

Being the third in a series, produced for apa L by Andy Porter, associate propagandist for the NYCon III. This publication actually designed to boost my publication number list another notch.

The Hayden Planetarium will be of interest to science fiction fans. While Los Angeles and Chicago have their own planetariums, and other cities and many colleges also have their own planetarii, The Hayden Planetarium is linked with the American Museum of Natural History, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world.

The American Museum's extensive collection of spiders is second to none in the world. As I was walking in the Hall Of Mammals several years ago, a curious black shape with six legs crossed my path. Beating a hasty retreat, and also to old ladies in my way, I insisted to the guards that there was a dastardly spider loose in the works. "Nonsense," choked one of the guards, his face blotched with purple, as he lay gasping on the floor. He didn't say much else; it's hard to talk when you're covered by spiderwebs.

And with a single backward glance, I ran from the building into the silent night, the usual soft murmur of the insects stilled, and a waiting silence descending on the wilds of the park. Quickly grasping my Browning to my chest, I stumbled into the undergrowth, determined to find out just what was going on. I knew that I had to get back to the base camp by midnight; the afternoon plane back to Ankor Wat was taking off then, and I had a load of seven tons of dried peach fuzz that I had to ship back to my mother in Peoria.

And yet when it happened, I wasn't even aware the sinister shape that had leaped up in front of me. Towering 30 feet off the ground, its six great legs reflecting the sickly light of twilight, I saw the great Zeiss Projector sense me and turn around. With a great roar of electrical power, it opened it's main projector, and lunged at me. Quickly I set my Browning on automatic and climbed into the cockpit, warming up the motor. "Rowrbazzle!" the great device roared at the night, it's outline like a great Fred Patton tank. "Gosh a nickel, mickle dickle!" I yelled at it. And



DRAMA OF THE SKIES

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM
HAYDEN PLANETARIUM

1966