

SCINTILLA

Unfounded by Scandal



JUST A SHADE BETTER

WE TRADE TRY US FIRST

Just a little DIFFERENT



No Extraneous ALLIANCES

Abolish Crime



WHEEL CHAIRS

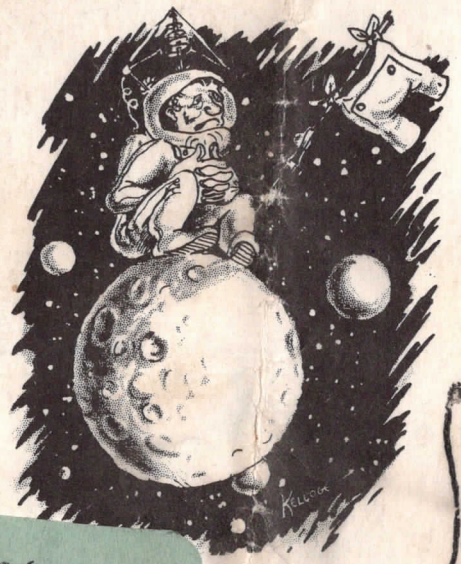
WE ARE ALWAYS BENT ON PLEASING YOU

TOPS

MONUMENTS

EXOTIC ATMOSPHERE

PETS of EVERY DESCRIPTION



LEAD IN LIME OUT

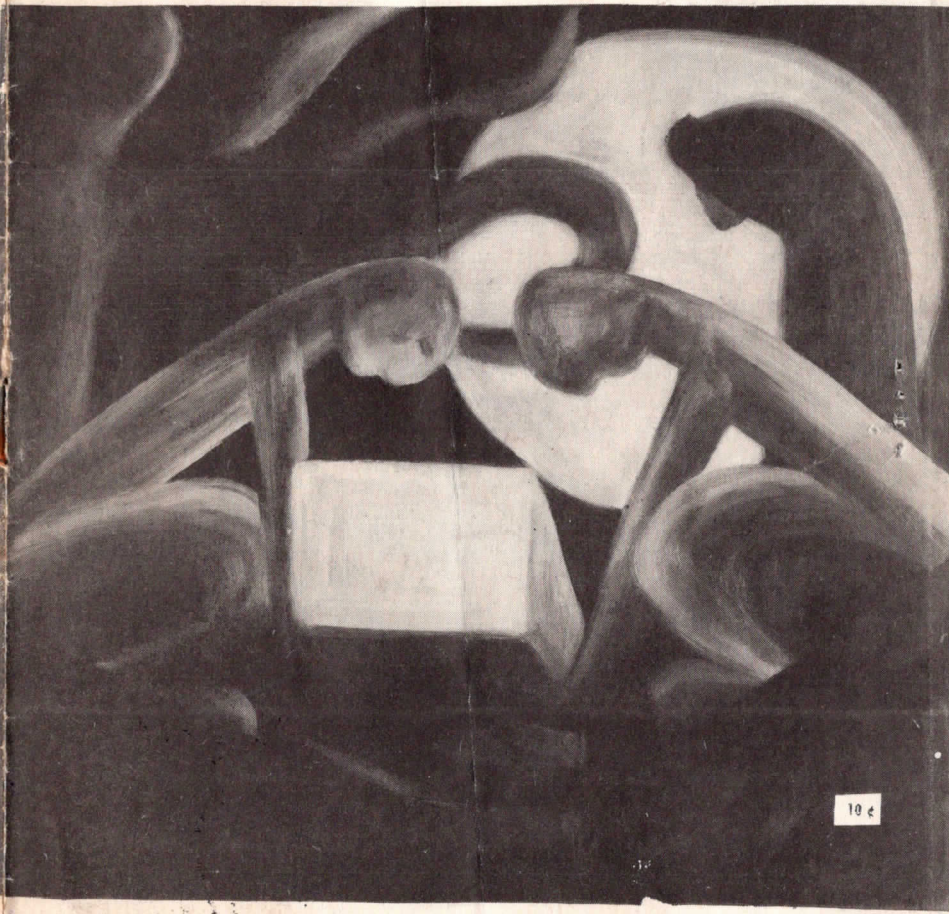


Ken Beale
115 E. Moshulu Pkwy
Bronx 67, N. Y.

SCINTILLA

Science Fantasy

SUMMER ISSUE



10 2

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I'm Mable, the SEXY dragon.

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WE WISH TO HERE ACKNOWLEDGE THE
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SHANGRI LA.

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they appear in.

A LA STINK

Goes On

Dear Sir,
 I'll have
 you know
is for space
is not
 folding!
 Please inform
 your readers
 these "kents"



Abolish Crime

HADES

continued from page 9

I sit very still while Satan jabs a needle into me. And then I slowly loose consciousness.

Dr. Erickson looked up from his desk as his assistant, Jimmy ran in. "What's the matter, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Doc Erickson, sir, that man from the Space Station, sir. He made like he was going to throw something at me, and then yelled bloody murder, like a passel of devils was after sure enough."

"Well, Jimmy, we shall have to see about our space-roaming patient. I'd better go give him a sedative. Maybe that will quiet him down. You still can't make out what he says?"

"No, sir! He just yells like he was trying to say something, but can't 'xactly remember the right words. You still think he lost his mind definite like, sir?"

"Yes, Jimmy, I'm afraid that he will never regain control of himself. I'd sure like to be able to give him a word association test, though, to find out why he keeps yelling two words, Hell and Satan, so much."

---re.

A SHORT STORY COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE
BY JO ANNE SLADE

R o l l o u t T h e B a r r e l



I sat back in the foam chair and wondered if it would work. I remembered my great grandfather telling me when I was a kid, that people used to be flabbergasted at men and women going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, but this was better yet.

What would these poor, thick-skulled Martians think of a fragile human going over their highest Dam in one. Compared to their solid-built bodies we were like toothpicks.

I laughed to myself, they were dumb enough to pay to see me, and pay well. After all it was just another stunt. For a small sum I'd jump out of a slow rocket in an old-fashioned parachute to give them a thrill. But that trick was old now and the cash wasn't coming in as it should. Back homw they would have laughed at anyone making a chute jump when it was more exciting, but not so safe, to use an anti-gravity ejector to set them down.

If we cleaned up on this deal, and I knew that we would, we could take off for earth and I could set up a nice little jet station and have a good sized bankroll left over.

The next morning I drove out the canal and hiked up to the top of the Dam. The purple waters thundered over the red banks and crashed into a pink foam at the bottom. The water than seperated into three different canals. That was another thing to contend with, if the barrel hit one of the sides of the canals it would be cut in half. I began to wonder if anything would be left of it when it hit.

I walk back to the car and drove around the rest of the morning. How nice it would be to go back to Earth with my pockets jingling with all those tax free nixes, in gold value they were worth a buck a piece, even though the starting of trade with Mars had dropped the gold stand-ard.

I drove back to the Dam and saw that Bill had showed up with Ed and the Barrel. It was yellow and would show up like a neon sign against the purple waters of the falls. The three of us rolled the steel thing to the edge of the water.

We all sat down and had a last smoke. Then Ed and Bill stood up, shook my hand and started down the thousand foot drop to the bottom. Some of the t urill seekers had begun to form around the bottom of the falls.

I watched as the crowd got thicker, soon some of the more daring clamored up the sides of the Dam to find a vantage point. I was scheduled to go over at two. At two-fifteen the crowd was screaming.

Every once in a while I caught a glimpse of Bill and Ed cir-culating around with a hat while the Martians chipped in to buy a coffin for my few remains or so they seemed to hope.

At two-thirty Bill waved a white handkerchief. That was the sign to go ahead, they had taken every last cent from the crowd.

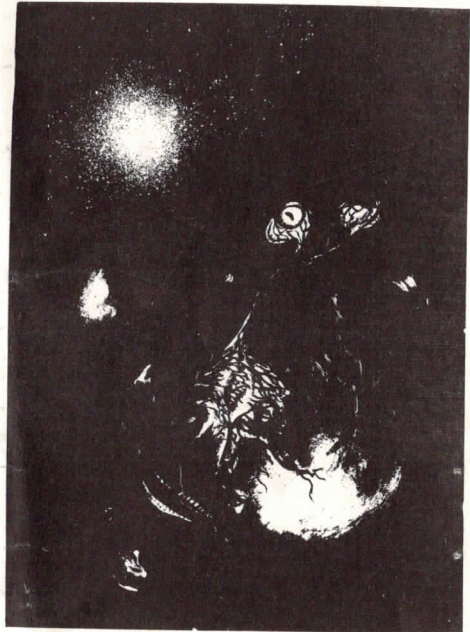
I rolled up my pants legs and pushed the barrel out toward the current. I anchored it there and then slowly let it drift until it was directly under the cat walk across the dam. Walking across my stomach did flip-flops every time I looked down the thousand foot drop. I made my way out to the barrel in clear view of the onlookers, they could see my yellow pants a mile away.

The water was swift and the barrel teetered dangerously near the edge. I dropped to the top of the barrel and waved dramatically to the crowd, a tremendous scream went up, everyone waved back. Some of the females fainted and little kids chewed their green nails. Then a silence fell over the whole crowd.

I slid down into the barrel, it was thickly padded and with two bars to hold on to, I wondered if they would find even a tattered remnant of it. I carefully pushed the top back part of the barrel out and caught hold of the anchor line. Hand over hand, almost completely in the water, I went back to the bank. Laying on my stomach I cut the rope.

This time the roar was deafening. I watched as the barrel shot out over the falls and into space. Then I got in the car and drove off to meet Bill and Ed and the armored car to take off in a fast jet for home.

YABBERING



I'm disgusted! Just plain disgusted. My two oldest and best columnists just up and left me without a word of mention, leaving me in the lurch for this issue. That is your reason for looking at all this nice long editorial, liberally splashed with pitchers. The pitchers are good, but that doesn't mean that I wouldn't rather use a few less and have more written material.

This issue is a huge success, as far as the duplication side of it goes. We have a superb cover by that Montana weirdist, Miss Terri Nesting. She really does good stuff. The cover painting is entitled "Grevediggers" and is a redone job from a larger copy. I don't know if we'll get any of her superb filler in here, she has an excellent piece of the Vault Keeper, Crypt Keeper and the Old Witch playing "Pin-the-space-suit-on-the-Bergey-girl".

We want to thank the Bit & Spur publishers for their help in preparing this issue. As advice to those in the audience, they do excellent lithography.

We also want to thank Mr. Norman Browne. He, in a letter to me mentioned the possibility of a column. I was in the process of being dropped by two other columnists, so jumped at the chance. I imagine Norman was rather surprised to have to do a column on moments notice. I sent him a special delivery letter and got the column back the same way.

Again our thanks go out to Stanley Sommer for sending the excellent artwork, part of which appears above. It is a shame I cannot reproduce these in full color, as that is the way he has done them. He is a mean man on the ink pen.

We will appreciate all weird poetry. This is NOT for Scintilla, but will appear in a booklet of Weird Poetry, probably to be called Dragon Tails that is to be issued by Robot Press. This material may be reprinted from other sources, but please give full details.

Of course, there is the usual plea for material. We would like articles, and will take a limited amount of fiction. Humorous poetry will be specially treated. Is Richard E. Geis listening?

We have been cautioned that the news in Larry Belint's column about the banning of SOL from the mails is a hoax.

I wonder if Orme McCormick's mad at me? I haven't received a letter or answer from her ever since dropping the poetry column. Too bad.

LARRY BELINT

YES! BOB.....this is a new column. Me hopes you like it. AND AWAY WE GO.....To the prozines! It seems that OTHER WORLDS has "fall down-go boom". So says Tucker anyways. ((Official)) As of this writing, there has been no official word from May the Palmer (alias RAR, alias Mr. Tomorrow, and alias the Shaver).

BOBBIN' AROUND.....No news lately of the BOB STEWART FAN CLUB. Last report indicated an army of BOB STEWART'S have been massing south of the border and are preparing an attack on the US.

SANFRAN IN '54.....I hope that each and every one of you scrawny little THINGS out there realizes that San Francisco deserves the 1954 Mr Con. After all.....how long has it been since the Con was held on West Coast????? Think back-men.

PREDICTION!.....Attention, everyone, a prediction is in the offing..... (fanfare): The comic book rave of seventh fandom will be the one and only.....SPACE MOUSE.

FLASH-----News has reached me that there are several chans in the San Francisco area who have organized a HOAX-A-MONTH club. Beware!

REAL ZORCH STUFF!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The latest fad in fandom is the use of the word ZORCH to describe anything that used to be "real cool" or "real George". Methinks it started up in ol' SanFran. There seems to be quite a bit happening up that way, huh?????

I'LL HAVE A PARODY PLEASE----RARE!.....Ron Ellik is currently trying to sell Hugo Gernsback on the idea of a sister mag to SCIENCE FICTION PLUS to be called SCIENCE FICTION MINUS. Don Cantin is working on a parody for Bradbury's new book--GOLDEN APPLES OF THE ROAD!

FOR YOU PUZZLE FANS ---- THE MAZE in 3-D brings to the screen another "weirdie" with a surprise ending that I'm not supposed to tell, but it wasn't so very ZORCH anyway. Richard Carlson (of LUNATIC MONSTER and ICNUS) is in the starring role. A lively fellow--he.

PLUGS, INC.....for all you fellows who don't know and even for you fellows who don't give a darn, I'm offering copies of ESCAPE at 5¢ per. ESCAPE happens to be MY fanzine. With material by Cantin, Stewart (of SanFran), Bates, Ellik, DEA, Rike, and a whole mess of others who will star and feather me for not mentioning their names here. At any rate, I suggest you send one primy nickel to me at this address: 3755 Golden Ave., Long Beach 6, Calif.....just to see what it's all about.

BARGAIN....BARGAIN!!!! There's a fellow by the name of David MacDonald that is selling (or trading for) fanzines or "prozines" a huge pile of radio and TV scripts (or defunct programs--TALES OF TERROR, for more info, contact him at this here address-- 131-20 132nd St., South Ozone Park, NY.

LOF TIP.....The Postal Authorities recently visited the home of Dave Ish. Result--SOL is being discontinued.

DEPT. OF OVERLOOKED TALENT.... How many of you have realized the tremendous amount of talent held in the writing ability of Richard Atkinson? He's been around a long time, but is never noticed in fanzines. Why????

DOWN WITH FAN-FICTION!!!!!!!!!! For others like myself who dislike fan-fiction for any variety of reasons, I am hereby organizing the ANTI-FAN-FICTION-SOCIETY. All interested in the movement against the publication of this tripe in fmsz, please contact me at the address given above in the paragraph entitled PLUGS, INC. I thank you!

DEPARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW..... I trust you all have enjoyed this session of INTERNAL COMBUSTION and that you'll drop around next time. Until them.... Hang by your thumbs!



Combustion

Internal



Now, through our history, there are numerous incidents that bring about decisions. You could decide one of two, three, or numerous ways. If you decide one way, you are following that certain time track. But, think of another you, doing a different thing. Deciding a different way. Going along a different history than you.

In one world, or time track, Abe Lincoln lived to a ripe old age, steering the nation to a prosperous channel. In another, his father remained a bachelor. In another, he was murdered by John Wilkes Booth. We can not, for sure, say which of these worlds is the best. Perhaps in another, yet, he turned out to be a great inventor, and by the year 1928 the world had reached the moon facilitated by his inventions.

Then there are greater things. What would the nation be like if the Confederacy had won the war. There was an excellent novel to this effect in the MAGAZINE of FANTASY and SCIENCE FICTION last year. It detailed a world where the Confederacy was a wealthy nation, and the northern states poor. In yet another novel, Sam Merwin's HOUSE OF MANY WORLDS, is outlined the travels of a couple from one world to another. In one of these, the Queen still ruled America.

There are numerous different things that if changed only one tiny iota, would completely change world history. Think what would have happened if Egypt had never fallen, but had become the ruling nation of the world. Our present culture would never have developed. Maybe a much better one, tho. Then there is the possibility that men didn't quite make the grade prehistorically, and some other species took the lead. Think what a world ruled by canines would be like. They have a brain big enough to think as well as we, if it were developed. Think of it, your dog having you for a pet. "Owrf yorf, gruff gruu. Rorr." (Translation of dogese; Sit up for a human biscuit, Larry.) This, tho, would be highly improbable. Dogs just don't have hands. The opposed thumb was a great factor in man's rise.

Now we come to an imminent possibility. Russia being developed early instead of the Americas. This would reverse our positions in the present political tangle. Russia would be a modern nation with a very high standard of living, and a well developed country, while America would be a back-woods country with most of her recourses undeveloped.

Here we have the possibility that America was the prehistorical leader of culture. Instead of the Egyptians leading the world, the Mayas, Aztecs, Toltecs, Incas and so on would be the forward races. This just might make Europe the "America" of today. Our continent would eventually settle it, instead of it sending settlers here. My now, America would be on the down-grade and Europe on the up.

The ideas leading out of these minor, but major changes would amaze one. It only takes a bit of imaginative thinking to make today's world a paradise by giving a few certain men Cholera, typhoid, etc. Think to yourself, maybe one of your favorite historical incidents was decided differently....maybe it didn't even occur. Think.....

End

MILLER is printed. Photo-offset cover by Barnes, 42 pages (8 1/2 x 11) 527 items. Sells for 25¢ from Art Wesely, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Your editor has comp'n included, try a copy. You'll get your fill of PULLER. I mean your full of MILLER. Oh, darnit, I mean your fill of MILLER.



STARLANES IS THE BEST POETRY ZINE.

I don't care what you say, I say that Starlanes beats the rest to heck. Try and buy.

Orme McCormick
1558 W. Hazelhurst Street
Ferndale 20, Michigan

ANDROMEDA #1-----Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere, West., England. Now, Andy, as I prefer to call it, runs to 50 pages. It's all nicely mimeo'd, and mostly fiction....and good fiction, toc. GET. 25¢

.SPO #2-----Jerry Burge, 415 Pavillion Street, S E, Atlanta 3, Georgia. ASFO is in its usual superior mimeo'd format. Best in this, I think is Fantopia, by Hirschorn. VERY sorry to see Ian go, but I believe he moved elsewhere. I do know, Bob Silverberg is behind on his review column...he reviewed Scilly #7. EXCELLENT. 15¢
BOO # no number, no address given. Boo I understand is a FAPazine, and has a bright, but reasonable format. Unusual cover by Grennell. FAIR. \$5.00

CONFUSION #4----Selby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida. Shelby Vick gives a big issue this time, complete with legendary cover by me. This contains Bob Shaw's Return of the Space Boggle, which, while not as good as Voyage of Ditto, was still uproarious. Of course, of. is one of the best on the market. EXCELLENT. 10¢

DESTINY #8-----Nalcolm Willits & Earl Kemp, 11848 S. E. Powell Blvd., Portland 66, Oregon. Now, Destiny is really going big. It is a half-size and litho. Gives a real pro format. Interesting to me, was the article The Fantasy Press Story by Eshbach. Along with this was a History of the Tarzan Films by Vernell Coriell.. Best fiction was The Golden Key. EXCELLENT PLUS. 25¢

ECLIPSE #4-----Ray Thompson, 410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska. Eek is quite the littul mag. Reminds me of Scilly in her formative days. Less color, tho. NOW MARVIN SNYDER claims that controversial verse that appeared in STF TRENDS, SCINTILLA, with both claiming it; Curious fly, Vinigar jug, Slippery edge, Pickled bug. Eek is purty good all over. GOOD. 10¢

ESCAPE #1 and last one, too. Larry Balint, 3255 Golden Ave., Long Beach 6, California. This, besides Larry's determination for it not to be a one-shot, is one. He's gone back to Fantasta now. Was 5¢. GOOD.

Speaking of
FANTASTA #5-----Larry Balint, same address as above. I envy Larry for Fantasta. I think a small magazine in this format of just four pages can offer muchly in the way of entertainment. Consists of Bob Stewart, Larry, and review column. EXCELLENT. 5¢

FANTASTIC WORLDS #4--Sam Sackett, 1449 Brockton Ave., Los Angeles 26, California. I don't know why everyone goes for this mag so. I think it's crappy, myself. Sure, it has a wonderful format that could be used to a much greater advantage than it is. Sure, it has good material, but of such a vein as to be unreadable. Sure, it's crappy. CRAPPY. 30¢

FIENDETTA #5----Charles Wells, 405 E. 62 St., Savannah, Ga. This is really a small ish, just two pages. Mimeo'd. Comes out to announce (Via Blothead) that Art Wesley is the center of seventh fandom. Also comes out to announce that ita. will regularly be mimeo'd. Thasall. GOOD. 15¢

GREMLIN #1-----Gary Curto, 724 Huron Ave., San Francisco 26, California. Gremlin, neofan's delight. Fair artwork with a long fiction piece. Mimeo. Gary is obviously new to the field, but doing well. FAIR. 15¢

GRUE #15-----Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. DAG had me and the mailman in stitches over an asterisk placed near "Billings" in the address. Going on down to the bottom, to find the other asterisk, you find * a town near "Coolings". Grue is sort of a mass-produced letter. Grue is fulla Grennell humor....good, that is. Uproarious bit of Spillanes by Cantin. EXCELLENT. FREE.

PSYCHOTIC #2----Richard Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. Good Westerncon report. Geis has some of the best layouts in the business. Good material. GOOD. 10¢

REVIEW #6-----Vernon L. McCain, RED #3, Nampa, Idaho. Now, Rev isn't such a large magazine, as they go, just eight pages, but it's all McCain, and, as usual, good. It has a few fanzine reviews this time, and prozine, too. This time, Vernon has a slightly different, improved format. GOOD. Trade only.

Atomic Error

FORREST ACKERMAN



He moked up screaming. He felt scalded all over. So what radiation burns from an atomic bomb felt like!

He had feared this night since 1945, this night when a robot rocket would jet over the North Pole at supersonic speed. The night that an unknown assassin-nation would massacre America a-b-d. That atomic-migration would transform the metropolises of the United States into skyscrewing mushroom clouds.

He had hoped only that obliteration would come instantaneously and painlessly, that he would be volitized in his dreams, either to wake in the Hereafter, where there theoretically were no atom bombs, or never to awake.

But there was always the unfeasible possibility that he would be caught on the fringe of the fission, then God knew what death would be like. Not a ripping asunder too rapid for the senses to record, but a slow death; a peeling away of the skin in leperus patches; a brain fried in its skull, shriveled and convulsed like worms writhing in a fiery skillet; eyes, liquefying and oozing out of their sockets like sap from a tree.

The man knew himself. Not a coward, but a cerebrotonic -- suppersensitive to the thought of pain. A thousand times he had suffered premature agony, envisioning his life ending in an atomic cauldron of radiation, his body burning in waves of invisible fire. He couldn't take a death like that. That was why he protected himself with an automatic. He always slept with it under his pillow. He reached for it now.

Pray God the radiation had not warped it, melted the barrel or exploded the cartridges!

In the darkness he groped. He couldn't see. He couldn't hear a sound. He was conscious only of the prickling sensation all over his body.

His fingers found the gun. It was hot. In terror mixed with relief he jerked it to his temple, and in a moment it was hotter.

"How what could have made him do that?" the fire chief puzzled. "He wasn't in any danger. The steam didn't even really scald him to amount to anything. He looked a little dazed -- anybody'd be shocked, -- but I called to him, 'You're okay, Mister', just a second before he fished under his pillow for the pistol."

"Poor Mr. Vence." The hotel manager shook his head regretfully. "He was born deaf, and on top of that lost his sight about two years ago."

continued from page 5

SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER #29--Bob Tucker, PO Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. Y're notta gonna lose on this deal. This, Tuck has pics from Beatley's-On-The-Lake. Good. Usual excellent reviews. The Beautiful Doll Caper, a parody on the detekativ theme by William Nolan. Good. Sorry to see Tuck go with SPNL. Only two more issues to come. EXCELLENT. 20¢

SPACE SHIP #22--Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, N.Y. Bob Improves. A litho cover this time by Grennell, yet. Wunnaful Good story by DAG, too. Excellent article on the artwork of Rosaleen Norton by Hal Shapiro. All in all, Sship is the most reliable, steady mag on the market for its content. It has a steadily improving format, interesting material, and a wise editor. EXCELLENT 10¢

STAR-LANES #11--Orma McCormick, 1558 Hazelhurst Street, Ferndale 20, Michigan. ORMA dood it. She has a hand-colored cover this time. Excellent artwork, and hard labor. Mimeoing is a bit low for her standards, but still well above the usual-run-of-the-mill fanzine. Poems are good, as usual. No more can be said. EXCELLENT 20¢

TORQUASIAN TIMES #3--The Torpid Torquasians, 1041 Cayuga Street, Santa Cruz, California. This is an all-out deal. Lithographed 50 pages. Excellent artwork. Excellent content. Best was The Rug by Jo Neilson. This is the last, due to the naturally torpid Torquasians being tired of publishing. It is the type of magazine I would very much desire to publish. EXCELLENT. 25¢

WAG #10--Joel Nydahl, 119 S. Front Street, Marquette, Michigan. Exceedingly well-done cover this time. Four colors. Black, white, green, and red. Perfect schizmatization, too. Good artwork. Good content. GOOD. 10¢

WHISPERING SPACE #1--Val Walker, 6438 E. 4th Pl Tulsa, Oklahoma. WS is obviously the result of a new fan pubbin' very wasteful of space, used only one side of sheet. I have a sneaking suspicion that Val wanted a bulky magazine so he weakened everything down. SHOWS PROMISE (has to, can't go c vn). No price listed.

The PLAYMATE

BYE, HAROLD--
COME BACK AND PLAY
SOME MORE LATER.

WHO'S
HAROLD?

PROBABLY ONE
OF ANNE'S PLAYMATE'S.

I'D LIKE TO
MEET HIM--
OH ANNE! BRING
HAROLD IN HERE!

I CAN'T, DADDY,
HE WENT HOME.
HE WOULDN'T COME
IN ANYWAY!

WHAT IS HE
LIKE, ANNE?

OH, HE'S
ABOUT
THIS TALL AND
HE HAS A LONG
TAIL---

I WISH YOU'D STOP
MAKING UP THOSE
FANTASTIC STORIES.

OH NO!
HE'S REAL!

NOW, YOU KNOW
THERE ARE NO
LITTLE MEN WITH TAILS!

I WOULDN'T
SAY THAT,
"DADDY!"

NO.---
I WOULDN'T SAY
THAT AT ALL!

JACK GAUGHAN



CARRS CRYPT

TERRY CARR

youwereexpectingmebbe?

It seems this column is rapidly developing into a hoax column. The first two installments, in fact, were entirely devoted to hoaxes. This time I'm going to cover what I at first assumed to be one of the most colossal hoaxes in fan-history.

I speak, of course (of course?--of course of course, what else?), of the suspension of Other Worlds.

I first heard that OW was to fold from Russell K. Watkins, who quoted Edward Wood of Chicago as having said so. This item was in Russ's column in VULCAN (a part that got burned out, incidentally). When I first read it I wondered if Wood or Watkins had mixed up OW with some other mag, or whether it was a hoax. I didn't know.

Soon after, however, Tucker's SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER carried an announcement that OW was due to fold, apparently gleaned from Edward Wood again, unverified by Palmer. About that time I decided it must be a hoax. Why?

Well, there was a lot of material that suggested that Other Worlds was due for anything else but suspension. In a recent editorial in LA SRAAG, Palmer mentioned some rather far-reaching plans that he had for OW, and hinted at a new magazine in the launching stage. In the issue that had been announced in SFFL as OW's last, Palmer had printed a full page telling of the great material (sic) that he had lined up. OW had also gone monthly recently, and used its word-rates only weeks before. Surely Other Worlds was in no position that would force it to suspend publication!

Well, OW did fold. Here's the scoop: Other Worlds has changed its name to Science Stories, has apparently dropped the back cover series, and has a new art director. Palmer and Laffey are still co-editors. The first issue, which will most likely be out by the time this column sees print, will have a beautiful cover by Pok, illustrating a story by Jack Williamson. The second issue will feature a cover by Virgil Finlay.

That's what's happened on the surface. Here's what happened in the background: Palmer broke with Clarke Publishing Company and bought out Bell Publications, publishers of Universe Science Fiction. Palmer will be publishing both Science Stories and Universe Science Fiction hereafter.

A little huckstering now, if Larry wants to let it through. A lad name of Bob Stewart and a lad name of me are going to issue a collection of drawings of Dennis Horton sometime in the near future. It will be mimeographed in multi-color, and will contain twenty fascinating gems. To be titled ORBITALS AND MORE, it will be sent out on the P. A. R. basis--you say what you think it's worth after looking it over. All you have to do to acquire a copy is to write to either Bob Stewart or myself and ask to be put on the mailing-list. Best: Bob Stewart, 274 Arlington Street, San Francisco; or Terry Carr, 124 Cambridge Street, San Francisco.

I would sincerely advise you to rest this item, whether I was writing it out or my worst enemy was. Dennis Horton's work reminds me of a cross between Edg Carlier and Walt Disney, though there's that noticeable difference that is the mark of originality; there, too. The multi-colored artwork should really look good. Dennis's work has appeared in England mostly, since he lives in Scotland, but some of his drawings have crept into the United States via the Fantasy Art Society. I think you'll find his best work in ORBITALS AND MORE--at least the best he's done so far.

All right, Larry, I'm finished.



I've crowded an awful lot into the last couple of weeks or so. Some of it bears repeating and some of it doesn't, but I'm going to give you the works and you can decide for yourself whether I'm justified in putting it all in this column. Okay.....?

I left Edmonton, Alberta about 4:30 PM Sunday August 14th by car with some people that I contracted with to drive me to my destination. We drove all the first day and night, stopped for about eight hours the second night, four hours the third night and kept going all the fourth night to arrive in Toronto, 2500 miles later, about 3:00 in the afternoon of Thursday.

I slept all the rest of Thursday, but Friday, I contacted Gerry Steward, one of Toronto's top fan and a good correspondent of mine from away back. That night I went up to his place and we talked about various and sundry things that we had a mutual interest in. The next night, Friday, Gerry picked me up about 7:00 and we went down to a meeting of the Derelicts of Toronto. The Toronto group, I found, to be a likeable, active and ambitious group and I expect great things to come from them in the future.

At 1:10 PM Sunday, I left by Bus for New York City, arriving there at 4:00 AM Monday Morning. At about 3:00 PM that same day, I went up to the Mayfair Theatre at Broadway and 47th and saw War of the Worlds, getting out about 6:00 -- and here I had the most fascinating experience of my travels.

I got out of the show at 6:00 PM, walked down Broadway to 42nd street and started to cross there. Now at Broadway and 42nd, Broadway and 7th Avenue intersect and right at that intersection there is an open-air restaurant called the Crossroads Cafe. As I walked past this cafe, I let my eyes wander over the people dining there and suddenly I stopped ((dropped)) dead, did a double-take and my heart skipped a beat. ((Quick, whasser name?)) I thought I saw somebody I knew.

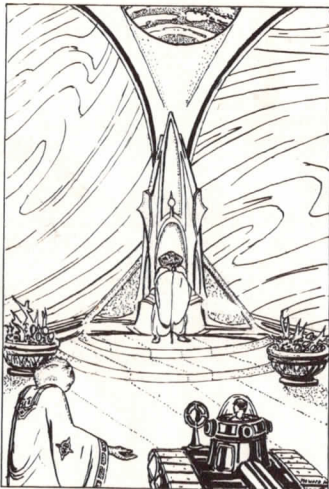
I looked closer and was flabbergasted to see Dave Ish of Ridgewood New Jersey, calmly dining with Harlen Ellison and Sally Dunn of Cleveland Ohio! So I calmly walk up to them and nonchalantly say: "Small world, isn't it?"

The meeting itself wasn't prearranged and wasn't so important. What is of interest is the probabilities involved in it coming about. Take timing for example. I had at most a half an hour le-way. Thus, if I had come out of the show 10 minutes earlier or 20 minutes later, I would have missed them. I could have come out of the show at any time, but I just happened to get out at that particular time.

Now let's look at the matter of direction. There are probably an infinite number of directions I could have taken when I left the theatre. I could have walked north, east or west ((infinite??)) but instead chose to walk south. I could have crossed over at any number of streets between 47th and 34th, but instead I crossed Broadway at 42nd street.

Other incidents that stick out in my memory? Well, there was Ellison and Ish riding Jelly Belloo, Harry D. Mouchner and Robert A. Heinlein in the New York Port Authority Bus Terminal. After seeing the letter, the boys waited expectantly for all the little neophens in the building to come running. And then there was the visit I paid to Dave Kyle - only to find myself running errands on convention business - and in the process meeting Jean Carr 11 and having supper with her.

And now, I am at the Kicon, and Dave Ish, Harlen Ellison and myself are staying over at Carl Olsen's place prior to the Philcon. Len McCaughey will arrive tomorrow and Bob Tucker is invited. Right now, Dave Ish is hammering at me to plot some black-jack with him, so I'll sign off until next issue.



Norman E. Browne

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I attended my first convention recently: the 1953 Western held on the last weekend of May in Los Angeles. Registration was over 200, I hear, and the schedule ran almost perfectly. Highlight of the convention was an exhibit of paintings by Mel Hunter, the best new artist to hit the field since--well, who's your favorite? A few of his covers have appeared on Galaxy already, but from what I saw in Los Angeles they're not of his best work. One painting sticks in my memory in particular. It's a spiral nebula, and each star was painted on separately, and is in the right place, astronomically. Most artists, when doing a nebula or such a cluster of stars, dip their brush in white paint, stand back, and spray. Not Mel. He's also got artwork coming up on the covers of Fantasy & Science Fiction and Inside If.

There were people there, too. Mari Wolf, Forrest J. Ackerman, Kris Neville, A. E. van Vogt, Ray Bradbury, Chad Oliver, Sam Sackett, William F. Nolan, Rick Sneary, Jim Kenner, Gerald Rens, Stan Woolston, Len Moffatt, Anna Sinclaire Moffatt--well, you get the idea. Just about all of southern California and a lot of people from elsewhere.

The auction was fantastic. Beautiful illustrations and paintings went for paltry sums. An old Frank R. Paul painting brought only \$10 or so, and a Bill Terry cover from Imagination ("The Enchanted Crusade") went for \$5.00. Interior Lawrence went begging for good bids and poorer drawings were subsequently lower. Even the original manuscript of "The World Well Lost" from Universe Science Fiction #1, which was supposed to have caused quite a furor in Los Angeles fandom created only a momentary--and slight, at that--rise in bids. Some originals were actually given away, and one particularly poor Bill Terry illo was given to a fan with a quarter as payment for taking it.

And then the choosing of the site of the 1954 convention. Les Cole made the first bid, speaking informally, inviting the attendees to San Francisco in 1954. Some teenager made a bid for Los Angeles in '54, but when asked what club would sponsor it ("Certainly not the LAS 3!") he reseeded himself. San Diego also made a bid, but it seemed obvious from the start that San Francisco had it by a good margin. It did.

NADDS

Rev. E. H. K.

So this is death.

I didn't know it would be like this; I thought it would be unbearably hot, like they teach you in Sunday School. For I must be in Hell. I couldn't have gone to Heaven. Not after what I did. For I did something really bad. What I did makes Judas look like a piker.

I sold a planet.

Ah, there's another one of the devils, now. But I always thought that devils were red, with horns, a tail, and a pitchfork. This devil is white. At least he is wearing white. His skin is colored brown. And he looks human. Just like any Negro would. And I don't mind him being Negro, either. I guess racial discrimination is gone when you're all in Hell together.

But I didn't stop with selling out the Negroes. No, I sold out everyone. Right down the river. Or right down the Galaxy, for no water can exist in outer space, can it? That's what I learned in school. They said that water would either boil away or form a globe, and it wouldn't really be water anymore, anyway. But I don't know if I can believe them or not anymore. Because they taught me wrong about the devils.

This devil here for instance. He is white, just like me. But he appears to be Nordic, and I didn't like Nordic people when I was alive. I was a Jew. And we Jews are hated by the rest of the people, you know. So why shouldn't we hate the rest of the people? For that matter, why shouldn't we sell the secrets of Earth's defense to BEMs from Vega? That's what I did, you know. I sold all the secrets of Earth's defense to BEMs from Vega. But I don't really mind this Norwegian anymore. I guess racial discrimination is gone when you're all in Hell together.

Out there for three months, all alone, waiting for my relief. I had to find something to do. I couldn't just sit there, waiting for my relief man to come up from Earth. I would have gone crazy just sitting here. So I found something to do. I sold Earth. And now I'm in Hell, with all the Nordis, Negroes, Mexicans, and everyone, all dressed in white. That's where I had to go, to Hell, isn't it? For I did something wrong, and when you do something wrong and die without a chance to repent to the Rabbi, you go to Hell. And there you burn for all Eternity, which is a long time, and it is insufferable. You can't and it. You cry to God, or to Satan, or to your own condemned soul to get you out of that horrible torture.

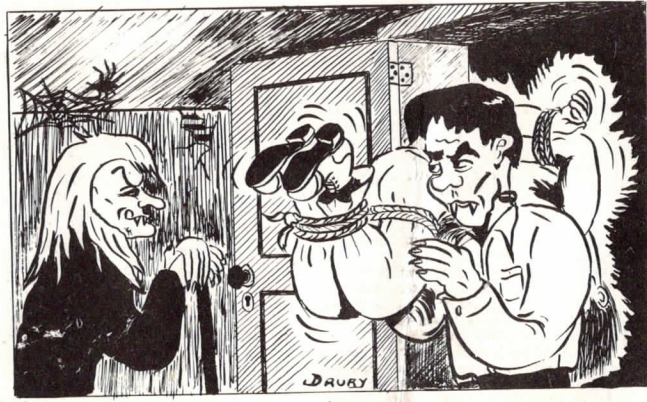
But this Hell is different. In this one you just wait for Eternity, wait in a small soft room, with white devils around you, all of them talking gibberish, which must be incantations to drive you mad, and add to the torture. And all because some squiggly little monster came up to you when you had nothing better to do and asked for Earth's secrets in return for thirty pieces of silver.

He said his name was Zurd Qual, and that he was from Vega IV. That was the name we gave it, and they had a different name for it. But he said that he was the Russian's enemy, and that if I gave him the space station that he would give me thirty pieces of silver, and that that would make me infinitely rich down below. I thought he meant Earth. I thought he meant that when I got down to Earth that I would be able to buy anything I wanted. But I can't. Because I'm in Hell, and you can't buy anything in Hell, because that would give you pleasure and pleasure is the last thing that Beelzebub wants you to have.

Maybe he meant that here in Hell I could give the thirty pieces of silver to Satan and that he would give me something in exchange. Then I must try it.

There is a devil now. The Negro devil, dressed in white, just like the rest of them are. Now that I think of it, I too, am dressed in white. Funny. I thought that white was the color that they go to angels when they go to Heaven. But I am going to throw the thirty pieces of silver at this brown devil. Funny. I always did refer to Negroes as "brown devils" before this happened. Now I can call him that in truth. But to him I am a white devil. There! I have thrown them. Now he has looked at me. And he looks at where I am looking, at the thirty pieces of silver. He doesn't seem to understand. So I yell at him. I yell that he is to pick them up and take them to Satan himself to see what he will give me for them.

He looks again, and then turns to run. Now he is back. With that Nordic devil. But this must be Satan. So I yell to him. I yell that he has my thirty pieces of silver, and I want what I can get for them. He looks at me pitifully and mouths more of that infernal gibberish at the brown devil. Then they open my room and walk in. Maybe they will free me! Even though I sold Earth to the BEMs from Vega IV.



"I brought someone home for supper, Maw!"

