

# FANTASY

Quatra



# OUTER FRONT

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VOL. 2., NO. 1.

JUNE, 1941.

COVER: Dedicated to Noel, Dr. Russel Professor Jameson. By Bruce M. Sawyer and Ted Russell.

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Note: On the last few pages of the mag, we slipped up on the numbers of the pages. While the page numbers would lead you to believe that there were 26 pages, there are actually 28.

Hope you don't get too mixed up.



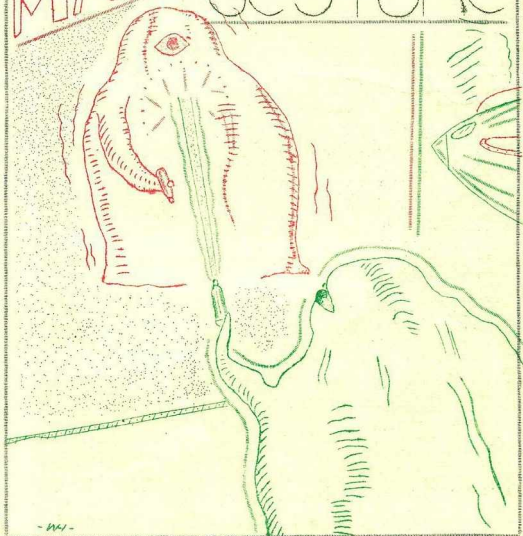
We have something important to say this issue, for a change... it concerns the respective policies of A-E and McKourne Bulletin. It is the first time with the idea of a message, but since there has metamorphosed into what is best described with the words of REC.... as "all sorts" mag. We still welcome odd items of news, when there is any in this benighted place, but others please note, when a piece of news appears in A-E, as with the recent "house" about madness, at psycho, quite probably will be, etc. This may happen often with beyond-Victoria news, but since the majority of news will be publishing in the future will be McKourne stuff, we may not have to worry about it certain state. The only things to send to A-E, however, are letters, and short articles. The former are most important, and the latter useful, generally to right things, of general interest, such as the ones that have been published before after the style of Vonny's famous article, and Don Luck's one in the May-June 1st, and that ended up to the latter of appearance..... in McKourne 1st issue. We have made ourselves..... when we have a issue of A-E to get out, as in this instance, the issue of A-E will continue like this.... March A-E; February A-E; January A-E; December A-E; September A-E; August-Sept. A-E; Dec. A-E; October. A-E and so that comes out like this: Jan, Feb-Mar, April, May-June, July, Aug-Sept, Oct, Nov-Dec. Get it? This is the best arrangement, we think.

A-E is primarily a larger, heavier and more serious pub. It remains quarterly, incidentally, in spite of the statement we made here last issue. We find it easier on us, and easier on our bank accounts. What to send to A-E: first and foremost, articles. They are what we need, and what we want. Articles on anything and everything you can think of..... ARTICLES that doesn't exactly mean that we don't want fiction. We will still welcome a good yarn, but we'd much prefer an article. Poetry is another thing we want. Grave or gay, we don't mind. We send in your material, we love it!

As Kantley of the heroon in this issue. You may notice that it is stated as being No. 4 in the series. However, if you think back, you'll remember that as yet No. 3 has not appeared! However, it is scheduled for the May-June A-E, and the latter being later it is, No. 3 has not yet appeared.

.....

# MARTIAN GESTURE



Orzak, King of the Cosmopolitan civilizations of Erol, turned green with rage. "So," his angry thoughts said, "you, my own son, would conspire behind my very back with the devilish experiments of Selus - if it had not been for your half-brother Irani, I would never have found this out!"

Larus Tere, the Prince of Mars, quivered slightly, appeared as if he was going to reply, hesitated, then looked up once more at his father.

"Where is that creature of Selus?", thundered out the King, "where is this thing of Selus' that has made Irani feel ill? Answer me, I say, answer me!"

The young prince raised his single, almost transparent eye and simply answered, "Selus is dead, having been opened in an accident. The creature at you call it, is also dead, I think."

"What's this - my best scientist dead?" Orzak was screaming. "What treachery is this?"

"No treachery at all, father," replied Larus Tere in a sad voice, "merely a tragedy." And thereupon he told his father of the creature in the chronoid tank, and how Selus, in trying to save his creation by taking it to Erol, had smashed his ship, and was killed.

"You lie!" fumed the King, "Irani told me of how you and Selus made that creature in order to kill me, and so have the thrall of Erol for yourselves. You, Larus Tere, planned to take your own father's life so you could rule alone--- and the plot, whatever it was, having failed, you killed both Selus and his creation and disposed of their remains! You shall never rule Erol, Larus Tere, for I shall have you opened on the seventh day of the small moon Eal, whereupon Irani shall receive my favor as the next ruler of Erol!"

"Irani lies as usual, father," came Larus Tere's abittered thoughts, "you have always proffered him to me, haven't you, Sir 'Product of Mars', December 1940 AMSTRA FANTASY."



"And so it came to pass  
that before the planet  
Earth could live, a Mar-  
tian had to die."

...Sequel to "A Product of Mars."

father? You have always believed him, instead of me, when it comes to a time like this, haven't you? Lani is as low and foul as the snakes which infest the swamps - lower, in fact. I pray that I have the chance to get near Lani; because I swear I shall repay him for this!"

"That is enough, Larus Tora," rasped the King, turning a darker hue, "you shall go to your rooms, and stay there until the seventh rising of Tal. Guards shall be placed outside the city so that you will not escape to any friends that you may have."

"I won't try to escape," Larus Tora thought definitely, "I'll welcome death now that I've discovered how rotten are my own 'well-beloved' people, and how low and wretched is my own hypocritical father!"

"Get!" shrieked out Lani, "Go before you raise the wrath of Lani!"

The young prince turned and moved off, the lines of his globoid body quivering in a smile as he softly said, "Lani is just, Father, Lani is merciful."

Larus Tora made his way out of his father's chambers and along the dimly lit corridor. However, instead of making his way to his rooms, he ducked down a side gravitator and into the apartments of his late friend Selus. How silent the room seemed now. From each corner, each bench, each piece of apparatus, memories of the past reached up and plucked him by the strings of his mind. Poor Selus! Why on Earth did he have to experiment with life, least of all create it. It was ironic to Larus Tora. Selus' reward for creating life was death, while the life that by every right should have been dead seemed now, more than ever, to be alive...for he was certain he had seen a white figure in the reflectoscope before he had switched off the focus.

Well, what if it was alive? Did it matter now that Selus was dead? Larus Tora glanced towards the large experimental tank which had contained the creation of Selus before he had transferred it to his ship. His thoughts were far from pleasant, as he cursed almost childishly the tank. "If it had not been for that tank and the thing it contained, I would still have a friend," he argued to himself. "If it had not been for....."

Larus Tora stopped in amazement as he suddenly jerked his mind

from the world of his thoughts to the world of reality. His whole body quivered with incredulity as his thoughts filled the ether with confused exclamations as he muttered, "Man have mercy on me!"

For, before him, in the tank, groping blindly around its walls, was a pale spindly figure, a replica of the thing Selus had created!

Not knowing whether he was right side up or upside down, Prince stumbled to the tank and placed his eye to the wall. What had happened! The white thing crawled over and looked at Larus Tore, who shuddered in disgust. Two of them! How did it happen? Why did it happen? He soon found the answer. The scientist in Selus had apparently once again been forgetful, and in transferring the first creature to the chronoid tank on his space cruiser he had forgotten to disconnect the life-giving apparatus, with the result that any remaining protoplasm, which had evidently been there, evolved into a similar creature during the longer duration of the life-giving apparatus. Instead of one of these awful creatures, there were now two -- one on Grul, and one on Grull!

What was he to do? Half-tempted, he pulled out his pistol from his inside pocket, considered the situation, and replaced it. No, he argued, "Selus thought that saving his creation was more to him than his own life, so I can't kill this one - no...I cannot."

He pondered in his confused mind. If his father or anyone else came in here and found this thing, they would certainly exterminate it. He raised his eye and blinked at the thing in the tank. "Well," he queried, "what am I to do with you?" The creature grunted softly, and Larus Tore smiled. Somehow, he perceived, this creature was different from the first. Firstly, its body was scaped differently, and secondly it appeared more gently, more intelligent, and not half so loathsome as the one previous to it.

"You are like your predecessor, little one," the Prince spoke to the thing, "yet you are so different. I must give you a name.. the first of your kind I would have called man, and you resemble it so much, that I will give you the name of Jo-man."

And so while Larus Tore sat there contemplating, there crept into his mind a daring plan, which although it would mean his death, might serve to accomplish a good end. In any case he was condemned to death by his father, and so it did not matter now he died. Selus was right, Larus Tore now knew, when he had said that these things were life, and it now occurred to him, that after all, the creature now on Grul, being the only one of its kind, would purely feel lonely. There was a chance, therefore, that he could take this other creation, Woman, to Grul, and thus give Man a companion.

The Martian word for "thing" is "Man", and the Martian word for "like" is a prefix, "Jo." Hence we have Jo-man meaning, and Jo-mar equals like-thing.

panion. Not only could he serve in this aspect, but he could also be with Selus, and if he had to die, then die near him.

Larus Tors quickly moved away from the tank and over to the landing room. He knew that these, like all other apartments, possessed a landing room which served as a self contained landing field and hangar for space-ships. In the landing room he paused in delight; surely he thought, Lar was guiding him now! Before him on the level surface lay several space cruisers at rest, which meant that his plan could go through after all.

The following space of time was one of relentless haste for the Prince of Lars. He transferred Toman to a portable tank and installed it in the interior of one of the space cruisers. After checking up on the fuel, the variation of the double compass, the condition of the 'Tom' motors and various other small items through-out the ship, he went back for a few remaining articles from the laboratory.

Gathering up a few round cylinders in his pseudopods, he walked onto the landing.

As he turned to enter the ship, a voice of thought ran through his mind. "What means this? Larus Tors, you mean to escape your punishment, eh?" Larus Tors swung round swiftly at the voice of his hated half-brother Urani, and smiled grimly.

"So..Urani...you would interfere. I had forgotten about you for the moment. But now you are here, you can put down that pistol for I know your inside's too weak to use it. But I am different, Urani; I swore I'd kill you for your filthy lies, and I meant it.. So take that!!!"

A ray of light lanced out from the small machine that had so magically appeared in the pseudopods of Larus Tors. An agonizing burst of thought came from Urani, who fell to the floor with a river of liquid pouring from the hole in his body.

So died Urani....

With quickened pace Larus Tors entered the cruiser as he heard a heaving clamour of thoughts. They had heard and were coming, but for once they would be too late. The airlocks swung back into place.

Into the darkish night leapt a spear of light.....

-----



His journey was finished. Larus Tore glanced out onto the green landscape that belonged to Grul. He had brought his craft down beside the wrecked remains of the cruiser that was once Selus'. The alien scene lay all around him - thick green jungles of death-steamy swamps - and far in the distance the tremendous peaks of rugged mountain ranges. He commenced preparing himself to go out into the inferno of heat. He would not last long, he knew - but perhaps long enough to do his work.

He pressed a stud and an airlock swung open both its doors. A wall of heat blew in. He shuddered with apprehension of what was to come. Grasping one end of the tank, he shoved it along the floor and out of the ship. There was a crashing of chromoid as the tank met hard ground. The figure of Larus lay on the ground for perhaps an instant then stood up as quickly as if by instinct lumbered off into the shelter of the rain forest. Before the creature reached the tower of green, however, another figure rushed out from the vegetation at the forest's fringe gesticulating wildly and grunting with joy - grabbed hold of Larus and disappeared into the green thickness of the underbrush.

Larus Tore stumbled over to the side of the wrecked ship. Yes, there was Selus, or that remained of him. He stared down at the hard brown remains, a feeling of pity and sorrow within him. However it would not be long before he would join his dead friend....no....it would not be long....no..

-----

The Sun set on the western hemisphere of Grul and moved slowly eastwards. Its dying rays played over the remains of Larus and lit feebly two strange scenes.

One was that of the liquid remains of a dead Martian mingling with those of another long dead....the other was of two spindly flies high in a tree - one crouching down beneath the hollow made by several branches while the other - small, of slender build, swashed with his crude wooden club the skull of a warring four-legged animal that dared trespass on his domain.

The blood of Larus, who came from distant world, hardened and formed one shapely mass with the remains of Selus. This new world had claimed their lives, lives which both had given willingly, because they had one common love. To this new world however, they had given life, in return for death, but somehow they must have known that the exchange would prove a profitable one.

The disc that was Mars moved across the sky, only to be covered by the globe of the moon as it swung free of the horizon....

And Grul lived on..

.....

# JUPITER JUMPERS

by Colin Boden.



"Landing in three minutes", said Dick Bennett into the phone.

"Jane 4," it crackled back.

Bennett swung the ship down into that Jane, and brought it up to the landing stage with the under-ster atom rockets. From there, a strato-plane and a taxi soon brought him to the office of his chief.

"McDONALD'S, Ltd., D.J. Hammond, Manager," it said on the door.

Bennett knocked and entered.

"Ah, there you are," cried Hammond, "I've been waiting for you".

"Well, I came as quick as I could. What's up? It must be pretty important to drag me off the Venus job when we're in so much trouble there."

"It is important, and it concerns the work on Venus. Your trouble there is that the ground where you're building the road takes so much digging and compressing and draining and solidifying that we'll never finish on schedule. That means we'll lose the Kuxer Mine job, and probably others."

"Right".

"Well, your troubles would be over if you could find some way of preparing the ground. I've found a way."

"How?"

"Have you ever seen a Jovian?"

"You mean those Daddy-long-legs from Red City? Scores of times. But I still don't see....."

"No, not those. The other ones. Out of Red City."

"Oh, the Jumpers. Yes, I saw them once. 'My?'"

"Do you know how they feed?"

"Yes, that's how they get their name. But....."

"Look. When a jumper gets hungry he takes a leap and comes down splash! He sinks through the mushy ground to that underneath, and so gets his food. Right?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been making inquiries. The Jumpers are, to a certain extent, intelligent. They can be trained. What I want you to do is to get a dozen of them onto Venus, and set them to work on the road. They'll compress the ground, and also take out the excess moisture. They'll drink it up like blotting paper. Keep them to the marked path and they'll make your road for you."

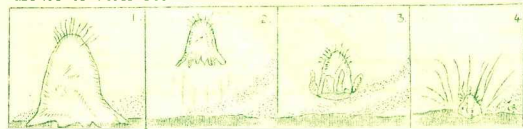
"And you want me to get them."

"Yes."

"Well, I won't. They are intelligent. They might do what you want, and they mightn't. I wouldn't like to be held responsible for a dozen live pile-drivers that could squish an elephant with one jump. If you got decent equipment for the Venus job, you'd finish it in time, and properly, too. But if you start muckin' about with Jumpers you'd better watch out."

"It's an order, Bennett. You are to get them if you value your

Jumpers are the peculiar animals which live all over Jupiter except in the Red Spot. Their food lies underneath the semi-solid surface, and to get it they jump to terrific heights with their powerful web-like tentacles, and in coming down, fall through the surface to their food." -Harrison & Ficker: "Gavian Flora & Fauna"



"I still won't. Two months on Venus was enough for me, with the stuff you've got there. Your machines are hopelessly out of date, and the living quarters aren't even fit for Venerians. The way you're going you don't deserve to finish the job, and you won't get me to do it for you."

"Very well. Get out. I'll get someone else."

-----

True to his word, Hammond got someone else, and finally managed to land ten jumpers on Venus. They were, as he had said, partly intelligent. And were trained to jump along the road by putting their food inside the marked area. They did a lot to prepare the ground, and the work went ahead almost twice as fast as before. At the same time, many Venerians lost their jobs. Hammond made more money, and so was happy again. Finally, with six weeks to go, there remained but one month's work to complete.

At this point, a rocket ship arrived at Koppax City, bringing Dick Bennett back to Venus. After a talk with the heads of the Green Mining Co., he sent a photograph to earth saying "Kuxen agrees. Follow next ship," and addressed it to "W. Sayles-Porter, Machine Specialist."

Following instructions, Sayles-Porter arrived on the next ship, and was met by Bennett at the landing ground.

"Well, what happened?" asked the machinist, "Do you get the contact?"

"Not yet. But I think I will. Roadmakers have an agreement with Kuxen lines that they do the job if they finish their present one on schedule. If not, we'll get the job."

"But they will finish on schedule, the way they're going."

"I don't think so. I've seen government officials on both Earth and Mars, and they're going to pass an order in about a week to the effect that jumpers are not lower animals and we cannot be removed from Jupiter without consent. Hammond's bunch will have to go back, and he won't have enough workers to finish on time. So you'll get the Kuxen contract. I've found backers who are willing to finance me as soon as the contract is signed, so you go ahead and find out what equipment is needed."

"Don't worry. It will be."

-----

Smythe-Porter started his work, and soon compiled a list, so that everything could be heard at a moment's notice. Then they waited.

Twelve days after Smythe's arrival on Venus the decree was passed, and immediately someone was ordered to return his jumper to Jupiter. Then came a scare. Hammond replied to the government, saying that the Jumper would be shipped on the next transport which would leave Venus in three weeks time, giving him ample time to finish the road.

"How what?" asked Smythe-Porter, when they received the news.

"Nothing, I mean. ... Co. will have to stick to their agreement. We'll have to wait and see what happens."

-----

Something did happen, however. Roadmakers had only a week's work to finish when it started.

One of the Jymers toppled off the road, and wrecked a hut, which luckily, happened to be empty. After a while it jumped back onto the road.

The next day, however, the real trouble commenced. For the work was commenced, seven jumpers left the road, and made for Loggax City. The other three just collapsed and died.

The city, warned of its danger, made hurried preparations. Two Triax gum and a flame thrower were dug up from somewhere, and this was the city's total defense.

Soon five of the animals were seen coming towards Loggax. The light gravity of Venus, compared to that of Jupiter, enabled them to make enormous bounds. Four of them passed over the useless gum and the fifth died before it reached them.

However the danger was comparatively slight, as was the damage. The Jymers went down the city, and out into open country. Two more fell dead in the streets, and the other two

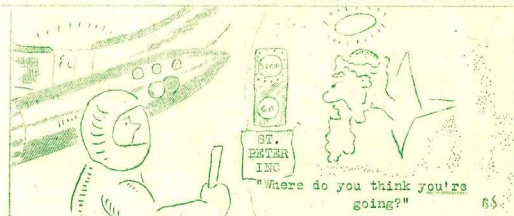
disappeared into the fog, leaving a few wrecked buildings as proof of their visit.

Little more remains to be told. The other two were found dead not far from the city. No one was sure what caused their death. Some guessed that the atmosphere did it, others that they were too close to the Sun. But whatever it was, it finished Roadmakers completely. Bennett and Dayton-Porter got the Kaxon Mine job and many others. B.S.P. Road Force became the leaders in their field. They have roads on Venus, Mars, Ganymede, and many other satellites and asteroida. Perhaps, when the outer planets are colonized, they will have them there, too.

In a letter to the Ed. concerning the above yarn, Colin said:

"There are a few terms which might seem the same to some people as 'T-bars, j-rifles', etc., which I myself don't like. Not every term has an explanation. For example, when rockets would be much better than the others for movement in the water. Primary Guns are simply Tri-machine-guns, with three barrels enabling the gun to cover a wider range, and behaving better shooting. As you will see by the last sentence, I have written a sequel. But I have no idea of what to write next, and I'll wait for comments on this one."

Would you like to see a sequel to this story? Let us know when you send in comments on this issue.



# Now It Can Be Told—

Editorial experiences in the den of an officer of the Intelligence Department.



It was a Wednesday, in November last year. The last exams for the year being over, I was taking an unofficial holiday from school, and was that afternoon sitting at the sewing machine binding the second Melbourne Bulletin. I was awaiting the postman with the afternoon delivery as well. Now I always await the postman with great anticipation -- it is very pleasant to hear a shrill whistle, go downstairs and find

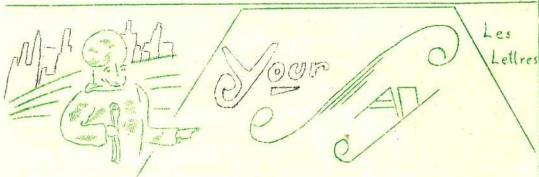
two waiting for you behind the door. This time, however, I was forestalled. Instead of the whistle, I heard a yell from the hall, and on going downstairs, found a very stern Mother and a very official looking one envelope waiting for me. "What have you been up to----?" "Peculiar," she returned.

"You'd better open it," said Mother. So I did. "It" was a very officially worded document informing me that I was to ring about a line and a half of numbers in order to arrange an interview with Lieutenant-Colonel

Some time later we found ourselves in a section of the Barracks labeled "Intelligence Dept." In one of the small offices we found the L.C. waiting for us. He was very nice, assured us that it was nothing to worry about, and ushered us into chairs. Then asked me if I was a wog!

laboriously explained to his satisfaction that it was a nickname, and then he produced about six sheets of vari-colored paper, to which was attached ----- a letter from me to Bob Tucker!

nearly collapsed. He left us for a moment, and I had a chance of examining it. I had instantly been reminiscing a bit, for there are numerous references to "Last Conviction", "Boy King Kong", "Sir Aubrey Montrose Twiddleham", the "SUSSEX", etc.. Occasionally things like "ac", "LaS", "YCW", etc., cropped up. I think the censors must have been quite puzzled. On one of the attached sheets was a note; "This letter contains so many abbreviations that it is impossible to understand it." I By this time the L.C. was back with us, and I had to explain every tiny thing to him throughout the letter. After a warning "Never to do such a thing again, did you?" we left. I feel sure he got the impression that I was the type of person to be humored, and would probably think the same of any self-an. But what would he think of Ackerson??!!!!



FROM ONE OF OUR TWO MOST REGULAR COMMENTATORS COMES THIS CHEERING LITTLE LIST. . . . . MORR DUNN.

..... should receive your A-2's tomorrow. Eric lent me one last night, and honestly, it's good, very, very good. In fact it comes up to, and maybe above, the standard of Ultra.

Cover - good.

Controls - Enjoyable and interesting.

Shadow out of Space - hurry up with the next instalment - very good.

Eric's article - supercollant.

Your Say - keep it that size always. (If everybody wrote as regularly as you, that'd be easy.) Glad to see that WDV liked my story so much. Makes me blush with pride. (What? Not?) (Is he being sarcastic? WDV never even mentioned his yarn - it was RFR who promised it no more.) In fact your Say was the thing I enjoyed the most, mainly because it was so varied and interesting.

Quiz Page - interesting.

My story - I know it's your own worry, but do you think it advisable to print stories by me all the time?... I know I send them to you, but a lot of the fans might grouch, you'd probably know whether they did or not.... (No grouches so far.)

General comments: Issue the best so far.... material very good. ....full marks for neatness and appearance... you have at the moment the best mag in Australia.... and I mean it. (Altho I have not seen this latest Ultra complete yet.) Keep on with the good work...."

FROM PLUTONIAN HARVEY HARRING COMES OUR NEXT, COMMENTING ON #43.

"Received the copy of Austra Fantasy all OK-Enjoyed the mag, and especially liked The Pro Kings Today by Russell, Requiem by Bruce Sawyer, & Edduct of Kara by Poyer. Rest of items were fair"

*Harvey*



TODD SAY,

COLIN RODEN PLUMBES US IMMERSELY BY SAYING...". You say that four issues in one year "isn't such a remarkable achievement". However when a mag starts off carbon-copied, then changes to helco, then mimco, then increases its size by almost half of what it was..... it is remarkable.

Both stories are good. I liked Basil's very much, and Vol, when he forgets "I-bars, j-rifles", etc., can write decent stuff. Eric's article was also interesting. More please.

The enlarged reader's section was a pleasant surprise. Let's hope it stays that way. (Yeah....let's hope....)

That's about all. Only this, I did not like was the 3 pages of quiz and answers. (The quiz is a regular feature, but the answers were to Don Inck's competition, and naturally will not fill up other issues.

..... I think. I feel as if it was ..... before you send it. (Investigati has moved that Colin's ..... is constant. Always has ..... before delivering the mail. Naturally the mail gets wet with spray....) ..... serious ..... so I ..... be pleased to see that ..... will give a better mail: order next time....

.....  
 HE AD, OF COURSE, ADVISING OUR READER.... (Incidentally, this letter has not provided you, of least last - Don didn't send it in until about the time competitions were going on. Please explain.) "Very good A-F, Co. J. Stories good, article...well I'll have something to say on that later....and competition pretty good. (I hope) Everything I liked it. Don, but no one orders it!"

..... something to make a song and dance about in the next few issues... with all these farmyard.... Well, this here heart tickle:---- limey, hasn't BTH hit it in the heart? (Don, you here's not much in them sometimes, (Specially) ASPOODLING (and NIKKOW) to a lesser degree) have meat in them but require quite a host deal of concentration. (I ..... can't .....)?

.....  
 nd you can't but help get it ..... matter. (Don evidently refers to mine or...."human interest".) I'll bet most of you are your favorite love-stories. (Look out for fireworks, Don....) Anyway, I grant you that a week after reading something I've forgotten most of it, but then I can read it again and say each.. Another Gottschman...Don? I mean when no others arrive in these ark, dank, times."

.....  
 Ye ad is quite convinced that Don is something like the villain in "Placet immortal". On reading over this page, I found a number of comments to Don's letter that I'll swear I never wrote!

.....  
 STELLAR!.... "Just got around to a letter of comment." (There is, I guess is it???)

SAULYER SEZ,... "Re ALTHA Bellard..... Beautiful layout, by that I mean that the general arrangement of your mag was excellent. Of course we ~~must~~ have something more by Russell (Time-Travel article next ish!)... Get Noel Dyer, chain him up, bust 'is with clubs and cactus bushes, but please, ~~either~~ get another story like Stranded. Keep on with the quiz. The interesting feature, do the same thing. Vol. 1. ... nt 3 to 10 to Noel; this Shadow out of Space is much better than his Death's Head series. Book cover fair. The cone on fans, seems as if there's only a few fans illustrating mag at present, --- ver. Russell, Rodon. & (ahem) Eckley in this issue.)

Come on, come on, contribute. [Look it out.]"

Vol for Holmesworth...

"Inst A-S was super." (He asked him to tell us why, but he didn't.)

And NOW, a la SPACEMAN, we give you some statistics on previous issues..... Inst issue first, then also on the first four. First in the march ish was "The ...", which got practically all the first ... "Shadow out of Space" and Eric ... articles. The 1st was Today! The enlarged Your Say ... real of favorable comment, too. If it had been some kind of material, the arrangement of the mag would have won first place. On the whole, the issue was liked the best of the first four issues.

Now some statistic on what was liked and what wasn't in your 1. A.F. (!) As we said last issue, SAH's articles were the best liked things with all the fiction coming next. Vol. Holmesworth's 2 yarns - "Lost Radio" and "Shadow out of Space" were liked very much, it appears, but a unanimous dislike was "Tommy's Space Ship" (I composed it while doing the dishes one night - maybe that's the reason...BT.) Excepting the first two, covers were OK (according to those who rated them, especially SAH's hehked one on the third ish. That's all we could work out from the letters sent, which were - it (and never are) many.

BILLER, by L.V. 10D.

There was an old man named Peng Daring.

As a chemist his faults were quite glaring.

Once he reached for his beer, all started to cheer.

'Twas HOL that he'd been preparing. SHACKO.



FANTASY ON THE SCREEN.....No. IV.....by K. NOEL Dwyer

This is the fourth in the series "Fantasy on the Screen", and in this number I'm going to give you the lowdown on some of the famous fantasy actors on the screen today. Let's go.

Friend Boris - Mr. Karloff to you - has his intimate friends - both a bad and again. It's a polluted shade, you know, because in actual life he's a very nice gentleman. He's played several "gentle and lovable" roles in the films, the - remember... "Frankenstein", "The Hunchback of Notre Dame", etc. Boris' last role in Sydney (and Melbourne) was the fierce "You'll Find Out", called a farce because it featured the latest hot numbers as played by Ray D'Arcy and his band against the trio of horror - Peter Lorre, Bela Lugosi, and Boris himself. Now Boris has gone and done it again. His latest horror role being "Before I Sleep" for Columbia. He was born in London 53 years ago, as Charles Brannell.

Bela Lugosi, mentioned in above paragraph, is a different people the screen...this time in Universal's remake of "The Black Cat". It's his first for Universal since "Black Friday". This is another case where a screen star has received a bad reputation. Lugosi has received such a bad reputation that his girl friend has received to go out with him any more, and he's broken hearted about it. But honestly, he's quite a nice guy! He was born in Lugos, Hungary in 1897. (Lugosi...uh...uh...) his height is 5'11" and he has brown hair. He commenced in Hungarian pictures, made several German films, and since 1924 has been giving people nightmares in American pictures. He is best remembered for Dracula.

Again I may be wrong, but I think we'll be hearing a lot of Albert (Dr. Cyclops) Dekker. He's not new to the screen, but it's just now that he's getting the breaks. He was the Geste de Provence in "Marie Antoinette", after which he disappeared, until he played a small part in "The Great Gatsby", along came the third fantasy "Strange Cargo" in which he played the sinister Lord, next was "Rangers of Fortino" in which he played a Cockney comedian, in "Seven Sinners" he is the drunken doctor - now he is "Dr. Cyclops" in Sydney. He's a German - currently in America in "You're the One" this time as a Rajah (Boris, Lord, "Fire the 2" is doing the rounds in Syd. & Melb., and Dekker plays a rather overcast band leader, not a Rajah. There's no doubt about it, Dekker is rapidly proving himself a fine actor, a fact which will show itself in future films. ----- The End.

# SEA THINGS

On the masts the ghost fires leapt  
In rhythm to the song,  
Of the wind and sleet and foaming crest,  
That drew the ship along.  
Crashed the waves to a lost soul's cry,  
Opened each foam flecked jaw,  
To draw a man to his devil's due  
Down in the Sea God's maw.

Though high the wind sprites wail their song,  
Down in the deep it's quiet,  
Save for the noise of Neptune's throng  
And a sea-thing out to flight.  
No one can tell what's down below,  
Down in the sea-men's grave,  
Except in the weed when the moon is high,  
And the friends begin to wave.

Then thro' the sand comes a stumbling mob,  
Aver and buccaneer,  
Each lost his soul on a throw of the dice,  
And saw in the Dark One's leer  
Their service begin 'neath a lowering sky  
clouds weep with rain,  
To toss and cry by a tall ship's sides  
And mourn by its rudder chain.



This issue, instead of our usual quiz, we are printing the questions asked at our meeting of the 14th & 15th prepared then.

.....

PRO MAGS:

Who wrote

"By Novel"?

"The Green Man of Greyrock"?

"The Green Man of Greyrock"?

"The Green Man of Greyrock"?

"The Green Man of Greyrock" answers to this one.

"The Red Dust"?

"Crucible of Power"?

"Diary of Lino"?

"Skyline of Volcano"?

"Uncertainty"?

PAI MAGS:

Who wrote

"1908, Year of Frustration"?

"John Kent, Dimension Explorer"?

"Bones of the Boy"?

"Time Immortal"?

"Tyme"?

"Difference"?

"When the Great Ice Goes"?

"So Be It"?

"Mysterious Mystery of the Missing Moon"?

No answers are given, as we think best of you will know them.

.....

# SHADOW OUT OF SPACE

by  
Vol Notesworth



# SHADOW out of SPACE

Part Two.

by Vol Molegworth.

AUGUST 23rd: We have now got the box in a suitable place for examination by digging a pit three feet deep in the floor of the shed and putting 75 volts into the dynamo. We so have it floating steadily two feet above the floor. By pushing on the box, Frank set it spinning, but it spun back into position as soon as he released his grip. This nullification of gravity has given us another clue — as the box is perfectly square and has no legs, we could not definitely decide which was the top and which was the bottom. But, when negative electricity is passed through it, it always floats with one side up and one side down. So Frank painted "top" and "bottom" on the box: and in doing so found that the box floated unsteadily. On washing away the painted word on the bottom, it floated steadily once more. But no matter how much paint is applied to the top or other sides, it kept steady. The bottom then, is of a reflective nature, which, when a negative current is passed through it, nullifies gravity. Struck with an idea, I placed a mirror beneath it and the box floated 2½ feet above it --- it was balancing itself by double-reflection of gravity! This also did away with the pit idea, for which I was truly grateful.

AUGUST 29th: It seems we have tremendous forces at rest in the box: today we discovered a third of its properties ---- a shadow. We had not noticed it when we tried blue light before. But we see it clearly now. Early this morning I set the box afloat (as Frank terms it) by passing the usual 75 volts through our dynamo and connecting the negative terminals through the box, and complete with magnets, which had been clamped on permanently since we first heard the hum, it rose to a height of 2½ feet above a clear mirror. Then I played beams of vari-colored light on its "lid" as I had done before, and without any appreciable result until I tried blue light. When I did that, a shadow of a man appeared on the new by white wall, and I turned expecting to see Frank. But he was not in the room. As I turned, one of the shadows cast by the blue floodlight on the wall moved in mimicry, the other stayed immobile. It was the shadow of a tall, well-built man, dressed in early Grecian style, with arms folded sternly. I changed the light from

blue to green: the shadow disappeared. I switched it back to blue, and once more on the wall appeared the shadow of a man: ... Frank beside the box. When the ray of blue light shone on the lid of the box, it once again cast up onto the screen the mysterious Shadow. We measured it carefully, and calculated that it belonged to a person about seven feet tall, who was of good build and cranial development. "Is this the message from Mars?" gasped Frank. "Do you know that they look like us, and to use the same language as we?" I did not answer: the Shadow had calmly unfolded its arms! And this, in Frank's opinion, was a definite inclination of the affirmative.

JANUARY 6TH: The ship is complete: a gleaming cigar of beryllium with every interplanetary requirement as laid down by such writers as Clester, Ley and Smith fitted in - the double hull, the airlocks, landing rockets, stored food, spacesuits - and the great dynamo capable of using thousands of volts between them. It is for power - we simply connect the dynamo to generators which turn recharge the batteries. The batteries produce the negative electricity "warming" the reflex box, which will lift us off into space. We have a reserve amount of power to replace that. Tomorrow is the day on which we take off for Mars! Frank however, is obviously too weak for the change of

7TH: We can't leave: Frank has completed his analysis of Radium, and just in time! It is not, as we previously believed, a pure element, but contains an impurity which Frank has identified as phosphorus. He can't leave for Mars: it is all childishly simple now! In fact, or some other far distant planet, this box was found and its properties discovered. Then, like ourselves, some scientist built a space-ship propelled by the anti-gravity powers of the box, and sent it on its way. It was probably the friction caused by its passage through our atmosphere on landing, fused the box and its carrier into an oval of hot metal, which fell with the impervious box locked in its centre to be buried in the soft soil ages ago. If we had gone, perhaps some extra-terrestrial would have found a meteor with a box in its centre on his own world, and never learn that the metal contained an amount of phosphorus that had once existed in our living bones. Again I repeat: we cannot go!

JANUARY 13TH: Frank is heart-broken: he had invested all his money and spare time in the construction of the craft, which must be



now sold to a movie company for a ridiculously low figure. It cannot be helped; it has no longer any astronomical value..

FEBRUARY 10TH: Frank is determined to find an alloy strong enough to withstand the rigors of space travel: he has tested every known metallic alloy, and even produced a few of his own. But I am afraid it is hopeless! No metal could stand up to the tremendous strain required for space travel. As for myself: I am concerned mostly with the box that started our whole adventure.

FEBRUARY 17TH: I have again produced the Shadow: he (I call it Amale, as Frank insists it is the shadow of a Martian) stands silent, sympathetic. I sense he knows how we feel. Those shadow is it? Is it a life-form? Or is it merely a shadow of someone or something? But of whom or what? I do not know.

MAY 5TH: It is now almost a year since we found the meteor: and Frank is seriously ill. Not physically, but mentally. Curiosity can become a maddening desire, which if pursued blindly, will upset the mental balance. But we have another experiment to try: c s c that should prove very interesting. Frank is going to stand by the box, under the blue floodlight, and fuse his shadow with that cast up from the lid of the box. He says it will put him on a par with the Shadow. Tomorrow we shall see whether he is right or not.....

MAY 6TH: Frank is gone! I was a fool: a damnable fool, but I did not know my folly! He did as I wrote last night: fused his shadow with that on the screen. The two outlines merged closer, blurred, then suddenly the position of the Shadow's body moved to match that of Frank, and quickly fused with his own mundane shadow. There was a brilliant glow of light, a shrill shriek of power from the box, a sudden throb as the dynamo took on an additional load when Frank was fading, fading away till he became a ghostly skeleton, until there was nothing left but his shadow. His shadow! As soon as Frank had commenced to fade from my vision, the shade from the box dropped to a low hum, the dynamo slowed to their former speed, and the fused shadows on the screen separated again. Frank is gone...but his shadow remains by that on the screen as a terrifying reminder of the potency of the god-box!

MAY 16TH: I am sick of the whole affair. This afternoon, I linked two dynamos to the box, capable of discharging between them a current of six hundred volts, and set everything in readiness for the action I had planned. A length of steel wire was attached to the master switch of the whole apparatus and run out side of the wall away from the shed. Then I flicked on the blue floodlight and gazed sadly at the two immobile figures on the screen. One last look I took at

the accursed box, then I strode outside and grasped the wire tightly. ....There is not much more to tell: one tug on the wire closed the switch in the shed, and then a terrific detonation sent me reeling backwards, staggered with shock. When I recovered my balance, the whole shed was gone, and where it had once stood is now a hollow of blackened earth. ....So now it is gone, and only by a long and careful search of the sub-atmosphere could it be recovered. And in a curious little creature, And curiosity is often his enemy. He I think it is best that the Shadow out of Space has returned whence, even though it has taken another look with it.....

## Next ish

.....will be out somewhere near the end of August, dated September if possible. The cover will be by H. R. ... Spina.....This is the one that should have been at the Grid (Dec. '45 ish.... the one that the duplicating place messed up so badly. However we're rather glad they did mess it up! Reason being that it will look much more effective in color. The central feature will be an author of the well known Time Traveler series, by Russell. It's by Russell, and it's a time-traveler, so...can't miss it! I am sure I have to write Grid an article or I don't get the C-21..... Next ish we also may have a new feature, a photo-illustrated edition of Noel Dwyer's popular no-nonsense "Fantasy of the Screen" Can't say any more, as, as usual, material is very short. See the Cont for specific details.

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B. W. W.