water. Straining strides and prodigious leaps increased their pace. The Scout fell over a cinnamon bush, and the sun reappeared.

A rainbow blossomed on the back of the receding storm. The Scout wiped some of the mud from his face and followed the Elder and the Low Chief, who slowed to a tottering, exhausted shuffle. "I think I see the watchtower," he puffed. "There above the sequoias. We're almost home!"

They skirted a laurel thicket and found a familiar path through the cypress and sequoias. Something--raindrops or tiny feet--had dotted the trail. The three crossed the swamp on a long swinging bridge connected by footlogs over the marshy islands.

The Elder contemplated. "That may have been the last tyrannosaur in the land. When it dies, there may be no more."

"Don't wager on it," the Low Chief sniffed. "The dinosaurs have all died, you said, and the sea and swamps are drying up. All we

see is enough dinosaurs to kill three of us and enough rain to almost drown us. When I tell the High Chief and the Upper Priest--" "Something's wrong in the village!" the Scout hissed.

They stood on the last suspension bridge spanning the swollen river that lapped the base of the chalk cliffs. From behind the pallisade above, the shrieks of females and young mingled with the sounds of things smashing and breaking.

The Elder pointed down at the hundreds of tiny, muddy, five-toed tracks that speckled the bridge. They found new strength to scurry up the carved steps.

They wheezed and panted to a height greater than the trees. The low evening sun glared on the oily sea, silhouetting the rafts of the fishers paddling madly in answer to the danger horn that blared from the watchtower.

The Low Chief, the Elder and the Scout helped each other up the remaining steps. The great gate was closed, but the lesser gate stood open and unguarded. They swept through to find the wet street empty except for the bedlam at the far end.

"The egg pen!" Greater fear than any tyrannosaur could inspire trembled in the Elder's cry.

They trotted between the rows of log houses. Females and young, brandishing oyster-shell hoes and shovels thrashed and milled about the stone wall that formed the egg pen. An animal, miniature and fuzzy, streaked down the street.

The Scout fitted the cord of his whip bow into the notch in the side of an arrow and lashed. The arrow thudded into the chalk. The creature vanished under a house. The females were killing these animals, scores of them, with tools and pots and rocks and bare hands.

The din had begun to subside as the Elder stepped through the gate of the egg pen. The cylindric shells of torn homosaur eggs, the rotting vegetation under which they had been buried to hatch, and the bodies of the fuzzy things littered the enclosure in odorous confusion.

Dragging a blood spade, the Great Mother came forward. "Elder!" she said. "Low Chief. Scout. Where are the others?"

"Dinosaurs," the Elder explained. He sagged down on a laying stool with the wear of a day of running and his great age obvious in drooping crest and wrinkled dewlap. He seized one of the little bodies by its naked tail. "What has happened here?"

"These four-footed bugs, or whatever they are," the Great Mother said. "They've ruined every egg! Not a clutch left! What they didn't eat, they opened. It's horrible!"

"Keep your tail up, Great Mother," the Low Chief leered. "You can always lay more."

She hissed at him and turned back to the Elder. "They must have dug under the wall. What are they, Elder?"

"I fear they are the reason we saw no young dinosaurs," the Elder said. "We found their tracks several times. I recall now the Gone Chief discovered creatures such as this in the hills far to the west. Look at it! No scales, no feathers, something like brown moss on its body. Look at the teeth. All different. Dead but still warm, as if the sun were shining on it, but the air is cool since the rain. Something entirely new."

With his foot, the Scout turned over another body. "Elder! They don't even lay eggs!"

"Neither does an ichthyosaur," the Low Chief said. "I wouldn't worry about them, Elder. These things aren't much bigger than a cockroach. They're too small to ever amount to any danger."

THE NIGGER

"WHY DO YOU DO THIS?" HE SAID. "WE HATE NIGGERS," THEY SAID.

william l freeman



The nigger perspired large drops of perspiration. He was afraid. The white men were going to kill him.

The white men looked hatred at the nigger. They were mad.

"Please don't kill me!" pleaded the dark man. "Why do you want to do this thing, I never harmed anybody," he asked.

"Shutup."

"Hurry up with that rope, Hank, let's get this over with."

Hank hurried. He worked with the noose, tying the hangman's knot.

"Please!" howled the nigger.

"Shutup!"

"But why? Why do you kill me?"

"He deserves an answer," someone with imagination said.

"Cause you're a nigger, now shutup."

"But the color of my skin, that don't make any difference."

"It's black."

"Yours is white."

"That's what I mean, you're dirty."

"How can I be dirty just cause I'm black? I can't wash the black away."

"We can. Wash it away so we won't see it anymore."

"But just cause I'm black, you can't kill me for that."

"You're inferior."

"Inferior how?"

"You're a nigger."

"You're a white man."

"That's the idea. You're no good. Dirty. Sex mad. No brains."

"I'm just the same as you."

"Shutup! Don't ever say that, or--"

"You're going to kill me anyway. Please don't."

"We don't want you around here."

"I'll leave. Let me go, and I'll leave."

"Hurry up with that rope, Hank."

"Please."

"Shutup."

"But just cause I'm black, that isn't any reason."

"It's enough for us."

"But I haven't hurt anybody."

"We don't want out kids associating with the likes of you. You're a bad influence in the neighborhood."

"But I only talk to the children, I don't harm them."

"We don't want you filling their heads with your dirty ideas! You tell them lies and put them up to disobey their elders. We don't want you around spoiling their innocence."

"I'll go away and never come back. Please."

"Hank."

"But why? I don't understand why I have to die. What right have you--"

"Shutup!"

"Just cause you say I'm inferior--"

"Let's get this over with," said Hank.

They lifted the nigger onto a horse and they threw the end of the rope over a strong limb of an oak tree and put the loop around the man's neck.

"Why?"

"You're a damn nigger, that's why," answered one.

"Your kind is better off dead," answered another.

"We hate niggers," answered a third.

"But those aren't real reasons. We're not really different, we're all human. How can you kill another human just cause his skin is black? What's the real reason? Oh, please don't kill me! Why--"

The horse whinnied and galloped off.

The nigger's scream was cut short and he swung there like a pendulum, ticking time away. The black man swung in the grey dawn back and forth and soon the white men saw that he had died. And after awhile they cut him down and left him lying in the sun.

They walked away. "Damn nigger," they whispered.

The dead man lay on the ground, his question unanswered.

But one of the hangmen quietly stood over the man and looked him in his staring eyes and thought: He deserved an answer. Well, maybe we killed you, mister, because life is rough and unhappy. Because we're unhappy and it builds up inside us until we have to have an outlet. We have to take it out on someone, is all. Yes, I guess that's the reason--that and the fact that hate is a habit and our people have hated your race for a long time. It's something we learn when we're kids and then when we can't hold the hurts inside us anymore we do something like this. Or maybe I don't really know the reason. I'm so confused.

The dead man lay there and didn't hear any answer.

Millions of miles away an alien race prepared for invasion. Their cities were numerous and prosperous, the result of a successful society. Their sciences were developed; they were thinkers. They had spaceships, were contemptuous of men, and wished to expand their empire. They prepared and one day they came to Earth.

The aliens came to Earth in their bright rockets with their green skin and superior intelligence.

They made the peoples of the Earth their slaves.

And so, the white man was cornered with no place to run. He looked at them and "But why do you kill me?" he said.

"Because you are white," answered one of the aliens.

"But you're green."

"That is it. You're soft and frail and emotional. Ugly. Ignorant."

"But just because I'm white--"

"We have talked enough."

"But please don't kill me!"

Another alien raised his raygun.

"But why--"

The raygun sang its sad song and the white man pitched forward to the ground and lay there and died.

And the aliens walked away. "White man," they whispered in contempt.

When the aliens lost the Great War, things were not different. The cycle continued.

...OF COURSE, THIS TAPE
ISN'T HIGH FIDELITY, AND
THEREFORE IT DOESN'T DO
MY VOICE JUSTICE...

THIS IS THE FIRST
TAPERESPONDING I'VE
EVER DONE, SO DON'T
EXPECT...

I HAD SOME
NOTES HERE...

I'M SURE THERE
WAS SOMETHING
ELSE I WANTED
TO SAY...

... HOWEVER, I DISAGREE
WITH YOU ABOUT...

terry carrs face

critturs

taperesponding

THAT WAS CLEVER,
SPlicing IN GUNSHOTS
EVERY FIVE MINUTES
TO WAKE ME UP.

... ON SIDE TWO IS A
HIDDEN-MICROPHONE
CONVERSATION THAT
I'D ADVISE YOU TO
PLAY IN PRIVATE...

... AT TIMES YOU
SOUNDED LIKE
JACK WEBB...

... THEN AT THE
ENDING OF THE
BOOK — OOPS,
NO MORE TAPE!

SALES TAX? BUT I
ONLY HAVE 35¢

EGAD, THAT COLOR!
AMAZING MUST BE IN!

GOT ANY NEW
3-D COMICS?

HMMM... ASTOUNDING... GALAXY
... AH, THERE'S MAD!

ANOTHER NEW MAG?

HUMPH!... NUDE WOMEN ON THE
COVERS!... TSK, TSK!

terry carr's face

critturs

at the newsstand

LET'S SEE... HE SAYS SCIENCE
FICTION PLUS IS RIGHT NEXT TO
NUDE ART POSES...

I SAID POGO, NOT
DONALD DUCK!

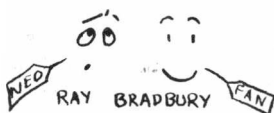
YES SIR, I READ SCIENCE
FICTION, BUT PLEASE DON'T
LOOK AT ME THAT WAY.

HEY KID, WANNA READ
SOMETHING REALLY SEXY?

PARDON ME SIR, BUT ARE
YOU A SCIENCE FICTION
FAN TOO?

EXCUSE MY SCREAM, SIR,
BUT YOU FRIGHTENED ME!

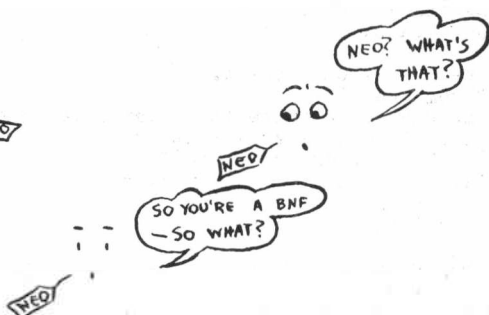
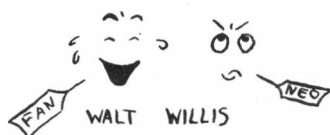
OOOPS, I DON'T
HAVE ANY MONEY!



terry carrs face

critturs

neofan and fan



alpha and omega

don howard donnell

THIS DAY WAS DIFFERENT FROM ALL THOSE
THAT HAD COME BEFORE. THIS DAY MAN WOULD
DIE, BUT THIS DAY WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

It was the kind of feeling you get when the day is gray and the wind is cold. The clouds whirled and belched black in the spitting skies; the restless breathing of a million people echoed softly down the misting concrete pavements. The cutting chill of winter was on the prowling wind which brought notice of the morbid time when the earth is cold and things are dying.

"I smell the rain," said Sally. "The rain is coming."

"We need it," murmured Carl, walking beside her. Their foot-falls were like leaves falling silently in autumn. Sally shivered.

"Cold?" asked Carl.

"A little."

"Better hurry. I felt a drop of rain just then."

"So did I. Two drops." They hurried to the little hot dog hut with its yellow glowing windows and warm smell of brewing coffee.

Joe, the owner, sat in a removed corner, a cigarette dangling from his lips, reading a newspaper.

"Hi, Joe! How 'bout two coffees and a couple of chocolate doughnuts?" Carl rubbed his hands together vigorously, appreciating the warmth of the enclosed patio. Joe put his paper down and moved to fill the order.

Sally asked, "Why so silent?"

"It's a silent day. A day when things stop and words rest."

Joe drew the coffee.

The door opened and Charly passed through, closing it softly behind him.

Sally greeted him smiling. "Hello, Charly."

"Hi, Honey," he said in a loud voice. "How're you today?"

"Just fine," answered Sally, grinning. Charly had a way.

He turned to Carl. "Mind coming down to the drugstore with me? I've got to get some cigarettes. Joe doesn't keep my brand."

"Okay. Be back in a few minutes, Sally. Want anything?"

"No, thanks."

As they walked into the open, the gray cold of the day seemed to penetrate, chilling. It was a strange feeling that touched the soul.

"Feel it?" Carl asked.

"Feel what?"

"No way to describe it. Just a feeling."

"Yes, I guess I know what you mean. Do you..."

"Uh-huh. Damndest thing!"

"It's like a sense of culmination, isn't it?" Carl's eyes were wide with the idea.

"Exactly. A culmination!"

They were in the drugstore. There was the usual crowd milling around, examining the merchandise, handling it, buying. But there was silence. Not the usual hum. Silence.

"See!" exclaimed Charly. "They all feel it! It's in the air."



alpha and omega

The sales girl eyed Charly suspiciously. "Got identification?" "Here. My draft-card, Miss. Convinced?" She looked disappointed, gave him his cigarettes.

He ripped the thin celluloid band; he tore through the tin foil and patted the bottom of the package. He offered the pack to Carl. "Want one?"

"Thanks," Carl replied.

"Let's have some coffee and talk this thing out," Charly suggested.

"I left my coffee in the hut."

"We'll get another cup here."

Carl hesitated, then, "All right."

They sat down and ordered. They waited, Charly tapping his fingers nervously on the counter. The coffee was placed before them.

Charly sipped his coffee, fondled the warm cup in his hands, then began, "Just how does it feel, Carl?"

"It feels like all the past and future rolled up into this one day. Like all that has happened, and will happen, is now. It's hard to express."

"Alpha and Omega," said Charly softly.

"What's that mean?"

"Alpha, the beginning. Omega, the end."

There was a silence. Carl stirred his coffee, sipped, added a little more sugar.

"Kinda scares a guy," he said.

"Scares me," Charly replied, frowning. "It's in the air today."

"Makes things seem so futile." He paused, sampling a bitter thought. "Sally."

"I know, I know. It hurts. But the way things seem, it won't matter."

"What do you mean, it won't matter?"

"Maybe today's the end. Who knows?"

"The end of what?"

"Life--Love--Us..." Charly gestured non-committally, waving his hand in a lazy, effortless motion. He inhaled deeply. The smoke streamed blue-white from his nostrils.

"Really think so?"

"Don't you?"

"Seems silly. End of the world? End?"

"It does, doesn't it?"

"But..."

"Yes?"

"Strange..."

"I know. There is something there. Something is going to happen. Something."

"This is accomplishing nothing, Charly. We sit here like wizened brass monkeys and contemplate our emotional navels. Why? It's just a melancholia brought on by the day. Depression..."

"Do you really believe that? There's something else playing havoc with our emotion. Anyway, look around you. Look at the rest of them!"

The store was filled with brass monkeys and emotional navels.

"I think we'd better get back to the hut. I want to be with her."

"Sally? I suppose you would." Charly downed his coffee and walked toward the door.

"Wait a moment," said Charly. He walked back and left two dimes on the counter. "Forgot to pay."

It was raining outside. The rain was a gray torrent from dark skies, and it splashed a moist gray film over everything. Charly and Carl ran through the downpour, splashing the fast gathering pools of water over their pants. They were wet when they reached the hot dog hut.

"Where've you been?" asked Sally as they stumbled through the door.

"Oh, we drank some coffee up there, talking," Charly said.

"Sorry to stay so long, but there was something we had to discuss."

"Oh," commented Sally, uninterested.

Carl removed his rain saturated top-coat and laid it in a corner chair to dry. Charly walked over to the juke box. He ran his finger over the listings.

Laddie Heston came in from the downpour.

"Hi, everyone," he greeted, his face a stream of tiny rivlets.

"Hello," returned Charly. The others grunted.

"Wet outside," Laddie commented. "Dianne here?"

"No. Haven't seen her," Carl said into the gloom.

"I wonder when Mike's coming?" Sally wondered with impatience.

"Don't worry, he'll get here," Carl said.

"I wish he'd get here before--" Sally broke off abruptly.

"--it's too late?" finished Charly.

"Yes, before it's too late." Sally stopped, amazed. "Now, why did I say that?"

Carl said nothing. He lit up one of his own cigarettes and smoked in silence. Mike...Mike!

It's too late for me, he thought. Too late. I'll have to face it alone.

Face it? Face what?

Mike made it fifteen minutes later. He burst through the door dripping water, but he didn't notice that. His face had fear written in huge black letters all over it.

"Oh, Mike!" said Sally.

A "Hi," from Charly.

Carl said nothing.

"War!" Mike breathed. "War. We're at war." Silence.

War...War, everybody breathed.

"Damn," said Charly, breaking the stunned interlude. He didn't say the word with anger, force, or malice. He just said it. Damn. It summed up all their feelings.

Carl thought, at great moments in your life things seem very insignificant. He knew of something greater, yet he didn't. He shook his head. Everything else that was important didn't matter; he only cared to have Sally, and she was not his. It was a strange, unknown feeling. A hollowness in the stomach, a lassitude of the body, a falling of the mind, a tenseness of the nerves...

Charly approached him.

"Maybe this was it?" he asked in a low tone. Carl paused, then slowly shook his head.

"No, there is something more to it all. It will happen, I'm sure, before this day ends."

"Sure?"

"Positive."

"Yeah, I know. Oh God, Carl, I feel so strange. So terrible!"

"Yeah." Carl let his mind drift. That was the only thing left him, it seemed--his thoughts. He looked around him.

The little stand was practically full. There Mike Reardon and Sally Williams, together, sharing the courage and the warmth of each other. There Charly Kent, smoking, worrying a little, sweating slightly. There Laddie Heston, sitting, staring at the floor, depressed. There Joe, reading the same newspaper, nervous, fidgeting.

The juke box sat in a corner, dark and devoid of sound, empty of nickels. The coffee urns were cold, embracing their bitter black liquid. It was gray. The whole world was gray. Things lost their identity, their life, their color, and assumed a shapeless mass, half-toned, deep shadowed, misting, changing, all a shade of

gray. Melancholia rode a gray breaker and crashed against the world, spreading its spray of gloom.

God. God. may this cup pass from me!

Dianne Du Bois came in, her tears mixed with the rain. She ran to Laddie.

"Oh, Laddie! Laddie! I'm scared!" She sobbed in his arms.

"Don't be afraid, dear, don't. It'll be over soon." He looked up in surprise.

"What'll be over soon?" asked Carl.

"I don't know," murmured Laddie. "I don't know at all."

"What's happening?" screamed Joe suddenly. "Why? What's wrong? What's different about today? Oh, God, I'm going home." He tore off his apron and ran out into the drizzle. There was the wet coughing of a car engine starting, the screech of tires, then the rain, only the rain. The rain pounded on the roof. Gray rain. The sound filled the world.

"There's something wrong," stated Laddie very profoundly, very quietly. "There's something awfully wrong."

"What is it?" asked Charly, seizing the opportunity. "You all feel it, don't you? You all know something's going to happen."

"The war," said Mike. "The war!"

"No, not the war, exactly..." Charly said softly. "Something more than the war."

"The end of the world?" breathed Sally fearfully, awed with the thought.

"Not even that," Charly said, his voice fading away.

"What?" asked Laddie.

"I don't know. I don't know."

"Something is going to end. I feel it. Something. But not the world."

"This'll drive us crazy, Carl!" flared Mike. He shook his head savagely, relenting. "I feel like crying," he said.

"If we only knew," said Carl over and over. "If we only knew."

"We don't," reminded Laddie. He walked over and sat down by Carl.

"It's lousy," muttered Carl. "Very lousy."

"Have a cigarette?" Laddie offered.

"Guess I will." A match striking. A flame. A jet of smoke.

"Feel bad?"

"Yeah."

"Sally?"

"Right."

"Why today and not other days?"

"Because today's different from all other days. It makes you want things more than you can bear. It makes you want to hold someone, to know you possess something, to know someone loves you. Maybe because you know they'll all be gone and there won't be a next time."

"Death?" Laddie bit his lip, blinked his eyes.

"I don't know. I just don't know."

"This has been going on all day. I felt it when I woke up this morning and heard the rain on my window. What is it?"

"Christ, don't ask me!"

"Why, we're at war!" Laddie remembered.

"I'd forgotten, too." They looked at each other.

All of a sudden, for no reason at all, Mike rose and went to the door. He pushed it open. It was perfect timing.

"Well, now..." Charly breathed.

"...Look at that," trailed Mike.

The glow had flashed over the murky horizon in a brilliant, dying flash, and the cloud was dark among all others in the sky. From the cold breeze of morning came a hotter one, which went, and was gone, rattling the window panes in it's wake. The sound was

like a car starting way in the distance, then like a diesel truck speeding toward you, then a sighing sound passing, and gone, stirring only a leaf in its passage.

"Must have hit somewhere in the Valley," Charly commented. "Wonder why our boys didn't get them..."

"Maybe it was a guided missile," said Mike.

"I'd hate to be there..." added Dianne. Carl looked at her and smiled. Pure understatement.

Then he looked at Sally clinging to Mike's arm.

Then he turned back to the door.

Some people were gathered outside, looking and shouting and pointing at the black death's head rising in the north. A fresh smell of wet concrete and quenched grass came to him. Somewhere, way off in the distance, there was the faint, timid song of a bird. And a siren, moaning.

All in all, everything and everything, sound and smell, it was normal. Yet a holocaust was ensuing, somewhere. Carl smiled at the ways of the earth.

"Is this it?" whispered Charly from behind him. Carl turned.

"In a way, I think. This bomb won't be the last one. Others will follow, with bacteria and the rest. The world won't be a nice place much longer."

"Then the world is coming to an end."

"No, not the world. Us. Our monuments of steel and concrete, our paths of asphalt, our brightnesses of neon and fluorescence, our violence of fission. All that will end. Love will be no more. Hate will vanish. All held dear and all despised. No more. Gone, because we are."

"But the world..."

"The world can go on without them. We're the only creatures dependent on them."

"I see what you mean," said Charly sadly, resignedly. "I see..."

All good things were over, thought Carl.

The bible said, "Men come and go, but earth abides forever." Yes, Carl thought, we will go, but earth, with her grass and hills, birds, trees, flowers, autumn sunsets blood red through the pines, all that would remain. She would remain. Carl turned to the others and saw his reflected thoughts in them.

"Well?" asked Laddie.

"It's stopped raining," said Mike.

OMEGA

COMING IN ISSUE NUMBER SIX

of INSIDE

a new story by

S. Fowler Wright

also stories by Joseph Slotkin and Richard Terzian

with cover by Mel Hunter

and an article by CHAD OLIVER



SAM SACKETT: INSIDE was good. Congratulations...I notice in STAR-LIGHT that you've advertised me as a contributor. I have no idea of anything for you right now. If you'll make the shadow of a suggestion, I'll try to do something especially for you.

((And so, we have "Why I Edit Fantastic Worlds" by Sam coming next issue.))

ATLANTIS HALLAM: Thank you for the copy of INSIDE--it's about the most stylish fanzine I've seen and one of the best.

RICHARD GEIS: I thought at first I had a fanzine titled "Kris Neville Weaver Wright"...And I am inclined to think that the shameless featuring of "names" on the cover that way will earn you a lot of criticism...The cover would have been terrific if the "names" hadn't been there...Is INSIDE sold on the "corner news-stands"?...The Contents-Editorial spread was excellent...And I wonder why no letter or fan departments?...On the whole, I think it would be wise if you pin-pointed your magazine as to just what it is...That editorial did little to impart vital knowledge...And it was badly written...Also, what was (or is) your purpose in printing INSIDE?

((INSIDE is sold on some newsstands in Los Angeles. However, the cover last issue brought so many complaints, this issue features no names on page one. The letters and reviews were crowded out last issue and I have come to believe that there are enough review columns in other fanzines. I don't feel INSIDE needs one. If you want to know what this magazine is, I can't tell you. The best I can do is the editorial last issue. What is my purpose? Why, to create a work of art and to communicate ideas. My purpose is no different than that of the authors in these pages.))

LEW GAFF: With this third issue of INSIDE you have left the majority of fandom far a-rears. It is a magnificent publication; far, far superior to any fanzine I have seen, and I am including SFB and Destiny. Now, don't misunderstand. I'm not saying there's no room for improvement--there's always room for that. But I am not the intelligent sort of creature who can detect flaws, and make suitable suggestions for correcting flaws. No, I'm just a guy who, when he sees something he likes, usually realizes it, especially when that something is better than what he is used to seeing. This INSIDE I have here is definitely that.

JACK WILLIAMSON: Thanks for the copy of INSIDE. And congratulations on the high level of the contents and the fine production job!

HANNES BOK: Thanx heaps for the copy of INSIDE. I'm a galloping Bradbury fan, too, and shall cherish this ish of INSIDE...Ah, the difference between the fan mags of today and yesteryear! Yours, along with FANSCIENT and John Grossman's, are so neat and well put together that they're worth keeping.

RAY BRADBURY: Sorry I won't be able to write for you and INSIDE; I'm in Dublin, writing the screenplay for John Huston's new version of "Moby Dick". Will be gone until summer 1954. Write me then, will you? Perhaps I'll be able to help you at that time. Thanks for thinking of me.

((Nice letter, no?))

JOSEPH SLOTKIN: I am delighted with your reaction to "The Martian Who Hated People" as I interpreted it, and very gratified that the Indian analogy came through so clearly to you...As soon as I receive my complimentary copies of the issue in which the story appears, I'll certainly order at least six more copies...and meanwhile here is my subscription for the next five issues of INSIDE, so I'll be sure to keep up with a leading magazine of any kind in any field

((Joe's story will appear in issue number seven, along with two others with the same title:))

JIM HULL: Received INSIDE. Very good.

((I only put this in to show what it's like to have a friend. You see, Jim doesn't like science fiction.))

STEVEEN SCHULTHEIS: What an improvement in the third issue. With one jump, you're in the front rank of fanzines. Keep up the good work and you'll be one of the leaders...You'll be well on your way to equalling the fondly remembered FANSCIENT.

((The consensus last issue seems to rate the stories and articles in this order: (1 "The Bradbury Years" (2 "The Skipper" (3 "The Lady Takes a Powder" (4 "A Comedy of Terrors" and "Two Stories by Jack Vance".

Next issue will bring you "Why I Edit Fantastic Worlds" by Sam Sackett, "Kendell Foster Crossen: A Biography" by Manning Draco, "The Fisherman" by Albert Hernhuter, "George?" by Glen Malin, "The Hard Night" by Don Donnell, and "The Fallen Arch Caper" by Neal Reynolds. And maybe more.

Would you like to see "Films in the Future", "Face Critturs" or "Fantasy Classics" continued in future issues?

What do you want to see in INSIDE? We're open to suggestions. And we love to get mail...RS))

stories by these authors

coming

S. FOWLER WRIGHT
JOSEPH SLOTKIN
EDWARD LUDWIG
KRIS NEVILLE
ROBERT GILBERT
RICHARD TERZIAN
ALBERT HERNHUTER

CHARLES BEAUMONT
CHAD OLIVER
HAL ANNAS
GLEN MALIN
SAM SACKETT
FORREST ACKERMAN
others

in future issues of INSIDE!

INSIDE

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Mel Hunter

Robert Gilbert
Don Donnell
Alan Hunter

articles

Films in the Future
Fantasy Classics

stories

Sundown and Dawning
The Nigger
Alpha and Omega

features

Face Critturs
Letters

cover

interior illustrations



(bill price)

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ASSITANTS: Richard Main
Henry Moskowitz
Robert Marshall

NOTE: INSIDE regrets the omission of his collaborator's byline on "The Lady Takes a Powder", which should have read: by Tigrina, as told to Weaver Wright. Sorry.

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