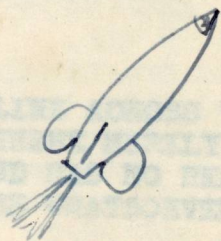
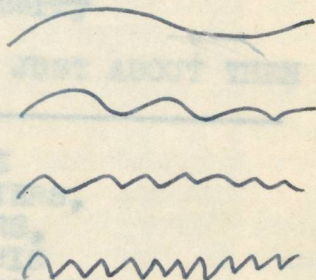


One Shot Wonder #1, Spring, 1952

Pal Maxy

SCIENCE FICTION



see Schmidt

RAZZBERRY

MAIN'E

VAN HOCKED

PAL MAXY Science Fiction
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NEXT ISSUE OUT JUST ABOUT THEN	

ANY RESEMBLANCE
BETWEEN CHARACTERS,
AUTHORS, EDITORS,
MENTIONED IN THIS
MAGAZINE, OR BETWEEN
THIS MAGAZINE ITSELF
AND CHARACTERS,
AUTHORS, EDITORS,
OR OTHER MAGAZINES
IS BECAUSE I PLANNED
IT THAT WAY.

EVERYTHING BELOW THE SECOND LINE ACROSS THIS
PAGE IS FILLER MATERIAL PUT THERE MERELY TO
MAKE A BETTER LOOKING PAGE, AND HAS NO REAL
LITERARY VALUE OR OTHER PURPOSE WHATSOEVER.

THE ONE SHOT WONDER

PAL MAXX is patterned, obviously, after one of America's outstanding science fiction magazines, **GALAXY** and the authors, also obviously, after Bradbury, Heinlein, and van Vogt. All three are among the finest of contemporary s-f writers. In poking fun at them I do not mean to be running them down, for the ridiculousness is not in their styles, but in what would be the result if said styles were carried too far to extremes. Pretty nearly everything is funny if carried to extremes.

The stories themselves are patterned after specific works: **MISSION: INTERPLANETARY**, **THE PUPPET MASTERS**, AND **THE ILLUSTRATED MAN**. All three are highly recommended to the reader in their legitimate editions, as is **GALAXY** science fiction, edited by H.L. Gold

PAL MAXX is what is commonly known as a one-shot; a publication which is planned to go only one issue.

The editor of **SF52** has decided to start a sister magazine, to be published on an irregular schedule, but one that is approximately quarterly. It will be known as **THE ONE SHOT WONDER**, and instead of publishing a pot-pourri of fiction, articles, columns, etc, it will devote each issue entirely to one theme. The first is obviously a burlesque of a scientifiction magazine and several authors.

In the second issue, which is not due for quite some time yet, we hope to have it devoted to one long story which we would like to but cannot publish in **SF52** because of its length. Only one drawback: we don't have the story yet -- that's where YOU come in.

As in **SF52**, we invite your comments and contributions.

--H.L. GOLDY

Fishing.

INTERPLANETARY

by

A. E. VAN HOCKED

FISHIN: INTERPLANETARY

Grossviniar looked at Kent. No time for intraship politics. The Space Spaniel was in grave danger. Pussy, The Red Terror, and the Gas-Monster were all loose at once.

He took some hypnotic gas and knocked out the crew. "You will do exactly as I say," he spoke into the radio for which every crew-member had a receiver hidden under his left pinky's thumbnail. "This is Grossviniar, the chief Glexinflectalist. According to Glexinflectalism we believe that if nobody believes in something, it will cease to exist. None of you will believe in Pussy, or in the Red Terror, or in the Gas-Monster."

So they didn't.

And they didn't.

"Don't believe in Kent, except as a kind, nice, cooperative man, who wants me to be the ship's chief," he continued.

So they thought that.

And it was.

And everything was just dandy.

THE

MARIONETTE

MASTER

Robert A. Mainline

THE MARIONETTE MASTERS
By Robert A. Mainline

He ran when the Old Man called. He always did.
"Hello, Old Man," he said.

"Hello, Sam," said the Old Man, "Here's Mary."

"Hello, Mary," he said.

"Hello, Sam," she said.

Suddenly Mary cried out. "Sam, what's that thing on your back?"

"It's a Master, Ha! Ha! Ha! Here, have one."

He reached around to his back and split the disgusting thing in half. Then he split one of the pieces in half, giving one piece to Mary and one to the Old Man.

"Ha!!Ha!!Ha!! Isn't it great?" said Sam.

"Sure is, son," said the Old Man.

"Let's get married," said Mary.

"Okay," said Sam.

The cat came in and half the goop slid off the baboon and onto the dog lying in the corner. It bit off the cat's ears. Terrible bother. Have to have them replaced later.

Project Purple went into effect. All the Masters dropped dead. All the people got sick. All the people got better again.

We're going after the goops now on the own world. Nice people they live on there.

THE ILLUSTRATED

H A M

BY RAY RAZZBERRY

T H E

I L L U S T R A T E D

H A M



by

RAY RAZZBERRY

THE ILLUSTRATED
H A M
BY Ray Razzberry

I was sitting naked on the ice of the lake near my Alaskan hunting camp late on night in January when I decided that I was hungry and would have a snack. So I opened a canned ham, and lo and behold, it was covered with Illustration.

"I haven't got a job now and I haven't had a steady one for 376 years," said the ham.
"You know why?"

"No," I said, and the words fell from my mouth as greaseglobs from an automatic transmission.

"Because when people look at me they see the way they are going to die. May I sleep with you tonight?"

"I really shouldn't let you," I said, "because you're a stranger, but all right."

"He was soon asleep, like an innocent child who has just derailed a train. I looked at the Illustrations. There I saw many things come to life, many actors play their parts. But then, in the bare spot near his bacon strips I saw my own death. I would eat him and die of ptomaine poisoning.

"I got up and started running. The Alcan Highway was not far. I would reach town by mid-July.

THE ILLUSTRATED
H A M
BY Ray Raspberry

I was sitting naked on the ice of the lake near my Alaskan hunting camp late on night in January when I decided that I was hungry and would have a snack. So I opened a canned ham, and lo and behold, it was covered with illustration.

"I haven't got a job now and I haven't had a steady one for 375 years," said the ham. "You know why?"

"No," I said, and the words fell from my mouth as gears from an automatic transmission.

"Because when people look at me they see the way they are going to die. May I sleep with you tonight?"

"I really shouldn't let you," I said, "because you're a stranger, but all right."

He was soon asleep, like a innocent child who has just devilled a test. I looked at the illustrations. There I saw many things come to life, many actors play their parts. But then, in the bare spot near his bacon strips I saw my own death. I would eat him and die of ptomaine poisoning.

"I got up and started running. The Alcan Highway was not far. I would reach town by mid-July.

Lee Hoffman

101 Wagner St.

Savannah, Georgia

