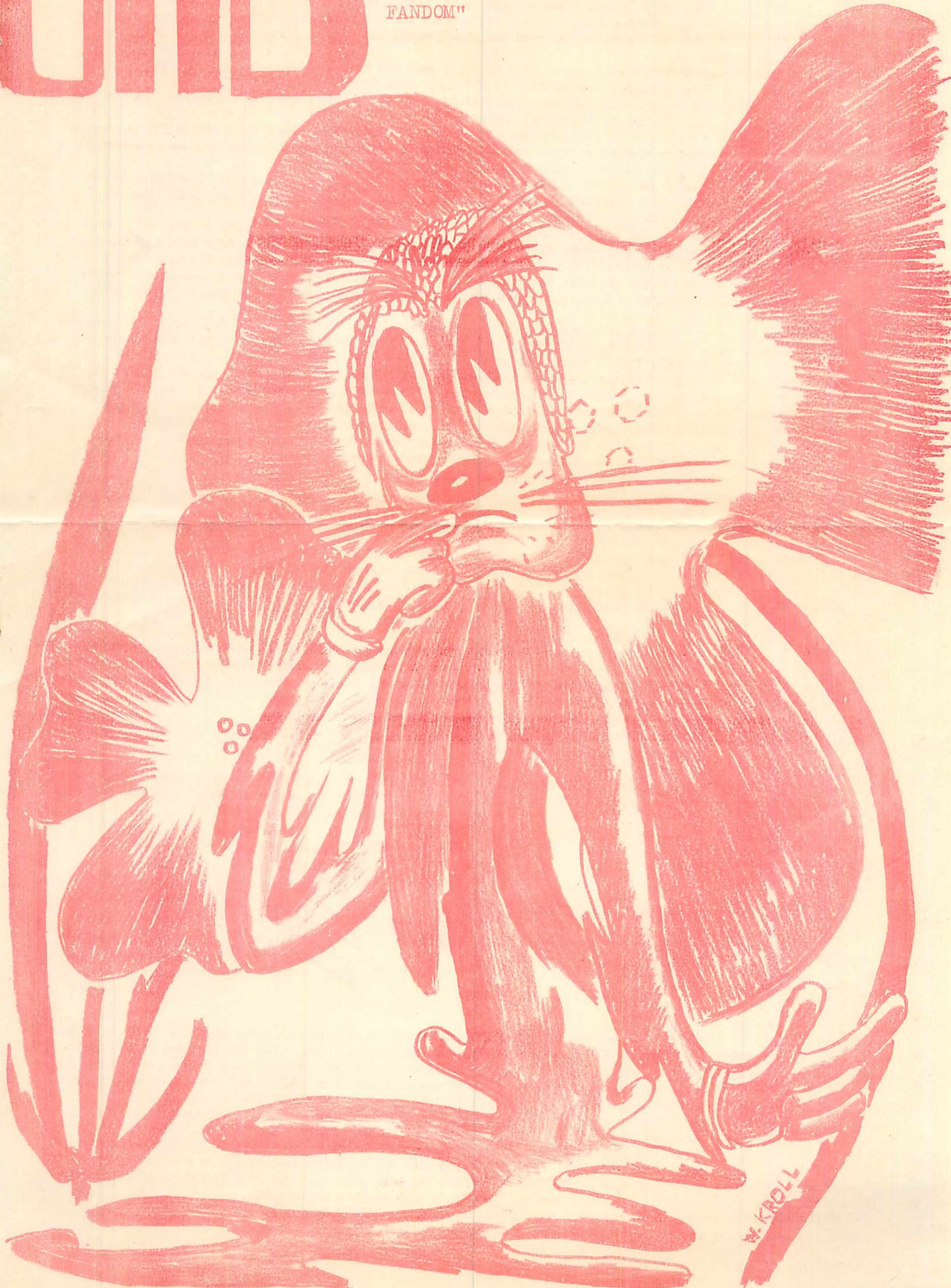


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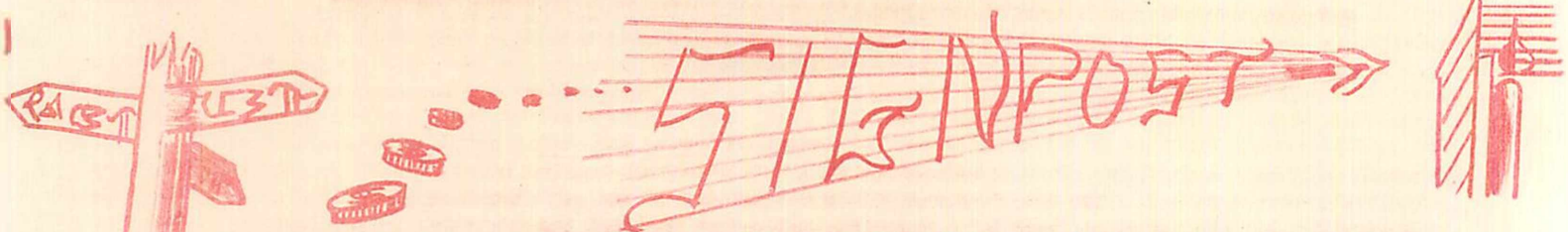
ORB

"WITH AN
EYE ON
FANDOM"

THIRD ISSUE
FEBRUARY - MARCH
IS PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY
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CONTENTS PAGE



W. KRULL



When a starved and dying prospector staggered into Novissima Thyle one chill Martian sundown babbling of finding the fabulous lost city of Ehrnu, every able-bodied Earthman in the colony congregated in front of Old Man Tompkins' supply store at dawn, impatiently waiting for him to open and sell them provisions for a treasure-hunt in the desert. With the exception, that is, of Sandy Ellings, who burglarized the store the previous evening and was already in deep-sand country by midnight.

Sandy's quest of the Ehrnu treasure began well, both Deimos and Phobos being full and giving light enough to make backtracking simple. But between the irrational circlings and zigzags which the desert rat had made in his delirium, plus the steady wind, Sandy found himself at daybreak without a track to follow.

Sandy breakfasted frugally on a strip of dried meat and a swallow of water, reflecting dourly meanwhile that the legendary capital-city of Old Mars would doubtless be easy to overlook -- if, indeed, the ever-shifting sands had not already reburied it. Any conspicuous break in the desert monotony would long ago have been spotted by the aerial surveys.

Well, there was enough sand in Mare Australe to hide many a metropolis. Sandy considered the low dunes from horizon to far horizon, decided that random wanderings would get him nothing more than an appetite and thus make necessary a return to Novissima Thyle and its malodorous jail.

"There must be an easier way," he quoted half-aloud, deriving comfort as always from his multi-applicable motto. Fishing a battered tobacco pouch and a disreputable briar from his jacket, he perched himself in comfort on the steep side of a dune and pondered the problem.

"Now if I'd found Ehrnu and had to leave without the gold, I'd make damn sure I could find my way back," Sandy informed a desert-lizard (*Laocertus Andersonae Mars*) who reared its two-inch length on hindlegs like a microscopic Tyrannosaurus to listen. "But I would not be after hanging a flag on the front door to attract the neighbors in," he added, which convinced Tyrannosaurus Jr. that he constituted a menace. With a blur of its shovel-like forepaws it disappeared precipitately headfirst into the sand -- a useful talent for escaping birds of prey and non-flying pursuers alike.

"Neither would I place me reliance in a map," Sandy went on unperturbed. "For maps need landmarks, and further, are apt to be ready by others. I think," he said, "that it was queer a grizzled and wind-burned old sand-comber such as he should wander in Mare Australe like a tender-foot until all his food was gone."

Upon which sentiment Sandy knocked the heel from his briar, tucked it back into his breeches, shouldered his weighty pack with a grunt, and strode northeast, perhaps inspired by a desert eagle (*Aquila Maxeti Mars*) headed in that direction high overhead. So also did the ancient Romans trust a feathered oracle.

In midafternoon Sandy's path intercepted a long, shallow dune, subtly different in shape from the wind-sculptured sand surrounding it, and a stubbed toe confirmed with sulphurous oaths his suspicion that the dune covered one of those cyclopean and incredible roadways the Old Martians formed of smoothshorn granite quarried God knows where. Following this, he promptly located Ehrnu, engulfed to its peaks in the drifting sands, a mere collection of dunes more regular than the rest of the desert.

Two Colonial Police in a helicopter descended upon Sandy before he laid eyes on the Ehrnu treasure itself, but not before he'd planted his claim-stakes in a square that firmly marked off the Ehrnu Temple from latecomers, and once the CP's learned this was indeed Ehrnu, and Sandy undoubtedly the richest Earthman on Mars, the supply-store burglary took on a trivial aspect even to the guardians of the law.

"Most of the other prospectors struck out southward," one of the policemen told Sandy as they rode back to Novissima Thyle in the copter. "Tell me, sir, how did you manage to find Ehrnu in all these miles of desert?"

"I followed that dead sand-comber's signpost," said Sandy pleasantly, tamping burley into his briar with a horny thumb.

"Signpost?" replied the cop. "I didn't notice any signpost."

"No," Sandy agreed, lighting a match with an expert flick of his thumbnail. "It was only a temporary marker to last a couple of days. The old coddler figured he'd be back with claimstake and a radio-beacon by then."

"You see," he continued, "being stuck there with no proper equipment, the best marker he could devise was leaving his pack of dried meat on the temple."

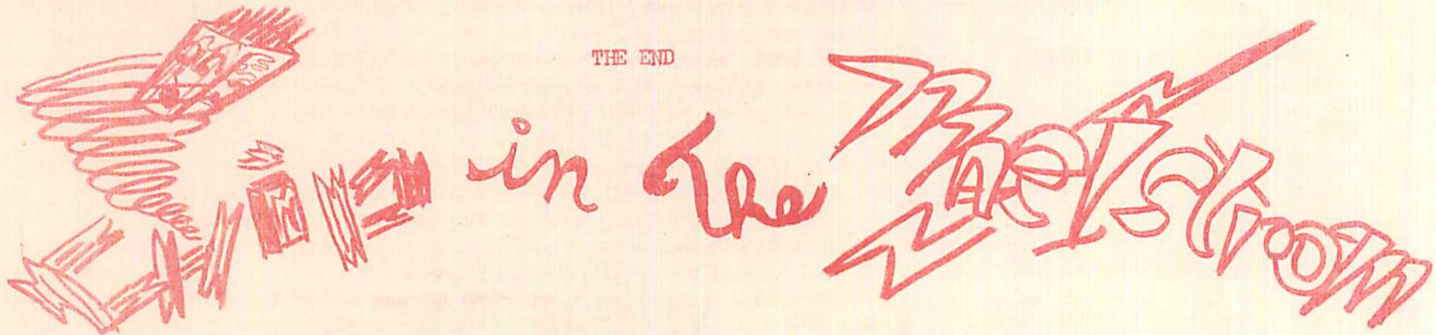
"That's not a very conspicuous marker, though," objected the other cop.

"Nope," agreed Sandy, "But if he hadn't miscalculated his position and had made Novissima Thyle before his strength gave out, he'd have been able to re-locate the place easy."

"I don't see--" began the cop.

"It was a bonnie clever trick," Sandy interrupted. "I've seldom thought of a better myself. Why, anywhere for forty miles around, you could track a beeline to that sack of meat by watching the eagles gather."

THE END



In explanation, the title of this column indicates the usual outlook of most fan these days when they look out from their introverted little selves at the world, fan-world that is, around them. With the big boom in book publishing, new prozines coming out right and left not to mention enlargements and revivals plus the many fanzines, -doings- and happenings. So this is the opinionated outlook of one of those fans looking out over the whirling fan-doings from his isolated but much-in-contact point pretty well isolated from everyone else.

Taking our cue from a few words in our first paragraph, we can take to task some of those who have been taking the big book publishers to task for their offerings in this field of science-fiction and fantasy. One such is a writer in the Los Angeles fanzine, SHANGRI LA, named Earle Princeton. He attacks particularly the publishers of a string of s-f books. The name? Frederick Fell, Inc. It seems that the FF Science Fiction library isn't quite living up to par. That the offerings such as THE KID FROM MARS, THE LAST SPACESHIP AND JOHN CARSTAIRS aren't worthy of appearing in print. At least between hard covers. Now let's look at this objectively.

Fell is, along with other "big-name" book publishers, trying to sell stf to the non-fan, even non-stf reader, book buying public. In issuing volumes such as mentioned above, Fell is laying the groundwork for a good selling stfbook department. What most fans overlook is the fact that they, the fans, are well versed, long read and even somewhat jaded in the stf field. These books do not particularly appeal to them and aren't up to their asf for a

values. The reason they don't appreciate the Fall library is that they don't put themselves in the place of the non-stf-reader-as-yet. These books are aimed more to those people who have as yet not read any or much science fiction. To these people, the books will be quite something in excitement, readint thrills, and escape-it-all-ism. These people who have not read much or extensively, will possibly buy these books like hot-oakes with the atom-bomb, radar, moon-rocket, etc., in the back of their minds, the SEP stories and so on.

Fans could be classed as the college-graduate readers of stf while the first-stf-book buyer could be classed as primary-school reader. You can expect to start thousands of people who have never read stf before especially on Astounding level s-f. Even the Simon & Schuster van Vogt books are watered down a bit. And they are aimed at the same group of people who, say, read The New Yorker and buy the more high-brow books. The S&S books, that is.

So you can see that the publishers usually know what they are doing and that they are aiming for a long-range build up of buyers and not trying to please the minority that is fandom. So, remember this in the future and don't be so hard on the big publishers. It won't bother them very much anyhow!

~~00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-~~

Art Rapp wrote in his excellent SPEARHEAD column about fans never seeming to have room for their collections. And he is so right! What is the poor fan going to do with his mags after he triumphantly lugs home a stack of old Astoundings, TWS or whatever he collects? If the fan is collecting to any extent, it takes little time to have that total roll from one hundred to the next hundred! A complete or near collection of either aSF, WT, or AS gives over 200 issues alone! For fans these days are lucky enough to achieve anything like that, but to get very many years back of very many mags, soon adds up too! And all the time, the new mags are relentlessly rolling out! We now have 15 or 16 prozines rolling out from monthly to annually. Three monthlies give us 36 issues per year. These are aSF, AS and FA. Seven or eight bi-monthlies, TWS, SS, PFM, FN, SSS, OW, and the new A.Merritt zine make 42 more. Then there are the quarterlies. Some of 'em are supposed to be bi-monthly (AFR, for instance) but don't appear that often. AFR, PS, MoF, FB and the new reprint quarterly. These give 20 more zines. Then there is the new Standard reprint Annual which is another. Let's add them up: 99! If you count CAPT. ZERO as fantasy, that gives you well over the 100 per year mark in current prozines alone. Not all fans buy all of the prozines, but every fan buys at least 50% of them. That's about 50 mags per year. Two or three years will give a tidy stack. Then when you add your back issues buying of two or three years, you get an even tidier stack! Then add the books you buy, both old and new, plus fanzines and correspondence! Pity the plight of the space-starved fan!

AND, after you get all of these mags, try to read them all if you're very active in fandom!

~~00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-~~

STRAIGHT STUFF DEPT. That is, anything we report in this section is true and unvarnished and dependable, etc. Item one: The popular Harnes Bok (who's called Wayne by his mother, Mrs. Woodward) is thinking seriously of changing his style. In fact, he told us, he hates it now! Also, did you know that all of those little monsters and BEMS of his have names and habitats? 'Tis true! At least, that's what he told us! Frankly, we wonder how he remembers them all! Item two: We may possibly see the rest of E.E. Smith's "Storm" Cloud series finished up. In mag form, too! Either a long time quarterly or a revived bi-monthly. There is more, but it's confidential. Item three for this time is that Basil Wells is to have another book out from FPCI pretty soon. His title for it sounds good but it may be changed. Look for both reprints and new yarns, all in the best Wells tradition.

~~00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-~~

Starting in an editorial by Redd Boggs in his FAPazine, SKY HDOK, and continued in several other places, one of which is in the editorial of the latest SPEARHEAD, there is the rumor which is by now a belief that FPCI is a vanity publisher and certain authors are financing their own books. We have from a confidential, but authentic, tangible and reliable source, that this is about as untrue as you can get! It seems that idea of not too literary stf and not too good a production format job on the book itself is tainting fans' ideas of FPCI offerings.

~~00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-~~

This about winds up CITHM for this time. Your comments will be appreciated by both the editor of this zine and myself. Material and letters especially for this column will be appreciated and should be sent to me in care of the editor. Thanks.

SPM



TO AN OLD FAUN

Did sil's wave you
Gracefully to the muted music
Of laughter eons stilled?
What olden thoughts coursed through you
... to your crescent horns?
As I reveal you now
You are not old,
You are forever young.
In you are gathered,
Woodland Master, silver streams and
... limpid primrose,
The treasures of life -
The tender glance, the whispered word,
Full soft dreams of love incarnate .

—Henry Andrew Ackerson

LA BEAUTE

For one impassioned glance of those bright eyes
 That make life live -- deprived life surely dies.
 I trail you to your haunts, by wood and cave,
 And by the limpid ponds where moonbeams dance;
 I seek you in the grace; by FEMME I crave
 The depth, fulfillment of your perfect trance.
 Illusive bits of nothing keep you hid,
 Yet bits that cling tenaciously as squid;
 The soul's abyssal silences I search;
 The heaven's cloudless climax I beg for word,
 And when the sums attained are weighed and perch
 Upon the scales, I find the ends more blurred.
 You cannot be confined by word, or phrase, or book.
 I think you're here, but find you everywhere I look.

-- Ronald Bourque



IN THE VALE OF EVANDER

In the vale of Evander
 Black roses bloom,
 Whose ebony petals
 Hold magic perfume.

If you pluck but a rosebud,
 And breathe its sweet scent--
 You straightway attain
 What for dreams were meant.

If you long for riches,
 And lust for gold--
 Earth's hidden treasures
 Are yours to hold.

Do you wish for wisdom,
 And power to sway
 The hearts of men?
 It is yours for a day--

And the red, red lips
 Of your own true love,
 Are yours to possess--
 Yet the stars above

Bid you beware
 Of their perfumed breath--
 For - each fulfilled wish
 Must be payed for with death.

-- Emili A. Thompson

FANCI-VITIES

KRIS-KROSS

2 letter words 3 letter words

- FA
- FB
- FN
- OO
- PS
- SF
- SS

- BEM ORB
- FAN SFI
- FEM FWS
- FEN VOM
- FVA MAG
- IF: NFL
- ITI

- 4 letter words
- COTC DAWN
 - ESFA FAPA
 - FLUB GAAA
 - NFFF SAPA
 - TNFF WSFA

5 letter word

SNARL

6 letter words

- FANDOM MUTANT
- TORCON FUTURE
- TRITON UTOPIA
- WELCOM

7 letter words

- FANZINE FROZINE
- NAMLEPS POLARIS
- SAPZINE SPATIUM
- UNKNOWN

8 letter words

- AMTORIAN
- KOOLINDA
- SUN SHINE
- TIMEWARP

9 letter words

- NORWESCON
- SPACEWARP

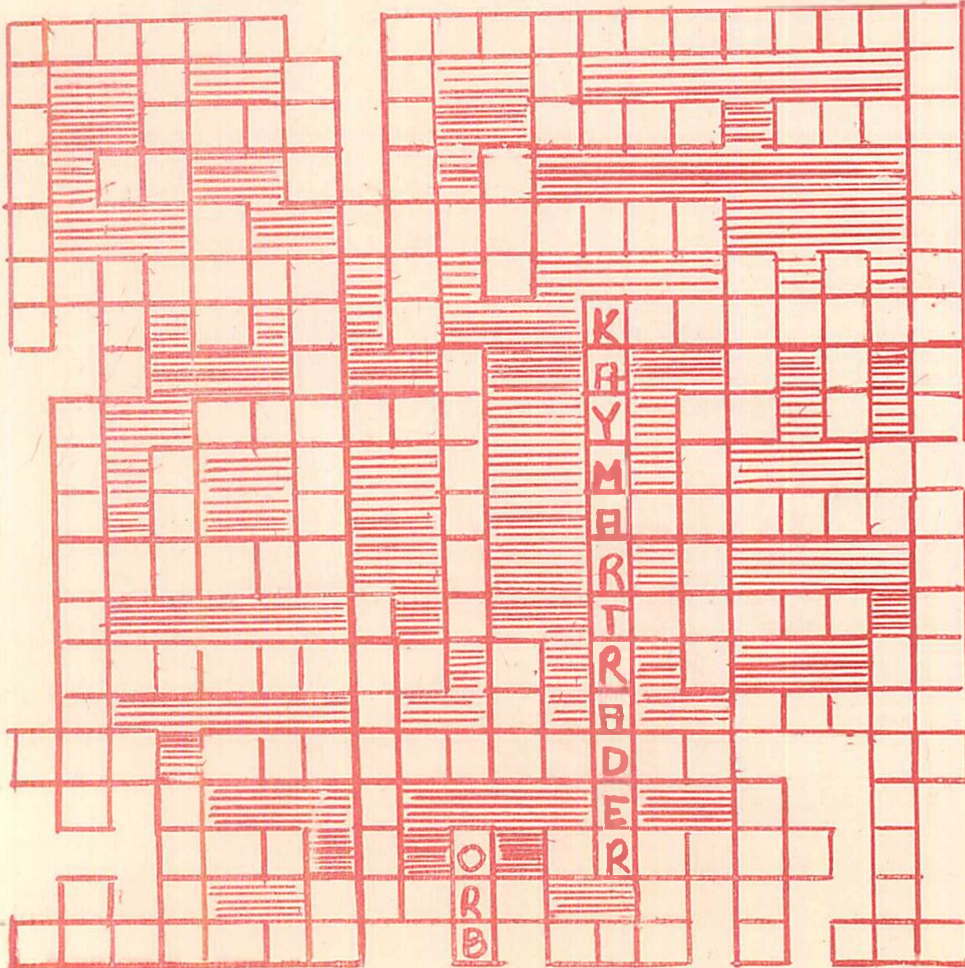
11 letter word

YOUNG FANDOM

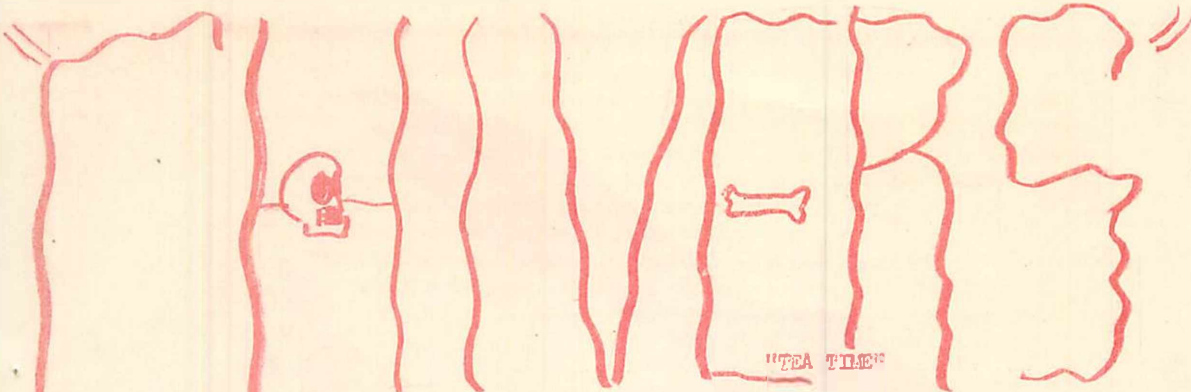
12 letter words

- FANTASY TILES
- KAYMAR TRADER

.....
 :: ::
 :: KRISS-KROSS ::
 :: ::
 :: SANDY CHARNOFF ::



—IT'S
HERE
AT
LAST!



PER COPY

"TEA TIME"

....Standing by the bureau she thought: Yes, she'd clasp him. So lovingly! She'd use the soft, white hands that Stanley adored, creep slyly behind him and caress his throat harder and harder until he couldn't breathe, and his cherubic face would turn a cyanotic tinge, his tongue loll between liverish lips and, against puffy lids, his watery-green eyes would resemble rotten, melting grapes.

"There'd be no more drooling, then, nor half-hearted conversation with the imbecillic brat."

"No, that would be too obvious," she whispered. Mummy Vera would have to think of something else. So adoring, and gleeful, she knew what was best for little Stanley.

FEATURED STORY: "TEA TIME", by HS Weatherby, HML, USN
also

- "UNCLE HENRY FINDS LOVE" Charles L. Hames
- "Death?" (verse) Jack Cuthbert
- "Night Scene" Jack Cuthbert
- "THE PHANTOM BLOT" Henry A. Ackermann
- "Return" (short-short) Herman S. King
- "Star-Caster" (verse) James Lane Doyle
- "AN ECHO FROM ETERNITY" (novelette) R.F. Dikeman
- "Description" Marion Schoeberlein
- "Buddha's City" William du Bois
- "The Silence" Mina Fox
- COVER ILLUSTRATION ***** by Bob

WINTER ISSUE

"TO KILL, THAT IS THE QUESTION" by HS Weatherby, HML, USN
also

- "The Feast" (a horror poem) John Blyler & H.S. King
- "No Escape" Morris Gibson Garby
- "The Harlot Sea" Ronald Bourgea, HML, USN
- "TROUBLES WITH RELATIVES" (short-short) (Charles L. Hames
- "SOME SHADES I'VE KNOWN" H.S. King & W.L. Hudson
- "Fanzine Review" YIP HURRY EDITOR I
- "Guilt" (verse) W. Leslie Hudson
- "THE POES" Ed Lanning
- "Legend of Teah-Ankirat" Henry A. Ackermann
- "City Death The Sea" Jack Cuthbert
- "Winter" (verse) Stella Halit
- COVER ILLUSTRATION ***** by Bob

SPECIAL ISSUE

"SPIRITUELLE IN HIGH C" H.S. Weatherby, HML, USN
(reprinted from PEON also and ORB magazines)

- "NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL MORNING" Michael Avallone
- "WHO GAVE WHO THE BIRD?" Hal Shapiro & B. Singer
See what happens to bad little boys.
- "HOUSE ON THE HILL" (verse) Jack Cuthbert
- "MR. OLIPHANT'S PINK ELEPHANT" Charles L. Hames
With his bottle, Hector brought up a playful companion- but who would want to lose her? -
- "Review of Fantasy and SF Publications" editor
- "The Taxi" (short-short) R.F. Dikeman
Came the call of a father's love- and pride!
- "WEIRDITIES" Johnny Blyler
- "MIDNIGHT LUNCH" (verse) Jack Cuthbert
- COVER ILLUSTRATION by Bob

SPRING ISSUE

"DEATH COMES TO DOPES" H.S. Weatherby, HML, USN
Gloria Demming, Broadway stage actress, never realized the horror of the awful house until she and Hayward escaped the flooding street.

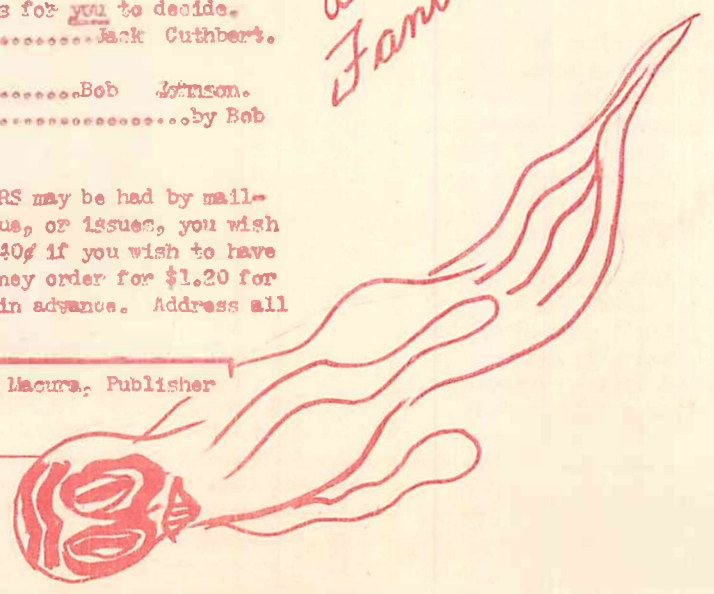
-also-

- "LETHE" Herman S. King
- "Premonition" (verse) Henry A. Ackermann
- "A LETTER OF NOTE" (a department) Arline E. Douce
- "DARK UNEASE" (verse) Al Foth
- "Playthings" Jack Cuthbert
- "PHANTOM NOCTOURNE" Henry A. Ackermann
- "Song of a Nature Lover" Herman S. King
- "TIPS FOR YOU TO DECIDE" Julie Tucker Devine
What sort of woman is Sue Poloski? It's for you to decide.
- "WITCHES' BREW" (verse) Jack Cuthbert.
(SHIVERS Novelette)
- "POLTERGEISE IN HIS PANTS" Bob Johnson.
- COVER ILLUSTRATION by Bob

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SHIVERS MAGAZINE, Andrew Macura, Publisher
240 Prince Street
Bridgeport 8, Conn.

For the discriminating lovers of Fantasy Fiction



UNTITLED: TWO

The rings of Saturn
Call me compelling;
But I hang back,
Prudent, rebelling.
The clouds of Venus
May tug as they will
At my taut heart;
I avoid them still.

Mars and its channels
Call me to come;
But I shut my window
And stay at home.
A life of starwandering
Is a life wasted;
Better contentment,
Leave fierce joys untasted.

The lonely cry of the windy stars
Is a sword in my heart;
I cross my window thrice with care,
And try to forget that there are stars;
For better a life in a quiet dale
With secure repose and no fear to prevail
Than any ecstasy unreal
Which I can only partly feel.

D.P. 06



Dear ORB readers:

This is going to have to be my column this issue, instead of Bill Warren's. I just received a note from Bill's sister, Norma. It says: "Bill has not been at all well, he has had the flu and now he has arthritis in his right shoulder. So he hasn't been getting up and he can't write at all.

Maybe in the near future he can write again and I know he would love it if you ask him again."

Let's all hope Bill gets well soon, and is able to answer the letters in the next issue. -Now, on to the letters - and there're some dillies!

Dear Bob,

I guess there has been more than a little delay in my writing to ORB. And also to subscribing to it. Enclosed is 40¢ in coin to cover this first issue and keep me going to #3.

Well, poetry seems to reign supreme in ORB so far. The format is unique...I imagine that in future issues you'll have the stuff adjusted so it won't seem so stretched out...an average length article doesn't seem to last so long in a zine of ORB's type. One good thing is that the artwork is good and comes in generous doses.

Read Sandy Charnoff's letter with much interest...There were many such arguments from the New York bidders....They had a pro advertising concern already to go to work on it. But the lingering effects of the taint of professionalism of the Hydra club lingered onto this year and it did a bit to ruin the bid. If it had gone to New York, the original purpose...(to let fans meet fans and authors) would have been destroyed....but!...On the theme of publicizing stf to the public, why not hold an entirely separate affair. A specifically organized thing to sell stf to the public. A stf exhibition...the pro outfits would have their field-day...the fans still want to hold their own separate conventions,...certain elements, working for the good of stf, I admit, want...the cons...publicity for stf affairs. A Science-Fiction Exhibition would accent the...publishers and still have the authors and editors give talks, etc., but slanted toward the public. If the general public got into a fan con, they'd not know half of what was going on and what we were talking about. And on the other hand, if fans attended a con such as intended by the NY group, we wouldn't be terribly interested in the comparatively diluted-appeal for the general public that would be dished out...See the idea?

...Cover on ORB #27 is very colorful and good. Too bad it costed so much. I'd like to see more like it...

Fiction is different somehow. A strange mixture of not too good and semi-english style. It seems to me that is...I would like to see something different....

The poetry, which seems to be plentiful but welcome enough, is both good, bad, interestingly different and out of place. To explain.....Sandy Charnoff's are almost always very good in the best classical poetry way. Others, like Bourgea's, are entertaining and ones like yours are pretty good weird-types. But why did you print "Don Rogers and the Beggar Fan"? How many fans, especially the...new ones...have much knowledge of those old zines like Cosmic Dust, Space Tales, and other fnzns and why were they mentioned in this poem as they were? Or who Raym Washington is (was)? I started reading stf long enough ago to get most of the poem, but not all of it. What about one or two year stfans, or even more? we thought, at least I did, that it would be unnecessary to explain this poem, but it seems I must. Raym Washington was the pen-name of a fan who was hoaxing Shaver. Wrai Ballard, whose ms bureau sent me this poem, said he saw where the fan had recently confessed to being Raym. Don Rogers was the prexy of a club- dunno which one. Anyway it seems he and Raym were feudin'. This poem was a sort of satire on their little battle. I have no idea why the fanzine names were included, however, anybody would realize they were fnzns merely by the fact that they were capitalized. The poem itself is a parody on a poem by AA Milne (author of the Poch stories). Satisfied?/

One thing you ought to do and that is to give the by-lines with all of the fiction pieces as well as the poems. That would do away with having to keep turning to the contents listing to see who wrote what you just read. /You can't have everything for 15¢, yaknow./

Yours,
Ed Cox
.4 Spring St.
Lubec, Maine

Hi Bob,

Gaughan's pic came out gorgeously- that blue was the perfect color for it. /I thot so/

Your cover was just what a cover should be. I liked it very much; it's suggestive of some lush alien world. Your illo for Hames' story was good. It was suggestive...The story was very good.

Wonder if Bill Warren has been jilted lately? Just what did Grossman's pic illustrate- or nothing perhaps? /Yuuus/

Lonely Worlds reminded me of the squibs they're running in AMAZING now. I like /the/ chatty columns. Sort of reminds me of Louella Parsons.

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

/"SHRIEKING APPROACH" is come and Gaughan! "SHRIEKING APPROACH" is come and Gaughan! -Watch next issue for details!/"

Dear Bob,

Prepare for a long-winded letter. /I've brought my pillow./

Just latched onto ORB today and thot I would give you my comments on it.

Now to start tearing it apart.

The cover came off. Maybe I pried out the wrong staples. 'Minds me of DAWN in that respect... Anyhow when I scraped the jam off the cover... (I was eating breakfast at the time) I got a look at the drawing. My boy, it shows a definite streak of artistic ability--to bad it streaked by so fast you couldn't grab it. What are my chances of getting an extra copy of that cover? I really liked it, no fooling!

Here is how I rate the stories, poems, features, etc.-By the ringing of bells...

The Erratic Guest: Bong! Bong! Bong!

Don Rogers & The Beggar Fan: Bong! Bong! GAR-ooo! GAR-ooo!

Grossman's drawing: Ping! Ping!

The Home of Diana deLune: Plink.

Mind at Work: Rustle, rustle. /The bell ropes?/

Sing a Song of Venus

If I do, the neighbors (12 miles away) will start complaining again.

Satan & It's Dark: Snore.

Lonely Worlds: Hack-Click Hack-Click. If this is short prose, it should be shorter...

Now to the letters. The one about Atheism intrigues me. It infers that I'm stupid because I'm an Atheist. I may be stupid in that respect, but no one can accuse me of being stupid in other things just because I'm an Atheist. That's prejudice, you know. Could a human father burn and torture his own children? Certainly. You see things like that in the paper every day. These people aren't human, you say, Miss Firestone? Look up human in any dictionary and see if it says anything about personality. I'd like ORB to run a poll on the subject of Atheism. True, 90% of fandom is not Atheist....it's nearer 75%. /What do the rest of you think of this poll idea?/ Of the fans I know well, four are Atheist and one is agnostic. I don't know whether this is a reliable cross-section or not...I expect not, for most fans seek out the fans whose tastes are similar. The fans with which Miss Firestone is acquainted are probably all interested in palmtree, medium tricks, &c, &c. This is all right. I grant you, such things are very interesting, but they're not backed up by facts. I didn't mean to take up so much space, but once I get started....you know how it is. ---I've had to rewrite the...last part...four times. I trust if it's printed, it won't hur the feelings of too many people.

By the way, what's Sexocracy? Sounds real interestin'. /If anybody dares tell him through this letter column- I'll- I'll -cancel their subscription!/"

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

Dear Letter Ed.

Do you want gripes? Ha, you came to the right place!
First of all you cut my plug for my zine /all right, Folks,
read it and weep. He's got a fanzine, UTOPIAN. It's a very
nicely offseted little one-man zine. 25¢/

The Eva Firestone epistle should draw plenty of derogatory com-
ments, but it won't get anything from me. I think a person's theo-
logy, or lack of it, is his own private affair, and not to be aired
in a public place (fanzines included).

I shall now descend from my pedestal and defend my ideal (Shaver,
that is). I don't say I believe in the Shaver mystery, but I do
think anyone who can write well enough to make thousands of people
believe it should receive praise, rather than ridicule, honor rather
than disdain.

I'll answer all arguments in kind in your zine, and in mine too.
/Not if he doesn't renew his subscription, he won't!/
The cover illo...seems rather stringy. It is decidedly better
than the Grossman on p. 7/ /Bad eyesight, RJ, it's page six/
"Sing a Song of Venus" & "Satan..." were tops for the ish.

Your ancient unearthly enemy,
RJ Banks, jr.
111 S. 15th St.
Corsicana, Texas

Dear Bob,

Here, somewhat belatedly, is a thank you, and acknowledgement...
of ORB. Close, and critical observation of said mag brings me to
the point of rashly agreeing that it is a zine that I want in my mail-
box every once in a while, so enclosed is the sum of 1/2 buck. Fits in
somewhere not listed on your sub list....

Right here I should prove I'm a blase fan, and criticize some
part of the mag. In fact I looked it over with care, but all I could
find was things I liked. Particularly the neatness. Oh yes, I found
something I don't care for, hot dawg!! /Sadist!/
Ahem, I here-by go on record as being against Legal size 'zines. Too hard to file.

...Like the idea of a fan's ...rogue's gallery....just keep up this
quality, and you'll have a satisfied subber out in N. Dakota for as
long as your mag is running...Luck with it....

Sincerely,
Wrai Ballard
N3F Ms Bureau
Blanchard, N.D.

/That concludes the letters for this time. There's been some definite-
ly expressed opinions, and some definite answers to previous definite-
ly expressed opinions. How about some of you other readers getting
into this column? We'll print anything interesting, or arrestingly
different. By arrestingly different, I mean thought, not language.
Here's hoping Bill's well enough to get back to answering the missives
in the next ish. Now to conclude with a few "Shorties".
Congrats on your splendid job putting out ORB! Lee D. Quinn; I re-
ceived a copy of "Orb" yesterday, and thought that I must compliment
you on such a fine magazine. #...Enclosed also find a dollar for sub-
scription for one year. Ronald Bourgea...I finally decided to re-
new my subscription to Orb. I'm enclosing a check for \$1 for as many
issues as you sell for a dollar. M. Freimer...Hmmm... Business is
improving! -- 'Bye now, BOB JOHNSON/

SARGASSO

by Sandy Charnoff--

I saw the Sargasso,
Sargasso sea of gravity.
Shapes, things unknown creeped
To form a horrible meelee.

In my rocket I fled
From that awful, slithering hulk,
Sometimes, even today
I can see its slaving bulk.

WATCH FOR

THE AWAKENING!

LOOKING AT YOU!

Dear ORBers,

I have been busy getting my V.A. papers arranged for enrollment in school. I am arranging for a post-grad course at Joplin Junior College where I attended before I went into the army in '43. I'm gonna try and get re-verses in some of the subjects I missed when I was there. Namely, speech, short-hand, and literature (American modern).

Guess I'll have to give up Orb. Sorry but I won't have the time. No more fanzine writing either. Maybe later. The last Orb was swell. Incidentally, you'll find my story, 'The Corpse', in the Dec. SPACEWARP, with an illo by Ray Nelson.

Orb will carry two more yarns of mine, "A Minute After Midnight" and "Curly plays Cupid". You should get a laugh out of the the last. Be seein' you later,

WANTED SON OF A BUN

Chas.

Greetings and Salutations, my fans!

We are here again. The only trouble is, the co-editorial 'we' is not effective in this issue. As can be readily seen from the above, this ish of ORB was a little more than usual, a one-man job. I usually take care of the format, but tyems like this 'un, I feel singularly alone in the world. Then, just a day or two ago, I received the letter from Bill Warren's sister, and I felt like running to tell the king that the proverbial sky was indeed falling! Oh, well.

Starting in the next issue is both Steven L. Muir's "A Chip in The Maelstrom" column, and Lee D. Quinn's "One Fan's Opinion". The latter is due to the fact that Mr. Quinn is having to give up his own fanzine, of the same name, since he doesn't have the time to continue publication. He'll still be able to do a column for us, though, since the time element would be eliminated, save for the actual writing. I don't make myself exceedingly clear, do I! Mr. Quinn's column will appear issuely. Muir's will appear in every other issue.

We didn't run Hames' story this ish, because we have a small backlog of his stories, and want to spread them out.

Hurry up, fen, send in those pics! I won't print the first page of the fan-foto gallery, until I have enough to fill completely, one ORB page. If you co-operate, the first one should appear in #5.

Just a note, so you can drool for the next couple a' months: We have covers, and interiors coming, from FANTASY FOTOS, John Grossman, Jack Gaughan, Bill Benulis, Les Fried, and maybe, if you all like our present cover, an illo by Bill Kroll. We still need fiction, and a little good poetry.

All you amachur (and not-so-amachur) Willy Leys will be happy to note that the ARA (American Rocketry Association) is functioning again. It is also publishing its own offseted zine. The material is good, and so is the offsetting, but it looks like those who were preparing the format were more than a little flustered. Judge for yourself. Address for free sample of 1st ish: 621 3rd St. Washington, D.C.

Sam Merwin, ye edde, of SS, gave ORB one of the punniest reviews of the history of that prozine. He calls us "A large pea-green new-comer," Pea-green in color, and pea-green in experience. HMMMMM. I dunno whether I like that or not. Again, HMMMMM.

My English teacher finally found out that I was a fan, and immediately demanded a copy of a couple of fanzines. The gal's more open minded than I thot she was. She actually said she liked 'em! I was careful, however, not to include any of the cruder nudes.

Some of you want to know wha' hopen to LUNA. This is it in a nutshell. I completed running off #2 August 3rd, '49. That afternoon at a LUNA meeting, I was asked by Paul Banks to resign. He stated eight completely trumped-up reasons. I left without quibbling. By then, Mr. Banks was trying to absorb LUNA into an all-Banks magazine, so I didn't give a darn. Since I did all the work on the zine; the other members quickly ducked the prospect of working on LUNA, and quit, entirely, leaving Paul to mail out #2. He has never done this. I asked him if he planned to return the sub money when he told me that he was discontinuing LUNA. He said 'he'd get around to it'. That was 3 months ag. The subbers still ain't got their money. Draw your own conclusion.

~~DAWN~~

THE SPACE AGE
BY HARRY HARPER

So you want to go to the Moon or Mars or Venus? So you'd like to learn something about how you're going to get there. Consequently you look at a lot of books on rockets and jets. You want to learn about rockets, because rockets are what is going to take you to the planets. After wading through a discussion of jets and jet engines you realize they're not what you're interested in. Then you start the rockets section. First you read all about powder rockets. Then you discover powder rockets can't take you to the moon without being gargantuan in size, weight and cost. Now you reach the section on liquid fuels and atomic fuels... This is one of the things that interests you. But, alas, you are now so sick of technical terms and what didn't interest you that now you simply can't stand the book anymore.

FANS! Have you had this happen to you? Would you like to be able to read the part you want to, without doing violence to that part? Then read "DAWN OF THE SPACE AGE"!

- Mr. Harper's book is divided into three sections:
- I. THE STORY OF THE ROCKET AND THE COMING OF ATOMIC POWER
 - II. OBJECTIVES OF SPACE FLIGHT--THE MOON, MARS, AND VENUS
 - III. DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION OF VESSELS FOR THE NAVIGATION OF SPACE

Why be a sad sack? This book is non-technical and to the point. No fishing around for what interests you in this book!

Harry Harper is a pioneer journalist of aviation. He was Britain's first air reporter. At present he is a member of the British Interplanetary Society. He has written several books, among which are, "Man's Conquest of the Air" and "The Evolution of the Flying Machine".

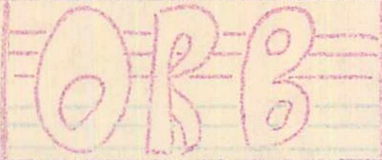
"DAWN OF THE SPACE AGE" was approved as a non-technical presentation by the Technical Advisory Committee of the British Interplanetary Society. There is a foreword by Kenneth W. Gatland, co-founder of the combined British Astronomical Societies.

The book is clear and concise. It is well worth the two hours or so spent reading it.

THE
CITY END



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