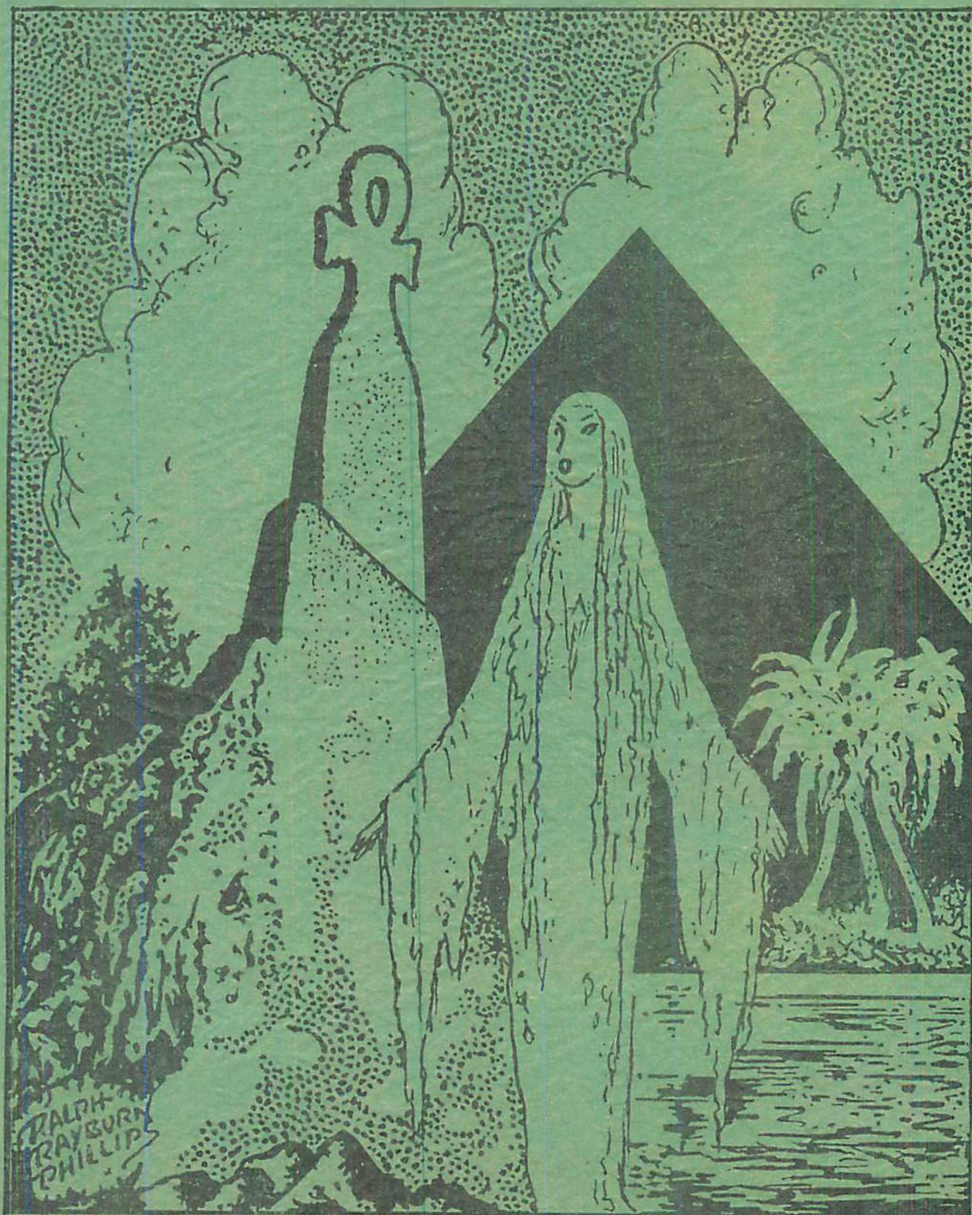


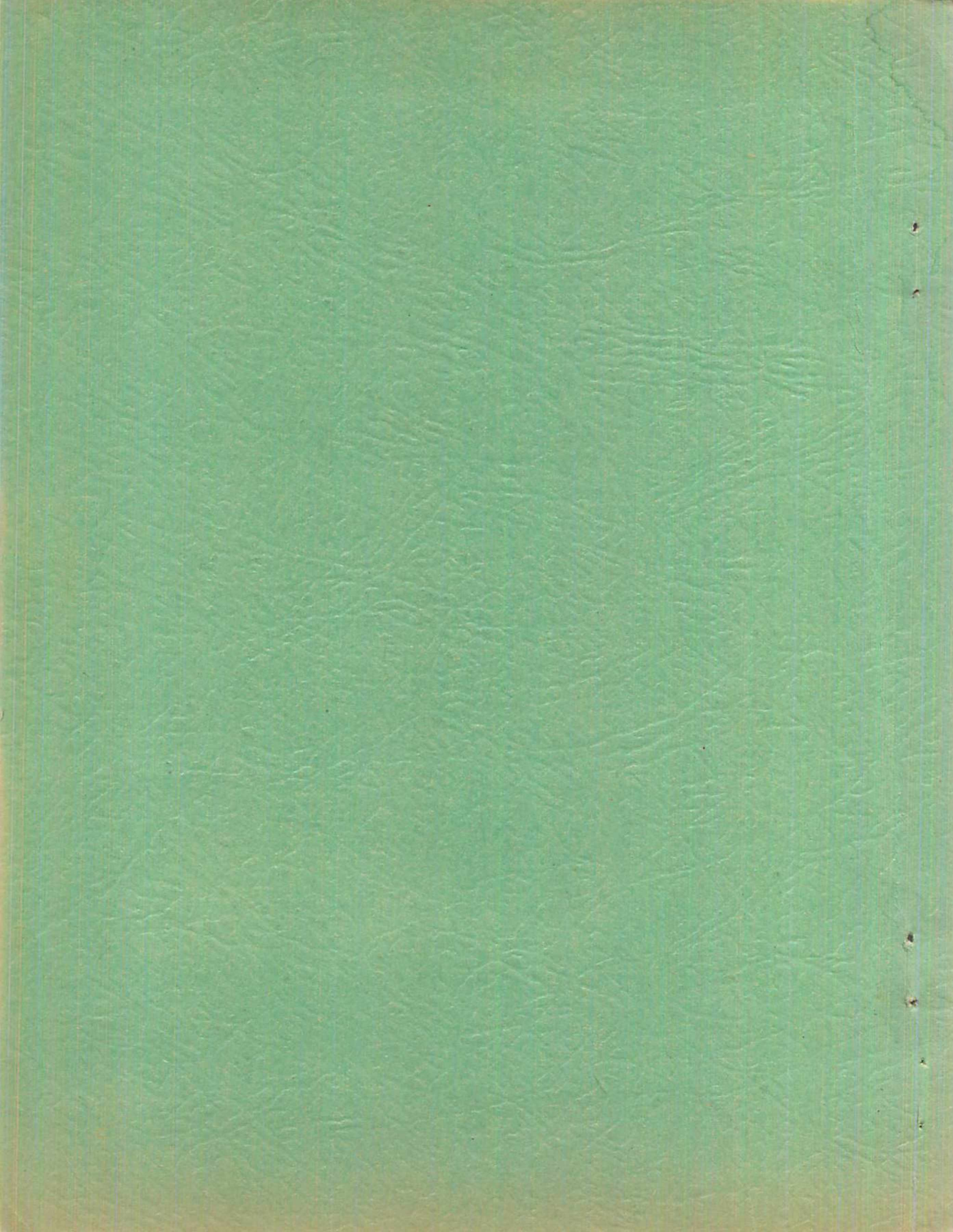
Orb...

IMAGINATIVE FICTION.....

TWENTY CENTS

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2





Hi, ya'all!

A great many of you expected that ORB had folded. No such luck... This issue has gone through you-know-what and high water to get itself printed. I was trying to make this a particularly nice issue, and thus sent it to Denver to have it vari-typed and multilithed there. After a promise of \$40 for a printing job, I received it something like two and a half weeks later with a re-estimate of \$189. Needless to say, I asked for the material to be returned. After a few more days delay, it was....leaving me only on the first of April and still no ORB. I got Ella back on the job, and she typed up most of it for me, and I had negatives made of it, and had it printed at the Credit Bureau. By the time all this was done, it was about two weeks ago. Then Greeley had a Jaycee convention, to which the printer took off. After a few other such difficulties, you are now reading ORB. Really now, since you've heard the story, do you blame me quite as much?

I think the material in this issue is rather good. Betsy Curtis has given us a very thought-provoking short, and Vernon McCain has contributed an excellent, if not quite so polished, bit of fan-fiction.

Betsy has appeared in a great many prozines; MoP, MARVEL, and GALAXY, to name a few.

Vernon writes for various fanzines, and tells me he's had a story flying to and from NEKROMANTIKON for a couple of the last eons. With his lack of fatigue, he's bound to make it sooner or later.

I'm sure fandom gave a hop of ecstasy when "DESTINATION MOON" won the 'Oscar' for best Technicolor special effects. It was also one of the three nominated for best sets, in Technicolor, but unfortunately, "Annie Get Your Gun" was finally chosen.

ORB is in something of a dilemma. All of you know I enjoy publishing it, and undoubtedly, a maximum of experience is gained, but I'm running into the red terrifically. Now, I have a choice of three things. 1. Running three issues a year, but not particularly large ones. 2. Becoming semi-annual and having large, extremely lovely issues. 3. Going pro. --and don't laugh too hard. Three out of five readers of ORB continually urge me to try to go pro, telling me that ORB would fill that gap of a semi-slick, artistic fantasy magazine. OK, suppose I can raise the money to buy the material, can find the agency outlets, and can find printers. Nevertheless, DO I HAVE A GOOD CHANCE OF MAKING a go of it? Naturally, I will not attempt to do anything more than do the original lay-out of the mag, and let professionals take it from there. I'm too inexperienced to attempt any more complicated work. I will merely look on in a fatherly fashion. (thas'a joke, son)

Maybe I shouldn't ask you this soon. If you'd care to, hold back the opinions for a while. The next issue of ORB will be the special NOLACON issue, and will contain stories by Katherine MacLean, Betsy Curtis, and probably a few others. It will have a full-color cover by PK Freas, a prominent WT artist, and interiors by Freas, Bok, and others. It will be out in late August. ...and very snazzy if I do say so myself. Perhaps it will give you a vague idea of what a pro ORB would look like.

'Bye now,

BOB

Orb

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AS OTHERS SEE US!

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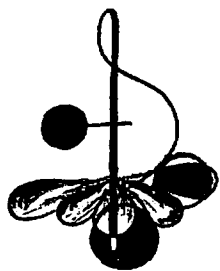
Osterlund

All others by Bob

ODD . . .



jack



FIRST

Generation

He did know that the Carrier was amused; but he could not fathom the complexity of her amusement as she leafed through the pages of a magazine. He knew what a magazine was, what the pages felt like, what they looked like with their little dark lines and blobs of color here and there, even the word 'magazine' meant something to him now when the Carrier thought it. He was not surprised, of course, that the Carrier did not know that he shared her amusement because she never had known, never had thought of the possibility. If she had, he would have sensed it in an instant. He could not know that the Carrier was oblivious to his sight through her eyes and his storing of her thoughts because no other had ever shared thoughts and sights directly before his conception.

He had never tried to speak to the Carrier, as she had never spoken to him. He had once or twice tried to move his mouth and make a sound as she did when she thought about saying something in a particular way, but nothing had happened. And he was kept quite busy and interested just paying attention (when he felt like it) to what the Carrier was doing and thinking.

It was warm and comfortable in the Carrier. Sometimes he stretched and moved; sometimes the Carrier rocked and moved about with him. This made him feel good, just as the Carrier sometimes felt good. He dozed and stretched and dozed again.

When he woke, he felt vaguely worried. Something was worrying the Carrier. He sent out his thoughts till they touched her. The Carrier felt pain through the back and thighs. He shared the pain and kicked frantically. The Carrier shifted and relaxed and began to read again. He relaxed too and watched the pictures of people walking in and out of rooms, talking and eating in the Carrier's mind. This was old stuff. He knew all about people and talking and eating. The Carrier did that too.

Now she got up and went to prepare a meal. The pictures from her reading faded and plans took their place. He could almost smell the steak frying himself, so strong was the impression on the Carrier. She sang gently while the food cooked. He could hear the sound from far away. He lay quietly enjoying himself as the Carrier moved back and forth from stove to table. Soon, soon, he caught the thought, he would come out and see the kitchen himself. He kicked with joy at the thought of seeing Fred, someone who ate with the Carrier and made the Carrier so relaxed and pleasant. Fred

was often near the Carrier, saying comfortable things in a strong deep voice. The Carrier thought a great deal about Fred, while she was sewing or cleaning house. Fred worked somewhere teaching people to know things and understand. He would be like Fred and know things and comfort the Carrier. Fred said so.

Dinner was done and the Carrier was washing the dishes when he began to turn. He didn't understand it himself. Little by little he began to feel cramped and uncomfortable, all out of place. At first he struggled but it made him feel dizzy somehow, so he stopped. He tried to reach the Carrier's thoughts with his growing panic, but there was no response. The Carrier finished the dishes and went to bed with a book. He tried to follow the pictures again, but this time they made no sense to him; only occasionally could he grasp fleeting impressions of water flowing in a pipe, of particles dancing and moving along a wire, of strange images made of lines and circles in rows and groups. He dozed a little, but woke with a sudden cramped feeling. He stretched and pushed, but the Carrier squeezed in on him. Just as suddenly he felt relaxed. The Carrier was asleep and he watched her dream pictures for a while. Then he felt the pressure again.

The night was confused and troubled for him. Again and again he felt twisted, squeezed or cramped and finally his struggles woke the Carrier. Exhausted, he ceased moving and lay quietly awaiting the next action of the Carrier. Once more he felt cramped. It would be good to get out and tell the Carrier how uncomfortable things could be. The Carrier got up and turned on the light. Then she lay back and he knew she was watching the clock. After three more times of horrible cramped pressure, he heard her call, "Fred, this is it." The Carrier rose and moved about putting on her clothes. Whenever the pressure got very great, she would stop and lean against the wall. Fred took her arm and led her out to the car. The deep voice asked, "Is it very bad now?" The Carrier did not respond and he could feel the motion of the car. The Carrier got out and went up steps, and more steps. Then she was back in bed and the pressing and releasing went on, but the pressing was stronger, the releases shorter and less frequent.

Suddenly he felt himself being pushed violently on the feet. He doubled up his legs but the pushing continued hard against his knees. Fear welled up in him as he heard the Carrier scream piercingly again and again. Panic grew with the screaming and as he found his head and shoulders jammed tightly and as the pushing jammed him more tightly still. He tried frantically to kick to free himself, but he was being compressed into immobility. Straining and struggling to fight himself from the crushing terror, he suddenly found his head free of pressure, then his shoulders. Now the screaming was unbearably loud and then - Smack! an agony of pain stung flamed! He sucked in a breath; and in lonely stricken woe his screams replaced those of the Carrier.

He thrashed arms and legs free of any restraint. Where was the Carrier? He was cold. Where was the Carrier? He could not feel her comforting gentle thoughts. How could she leave him? He hardly noticed being wrapped and lifted as he continued to scream forth his desolation and abandonment. He heard a voice say, "Strong lungs, sad world," and he had a strange, surprising picture of a white-walled room and white-robed women from a mind very close to his.

He stopped screaming and opened his eyes to see it too. A great flash of light blinded him and he closed them tightly and screamed again in bewilderment. "Carrier, Carrier," screamed his thoughts, "Carrier, where are you? I am frightened." There was no answer. Lifted in strange arms he felt himself being taken away, away. He felt the thought, "Red little fellow," accompanied by a vision of a white bundle with a tiny face just showing out of it. For an instant he felt the Carrier near him and heard her voice, weakly, wavering, "Mine? Oh." And then she was gone again. He wept in bereavement, a small howling cry, and then dozed in exhaustion.

When he awoke, he found himself aware of many small trembling feelings of bewilderment and loneliness like his own but no word or picture thoughts.

Now and then the panic surrounding him rose to a peak and a gust of crying swept around and over him and he joined in, not wildly but in defrauded complaint. He slept and waked and cried and slept again. At his next awakening he felt word thoughts near and before he could scream to the maker of the thoughts, something was pressed into his mouth and he sucked avidly. A new feeling of exquisite pleasure came as he sucked and swallowed; and he heard the voice say, "This is his water feeding, he goes to his mother for the next feeding," and received a clear picture of a long room lined with beds. He opened his eyes to look again, but the great flash came and he closed them forcefully against the glare. When the something was removed from his mouth, he tried to reach for it to bring it back, but his hand did not follow his will as the Carrier's always had. Instead, his legs kicked and his arms waved wildly. He felt a moment's chagrin; then sleep came over him like a fold of a blanket.

When he awoke the next time, he was moving smoothly and rapidly. When motion stopped he cried in anger. He tried to move himself, but was rewarded only by the senseless kicking and waving. Then he was lifted, moved, and put down by his Carrier. "Carrier, Carrier," his thought went out, "I've missed you, I've been alone, alone do you hear. I have been frightened and hurt! Carrier, take me in to safety!" There was no thought-answer from the Carrier, only a loving nearness. "Carrier, listen to me," he pleaded, but was suddenly interrupted by a something forced into his mouth. He sucked automatically, sucked and swallowed. He tried to tell the Carrier of his intense pleasure, but still the Carrier made no thought-response, was only loving and close. He stopped sucking and opened his eyes. The light was not so bright now, but he could distinguish nothing. "Carrier," he asked, "why can't I see you? Where are we? What are we doing here?"

"I think he's finished, nurse," he heard the Carrier's gentle voice, and felt himself being wrapped more securely.

"Don't leave me, don't let them take me away! Oh, Carrier! Carrier!" his thought leaped forth; and as he was lifted off the bed he screamed shamelessly at the new knowledge that the Carrier was deaf to the voice of his mind.

—o—

w h e r e l i g h t - i s - n o t

In sonnet's bones
Are found the essence
Of astronomic retina-points.
Stare till you see not!
There are none so blind
As those who will not see.
In sepulchral tones,
Death summons
When Lachesis snips
The thread of life.
Death calls for naught
When the one he beckons to
Is bankrupt.....in imagination.

--Sandy Charnoff

— 29 —



Idiot Boy

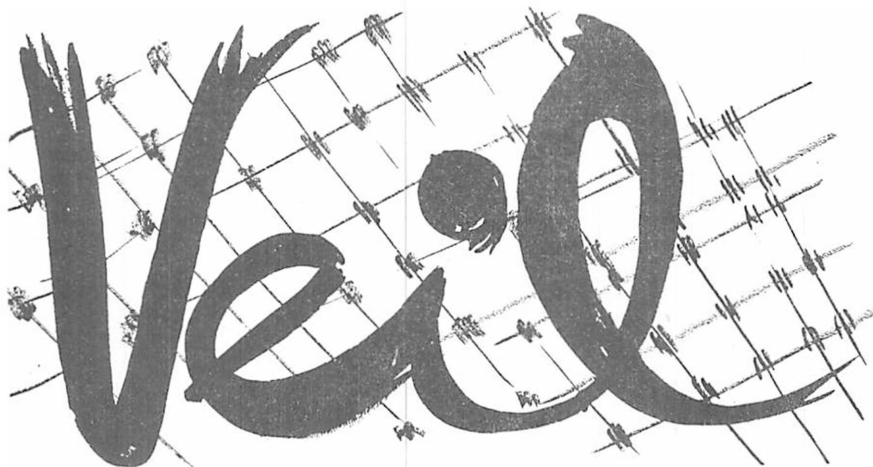
His eyes are cones of emptiness
To superficial sight,
But who looks far and deep enough
Sees cisterns filled with light.
The road he travels coils around
Old serpent cities underground.

His hands are fearfully unstill,
Too certainly aware
That what they touch with reverence
Is neither here nor there
But in that pure dimension wrought
With crystals of unpatterned thought.

His voice is mad and meaningless
To all who hear but words
Yet past the lying lexicon
The dark and burning birds
Pronounce the leper-curse, =unreal=
Upon geometry and steel.

The pearl-gray world within his brain
Revolving round its own intents
Shall live beyond our crawling norms
And tilting of the continents,
Creating out of loneliness
Its own divine hypothesis.

--Lilith Lorraine



The overpowering reek of incense almost smothered the faint odor of cabbage clinging to the room. Even so, the gloomy woman in the turban was singularly unmysterious looking. But it seemed not to bother those who seek information from the dead: which Madame Zorta willingly dispensed--at five dollars an hour.

Tonight there was only one customer. A mediocre type. What one would expect in this establishment.

But he was eager. "Do you think we can contact her again, Madame?" he asked.

Madame Zorta nodded her head in a dignified fashion. "We will reach her," she assented, "providing those who govern such things are willing. If they are reluctant, we must try again tomorrow."

She pressed a switch which darkened the room. "Ready?" she asked. The man nodded.

"We must concentrate" intoned the woman. "It is necessary if we are to reach the spirit of her who has passed over."

The man felt her clammy hands descend over his outstretched wrists.

...Silence.

After what seemed a considerable period, the woman intoned "I feel her. She is coming closer -- she is trying hard, very hard to come through the veil. I can feel her trying but she can't make it, not alone."

The woman's face knotted in a tense expression, the man watching anxiously. Finally she relaxed. "It is futile," she said, "even with my help, she is unable to make direct contact."

The man's face was an etching of disappointment. The woman continued, "Do not despair. She has found her way here. She is in the room with us. The only problem is to make contact. We will be able to speak, but not directly."

From a recess beneath the table between them she drew an ouija board, the letters on it barely visible in the dim light which glowed through the crystal ball from beneath the table, the only light still burning.

"We must both rest the tips of our fingers on the pointer," she said, suiting words to action, "but lightly. The spirits are weak where earthly matter is concerned, and we must make it as easy as possible for them."

As the man placed his hands by hers she lifted her eyes to a point in midair and asked in a spectral voice, "Alice Henderson, are you there? Will you make contact with us, please, Mrs. Henderson?"

A quick jerk of the ouija pointer startled the man's fingers and on looking down he found it pointing to YES.

The woman continued, "It is I, Madame Zorta, who has summoned you on behalf of your dear, bereaved husband, who is with me at this moment. He wishes to be reassured of your happiness and informed of anything you may wish to tell him."

The pointer started moving slowly, and with it the man's lips, whispering each indicated letter in turn. "I - W - A - - "

The polished wood jerked slightly here and Madame Zorta frowned. Perhaps she had borne down too hard on the pointer. At any rate, the message continued.

N - T - F - O - R - N - O - T - H - I - N - G.

"I want for nothing," the man whispered reverently. "Isn't it wonderful?"

But the pointer was moving on to another sentence and he returned to it with rapt attention.

No! no! That wasn't what I wanted to say at all! What's the matter with you? I'm trying to say something completely different.

I was murdered, do you understand? M-U-R-D-E-R-E-D!

You know, I think you deliberately pushed that pointer. Something pulled it right out of my grasp. In fact I'm sure you must have. I saw that frown. The pointer wasn't saying what you wanted, was it?

You're nothing but a fake! That's all. Just a fake.

Ha, I can tell all about you, Madame Zorta. Your name's Rooney and you are just a fake. You can't even talk to a spirit, not even when I'm standing right here doing my best to come through. You won't even try!

What do you have that silly board saying now? 'I couldn't be happier. Heaven is wonderful!

Hah! Fat lot I know about Heaven. Here I am, Earthbound. And if you know anything at all about being dead, you know I haven't any connections with Heaven whatsoever. In fact, all the company I have is other earthbound spirits. And they're not what you'd call a gay lot. In fact I can think of nothing more maddening.

But here I sit, Earthbound, and you sit there with that silly face of yours and you don't even know what it means.... Well, I can try to control that little piece of wood. Even if you don't want me to. The least I can do is try.... Frank has his fingers on it, too.

There, I can feel it. Now, I'll try to get it on the M. There, that's done. You were expecting that, were you, Rooney, old girl? Now on the R,-- and I dare you to make that anything but murder. There it is, right on the R-- Oh no, not on the S!.....I've got to get it back on the R! There, I-- Oh no, you've got it again! What do you think you're telling him this time? --Music! My, what a wonderfully sensitive medium you are. And what an aesthetically enjoyable time you must think we have up here. I can hardly wait till you join us and find out for yourself....

I've simply got to get through.... I'll have to try again.

Well, here we go, let's put it on the M again.....

Oh, Lord, now I can't even get it that far. You're moving it to the YES to answer some damn fool silly question you asked yourself.

I guess it's no good. How can I talk to Frank if he insists on going to some medium who doesn't even believe in contact with spirits, herself.

But I've got to tell. I'm Earthbound until he's safe and I know my own death isn't completely unavenged.

It's no use fooling with that ouija board. Maybe I can talk to him directly. It's absolutely useless trying to work through you, you fake. I suppose you must have some powers or you couldn't have brought me to this room but you evidently don't know about them.

I hate to try with Frank. He's a dear, but if I ever knew anyone less sensitive to the spiritual I'm sure I couldn't say who. Poor Frank. He doesn't look as if he'd been eating regularly. She certainly won't worry greatly over it.

Frank, Frank, can you hear me?

I'm calling you, Frank. This is Alice.

Frank, I'm right here in the room. No, No, don't watch that silly ouija board. You won't get anything worth watching out of that. It's all sweetness and light that your fish-faced friend keeps canned up ready to hand out to any suckers who wander into the place with five bucks in their pocket.

Now, Frank, listen... no, don't look at fish-face, listen to me, here! I know you can feel something, if I try hard enough, even if you don't understand all I say.

Frank, I was murdered. Murdered, do you understand, Frank, murdered. No, no, no, quit watching fish-face. She can't help you. Her name's Rooney and she has five dirty children in the back room there and she took that crystal ball and ouija board from a roomer who couldn't pay his rent. All she wants is your money and she hasn't the least idea she actually can contact spirits.

Now, listen Frank, no don't watch her..... It was your mother who killed me, do you understand? That sweet simpering mother of yours who's been hanging around for the last five years refusing to leave, damn her soul. I never did like her but I put up with her for your sake. If I knew what she'd been planning I'd have tossed her out in the street years ago.

Frank, are you listening to me? --For Pete's sake, stop watching that board!

I was pushed, Frank. Do you understand? I was pushed off those stairs like a sack of flour off a truck. I didn't trip and fall like she told everyone. And that half-witted coroner's jury! Nincompoops, pure and simple! Your mother pushed me! --And do you know why? That insurance policy. Ten thousand dollars. A measly ten thousand bucks is all my life was worth to her.

Frank, look over here.... no, over here, not at that stupid medium. Frank, honey, I know you loved me and that's why you insisted we get those policies. They were supposed to make our old age safe, you said. Well, I never had any old age and neither will you if you don't listen to me.

They'll take care of some one's old age, but not ours.

Frank, you've just got to listen. Ever since your mother moved in with us five years ago, I haven't trusted her. She just had to take care of her little boy, did she? What did she think I was doing, giving you ptomaine poisoning with spoiled tomatoes or cutting holes in your rubbers so you'd catch cold on rainy days? I know you think a lot of your mother, Frank, but you can't do it any more. --It isn't safe. She won't stop now.

You may be her son but she'd just as soon take your life as mine..... Damn it, Frank, do you have to watch that board all the time. You should be able to see that she's just pushing it around with her fingers. This is important. Now listen to me.

Don't convert your insurance policy into your mother's name. I know it's natural to do it, but don't. Make it out to your sister, or let it lapse, or give it to a home for cats and dogs but don't make it out to your mother. That's all she's waiting for. She can't touch the ten thousand from my policy as long as you're alive, except for what she wheedles out of you. But if you once sign over that, you're sunk. She'll kill you as easily as she did me, just to get her hands on that twenty thousand. What does an old woman like that want with so much money, anyway?

Frank, don't smile so. You can't believe that ouija board....

I'm not in Heaven. I'm right here and anything but happy. It's a miserable existence and Frank, honey, you don't know how I miss you. It's so lonely, by myself. I'm Earthbound till your mother dies or is punished some way and I have to make sure that you're safe.

I realize you probably can't prove anything, darling, but you can safe-guard yourself.

And you can punish her. All you have to do is make her move out and fix up your will so she won't get any money from you at all, no matter how dead you may be. I think that would be punishment enough, for her. To have the money so close, then lost.

I think that would free me, Frank. And oh, Frank, I do so want to get away from this eternal greyness. --Will you do that?

Frank, did you hear?... Frank!...Frank, you didn't understand a word I said! You were so wrapped up in that malarkey the fortune teller was handing out, you didn't even realize I was around.

Frank, don't get up! Don't leave! Wait! I've got to make you understand. I'll start all over --only don't leave. You have to know the truth; you just have to. You can't go back to the house with that woman there. She'll kill you. I know she will. --Tonight, maybe. And then I'll be Earth-bound till she dies, maybe longer. Forever, even.

Frank, you can't leave. Don't pay that woman. She didn't do you any good! She doesn't even know I'm here.

Oh, damn you Frank Henderson, for a blind stupid idiot! You can't even see what's right in front of you.

Frank!
Damn you, and damn your mother, and damn this fish-faced Rooney and damn the whole wide world. I hate everybody. I hate you and.....

Oh no, Frank, don't go, please don't go. I didn't mean it! I can't leave this room with you and I have to tell you. Please, Fr.....

As Frank Henderson left the parlor of Madame Zorta, he felt very pleased. It was good to know that Alice was so happy in Heaven.

—o—

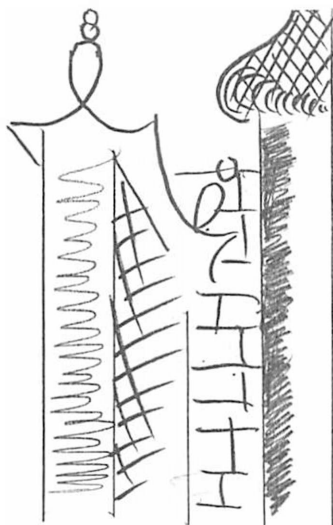
సవ్యసాచి

Green glass at Almagordo-
Portent? Phrophecy?
Or- human purifier?
Soviet secrecy and Claus Fuchs,
The German fox.
Fear...
Dead cats and a dead civilization.
Parallels.

-- Sandy Charnoff

~~~~~





★  
*Topless Towers*  
 ★  
*of Oz*  
 ★  
*and points east*  
 ★

9

For some unhappy reason, little is known of the "Royal Historian of Oz." Few people seem to be interested in the individual who wrote some of America's best known juvenalia. --Still fewer people realize that his Oz works constitute less than half his total literary output.

Lyman Frank Baum was born May 15, 1856, at "Chittenango, New York, the son of Benjamin and Cynthia Baum. His only formal education was at a Syracuse, New York, academy. He married Maude Gage of Fayetteville, New York, in 1882. Baum was editor of the Dakota Pioneer at Aberdeen, South Dakota from 1888 to 1890. From 1897 to 1902, he was editor of a Chicago /trade-paper/ The Show Window. The needs of a growing family made Baum cast about for other sources of income.<sup>1</sup> His first large success was Father Goose: His Book, which sold 1000 copies a day for three months. It was illustrated by W. W. Denslow, who also illustrated "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," published in 1900, which was followed a year later by the lavish and highly successful musical extravaganza, produced in Chicago starring David Montgomery and Fred Stone.

(This is not to be confused with another somewhat successful Oz attempt, "The Clockwork Man of Oz" which was adapted from Baum's Tik-tek of Oz.)

After a few more Oz books, Baum let them slip and started to write girls' books under various pseudonyms, but pressure from America's children again forced the Oz series upon him. Although he had attempted to forestall this very thing by announcing in The Land of Oz that Oz had ceased communication, he managed to rescind his statement by sheepishly announcing that "wireless" had again put him in contact with America's beloved fairyland. Although Baum wrote fourteen Oz books alone, he also contributed to magazines heavily. His first recorded short-story was in 1904, entitled "The Kidnapped Santa Claus," which appeared in the December Delineator (now The Woman's Home Companion). During 1905, his writing became its most prolific. In Delineator for that year he had eight of his "Animal Fairy Tales" printed. They were illustrated beautifully by C. L. Bull, and were, technically, much more sound than the majority of his Oz stories. These stories included: "The Story of Jaglon"; "The Stuffed Alligator" (a beautifully written story); "The Discontented Copher"; "The Forest Gringo"; "The Transformation of Bayal, the Porcupine"; "The Peagreen Poodle"; "The Jolly Giraffe of Jomb"; and "The Troubles of Pop Wombat," in that order.

Running through November of 1904 to December of 1905, Baum also serialized his forthcoming book, Queen Zixi of Ix, for St. Nicholas magazine. In this book he tried to capitalize on the Oz theme and create a similar fairyland. This did not bring as great a response as expected, and the plan was shelved.

His only other work for this year was in International Studio magazine, entitled "Mother Goose in Prose." I believe this is a condensation of a work previously published in book form.

1. Kunitz, Stanley J., and Haycraft, Howard, Twentieth Century Authors  
 pp. 29

Magazine production fell to nill for several years, then suddenly he appeared in St. Nicholas again with "Juggerjock," which appeared in the December, 1910 issue. His magazine work came to a straggling close with "Aunt Phrony's Boy," probably non-fantasy, in the December, 1912 issue of the same magazine.

Mr. Baum was a vaguely wistful-looking man who was prompt to answer his readers' letters and for recreation raised fine chrysanthemums. He was also a man who has made a more lasting impression on the hearts of America's children than perhaps any other.

Years after "The Wizard of Oz" was published, Edward Wagenknecht of the Chicago Tribune wrote "the first distinctive attempt to construct a fairyland out of American materials."

The principal works of Baum for the most part are oddly scarce. Some of them are: Mother Goose in Prose (1897); Father Goose: His Book (1899); The Master Key (1901); The New Wizard of Oz (1903); Queen Zixi of Ix (1905); Baum's Fairy Tales (1908); and Sky Island (1912).

Oddly enough, in the book I used principally for reference, a very beautifully written book of his, John Dough and the Cherub was not mentioned. The story seems to have less actual "magic" in it than most of Baum's fairy-tales, but the entire volume is pervaded by a heavy, dream-like quality which is utterly fascinating and altogether too lacking in his later work. Although I cannot find the actual date of publication, this book seems to be the forerunner of most of Baum's later work. It mentions the Kingdom of Ix and alludes vaguely to Oz. The story itself is completely different from anything Baum ever again attempted.

Mr. Baum died on May 6, 1919, at the age of 63. He had apparently just completed his final work, Glinda of Oz. The book is copyrighted 1920, with a note from his publishers, mentioning Mr. Baum's death.<sup>2</sup>

"We are sorry he could not stay here, and we are sad to tell you this is his last complete story. But he left some unfinished notes about the Princess Ozma and Dorothy and the Oz people and we promise that some day we will put them all together like a picture puzzle and give you more stories of the wonderful land of Oz."

The publishers were true to their word, and in 1921, The Royal Book of Oz appeared, "enlarged and edited by Ruth Plumly Thompson." The preface was written by Maude Baum with an explanation of her choice of Ruth Plumly Thompson as co-author of the volume.

Miss Thompson continued her work with Oz faithfully and with great originality. --Although the books seemed to lack a bit of the Baumish atmosphere, they made up for it with a reckless dash and glitter which Baum unfortunately lacked. She wrote about as many Oz books as Baum-- and suddenly disappeared from the scene. In 1939, The Wizard himself again appeared in a lavish technicolor musical starring an unknown named Judy Garland, supported by some of the acting profession's greatest talent.

John R. Neill, who had illustrated all but the first Oz book appeared on the scene with The Wonder City of Oz in 1940. He wrote three brilliant books, combining Baum's atmosphere and odd mechanized invention with Thompson's fell swoops and reckless derring-do. He also illustrated his own works. Just as suddenly, Mr. Neill dropped from the picture, and a new Oz story appeared by a new author-illustrator team. Alas, this was not well received, for it bordered on the hack and was poorly illustrated. The book has not been reprinted as are the others. No others have been written since, yet the Oz books consistently out-sell any other book, volume-by-volume in the juvenile section of America's bookstores.

Could Baum have only known what he was starting when he wrote an enchanting fairy-tale entitled The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, 'way back at the turn of the century!





• BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

• THE CAST

Beauty.....Josette Day  
The Beast.....Jean Marais  
Beauty's Father...M. Andre

• CREDITS

Produced and Directed by  
Jean Cocteau  
Sets designed by  
Christian Berard  
Music by Georges Auric

• THE PLOT

The story deals with a formerly-rich merchant and his three daughters. While riding in the forest, the merchant loses his way and comes upon a strange castle. When he picks a rose as a present for Beauty, a strange being appears and tells him he must die for that theft unless someone will take his place.

Beauty offers herself as the victim. When she first sees the Beast, she faints from fright but after a while she becomes fond of him and he falls madly in love with her. Hearing that her father is ill, she begs the Beast to permit her to return home for a visit. Once Beauty is home, however, her crafty sisters trick her into remaining.

When Beauty does not return, the Beast is ready to die of heartbreak. Looking into the magic mirror he has given her, Beauty discovers his condition and hastens to the castle. This expression of love on her part lifts the spell from the Beast, who resumes his original identity as a handsome Prince.

In his foreward to the film, Cocteau says "...Let me begin with four magic words, the true Open Sesame to childhood: Once Upon A Time." This film is extremely lovely. It must be seen to be appreciated. English titles are by Irving Drutman.





• PORTRAIT OF JENNIE

• THE CAST

Jennie Appleton, the girl.....Jennifer Jones  
Eben Adams, the artist.....Joseph Cotten  
Spinney, the art dealer's assistant.....  
Ethel Barrymore  
Matthews, the art dealer.....Cecil Kellaway  
Mother Mary of Mercy.....Lillian Gish

• CREDITS

David O. Selznick, Producer  
William Dieterle, Director  
adapted from a book by Robert Nathan

• THE STORY

Portrait of Jennie is a poem on film, one of the U.S. Film Industry's first attempts at creating a commercial "art" film. Its camera technique is extravagant and varied, utilizing four types of coloration to create an aura of ethereal beauty. It is, stated simply, a beautiful tale of the supernatural.....

Joseph Cotten plays the young artist, Eben Adams, whose strange adventure begins on a winter evening in 1938 when he encounters a little girl in old-fashioned dress playing in New York's Central Park. She tells him that her name is Jennie Appleton and that her parents are entertainers at the Hammerstein Music Hall. This information startles Adams, because he knows the Hammerstein was torn down years ago.

Inspired by the mysterious child, Adams sketches her and wins the praise of a formerly unapproachable art dealer. Eager to sketch Jennie again, Adams searches for her, but finds only vague reports of her parents' sudden death years ago at the Hammerstein.

Jennie does reappear that year, more than once. Each time she appears, she appears to be years older. She pleads with him to wait for her while she grows up.

At their next meeting, Jennie is a beautiful young woman. Adams realizes that he loves her and, working feverishly paints the fabulous "Portrait of Jennie," which will one day bring him fame.

When months pass and Jennie does not return, Adams desperately goes to the convent she supposedly attends. At last, from the Mother Superior, he learns the secret of Jennie. Tormented by doubt and fear, Adams goes to the tiny New England village where she was last seen. There, in the picture's unnerving climax, these two wage an epic battle against the menace of a tidal wave and the forces of time and reality.



STILL NO. 723-B-1

MAT NO. 305

The most exciting storm scene ever put on film is one of the highlights of David O. Selznick's "Portrait of Jennie," latest Jennifer Jones-Joseph Cotten starring vehicle. The above photo shows the beginnings of the storm's violence at Laud's End Light, a lonely New England lighthouse.





**WORLDS IN COLLISION**

401 pp. \$4.50

- by IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY

Doubleday

Immanuel Velikovsky is probably the world's greatest exponent of Hobson-Jobson thinking. He compares the solar system to an atom; the planets to the electrons. It is far more nearly correct to say electrons ARE the electronic orbits than to say electrons are like planets.

In the beginning of the book he asks the reader to decide whether the book is "science or science-fiction." Since "Worlds in Collision" is most assuredly not science, it must be reviewed as science fiction.

Mars and Venus are the principal performers. As a novel it is disjointed with many references to the Bible and works of mythology and legend.

The calendar receives its share of attention also... Though there is more promised in a forthcoming work to be called "Ages in Chaos."

Read as a novel, it is exciting. New developments and ever grander castles in the air keep up the readers' interest. Since the villains are known from the beginning, we are concerned with their effects on the harcins, Earth and her children, men.

This book may well interest, amuse, or enrage you. It has certainly enraged many educators. MacMillan, which publishes many textbooks, was forced to turn over publication to Doubleday. Whether this book is scientifically sound or not, this action cannot be condoned. It is remarkably similar to the evolution trials in Tennessee and the Nazi book burnings.

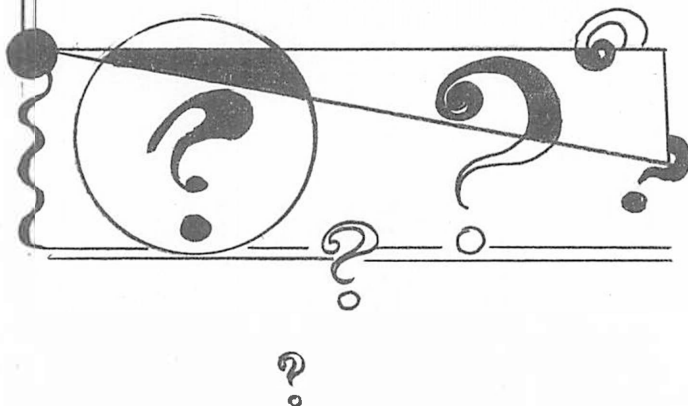
# A Question of Embodiment

If death is passing through a sable curtain,  
To enter realms of cyclic luminescence,  
How can a soul determine what is certain  
When first experiencing this juvenescence?

Discernment comes with growing intigration,  
Immersing you in life's increasing frondage,  
Until you know such heavenly elation  
That you forget the past of mortal bondage.

The only trouble is, your touch has vanished;  
How do I know these things I am declaring?  
You must use other minds when yours is banished.  
Whose body do you think that I am wearing?

-- Orma McCormick



I was a soldier of Kublai Khan  
In the long and long ago,  
And you were a Chinese lady  
Known as Jade, I trow.

We raided the ancient city;  
We took from the place treasures rare;  
Sweet Jade was among the captured,  
But none with her could compare.

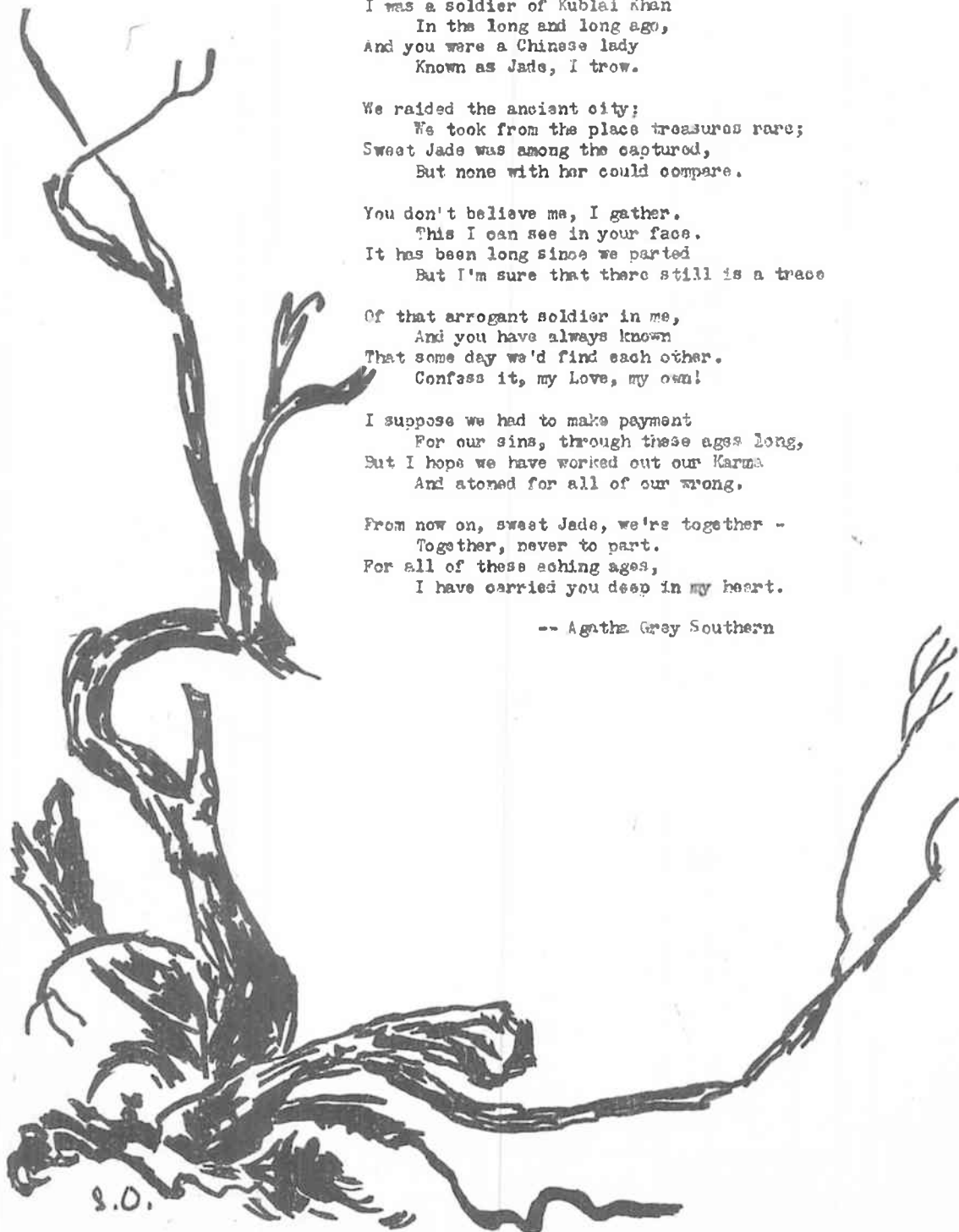
You don't believe me, I gather.  
This I can see in your face.  
It has been long since we parted  
But I'm sure that there still is a trace

Of that arrogant soldier in me,  
And you have always known  
That some day we'd find each other.  
Confess it, my Love, my own!

I suppose we had to make payment  
For our sins, through these ages long,  
But I hope we have worked out our Karma  
And atoned for all of our wrong.

From now on, sweet Jade, we're together -  
Together, never to part.  
For all of these aching ages,  
I have carried you deep in my heart.

-- Agathe Gray Southern





# Adagio

Willows, bend over the river

To weep your tears in vain.

Green leaves that rustle and whisper

And sing like falling rain.

Caught by the bank in an eddy

Are strands of long black hair;

You bend down quickly to vision

The object lying there.

She, so fair in springtime,

Shall never see the sun;

Willows, shield her forever

Now that her day is done.

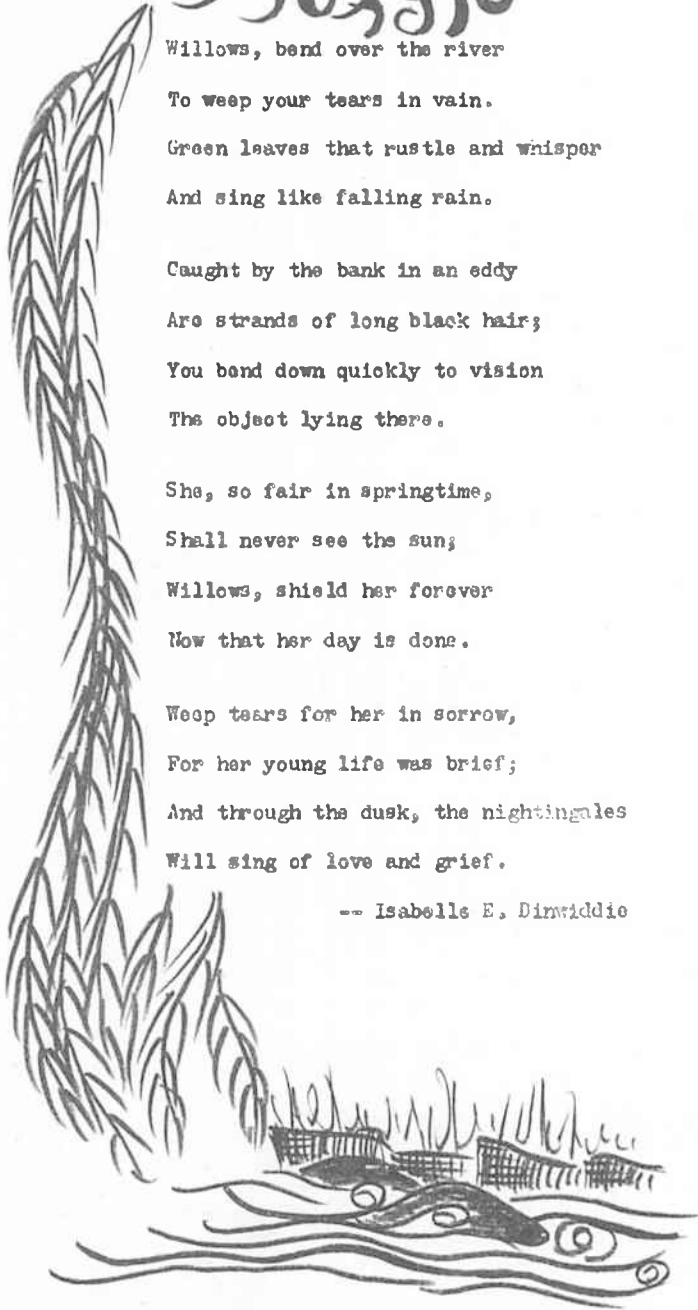
Weep tears for her in sorrow,

For her young life was brief;

And through the dusk, the nightingales

Will sing of love and grief.

-- Isabelle E. Dimwiddie



as others see us 00  
...my ORB has come and I was most agreeably surprised with it. It is such a nice slick mag. But dahlink, if you used a trifle less heavy paper for the innards you would save quite a bit of postage. No wonder you had to up your price to 20¢.

I had read so many different criticisms of ORB I was prepared for the most curious effects; but I think it is very artistic.

I wish you could print it in just a bit larger type. Sorta hard on aged eyes. Could scarcely read Rocket to the Moon...

Agatha Grey Southern

((We're happy that you were agreeably surprised with the zine. Most fans are the first time or so; but then they begin to expect it to be just a bit better with each issue--which it is. Don't worry about the waight of ORB's pages ... if postage were our only worry we wouldn't be the only fan publisher in the county poorhouse.))

...20¢ for 40 pages? Well, as long as you have as good material as this issue contains, I guess I can stand it. (But don't raise the price again!)

David English

((Steaks are high, too... Write a letter to the OPS))

...The new ORB came today and it is excellent...Your illustrations are grand. You have a splendid fan-mag.

Lilith Lorraine

Just a couple of lines to let you know that I received ORB and think it's very well put-together --in fact, a trifle better than THE GORGON, of which I received a few issues. The pictorial centerfold is grand.

Hannes Bok

((This has turned into one thank-you after another... If anyone knows what is good and what isn't where s-f and fantasy mags are concerned, that guy would be Hannes Bok. Thank you, Mr. Bok))

...The Dollens cover reminds one of the...ASF covers. By all means another..

Emil Petaja's story was very--disquieting...I liked it. Trial by Fury...doesn't seem to have any stf or even fantasy connotations. "Report" was interesting. All such must of necessity be highly subjective.

On the whole very interesting and entertaining.

Sandy Charnoff

((Your letter seems to summarize just about what the letters on the last issue had to say. If ORB can remain interesting and entertaining, we will have attained our aim. Thanks for writing Sandy...and we want to urge you and all ORB readers to write in your thoughts and your opinions. The zine is yours, you know...))

Until next issue,

Fannishly ....

BILL WARREN

## THE THING WITH NO FACE

The Thing with no Face waits wherever it's dark  
Inside of my house, outside in the park,  
At my right, at my left, behind or ahead  
It's there...and I cower aquiver with dread.  
Though I run, though I hide, it waits undismayed  
The Thing with no Face. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

It comes in the house when the lights are turned low  
And lurks in the darkness, seems ever to flow  
From shadow to shadow. I know that it's near  
Slowly advancing as I shrink with fear,  
Seeking to break through the bright barricade.  
The Thing with no Face. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

In torture I suffer alone in the room  
Knowing it's stalking me there in the gloom.  
My very flesh creeps from it's breath on my back  
As closer and closer it comes in the black.  
Frozen with terror, I cannot evade  
The Thing with no Face. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

Its menace enfolding me heralds the night,  
The hunter and hunted -- quintessence of fright!  
Faceless and formless, a Thing of the gloom  
Waiting to bring me to some unknown doom.  
At last it will triumph, for I've disobeyed  
The Thing with no Face. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

--Frances Becker  
and Bob Johnson

reprinted from . FLUB...  
Wallace Shore, editor