

# Black Amazon Of Mars

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[Ancient Greece and Rome in Modern Science Fiction](#) - Ross Clare  
2022-11-24

Ancient Greece and Rome in Modern Science Fiction introduces and analyses the reception of classical antiquity in contemporary science fiction. By using up-to-date methods from classical reception theory, science-fiction analysis and fictional-world studies, the book will help furnish the reader's understanding of the ways in which the literature, culture, history and mythology of ancient Greece and Rome are appropriated and represented across multiple media platforms in the science-fiction genre today. The book will therefore serve as an entry point into several areas of study: the reception of classics in popular culture, antiquity in modern media, the uses of the ancient world in science-fiction, and broader science-fiction criticism. The chapters - structured by medium - principally offer a roughly chronological overview of that medium and its treatment of ancient history, mythology, literature and culture. An abundance of case studies from literature, film and television and videogames including Star Trek, Battlestar Galactica, Fallout: New Vegas, the Mass Effect franchise and Assassin's Creed show how classical antiquity is reused, encountered, re-encountered by creators and consumers of the present - how we bounce off it, and it bounces off us, and how this reciprocation creates new visions of Greece and of Rome.

**PLANET STORIES [ Collection no.3 ]** - Raymond Van Houten  
2020-05-27

STRANGE ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS - THE UNIVERSE OF FUTURE CENTURIES BLACK AMAZON OF MARS - (Planet Stories March 1951) THE DRAGON-QUEEN OF JUPITER - (Planet Stories Summer 1941) CHILD OF THE SUN - (Planet Stories Spring 1942) THE LAST MARTIAN - (Planet Stories Spring 1942)

**Child of the Sun** - Leigh Brackett 2011-06-01

Eric Falken couldn't run any more. At least he'd led the Hiltonists away from the pitiful starving holes where his people hid, on the outer planets and barren asteroids and dark derelict hulks floating far outside the traveled lanes. Excerpt Eric Falken stood utterly still, staring down at his leashed and helpless hands on the controls of the spaceship Falcon. The red lights on his indicator panel showed Hiltonist ships in a three-dimensional half-moon, above, behind, and below him. Pincer jaws, closing fast. The animal instinct of escape prodded him, but he couldn't obey. He had fuel enough for one last burst of speed. But there was no way through that ring of ships. Tractor-beams, criss-crossing between them, would net the Falcon like a fish. There was no way out ahead, either. Mercury was there, harsh and bitter in the naked blaze of the sun. The ships of Gantry Hilton, President of the Federation of Worlds, inventor of the Psycho-Adjuster, and ruler of men's souls, were herding



Warlock of Sharrador\_x000D\_ Werwile of the Crystal Crypt\_x000D\_  
Sword of the Seven Suns\_x000D\_ Vassals of the Lode-Star\_x000D\_  
Engines of the Gods by Gardner\_x000D\_ Tonight the Stars  
Revolt!\_x000D\_ The Last Monster\_x000D\_ Man nth\_x000D\_ The Man the  
Sun-Gods Made

### **Last Call for Sector 9G** - Leigh Brackett 2011-12-10

Out there in the green star system; far beyond the confining grip of the Federation, moved the feared Bitter Star, for a thousand frigid years the dark and sinister manipulator of war-weary planets. Excerpt Martie said monotonously, "There is someone at the door sir shall I answer? There is someone at the door sir shall I-" Durham grunted. What he wanted to say was go away and let me alone. But he would only grunt, and Artie kept repeating the stupid question. Artie was a cheap off-brand make, and bought used and he lacked some cogs. Any first class servall would have seen that the master had passed out in his chair and was in no condition to receive guests. But Artie did not, and presently Durham got one eye open and then he began to hear the persistent knocking, the annunciator being naturally out of order. And he said quite clearly. "If it's a creditor, I'm not in." "-shall I answer?" Durham made a series of noises. Artie took them for an affirmative and trundled off. Durham put his face in his hands and struggled with the pangs of returning consciousness, He could hear a mutter of voices in the hall. He thought suddenly that he recognized them, and he sprang, or rather stumbled up in alarm, hastily combing his hair with his fingers and trying to pull the wrinkles out of his tunic. Through a thick haze he saw the bottle on the table and he picked it up and hid it under a chair, ashamed not of its emptiness but of its label. A gentleman should not be drunk on stuff like that. Paulsen and Burke came in. Durham stood stiffly beside the table, hanging on. He looked at the two men. "Well," he said. "It's been quite a long time." He turned to Artie. "The gentlemen are leaving." Burke stepped quickly behind the servall and pushed the main toggle to OFF, Artie stopped, with a sound ridiculously like a tired sigh. Paulsen went past him and locked the door. Then both of them turned in to face Durham. Durham scowled. "What the devil do you think you're doing?" Burke and Paulsen

glanced at each other as though resolve had carried them this far but had now run out, leaving them irresolute in the face of some distasteful task. Both men wore black dominos, with the cowls thrown back. "Were you afraid you'd be recognized coming here?" Durham said. A small pulse of fright began to beat in him, and this was idiotic. It made him angry. "What do you want?" Paulsen said in a reluctant voice, not looking at him, "I don't want anything Durham, believe me." Durham had once been engaged to Paulsen's sister, a thing both of them preferred not to remember but couldn't quite forget. He went on, "We were sent here." Durham tried to think who might sent them. Certainly not any of the girls; certainly not any one of the people he owed money to. Two members of the Terran World Embassy corps, even young and still obscure members in the lower echelons, were above either of those missions.

### Black Amazon of Mars (SF Classic) - Leigh Brackett 2021-09-21

Eric John Stark, a hero from Mercury, is taking his friend Camar to his birthplace, Kushat, in the north of Mars to die. Unfortunately Camar dies before they can get there from a bullet wound he received that he took for Stark. He gives Stark a talisman to take to the City of Kushat beyond which lies the Gates of Death. This is not just any talisman as Stark soon discovers there is a power from this ornament that was created to save the people of Mars from extinction.

### *Canary Fever* - John Clute 2016-11-24

Canary Fever is a collection of reviews about the most significant literatures of the twenty-first century: science fiction, fantasy and horror: the literatures Clute argues should be recognized as the central modes of fantastika in our times. The title refers to the canary in the coal mine, who whiffs gas and dies to save miners; reviewers of fantastika can find themselves in a similar position, though words can only hurt us.

### **Black Amazon of Mars** - Leigh Brackett 2016-10-09

A FICTION HOUSE PRESS REPRINT: Grimly Eric John Stark slogged toward that ancient Martian city-with every step he cursed the talisman of Ban Cruach that flamed in his blood-stained belt Behind him screamed the hordes of Ciaran, hungering for that magic jewel-ahead lay the dread

abode of the Ice Creatures-at his side stalked the whispering spectre of Ban Cruach, urging him on to a battle Stark knew he must lose!

*The Beast-Jewel of Mars* - Leigh Brackett 2011-06-10

The wise men of Caer Dhu were not so wise. They found the secret of Shanga, and they escaped their wars and their troubles by fleeing backward along the path of evolution.Excerpt Burk Winters remained in the passenger section while the Starflight made her landing at Kahora Port. He did not think that he could bear to see another man, not even one he liked as much as he did Johnny Niles, handle the controls of the ship that had been his for so long.He did not wish even to say goodbye to Johnny, but there was no avoiding it. The young officer was waiting for him as he came down the ramp, and the deep concern he felt was not hidden in the least by his casually hearty grin.Johnny held out his hand. "So long, Burk. You've earned this leave. Have fun with it."Burk Winters looked out over the vast tarmac that spread for miles across the ochre desert. An orderly, roaring confusion of trucks and flatcars and men and ships-ore ships, freighters, tramps, sleek liners like the Starflight, bearing the colors of three planets and a dozen colonies, but still arrogantly and predominantly Terran.Johnny followed his gaze and said softly, "It always gives you a thrill, doesn't it?"Winters did not answer. Miles away, safe from the thundering rocket blasts, the glassite dome of Kahora, Trade City for Mars, rose jewel-like out of the red sand. The little sun stared wearily down and the ancient hills considered it, and the old, old wandering wind passed over it, and it seemed as though the planet bore Kahora and its spaceport with patience, as though it were a small local infection that would soon be gone.He had forgotten Johnny Niles. He had forgotten everything but his own dark thoughts. The young officer studied him with covert pity, and he did not know it.Burk Winters was a big man, and a tough man, tempered by years of deep-space flying. The same glare of naked light that had burned his skin so dark had bleached his hair until it was almost white, and just in the last few months his gray eyes seemed to have caught and held a spark of that pitiless radiance. The easy good nature was gone out of them, and the lines that laughter had shaped around his mouth had deepened now into

bitter scars.

Images of Women in Peace and War - Sharon Macdonald 1988

As warriors, freedom fighters and victims, as mothers, wives and prostitutes, and as creators and members of peace movements, women are inevitably caught up in the net of war. Yet women's participation in warfare and peace campaigns has often been underestimated or ignored. Images of Women in Peace and War explores women's relationships to war, peace, and revolution, from the Amazons, Inka and Boadicea, to women soldiers in South Africa, Mau Mau freedom fighters and the protestors at Greenham Common. The contributors consider not only the reality of women's participation but also look at how their actions have been perceived and represented across cultures and through history. They examine how sexual imagery is constructed, how it is used to delineate women's relation to warfare and how these images have sometimes been subverted in order to challenge the status quo. The book raises important questions about whether women have a special prerogative to promote peace and considers whether the experience of motherhood leads to a distinctive women's position on war. The authors find that their analyses lead them to deal with arguments on the basic nature of the sexes and to reevaluate our concepts of "peace," "war," and "gender."

*The Jewel of Bas* - Leigh Brackett 2011-11-05

A quest to the Mountain of Life to save what remained by humanity from the machines that were bent on destroying them.excerptMouse stirred the stew in the small iron pot. There wasn't much of it. She sniffed and said: "You could have stolen a bigger joint. We'll go hungry before the next town.""Uh huh," Ciaran grunted lazily.Anger began to curl in Mouse's eyes."I suppose it's all right with you if we run out of food," she said sullenly.Ciaran leaned back comfortably against a moss-grown boulder and watched her with lazy gray eyes. He liked watching Mouse. She was a head shorter than he, which made her very short indeed, and as thin as a young girl. Her hair was black and wild, as though only wind ever combed it. Her eyes were black, too, and very bright. There was a small red thief's brand between them. She wore a ragged crimson tunic,

and her bare arms and legs were as brown as his own. Ciaran grinned. His lip was scarred, and there was a tooth missing behind it. He said, "It's just as well. I don't want you getting fat and lazy." Mouse, who was sensitive about her thinness, said something pungent and threw the wooden plate at him. Ciaran drew his shaggy head aside enough to let it by and then relaxed, stroking the harp on his bare brown knees. It began to purr softly. Ciaran felt good. The heat of the sunballs that floated always, lazy in a reddish sky, made him pleasantly sleepy. And after the clamor and crush of the market squares in the border towns, the huge high silence of the place was wonderful. He and Mouse were camped on a tongue of land that licked out from the Phrygian hills down into the coastal plains of Atlantea. A short cut, but only gypsies like themselves ever took it. To Ciaran's left, far below, the sea spread sullen and burning, cloaked in a reddish fog. To his right, also far below, were the Forbidden Plains. Flat, desolate, and barren, reaching away and away to the up-curving rim of the world, where Ciaran's sharp eyes could just make out a glint of gold; a mammoth peak reaching for the sky. Mouse said suddenly, "Is that it, Kiri? Ben Beatha, the Mountain of Life?"

#### **Black Amazon of Mars** - Leigh Brackett 2018-04-01

Through all the long cold hours of the Norland night the Martian had not moved nor spoken. At dusk of the day before Eric John Stark had brought him into the ruined tower and laid him down, wrapped in blankets, on the snow. He had built a fire of dead brush, and since then the two men had waited, alone in the vast wasteland that girdles the polar cap of Mars.

#### **The Dragon-Queen of Venus** - Leigh Brackett 2011-11-01

Attempting to make Venus safe for colonists turns out to be a very dangerous job for Tex and his partner Breska. excerpt Tex stirred uneasily where he lay on the parapet, staring into the heavy, Venusian fog. The greasy moisture ran down the fort wall, lay rank on his lips. With a sigh for the hot, dry air of Texas, and a curse for the adventure-thirst that made him leave it, he shifted his short, steel-hard body and wrinkled his sandy-red brows in the never-ending effort to see. A stifled cough turned his head. He whispered, "Hi, Breska." The Martian grinned and lay down

beside him. His skin was wind-burned like Tex's, his black eyes nested in wrinkles caused by squinting against sun and blowing dust. For a second they were silent, feeling the desert like a bond between them. Then Breska, mastering his cough, grunted: "They're an hour late now. What's the matter with 'em?" Tex was worried, too. The regular dawn attack of the swamp-dwellers was long overdue. "Reckon they're thinking up some new tricks," he said. "I sure wish our relief would get here. I could use a vacation." Breska's teeth showed a cynical flash of white. "If they don't come soon, it won't matter. At that, starving is pleasanter than beetle-bombs, or green snakes. Hey, Tex. Here comes the Skipper." Captain John Smith-Smith was a common name in the Volunteer Legion-crawled along the catwalk. There were new lines of strain on the officer's gaunt face, and Tex's uneasiness grew. He knew that supplies were running low. Repairs were urgently needed. Wasn't the relief goin' to come at all? But Captain Smith's pleasant English voice was as calm as though he were discussing cricket-scores in a comfortable London club. "Any sign of the beggars, Tex?" "No, sir. But I got a feeling. . . ." "H'm. Yes. We all have. Well, keep a sharp. . . ."

#### *Black Amazon of Mars* - Leigh Brackett 2019-04-30

Danger Awaits in the Far North! Long ago, an ancient evil was sealed away in the northern wastes of Mars by the legendary hero, Ban Cruach. A powerful talisman of Ban Cruach has been stolen--the thief's dying wish is that it be returned by Eric John Stark to its rightful place in the City of Kushat which stands before the Gates of Death! Before Stark can reach Kushat, he and the Talisman fall into the hands of a mysterious warlord named Ciaran, who prepares to lead a warband against Kushat and beyond. Undeterred by superstition, Ciaran seeks the power and riches that are said to lie beyond the Gates of Death and Ban Cruach's eternal vigil! Ciaran may bring destruction not only to the northern city states but all of Mars, if Kushat should fall and the Gates of Death be thrown open before his hordes!

#### Black Amazon of Mars and Other Tales from the Pulps - Leigh Brackett 2010-03

Leigh Brackett may be best known for her screenplay for "The Empire

Strikes Back," but her lush tales of interplanetary adventures were thrilling readers long before "Star Wars." Collected here are the short novel "Black Amazon of Mars" (the final magazine appearance of her hero, Eric John Stark), as well as "A World Is Born" and "Child of the Sun."

**Intergalactic Warfare - Boxed Set (Illustrated Edition) - Ray**

Bradbury 2022-01-04

Discover the golden age of science fiction with some of the best stories of intergalactic wars, space adventures and alien contact: Ray Bradbury: Jonah of the Jove-Run Zero Hour Rocket Summer Lorelei of the Red Mist The Creatures That Time Forgot Asleep in Armageddon Defense Mech Lazarus Come Forth Morgue Ship The Monster Maker A Little Journey Leigh Brackett: Black Amazon of Mars Child of the Sun Citadel of Lost Ships Enchantress of Venus Last Call From Sector 9G Outpost on Io Queen of the Martian Catacombs Shannach Terror Out of Space The Beast-Jewel of Mars The Blue Behemoth The Dragon-Queen of Jupiter The Jewel of Bas The Stellar Legion The Vanishing Venusians Thralls of the Endless Night Poul Anderson: Captive of the Centaurianess Lord of a Thousand Sun Out of the Iron Womb Sargasso of Lost Starships Star Ship Swordsman of Lost Terra The Virgin of Valkarion Tiger by the Tail Witch of the Demon Seas Jerome Bixby: Cargo to Callisto Tubemonkey The Crowded Colony Vengeance on Mars Clifford D. Simak: Message From Mars Mr. Meek Plays Polo Mr. Meek—Musketeer The Shipshape Miracle Damon Knight The Star Beast Doorway to Kal-Jmar The Third Little Green Man The Avenger Frederik Pohl: Asteroid of the Damned Conspiracy on Callisto Double-Cross Let the Ants Try Gardner F. Fox: When Kohonnes Screamed The Warlock of Sharrador Werwile of the Crystal Crypt Sword of the Seven Suns Vassals of the Lode-Star Engines of the Gods by Gardner Tonight the Stars Revolt! The Last Monster Man nth The Man the Sun-Gods Made

Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature Vol 2 - R. Reginald 2010-09

Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature, A Checklist, 1700-1974, Volume Two of Two, contains Contemporary Science Fiction Authors II.

Fifty Key Figures in Science Fiction - Mark Bould 2009-09-10

Fifty Key Figures in Science Fiction is a collection of engaging essays on some of the most significant figures who have shaped and defined the genre. Diverse groups within the science fiction community are represented, from novelists and film makers to comic book and television writers. Important and influential names discussed include: Octavia Butler George Lucas Robert Heinlein Gene Roddenberry Stan Lee Ursula K. Le Guin H.G. Wells This outstanding reference guide charts the rich and varied landscape of science fiction and includes helpful and up-to-date lists of further reading at the end of each entry. Available in an easy to use A-Z format, Fifty Key Figures in Science Fiction will be of interest to students of Literature, Film Studies, and Cultural Studies.

Distant Planet: SF Boxed Set (Illustrated Edition) - Ray Bradbury

2021-04-07

Discover the golden age of science fiction with some of the best stories of intergalactic wars, space adventures and alien contact: \_x000D\_ Ray Bradbury: \_x000D\_ Jonah of the Jove-Run \_x000D\_ Zero Hour \_x000D\_ Rocket Summer \_x000D\_ Lorelei of the Red Mist \_x000D\_ The Creatures That Time Forgot \_x000D\_ Asleep in Armageddon \_x000D\_ Defense Mech \_x000D\_ Lazarus Come Forth \_x000D\_ Morgue Ship \_x000D\_ The Monster Maker \_x000D\_ A Little Journey \_x000D\_ Leigh Brackett: \_x000D\_ Black Amazon of Mars \_x000D\_ Child of the Sun \_x000D\_ Citadel of Lost Ships \_x000D\_ Enchantress of Venus \_x000D\_ Last Call From Sector 9G \_x000D\_ Outpost on Io \_x000D\_ Queen of the Martian Catacombs \_x000D\_ Shannach \_x000D\_ Terror Out of Space \_x000D\_ The Beast-Jewel of Mars \_x000D\_ The Blue Behemoth \_x000D\_ The Dragon-Queen of Jupiter \_x000D\_ The Jewel of Bas \_x000D\_ The Stellar Legion \_x000D\_ The Vanishing Venusians \_x000D\_ Thralls of the Endless Night \_x000D\_ Poul Anderson: \_x000D\_ Captive of the Centaurianess \_x000D\_ Lord of a Thousand Sun \_x000D\_ Out of the Iron Womb \_x000D\_ Sargasso of Lost Starships \_x000D\_ Star Ship \_x000D\_ Swordsman of Lost Terra \_x000D\_ The Virgin of Valkarion \_x000D\_ Tiger by the Tail \_x000D\_ Witch of the Demon Seas \_x000D\_ Jerome Bixby: \_x000D\_ Cargo to Callisto \_x000D\_ Tubemonkey \_x000D\_ The Crowded Colony \_x000D\_ Vengeance on Mars \_x000D\_ Clifford D.

Simak: [Message From Mars](#) [Mr. Meek Plays Polo](#)  
[Mr. Meek—Musketeer](#) [The Shipshape Miracle](#)  
[Damon Knight](#) [The Star Beast](#) [Doorway to Kal-Jmar](#)  
[The Third Little Green Man](#) [The Avenger](#)  
Frederik Pohl: [Asteroid of the Damned](#) [Conspiracy on Callisto](#)  
[Double-Cross](#) [Let the Ants Try](#)  
Gardner F. Fox: [When Kohonnes Screamed](#) [The Warlock of Sharrador](#)  
[Werwile of the Crystal Crypt](#) [Sword of the Seven Suns](#)  
[Vassals of the Lode-Star](#)  
Engines of the Gods by Gardner [Tonight the Stars](#)  
Revolt! [The Last Monster](#) [Man nth](#) [The Man the Sun-Gods Made](#)

*Spawn of Mars* - Wallace Wood 2015-01-04

The science fiction genre owes a debt, especially visually, to EC Comics, and this highly anticipated Wallace Wood collection shows why. It features over two dozen comics stories drawn in Wood's meticulously detailed brushwork (his "lived in" spaceship interiors helped inspire Star Wars' Millennium Falcon). And with titles like "Spawn of Mars," "The Dark Side of the Moon," "A Trip to a Star," "The Invaders," "The Secret of Saturn's Ring," and "The Two-Century Journey," how can you go wrong?

**Enchantress of Venus** - Leigh Brackett 2011-06-01

Few men have gone beyond that barrier, into the vast mystery of Inner Venus. Fewer still have come back. Excerpt The ship moved slowly across the Red Sea, through the shrouding veils of mist, her sail barely filled by the languid thrust of the wind. Her hull, of a thin light metal, floated without sound, the surface of the strange ocean parting before her prow in silent rippling streamers of flame. Night deepened toward the ship, a river of indigo flowing out of the west. The man known as Stark stood alone by the after rail and watched its coming. He was full of impatience and a gathering sense of danger, so that it seemed to him that even the hot wind smelled of it. The steersman lay drowsily over his sweep. He was a big man, with skin and hair the color of milk. He did not speak, but Stark felt that now and again the man's eyes turned toward him, pale and

calculating under half-closed lids, with a secret avarice. The captain and the two other members of the little coasting vessel's crew were forward, at their evening meal. Once or twice Stark heard a burst of laughter, half-whispered and furtive. It was as though all four shared in some private joke, from which he was rigidly excluded. The heat was oppressive. Sweat gathered on Stark's dark face. His shirt stuck to his back. The air was heavy with moisture, tainted with the muddy fecundity of the land that brooded westward behind the eternal fog. There was something ominous about the sea itself. Even on its own world, the Red Sea is hardly more than legend. It lies behind the Mountains of White Cloud, the great barrier wall that hides away half a planet. Few men have gone beyond that barrier, into the vast mystery of Inner Venus. Fewer still have come back. Stark was one of that handful. Three times before he had crossed the mountains, and once he had stayed for nearly a year. But he had never quite grown used to the Red Sea. It was not water. It was gaseous, dense enough to float the buoyant hulls of the metal ships, and it burned perpetually with its deep inner fires. The mists that clouded it were stained with the bloody glow. Beneath the surface Stark could see the drifts of flame where the lazy currents ran, and the little coiling bursts of sparks that came upward and spread and melted into other bursts, so that the face of the sea was like a cosmos of crimson stars. It was very beautiful, glowing against the blue, luminous darkness of the night. Beautiful, and strange. There was a padding of bare feet, and the captain, Malthor, came up to Stark, his outlines dim and ghostly in the gloom. "We will reach Shuruun," he said, "before the second glass is run." Stark nodded. "Good." The voyage had seemed endless, and the close confinement of the narrow deck had got badly on his nerves. "You will like Shuruun," said the captain jovially. "Our wine, our food, our women—all superb. We don't have many visitors. We keep to ourselves, as you will see. But those who do come..." He laughed, and clapped Stark on the shoulder. "Ah, yes. You will be happy in Shuruun!" It seemed to Stark that he caught an echo of laughter from the unseen crew, as though they listened and found a hidden jest in Malthor's words. Stark said, "That's fine." "Perhaps," said Malthor, "you would like to lodge with me. I could

make you a good price."He had made a good price for Stark's passage from up the coast. An exorbitantly good one.Stark said, "No.""You don't have to be afraid," said the Venusian, in a confidential tone. "The strangers who come to Shuruun all have the same reason. It's a good place to hide. We're out of everybody's reach."He paused, but Stark did not rise to his bait. Presently he chuckled and went on, "In fact, it's such a safe place that most of the strangers decide to stay on. Now, at my house, I could give you..."

**Sci-Fi Classics: Illustrated Anthology** - Ray Bradbury 2022-01-04  
Musaicum Books presents to you this meticulously edited and formatted collection of space adventures, alien contacts and intergalactic wars stories written by some of the greatest masters of the Sci-Fi genre: Ray Bradbury: Jonah of the Jove-Run Zero Hour Rocket Summer Lorelei of the Red Mist The Creatures That Time Forgot Asleep in Armageddon Defense Mech Lazarus Come Forth Morgue Ship The Monster Maker A Little Journey Leigh Brackett: Black Amazon of Mars Child of the Sun Citadel of Lost Ships Enchantress of Venus Last Call From Sector 9G Outpost on Io Queen of the Martian Catacombs Shannach Terror Out of Space The Beast-Jewel of Mars The Blue Behemoth The Dragon-Queen of Jupiter The Jewel of Bas The Stellar Legion The Vanishing Venusians Thralls of the Endless Night Poul Anderson: Captive of the Centaurianess Lord of a Thousand Sun Out of the Iron Womb Sargasso of Lost Starships Star Ship Swordsman of Lost Terra The Virgin of Valkarion Tiger by the Tail Witch of the Demon Seas Jerome Bixby: Cargo to Callisto Tubemonkey The Crowded Colony Vengeance on Mars Clifford D. Simak: Message From Mars Mr. Meek Plays Polo Mr. Meek—Musketeer The Shipshape Miracle Damon Knight The Star Beast Doorway to Kal-Jmar The Third Little Green Man The Avenger Frederik Pohl: Asteroid of the Damned Conspiracy on Callisto Double-Cross Let the Ants Try Gardner F. Fox: When Kohonnes Screamed The Warlock of Sharrador Werwile of the Crystal Crypt Sword of the Seven Suns Vassals of the Lode-Star Engines of the Gods by Gardner Tonight the Stars Revolt! The Last Monster Man nth The Man the Sun-Gods Made

**Encyclopedia of Weird Westerns** - Paul Green 2016-03-09

From automatons to zombies, many elements of fantasy and science fiction have been cross-pollinated with the Western movie genre. In its second edition, this encyclopedia of the Weird Western includes many new entries covering film, television, animation, novels, pulp fiction, short stories, comic books, graphic novels and video and role-playing games. Categories include Weird, Weird Menace, Science Fiction, Space, Steampunk and Romance Westerns.

[A Princess of Mars](#) - Edgar Rice Burroughs 1938-12-12

Suddenly projected to Mars, John Carter found himself captive of the savage green men of Thark. With him was Dejah Thoris, lovely Princess of Helium. And between them and rescue lay a thousand miles of deadly enemies and unknown dangers. The green warrior decided to close in and end the battle; just as he rushed me, a blinding light struck full in my eyes, so that I could not see Zad's approach and could only leap blindly to one side to avoid his mighty blade. It caught me in the left shoulder; but as my vision cleared a sight met my astonished gaze that almost made me forget the fight. Standing on her chariot with Sola and Sarkoja, my beloved Dejah Thoris turned on Sarkoja with the fury of a tigress and struck something that flashed in the sunlight from her upraised hand. Then I knew what had blinded me at that crucial moment, and how Sarkoja had found a way to kill me without herself delivering the final thrust! Sarkoja, her face livid with baffled rage, whipped out her dagger and aimed a terrific blow at Dejah Thoris—and Zad was once more advancing on me with reddened blade. I felt the steel tear into my chest and all went black before me. . . .

**Outside the Human Aquarium** - Brian M. Stableford 1995

Brian Stableford's essays cover Edmond Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, Kurt Vonnegut, Barry Malzberg, Robert Silveberg, Mack Reynolds, Clark Ashton Smith, Philip K. Dick, David H. Keller, Theodore Sturgeon, and Stanley G. Weinbaum.

**Solar Flares** - Andrew M. Butler 2012

Science fiction produced in the 1970s has long been undervalued, dismissed by Bruce Sterling as confused, self-involved, and stale. The New Wave was all but over and Cyberpunk had yet to arrive. The decade

polarised sf - on the one hand it aspired to be a serious form, addressing issues such as race, Vietnam, feminism, ecology and sexuality, on the other hand it broke box office records with *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Alien* and *Superman: The Movie*. Beginning with chapters on the First sf and New Wave authors who published during the 1970s, *Solar Flares* examines the ways in which the genre confronted a new epoch and its own history, including the rise of fantasy, the sf blockbuster, children's sf, pseudoscience and postmodernism. It explores significant figures such as Joanna Russ, Samuel R. Delany and Octavia Butler. From Larry Niven's *Ringworld* to Thomas M. Disch's *On Wings of Song*, from *The Andromeda Strain* to *Flash Gordon* and from *Doctor Who* to *Buck Rogers*, this book reclaims seventies sf writing, film and television - alongside music and architecture - as a crucial period in the history of science fiction.

*The Complete Illustrated Stark* - Leigh Brackett 2019-07-31

This edition collects the entirety of the 70th Anniversary Illustrated Edition of the adventures of Leigh Brackett's pulp hero, Eric John Stark. Contains *Queen of the Martian Catacombs* (1949), *The Enchantress of Venus* (1949), and *Black Amazon of Mars* (1951). Each of these classic pulp adventures has been lovingly and faithfully illustrated by Portuguese art duo StarTwo.

**Stark and the Star Kings** - Edmond Hamilton 2005

Collection of two classic science fiction authors' signature stories: Two novels by Edmond Hamilton: *The Star Kings* and *Return to the Stars* Three novelettes by Leigh Brackett: *Queen of the Martian Catacombs*, *Enchantress of Venus* and *Black Amazon of Mars* and a short story (the only formal collaboration between the authors): *Stark and the Star Kings*

*Terror Out of Space* - Leigh Brackett 2011-06-10

It was driving men to madness... they had managed to capture it, but for how long? Excerpt Lundy was flying the aero-space convertible by himself. He'd been doing it for a long time. So long that the bottom half of him was dead to the toes and the top half even deader, except for two separate aches like ulcerated teeth; one in his back, one in his

head. Thick pearly-grey Venusian sky went past the speeding flier in streamers of torn cloud. The rockets throbbed and pounded. Instruments jerked erratically under the swirl of magnetic currents that makes the Venusian atmosphere such a swell place for pilots to go nuts in. Jackie Smith was still out cold in the copilot's seat. From in back, beyond the closed door to the tiny inner cabin, Lundy could hear Farrell screaming and fighting. He'd been screaming a long time. Ever since the shot of avertin Lundy had given him after he was taken had begun to wear thin. Fighting the straps and screaming, a hoarse jarring sound with no sense in it. Screaming to be free, because of it. Somewhere inside of Lundy, inside the rumpled, sweat-soaked black uniform of the Tri-World Police, Special Branch, and the five-foot-six of thick springy muscle under it, there was a knot. It was a large knot, and it was very, very cold in spite of the sweltering heat in the cabin, and it had a nasty habit of yanking itself tight every few minutes, causing Lundy to jerk and sweat as though he'd been spiked. Lundy didn't like that cold tight knot in his belly. It meant he was afraid. He'd been afraid before, plenty of times, and he wasn't ashamed of it. But right now he needed all the brains and guts he had to get it back to Special headquarters at Vhia, and he didn't want to have to fight himself, too. Fear can screw things for you. It can make you weak when you need to be strong, if you're going to go on living. You, and the two other guys depending on you. Lundy hoped he could keep from getting too much afraid, and too tired - because it was sitting back there in its little strongbox in the safe, waiting for somebody to crack. Farrell was cracked wide open, of course, but he was tied down. Jackie Smith had begun to show signs before he passed out, so that Lundy had kept one hand over the anesthetic needle gun bolstered on the side of his chair. And Lundy thought, the hell of it is, you don't know when it starts to work on you. There's no set pattern, or if there is we don't know it. Maybe right now the readings I see on those dials aren't there at all . . . . Down below the torn grey clouds he could see occasional small patches of ocean. The black, still, tideless water of Venus, that covers so many secrets of the planet's past. It didn't help Lundy any. It could be right or wrong, depending on what part of the ocean it was - and

there was no way to tell. He hoped nothing would happen to the motors. A guy could get awfully wet, out in the middle of that still black water. Farrell went on screaming. His throat seemed to be lined with impervium. Screaming and fighting the straps, because it was locked up and calling for help.

*The Stellar Legion* - Leigh Brackett 2011-11-05

MacIan was a man with a secret, and it had followed him to Venus and the Legion, escape was impossible...Excerpt Silence was on the barracks like a lid clamped over tight-coiled springs. Men in rumpled uniforms-outlanders of the Stellar Legion, space-rats, the scrapings of the Solar System-sweated in the sullen heat of the Venusian swamplands before the rains. Sweated and listened. The metal door clanged open to admit Lehn, the young Venusian Commandant, and every man jerked tautly to his feet. Ian MacIan, the white-haired, space-burned Earthman, alone and hungrily poised for action; Thekla, the swart Martian low-canalier, grinning like a weasel beside Bhak, the hulking strangler from Titan. Every quick nervous glance was riveted on Lehn. The young officer stood silent in the open door, tugging at his fair mustache; to MacIan, watching, he was a trim, clean incongruity in this brutal wilderness of savagery and iron men. Behind him, the eternal mists writhed in a thin curtain over the swamp, stretching for miles beyond the soggy earthworks; through it came the sound every ear had listened to for days, a low, monotonous piping that seemed to ring from the ends of the earth. The Nahali, the six-foot, scarlet-eyed swamp-dwellers, whose touch was weapon enough, praying to their gods for rain. When it came, the hot, torrential downpour of southern Venus, the Nahali would burst in a scaly tide over the fort. Only a moat of charged water and four electro-cannons stood between the Legion and the horde. If those things failed, it meant two hundred lives burned out, the circle of protective forts broken, the fertile uplands plundered and laid waste. MacIan looked at Lehn's clean, university-bred young face, and wondered cynically if he was strong enough to do his job. Lehn spoke, so abruptly that the men started. "I'm calling for volunteers. A reconnaissance in Nahali territory; you know well enough what that means. Three men. Well?" Ian MacIan stepped

forward, followed instantly by the Martian Thekla. Bhak the Titan hesitated, his queerly bright, blank eyes darting from Thekla to Lehn, and back to MacIan. Then he stepped up, his hairy face twisted in a sly grin. Lehn eyed them, his mouth hard with distaste under his fair mustache. Then he nodded, and said; "Report in an hour, light equipment." Turning to go, he added almost as an afterthought, "Report to my quarters, MacIan. Immediately." MacIan's bony Celtic face tightened and his blue eyes narrowed with wary distrust. But he followed Lehn, his gaunt, powerful body as ramrod-straight as the Venusian's own, and no eye that watched him go held any friendship.

**The Martian Chronicles** - Ray Bradbury 2012-04-17

The tranquility of Mars is disrupted by humans who want to conquer space, colonize the planet, and escape a doomed Earth.

Shannach- The Last - Leigh Brackett 2011-06-10

An Earthman on Mercury stumbles into a long lost colony in a hidden air-filled valley, ruled by harsh Sunstone wielding hawk controlling lords - and, of course, an alien overlord behind them.

*Leigh Brackett Super Pack* - Leigh Brackett 2020-08-19

Leigh Brackett was the undisputed Queen of Space Opera and the first woman to be nominated for the coveted Hugo Award. She wrote short stories, novels, and scripts for Hollywood. She wrote the first draft of the Empire Strikes Back shortly before her death in 1978. Assembled here in this 200,000 word collection are fifteen of Brackett's most memorable stories. If you enjoyed this book, you'll want to search on Positronic Publishing Super Pack to see all of our Super Packs. Included here are: The Stellar Legion The Dragon-Queen of Jupiter A World is Born Child of the Sun Outpost on Io Citadel of Lost Ships The Blue Behemoth Thralls of the Endless Night The Dancing Girl of Ganymede Black Amazon of Mars Shannach--The Last The Ark of Mars Last Call from Sector 9G So Pale, So Cold, So Fair The Road to Sinharat

Leigh Brackett - Sci-Fi Boxed Set - Leigh Brackett 2022-01-04

Discover the golden age of science fiction with some of the best stories of intergalactic battles, space adventures and alien contact in this Leigh Brackett collection of selected planet stories: Black Amazon of Mars

Child of the Sun Citadel of Lost Ships Enchantress of Venus Last Call  
From Sector 9G Outpost on Io Queen of the Martian Catacombs  
Shannach Terror Out of Space The Beast-Jewel of Mars The Blue  
Behemoth The Dragon-Queen of Jupiter The Jewel of Bas The Stellar  
Legion The Vanishing Venusians Thralls of the Endless Night  
*A World Is Born* - Leigh Brackett 2011-06-10

The first ripples of blue fire touched Dio's men. Bolts of it fastened on gun-butts, and knuckles. Men screamed and fell. Jill cried out as he tore silver ornaments from her dress...Excerpt Mel Gray flung down his hoe with a sudden tigerish fierceness and stood erect. Tom Ward, working beside him, glanced at Gray's Indianesque profile, the youth of it hardened by war and the hells of the Eros prison blocks. A quick flash of satisfaction crossed Ward's dark eyes. Then he grinned and said mockingly. "Hell of a place to spend the rest of your life, ain't it?" Mel Gray stared with slitted blue eyes down the valley. The huge sun of Mercury seared his naked body. Sweat channeled the dust on his skin. His throat ached with thirst. And the bitter landscape mocked him more than Wade's dark face. "The rest of my life," he repeated softly. "The rest of my life!" He was twenty-eight. Wade spat in the damp black earth. "You ought to be glad--helping the unfortunate, building a haven for the derelict...." "Shut up!" Fury rose in Gray, hotter than the boiling springs that ran from the Sunside to water the valleys. He hated Mercury. He hated John Moulton and his daughter Jill, who had conceived this plan of building a new world for the destitute and desperate veterans of the Second Interplanetary War. "I've had enough 'unselfish service'," he whispered. "I'm serving myself from now on."

*Black Amazon Of Mars* - Leigh Brackett 2019-06-21

This book is a result of an effort made by us towards making a contribution to the preservation and repair of original classic literature. In an attempt to preserve, improve and recreate the original content, we have worked towards: 1. Type-setting & Reformatting: The complete work has been re-designed via professional layout, formatting and type-setting tools to re-create the same edition with rich typography, graphics, high quality images, and table elements, giving our readers the

feel of holding a 'fresh and newly' reprinted and/or revised edition, as opposed to other scanned & printed (Optical Character Recognition - OCR) reproductions. 2. Correction of imperfections: As the work was re-created from the scratch, therefore, it was vetted to rectify certain conventional norms with regard to typographical mistakes, hyphenations, punctuations, blurred images, missing content/pages, and/or other related subject matters, upon our consideration. Every attempt was made to rectify the imperfections related to omitted constructs in the original edition via other references. However, a few of such imperfections which could not be rectified due to intentional/unintentional omission of content in the original edition, were inherited and preserved from the original work to maintain the authenticity and construct, relevant to the work. We believe that this work holds historical, cultural and/or intellectual importance in the literary works community, therefore despite the oddities, we accounted the work for print as a part of our continuing effort towards preservation of literary work and our contribution towards the development of the society as a whole, driven by our beliefs. We are grateful to our readers for putting their faith in us and accepting our imperfections with regard to preservation of the historical content. HAPPY READING!

*Black Amazon of Mars (SF Classic)* - Leigh Brackett 2019-12-18

Eric John Stark, a hero from Mercury, is taking his friend Camar to his birthplace, Kushat, in the north of Mars to die. Unfortunately Camar dies before they can get there from a bullet wound he received that he took for Stark. He gives Stark a talisman to take to the City of Kushat beyond which lies the Gates of Death. This is not just any talisman as Stark soon discovers there is a power from this ornament that was created to save the people of Mars from extinction.

**Visions of Mars** - Howard V. Hendrix, 2014-01-10

Seventeen wide-ranging essays explore the evolving scientific understanding of Mars, and the relationship between that understanding and the role of Mars in literature, the arts and popular culture. Essays in the first section examine different approaches to Mars by scientists and writers Jules Verne and J.H. Rosny. Section Two covers the uses of Mars

in early Bolshevik literature, Wells, Brackett, Burroughs, Bradbury, Heinlein, Dick and Robinson, among others. The third section looks at Mars as a cultural mirror in science fiction. Essayists include prominent writers (e.g., Kim Stanley Robinson), scientists and literary critics from many nations.

#### **Black Cat Weekly #14** - Zenith Brown 2021-12-05

Welcome to Black Cat Weekly #14. Over the next few issues, you will note a number of changes coming to Black Cat Weekly. We have been expanding our staff of editors, and this issue Michael Brachen brings us his first selection, "A Ship Called Pandora," by Melodie Campbell—which fits neatly in both the science fiction and mystery genres! Barb Goffman has an off week, since we're using one of her own stories—"Whose Wine Is It Anyway?" which was a nominee for the Agatha, Anthony, and Macavity Awards. Of course, we also have several mystery novels—a Mr. Pinkerton puzzler by Zenith Brown and a classic Nick Carter detective story. And don't miss this issue's Solve-It-Yourself mystery by Hal Charles. On the science fiction and fantasy side, Michael Brachen brings us his first selection, "A Ship Called Pandora," by Melodie Campbell—which fits neatly in both the science fiction and mystery genres! (No, you're not suffering from *deja vu*. I'm just repeating myself.) New acquiring editor Darrell Schweitzer makes his first selection for BCW with Tom Purdom's "Madame Pompadour's Blade," which combines French history and magic. (Next issue we hope to have a selection from Cynthia M. Ward, another new acquiring editor who is joining the staff.) Plus we have a classic short by Henry Kuttner, a modern short story by

the late Larry Tritten, a short novel Edmond Hamilton, and I've snuck in a fantasy of my own, "Dreamtime in Adjaphon." Here's the complete lineup: Mysteries / Suspense "Saving Downtown Abbey," by Hal Charles [Solve-It-Yourself Mystery] Two Against Scotland Yard, by Zenith Brown [novel] "Whose Wine Is It Anyway?" by Barb Goffman [short story] A Cigarette Clue, by Nicholas Carter [novel] "A Ship Called Pandora," by Melodie Campbell [short story] Science Fiction & Fantasy "A Ship Called Pandora," by Melodie Campbell [short story] "Dreamtime In Adjaphon," by John Gregory Betancourt [short story] "Hydra," by Henry Kuttner [short story] "Madame Pompadour's Blade," by Tom Purdom [short story] "The Dead Woods," by Larry Tritten [short story] Battle For The Stars, by Edmond Hamilton [short novel]

#### Queen of the Martian Catacombs and Black Amazon of Mars (Deseret Alphabet Ed.) - Leigh Brackett 2016-10-06

Leigh Douglass Brackett (1915-1978) was an American writer, particularly of science fiction; she is one of the few women writers to be at the forefront of science fiction's "Golden Age." Brackett was also a screenwriter, known for her work on films from *The Big Sleep* (1945) to *The Empire Strikes Back* (1980). "Queen of the Martian Catacombs" and "Black Amazon of Mars" are the first two novellas in her Eric John Stark series. These stories, spanning a sprawling (and scientifically impossible) Solar System, are rollicking adventures in the tradition of Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter and Robert E. Howard's Conan the Barbarian. They are excellent examples of pulp science fiction at its "pulpy-est"-manly men, warrior women, and non-stop action.