

**All  
Stories  
Complete**

**THE ORIGINAL  
SCIENCE  
FICTION**

**STORIES**

**Volume 10**

**JULY, 1959**

**Number 3**

**NOVELETS**

- BEYOND THE SNAKE PLANET** ..... *Bill Wesley* 31  
There was no woman for Captain Dave Norwood on this ship, and there'd be no going back to Earth for him, either. But if, say, Colonist Lor Halvorsen met with an accident, and his blonde wife became a widow . . . well . . .
- HEAP BIG MEDICINE** ..... *Robert Silverberg* 75  
Behold the brave, virtuous Earthmen! Do they repeat the wickedness of their forebears who corrupted natives with whiskey, to steal their lands? Nope; the natives feed the Earthmen powerful hooch instead!

**SHORT STORIES**

- THE BARE FACTS** ..... *George H. Smith* 6  
It was a serious problem for April Dawn, popular strip-tease artist. What was she going to do in a society where no one—but no one at all—ever wore clothes?
- NIGHT OF THE ROBOTS** ..... *Allen Wilder* 16  
Either Rand found the leader of the robots tonight, or he became a robot himself . . .
- TWIST OF THE CENTURY (A Fable of Futurity)** .....  
..... *Donald Franson* 62
- BUILDING NINE** ..... *J. Martin Graetz* 99  
Young Miller couldn't believe his eyes; suddenly he was in a part of the University no one he knew had ever seen before—a section where they taught Spells, Necromancy, and Magic!
- ALIEN CORNUCOPIA (A Vignette of Tomorrow)** .....  
..... *Walter Liebscher* 113

**DEPARTMENTS**

- THE LAST WORD and THE RECKONING** ..... 114
- SOMETHING HAPPENS (editorial)** .. *Robert A. W. Lowndes* 117
- READERS' PREFERENCE COUPON (The Reckoning is ....  
based on your votes!)** ..... 130

Editor: **ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES**

**MARIE A. PARK, Asso. Ed.**

**DOROTHY B. SEADOR, Asso. Ed.**

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, July, 1959, published bi-monthly by COLUMBIA PUBLICATIONS, INC., 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial and executive offices at 241 Church Street, New York 13, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Holyoke, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879. 35c per copy; yearly subscriptions \$2.00. Printed in the U. S. A.

# ALIEN CORNUCOPIA

A Vignette by Walt Liebscher

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

**W**HEN THE first flying saucer actually landed, it was everything Earthmen believed it would be. Also, as expected, the alien was invulnerable, and indescribably horrible. In fact, the thing was so monstrous, it took an Earthman with a great deal of intestinal fortitude to even look at it.

But, not so with the distaff side; definitely not so. Instead, they went completely off their rockers. To a woman, they all proclaimed the alien was the ultimate cotton pickin', living end; describing it in various bilious terms such as cute, cuddly, terribly sweet, and ever-lovin' squdgem wudgems, whatever that is.

Even after it was ascertained that Splend—that's what it called itself—was on a foraging expedition, the women continued to idolize the many-tentacled nightmare. And, it was quite a blow to manhood when Belinda Bjornstorm, that one-woman Mafia of the bawdy house circuit, quit her highly lucrative business and promptly took on the position as Splend's Supreme High Priestess of Artistic Diversion. I'm sure you all know what that is.

Well, it wasn't long before we men discovered the object of Splend's foraging. Women! What else?

**I** KNOW SOME of you wise guys are going to say there was noth-

ing wrong with letting it have a few women, more or less, since they obviously wanted to go. But having a few women, more or less, is not the question. Who wouldn't? Instead Splend wanted hundreds of thousands, more or less. As I explained before, it had many tentacles.

What could we do? We were helpless. Each and every woman insisted on accompanying Splend back to the planet of Deldirbnu No.ssap.

At first we were adamant. In the end we relented. Why? Because the women put on the biggest damn production of *Lysistrata* since the invention of the apple.

So we had a national lottery. The winners, one of every 20 women, were free to flee with Splend.

My wife was one of the lucky ones. To the last, even up to the boarding ramp, I pleaded mercy; I even consented to give up Mah Jong. But, she only had eyes for that horrible creature.

As she started to leave me I made one last desperate plea. "But dear," I said, "it has so many others. You'll just be one of thousands. Think of me."

"I am," she said. Then, for some strange reason, she added "Ugh!"

Somewhere in the vastness of outer space, there dwells an alien with a large penchant for Earth-women. I hope my wife is happy. After all, I can't help thinking.

Splend is a many loved thing.