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Etherline.

Science Fiction Journal.

FEATURING...

"THE MIRACLE"
By

NIGEL
JACKSON

x x x x

AUTHOR
STORY
LISTING

x x x x

BOOK
MAGAZINE
REVIEWS

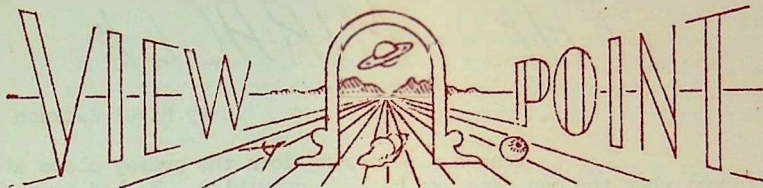
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NEXT ISSUE:
13-2-58



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ISSUE No. 94
23-1-58



We trust that everyone has recovered from the festive season, and are now ready and eagerly waiting for the next event of importance, that of the MELCON at Easter time.

As there has not been a Publicity release for some weeks, a brief recapitulation of the progress would be in order.

At the time of writing this, the number of registrations has risen to 56. Names will be given in the next release.

The deadline for your auction material is January 31st. Please have all material in by that date, as well as instructions whether it is a donation, or to be sold on your behalf.

Over the holidays, I received a letter from the World Science Fiction Society in New York giving the office bearers for the coming year, confirming the site of the next World Con as Los Angeles, and giving the name and address of the person to whom you should send your \$ 1.00 membership fee, which is:

Len J. Moffatt,
10202 Belcher,
Downey, Calif. USA.

I
J
C

THE MIRACLE

by Nigel Jackson

Benson was looking down the grassy slope at the forest when the man came, so he saw everything. He had been gazing at the spectacular red ridges of the rocky plateau beyond the forest, and idly wondering when the scientists in their research station on the other side of the planet would send around their stratocopter to announce discovery of the weapon which men could use to smash the Invaders. First he noticed something moving in the deeper, more indistinct parts of the wood, and then, as it approached, he saw it was a man. Now he was a realist, this Benson, and he knew that there were no men in the forest. So he took a deep breath and looked again, quite expecting to see that the movement was merely the shifting shadow of one of the small green bushes that were scattered among the taller red-barked tauai trees, or else one of the inoffensive little deer-like animals which roamed at will throughout the fertile coastal plain.

The shadow, as if to defy his reason, staggered on, and it was beyond doubt a man. Benson stiffened, and despite the intense heat of noon, he felt a cold shiver run up his spine, as he watched entranced the moving figure.

It was coming on slowly, swaying from side to side. Every second step made it wobble and clutch a support. Twice it stumbled and fell, regaining its upright position by desperate effort. Then, only to collapse in exhaustion after three fumbling paces, it emerged from the dark green shade and began to climb the gentle grassy rise towards Benson and the huts. As it did so, the rays of the sun splashed down to bathe it in light.

Benson gasped with horror as he stared at the huddled heap which had once been a man.

Its head was a dark red mass of clotted bloodmixed with matted hair and shreds of dried flesh. One arm hung useless by its side, a broken stick, scarred and festored. Its clothes were cut and torn to rags, and the remaining tatters were soaked with dried blood and wet perspiration, and covered with dirt. Somehow Benson knew it was dead.

Leaping to his feet and pausing only to seize his gun, he turned and rushed from the guardhut down the slope. As he neared the corpse, he recognised it as Captain Hugo Wallace, the pilot of the scientist's only stratocopter. In Wallace's hands, clenched in the grip of death, was a brown wallet.....

As Wallace regained consciousness, a dull pain was throbbing through his head. He passed a hand over his forehead and felt something wet and sticky oozing down his temple, and then, in a haze of searing agony, he remembered.

The message !

He struggled to open his eyes, and looked painfully down at his waist. Horror ! It was gone ! The wallet with the message in it was gone; it must have dropped out of his belt in the crash. The enormity of the catastrophe struck him - the information which could save the human race was lost ! Tears ran down his cheeks; he cried like a small child.

Slowly the pain faded from the wreck that was his head, and coherence entered his reasoning. Of course he thought, and a wave of nauseating relief washed through him, forcing him to retch, of course; the message must be with him, for he had not moved since the crash. The wallet would be with him, somewhere in the wreck. He might even be sitting on it. He was sick, and felt better, and he dragged himself to his feet to look for it.

In front of him, he saw reddish rock stretching away to the horizon; to his left he saw rocky outcrops; to his right, a flat plain stretched away to high mountains on the horizon. A thought hit him - why wasn't he in the cabin? Slowly he turned around and screamed... and screamed. There was no sign of the copter. For a while sanity left him, and he wandered aimlessly, crying and whispering, his mind muddled with the terrible realisation of what had happened. Then the landscape began to gyrate grotesquely, and mercifully he lost consciousness.

A few minutes later he recovered and found his mind calmer, and his body reasonably clear of pain. But a single thought reverberated through his crippled brain: you, by your negligence, have ensured the human race's defeat. You have destroyed your people and lost Earth the galaxy. He put his head in his hands and wept bitterly. In his ears he could hear General Baisley's voice as clearly as he had heard it when he set out from the other side of the planet, from the experimental research station on which had rested the hopes of man.

".....so you see, Captain, all now depends on you," the general had said. "On this paper are the equations for a new warp drive. With it our fleets will be able to approach those of the Invaders with impunity. We will be able to jump out of this 'other space', deliver broadsides right into the enemy, and then jump back in again. In a few months we should have won the war, if of course, you get this message to Space Corps, so they can get it to the top authorities on Earth. Should you fail....the Invaders must win, and our dreams of peaceful expansion will be shattered. It's as easy as that. How do you feel?"

Now he cursed himself as he remembered his confident reply.

But his confidence had been justified. He had been flying copters without accident for nearly twenty years, and it seemed unlikely that this crucial flight could be his first unlucky one. However, 'accidents do happen' says the old adage....

and one had. Just as he was at the very end of his journey..... skirting the last rocky plateau, behind which was forest and the Corps' base, there had been an explosion in the fuel tanks. He had barely managed to land the battered copter before blacking out.

What had happened then was obvious. Somehow he had recovered from his blackout, but remained delirious. While his mind was still crazed he had climbed out of the wreck and must have stumbled aimlessly away out of sight of the copter before fainting again. He might have walked in a circle, a straight line, a zig zag; he might have been going for five minutes or two hours. He could not tell from the sun, for it took three weeks to cross the sky, and would have barely moved. He was helpless. He had slightly more chance of locating the copter than a man in his position would have had of finding a plane in the Martian desert. Even if he did, by some amazing fluke, find the wreck, he still might not find the wallet with the precious papers inside. It could easily have slipped from his broken belt holdall while he was wandering around in delirium. He had no chance whatever of finding it.

He felt sick and dizzy, and his arm had begun to ache with the excruciating agony of a smashed limb. He noticed a new and frightening pain in his stomach. He wanted to die.

And yet he would not give up. Dragging himself to his feet, he began to climb a sloping rise of uneven rock. From the top he would have a better view of the surrounding terrain.

Every step was undiluted torture. Sweat poured out of his skin, and stung his wounds. He shook, trembled, fell, got up again and kept going. He guessed he had walked delirious for a long time, and could not stop tears from running down his face. The mad, undefeatable urge of the human race forced him on. Up and up he went, tripping over the rough surface, dribbling and crying, his body shrieking and his mind

numbed, until it seemed as though he had been walking through all Time for uncountable aeons and would still be walking when the Universe was finished.

Then the ground disappeared under his feet and he fell upon the rocky summit, his outraged wounds maddened by the abrasive rock. For long moments he lay there, screaming half in agony and half in triumph.

Rally ! Rally ! Must keep on ! ... Must keep on ! Must..... He pulled his faltering body on to hands and knees and peered about him.

In the Brief impossible instant before shock jolted him back into consciousness, he saw what could not be. Up the smooth and featureless slope on the opposite side to the one he had scaled himself, moving over the rock with such regular precision as almost to seem gliding, was coming the figure of a man, in whose outstretched hand was.....

The wallet !

.....

He seemed to be swimming along a black tunnel towards a blob of light, to the accompaniment of the most magnificent music he had ever heard. He fancied he could hear voices in the distance, singing with such sweetness that it was almost painful to listen. Then came a single voice, speaking to him gently, and the light became the face of the stranger he had momentarily seen climbing the slope with such unearthly ease. The words seemed to be coming out of an immense vacuum of silence. He listened.

'The forces of evil will not be - come triumphant. Neither will they be distinguished, for I shall teach them as I have taught you, and there will be harmony among my people. Take this message to your brothers.'

As if in a dream, Wallace took the wallet and watched the figure turn and move off down the slope, and

for the last time he lost consciousness.

He awoke moments later and looked for the stranger. There was no sign. Behind him he knew there was a red mountain shaped like a double tooth. Thither he was to go, and at its foot he would find a way down through the forest.

He knew he would not live at the end, but he had seen what only a chosen few had seen three thousand years before.

Tremblingly he fell to his knees....

Nigel Jackson.

.....

ETHERLINE ENTITIES

The 8th and final member of the unholy alliance known as AFPA is

Barry Salgram.

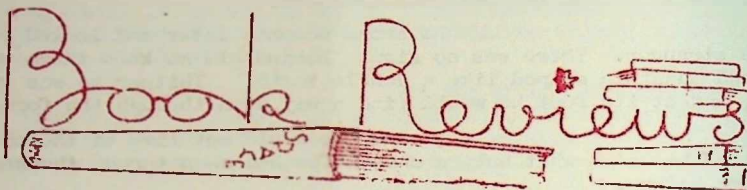
Barry is tallish, dark and handsome, in his early twenties and still playing the field with the aid of his green and black Riley saloon.

He hails from Ballarat, where he lives (mostly at weekends) with his parents, but works in Melbourne as a traveller with a wholesale jewellery firm.

He likes an anecdote and an occasional beer, and is a magazine reviewer and Convention publicity man.

His other activities render him rather elusive at times !

MELBOURNIAN



HIS MONKEY WIFE by John Collier, published by Rupert Hart-Davis, London, available from McGills at 17/-.

This book is most readable, after becoming familiar with the author's style.

The hero - Mr. Fatigay - is a most ordinary person engaged to a very modern young lady. The tale is woven around his blindness to recognize the glaring flaws in the character of his fiancée, and the virtues possessed by his pet, an adoring chimpanzee, to whom he is an absolute god.

The adventures of this trio are many, and very amusing, and finally all is well and virtue triumphs, as it should.

Marjorie Santos.

.....

INTO OTHER WORLDS by Roger Lancelyn Green, from Abelard Schumann, London, available from McGills at 24/-.

This is not a novel, but a digest of fiction dealing with voyages into space, from Lucian to C. S. Lewis. It has somewhat similar lines to SCIENCE AND FICTION by Patrick Moore, but is much more free with quotations and excerpts, some of which are pages long.

It is very interesting reading, and can be recommended to those who have an inquiring literary mind.

Bob McCubbin

UPON THE MIDNIGHT edited by R. C. Bull, published by MacDonald, London, available from McGills.

This is a somewhat uneven collection which contains some excellent pieces of writing, of which the following are worth mentioning: Clemence Dane's NIGHTLY SHE SINGS; Graham Greene's A LITTLE PLACE OFF THE EDGEWARE ROAD; J. B. Priestley's THE DEMON KING and 'A Lady's THE PARLOUR CAR.

Still there are sufficient interesting stories to make up for the few Gothic shockers.

Worth reading.

Tony Santos.

.....

THE COMPLETE SPACE ROCKETEER by Bradford Chambers, published by Stravon, New York, and available from McGills at 7/6.

This effort is a modest job suitable for the neophyte only. It is illustrated in line and wash by Eve Chambers.

It runs to 62 pages, soft covers and has 9 chapters, mainly material made familiar by Ley, Clarke and Von Braun. Correction - delete that 'mainly' above. There is nothing new in this effort. Not for the aficionado, or even the average fan, unless very very new.

Bob McCubbin

.....

BEST HORROR STORIES edited by John Keir Cross, from Faber & Faber London, available from McGills.

An excellent collection of 16 of the best stories of horror and grue. The introduction by editor Cross is enough to make you certain of the quality of the contents.

The authors range from R. L. Stevenson and Herman Melville to Graham Greene and Ray Bradbury.

Recommended.

Tony Santos

THE LEADING SCIENCE FICTION JOURNAL

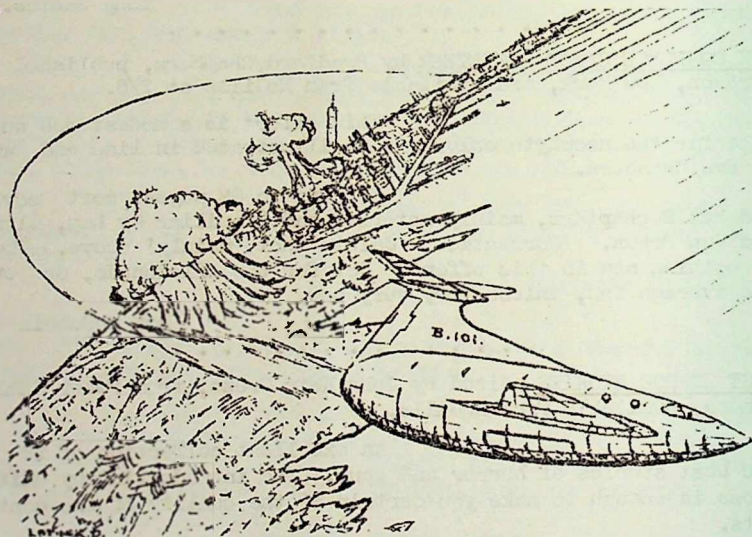
ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS : stories they wouldn't let me do on TV. edited by Alfred Hitchcock, published by Max Reinhardt, London, at McGills.

Twenty five stories selected by the master of the eerie. They read like an honour list of horror and mystery stories - some may be familiar but almost all have that element which makes for a shuddersome story.

Recommended.

Tony Santos.

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Guide to the Planets	Pet Moore	3/6
Earthlight	A.C.Clarke	3/-

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AUTHOR STORY LISTING



Number FIFTY.

POUL ANDERSON

Compiled by Don Tuck.

Next Author: A. Bertram Chandler

One of the more notable contemporary authors who has been continually in the field since 1947. His collaboration with Gordon R. Dickson on the 'Hoka' series are especially noteworthy, as they are the most lovable characters in SF, and are due out shortly in book form under the title EARTH - MANS BURDEN.

BOOKS

- B1 BRAIN WAVE (Heinemann: London 1955 212 10/6)
- B2 BROKEN SWORD, THE (Abelard Schuman: N.Y. 1954 274 \$ 2.75)
- B3 STAR WAYS (Avalon : N.Y. 1956 224 \$ 2.75) (Ryerson: Toronto \$ 2.75)

Juvenile

- J1 VAULT OF THE AGES (Winston: Phil. 1952 210 \$ 2.00)
 One of the 'Adventures in Science Fiction' Series

POCKET BOOKS

- P1 BRAIN WAVE (Ballantine 60: N.Y. 1954 35c.)
 Note: There was no US hardcover ed. of this title.
- P2 NO WORLD OF THEIR OWN (Ace D-110: N.Y. 178 35c.)
 with 'The 1000 Year Plan' I. Asimov
- P3 PLANET OF NO RETURN (Ace D-199: N.Y. 1956 105 35c)
 with 'Star Guard' A. Norton.

STORIES

- | | | |
|-----|---|--|
| 1 | as A. A. Craig (pseud.) | |
| 2 | with T. R. Cogswell | |
| 3 | with Gordon Dickson | |
| 4 | with F. H. Waldrop | |
| 1. | Acolytes, The.s | WB Feb'51 |
| 2. | Adventure of the Misplaced Hound, The.nv. | USF Dec'53 ³ |
| 3. | Ambassadors of Flesh, The.s | PS Sum'54 |
| 4. | Ashtaru the Terrible. nv | FM Feb'53 |
| 5. | Barbarian, The.s | MF May'56, AB34 |
| 6. | Big Rain, The. short n. | ASF Oct'54 |
| 7. | Brain Wave.n | Orig 'The Escape' 1st Pt.
in SSF Sep'53, P1, B1 |
| 8. | Broken Sword, The.n | B2 |
| | see also 'Three Heart and Three Lions' | |
| 9. | Butch.s | ATB, NW Jul'55 |
| 10. | Captive of the Centurianess.s | PS Mar'52 |
| 11. | Catalysis.nv | If Feb'56 |
| 12. | Chapter Ends, The.nv | DSF Jan'54, ASFs # 30,
AA8 |
| 13. | Contact Point.s | If Aug'54 ² |

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 14. Corkscrew of Space, The.s | GS Feb'56 |
| 15. Cold Victory.s | Vent May'57 |
| 16. Courier of Chaos.nv | FF Mar'53 |
| 17. Delenda Est.nv | MF Dec'55 |
| 18. Details.s | If Oct'56 |
| 19. Disintegrating Sky, The.s | FU Aug/Sep'53 |
| 20. Double Dyed Villains, The.nv | ASF Sep'49, AT14 |
| 21. Ducl on Syrtis.s | PS Mar'51 |
| 22. Earthman, Beware ! nv | SuS Jun'51 |
| 23. Elliptic Orbit.s | If Dec'54 |
| 24. Enough Rope.nv | ASF Jul'53 |
| 25. Entity.s | ASF Jun'49 |
| Escape, The. see BRAINWAVE | |
| 26. Flight to Forever.nv | SuS Nov'50, Self Aust
≠ 2, AY2 |
| 27. For the Duration.s | Vent Sep'57 |
| 28. Garden in the Void.nv | GS May'52 |
| 29. Genius.nv | ASF Dec'48, AB7, AS6 |
| 30. Ghetto.nv | MF May'54 |
| 31. Green Thumb, The.nv | SFQ Feb'53 |
| 32. Gypsy.s | ASF Jan'50 |
| 33. Helping Hand, The.nv | ASF May'50, AP7 |
| 34. Heroes are Made.s | OW May'51 ³ |
| 35. Honorable Phancies.n | FF May'51, Pop Aust ≠ 5 |
| 36. Horse Trader.nv | GS Mar'53 |
| 37. Immortal Game, The.s | MF Feb'54, AB25 |
| 38. In Hoka Signo Vincas,s | OW Jun'53 ³ |
| 39. Incomplete Superman.n | FF Mar'51 |
| 40. Inside Earth.nv | GS Apr'51, AG1 |
| 41. Inside Straight.nv | MF Aug'55 |
| 42. Interloper, The.nv | MF Apr'51 |
| 43. Joy in Mudville.nv | MF Nov'55 ³ |
| 44. Last Monster, The.s (retitle of ?) | AL1 |
| 45. Live Coward, The.s | ASF Jun'56 |
| 46. Logic.nv | ASF Jul'47 |
| 47. Long Return, The.nv | FF Sep/Oct'50 |

48. Long Way Home, The.nv sr4ASF Apr'55 'No World Of
Their Own' P2
49. Lord of a Thousand Suns, The.nv PS Sep'51, AT16
50. Man Who Came Early, The.nv MF Jun'56, AB34
51. Margin of Profits.s ASF Sep'56
52. Missionaries, The.s OW Jun/Jul'51
53. Nest, The.nv SFA Jul'53
54. No World of their Own see Long Way Home, The
Operation Afreet.nv MF Sep'56
55. Operation Salamander.nv MF Jan'57
56. Perfect Weapon, The.s ASF Feb'50
57. Planet of No Return see Question and Answer
Prophecy.s ASF May'49
58. Question and Answer.n sr2ASF Jun'54. 'Planet of No
Return' P3
59. Quixote and the Windmill.s ASF Nov'50
60. Rachael.nv FM Jun'53
61. Sam Hall.nv ASF Aug'53. AS7
62. Sargasso of Lost Starships.n PS Jan'52
63. Security.nv SSF Feb'53
64. Security Risks.s ASF Jan'57
65. Sensitive Man, The.n FU Jan'54
66. Sentiment, Inc.nv SFS # 1
67. Silent Victory.n TC Win'53
68. Snowball.nv If May'55
69. Snows of Ganymede, The.n SS Win'54
70. Soldier from the Stars, The.nv FU Jun'55
71. Star Beast, The.nv SuS Sep'50
72. Star Plunderer, The.nv PS Sep'52, SFI (Aust) # 12.
73. Star Ship.s PS Fal'50
74. Star Ways.n B3
75. Stranger was Himself, The.s FU Dec'54
76. Superstition.nv GS Mar'56
77. Swordsman of Lost Terra.n PS Nov'51
78. Temple of Earth, The.nv PS Jul'53
79. Terminal Quest.s SuS Aug'51, AC1

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| 80. Teucan.s | CFM Jul'54 |
| 81. Three Hearts and Three Lions.n | sr2 MF Sep'53 |
| see also The Broken Sword | |
| 82. Three Wishes.s | Ft Mar/Apr'53 |
| 83. Tiddlywink Warriors, The.nv | MF Aug'55 ³ |
| 84. Tiger by the Tail.nv | PS Jan'51 |
| 85. Time Heals.s | ASF Oct'49 |
| 86. Time Patrol.nv | MF May'55 |
| 87. Tinler, The.s (retitle of ?) | AW5 |
| 88. Tomorrow's Children.nv | ASF Mar'47, AT15 |
| 89. Trespass.s | FSM Apr'50 ³ , AB9 ³ |
| 90. Troublemakers, The.n | CFM Sep'53, SFM (Aust) ≠ 5 |
| 91. Un-Man.n | ASF Jan'53, AA11 |
| 92. Valor of Cappen Verra, The.s | FU Jan'57 |
| 93. Vault of the Ages.n | J1 |
| 94. Virgin of Valkarian, The.n | PS Jul'51 |
| 95. Virgin Planet.n | Vent Jan'57 |
| 96. War-Maid of Mars.n | PS May'52 |
| 97. What Shall it Profit ? s | If Jun'56 |
| 98. When Half Gods Go.s | MF May'53, MF (Aust) ≠ 3 |
| 99. Witch of the Demon Seas.n | PS Jan'51 ¹ |
| 100. World of the Mad.nv | I Feb'51 |
| 101. Yo Ho Hoka ! nv | MF Mar'55 ³ |

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Series and Connected stories

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 'Hoka' series | 34, 38, 2, 101, 83, 43 |
| 'Time Patrol' series | 86, 17 |
| Others | 54 & 55 |
| | 24 & 45 |
-

COVER MONTAGE by BINNS

INTERIORS by McLELLAND

MAGAZINE*Reviews*ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION No. 1.

Cover by Emsh, interiors by Emsh, Freas, and Orban. This is the first BRE of this magazine, starting from a recent US issue. Magazine is edited by Robert W. Lowndes, and gives the Aussie fans a chance of seeing some new material.

GENIUS LOCI by Thomas Scortia is a new twist in the SF field, telling of frontier colonies and their troubles, with an unusual ending. RETURN FROM TROY by Russ Winterbotham mixes SF with sex - the eternal triangle. HIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS by Calvin Know - there's no holding youngsters back from space and adventure.

COMPULSION by Peter Stern is only a fair fill-in, but A. Bertram Chandler's THE PRINCIPLE makes up the balance with his usual unusual.

The issue concludes with a few articles and a Theodore Thomas short - JUST RUB THE LAMP and see what happens.

A reasonably good magazine

Val Morton

.....

FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION BRE 1

Another 1st BRE of a US magazine from the same stable as ORIGINAL, bringing old and new authors. Cover is by Freas, interiors by Emsh, Freas and Murphey.

THE LEADING SCIENCE FICTION JOURNAL

MARS TRIAL by Theodore Thomas is a mixture of murder, SF and controversy in an interesting yarn. Thomas S. Scortia's CAT O' NINE TAILS packs quite a punch with its starkness. Take your thoughts and fears, build them up and send them back to you, amplified. Robert Silverberg's A SEASON FOR REMORSE is tragedy in the tourist trade.

TALE OF THE PIONEER by Isaac Asimov is one of the rare SF poems which is good. A Bertram Chandler seems to be popping up everywhere - don't you do any work on the Tarroona, Bert? - and his AND A HALF DOZEN OF THE OTHER is in typical Chandler style - with built in punch.

David Garden's THE CONVINCER is the last - both in the mag and in quality.

A few articles conclude quite an interesting issue.

Val Morton.

.....

NEW WORLDS SCIENCE FICTION

No. 66

Cover by Louis from serial THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY by John Brunner, which starts in this issue. Author spins an interesting yarn covering Man's outposts in the stars, alien invaders and a battlefield in time.

A SENSE OF VALOR by D. M. Parks, is an amusing short on suspended animation and the rising cost of living. CONQUEST DEFERRED by Ian Wright is another SF conquest for Wright. I like his style of writing - from the alien viewpoint.

Again Bertram Chandler appears, this time with a short called SWAP SHOP. CRITICAL THRESHOLD by Robert Silverberg and THE ICE MAN COMETH by Brian Aldiss conclude an issue well up to standard.

Val Morton.

THE LEADING SCIENCE FICTION JOURNAL

MELBOURNE S.F. CLUB REPORT

The last official meetings of the Club for 1957 were enlivened by the attempts to decipher a tape from George Metzger, of Oroville, USA, and the highly impromptu efforts to make a suitable reply. Merv's taper has now blown up!

Garry Raffaele was going to Sydney so he called McCubbin in the middle of the night to enquire the addresses of any active fans there. McCubbin didn't know any off hand (active fans, that is). Garry had to go into hospital and have his appendix removed on his second day in Sydney, so a good holiday was spoilt.

Subscriptions to the Con. have passed the 66 mark with the receipt of 5 from Sydney. Come on, Brisbane and Adelaide !

Joe Czinski (Ballarat) came up with some ideas for the Con. Unfortunately, we couldn't put them all into effect.....Better luck next time, Joe !

On January 14th, Margaret Duce of Alexandria visited the Club, with a friend. It was unfortunate that so few were present. Margaret is a petite redhead.

On the same evening, Kevin Wheelahan made one of his rare appearances. He broke even with Tony at chess.

We wonder:- How Sergeant Dick Jen-sson is finding Army life ?

How many have heard the voice of John McKercher as the young gangster Beetle in 'No Holiday for Halliday' aired over 3DB every evening?

MELBOURNIAN

POCKET
Book Review

THE PRISONER IN THE SKULL by Charles Dye, Corgi book from McGills at 3/9

Some will remember this as a serial in New Worlds 30-32 inclusive, and it does not lose its impact on re-reading.

Our hero regains consciousness in a forest, and assumes the identity furnished by the contents of his wallet. But when he returns to what should be his usual hauntseverything and everyone is strange. Strange things happen - and finally the pattern emerges. Who is really who? And why is he a prisoner in his own skull?

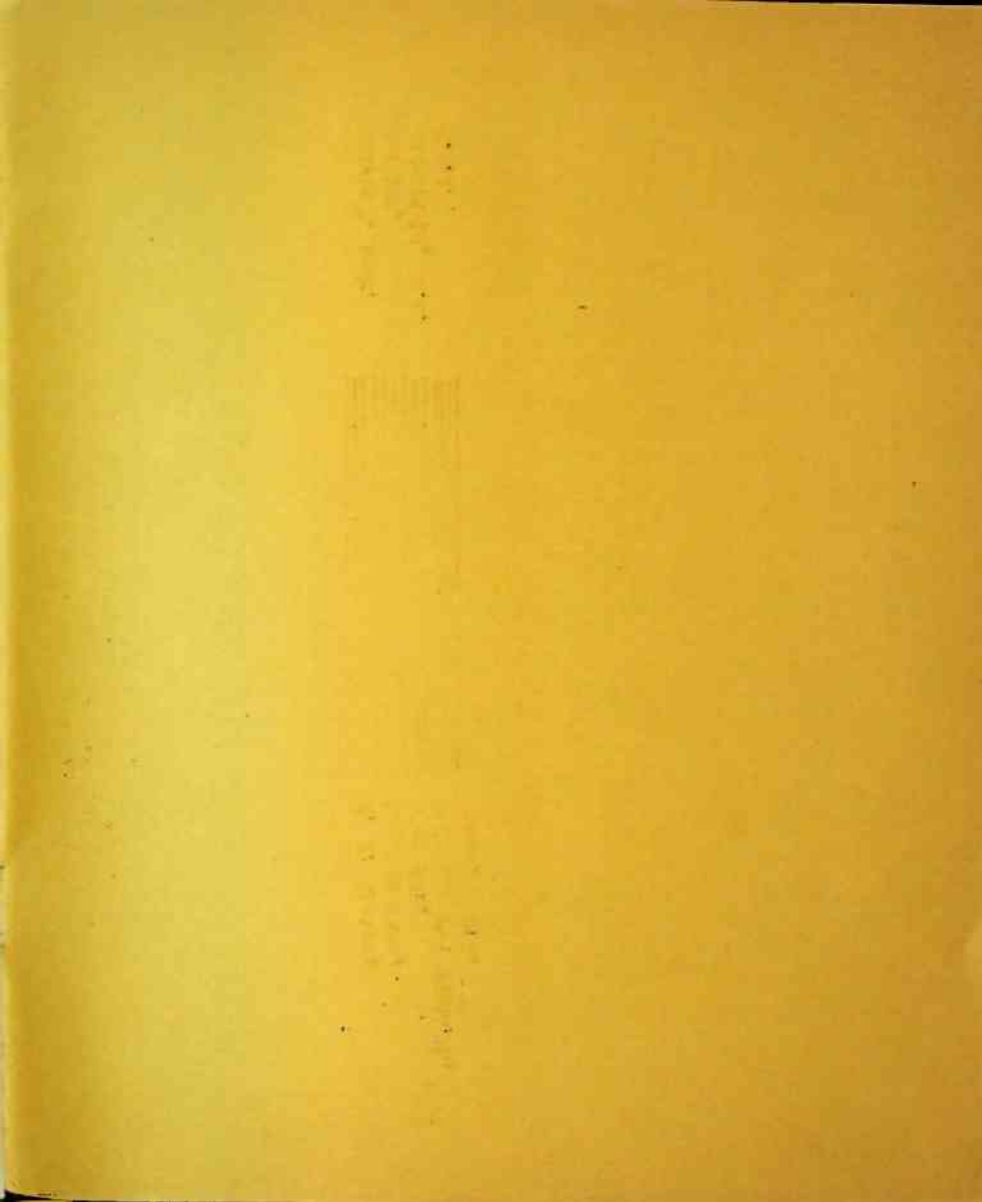
Recommended.

Bob McCubbin

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INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL by A. Sternfeld, from the Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, USSR. From McGills at 3/-.

This modest booklet has a dustjacket - another example of Russian mis-direction. It shows a sputnik and states: 'the background of the birth of the Bleep. As the booklet makes no mention of the satellites (although published in 1957) it is obvious that the d.j. is a later addition to capitalise (naughty word!) on the launchings.

The material inside is very similar to space and planetary data already published by Clarke, Ley et al. The diagram of a Russian space platform on page 35 is different - the only really new material, with the exception of



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