

Etherline.

Science Fiction Journal.

FEATURING...

THE
TWILIGHT
HOURS
by Nigel
Jackson

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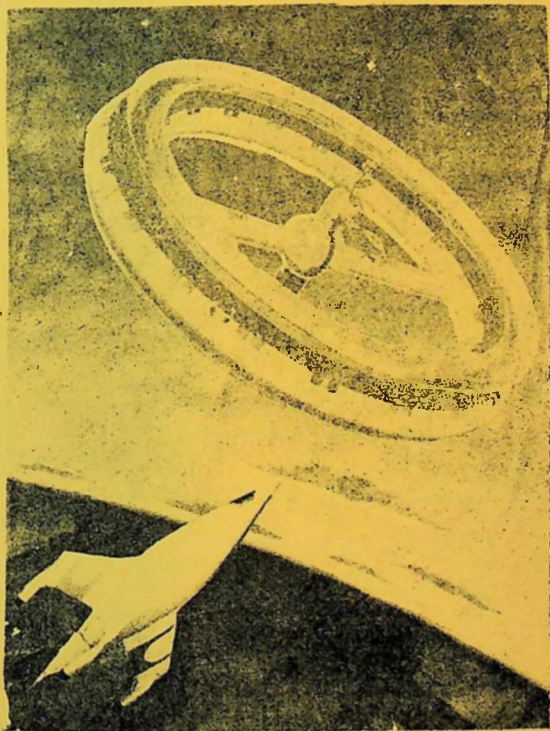
AUTHOR
STORY
LISTING :
ABRAHAM
MERRITT

* * *

MELBOURNE
CLUB
REPORT:
SUCESSFUL
FILM
NIGHT

* * *

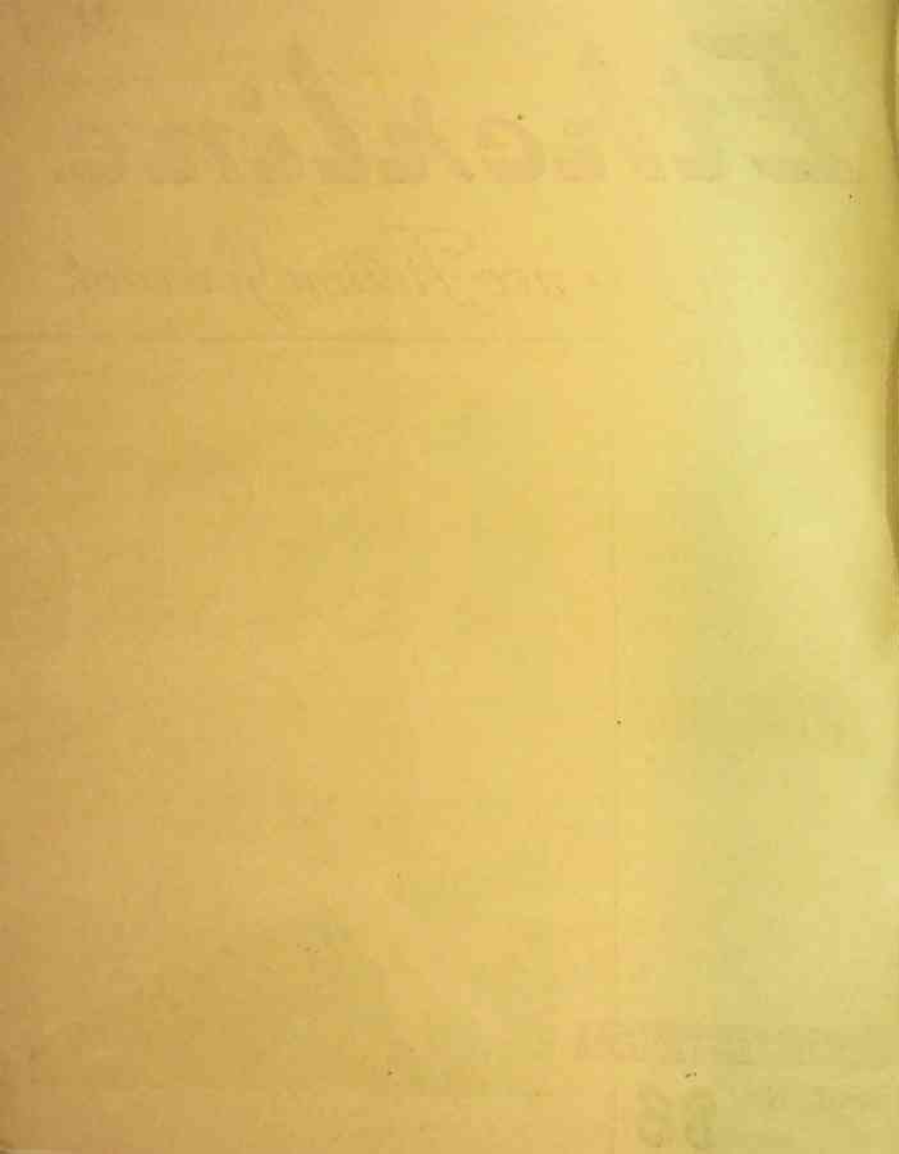
FILM
REVIEWS



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ISSUE No.

86



THE TWILIGHT HOURS

BY
NIGEL
JACKSON

I

As he took his seat in the bleak assembly cave, old Lamon looked about him. One place was vacant. He shivered, and pulled his cloak more tightly around him. The Elders sat in silence, and far above them the storm which had been raging for days could be heard leaving the mountains and howling like a tormented spirit far out in the desert. Lamon thought of the icy surface and shivered a second time. Then summoning his ageing voice with difficulty, he turned to the Council.

"Where is Palan?" he inquired.

An old dyrgril rose up wearily and saluted.

"He is missing, honoured Elder. He was last seen by a youth with whom he is acquainted, and was ascending to the Surface."

"Ascending to the Surface?" Lamon started, but his outer calm remained. "Why? What were his intentions? He knows well that only death waits there. Why did he go? Why did the youth not stop him?"

The old dyrgril was visibly distressed.

"The youth states that he muttered something about a presentiment of urgency. He also made some remark concerning the mountains and the New Sun. The youth did not take in his words because he believed the old man was not serious. Then Palan departed in the direction of the Door."

He bowed low, resumed his place, and with the remaining Elders, watched Lamón expectantly. Lamón shuffled his feet uneasily.

"We shall continue without him," he decided. There was no reply.

High above on the surface the sandstorm screamed in the foothills and made breathy raspings in the rocks; its noise was like the cry of a beast lost in the eternally shifting sand dunes. Some of the Elders made little movements of despair. Gazing at them, Lamón felt a ripple of despondency run through him. They lost all spirit long ago, he told himself. It was only because I forced them that they went on living, and it was only my years which made them listen to me. Oh Kragan, he thought, there was in truth so little chance left. Perhaps Palan chose rightly in escaping from us as we cowered here with our last fading hopes for the Race's survival. And now, although he does not know it, even these are gone, and we must wither and vanish like the flowers and grasses. If only there is life among the stars. Surely, he thought, the Universe is vast. There must be life elsewhere, there must. If only we could know that, though we perish and are dust, other races live and that the future is not one long night from which there is no awakening.

Old Lamón's heart was heavy, but there was bravery and dignity in his stance as he faced the Council to tell the dreadful news.

"Gentlemen," his voice boomed through the huge cavern and enveloped it like a cloud of doom, "I have sent for you to inform you that the Surface redrot has infected our last culture of lichens. Our food supplies are entirely exhausted. Honoured Elders of the High Council of the Andars, Lords of Sea and Land, of Air and Earth, and of all the world of Anda, I proclaim that in accordance with the laws of those who went before us, Guardians of the Sacred Flame, we die tonight."

True to his people's history, Lamón announced the ceremony of death by fire which would cremate his race. Yet

as he did so, there was an unexpected interruption.

"We die, but Life lives on!"

Palan stood haggard and pale in the high arched entrance.....

II

The sand storm had struck with extreme violence and appalling rapidity. One moment the red dunes had been still and tense; seconds later they were a maddened inferno of flying particles and vicious cross currents of the thin Martian air. Eddies of sand rose and fell in the clawing embrace of the winds, the dunes shifted and changed incessantly, and the blueback velvet of the sky was hidden by a shrieking red haze of dust. The winds yelped and whined as they tore away the landscape and built it up anew. The whole of the desert seemed consumed by the fury of the storm.

Crouched in a small crevice out of the grasp of the flying sand and away from the wind, Campbell coughed a harsh grating sound and swallowed a mouthful of water. He lay uncomfortable in his hot pressure suit, clinging beetle-like to the mighty boulder which shielded him from outside. Silenced by the awful shadow which loomed above him, he awaited in hopeless silence for the abatement of the storm. Through occasional openings in the swirling dustclouds, the red sand wastes showed themselves crawling desolately away to meet the sky in a dimming yellow blur. He had come over this desert in a days long journey of coughing, of dust and too little water. Somewhere behind him was his rocket, crumpled like a dead lizard on the sand, one fin forming a silver pyramid and a last monument to a luckless race.

This then was Mars - a tiny reddened dustbowl, dead and forgotten by whoever lived and died upon it, spinning on an everlasting voyage through the blackness of space. Mostly it is sandy desert, channelled by deep-cutting precipices and ribbed with pitted ridges and a few mountain ra-

nges which rise into the sky like lonely sentinals . Life has almost left it to the dust and wind, and the nights are cold and full of piping sadness, for what has been can never be again.

Once, on Earth, this marked a goal. Once this was the Land in the Sky, the abode of the Bradbury people of soft gold eyes. Once fathers lifted their sons on hat, close nights, when sleep was merely a dream, and pointed into the sky at a pin-prick of glowing ruby light, and said: "Look, there is Mars. Mars, a planet like ours, with seas and beaches, trees and shrubs and winds, and two moons. Any maybe other men. Some day we'll go up there, and walk on new soil, and smell new air and laugh and play new games." Now, no more.

What brought Campbell to this place? A spirit and the soul of a people. A people who sought to know, and when they knew, to know again. A people vanished, gone, never to come again, unsung and unremembered. And now a new star warms Mars with a funeral flame. Ask this man Campbell. He remembers. Ask him now for he alone knows. He alone saw Earth grow large, blossom cherry-red and explode, before he slammed his porthole shut, and fell crying on his bunk. Campbell, the Last Man, the final word in a stupendous book, and yet First Man on Mars.

The sand storm blew itself out over the tops of the mountains, battering itself on the steep bastions and jagged escarpments, and away into the desert dunes, and silence came, whispered on the cool night wind. While Campbell slept, sunk in a dream of crisp green grasses and sparkling splashing streams, a gaunt spectre walked the land beneath the glittering stars, and in the morning he did not awake.

III

"We die, but Life lives on!"

The Elders had been mumbling words of desperation, but the sound of Palan's voice brought them immediately to quiet. Lamon felt his heart leap and hope filled his chest. Tremblingly, for he was old, even for the Andars, he spoke into the

stillness.

"Palan ! Where have you been ? What words are these ?"

Palan came forward into the middle of the Council. He seemed utterly exhausted, and spoke with great hardship as he answered Lamón's questions.

"We shall die in glory and happiness, for the prophecies of the Old Ones have been fulfilled. Life from the Third Planet has come to Anda. Listen to my story. Last night I had a sudden sense of some unnatural happening which would not let me sleep. Then I dreamt that I was with the Old Ones as they fled from the water of the Third Planet, and I seemed to hear a voice saying: 'Arise, and go to the Great Door. Pass through fearlessly and ascend to the Surface. There, look around you and behold.' This I did, and in the midst of the choking sand storm, I saw far on the horizon a shining metal glint. Then, looking down, I saw, lying behind a boulder in the plain below, a creature shaped like us. Now and then it moved. No doubt it was there seeking shelter from the sandblasts after coming from the thing out in the desert, which is surely a ship from the Third Planet. So our race lives on in the great darkness; we shall not die alone."

And Lamón somehow said: "Then it is well".

IV

And so the race of Man perished.

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Nigel Jackson.....

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Montage Cover by Binns and Keating.....

Interiors by McLelland

MELBOURNE S.F. CLUB REPORT

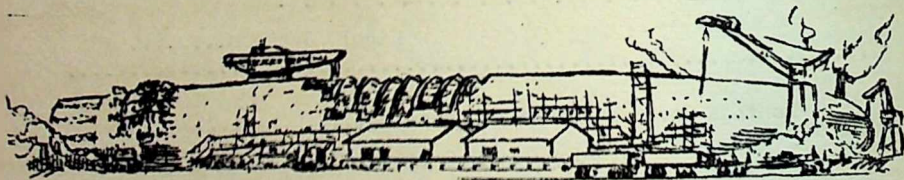
The Picture Night held on June 27th was the first financially successful show run by the MSFC - we hope the first of many. The film was SEVEN DAYS TO NOON, a suspense job about a scientist with an A-bomb who threatens to wipe out London if the Government doesn't renounce A-power.

Our next film evening will be on July 25th, when the main feature will be INVASION USA. Inquiries are to be directed to Merv Binns at McGills, or at 4 Myrtle Grove, Preston. But be early, seating is very limited !

Larry Jones was in the other evening - this is his 'Year of the Jackpot'. Judy has a thrombosed leg and will probably need an operation, his small son has to have an extensive pelvic operation, Larry's own teeth are giving him Hades. and he is studying hard (between worries !) for his final accountancy exam. We extend our sympathy and best wishes for a speedy recovery to all the Jones family.

Bob McCubbin

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THE LEADING SCIENCE FICTION JOURNAL

SCI-FI FLASHES

from... Forrest J. Ackerman...

All good things come in threes ! Following up FORBIDDEN PLANET and THE INVISIBLE BOY, MGM have announced that Robby the Robot will appear again in THE BOY WHO SAVED THE WORLD, to be produced by Nicholas Nayfack. I'm told that one set alone in THE INVISIBLE BOY cost around \$ 40,000, and that ain't hay !

Ray Bradbury is working on 39 stanzas of a TV series, to be titled REPORT FROM SPACE.....

Frank Quattrocchi's story, THE PROJECTED MAN has been purchased by Alex Gordon, and Frank is at present scripting it.....

Jeff Morrow's next starrer will be THE GIANT CLAW, in which he is once again, yes, you've guessed it, a scientist !

With a title like THE INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN, one would be wary of viewing it, but surprisingly enough, it is well worth a visit. Based on Paul Fairman's COSMIC FRAME, it tells how a couple of teenagers get mixed up with a bevy of bulbous-eyed Saucerians. Paul Blaisdell's little monsters are well above par on this trip.....

Amelia Reynolds Long's THE THOUGHT-MONSTER is to be made into a film in England, probably under the misnomer of A FIEND WITHOUT A FACE.....

Also scheduled for early U.K. production is Jack Williamson's WOLVES OF DARKNESS.....

Ray Bradbury has left for U.K. where he will be scripting his AND THE ROCK CRIED OUT for Sir Carol Reed.....

Also England bound is Dick Matheson where he is due to turn out a script of his I AM LEGEND

Animator Ray Harryhausen is at present in Spain where he is working on the special effects for SINBAD.....

Roger (the dodger) Corman will produce a sci fi comedy, THE GIRL FROM 2000000 AD , for American-International release.....

American-International have joined Anglo Amalgamated in U.K. to film two horror pics, THE BLACK TERROR and CAT GIRL both of which started in London on May 21st.....

Joining the aforementioned FIEND WITHOUT A FACE will be Amalgamated Production's second horror stint, STRANGLEHOLD with the old master, Boris Karloff, due to roll this month.....

The recently published Steinbeck fantasy, THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV will be the subject of French producer's Raoul Levy's first stint under his recent 6 picture deal with Columbia. He wants either Britain's Guinness or Frances' Fernandel in the name part.....

Rene Ray's book, THE STRANGE WORLD OF PLANET X , due out from Herbert Jenkins this month, has been sold to films, & the production is already under way. Starring Forrest Tucker, it will feature French actress Gaby Andre.....

Producer Frank Godwin and writer Ted Willis are developing a script about spider men, under the title of THE SKY WALKER.....

Forrest J. Ackerman & staff
writers.....

.....
DON'T FORGET MELBOURNE NEXT APRIL 5th !!!!

MAGAZINE

Reviews

Science-Fantasy

No. 23.

Cover by Jose Rubois illustrates THE DAY MAKERS, and keeps the high standard set by editor Carnell.

THE DAYMAKERS by Peter Hawkins concerns a man who discovers that the world is re-made every so often by the usual aliens. The result is poor.

J. G. Ballard's MOBILE is about a sprouting metal, in the lighter vein (Oh no !) and is only fair.

GALACTIC YEAR by E. R. James is a good theme treated too briefly, concerning the mutant problem. The link with the Geophysical year was superfluous, however.

John Kippax's AFTER EDDIE is a yarn on the old mousetrap theme, and quite readable.

Brian Aldiss' LET'S BE FRIENDS concerns linked intelligence. Good idea, but poor treatment.

Ted Tubb's AD INFINITUM is a yarn which bears more than a passing glance. Read it twice, and see what I mean.

In my humble opinion, author Justin Bla-
ke should have taken his own advice after he wrote LIVING ? TRY

DEATH. Easily the best story in the issue is THE GREEN CAR by W. F. Temple, which concerns a mysterious green car which comes out of the sea with a long-dead figure at the wheel. Very good.

Not a good issue, as it's well below the usual standard from this magazine.

Barry Salgram.

.

Galaxy

BRE. No. 50

SCIENCE FICTION

Cover by Kirberger is very good, but I'm of the opinion that the Kirberger pastel method would look better on a matt finish. It depicts an abandoned spaceship caught by the jungle.

Evelyn Smith's novclet THE IGNOBLE SAVAGES concerns an advanced civilization which wants to appear primitive. A good yarn marred by a poor finish.

J. F. Bone's SURVIVAL TYPE tells of contact and understanding with an alien race, in the nick of time, for the character concerned. An excellent story.

AN EYE FOR WHAT? by Damon Knight is a good fantasy on the trouble of punishing an errant alien.

Ted Sturgeon's THE OTHER EELIA is better than fair, but not up to his standard.

THE DEEP ONE by Neil P. Ruzic is a well written and unpleasant little cameo about the last hopes of humanity.

Willy Ley's article is as meticulous and polished as usual, but of more interest to an archaeologist than a SF fan.

Generally, this issue is excellent.

Barry Salgram

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Plutonia	Vladimir Obruchev	18/9
Operation Outer Space	Murray Leinster	13/3
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No Refuge	John Boland	15/6
The Exploration of Mars	Willey Ley	49/9

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Men, Martians and Macines	Russell	3/9
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Astounding	Mar	Apr	May	2/6
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Galaxy	46	47 &	49 50	2/9
Nebula	20	21		2/9
New Worlds	50	51	53 57 58 60	3/-
Science Fantasy	21	22	23	2/6

Tomorrow

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE FICTION

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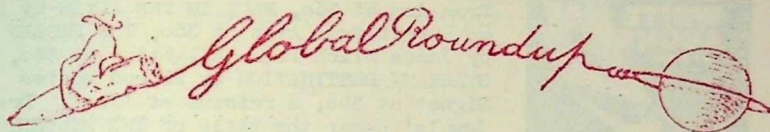
THRILLING WONDER STORIES. Some issues 1935/1939 .

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POCKET BOOKS (Prices in sterling)

SLAVE SHIP - Pohl	3/6	FACE IN THE ABYSS - Merritt	3/6
NERVES - Del Rey	3/6	BRIGHT PHOENIX - Mead	3/6
BRAINWAVE - Anderson	3/3	CAVES OF STEEL - Asimov	3/3
CITY OF GLASS - Loomis	3/3	SPACE PIRATE - Vance	3/3
FIRST HE DIED - Simak	2/6	SLAN - Van Vogt	2/6
GLADIATOR - Wylie	2/6	THE DELUGE - Da Vinci	2/6

We want to buy copies of UNKNOWN and UNKNOWN WORLDS. Send us
your list, and we'll let you know what we'll pay for them. As
they are bringing good prices, why not contact us now ?



Books out in Melbourne include Arthur Clarke's THE DEEP RANGE at 17/-, Frank Robinson's THE POWER at 14/6, SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV by John Steinbeck at 15/6 and the Nevil Shute opus, ON THE BEACH.....

Anent THE DEEP RANGE, Arthur Clarke, in a recent letter, mentioned that this novel was reprinted within two weeks in New York, and looks like being his most successful story to date. It's set on the Great Barrier Reef. Arthur is at present in Ceylon, where, amongst other things, he is working on his next 4 books !

Books issued in England during May included HIGH VACUUM by C. E. Maine, THE STRANGE WORLD OF PLANET X by Rene Ray, and in the PB field, Mr. ADAM by Pat Frank. Out in June were a fantasy from Anna Kavan, EAGLES NEST, THE INSURGENTS by Vercours, A MAN FROM THE PAST, a fantasy by Theo Fleischmann, THREE TO CONQUER by Eric Frank Russell, plus re-issues of A HANDFUL OF DARKNESS by Philip Dick, G.O.G. 666 by John Taine and PURSUIT THROUGH TIME by Jonathan Burke, the last three being cheap editions. On the PB front were Arthur Clarke's EARTHLIGHT and John Boland's WHITE AUGUST, cover of which is on the next page.

Victor Gollancz enter the factual market with A SPACE-TRAVELLER'S GUIDE TO MARS by Dr. I. M. Levitt, to be issued at 16/- stg.

On the American PB front, recent iss -



ues include EYE IN THE SKY by Philip Dick , from Ace at 35c, FACE IN THE ABYSS by Abraham Merrit from Avon at 35c, THE FROZEN YEARS by James Blish from Ballantine at 35c, THE STARS MY DESTINATION by Alfred Bester from Signet at 35c, a reissue of 'The Dreaming Jewels' under the title of THE SYNTHETIC MAN by Theodore Sturgeon, from Pyramid at 35c , EYELESS IN GAZA by Aldous Huxley from Bantam at 50c, THE BIG BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION edited by Groff Conklin from Berkley at 35c , CYCLE OF FIRE by Hal Clement from Ballantine at 35c, OPERATION: OUTER SPACE by Murray Leinster from Signet at 35c, THE POWER by Frank M. Robinson from Bantam at 35c, TOMORROW PLUS X by Wilson Tucker from Avon at 35c and an Ace Double, THREE TO CONQUER by Russell and DOOMSDAY EVE by R. M. Williams at 35c. Future Ace Doubles will include THIS FORTRESS WORLD by Gunn coupled with THE 13th IMMORTAL by Silverberg , THE SECRET VISITORS by James White (serialized in New Worlds as 'Tourist Planet') and Silverberg's MASTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, GUNNER CADE by Judd with CRISIS IN 2400 ('Null-ABC') by Piper & McGuire, plus a reprint of Rex Gordon's NO MAN FRIDAY under the title of FIRST ON MARS, all at 35c.

New American hard covers include ISLAND IN SPACE by J. W. Campbell from Fantasy, CITY ON THE MOON by M. Leinster from Bourgey & Curl, WINDS OF TIME by Chad Oliver from Doubleday, THE SEEDLING STARS by James Blish from Gnome, THE INFERNITE BRAIN by Charles Long from Avalon and STAR BORN by Andre Norton.....

IJC

THE NEXT AUSTRALIAN CON IS IN MELBOURNE !!!!

THE LEADING SCIENCE FICTION JOURNAL

Book Reviews



PLUTONIA

by

Vladimir Obruchev

PLUTONIA by V. A. Obruchev, published by Lawrence & Wishart, available from McGills at 18/9.

A party of Russians engage on an exploration race north of Alaska, and find themselves unable to believe their instruments. They finally realise that they are on the inner surface of the Earth.

They meet all sorts of prehistoric monsters, which are ably described in the copious footnotes, and have many adventures - all of which are described in a flat, unemotional manner.

Although this book was first published in 1924, and is based on 1914, it owes a great deal to Jules Verne and Edgar Rice Burroughs, but is not as gripping as either of its prototypes.

It is profusely illustrated by an artist who actually read the story. The denouement is rather laboured, but the book is worth reading if only for the Soviet view on SF.

Bob McCubbin

THE SUPERNATURAL READER

GROFF and LUCY CONKLIN (Ed.)

Published by Cassell & Co, London.

Available from McGills at 21/-

Twenty seven stories are assembled here, some dating back to 1894. Some are vintage 'Weird Tales', and some are 'Unknown'. Two have been written especially for this anthology.

Almost all of them are excellent and eighteen are new to me. Definitely recommended.

Tony Santos.

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Published by William Heinemann Ltd.,

Available from McGills at 15/6

This book will delight the popular libraries, cause most Shute addicts to scratch their heads, and all SF fans to shudder.

With all nations possessing - ing H-bombs, an atomic war begins, and after some 5000 bombs have been exploded, almost all civilization is destroyed. The few places left unscathed will eventually receive wind borne fall-out which is at a high enough level to extinguish all higher forms of life.

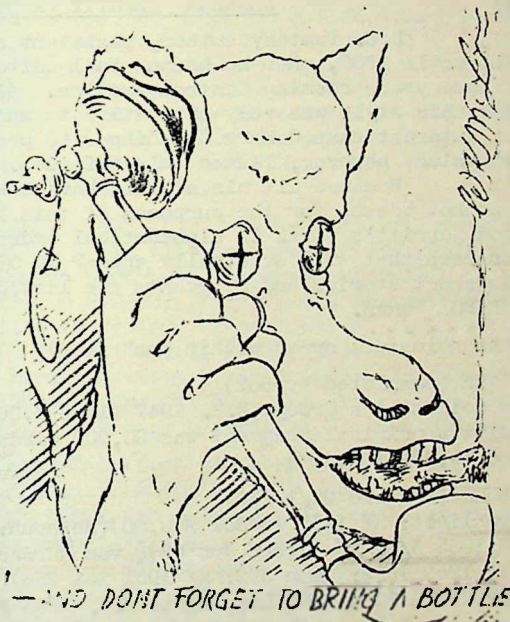
Australia, so far, is almost untouched, but the population know that it is only a matter of a

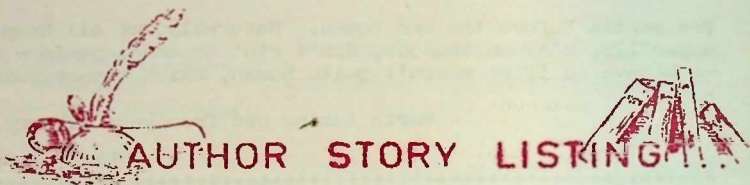
few months before the end comes. Naturally, we all keep a stiff upper lip, stay on the job, don't riot or cause panic - in fact, we behave as if we weren't quite human, which rather ruins the book.

Worth taking out from your library.

Tony Santos.

+++++



No. 44ABRAHAM MERRITT (1884-1943)

U.S. fantasy author, assistant editor of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY until 1937, when he became full editor. Prior to this he spent some years roaming Central America. Although not a prolific author, his style was very attractive to many and a post-war revival of interest caused Mary Gnaedinger to produce 'A Merritt's Fantasy' which, however, lasted only 5 issues.

Because all his stories have been published in books and/or pocket books, for the purposes of this listing only, I have arranged Merritt's works in alphabetical order giving the information on each that will eventually appear in my Handbook (2nd edition). His short stories and fragments are listed in the PB. collection THE FOX WOMAN.

FICTION (in chronological order within each item)

BLACK WHEEL, THE (completed by Bok)

(New Collector's Group: N.Y. 1947 115 \$ 3.00; size 8"x11")
 Merritt's original fragment was 20,000 words, to which Bok added 65,000 words. *P. 20,000 words to 75,000 words*

BURN, WITCH BURN (Arg sr6 22/10/32)

(Liverlight: NY 1933 15+301 \$ 2.00)(Methuen: London 1934 7/6; 1935 3/6, 1/-) (FFM Jun '42) (Avon Murder Mystery Monthly 1942) (PB: Avon 392: NY 1951 161 25c) ("... & SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN" Liveright: N.Y. 1953 \$ 2.75) (Nevill Spearman: London 1955 224 11/6)

Sequel was CREEP SHADOW; plot was basis of film DEVIL DOLL

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CONQUEST OF THE MOON POOL see 'The Moon Pool'

CREEP, SHADOW ! (Arg sr6 8/9/34) - 2nd Oct

(Doubleday: NY 1934 301 \$ 2.00)('Creep, Shadow Creep'
Metheun: London 1935 287 7/6; 1936 3/6)(Sun Dial: NY.
1938 301 79c)('Creep, Shadow Creep' Avon Murder Mys-
tery Monthly 194?) PB Avon 117: NY 1943 (rep 1947)225
25c)(AMF Dec'49)

Sequel to 'Burn, Witch Burn'

DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE (Arg sr6 23/1/32)

(Liveright: NY 1932 295 \$ 2.00)(Skeffington: London
1935 287 7/6; 1934 3/6)(FN Apr'41)(Avon Murder Myst-
ery Monthly 194?)(FN Sep'49)(Grandon: NY 1950 269
\$ 3.00)(PB: Avon 413: NY 1952 220 25c)('.... & THE
FACE IN THE ABYSS' Liveright: NY 1953 638 \$ 2.75)

The original ending preferred by M. appears only
in the Avon PB and FFM Apr'41; the other eds having
the happy ending.

FACE IN THE ABYSS, THE (This title usually covers the short
title s (I) with its sequel 'THE SNAKE MOTHER (II)',
though each have appeared separately.

(I Arg 8/9/23; ASA '27) (II Arg sr7 25/10/30)
(I & II titled ! Liveright: NY 1931 7+343 \$ 2.00(
(I FFM Oct'40)(II FN Nov'40)(I & II titled I Avon
Murder Mystery Monthly 194?) PB: Avon 29: NY 1945 205
25c)(I AMF Jul'50)(I & II titled ! plus 'Dwellers
in the Mirage Liveright: NY 1953 638 \$ 2.75)

FOX WOMAN, THE (PB-C: Avon 214 : NY 1949 157 25c)

It's only collection of 9 short works:

THE DRONE MAN - TWS Aug'36; cont. in Avon Story Tell-
er 1945; AFR # 6

THE FOX WOMAN (fragment), see also next item

THE LAST POET AND THE PEASANTS? 'Rhythm of the Sph-
eres' TWS Oct'36; AFR # 3; ASR # 1.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PIT - ASW 5/1/18; AS Mar'27, ASA'27

contained in 'The Third Omnibus of Crime';

FN Jan'41

THREE LINES OF OLD FRENCH - ASW 9/8/19; FFM Jun'40

pamphlet - Bizarre Series; AMF Feb'50

THROUGH THE DRAGON GLASS - ASW 24/11/17; pamphlet -
Arra Pub: Jamaica, NY; FN Sep'40; cont. in THE
AVON GHOST READER.

WHEN THE OLD GODS WAKE - fragment - AFR # 7

WHITE ROAD, THE - fragment

WO AN OF THE WOODS, THE - WT Aug'26, WT Jan'34,

AFR # 1

Note: This C contains 3 of the 4 M. Literary
fragments, the other being THE BLACK WHEEL.

FOX WOMAN and THE BLUE PAGODA, THE (completed by Bok)

(New Collectors Group: Denver 1946 9+109 \$ 5.00 1000
copies) The fragment was originally started in 1942
and Bok has written THE BLUE PAGODA as a finish.

METAL MONSTER, THE (Arg sr8 7/8/20)

(The Metal Emperor - Science & Invention sr11 Oct'27
ill- Paul)(Abridged - Intro cut minus 1st two chapt-
ers FFI Aug'41)(Avon Murder Mystery Monthly 194?)(
(some European ed 'The Lightning Witch')(PB: Avon 41
NY 1946 203 25c; Avon 315 1951 252 25c)

MOON POOL, THE This title usually covers the novelette (I) with
its sequel 'Conquest of the Moon Pool' (II) though
each has also appeared separately.

(1 ASW 22/6/18) (II ASW sr6 15/2/19)

(I & II titled ! Putnam: NY 1919 433 front: Liveright:

NY ditto \$ 2.00 - also 1932)(I & II titled I AS sr3

May'27)(I FFI Sep/Oct'39)(II FFM sr5 Nov'39)

(I & II titled I Avon Murder Mystery Monthly 194?)

(I FN Sep'48) (II FN Sep'48)

(PB: Avon 370; NY 1951 25c 254 ; Avon T-135 1956 254

35c)

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN (Arg sr5 2/7/27)

(Boni Liveright: NY 1929 310 \$ 2.00)(Richards: London 1928 7/6)(Grosset: NY 1929 310 75c photoplay ed ill from film)(Arg sr6 24/6/39)(PB: Avon 26: NY 1942: 225 25c)(Avon Murder Mystery Monthly 194?)(FN Jan'49) (".....& Burn, Witch Burn' Liveright: NY 1953 \$ 2.75) (PB: Avon T-115 : NY 1955 187 35c) Filmed in 1929.

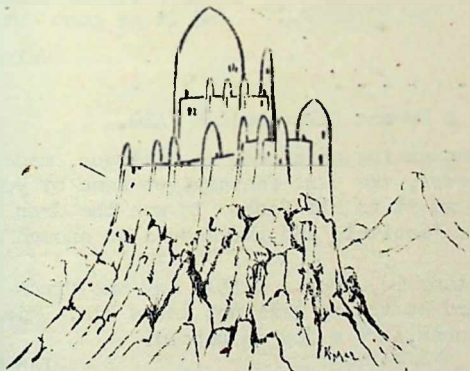
SHIP OF ISHTAR, THE (Arg sr6 8/11/24)

(Putnam: NY 1926 326 \$ 2.00 - many printings substantially same) (Arg sr6 29/9/38)(Avon Murder Mystery Monthly 1945)(FN Mar'48)(Borden 'Memorial ed': LA 1949 309 ill - Finlay \$ 3.50)('Het Schip van Ishtar' Holland)(PB: Avon T-152: NY 1956 220 35c)

SNAKE MOTHER, THE sec 'Face in the Abyss, The'

Any additions or amendments to the above listing will be gratefully received by the compiler.

.....
Next Author: Eric Temple Bell (John Taine)



FILM NEWS




This film, unfortunately, reminds me of the Boris Karloff Bela Lugosi films which scared me as a kid, with zombies and usual weak script.

Paul Douglas as the stranded Newspaperman, does his best to keep it moving. Main story revolves around a mad scientist and gamma rays.

Your reviewer does not recommend it as good entertainment.

Val Morton

.....

THE RED BALLOON - a French film through JARO.

Containing no stars, no dialogue, made by unknowns this film is, however, the best fantasy yet seen by yours truly. I thoroughly recommend it to all fans. It won the Gran Prix at the recent Cannes Film Festival, and that should be enough recommendation.

Story is about a little boy who finds a red balloon which, however hard he tries, will not leave him. His, and the balloon's, adventures, are a joy to behold.

Ian J. Crozier.



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