

# ORB

NUMBER SIX!  
PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY  
15¢  
(BUT FOR THE LAST TIME!)

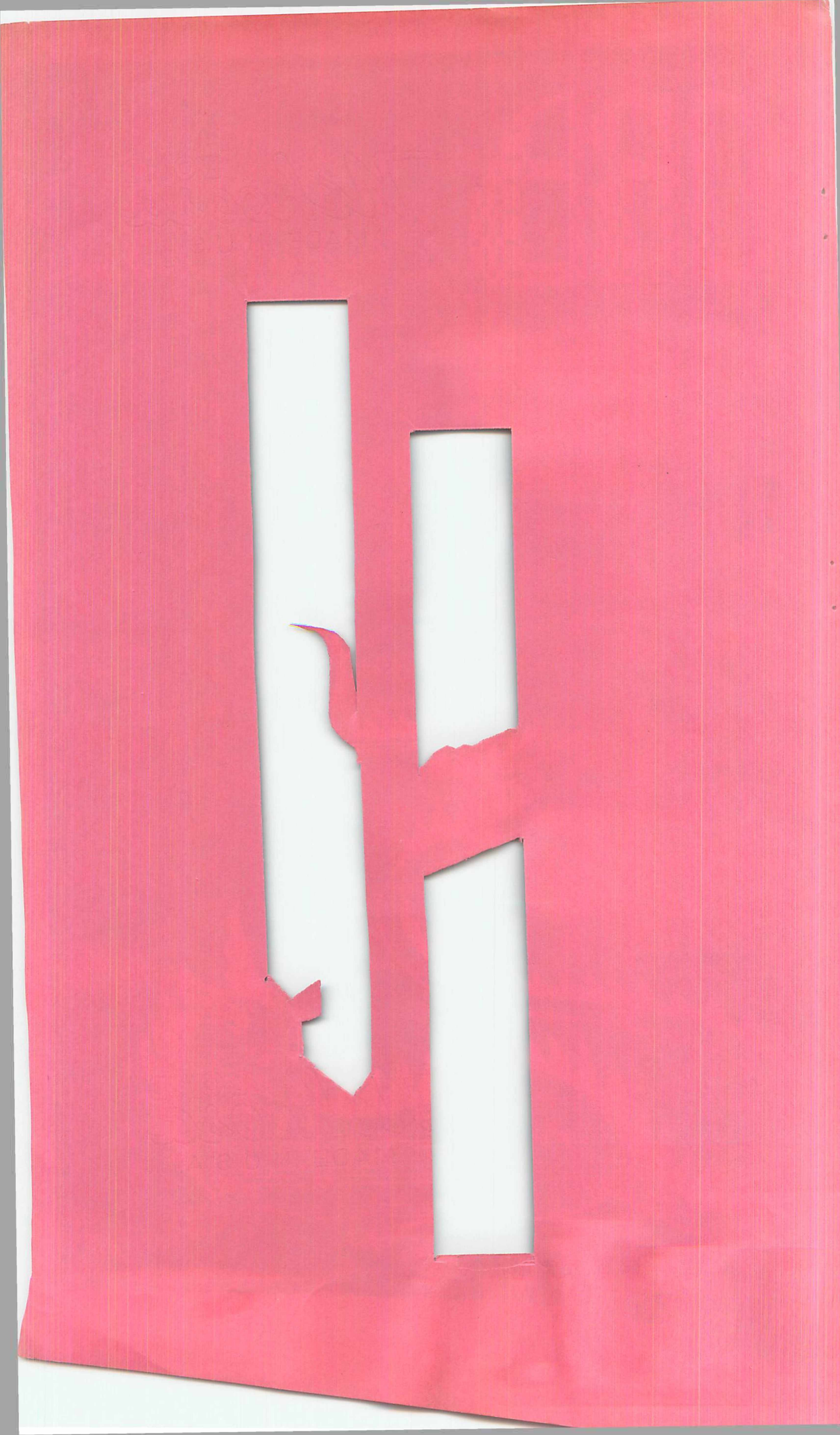
*August - September*

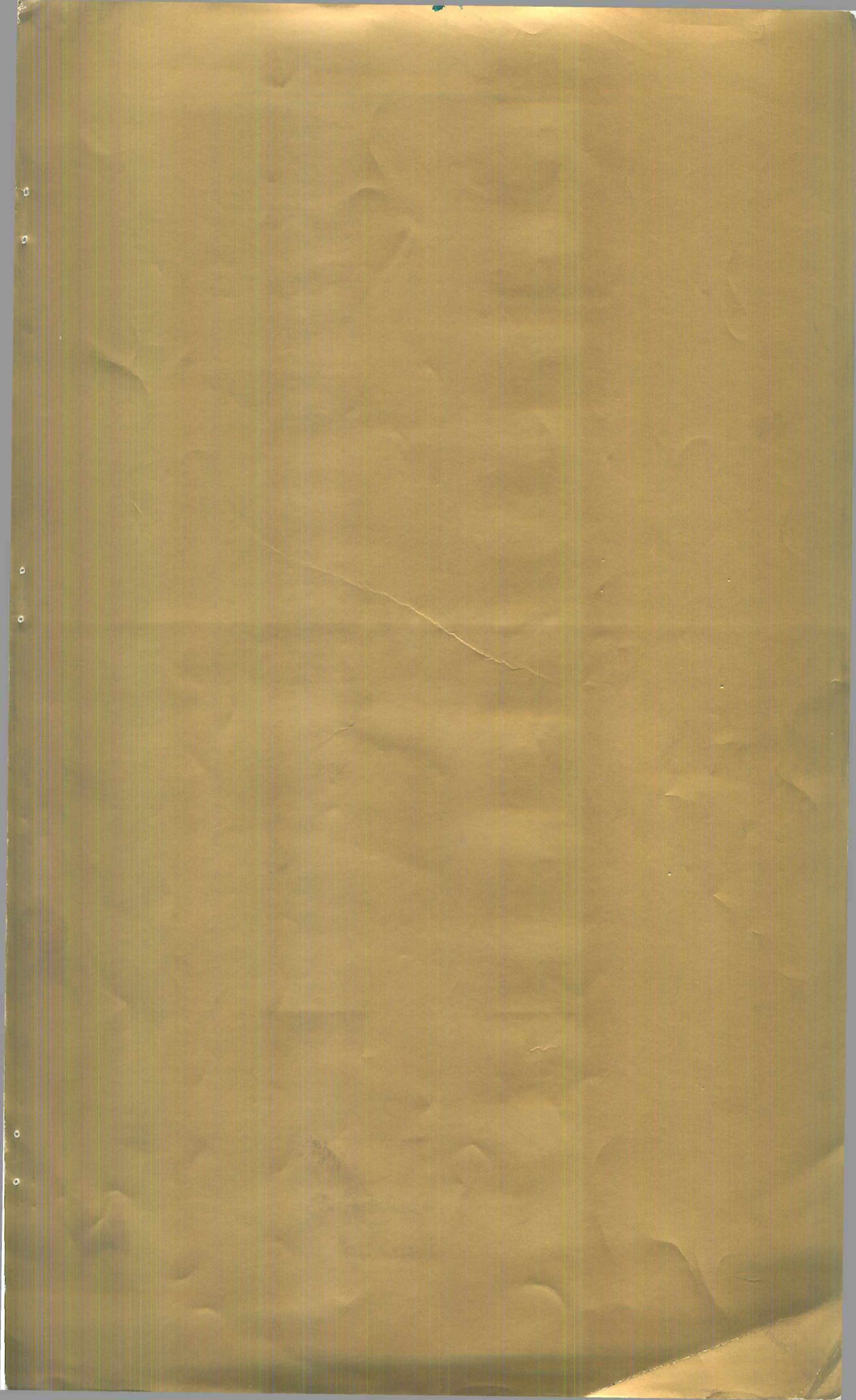
"WITH AN EYE ON

FANDOM"



By Bob





One dawn is much like another. And a certain dawn in the year 9,811 A.D. was just a typical spring dawn. The pre-dawn heavens were slowly filled with a yellow hemisphere of light which was streaked with tinges of orange and red. Becoming a brilliant sapphire in color, the sky was shot through with awesome shafts of light as the flaming edge of the sun first rose above the horizon. A golden carpet of sunbeams was showered down upon the cold blue of the Atlantic as it lapped the forested shores of North America, the last continent vacated by man. The mutter of the foaming surf seemed to rise in volume when the dawn sun caressed the tossing water. Silver torpedoes in the offshore water a horde of hungry fish darted here and there in the endless search for food. The grumbling of the waves and the rustle of the lush foliage of the shore were the only sounds to herald a new day. Leaves and grass were a glossy emerald in the sunlight; bright dabs of red and purple flowers dotted the vista of green. A torrent of clear trilling notes rose from the trees where the birds flapped and preened themselves after a peaceful night. Vivacious squirrels shot up and down tree trunks in quest of lucious nuts. The forest deer, dainty and light-footed, slipped through the wooded uplands, their sleek reddish coats shimmering in the light.

It was a glorious, vibrant spring morning, but in all the world there was no human being to witness this eternal grandeur. That mighty, two-footed creature exerted his iron will over the Earth no longer. The birds, animals, and fishes had not known his devastating ways for more than a thousand years. Nature's ageless laws of survival of the fittest and of check and balance had resumed their full sway. The birds ruled along in the air; the animals were the undisputed masters of mountains and plains; the fish were once again kings of the deep.

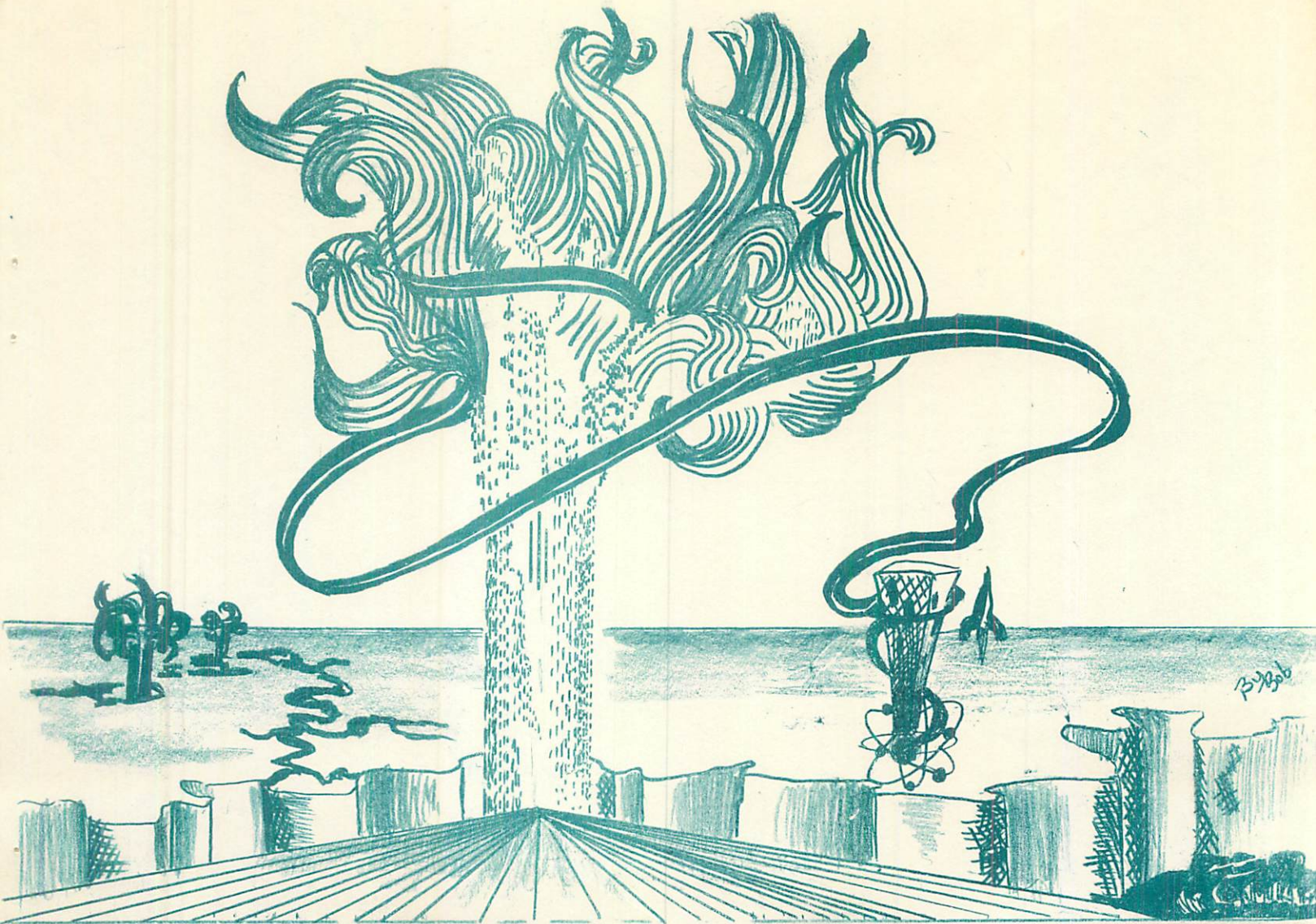
The sun floated upwards and the light beams scampered up from the shore, over the meadows, and up the green-robed mountain slopes. Often the light gleamed on squat, jagged hills upon which the red streaks of rust and the black smears of charcoal mingled with the unnaturally brilliant green of the surrounding shrubbery. Under those ominous mounds lay the heaped ruins of dead cities, buried relics of a vanished culture. And over the verdant landscape ran the scarlet streaks of rusting rails and the grayish lines of crumbling highways. The fingers of the dawn toughed the snow-crowned mountain tops and moved down from these heights into the rolling expanse of the inland plains.

And on these plains the routine of four hundred thousand dawns was broken.

The advancing dawn rays were splintered into glittering reflections. The sun beamed down upon a marvelous city that had sprouted from the green plain during the night. A sprawling metropolis squatted complacently over square miles of turf which, at yesterday's sunset, had been covered only with fields of tall, thick grass and groves of ancient, twisted trees. Miles of giant, harshly utilitarian cubes and hemispheres gloved ethereally, their appearance of meticulous precision clashing sharply with the peaceful, natural irregularity of the plain. The solid, flaming hues of the structures radiated such an aura of dazzling color that the sparkling green of the foliage and the intense blue of the sky seemed pale and insipid by comparison. The sunlight upon the strange city grew stronger as dawn lengthened into morning. The unearthly buildings were laid out in a precise circle, a tremendous wheel formation in which the spokes of the wheel were the broad, paved avenues of the city. Within the perimeter of the wheel-city were many, smaller concentric circles, cross streets which connected the various spoke-like avenues and thus gave access to every one of the coldy geometrical buildings. Marks of haste were upon the city. The snow-white avenues were smudged with the muddy tread-marks of construction apparatus. Titanic, mobile building machines were ranged along the outer fringes of the wheel-city, their claw-like shovels and gouges wet with ground-water and spattered with gobs of moist, black dirt. Ranged in towering rows beyond the monster-machines were the fat, ugly freight rockets which had brought the great machines to the Earth. And forming a stunning array behind the bulky freighters were thousands of deadly war craft and capacious passenger vessels. From the armada came a wave of creatures, appalling in their appearance and chilling in their alienness, to join the small groups which had already arrived at the city. The gray sea of beings swept into the city, flowed slowly along the avenues, and eddied into the shorter cross streets. The appearance of the creatures...each was a grayish, furry ball equipped with five spindly legs...and the aspect of the fantastic city were shockingly unreal in this setting of a tree-dotted plain and an unclouded spring sky.

The morning hush which had lain over the city was broken by a great, pulsating, rushing sound, like that of a gusty storm wind, which raced across the plain. Far off, high up in the western sky, a blurred line of flashing dots hurtled down in a slanting dive and, behind the first rank, trailed other squadrons in seemingly endless procession. The clouds of tiny shapes leveled off and, racing toward the city, the dots grew and grew until they became a mighty fleet of space ships. A wave of intricate formations sped over the city, and the sunlight was momentarily slashed into a myriad of individual shafts. The pulsing thunder of the fleet pressed down upon the wheel city. A cloak of eerie spheroid warships hovered above a horde of unarmed craft as the fleet swung around in a giant circle, preparing to land. Hull plates gleaming purplish under the hot sun, the mammoth rockets settled to the ground with the astounding, easy grace of birds, landing without a perceptible jar. Like a filmy scarf falling to the turf the fleet dropped downward until a veritable carpet of glittering ships had been laid across the fields. From the grounded vessels came a new flood of creatures utterly foreign to the Earth. These grotesque beings...having a long, thin, horizontal body, four stumpy legs, two tentacular arms at the front of the body, and a knob-like head set atop a serpentine neck...streamed forward across the grass and into the wheel-city, mingling swiftly with the equally hideous beings who had preceded them. And up from this startling congregation rushed a wave of sound...sharp, staccato clickings and cracklings as though millions of dry twigs were being snapped.

This second fleet was quickly followed by other armadas. More black clouds of ships appeared in the sky. From the north and east two fleets thundered down upon the rainbow-hued city. A hundred thousand craft converged upon the mysterious metropolis in a seemingly insane movement. At the last moment the sleek cylinders of one fleet and the squarish craft of the other force both swerved and began a vast circling maneuver, the lead squadrons of one fleet trailing behind the rear guard formations of the other. The widespread flanking squadrons of both fleets were drawn into the vortex, and a tremendous black ring of ships, extending for thousands of feet up into the sky and out over the plain, was miraculously formed. Great vessels racing along at over two thousand miles an hour were separated by a scant hundred feet as amazing flying skill was displayed by the aeronauts of both armadas. Gradually, uniformly, the complex ring-formation slowed in its whirlings and floated down to the plain, the cylinder-ships settling daintily and the squarish craft alighting amid showers of uprooted turf. The vast hilly plain was now an awesome spectacle; monstrous space ships were clustered everywhere, as numerous as the blades of grass beneath their hulls. Gas-locks opened to discharge more blood-chilling apparitions. From the cylinder-ships came giant, centipedes which hovered in the air like



nightmarish kites. Six-legged, translucent serpents tumbled from the squarish vessels. The new hordes advanced upon the city, the different types of creatures remaining aloof from each other. The inhuman buildings of the wheel-city swallowed armies of the monsters, but a crowd of many thousands still thronged the avenues and cross streets of the city.

The sky did not become empty. Fleet after vast fleet dropped down from interstellar space, bearing now legions of weird creatures to the city. As numerous as a locust swarm the ships arrived, choking the sky with their numbers and filling the warm air with their muttering drone of power.

In the wheel-city certain select beings detached themselves from the ocean of creatures and made their way to the center of the metropolis...to the hub of the wheel. Here a circular, pillared building thrust its mountainous, snowy bulk, a thousand feet high, up to the heavens. Its colossal dome was supported by a ring of massive, severe, unornamented columns, a ring which was a half-mile in diameter. Inscribed on every column, each in a different language, was the phrase "Interplanetary Conference for Correlation of War Sciences." The interior of the structure, a circular, sunken amphitheater, was open to the sun and wind and here creatures of high rank gathered for a meeting to shape the future destinies of over a hundred distant worlds.

The flaming sun swung high over the wheel-city and, at last, began to disappear behind the crests of the wooded, western hills. All through the hot afternoon the work of preliminary organization had gone forward. The space fleets had been serviced and provisioned; the alien host had been assigned quarters and areas; the conference agenda had been prepared by long, complex negotiations. With the coming of purple dusk the city throbbed with ordered life, and a jumble of weird sounds rolled beyond the last of the rockets and out over the lush plain. The coppery glow of the vanishing sun pressed downward in blinding strength, but the incredible hues of the buildings and ships were too dazzling, too unarmy to be dimmed by the sunset glory.

A mist of blackness settled over the world, pierced here in this plain by an immense lake of soft, blue light streaming from the wheel-city. The azure rays flooded out in vast abundance and the primary colors of the cubes and hemispheres were overlaid with an eerie brilliance. The arrogant vibration of tremendous machines quivered through the dark earth. From the legions of creatures crowding along the avenues came horrible sounds of rushing water, cracking twigs, and gasping sand that were speech and laughter and oaths.

But somewhere, apart from this mass of far-advanced life, were other, native intelligences that wondered and planned.

"They bring objects long vanished from the scene of the Emptiness," the Separate explained.

"Yet we have waited from the Beginning. We can wait still," answered the Combination in soulless images of thought.

"Such an event will not occur again. The aligned would act and we are ready for this power," argued the Separate.

"But the Emptiness is foreign to us. Our existence there would be only temporary." Despite its thought the Combination registered doubt.

"With these objects we can shape any space to our needs. Nowhere on this world are beings who would rise and build these things before our time of extinction. We must grasp the opportunity or we perish. Vast stores of energy have been consumed by the communal minds in their planning. Shall that be wasted?" The Separate concluded forcefully already it could sense a rearrangement taking place within the Combination.

"Energy is all-important and must be utilized profitably. We shall go. Let the minds release us," the Combination demanded. Invisible bonds of restraint dissolved; the intelligences began an upward journey never before attempted.

The polished disk of the moon shone low on the eastern horizon when the heart of the city began to throb with fear. The matter of the thoroughfares dies as millions of awesome creatures halted, sensing the approach of the attackers. With magical and terrible speed the sinner rivers of aliens dissipated, leaving only the stark, blue-lit surfaces of empty spoke-avenues and cross-streets. The cool night air hummed with invisible thoughts and abrupt commands. The blue region of light waxed blindingly bright and leaped outward for many miles beyond the ranks of space craft until the whole plain was flooded with a sapphire glow, even to the colossal sweep of the horizon. Down from the zenith of the dome of light came a glorious shower of flashing electric discharges, falling in a glittering silver rain upon the city, transforming the sinister buildings into misty shaped viewed through a sparkling veil.

Armed and alert, the city waited.

To the north the earth shook sullenly, sleepily. Again the plain stirred and an angry rumble marched through the fantastic brilliance. The ground split with a thunderous scream. At the ragged edge of the blue light a sinister chasm yawned blackly for an instant, then spewed forth a titanic geyser of flame. Thunder leaped through the sky and stamped mightily upon a trembling plain. Up into the dark vault of the heavens hurtled the column of ravening flame, enveloped in writhing cloaks of incandescent gas. Miles-high streams of lava and fire shot upward, arcing high into the blackness and falling in hellish showers upon the struggling city. More red fountains erupted from the tortured land; earth and sky vibrated to the cosmic roar of their unleashed fury. Blue radiance and red glare merged with the awful blaze of a sun-burst until, finally, the planetary fires outshone the alien light and everything was bathed in terrible, searing red. The northern horizon was a pulsating, thundering wall of fire that hissed and spat and exploded in monstrous anger.

The perfect lines of marvelous space craft were speckled, as by disease, with spots of seething, crawling lava. Armies of fire tumbled down upon the screen of silver electricity and vanished in golden spurts of destruction. The glittering electric sparks doubled and doubled again in number and brightness. The silver aura swelled outward, gathering the star-spanning armadas within its wavering folds. The land shuddered in agony as the fountain of fire let loose an all-destroying flood. Oceans of voracious flame billowed away from the fire-spouts, filled the sky, and whirled down upon the geometrical city to engulf it in a deadly embrace. The silver curtain of force writhed and struggled within the fiery grip and explosive bursts of sparks riddled the besieging flames. Tremendous chunks of glowing lava and sheets of rainbow fire battered furiously at the electric shield.

Suddenly a blinding, move-like flash of energy crackled over the wheel-city. The impenetrable dome of sparks melted away and the flames pounced upon the helpless buildings. The seared fleets of rockets exploded from their precise, boundless ranks. By the thousands the craft darted through the holocaust, gleaming for an instant in the blood-light before disappearing into the void.

The plain, the alien city, and half of the interstellar ships were immersed and hidden in a vast pool of swirling, towering, dancing fire. And the northern rim of the inferno monstrous geysers madly lashed the sky with whips of red lava.

"It is done. We have conquered. Now we are free to venture anywhere," exclaimed the Separate.

"The objects must be protected from contact with ourselves," warned the Combination.

"That has been done. The stationaries are in place. Soon the small ones will begin their investigation under the direction of our minds. Staggering knowledge will be ours. Even a unit existence may be possible."

"That is outer thought. You are not aligned," the Combination accused.

"That," answered the Separate, "must be proved."

Earth's inhabitants rejoiced, for their advancement in hitherto impossible directions was now assured. The fire-forms had secured the means to abandon their existence at the Earth's core.

●THE END



Curly Watson, Angel Junior Grade, lolled in the shade of a pear tree at the intersection of Golden Street and Diamond Avenue, thinking. The more he thought, however, the more unhappy he became, for now it appeared he would never cop that bass part in the forthcoming third phalanx male-angel quartet.

He had filed appeal after appeal in the Main Office of Heaven, but each time the report came back the same. The same printed blue slip, "Sorry, This is no reflection on your quality as a singer but....."

Well, if it was no reflection on his quality as a singer, then why didn't he ~~get~~ ~~aw~~ heck, they were prejudiced, that's what.

He rolled over on his back and stared up into the pearly azure overhead. Looks like Marsha, the Boss' secretary could pull a few strings for him. She always seemed to get a pleasure out of doing things for Curly. Why the way she acted he even suspected her of being in love with him.

As for him being in love with her — well, she was pretty enough. Slim, honey-blond hair, funny little pug nose, and lips red and soft looking. There was always a smile puckering at those lips too. But love was silly, Curly thought. Besides, after that love life of his on earth, he wouldn't care for another fling.

He heard soft footsteps and glanced up into Marsha's cute little face. "Why Curly," she said, "see you're the one who is boiling up all these worry clouds over Heaven."

"I hadn't noticed," replied Curly propping himself up on one elbow.

"This is no place to be worrying," Marsha told him preening her long white wings with tapering fingers. "Why you're cooking up so many clouds, you're making the Main Office dark as Satan's heart. The Boss wants to see you about it right away."

Curly lunged to his feet. The Boss? Holy Smoke! Now he had really gotten himself in bad. He walked as long behind Marsha in silence, his wings drooping until they dragged the gold street.

In the reception room Marsha straightened his halo, hoisted up his wings until he looked a little less downcast, then opened the door of the Main Office for him.

Curly walked to the huge silver desk and stood stiffly at attention.

"At ease," said the handsome gentleman behind the desk. "This is not to deal with any sort of parchment. That's taboo here in Heaven you know. But we just can't have all those worry clouds floating around. It's bad for morale."

"Yes sir, I know," said Curly. "I guess I was a little too worked up about not getting anything but objections to my appeal for a part in the third phalanx quartet."

"Oh, well now, let me see..." The Boss drew out a ruby studded drawer from the silver desk and fingered through a stack of papers. "Yes, here it is." He took out a sheet of silky parchment and glanced over it. "According to this, Curly Watson, Angel J.C., has filed one-hundred and six requests for the bass part in..... Hmmm." He drummed his fingers meditatively on the desk.

"Well, Watson, these requests were not rejected because of any prejudice, as one of your worry clouds indicated."

"I'm sorry," mumbled Curly.

"Forget it. You see I don't feel you could put your heart into the songs the quartet will have to sing. You know of course they will sing only love songs at the weddings of Heavenly members."

"I know," said Curly.

"As the records indicate, you don't believe in love, Watson."

"I guess I'm a little doubtful, sir."

"A man who doesn't believe in love can hardly put his heart into love songs."

"But you know why I feel as I do about love, sir."

"You mean your own love life on Earth, no doubt. Well, I agree it must have been painful. Not all of you fellows find the right person I know. I wish I could devote a little more time for just that, but as you know I'm awful busy keeping my representatives down there happy. They're always coming up with a new problem. But one consolation for you. Your wife will never get up here. In fact according to the latest report we have, she died a few weeks ago and is now being considered as an aid to Satan. She has the qualifications alright."

"I'm glad she will never get up here," said Curly.

"But as you don't believe in love, I can't see fit to——"

"Maybe if I had a chance to see real love in action sir, study its aspects, I——"

"I was thinking of that," said the Boss. "Now take Marsha. She's really fond of you, Watson, but——"

"Oh I didn't mean that," said Curly the color rushing up his neck and into his cheeks. "I thought perhaps as assignment on Earth..."

The Boss drummed his fingers. He opened more drawers and sorted more papers. "Well, there is a place on Earth called Brooklyn, and a certain person called...let's see now...oh yes, Girty Gunson. A rabid Dodger fan. Dodgers... let's see... have to look that up later. Anyway, she's in love with a fellow called Homer Whipple. Homer loves her too but the trouble is he's too timid to ask her to marry him. Now if you could just swing that deal, Watson..."

"I'm ready to start right now," said Curly.

At 9 P.M. Brooklyn time, Curly was seated on the grass near a park bench watching Girty and Homer. He had no trouble locating them. The Main Office in Heaven had proved itself ever on the ball. It has even informed him just what park, what bench, and what time he would find Girty and Homer. It has given a brief description of them both, simply, Girty, "hafty", and Homer "just the opposite".

Again the unerring accuracy of the Main Office was proven. Girty was as round as a new moon, and if Homer should turn sideways on you, you'd never be able to locate him.

Curly inched up closer to the bench. He was benefitted by being invisible, but also being inaudible wasn't going to help any. He wanted to be able to do a little side-line coaching, but without being able to be heard, it was going to be tough.

It suddenly came to him how he could manage it. Snucks, it was going to be a little embarrassing but he'd go through with it.

He crept up along side Girty and planted a juicy kiss on her pudgy cheek. "Why Homer," she giggled both shocked and pleased, "Homer?"

Homer looked up startled like a kid who's been caught swiping cookies. "I—I—I—" he began but Girty's fat arms were around his neck and she was plastering him with kisses.

"I—I—I—" Homer said again and Curly slapped his hands in glee. It was working better than he had ever expected. He got along side Homer and shoved him close to the buxom babe. He lifted Homer's arms and flung them around Girty's corpulent waist. He was snickering to himself now. He had never had so much fun since he was a kid.

The only trouble was, all this wasn't bringing love any closer to him. In fact it was making it all appear like a very funny joke.

Why the way they were talking now, "Tomorrow, Girty, my sweet. Tomorrow we'll get the preacher and... "Homer darling. Just you and me... Kiss me dear. My darling my honey, my.....MY ACHING BACK!" said Curly.

He didn't dare stay around any longer. Even now he felt as bad as an eavesdropper who hears someone talking about him.

He walked to a vacant bench and sat down. In a way he knew he had failed. He had brought Girty and Homer together, sure, but he didn't feel he knew any more about true love. He was ready to go back to the pearly gates and admit defeat. Already the big blue worry clouds were beginning to bellow up from the bench where he was sitting.

Darn, he thought. It was lonely sitting here by himself. He suddenly realized he was thinking of Marsha. He missed her. He wondered why his heart did little skipping leaps and bounds when he thought of her now. Her lips, her hair. They were so very beautiful. Don't suppose....Yep he could feel it. Pitty pat pitty pat. His heart thumping.

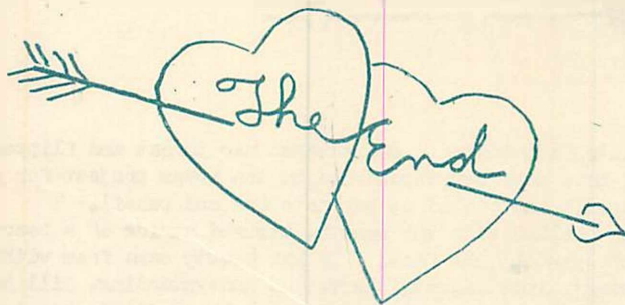
Crazy jerk. He'd let the thing get hold of him too. He wanted Marsha. Wanted to hold her slim hands in his own and kiss her soft lips. He wanted so very much to tell her he had been in love with her all along and never realized it until now.

Then he was alone no longer. She was beside him, holding his hand and brushing her lips against his own.

"Marsha!" he exclaimed. "Oh Marsha..."

"The Boss sent me after you," she said. "He knew you might suddenly wake up and find there really is such a thing as love. But now, darling, we'll have to get some one to fill in bass for you in the quartet when they sing out our wedding."

He kissed her then, and stroked her hair with his fingers. All he could think to say was "GEE?"



BOOK REVIEWS BY SANDY CHARNOFF

#### THE FOURTH BOOK OF JORKENS - LORD DUNSANY

The "Fourth Book of Jorkens" consists of thirty odd takes from the sublime pen of Lord Dunsany. One travels intimately with Jorkens through his vicissitudes, be they ethereal fantasy, whimsy, or supernatural wandering.

There are stories to appeal to everyone's palate. If one enjoys science-fiction there is "On the Other Side of the Sun." Jorkens bet he had been at the other side of the sun....and he had, too!

"Mgamu" will greatly interest all lovers of horror. Who is the sevvi-verri, who terrifies an African village and attempts to kill Jorkens? It couldn't possibly be the village medicine man. He has only the villagers' welfare at heart.....

Grim humor is revealed in "The Rebuff". A message was sent to Mars. They answered rather strangely.

Jorkens guides one through the myriad realms of wonder. Everyone will enjoy this collection about Jorkens, adventurer extraordinary.

#### THE BIG EYE - BY MAX EHRLICH

This book represents one of the first attempts to publish science-fiction by a major publishing concern. It has justified its publication admirably by reaching the best-seller lists.

"The Big Eye" is naturely conceived and well-written. The theme if somewhat familiar, is treated in a refreshingly different manner.

It is the story of men in 1975 and their trials and tribulations-- Not the least of which is a predicted astronomical disaster. A planet foreign to the solar system is to collide with the Earth. It is this planet which usurps the title "The Big Eye" from the Hale Telescope on Palomar, and to which the title refers.

How men face this impending calamity forms the backbone of the book. The predicted doom becomes the catalyst which shocks the race into sanity. With two years of life remaining, the people decide to live as human beings should, not as anthropoid apes do.

The ending is equiem for an era, and for the man who foretold its end.

It may that such a "Big Eye" is what the human race needs now!



# THE VISITORS

The inter-office com on Jill's desk buzzed. She cleared her throat and flipped the switch.

"Come in a minute, Jill. I have some correspondence on the Evans project for you."

Jill said, "Yes, Mr. Donaldson," and picked up her notebook and pencil.

She was a tall girl, and she walked with the smooth, assured stride of a beautiful woman. Jill knew she was beautiful, but she was unimpressed by the fact. To her beauty came from within. No matter how great the physical charms, if the person wasn't intelligent, alert, and understanding, Jill had no use for them.

Inside the office it was easy to see what Donaldson thought of Jill's beauty. Mr. Donaldson was Jill's boss. He was a big, blonde, good-looking man -- at one time a halfback at Yale. He was already a big name in the construction business, though he was still in his middle twenties. Jill knew he was silly about her; but he kept it to himself since Jill was a married woman. His eyes wandered, uncontrolled, from her copper-hued hair past all the curves of scenic interest to the nyloned toes peeking from the open toed pumps. His face assumed its customary flush.

"Ah, Jill ... this correspondence should go right out," he cleared his throat. "Important ..."

Jill smiled what she thought was a soothing smile. And, perhaps it was ... but Donaldson only thought how soft those lips would be, crushed under his own. Jill said: "I'll get them out in the four o'clock mail."

For a minute, Jill thought Donaldson was going to say something else. But he just cleared his throat and shuffled papers self-consciously. Jill shrugged, and went out. Mr. Donaldson was so ... shy. Jill liked him, and she thought if she weren't married to Tom -- well, Mr. Donaldson was handsome.

Jill had just gotten back to her desk when the phone rang. She picked it up. "Donaldson Construction Company."

"Hello, Jill?" It was her husband's Tom voice.

"Hello, darling ... why are you calling now? I'm off work in --"

"Jill -- come home right now."

"What? Come home?" Jill's voice was bewildered.

"Yes, Jill ... there are visitors here and you should come."

Jill noticed now that there was a strained quality to Tom's voice. Strained, but calm...even, slow, calm, Hypnotic.

"Tom is there something wrong? Who are the ..."

"Don't talk, Jill," her husband's strangely-pitched voice broke in. "Just come home ... now."

And the phone was dead.

Jill sat a moment, terror welling up inside her -- strange, inexplicable, unreasoning terror. There was no reason for that feeling ... was there? Tom just wanted her to -- come home.

She went into Donaldson's office. "Mr. Donaldson, would you take me home to Tom? He just called ... and I think something's wrong."

Donaldson jumped up. "Of course, Jill. My car is out front."

Jill didn't think till she was almost to her apartment that she could have called a cab. Donaldson, of course, was only too happy to drive her. He conscientiously kept his eyes on the road, but even then he was fully aware of Jill. As he had so many, many times before he wailed mentally: Why does she have to be married!

Jill's thoughts were on Tom. His back, which had been so badly sprained a month before, was much better -- it couldn't be that. Tom detested the fact that Jill was having to work, but there was no hope for it. The doctor wouldn't let Tom work, and money had to be kept coming from somewhere. The minute the car pulled up to the curb, Jill was out and running up the stairs. Mr. Donaldson was right behind her.

She burst through the door. "Tom ... Tom, where are --" She broke off. Tom was sitting on the divan, his legs crossed. He was reading a magazine. When he looked up at her, his eyes were sharp, piercing. Jill had the queer feeling that Tom was in some way examining her ... her mind. "Tom are you alright?"

"Djitaka ta," Tom nodded and smiled. Jill didn't realize for a moment that Tom hadn't spoken English -- just an odd sort of burble. She sat down beside him and took his hand. It was dry and hot.

"Tom -- what's wrong?"

The smile faded from Tom's face. "Djitaka ta," he repeated, turning to her. He put his hands on her arms, caressing her. Then his hands were on her throat. And they weren't hands any more. They were steel claws and they were tearing the life out of her.

Jill couldn't scream. She couldn't fight. She fought for air — air that no longer reached past those terrible hands on her neck. Then, everything was fading, becoming far-away and unreal. Darkness rushed over her in velvet waves. Those terrible words, "Djitaka ta," pounded in an alien, rasping voice on the thought-channels of her dying brain.

Then, incredibly, she was waking up. She was coming back to reality. To life. Her opened eyes saw Donaldson over her. His anxious eyes searched her face. "Are you all right, Jill? Are you —"

Jill could hardly speak. "Yes ... where is Tom?"

Donaldson helped her up into a sitting position on the divan. Jill saw Tom, sprawled on the floor. An andiron from the fake fire place lay beside him, and blood smeared his black hair.

"I had to hit him, Jill. I couldn't get him off you any other way .. and he was killing you."

Jill went on her knees beside Tom. He wasn't dead, but his breathing was shallow and quick. Then, as she watched, Tom's eyes fluttered open. A shadow of a smile flickered across his paling lips. "Hello, honey ... what are you doing here?" No sooner had he gotten the question out of his mouth than terror flitted across his now sane countenance. "Jill — you have got to get out before I die."

"Darling, you aren't going to —"

Tom broke in. "I'm dying, Jill. Get out before I die, or the visitors will come to you."

"Visitors ... what visitors?"

"There is no time to explain. They're alien ... bloodthirsty. They —" Tom's voice was growing weaker and weaker. "The visitors control me. Now I am dying and they will leave me for a healthy mind. Jill ... leave ... me ..."

Tom was dead. Donaldson helped Jill to her feet. "I'm terribly sorry, Jill. But try not to take it too bad. Tom must have gone out of his mind." Jill's face was tear-streaked but devoid of expression. She had had a terrific shock, Donaldson thought.

"Jill, you sit on the divan and I'll go downstairs and call a doctor and the police." He helped her to the couch. "I'll be right back." After he was sure Jill would be alright, Donaldson ran out of the apartment and down the stairs.

Jill sat, listening to Donaldson's retreating steps. She didn't want him to leave. Every fibre of her screamed for him to come back. What was it he was going to do? Call a doctor and the police. The doctor was a familiar thing. A doctor fixed sprains ... muscular sprains in the back. But police ... what were police? They were called when one of the men died. Funny, because there was nothing to be done. The man on the floor was dead ... and there was blood. Blood on the piece of metal.

Jill got up and went over by the body of her husband. She picked up the blood andiron. It was heavy. It felt good in her hand — and with it there could be more blood.

Donaldson was running back up the steps now. Jill smiled a little, her soft lips slightly parted revealing white teeth. It would be all right now. The man was returning now. His blood would be warm ... and the visitors liked warm blood.

"Jill, the police are coming," Donaldson looked at his beautiful secretary with concerned eyes. "Will you be all right now, Jill?"

Jill smiled — a slow, sleepy, cat-eyed smile. "Djitaka ta," she murmured. "Djitaka ta."

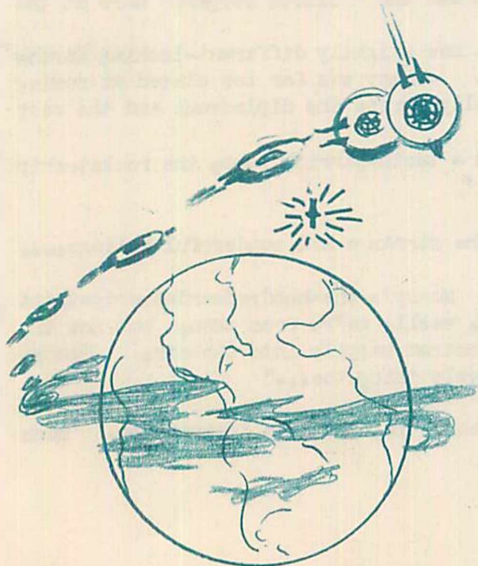
# THE END

## TO THE FLYING SAUCERS

We see you outlined in the early dawn —  
In silhouette against the evening sky;  
Silent you come, and silent you pass on,  
No cheery signal as you hasten by.

What far-flung constellation holds your home  
Perchance sidereal million years ago  
You left your ancient star-isle, thence to roam  
Thro' curving space-lanes, cruising to and fro.

What strange and fateful mission brought you here  
To circle Terra's globe inquiringly —  
Have you a message from some unknown sphere,  
A key to Time's unfathomed mystery?



# The Strange Mad Adventure of Mossy McSaurus

"Ach! Ye insult me dignity, Mossy!" cried Terence O'Dactyl. "Ye've na' right to endanger our advanced civilization by letting the Pleisosaurs know that we ha' a time machine! It is unseemly. Most unseemly indeed."

"—But Terence—" said Mossy uncomfortably, "It's nae a time machine.... It's a rocket-ship utilizing the principle derived from Diply O'Dokus' theory on relativity and the universe, thus as speed approaches infinity, time approaches naught. —And a bonnie machine it is, too!"

"Weell, then, 'tis in a sense a time machine— is it not?"

"I suppose that in a moment of madness ye might call it that."

—The argument had been going on and above the small green lake for nigh onto two hours. The character whose kindly, but somewhat reptilian head was careening around from a body somewhere in the depths of the lake was Mossy. —Mossy McSaurus. He was one of the less level-headed scientists in the dinosauric kingdom of Mogerithia. —Instead of wisely spouting on conservation of natural resources, he speculated on such subjects as anti-gravity machines and time travel. His latest experiment on the latter subject had been a howling success. Mossy had developed a rocket-ship which would give one a one-way ticket into the future. The principle was the fact that at speeds nearing infinity— that is, 500,000 light years per minute, approximately— time, to all practical purposes wags't. In Moss's ship, six weeks cruising the stars would be about eight centuries, Earth time. —Thus, first-hand observation of future evolutionary developments would be possible.

The second character, who was darting erratically from one side of Mossy's head to the other was Terence O'Dactyl, a flighty but kind-hearted bird who had promised to accompany Mossy on his trip into the future. —At present Mossy had suggested telling the rival continent of the Pleisosaurs the news about their trip. Terence objected strongly.

"—But Mossy— ye're endangering not only your invention, but all us Mogerithia..."

Mossy remained adamant... suddenly one of Terence's past phrases whirled back into his brain— "My invention! —Tell me quick na' good Terence— What might happen to na' bonnie little ship? "Would they copy it, perrhaps?"

"That's not the worst, by far me lad," replied Terence, doing figure eights above Moss's head. "They're liable to steal it!"

"They shall nae' steal na' ship! I'll nae tell them a saidin about it!" Mossy's snake-like neck undulated swiftly from one side to the other.

This was exactly what the O'Dactyl wanted, and he therefore let Mossy surrender himself entirely to that baser emotion: anger.

Mossy fairly screamed with rage. "They'll nae get na' ship! We'll go into the future right now!"

"Oh, no, Mossy!" screamed Peter in return. "We haven't notified the proper authorities, or the explorers' society! —And think how disappointed the telepapers will be! No pictures—no story—nothing!"

"Nae matter," said an obstinate, but less seething Mossy. "We're going into the future tonight."

Mossy's fixity of purpose somewhat surprised the O'Dactyl. Usually the quaint conservative creature's mind never remained with one single purpose in mind for three minutes together.

Needless to say, the faithful Peter O'Dactyl did most of the final provision-staching for the ship. Mossy was submerged— in water and thought— for most of the night. Near the dawn he finally clambered heavily out of the lake, helped Peter out with the last bundles and bales, and then seated himself in the specially constructed cockpit of the rocket.

Shortly after the first rays of the rising sun struck the rocket-ship, Mossy and Peter took off for the stars— and the future. The voyage took almost 9000 years. Due to Mossy's facility for extreme introversion and ability to keep himself entertained for long periods of time, when not working on the ship, and Peter's extreme facility for adjusting himself to Mossy, the voyage was remarkably quiet and without tension. Mossy and Peter were well-suited to one another, since they were friends from childhood, when their mothers used to sit gossiping while the children took sunbaths and played by the ocean sand. —Later, Mossy used to help Peter with his French, while Peter would help Mossy catch up with his abstraction and Latin, at their Alma Mater, S.D.U. (Seewater Deep University).

During the first thousand years, Mossy and Peter charted the orbits of the planets of Polaris. This was the only time they ever dropped their speed below infinity. Most of the time, they stayed happily in their cabin, when not plotting the course of the vehicle, reading the thousands of books they had brought with them, or watching full-color three-dimensional movies. One in particular, which caused much interest was the Mogerithian "Follies Bergere".

Mossy was quite taken by a cute little diplodocus in the second row of the chorus line. —In fact, he projected that one movie so often that Peter's placidity was almost broken.

Peter himself, was a confirmed bachelor. Once he had been jilted at the altar by a mutated Russian plaid pterodactyl, named Petrouchka, and had ever since been firmly convinced of the infidelity of womankind.

By the time the voyage was on its 8,999th year and 350th day, the Follies Bergere had been shown a little over 30,000 times. —Though Mossy was still entranced by the diplodocus, Peter became so irritated with this certain film that he would not enter the projection room, unless Mossy, and the "Follies Bergere" were at the other end of the ship.

On the final day of the flight, only three-light years from Earth— a now slightly different-looking Earth— Peter, in an ecstasy of homecoming, set fire to the "Follies Bergere". —Mossy was far too elated at coming home to mind particularly, and it did Peter worlds of good, psychologically, to see the diplodocus and the rest of the simpering females go up in a cloud of smoke.

Near noon, the landing jets whished into action. An hour later, with a tooth-jarring bump, the rocket-ship landed.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Peter— oh, Peter," cried Mossy ecstatically, "Will ye look at all the strange and wonderful foliage.... Home wuz neverr lak this!"

"Naturally not," Peter said succinctly, while resting joyfully on Mossy's one-hundred-and-twenty-third vertebra, "this is seven million years from now... I mean 'then'— I mean, weell, we're from then, but nae 'tis different because it is now instead of then.... Oh, weill." —And Peter soared happily into the air. "Mossy," came the call from a few hundred feet up, "it is a lake, an' a lovely thing, too..."

It's over by that strange bunch of square ant heaps.

A lake! —Oh, how dythrambic! Mossy was still ecstatic. —And being ecstatic, he began dythrambing, much to Peter's astonishment.

First, he gave a mad leap into the air. About thirty feet, to be exact. He landed on the tip of his tail and then proceeded to gyrate madly all the time, rattling his vertebrae. A most astonishing feat! After this demonstration, Mossy and Peter headed for the lake as fast as Mossy's feet could carry them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Soon Mossy was settled in the ooze of the lakebed, with Peter perching comfortably over his left eye.

Suddenly there was a hideous scream, and the closest of the square ant hills erupted a stream of small four-tentacled monsters. Evidently, the inhabitants of the town had finally come aware of the fact that they had some rather strange visitors in the Lake at Town Park. Little did they know that what seemed to be a mild earth-quake was really only the rocket-ship landing behind a far distant hill.

"Eeek!" screamed Peter, clawing at Mossy, "Monsters!"

"Eeek!" screamed a wife, clawing at her husband, "Monsters!"

The O Dactyl flew hastily for cover in a large tree a few miles from the lake, while Mossy McSaurus submerged himself completely. His mind was vaguely troubled. It chewed the question thoroughly, back and forth, pro and con....

Which were the monsters?

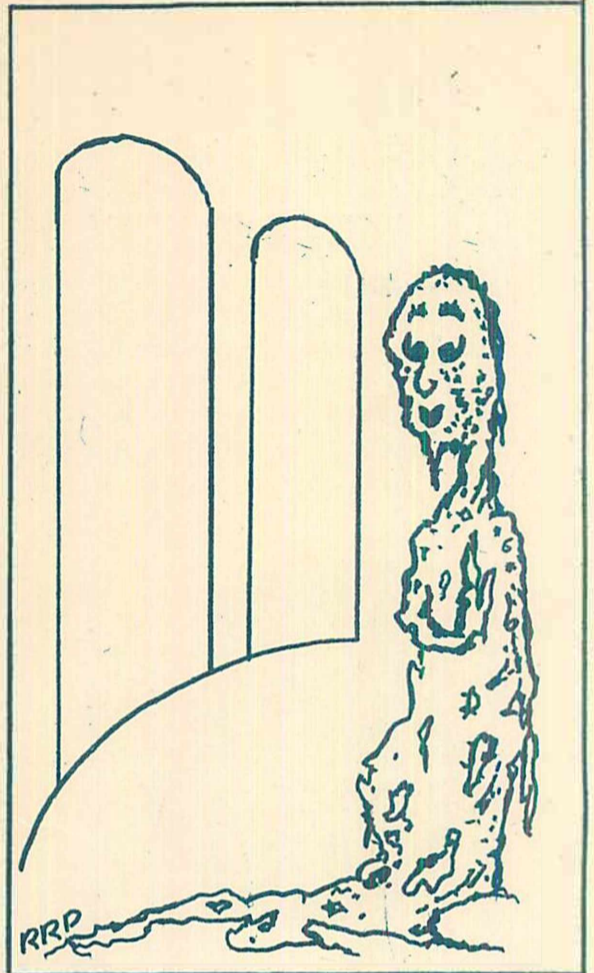
The End

Who

ghosts

There

?



The real, unlive ghost walks down the buildings' corridors.

He, (She, It?) is invisible. [You have to take their word for it.] To be very honest, it(?) is a figment of somebody's imagination. [Namely theirs.] It may seem contradictory to say it(?) is real, unlive and an imaginary figment. This is not the case.

It(?) is real because someone is thinking of it; it(?) is unlive because it(?) is not an organism; and it(?) is imaginary because it(?) does not [aside/ (really) exist for others. [Other who?]] [Narrator continues hurriedly/]

As I was saying, the real, unlive ghost——[continues brusquely/]

It is very inexplicable. Each time the girl tries to pull the history map down, it calmly goes back to its former position. [Puzzledly/ The former position being straight out, perpendicular to the wall with nothing holding it up.

[Resignedly/ oh, well—

[Continues quickly/]

Poor, poor, perfectly horrid frogs in biology 3. Ugh — they wouldn't look so badly if only they weren't suspended in midair. [Disgustedly/ It(?) looks on while the biology teacher makes frantic attempts to retrieve the frogs. Trouble is, as he comes near them, they persistently seem to move away from them.

[Disturbedly/ Oh, well.....

[Continues resolutely/]

The building has several typing rooms. The typewriter ribbons seem to insist on standing perpendicularly to the floor instead of remaining normally in the typewriters. Thus the rooms have a Mardi Gras effect.

[Angrily/ Oh, well.....

[Continues determined to finish/ (aside) do or die!

Multiply these incidents and you will discover the true cause of these buildings' mental bedlam connection. [Sigh of relief/ Explanations are rife. Unfortunately they explain nothing. [Wry face/]

"My opinion is.....this building has a poltergeist someplace."

"Poltergeist? [Peevishly/ Then your poltergeist must be a very tired one. — Since all these events occurred at almost the same time."

Well, let's suppose there's a logical explanation. One of the frogs was observed to float out of the window.....

[Voice trails off into the distance/]

[Absolute silence for several seconds/]

[An announcer remarks coldly/]

"The remaining portion of this radio program will not be broadcast. The solution cannot be given because it seems to have vanished."

[Ominous overtones cloud his voice/]

We have just been notified of the disappearance of our narrator. For that reason, the Weird Mysteries program has been discontinued. See your newspaper for the time and station of the Crispies "Pop Hour?....."

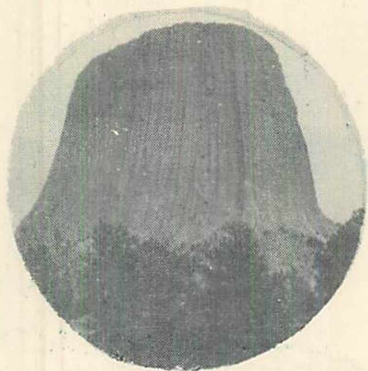
For some reason known only to itself, it(?) smiled.

The End (?)

# MATEO TIPI

MATEO TIPI, Bear Lodge, erroneously called Devil's Tower, is in the Northeast corner of Wyoming. It stands 865 feet above the foot-hill, and its diameter at base is 1000 feet. Composed of a granite-like formation known as phonolite, a metallic sound is obtained when a thin piece of it is struck. Created a National Monument by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906. First one, in fact, to be so set aside. The Kiowas call this tower "Tso-aa" (a tree rock), and the Dakotas mention it as "Mato-ti" -- (Grizzly Bear's Lodge). I believe that "Mateo Ti-Pi" is a Sioux name. Bear Lodge was a place of deep mystery and big medicine to the Indian... Rumors still persist of hidden caves beneath the tower, where ancient councils met. Several legends have been handed down from one generation to another. A Sioux story is that Indian maidens, while out gathering wild flowers, were beset by three bears, and took refuge upon a large rock. The Great Spirit, seeing the girls about to be devoured, caused the rock to grow up like a tree. As it grew, the bears clawed the sides in an effort to climb, (thus making the striated appearance of this columnar structure as seen today), but finally became exhausted and fell to their death. The maidens then made a rope from their flowers, and lowered themselves safely to the ground. The area on top is about one and one-half acres, and is supposed to be the home of the Thunder God, who beats his drum in times of storm.

-- E!



## DATUM

Faith is ..... just is.  
Is it a fact?  
Is it something:  
A datum, a known  
Or perhaps unknown  
Factor?  
Sometimes the Maginot Line  
Of Life.....or Death.  
Or whether  
Man will play Satan  
With atomic toys,  
Or  
Attain the stars.

-- Sandy Charnoff

## EOS

When the morning stars sang together;  
A paen of praise  
Reverberated through the stellar womb  
Celebrating the dawn of life  
Upon their farflung planetary progeny.

Multitudinous amoebic shapes  
Tossed by every current,  
Amorphous, minute, insensible,  
Which yet contain within themselves  
The spark of reason.

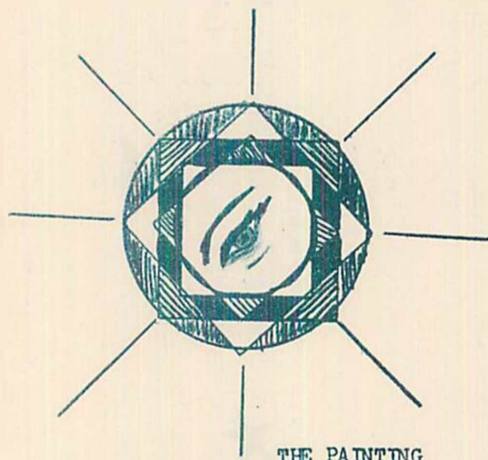
The sun mothers sigh  
And still their duties must perform  
Outpouring energy  
Their love to show.

-- Sandy Charnoff

## DANGEROUS WATCH

Beware! Be careful. -  
Notch your gun off safety.  
Don't get out of practice;  
You'll be sorry if you do.  
Hysteria is general,  
Chaos is in order.  
Prepare yourself for battle!  
Old Earth is mad at you!

-- Sandy Charnoff



THE PAINTING

Upon this ghastly canvas is portrayed  
A land illuminated by the flames of Hell  
And from it is exuded faint and fearful trace  
Of scorching flesh's acrid pungent smell.

'Tis a painting of horror and evil,  
And yet pain in a land without time  
Where ebony creatures of darkness  
Writhe and crawl in the bubbling slime.

It depicts, with satanic reality,  
Damned souls' eons of pain,  
-That twist the body hideously  
And warp the fear-mad brain.

Yet the thing that fills me with horror  
Lays sprawled on a white-hot shelf.  
That though charred and sooted over,  
Is discernable as myself...

-- David English

## THE NIGHT

The night  
Enshrouds the planet in dark folds  
That sweep across the land and conceal...  
What?

Under cover of the black mantle  
Do creatures of the night,  
Long lost in mythology  
And superstition  
Exist?

Billowing blackness,  
Diluted by moon-glow  
Serves as a land of shadows  
For beings of Darkness.  
Evil and Malevolent, they dance in wild splendor;  
While Man stirs uneasily in his sleep.

In secluded glens they meet;  
To worship in ways Diabolic.  
Eldritch tunes fly eerily in the dark,  
As the powers of Darkness hold sway  
In their kingdom.

Strange calls penetrate to the people of Light  
Known as Man;  
And in hidden recesses of his brain,  
There stirs an answering note of Welcome.

Even now, I hear the call,  
Ensconced in subtle, sinister  
Darkling tones.  
And as the night calls...  
I must go.

-- Calvin Maradon

## HARVEST OF THE WHIRLWIND

God of our Fathers,  
Hear our petitions,  
Make us well and whole.  
Do not let the glassy, glowing places  
Be so hurtful.  
Americium, Curium, Berkelium!

O God  
Have mercy on us!  
Our children are strangers.  
The very plants and animals differ  
From those of old.  
Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus!

Spare us, O great ones.  
Our cities crumble,  
Returning to chaos.  
Mother earth shivers  
And tosses in her agony.

Father who art in Heaven,  
Is thy name mercy?

-- Sandy Charnoff





UNTITLED:  
FIVE

Beautiful Terra—  
Terra, my own.  
I walk other planets,  
But I love you alone.

Though I can never  
Come home again,  
Still I remember  
Your seas and your rain,

Your gold-waving wheatfields,  
Your spring bluey skied,  
Your soft summer midnight,  
Your hills that abide;

Still I remember  
As from you I roam;  
I shall die lonely,  
An exile from home.

—Charlotte Picard

# The Laughing Satyr 1a

The woodland sleeps in the amber gleam  
Of the dawn of the night.

Silence shatters before the chorus of the  
streams,

And the sunglow fondles the satyr.

He wakes,

Rises and stretches,

From his human head to his furry  
toes,

And banishes thirst at the brook;

It is eve, the fecund time.

He stares at the mirror-smooth waters.



Gracefully he nips round purple  
dripping grapes,

From the foliage of vines,

His memory weaves once more the  
pattern

Of last night's lunar capers.

This evening's frolic should be even better;

A faery dance,

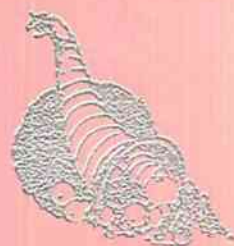
Sweet joy to find,

Quietly the satyr listens,

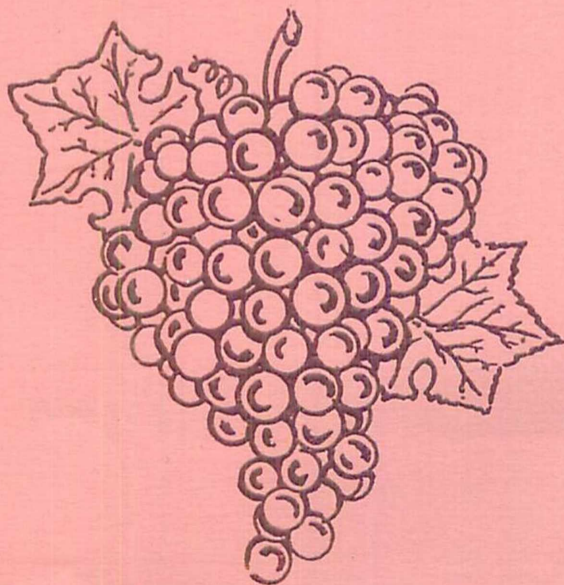
One cloven hoof pointed,

In the all encompassing wood,

Costumed in sun and laden with silence.



Dancing lightly through the thickets,  
He makes his way with panting haste.  
A brunette dryad sleeps upon the moss;  
She fails to hear the Laughing  
Satyr's mirth,  
Limpid pagan laughter.  
Now the cunning satyr finds the dryad -  
He bleats goat cries,  
And hurls himself upon her wanted  
flesh.



Satiated satyr stands from his white  
smooth mate,

Startled, he sees the sun is gone;

But though the lucent gem is lost,

He is not alone, for two hearts are never  
forlorn;

Out of two emptinesses one whole has formed.

The dusk is lovely and restful;

The two snuggle close on a mossy bank.

The flowers fasten their evening dress;

Darkness brings dryad and satyr sleep.....



-- Henry Andrew Ackermann



HARRY S WEATHERBY



ROY HUNT      JIM FEE  
C FRENDENTHAL      ROBT PETERSON



MANLY BANNISTER



BOB JOHNSON



EVA FIRESTONE



SANDY CHARNOFF

Here's LOOKING at you!

Dear Friends and Gentle Space-Ghouls:

Thus, with a slightly fancier, larger ORB, we celebrate the exeunt of the first year of ORBlication. Don't think it hasn't been fun to sit here in the ed's chair, and be able to throw my weight around, telling everybody what to do. I never enjoyed anything more in my life! However, to start the mood of this editorial properly, there should be a low moaning of violins, accompanied by a low sob now and then.

First, to you who have so kindly expressed a liking for ORB exactly as it is, to those who have sent me fiction that was too horrible for words, which I was forced to return, and especially to the long-suffering poets, writers, artists, etc., who have had to support ORB with their highly/not-so-highly artistic contributions, we offer our profound thanks. It's nice to know that people think of us occasionally. (Background music changes subtly -- wailing of theremin enters into theme.)

But -- heh heh, you may not like it from now on! ORB is changing, but definitely! The format will be out by a little more than half, our familiar sloping logotype will be modernized, more half-tone work will be used, and in print-quality, we will a bit closer approach our aspirations: to be the "FLAIR" of fandom! Long ago, we decided that ORB needed something to make it 'different'. Part of that was achieved by the present format; but it wasn't enough. --Starting with next issue, ORB will go quarterly, hike its price to 20¢ (15¢ to anybody having a subscription of more than two issues left) and all present subscriptions will be honored at the old rate, and will become a fanzine avant-garde -- To our knowledge, fandom's first. --All material hereafter will be semi-pro, and decidedly different. (Music entertains strains of a Swan Song.)

The material I have left after this issue, which I find unsuitable for the New ORB, will be put in a little one-shot, entitled, FANTASMAGORIA. This will be free if requested with a 2¢ stamp. This material is not a bit bad. --It's just unsuited for a different sort of publication. Happily, with much argument 'twixt Ella and me, there will be probably not more than eight pages of rejected material. (Music returns to a violin theme, with gayer overtones.)

The new ORB will feature work by many of our old authors; plus plenty of new ones. The fiction will be really different, however, and of a class close to THE NEKROMANTIKON - with less play on the weird, however. The poem by H A Ackermann in this issue is only a light sample of what you'll be getting in the New ORB. --Incidentally, this poem was set up and pasted from printed alphabets by hand! --That was worisome work! --Back to business --the artwork will become a trifle 'artier'. Covers (and possible back covers) for the coming year have been scheduled from -- RALPH RAYBURN PHILLIPS, BILL BENULIS, FANTASY FOTOS, and JON ARF-STROM, with interiors by many others. (Theremin wails once more.)

The reason for the raise in price and tempo of publication change is simple. I work at a Credit Bureau, and with the current war scare and all, they cut my hours considerably, with a natural loss of pay to me. Also, with an unusually hard year of school soon to come, I don't think I'd have the time to try to get both this and POSTWARP out so often. Since this, plus the fact that I have usually lost near \$40 (or more) per issue, which I can no longer afford to lose, doesn't allow me much choice. A quarterly and 20¢ it'll have to be.

Last thoughts: The first quarterly ORB will be out in about two months, so I can start off next year early, and get in a hot NORWESCON report. --The fan-foto gallery in this issue is printed on one side only for those fan-atics who have scrapbooks. ---The Picard "Untitled"s end with this one, unless she decides to change her mind. (Music Fade and Out)

Bye now,



Bob

AS OTHERS SEE IT!

Dear Bob:

Your ORB #5 came this evening and, to date, I think it is one of your better issues. I like the cover executed by Bill Benulis . . . while Ronald Bourgea's "BATS" takes the cliched, proverbial cake for eerie and descriptive verse. Calvin Marsdon's "THE WIND" won itself the second poetry place, and "CENTAURIAN SUNRISE", by Bruce Lane, and "ROBERTO" by Neil Wood, are nice little short-shorts..

Jack Gaughan's illustration on page 3 is strictly top-drawer. Please tell him I appreciate his thoughtful portrayal of four of my characters. So many fanzines slop up your stories with careless mimeographing, unimaginative sketching, editoriasis (this is deadly and means the editor believes he can write the story better than the original author and proceeds to do so) that I hesitate to send my better work to some of the zines . . .

Incidentally, our SHIVERS ad could have been improved on but this isn't the time or place to complain of commercial matters. /mebbe not, mon ami, but an editor can only be competently efficient if he is given enough leeway... I do suppose, tho' that with a lengthier study of the problem, I could have done a better job... bj7

And what are you doing these days, besides the usual editorial tasks? You're an author and a fine illustrator; why not make use of your gifts? /This ish contains a heavy purchase of johnsonia in it... here's hoping you don't gag... bj7

Yr Navy Editor,  
H S Weatherby, HML, USN  
Editor of SHIVERS  
Hosp. Corps School "B"  
US Naval Hospital

PS: I think you've got  
"punctutiasis".

((Glad you liked "Bats." We were rather taken with it, too. Regarding Bob's method of editing, he has a theory that the author of the piece should do the revising and if he thinks that any material needs going over extensively, he sends it back and tells the author about it. He never accepts something and then makes it over completely without regard for the creator's feelings. A most salutary habit, what? ... ))

Dear BOrb: Received Orb -- elegant! It gets better and better. Nice cover, nice insides. Nice, nice! You will be so good soon somebody will write articles telling how terrible you are! No beef, Bill Warren. I just wondered. Didn't find the by-lines on the title page until after I sent off that p.c. typo error: The U. S. mails sometimes do frightful things to a mailing cover, of which it seems a part. As for my definite predictions--Bob asked for 'em didn't he? Like all prophets, I predict by guessing. If my guess is right, I am a prophet. If I am wrong, nobody remembers what I said, anyway. Keep up the good work.

Cordially,

Manly Banister  
1905 Spruce  
Kansas City 1, Mo.

((Kid, I love your philosophy on the art of prediction. And you are so right. In line with this, I'd like to predict that the Lichen-Men will invade Earth in the year 1952. (Horrible thot: What if I was right?))

Dear Bob,

Gorgeous cover by Benulis. Do you have a yen for mermaids? This is the second one on Orb's cover.

"Shrieking Approach" -- oh what puns could be made on this title. I will refrain however, and say only that the story gave me a couple of good laughs. Gaughan's illo was very good. You weren't kidding when you called E. Flautt a Female Bergey.

"Centaurian Sunrise" -- title gave it away. "Roberto" -- the "problem" of the h-bomb should have been stated more specifically, or else have been in the plural. Left me wondering which problem was meant. Otherwise both were O.K.

I can't answer the question about favorite series because I haven't read them all, and others I haven't read all the stories in them. From what I have read tho', I'd pick Lafayette-Hubbard's Conquest of Space series, with the new Cap Future series in SS as second.

The poetry - ugh, do I hate Bats (the animals, not the poem.) Expresses my reactions exactly. Very nice grouping of the poems concerning nature. The illo fitted the mood of each exceptionally well. Sandra or Sondra must be a very popular name. I know at least five girls with that name very well. Am very happy to add Sandra Osterlund's name to that list. Would it be asking too much if I asked for the original of that illo? It is so marvelous. I only wish my poem were as good as Sandra's illo!

Foto Offset ad - you, Bob? Just curious.

Number 168 isn't that bad. In fact it's restful on the eyes. The red on the letter column is absolutely awful on the other hand.

I shall be very disappointed if your photo isn't in the fan-foto gallery /if any one else mentions that I look somewhat like Ed Cox, I'll scream! bj/ -- that goes for Steve and Bill also. I wanna see what you look like.

What's the matter, don't you like the looks of Lee D. Quinn's name or something?

Was the green on the contents page the "lime green" you were looking for? I hope not. It would look well on a blouse or shirt but not in Orb.

Best illo- Sandra Osterlund

Best writing- The Wind by Calvin Marsdon.

'Bye,

Sandy Charnoff  
2234 Ocean Ave.  
Brooklyn 29, N.Y.

(( Firstly, Bob says he does have a yen for mermaids. Secondly, you are to get a pastel version of the original illo you asked for. Thirdly, Bob says the credit for the Foto Offset ad goes to his printer. Glad you liked the color No. 168. Bob prints this column as lousay as possible in the hope that ORB subbers will be unable to read the stuff I pour forth. Hundreds of missives come each month applauding his efforts. Finally the lime green. Bob was speaking of litho ink, not ditto. ))

Dear Bob:

I received ORB today. The stuff was all pretty good, except that ghu-awful "Shrieking Approach." "SA" was so amateurish and disjointed (jerky) that I had trouble following the plot. The illo on page 3 was very crude, but Flautt's on p. 6 made up for it. The cover was very good, but a little on the "arty" side.

I was unsatisfied when I finished reading ORB, however, and have decided that I can put the money to better use....I'se sorry... The color scheme was very good. I especially liked the blue-green ditto - very pretty . . .

Alan M. Grant  
129 Edgemere  
Fayetteville, N.Y.

(( Seeing as how you are of the conviction that the money could be spent for better things, other than the last ORB, may I suggest that you do not miss this ish or the next, etc. ORB is getting better every issue. ))

Dear Bob-

Each time I receive ORB I take out the previous copy and compare.....So far you have been improving every time. Experience is a true friend!

Let's look at this issue's contents a little bit closer.

The cover - the illustration was very well executed but the whole cover's appearance suffered by the placing of the dull blue tissue with the smudge of green paint over the top of it. What was that "flag" supposed to represent?? / (1 -- the name of the mag. (2 -- the printer used the wrong size of paper, and he'd charge to do it over.)

Shrieking Approach - A bit of professional-type material.... try to get more from Weatherby.

Roberto - A complete waist of time and paper. When you

read it, what did you have? So few new authors realize that a good short-short takes a lot more skill to write than a good novelette. You must have a deft hand to wrap your readers around your little finger in a few short paragraphs. Neil just doesn't have it.

Chip in the Maelstrom - Mr. Muir propounds a problem and then gets off the boat and lets it sail majestically away. I'm talking about the problem of the superabundant prozines. What to do...what to do. I'm afraid the commercial interests have never heard that little fable about killing the Goose that laid the golden egg. There must be some saturation point in science fiction! The only thing good in the situation is that it will break many "completists." I know that this is a strong method for breaking a bad habit but strong measures must be taken to drag these poor souls from the Hell of completism.

All I can now say is I STILL LIKE CAPTAIN FUTURES...and silently steal away from the maelstrom.

The Wind - this brings to mind a little part of a poem called "The Liberators" by Kieth Preston:

Among our literary scenes,  
Saddest this sight to me,  
The graves of little magazines  
Who died to make verse free.

This piece is brought to mind because, if this piece is any true sample of free verse, those magazines died in vain. I'm afraid this also applies to Sandy Charnoff's "The Seasons."

As others see it - I have only one bone to pick. I must pick out Mrs. Marion (Astra) Z. Bradley for my blast. Marion, I'm afraid is being a bit intollerant on the subject of poetry. I'll bow to her more "commercial" knowledge of the field....I haven't seen her "truly good" poem in "The Writer," but as in the case of all the "arts," the appreciation is all in the personal opinion of the views of the reader. The mind has great powers of rationalization, Marion, and I believe that if you were in the right mood you could point out the technical excellence of any piece of poetry. Sometimes I wonder if the terms "polish" and "hack" might not be somewhat akin. What do you think?

In the over all view of ORB I believe that if you would stop playing with varied colored inks you would have a better and more readable 'zine. But, no matter WHAT you do, keep ORB coming.

Very sincerely yours,

Lee D. Quinn  
Box 1199  
Grand Central Station  
-New York City, N.Y.

((Here is a man of strong views and direct expression. He is matched, however, by la Zimmer, who I hope will answer Mr. Quinn's broadside. It will be interesting to see which ship sinks. We appreciate very much, Lee, the kind things you said anent ORB ... ))

Dear Roberto;

Just received "Orb" -- Gad! A hand-painted heading, yet! -- I do believe "Orb" is getting better, if possible--but, I have a beef: must we have the sexy covers? The prozines are bad enough. Leave us not foul up the better amateur pubs with such crud. No other beefs--I especially like the photo-offset printing. Would it be possible to obtain nos. 1 to 4 yet? I lost the one Rich Elsberry gave me, and never saw the others--if you'll open your talons that far, lemme know how much you want for 'em.

Yers,

Bruce Lane  
1630 Old Shakopee Road E.  
Minneapolis 20, Minn.

((About "sexy covers." ORB tries to run the best fan art it can. This is its aim. None of the covers or inside illos are meant to be sexy; rather we fondly hope that they will be termed art, at least by the majority of our readers. ORB is definitely not meant to be sexy in any way. We would appreciate it if you ORBer's would write us and give us your opinion on whether or not ORB has failed in the above stated purpose. Do you think ORB is sexy??? -- Re: back issues of ORB: #1 is 25¢; #s 2, 3, and 4 are 20¢; #5 is 15¢. After the first of the year, if there are any back numbers left (only a few now remain), all will be 25¢. ))

BILL WARREN

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 6  
PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
FROM NOW ON: 20¢.  
August - September  
1950



subscription rates:  
1 copy.....20¢  
1 year subscription  
-- 75¢  
WATCH FOR ORB # 7 !

CONTENTS

PROGRESS	PAGE ONE	Arthur A. Machado, Jr.
	illustration by Bob	
CURLY PLAYS CUPID	PAGE THREE	Charles L. Hames
BOOK REVIEWS	PAGE FOUR	Sandy Charnoff
THE VISITORS	PAGE FIVE	Bill Warren
	illustration by Benulis & Bob	
TO THE FLYING SAUCERS (poem)	PAGE SIX	Emili A. Thompson
THE STRANGE MAD ADVENTURE OF MOSSY McSAURUS	PAGE SEVEN	Bob Johnson
WHO GHOSTS THERE?	PAGE EIGHT	Sandy Charnoff
	illustration by Ralph Rayburn Phillips	
MATEO TIPI (article)		E. M.
datum; eos; dangerous watch; harvest of the whirlwind		
FOUR POEMS	PAGE TEN	Sandy Charnoff
-THE PAINTING (poem)	PAGE TEN	David English
THE NIGHT (poem)	PAGE TEN	Calvin Marsdon
UNTITLED: FIVE (poem)	PAGE ELEVEN	Charlotte Picard
HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!	DITTOED SECTION	ye edde
AS OTHERS SEE IT!	MIMEOGRAPHED SECTION	Bill Warren, letter edde

AND

THE FAN FOTO GALLERY	5a & 6a	pipple
THE LAUGHING SATYR (an exotic poem)	1a	by HENRY ANDREW ACKERMANN --

Cover: BY BOB

ORB is an amateur magazine, devoted to the avant garde in fantasy.  
Information on tempo of publication, etc., will be found on the editor's page.

It will be reproduced probably by foto offset only from now on. No  
advertisements will be used in V2, #1, as rates have not yet been  
set.

Published at Greeley, Colo. NEW ADDRESS: P O BOX 941, Greeley....

ORB \*\*  
Published quarterly  
by Bob Johnson  
P. O. Box 941  
Greeley, Colo.

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

To: