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kendall crossen

the tenacious

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This is the first published **monning draco** writing (except for various reports) of Manning Draco (and there is good reason for this); it is the story of Kendall Foster Crossen, author, crook, and editor. Mr. Draco makes no excuses, nor colors any point; he plays no favorites. After all, why should he?

I first met Kendall Foster Crossen in the summer of 3472, shortly before I had to blast off for Morak II. Upon my return to Terra I saw quite a bit of him. At first, I suspected that he was an undercover agent for Szanku Szanku; but I soon discovered that I had underestimated the Rigellian. After that, Crossen and I became quite friendly--although I now understand that he and a character by the name of Samuel Xinox have taken advantage of that friendship to their own profit. Be that as it may, I freely offer my testimony to the Federation Courts concerning what I know about the defendant.

First, the vital statistics. He was born in Albany, Ohio, on July 25, 1910. He is an only child, his parents having given up the whole family idea after seeing the results of their first attempt. He is a tenth generation American--of English, Scotch, German, and French ancestry--his ancestors having come here on the lam in the Seventeenth Century. In keeping with a mythical American tradition, he grew up on a farm and played basketball and football at Albany High School and Rio Grande College.

The latter, to the surprise of everyone, is in Ohio. While in college, he also worked on the Gallipolis (Ohio) Tribune.

He is married for the second time, and his wife's name is Martha Mae Hellman. He has three children by his first marriage and one, yepest David, by his second. He is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has a beard, which is mostly white. When asked, he explains the beard by saying that he grew it to conceal a strong chin. His favorite hobbies--when he has the time for them--are magic, model trains, and chess. In politics he is a liberal Democrat (by conversation), and in religion he is Jewish (also by conversation).

Between 1928 and 1935 he was a jack-of-all-trades. He was a cover-boy and a tallyman in steel mills, an insurance investigator, an electric truckman in an auto plant, a gas station attendant, a straight man in tent and medicine shows, and had a half-interest in a (Shhh!) bootleg joint. In 1935 he cast aside these childish pleasures and came to New York City.

There he was a sports reporter on the Writers Project of WPA, whatever that was, and then served another short stretch as an insurance investigator.

In 1937 he answered an ad and shortly thereafter became an assistant editor of Detective Fiction Weekly. Two years later he became the editor. In the following years, he was at various times an editor of a number of magazines, including Stirring Detective Cases, Kennedy Detective Cases, Stork, Hawking Detective Mystery, Play, Movie Play, and Captain Marvel, Jr. Comics. For a short time--1944 to 1945--he was the publisher and owner of Green Lane Comics, Atomix Comics, Dolden Lad Comics, and Conicland.

While editing Detective Fiction Weekly, Crossen first started to write. In the next three years he wrote about three or four million words of mystery stories which appeared under the names of Ken Crossen, Richard Foster, Bennett Barlay, and Kent Richards. Among these were 18 novels about a character called The Green Lama, which much later were revived for a short time on the radio.

He deserted pulp magazines to write comic stories in collaboration with H. L. Gold. From 1943 to 1944, he and Gold also wrote quite a number of radioscenarios for the Mollie Mystery Theatre and the Kate Smith show. During part of this period, he also directed The Falcon radio show, and had published five mystery novels.

He also wrote radio scripts for such shows as Suspense, The Saint, Escape, and The Green Lama.

In 1946, having gone broke as a publisher, he switched his scene of operations to California. There he continued to work in radio, writing for most of the mystery shows originating from the west coast. He was also the moderator of a mystery quiz show called Find That Clue. At this time he became a special consulting editor of Suspense.

Later he acted as a consulting editor for the National Broadcasting Company and set up Dimension X for them. This work consisted in getting a long list of available stories, helping to make several audition records, and fighting with vice presidents who wanted the show to be a space version of John's Other Wife. When the show finally went on, it moved to New York City; and the vice presidents won.

Crossen then moved to the Columbia Broadcasting System as a

consulting editor on another science fiction show. There, the vice presidents won so quickly that the show never went on.

In 1949 Kendall Foster Crossen decided to go straight; and he quit radio. It was then that he wrote his first science fiction story. It was called "Restricted Clientele". It was not a very good story but Sam Merwin, Jr. bought it. And the damage was done.

Since then he has been turning out any number of them. With but five exceptions, all of these have been bought by Standard Magazines, Inc. Crossen persists in thinking that the aforementioned Samuel Mines is the best editor in the field and so offers him the first look at everything he writes. This might explain the worried look on Sam's face.

In addition to free-lance writing, Kendall Foster Crossen has been the science fiction editor for Greenberg: Publisher for the past three years. He has also edited two science fiction anthologies, published by Greenberg. Adventures in Tomorrow came out in 1951. It has since been published in Israel (in Hebrew) and in England. The second one, Future Tense, appeared in 1953. Out of the fourteen stories in it, seven have never been published anywhere before, and one was published only in England.

Old habits will persist, so Crossen still writes a few mysteries. His mystery novels are published by Henry Holt under the name M. E. Shaber (the Hebrew word mechaber, meaning author). Harvest appeared in 1952 and No Grave For March in 1953. Both have since been reprinted in pocket book form by Popular Library (owned by Ned L. Fines, who also owns the Mines trio).

Crossen's output of science fiction was very slight in 1953. He claimed it was due to the Mines trio going on quarterly schedule and dropping pages (and you know what he thinks of Mines!).

Early in 1953 Holt published Once Upon A Star, the hard cover collection of all the stories written about myself. I stepped in at this time and made things rather hot for both Crossen and Mines. A bold rascal, Crossen then went right ahead and wrote two more fictional accounts of my life.

In 1953 Kendall Foster Crossen sold a novel on juvenile delinquency which will be published under the name of Richard Foster. It will be an original paperback book. He also submitted two sample chapters and an outline on a suspense novel to another paperback publishing house. He sold four mystery novelettes to Standard Magazines, Bluebook, and Sea Stories. One of these appeared in Bluebook for December 1953 under the name of Christopher Monig.

He also did a number of non-fiction pieces for Fury magazine. One of these was a guess as to what Martians may be like.

Returning to science fiction, Crossen submitted two sample chapters and an outline on a science fiction novel to still another paperback house. He did a fantasy story which Harry Harrison bought for Science Fiction Adventures.

He also wrote one story about me done up as a modern Canterbury Tales. This was sent around, but it seemed that the general public was not ready at that time for that type of science fiction.

All in all, he wrote approximately three hundred and twenty-five thousand words in 1953.

It does not strike me at all odd that this Tribunal has no picture of Crossen. In the parlance of his time, he was a "cagey character." I have gone through my files and have here with me a photograph of the man. He captioned it "the spiritual type Crossen." Ha!

That is about it. At present Kendall Foster Crossen resides on Long Island, where he recently purchased a house. But having even more recently purchased a star in Canis Minor from the Boston Museum, he is likely to take off any minute.

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND NOTES

As far as my files and correspondence with Kendall Foster Crossen are concerned, the following is the most complete bibliography possible at this time. The various abbreviations used are: sf... special feature, s...short story, nt...novelette, n...novel, and... short novel. The abbreviations used to denote the various magazines are, I think, easily decipherable. The notes on various stories are strictly out of my own head, and can be blamed on no other (human or otherwise). All lengths (except for "The Closed Door") were given on the contents pages and I took them at face value...Henry Moskowitz, Assistant Editor.

RESTRICTED CLENIELE...nt...TWS...Feb, 1951...p133. This was Crossen's first published sf story. As such it was damn good. As a sf story, it was also damn good.

THE BOY CRIED WOLF 350...a...AS...Feb, 1951...p106. Not outstanding, being exceptional only in fact of writing. I liked that boy's draw, and the story proved that water pistols are handy things, after all.

THE LAST TOUCH OF VENUS...e...AS...Apr, 1951...p126.

THE MERKIAN MIRACLE...nt...TWS...Oct, 1951...p108. The first story about Manning Draco.

THE REGAL RIGELLIAN...nt...TWS...Feb, 1952...p74. The second Draco story. About this time, I would say, the demand for Crossen became somewhat fantastic. Mines blanched and took on his first editorial ulcer; Crossen snarled and asked for higher rates; and the readers cried for more.

THE ANSASADORS FROM VENUS...nt...TS...Mar, 1952...p40.

CHIMES OF DISTINCTION...nt...SS...Mar, 1952...p98.

THE CHOICE'S GENIES...nt...SS...May, 1952...p96.

FASSPORT TO IAX...n...SS...Jul, 1952...p12. The seventh monthly issue of SS, the first issue in its new dress, and the first novel by MFC. Nothing exceptional about this story, slow action spoiled what could have been a fine space opera.

THE HOUR OF THE MORTALS...nt...SS...Aug, 1952...p74. This is as different from every other Crossen as night from day! There's not a laugh anywhere in its whole length.

THE POLUXIAN TRETFENDER...nt...TWS...Est, 1952...p90. Things were getting tougher for Manning. To keep his head intact on his shoulders, he had to keep his head--and with the scenery around him, that was pretty difficult.

THE GLA NERI DOOR...nt...FSM...Nov, 1952...p52.

GET ALONG LITTLE UNICORN...nt...SpS...Dec, 1952...p114.

LOVE THAT AIR!...nt...SS...Dec, 1952...p92. This one etows quite plainly the sustained genius (believe me, not too strong a word) of the man to create humor.

PUBLIC ENEMY...s...DSF...Dec, 1952...p105.

THE CAPTIAN CAPER...st...TWS...Dec, 1952...p10. More Draco.

THE OLD VENUSIAN HOME...s...SS...Jan, 1953...p61. This hit hard at old southern tradition: "Times have changed, the old must give 'way to the new."

ASSIGNMENT TO ALDERARAN...nt...TWS...Feb, 1953...p92. This one featured a lovable old rascal whom I would like to see more of. He loves detective stories, this old guy, and has the heart and soul of a larcenist.

HALOS, INC...n...SS...Apr, 1953...p10. A sequel to THINGS OF DISTINCTION and not equal to the job.

THE CLOSED DOOR...s...AS...Aug-Sep, 1953...p51. A pure detective story, and out of place.

WHISTLE STOP IN SPACE...n...TWS...Aug, 1953...p10. Manning pulls ex an insurance trouble-shooter! He gets married, returns

(Continued on page 30)

why i edit fantastic worlds

sam sackett

The question of why I edit Fantastic Worlds needs to be re-examined in a manner so as to put it in its proper perspective, and then I am afraid that I shall not be able to answer it. re-phrased, it is this: Why, at a time when all my time and energy need to be devoted to my obtaining the Ph. D. degree and when I must support my wife and two small sons on the mere pittance I receive as University Fellow in English at UCLA, do I expend some of my precious store of hours, effort, and money on the editing of an amateur science fiction magazine? Why do I put myself in the position of being the butt of jokes among my fellow graduate students?

I must confess that the question seems unanswerable, and perhaps I shall be unable to justify myself. And, in truth, I sometimes wish that the whole thing had come up next year, when I hope to have a remunerative job and can much better afford drains on my finances.

But the opportunity of selecting a time was not mine. Fantastic Worlds had first been published in the summer of 1952 by my good friend-by-correspondence, Ed Ludwig. He wrote me before the first issue appeared, outlining his plans for the magazine. This would not be, he said--not all Tanneke editors, myself included, say--"just another fanzine." This would be a "literary quarterly of science fiction." And he wanted me to be an associate editor.

At the time I heard from him, in the early spring of 1952, I was beginning my second semester of graduate work at UCLA, having just passed the first half of the qualifying examination for the doctorate. I was certainly not in any position to increase my responsibilities, for my first son had been born only the previous fall. But the idea sounded good, and I offered him any assistance I could give him short of spending either time or money on the venture. He acceded to these restrictions, and I was enrolled on the southeast.



Mr. Sackett edits a "little magazine" for the science fiction fan. We asked him why he went to all the work and expense such an editor must and this is what he answered.

Ed produced two issues. I was frankly disappointed in the first of them and just as frankly delighted with the second. It was a shame that the first issue was printed, it seems to me now, but I suppose everything has to start somewhere. Certainly Ed's notions of the popularity of the first issue were too optimistic; I think he had a thousand copies printed and gave away more than four hundred of them; there are still twenty-two copies in stock, and both the second and third issues are long since sold out. But I have no wish to deprecate the second issue, for it set me a standard of quality that I am never certain I can meet.

After the second issue, I received a letter from Ed. He was giving it up. Did I know anybody who wanted a fanzine? I wrote back as soon as I could, admonishing him and praising him for the second issue. Why, I asked, did he want to quit now, just when he was succeeding?

It was a combination of factors, he replied. He had just begun to make a few professional sales and wanted more time in which to advance his literary career; he had just met a blonde named Betty who was, he was certain, going to engross more and more of his time (I have never heard him mention her again from that day to this); one of his assistants in Stockton had left him as soon as he was asked to fulfill his promises and the other had arrogated to himself so much authority that he had to be disposed of.

Although I could not do it physically, mentally I retired from the world for meditation. It struck me that Pantastic Worlds was doing something that needed to be done. It performed two functions: It gave unknown writers a chance for publication, and it gave professional writers a place to experiment with more "literary" forms. Other fanzines had published material in both categories; but ours was the only one then being published which made a conscious effort, no matter how far we may have fallen in it, to adhere to the standards of quality of the best "little magazines," quarterlies, and reviews.

The question, then, was whether I could undertake the job at that time. If I had had my degree and had a job, there would have been no doubt in my mind at all. I'd have taken over the magazine in a minute. I considered waiting two years and putting out my own magazine then; but, on the other hand, here I was offered the chance to take over a growing concern, including its good will--of which by that time it had a considerable amount.

What finally decided me to try was a sense of responsibility to our authors. I knew, because I had helped Ed acquire them, that we had some brilliant stories by professionals like A. Bertram Chandler and William L. Bide and by newcomers like A. Winfield Garske and David R. Bunch. And I didn't want to pass up the chance to print them.

I thought that, because in addition to my teaching assistantship at UCLA I was also a part-time commercial caller with the Bank of America in Santa Monica, my biggest problem would be time. I searched out among those few other graduate students who liked science fiction and found one who was interested in helping me. He is best known, and wishes to be known only, under his pen-name of Steward Kramle. Armed with his promise of assistance, I notified Ed that I would take over the fanzine.

That was one calendar year and three issues ago. And I cannot say that I am sorry, although certainly things have not gone so well as I would like. My biggest problem has turned out to be money, not time. The magazine is not breaking even, although it is coming so close that I have not lost hope. Although orders come in nearly every day--about two or three year-subscriptions and the same number of single-copy sales is normal for an average week--there are always expenses that I had not foreseen to drain away the funds. Fortunately, I have a patient lithographer.

Second on my list of headaches is the amount of material I have accumulated. It is more than I can possibly print. Part of the problem is that Ed accepted more stories than he should have, and part of it is that in the first few months of my own editorship I did not take a realistic view of our capacities. I soon found it essential to send back about half the material Ed had taken, and Mr. Kemble and I have now decided to sift through everything we have on hand and return some of it to the authors.

This is not, I think, hardened cruelty on our part. The material was sent to us in the hopes that we would publish it, for we cannot offer enough financial remuneration for that to be any incentive. We have enough material already dumpped to fill the next three issues, and enough on hand to fill seven more. At quarterly publication, then, which we shall resume in 1955, we are full up until the start of 1957. If people want publication, I have no doubt that they can get it at a faster rate than this.

I still sweat blood, though, over every letter to a contributor whose material I am returning.

To offset these difficulties, though, there are rewards so satisfying that I have no intention of giving up my editorship. Chief among them, I think, is the satisfaction that comes whenever the magazine receives praise or support, because then I know that I have done so well that someone besides myself has faith in me, in my purpose, and in what I am doing. The letters I receive from people whom I admire as authors, the letters from our subscribers, and the favorable reviews we have had in professional periodicals are, of course, highly gratifying. But what is even more satisfying is that some people have thought highly enough of the magazine to offer their services to it. After a year of only limited participation while he was at UCLA, Mr. Kemble, now that he has gone on to complete work for his doctorate at the University of Illinois (where evidently the work is lighter), has taken a renewed enthusiasm for our purposes and has increased his activities. In addition, we have attracted the support of Tom Reamy, certainly one of the finest amateur artists in the country, who has recently joined our staff as associate editor. Mr. Reamy has already been very helpful, and the results of his assistance will shortly be evident in the improved appearance of the magazine.

And, what is perhaps best of all, we have attracted the contributions of a brilliantly talented group of professional and amateur writers and artists. That is, I think, the most lasting and rewarding satisfaction--to know that I am helping this fine material see print, when perhaps no other publication would be sufficiently free from commercial limitations to publish it, always excepting, of course, Inside.

What is ahead? With our sixth issue we are increasing our size to forty pages, with no increase in price. With our ninth we shall change our name--to what we do not know, but we want something less sensational in character--and increase the size to forty-eight pages, also, we hope, with no increase in price. We have thought our way through to a firmer policy in regard to fiction, and we shall adhere to it as closely as we can. We want to publish stories in which science fiction or fantasy is used to interpret human values or to comment on social conditions, or in which stylistic devices and techniques are experimented with for various effects which a bare, naturalistic prose cannot achieve. We want to entertain, but we do not want to lose sight of the fact that there can be entertainment on a number of emotional, intellectual, and esthetic levels which are untapped in pulp science fiction or fantasy. We are also determined to comment on various aspects of science fiction and fantasy as literature in critical articles, in Mr. Kemble's new column "Revelations," and in an

(Continued on page 30)

Inside the spaceship, the Captain sat cleaning his gun. As he lovingly polished each part a buzzer rang, which meant the ship had entered the atmosphere of another planet. He carefully placed the piece he had been fondling on a square of black velvet and went over to the port to see what this new planet looked like. For a while he stood staring down at the cool, green surface, and then went back to his gun.

Down on the planet, on the bank of a small stream, the Man sat with his legs crossed, carefully carving a fishing pole from the springy green branch of a tree. When he had finished his carving, he attached a string and a baited hook to the end, and let them fall into the water. And then a fish moved lazily over to the hook to investigate.

the fisherman

albert barnhuter

The rocket dropped closer and closer to the surface of the planet. Now it came down slower, slower until it was only a few feet from the cool green earth. The grass yellowed and charred under the blasts of the rockets.

Inside, the Captain sat at the control panel. He felt a slight jar as the ship touched the ground, and he cut the rockets. He sat still for a moment, and then pushed himself from the controls. The gun lay in its holster on the table and he strapped it on. Then he moved over to a blank wall and pushed a button. An opening appeared and he stepped through. He stood for a moment, getting his directions, and then moved off at a fast pace. Behind him, the opening changed shut.

After a while, the Captain reached the stream and he saw the Man sitting on the bank, the fishing pole held loosely in his hands.

"Halloo!" the Captain shouted.

"You needn't shout," the Man replied. "I'm not deaf."

"Why, you speak English!" said the Captain in a surprised tone of voice.

"English?" questioned the Man. "What is English?"

"Why the language you're speaking, of course."

The pole bent toward the water sharply.

"Quiet!" the Man ordered. "I've just hooked a fish."

The Captain stood quietly, leaning against a tree as the Man struggled with the fish. He dragged it in and held it up admiringly as the water dripped from its scales. After he had packed the glistening fish into a wicker basket, he turned to the Captain.

"Now what was this you were saying a few minutes ago?"

"Oh, nothing," the Captain remarked with his hands in his pockets, slowly rocking from his heels to his toes. "I merely thought you would like to know that today," he glanced at his watch, "precisely nine minutes and thirty-one seconds ago, a spaceship from a distant planet landed on the surface of this planet, not more than one thousand yards from where you are now sitting."

"Oh, really?" said the Man, absent-mindedly re-baiting his hook and dropping it back into the water.

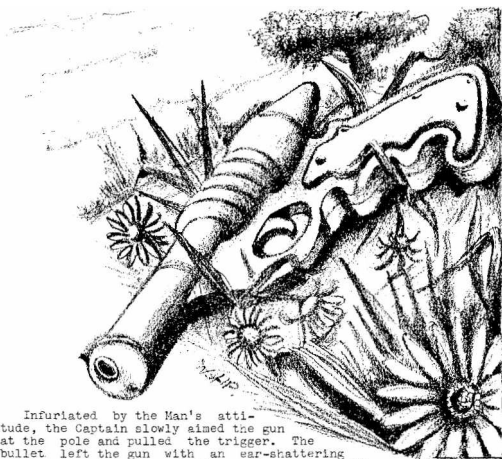
"You aren't paying any attention to me," the Captain said angrily.

"Fishing is good today," reflected the Man.

The Captain slowly removed the gun from its holster and released the safety with a click.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked.

The Man looked up from the water and replied in a calm voice, "Yes, that is a gun." Then he went back to his fishing.



Infuriated by the Man's attitude, the Captain slowly aimed the gun at the pole and pulled the trigger. The bullet left the gun with an ear-shattering noise and split the fishing pole in half.

The Man glanced down at the shattered remains in his hands, and then up at the Captain.

"You broke it," he said, with the tone of a little boy whose favorite toy has been broken.

"I'm sorry," said the Captain, guiltily beginning to shove the gun back into its holster. "I'm sorry," he repeated, and added swiftly, "But it was the only way that I could get you to pay attention."

The Man sat staring at him.

The Captain pulled himself together and slipped the gun back out. Frowning at the Man he snapped an order.

"Get up!"

The Man dropped the remains of the pole into the water and got up slowly. With tearful eyes he glanced back at the water.

"Now come with -el" the Captain barked.

The Man walked ahead of the Captain, his dragging feet leaving trails in the dirt.

Back at the stream, a fish tugged on the still baited line, and pulled the broken pole down with a series of bubbles.

They arrived at the ship in twenty-five minutes.

"Twenty-five minutes to walk a thousand lousy yards," the Captain rumbled to the world. "Twenty-five minutes! But what could I do? Every time I'd try to make him move faster, he'd keep looking back at his golden stream."

As if in answer to the Captain's rumbling, the Man turned around and looked remorsefully in the direction of the stream.

The Captain reached down and picked up a rock. He threw it at the ship and it ricocheted off with a deep clang.

"That should get his attention!" the Captain thought aloud.

The Man turned around slowly, very slowly. For a moment the Captain was filled with an urge to blast his brains out, and then get into his ship and take off, and forget all about it out among the stars. But he curbed the impulse and smiled with pride at his ship.

"See!" the Captain shouted. "That's the ship I came in! Look at it, damn you!"

The Man looked straight through the ship. "I see no ship," he said.

"No ship!" the Captain exclaimed. He whirled around and faced the ship. It was there.

The Man stood still, staring through the ship. The Captain pulled him over to the giant hull, and placed his hand firmly on the hard metal.

"You can feel it, can't you?" the Captain asked, infuriated.

"I feel no ship," said the Man in his quiet, yet superior tone.

The Captain beat on the ship with his gun until the echoes came crashing back from the hills.

"You must be able to hear it!" the Captain said, frightened.

"I hear nothing," the Man said.

The Captain stepped back and stared at the ship. For a moment its image seemed to waver in his eyesight. He ran frantically back to it and placed his cheek reassuringly on its cool surface. For a moment the surface seemed not to be there and the Captain began to fall, but as quickly as it had seemed to go it returned.

He walked over to the Man and grabbed him by the arm.

"You're coming with me into the ship."

"What ship?"

"You know damn well what ship. That ship!"

He whirled around to face the ship but it was gone. Where there had been charrad ground from the rocket's blast, there was now a tiny group of wild flowers, moving gently in the wind.

The Captain aimed his gun at the Man's head and shouted, "What have you done with my ship!"

He began to tighten his finger around the trigger. The Man looked at him, and his finger relaxed. The Man turned around and began to walk slowly back to his stream. The Captain stood quietly now, not moving. The Man disappeared into the woods. The Captain turned around slowly, half expecting to see his ship.

The flowers were still there.

He loosened his grip on the gun and it fell to the ground, crushing a small golden daisy.

He stood for a moment, and then he began to walk slowly toward the stream. As he walked through the woods he could see the trails left by the Man's feet as he had gone to the ship, like little ditches, and those prints left as he had returned, light foot-prints.

When he reached the stream, the Man was fishing again. The Captain moved over to a tree and snapped off one of the springy branches.

The Man glanced up at the Captain.

The Captain pulled a string from his pocket and tied it to the end of the branch.

The Man held out a small box and the Captain took a hook from it silently.

Tying the hook to the string, he baited it and dropped it into the water.

At the field, a tiny animal moved cautiously over to the Captain's gun where it lay among the flowers. He circled it a few times and then moved closer. He nibbled at it and then, seeing that it was of no use to him, he left it to rust away.

Back at the stream, the Man and the Captain sat side by side, fishing.

THE BODY

Jules Verne

The lodge suddenly presented itself to them from behind two wet oaks on top of the hill. They slipped through more mud before reaching the top steps. The verandah was dark and gloomy, caged in fog. The woman shivered. She pulled her damp, thin coat tightly around her damp, thin body. Her uncovered hair was wet.

The man, in his middle twenties and stone-faced, sheltered his hands in the high slash pockets of a shapeloss field jacket. There were dark patches, like dried blood, where the insignia had been removed. Standing in front of the massive door, he seemed small.

He raised the iron knocker and rapped slowly twice. They waited on the verandah silently, faces vague in the fog. He did not look at the woman, nor she at him. Fonderous footsteps aimed at them from inside the lodge. The door opened a few inches, nobly.

The crevice was filled with tweed and a section of face. The section showed a thick brow, narrow eye, bulbous nose, flat mouth.

The mouth said, "Yes?"

"Doctor Jorgas?"

"Do one also."

"My name is David Mellon. This here is my wife. We'd like to see you for a minute. If you're not busy."

"I am busy. What is it?"

"We were told you buy bodies--"

The door opened. "Come in," said Dr. Jorgas expansively.

The room was big and rustic. Logs crackled in a wide fireplace. A few braided rugs lay over the naked floor. The furniture was an ill-assorted collection of Early American, dusty-looking. Medical books were strewn over tables, chairs, against clocks and oil lamps.

A damp, unpleasant smell soaked through the room. It seemed strongest near a door adjacent to the fireplace. David Mellon and his wife stood in front of the fire for a brief second. Then they moved away and sat down stiffly on an old couch near the window.

Dr. Jorgas lowered himself into a rocker that creaked under his weight. "How many bodies do you have?" he asked pleasantly.

The young man hesitated. "One."

"Good condition?"

Mellon nodded. He wet his pale lips. "What--what sort of work are you doing, Doctor?"

The big man reached into his pocket and took out a piece of cake. He put it all in his mouth at once and grinned. "Good work."

"I see," the boy said slowly. "What are you paying?"

"Twenty-five dollars a body. C.O.D."

The woman looked dismayed. She rose wearily. "It ain't worth it, Dave. Let's go."

"Sit down," her husband said. "We can do business. Look, Doc, I've gone into this subject a bit. Maybe up here in the woods you don't keep up with the outside much."

"Maybe," Dr. Jorgas agreed affably.

"Look, Doc, you used to be able to get calcium phosphate for practically nothing. Know what you pay for it today? Five bucks a pound. In the human body you get 3.8 pounds. That's nineteen bucks worth of stuff right there!"

The big man laughed. "I'm afraid you're forgetting that the body contains mostly water. Water's still uninflated. And if I remember correctly, all the chemicals in the human body have been valued at about ninety-eight cents."

"Not any more! That's what I'm telling you." David Mellon fumbled in his pants pocket and drew out a torn piece of newspaper. He leaned forward and handed it to the doctor. "You just read that. That guy ought to know--he's head of the chemistry department at Northwestern. And he says at today's prices the chemicals alone in anybody are worth \$19.80."

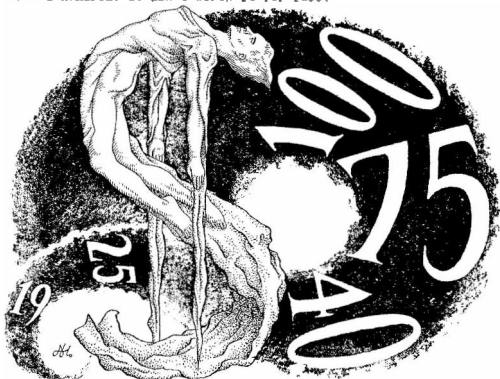
"You ought to be on hand, that's what!" The woman stared bit-

terly at Dr. Jorgas. "Trying to get a whole body for less than what you'd have to pay just for the chemicals!"

"You shut up, Blanche," her husband said drearily. "You keep your big mouth out of this. I'll handle it."

Dr. Jorgas' fat lips pursed as he examined the clippings. Then he handed it back. "Very well," he said mildly. "I'll pay you forty dollars. That's fair enough, I think."

"Now look, Doc. I'm not trying to hold you up or anything. But I got three kids to feed. Maybe you don't know how it is with the price of food. Maybe the body is worth forty bucks--but I got to have a hundred. It ain't worth it for less."



"A hundred!" The big man was amused. He thumped his finger-tips together. "Say, fella, you've got big ideas. Off hand, I can't think of anybody dead or alive I'd pay a hundred for."

David Mellon cleared his throat, said in a low voice, "Would your price go up if--if the body we delivered was...alive?"

Dr. Jorgas' puffy eyes widened. "Let me understand you. You want to sell me a live body, is that right? Is it--someone with an incurable disease, perhaps, and not long to live, who wishes to devote his body to the interests of medical research?" The big man arose.

"In a way," David Mellon said. "Yeah, something like that."

Dr. Jorgas squeezed his hands into his pockets and stared into the fireplace. "I'll pay seventy-five dollars. Don't try to bargain any more with me, young man. That's my top price."

Mellon looked at his wife. She made a dismal face and shrugged her shoulders. The boy got up from the couch.

"Okay, Doc," he sighed. "Write out a check."

Dr. Jorgas smiled faintly. "I said C.O.D.--remember?"

"Sure, Sure, I remember. Just make the check out to my wife, will you? I'll wait for you in here--I guess this is the place."

The boy walked toward the door on the other side of the fireplace. The sour smell grew stronger in his nostrils.

Discuss Martians

(News-life)
By BOB LANDON

Some professional nightmare-makers had a soiree the other day.

All this took place at the home of Forrest Ackerman in Los Angeles. Ackerman is an author's agent, specializing in science-fiction and fantastic literature, and, incidentally, has one of the largest collections of science-fiction books in the world.

MOST INVENTORS of BEM's (bug-eyed monsters) call Ackerman "Mr. Science Fiction," and a quick survey of his book-lined living room, his manuscript-jammed study, and the rather startling paintings on his walls, indicate the name is well chosen.

For a science-fiction devotee, the evening was a success. Guests arriving at the door (and quickly taking part in decidedly esoteric conversations) included such time-machine and galaxy-galloping experts as A. E. Van Vogt, Curt Siodmak and Alex Apostolides.

THOSE NAMES may mean little to non-devotees of S-F, but a similar effect would be gained in other fields if Madame Nehru, Winston Churchill and Herbert Hoover simultaneously visited a precinct political rally.

Ackerman could have rounded up some other guests, if the necessity arose. From his list of more than 100 clients, he is on first-name terms with an acknowledged lion's share of currently popular S-F authors. In fact, the odds are about four to one that any brightly covered science-fiction book you may choose at random will contain at least one story by an Ackerman writer.

THE *Hollywood* REPORTER

Science-Fiction Reviewer

Forrest Ackerman, dean of science-fiction in this country and s-f literary agent, has been signed by Films In Review to cover all science-fiction and fantasy films for the publication.



HANDS ACROSS THE HUGO—"Mr. Science Fiction" (who's Forrest Ackerman, author's agent extraordinary) is shown above as he presents a bearded English science-fiction editor with a "Hugo," reportedly the S-F equivalent of an Academy Award. The America-to-England presentation was made recently at Ackerman's

glen matlin

GEORGE?

It's good of you to have me over tonight, George. I think this is the first time I've been here since you got back last month. I was about to come over anyway, though.

George: There's something I just have to speak to you about. You're my oldest friend; there's no one whom I would confide in more. It's about my wife, Julia. I--

Oh, you have something to show me first. All right.

Yes, those surely are beautiful drapes; and those hooked rugs--well, they just don't make those things anymore.

Say, George: There's a strong odor in the room.

You say it's incense? Funny, that isn't what it smells like to me. It smells more like--

Oh, the odor comes from those figurines.

Well, all right, Mandarinese. I was never much on antiques; never had the time.

Yes, I see those hope chests in the dining room. Exquisite finishings! Cedar, aren't they? Well, teakwood then; same thing really.

You mean those two chests on the end there? Say they are the finest of the lot! Must have set you back a pretty penny. You certainly have some fine stock here, George. Where did you get it, China?

Siam, oh? Well, at least I got the right continent. You say some of the stock comes from Cambodia? Where that? South America! By golly, you must have been all over the world in the importing business! And here I thought I'd been around as a traveling salesman!

Yes sir, George, you really have come a long way since our carefree college days. Remember how you, Julia, and I used to sit in the coffee shops talking to all hours? Those were the days! Julia liked you pretty well, George. Always had a good word to say for you. Remember how you used to study those crazy occult sciences? Then the three of us would argue about it until the management had to throw us out? Julia always sided with you, I could never understand hypnotism and such things.

George? I hope I haven't interrupted you. Is there anything else you wanted to show me? You want to show me a little more about the hope chests? All right, if you want to you can explain them later.

What I have to say isn't pleasant, George, but as well get it out of my system, Julia has been acting stranger than usual lately. I don't know; maybe it's been my fault. It hasn't been easy for her, the Lord knows, with a husband who has to be away over half the time. Maybe it's because she's lonely. It isn't good for her to be lonely especially around her change of life. You know how sensitive she is. Maybe you ought to go over to the house more often than you have. Oh, I know you're busy but you could ease the loneliness until I get back from my field trips. She always liked you, George. You should have seen how excited she got when I told her you were coming back. Yes alres, she looked right in the mirror, adjusted her hair a little, and said, "So he's coming back." If you'd come over a little more, especially when I'm gone, I'd sure appreciate it. Maybe she can snap out of it. I've tried everything to help her, the Lord knows, but she just gets stranger, more detached. It's getting so she hardly speaks to me now. I don't know when it really started; maybe even from the time we were married we began to drift apart. But I think after her operation a few years ago when she knew she wasn't going to bear children--I think then she really began to act up. She used to wake up screaming for a child that wasn't there. Then she'd look at me with tears in her eyes and say, "Oh, it's you!" This sort of thing went on for about a year. I tell you, George, I



"NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, GEORGE"

hated to come home. Well, when she finally resigned herself to a childless marriage she calmed down a bit. But then she'd just sulk all day. Sure, I know she blamed me for it but this was more than blame. More like contempt, I'd say. It wasn't long after that

sulking period before she started drinking. Every night and all alone just drinking and drinking. I'm pretty sure she wasn't going out with other men. I used to check the bars a few times to make sure, though.

Excuse me, George, but that odor is getting stronger. Are you sure that's incense?

Oh, a special type, eh? Somehow it smells like perfume.

To get back to what I was saying, poor Julia kept on drinking until you came. I tell you, George, you don't know what a God send it was that you came back when you did! That poor woman would be drinking yet. Well, after you came she stopped completely. And for a week or so I thought she was really going to snap out of it. Remember that talk we all had about two weeks ago? Just like old times. And Julia was actually radiant. Well, the next day I had to go back to the field for a couple of days. When I returned, do you know what I saw? She was on the couch, moaning from a wound on her neck. She wouldn't let me see it; just kept hiding it and telling me it was none of my business. Then she started the sulking routine all over again. This time, though, it was different. The only word for it is weird. She kept a flannel cloth around her neck to protect the wound. Once I caught her unwrapping it so she could see it in the mirror. Do you know what she was doing, George? She was patting that damned wound and smiling. I tell you, George, I don't know what to make of it!

I see you're smiling, too. You think I made this whole thing up, don't you?

I don't see anything natural about her actions at all, George. I don't know how you can make a statement like that.

All right, don't apologize; wait until you've heard the rest. Maybe you'll think I'm crazy then.

Soon after that Julia started disappearing at night. I thought at first she was drinking again. But I searched in every bar in town and she wasn't in any of them. It got so I scarcely saw her. One time she was gone the whole night. I phoned you to help me search for her but you weren't in. When Julia returned the next day she looked surprisingly healthy. She was a little paler than usual, though. That damned flannel was still around her neck but the wound had broken through and the blood was soaking it. I wanted to call a doctor but she got indignant and said she'd care for it herself. Wait a minute, George, I haven't come to the strangest part yet. The following day she said she was going to the doctor's. When she got back she began pacing the floor nervously. "I've got anemia," she said. "The doctor says I have to have more blood." When she said that she smiled up at me. By God, George, that wasn't a human smile. It was--

All right, make a joke of it. Maybe I haven't got your background and sophistication but I still have a sense of what is and what is not funny. This was not funny. Well, to return, my wife said that she must have freshly killed meat with the blood still in it. Doctor's orders. Well, I've heard of strange cures before but this beats them all. When I put up an argument she began to sulk again. This time there was the faintest trace of a smile on her lips. Well, sulking in any form is always detestable to me so I finally gave in. I gave special orders to my butcher. It was pretty expensive, I can tell you, George, but I had to pay him extra to keep the story from spreading all over the neighborhood. After that and to this day Julia doesn't eat with me. She takes the meat and goes into her bedroom. She eats that stuff raw! Now I've taken an awful lot from her but that was the limit. How much can you love one woman? I was debating whether to have her committed to an asylum or to talk to a doctor. I tell you I was desperate! I finally decided to see a doctor, as subtly as I could, I asked him if the meat I was ordering for Julia could cure anemia. He practically laughed me out of his office. Immediately afterward

I stopped the order at our butcher shop. That evening Julia, wearing a new flannel around her neck, came in, her eyes looking at me wildly. "Where is the meat? Damn you, where's the meat?"

It was about time I put my foot down. "There will be no more of that meat!" I shouted. But my firmness had no effect on her at all. It was like trying to explain to a wild animal. She ran at me, biting and scratching. I had the queerest feeling--I can't explain it, really--that her mouth was searching for my throat.

Why do you look at me like that, George? Do you think I'm crazy? I swear I've told the truth. Do you want to hear the rest of it? All right. I finally broke loose from her and looked myself in my room. I must have been an hour in there listening to her frantic gibbering. Three or four times she tried to break down the door that separated us. After each effort--and they were prodigious ones--I could hear her heavy breathing. But it wasn't Julia. Not really. Not my Julia. Under that breathing was a barely audible anarl. Frankly, George, I was scared. I still am. Well, finally she left the house and went God-knows-where. Soon after that I got your call and left as quickly as I could to see you. That's the story.

Anyway, George, maybe, as a last desperate effort, you could see Julia--if she ever returns. Perhaps we could even have another of those old college get-togethers, who knows? Where there's life there's hope, you--

What do you mean, "That won't be necessary."? You're damned unsympathetic tonight. I thought you were my friend. I don't understand your attitude; I guess I never have.

George, I don't think that odor's coming from the Mandarin. It's coming from some of that other stock. I've smelled that before somewhere.

What? You want to go into the dining room? Oh, yes, you want to show me those cedar...er...teakwood chests, don't you? I really don't feel like it, George. I--

All right, if you insist.

That odor is suffocating in here. What did I tell you? It's not coming from the Mandarin at all. It's coming from tho--

Don't snap at me like that, George. Haven't I been through enough?

Why, you must have over twenty of those chests in here.

Oh, only these two chests interest you, eh?

It must be quite the life, traveling about the earth with no responsibilities, no one to worry over. You are a lucky man; as free as a--

You want me to open the chest, eh? I think the perfume is coming from this chest. It certainly is strong--

Julia!

George? What did you do? I don't understand. Is she dead?

Oh, George, I can't believe you'd...you'd do a thing like this. I've been so very very wrong. I never really knew you--and all these years.

Why do you smile like that, George? Is it really so funny?

Do all the others--the chests, I mean--do they have those in them, too?

Except one? You want me to open that one, too? It doesn't matter--now, I will open it if only you won't smile at me like that.

It's empty. I don't understand--

Why do you pat that pillow and look at me like that?

Stop laughing at me, damn you, George!

Stop snarling or I'll--

Get away from me! Get away from me, I tell you!

George?
George?



Why I Quit Science-fantasy Art

hannes bok

I've noticed that kids become sfantasy enthusiasts for one of three reasons: either they have wretched home lives and try to escape into a wonderful other-world where they can identify themselves with Superman and Supergirl, a negative sort of revenge against their environment; or they're physically pretty revolting specimens, and therefore try to compensate by identifying themselves with Superman or Supergirl; or they have something radically apley with their sex-drives and again are trying to escape to a world where they can satisfy their sex-urges vicariously. If you'll do a little studying of your sfan acquaintances, it shouldn't be hard to spot who's who among them.

I got into sfantasy for the first reason. My parents were divorced when I was very young, and I was shifted from pillar to post. To compensate for lack of security I liked to dream up a world all my own, which I would do for an hour or two every night when I was sent to bed--with the result that I still have galloping insomnia!

I had no art training, outside of two years of what passes as "Art" in high school. But I liked to draw, and one way of preserving my dream worlds was to draw them. Naturally when I encountered sfantasy it seemed just my dish. I admired Frank R. Paul's drawings tremendously (still do!) and decided I'd follow in his footsteps. I'd never heard of "fine art" as compared with "commercial art." All I "knew" was that people drew pictures which appeared in magazines, and rumor claimed they were paid thousands of dollars for each drawing or painting. I had never been in a museum and had no idea of what museums were all about.

So, like a dope, instead of studying something really beneficial in school, so that I might gravitate toward a well-paying trade, I dreamed of becoming an artist--meaning somebody who painted magazine covers. I was abysmally ignorant!

I hitch-hiked twice to New York from Seattle, but not with a portfolio under my arm, because I knew nothing about portfolios (which all commercial artists use for presenting their samples). I had my stuff in a corrugated cardboard folder which once had contained drugstore poster-display material. It was hellishly hot in New York (you'll never believe how hot it can get in N. Y. til you've endured it). I'd never heard of summer suits, so there I was in a heavy woolen winter suit, sopping wet with sweat, and walking miles to various publishers' houses. I didn't know there were subways, was too shy to ask, and buses and streetcars might as well not have existed--I didn't know if they were going where I was going, and I wasn't taking any chances. Oddly enough, a couple of publishers said nice things about my work, and one took samples for its files.

Back in Seattle, due to Union trouble, I found myself on the curb with no dough and nowhere to go. My mother had been running a rooming house for practically nothing a month, but since it was

the worst of the depression, at least she and I were keeping alive. But the Union said that she should get a salary which the owners of the rooming house couldn't possibly pay. The Union picketed the place, so the owners closed it. Mama had to fly to the haven of my sister's home, and my sister's hubby was feeling the depression, too. He could hardly take care of me. So I wound up in California, where a good pal traded me three months room and board in exchange for a painting. I might have appreciated this kindness more if I'd known that fans one day would think it their right to ask for (and get) free paintings as fast as I could send them out.

Thus I met Ray Bradbury, at a LASFS meeting. He wanted to be a writer some day, and brought me a script to read--THE ROAD TO AUTUMN'S HOUSE. I liked it, but could see it wasn't the type of thing editors were then accepting. I wish to heck he'd submit it somewhere now!

After the three months in California, I returned to Seattle and got a job on the Federal Art Project. Since I was frightfully naive, the other artists on the project (you may have heard of some of them--Mark Tobey and Morris Graves, for example) took it upon themselves to enlighten me. I found out that I painted like Seurat and Rousseau, which was news to me. We got into big fat arguments about painting, and I learned there were such things as "fine" and "commercial" art. I couldn't quite accept a lot of what I was told, because I still believe that ALL art is commercial--done for money. You don't paint strictly for yourself unless you're independently rich or being kept by somebody who is. Even the Pyramids were commercial art--selling a viewpoint; as were also the Greek Gods and Babylonian winged bulls.

Moral: If you're married and have a lot of kids you can't support, you'll get a better deal than if you're single because you're too proud to be with your kids on relief. I was single, so I lost my job--I didn't need it badly enough, the idea was. At

which time Bradbury was bound for the New York Sff Convention, and asked if he couldn't take some of my samples along with him to show around. Result: Farnsworth Wright of Weird Tales liked them, and offered me work. Since I felt I could starve in New York as easily as in Seattle, I went to New York. And that's how I got into sfantasy.



Mr. Bok is an old favorite of ours--we have liked his work since our very first copy of Super Science Stories. But his fans will have small chance to admire his work in the future. This is the reason why. (And we have to admit we are among the culprits mentioned in this true crime story.)

Most fans have no idea of what an artist earns for pulp illustrations. In those days, magazines like *Weird Tales*, *Planet*, *Startling*, *Wonder*, and *Future* paid \$5 to \$7.50 for a black and white and \$40 to \$50 for a cover. Since I was self-trained, I knew of no short-cuts for whomping out pictures in a hurry, and although I was doing as much work as I could handle, I made about \$45 a month. It took me and still takes me from five to ten days (sometimes even two weeks) to turn out a drawing—color work takes no longer to do than black and white, in case you don't know.

Sure, I could have "rushed" things. But from the start I've believed that if you can't do a job right, don't do it at all. (Once in a while, to meet a deadline, I did have to rush some drawings, which were TERRIBLE!) Also, I've always believed that if you get in the habit of doing sloppy work, you're not going to improve as an artist. I've always done the best I could under the circumstances; the quality of the work always came first, and I hope always will.

Later, around 1945, pulps began paying up to \$25 to \$35 per interior drawing, and even as much as \$100 to \$125 for covers. But because I worked slowly, I never earned enough in my whole *sf* career to need to file an income tax report. I had to sacrifice a lot of life's necessities, and I've often gone as much as four days without eating. I had no money for clothes (I was criticized for wearing cheap jeans, which since have become a fad) and I couldn't afford to take girls out on dates.

But I'd become a tin-horn celebrity. I got fan mail, usually from fans who didn't know beans about art, and always asking for something for free. I received poison pen letters from a certain Big Name fan (which I still cherish as souvenirs of the dear old days) because I had the unmitigated gall to say that I believed I should be paid for my work, and that I doubted this fan would give me free-for-nothing the equivalent of the time and labor I'd spent on stuff he expected to get for free. I contributed a lot of specially-designed free covers to various fan magazines. And what really peeved me was that in nine out of ten cases, after I'd sent the requested free drawing, I never received as much as an acknowledgement of receipt, let alone a "thank you".

Then there were the gyp publishers, four of whom are on my blacklist. I did work for them and still haven't been paid. These weren't the well known printers (such as Harper's, Scribners) but little ex-fantasy-fans trying to get a start as publishers. Let me state here that Lloyd Eshbach was NOT one of them. He's given me the best deal I've ever had from any publisher!

Then too there were the "fans" who thought it was perfectly all right to drop up to my room uninvited, and to make snide remarks if I resented their breaking into my schedule, or refused to hand over some item they decided they wanted. I finally had to disconnect my doorbell and resort to a P. O. Box address to keep them from piling in. I've had days when a steady stream of them came in to wake me in the morning--and some who thought nothing of piling in at 2:30 a.m. Not to mention out-of-town ones who dropped in perfectly assured that I would shelter them overnight and feed them. I had and still have one small bed in one room, and I was barely able to feed myself. Which led to more disgruntled freeloaders inventing some nice unsavory stories about my inhospitality, sloppy housekeeping and--you name it, I've heard it.

Still, all this wasn't quite enough to make me lose faith in *sf*. It was when I noticed that I was getting nowhere artistically that I knew I'd have to call a halt. The cheap pulp paper wouldn't allow me free technical expression--I had to work strictly for line-cuts which reproduce hideously. Then too I couldn't express my ideas--I had to express Art Directors' and authors' ideas, many of which I didn't like. The *sf* fantasy I'd cared for--

the Gernsback sort, and the Argosy-All Story type--had died out. Now Art Directors wanted Sex by the carload, and sadistic action, apparently to drag in a larger audience of sex-crazed morons.

Don't get me wrong--I know that sex is here to stay. But also I know that people who have good sex lives are too happy sexing to need to read about the stuff. As soon as people start talking sex, you can be absolutely certain they don't get enough of it or the kind which especially appeals to their exotic appetites. Once in a while as a joke I'd whomp out a really sexy picture--which reminds me: back in 1942 or so, a publisher owed me \$350 for a lot of \$5 drawings and \$40 covers. As a revenge, I did an especially sexy picture. The editor noticed a few of the rather unnerving goings-on in the picture and had me paste "patches" over these--but it wasn't until after the picture saw print that he came flurrying up to me and gurgled, "For God's sake, I was sure I had you cover up everything off-color!! Why didn't you tell me about those two people f----- in the left hand corner!" Suffice it to say that the publisher paid the \$350. This same publisher once showed me a far letter, which offered to pay HIM \$10 for a drawing for which he'd paid ME \$5. His idea was that I should nail the drawing to the fan, and he would split the \$10 with me. Big deal!

Which brings us also to another factor: as a writer, I can whomp out a story in less than two weeks, and after it's sold there's still the chance of resale into everything from anthologies to the radio and TV. Not so with a picture--once it's appeared in print, that's the end of it. I did have the good fortune to learn that if I didn't get my originals back, I'd have to pay city sales tax, so I got them back from then on, and occasionally was able to sell them as wall decorations, which helped a little.

Perhaps if I had "pride" I wouldn't be telling these things. But I've always put a square deal above "pride."

Again, don't get me wrong--I HAVE met a FEW fans who were decent people. But damned few. Frank Sinatra's fans would never dream of demanding that he give them free performances. Why do sfantasy fans demand free art? Why don't they demand that writers give them original manuscripts and all resale rights thereto? Why do the artists get it in the neck (and pocketbook)?

So it all adds up. I'm still painting, but what I happen to like--not fantasy especially, either--especially not what's known today as fantasy. If somebody likes it and wants it, fine. If not, it'll still look nice on my wall. As to my future plans, I'm as much in the dark as the next fellow. But a comeback in the sfantasy art field is definitely OUT. As for missing the field, I'm inexpressibly glad to be out of it, away from the chisellers--fans and publishers alike. Hence and uninterrupted routine, it's wonderful!

FINUS YET

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the hard night

don howard dennell

She sat in the low, reclining chair near the window, staring out into the blackness of the night. A soft purring sound drifted in from the distance, grew louder, then died with a low whine outside. A door opened, then closed with a dull, dead thud. The walk glowed as the footsteps touched it. The noises were on the porch then; noises of a key in the lock, noises of fumbling, noises of the door opening.

She didn't move; she sat silently, staring at Enna, saying nothing. The door closed quietly.

"Hello, Mother," said Enna without looking at her. She withdrew to a chair across the room.

"Hello, Enna," her mother said evenly between drawn, cold lips. She rose and walked over to the timepiece perched on the mantle. "You realize," she said, "that it is morning?"

Enna said nothing.

"Don't you think you ought to tell me where you've been?" She faltered. "What you've done?"

Enna stared at the wall, her eyes unseeing, or worse, seeing something else. Her mother walked to the window and rubbed the mist from the pane. She looked out and saw the faint outline of the low red hills outlined by the first light of dawn. The pale desert was cold and bleak in the harsh gray light; the whole world outside was deserted and lonely except for the few twisted shrubs that grew at irregular intervals, and the almost invisible shapes of the nearest house a half-mile away. The two moons were faint and one was disappearing in the horizon.

She turned away, her eyes misting. There was a chill in the room.

"Where have you been all this time? You were supposed to be home by midnight. What if we had called the Patrol?"

Enna said, "Where's Father?"

"Out looking for you."

"Is he angry?"

"What do you think?" There was a coolness to the room, a freshness that had never been there before. It was the freshness of new things, and the coolness was fear of them.

The light increased from outside. There was the swell of dawn and the shifting ground mists, all sharp and biting in the nozzles.

A car slowly came to a stop outside, purred to a sniffling death, disgorged itself and sent a second set of footsteps up the walk and echoing on the porch. Another key turned in the lock and the grey light of morning flooded the room. A bent shadow was in it, immobile. He stood there a moment, then continued into the room, past the two silent ones and up the ramp without a word.

"Your father is hurt, Enna; he didn't expect this of you."

Enna raised her eyes. "Can--Can one my age have a baby?" There was a pause, old and tired, as her mother walked over to her side.

"Yes, dear. This is the season of the young."

"It's no sorry. You won't get him in trouble will you?"

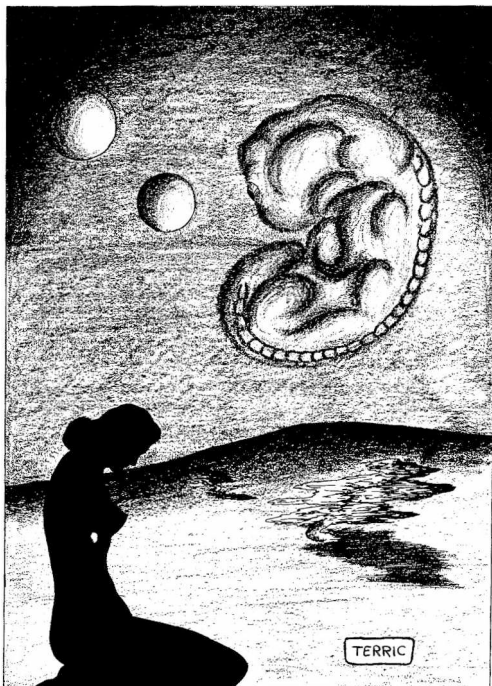
"No, dear. Not at all. Not at all." She was thinking, my baby has grown up. But this--to grow up to this.

"You will have to marry him if you have a child, Enna," she said, and sat down in her chair in tired silence.

Suddenly, Enna was in her arms, all tears and sobbing. "Help me, Mother!"

"Of course, Enna. It will all work out..."

She was thinking sadly to herself of a night so long ago when she had come home sobbing to her mother. Enna had come of such a hard, cold, foulish night and what would come of this night? This was a hard night. The days to come would be harder.



LETTERS

The characters represented in this column are the ideas of the artist and the editors assume no responsibility...

RAY PALMER: Every once in a while I get an impatient feeling that something ought to be done about the way this old world of ours is going. I see hate and bitterness and struggle all about me, nations preparing for a war the people of those nations positively do not want. I see meanness, hatred, racial prejudice, religious prejudice, narrow mindedness, jealousy, connivery, scheming, brutality, trickery, dishonesty, treachery--but why go on? The point is, I get an uncontrollable urge to do something about it. But what can I do? Well, **SCIENCE STORIES**, **UNIVERSE**, **MYSTIC**, **FATE** are my way of fighting those things. Putting something into people's lives that is the opposite of those things I've mentioned, is one way of doing something about it. The only thing I can do. In short, I publish these magazines because I hope some of the things in them will make people think, and if not, at least keep them from thinking of the other things. From a selfish point of view, I like science fiction, fantasy, and the mystic. So why shouldn't I do something I like? I wouldn't like fighting, and I wouldn't fight. I don't like prejudice, so I don't play favorites. For instance, if you don't like my Negro friend, go jump in the lake. The Air Force says there are no flying saucers. Who asked them? They can go jump in the lake. Really, Ron, I like trying to be a nice harmless, happy guy. But you'd be surprised how much the world's people and their meanness interferes. Science fiction is my way of talking back. Okay?

((In answer to: Why do you edit **SCIENCE STORIES**? Incidentally, since the opportunity presents itself, I'm going to put in my two bits worth in favor of Mr. Palmer as a good editor and an interesting thinker. I am sick of hearing fan cuss him and his magazines. If you don't like em, don't read em. As for me, I'll be sure not to let my subs expire.))

FROM A SELFISH POINT
VIEW, I LIKE
SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY
AND THE MYSTIC

ESTHER COLE: We feel science fiction conventions are about to pass out of the picture unless some specific action is taken. The causes of this foreseeable failure may be attributed to high prices and lack of organization...Costs are rising...We are asking you for subordination. Not directly, except for advertising in the program booklet, but in such items as material for the auction, free publicity, discussions in your editorial columns--and the more the merrier...Philadelphia passed no money on to us; our only source of working capital will be pre-registrations received through the mail. Urge your readers to send in their dollars...We want our attendees to see not the greatest convention ever given but the friendliest. To guarantee that end, if necessary, we are prepared to go into hock...One other thing: will you, by word of mouth or through editorials, pump for a national body for these conventions? This organization is badly needed. We sprawl out across the country, a body minus a head and, to carry the analogy further, decomposition may be about to set in.

((So what are you waiting for? That address is: Twelfth Annual Science Fiction Convention, Box 335, Station A, Richmond 2, Calif. It'll be a buck well spent.))

WE SPRAWL OUT
ACROSS THE COUNTRY, A
BODY MINUS A HEAD...

RICHARD DEIS: I thought the improvements were amazing, but also there are some faults still around...The cover was nice, but I couldn't help thinking: "Upe, now it looks like an Astronomical Handbook!" I got that impression because the cover, unless one knew beforehand that the mag was a fanzine, would give that impression...The Ackerman article was excellent, and the piece superb. The thing was a true service to fandom, and had the effect of making me want to see some of those movies..."Fantasy Classics" was written in a self-conscious formal prose that marked it the effort of a young man who wasn't at home with writing in that style. Good in content..."Sundown and Dawning" was the BEST fan fiction I've ever read. Should be submitted to Gil Beck for that anthology in hard covers he's assembling. Very good. There should be at least one sequel coming up. Beat his brains in. Get it... "The N----" was lousy...In effect it says the obvious. I'm sure everyone in fandom is against racial prejudice...The phrasing is horrible: "The N---- perspired large drops of perspiration. He was afraid. The white men were going to kill him." How awkward and inept. You don't politely perspire when facing death; you sweat blood!...The dialogue was incredible. In that situation no one talks like that. Freeman perverts the dialogue to make goddam sure your readers are aware that the white men are doing a crime for no good reason; he repeats and repeats; he bludgeons them into submission...And the alien counterpart doesn't follow: If they were more intelligent the aliens probably wouldn't be prejudiced. There is a point to make, however, and nothing stands in the way. But as a result of the inept and corn-ball writing, plot structure, and disregard for logic, the whole thing is simply trash...The illustration is superb. As are all the Illustrations except that by Donnell for his story...Terry Carr's critturs were good, but too much for one issue. It would have been better to print but one page of them per issue...In my opinion you have yet to make INSIDE a fanzine with a tone or personality. But maybe it's a case of those that can, does—while those that can't, don't.

((It seems to me you must have been over zealous when you wrote this, or else you're just plain ignorant. How else can I understand your statement that every fan is unprejudiced? Or was this meant to be a joke? I don't know about you, but I perspire perspiration no matter what the situation. Another strange thing, other than your criticism, is that at least one reader disagreed with every statement you've made. And as well, at least one agreed with most of them. It all goes to show something or other, doesn't it?))

BEAT HIS BRAINS
IN!... GET THAT SEQUEL!



DON DONWELL: You have improved 100% over the third issue. You have the finest magazine published in fandom. I say that without reservations. Your mag has consistently the finest layout, the best looking reproduction job and a certain "personality" that is vital if a mag is to be accepted, and liked...Most certainly, continue "Films in the Future." It was an excellent article, even though brief, and those full page stills added tremendously to its impact. Continue "Fantasy Classics" also. I enjoyed it tremendously. And please--MORE "FACE CRITTERS"! It's the best fan-humor I've seen in a long time. Cart's a pretty clever character, drawing only the eyes, eyebrows, and mouths. They were well done and expressive!...All in all, it was a great mag. Freeman's story was very good. You expressed my feelings perfectly. It stung my Art-Ed a bit tho. He said it was an exaggeration. He's from Kentucky and he still is prejudiced against most every race save his own. It is a sign of success. The story has gotten under his skin and pricked his guilt feelings and exposed some of the poison in the mind of a prejudiced person--which he didn't like...The "Fictional material, as a whole was good, excluding "Alpha and Omega" which I am not qualified to comment on. The Gilbert story was very good; his artwork is excellent! So was the work of Alan Hunter who illustrated Freeman's...The cover is still the only weak point. I believe the design could be improved. It was better than #3, but could stand improvement. Also, I don't care for the contents page on the back. And what happened to your editorial? I missed it. It is a vital feature in any mag, I believe, for I like to hear from the guy who spends all the time and money putting a mag like INSIDE together, just to see what makes him tick.

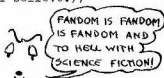
((Of course, Don, your Art-Ed can't be a fan. Tick. Tick. Tick. You know, I never noticed before that I ticked like that!))



TURNER WOOD: Have you heard about our crusade? By "our" I mean Mark Andrews' and mine. You'd be surprised at the number of trade papers there are. Almost every line of work, almost every hobby has a magazine devoted to the promotion of that trade or hobby. In addition, most of these hobbies and trades have clubs where the members get together to discuss their common interest...Now all this is a good thing. A common interest is one of the best things possible to bring people closer together. It follows logically that the basis for the magazines devoted to one group should discuss all matters directly pertaining to the common interest of the group. It is also logical that these clubs should have in mind the advancement of their common interest...Keeping all this in mind, take a look at fandom, a group whose common interest is science fiction. They have magazines, if you could call them that. They have clubs and organizations; they hold numerous get togethers. But do fanzines have in mind information and opinions on topics pertaining to science fiction? No. There are a few exceptions, but they are few. Do the fan clubs try to discuss science fiction? A few feeble efforts. The plain unvarnished truth is that the fan of today care only for other fan. The editor of one zine spends his time trying to destroy another editor--probably in a third editor's zine. Fandom is filled with a million stupid, petty quarrels and the fanzines are filled with nothing but personality--the

actions of other fan who seldom, in themselves, provide material for writing. The general opinion seems to be: fandom is fandom is fandom is fandom and to hell with science fiction. Why all this soapbox speech, you say? Simply this: I feel that many fan are of the same opinion. They want to put science fiction back into fandom. They don't give a damn about what Ellison eats for breakfast. The only thing that all fan have in common is a love of science fiction. So why shouldn't a fanzine try to discuss science fiction seriously? Another thing is the lack of constructive effort. Science fiction as a form of literature could become very popular if fan tried to help it along. The only way the general reader knows fandom is through the stupid arguments in various letters to editor columns. It's not hard to see why non-fan readers have a low opinion of fandom. The result of all this is a new fanzine. Not just another dirty little rag, full of useless crud, but one devoted purely to fantasy and science fiction. Let me know what you think of the idea. The zine will be called THINK. We'd appreciate a contribution. If you know anybody who might be interested pass this along to them.

((You have some very good points there, boy. I wish you luck with this new zine, but what with the number of times I've been accused of not doing the things you've just said fanzines shouldn't do, I wonder if fan aren't more interested in what Ellison eats for breakfast. Wheaties, I believe.))



FERRY CARR: I got INSIDE today and feel that I have to write to you to tell you how good it is. This is your best issue yet...I was particularly struck by the excellence of Donnell's piece, "Alpha and Omega". All in all, this is about the best thing he's ever done, I think, and that includes a lot of awfully good stories. The guy writes like I'd like to...Freeman's story, "The N---", was well-written, though a bit hacky in concept. It's been done before. Gilbert's story was, again, quite good...Ackerman's article was interesting as news, and the photos filled out and supplemented the article nicely. Reynold's article was also interesting. I wouldn't suggest continuing either "Films in the Future" or "Fantasy Classics. Possibly the former once in awhile, when some important picture is due to appear, but that's about all... As for continuing "Face Critters," why natch. Get ten pages of them every issue.

((Better yet, why not just have thirty-two pages of "Face Critters"??))

Get TEN PAGES.
OF EACH CRITTERS

WHEATIES



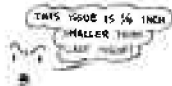
TIM DEFACE: When I got home that afternoon, I went right to my room and read the last issue of INSIDE. Upon concluding it I have come to the conclusion that INSIDE is one of the finest fanzines in fandom today. The best story in the issue was easily "Sundown and Dawning." In my estimation it was very well written...Perhaps if you put more art work in INSIDE it would be more interesting? Maybe on the inside of the front and back covers. I would also like to see more small articles.

((Another fan for fandom to conquer!))



FACE BROWNTON: I notice that this issue is about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch smaller than the last issue! The cover is much better...I'm glad you have a letter column this issue; it's important. But you need more letters with constructive criticism...The best thing was Terry Cox's "Face Cravings." "Sundown and Dawning" is next, and the best fiction. "The N-----" was written very well and was quite effective. It didn't strike me as being too original. It brings back memories of several stories. It could have been developed more. Perhaps the green people had a purple race on their planet that they persecuted..."Fantasy Classics" are always interesting. How about reviewing some off-trail books?

((Very observant, aren't you?))



THE TEMACIOUS TERRAN

after a two week honeymoon with wife and young baby son...
 MISSION TO MIZAR...nt...TWS...Nov, 1953...p72. Braco again.
 HIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS...nt...SB...Jan, 1954...p88
 THE AGILE ALGOLIAN...n...TWS...Win, 1954...p62.
 SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURAXTOR...nt...SFA...Mar, 1954.

WHY I EDIT FANTASTIC WORLDS

expanded review section which will aim to cover the whole field of current publications.

It is an ambitious program of expansion and improvement that we have laid out for the magazine. I am confident, however, that Mr. Kemble, Mr. Reamy, our talented contributors, and our generous audience will not let me fall far short of success.

EDITORIAL

There was a dark haze before my eyes, a pain in my stomach like Lucky Luciano had just hit me with all he had, my brain reeled and screamed for air. I fought at the blackness, trying to see. It was no use. I was sinking, sinking fast into nothingness. There was only one thing to do before it was too late. Only one thing. Sacrifice an issue of INSIDE because damn it(!) I was hungry!

And so there won't be a September issue. The next one will be out in January and with it there will be all sorts of surprises. If you aren't a subscriber well then what are you waiting for? Come on, give. It's for a needy cause, you know.

Starting with January the magazine will be quarterly, 64 pages, with two-color cover, and all sorts of gooey extran. And still a quarter.

I still want to trade with any fanzines that will have me. If you can wait seven months for the next issue and still send me your fanzine until then and not feel guilty about it, well send away. I'll trade with any line that I get issues of. Fair enough? I guess not, but it'll have to do.

And so I leave you with the happy thought that for the next seven months I'll be eating. Will be seeing you come January!

RON SMITH

About the Author

I have never been a fan of science fiction or fantasy nor of anything I can think of. Up until I was sixteen I wanted to be a baseball player and all my thoughts were bound up completely in every facet of it from the side-winning chew-tobacco vernacular to the fade-away slide. But what I remember most about the game was the fans, the few dozen who came in from the howling, heckling cigar-chewing nondescripts who used a baseball game as a sounding board for their most extreme loves and hates. Such people I consider to be on the fringe of life who live for the glimmer of the moment. Out of such people, ordinary as they are, come the essentials of fantasy. You take the lowest common denominator and subject it to extreme external conditions (a ball game, a pint of whiskey, etc.) and with luck and some visual perspicacity you get what you are looking for--the fantastic. I am one of a vast legion of bar observers. By that, I do not only mean that I watch the intoxicated antics and the crumbling moros of others, but I also am aware (I hope) of my own shifting perspective as each beer glass is emptied. In this way you hope to avoid the annoyingly patronizing attitude. You are in this thing, too; this bar or that game and you are as ridiculous and noble as anyone else. In this last analysis, since you are the observer and what you see is fantastic then you are the real element of fantasy. The dimension of the mind in the dimension of the universe, close it and the universe is finite and life just a little bit sadder. This hands observation I have carried with me for eight years in Salt Lake City, Utah, fifteen in Los Angeles, California, two in the Army infantry and three in the big city they call New York.

GLEN MALIN

"What'll you have?"



LET'S SEE WHO WE
GOT STORIES FROM TODAY...

TOMPKINS, WALKER, WYATT,
FIELD, BRADBURY, DREW...

BRADBURY?

OH, JOHN BRADBURY...

WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT
THIS STORY'S LIKE...

HMMM... MUMBLEMUMBLE...
UMPH... MUMBLE...

terry carrs

face

critturs

the editor

LORDY, WHAT CRUD!

WELL, ON TO
THE NEXT...

LOUSY
CHARACTERIZATION...

WHAT A
CRUD PLOT!

AND HE HAS THE GUTS TO
SUBMIT THIS
TRASH!... WHAT'S
HIS NAME AGAIN?

MISS HALL, MAKE OUT
A CHECK FOR ONE
THOUSAND DOLLARS
TO...

MISS HALL, MAKE OUT
A CHECK FOR ONE
THOUSAND DOLLARS
TO...