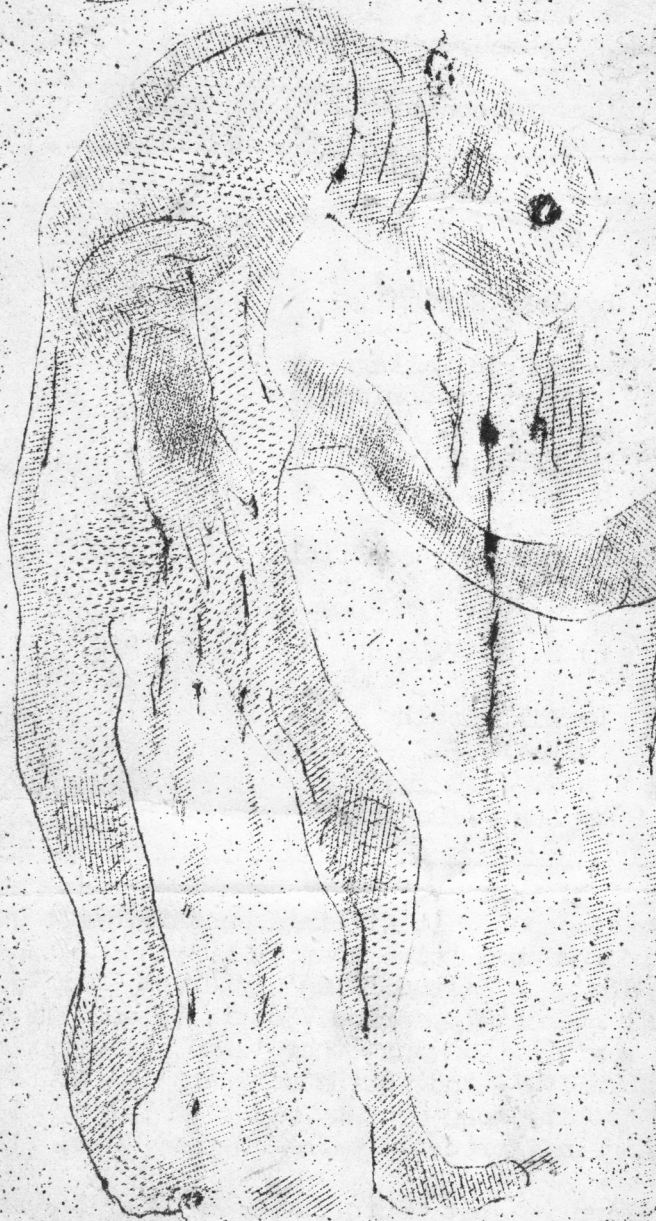


# OPERATION



# FANTAST

# ISSUE 5

# 1941

— There's nothing like 'operation fantast',  
it's unique, thank god. —

# O P E R A T I O N F A N T A S T

September 1948

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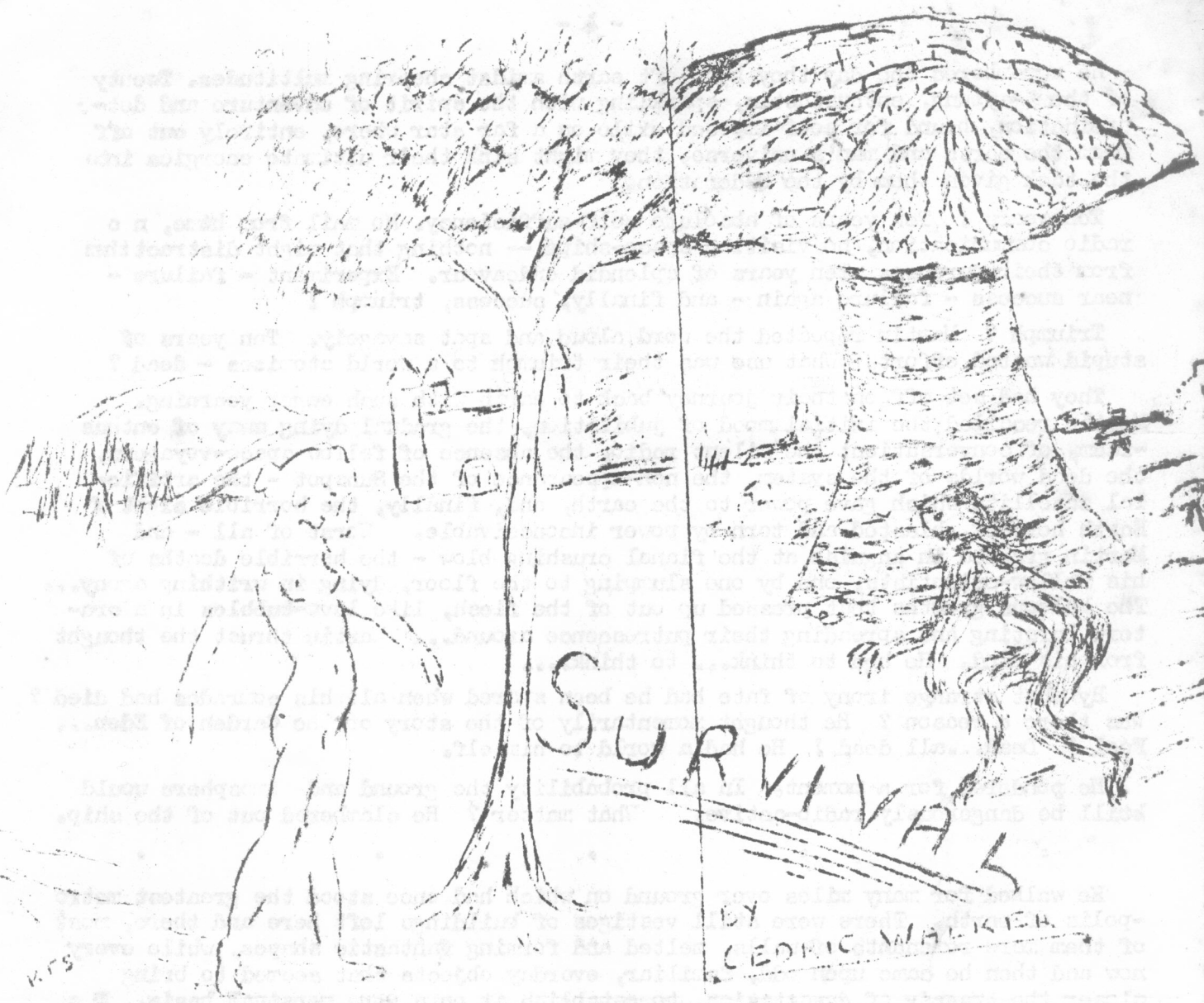
This 'zine is FREE, but if you care to make a voluntary contribution, it will be very  
greatfully received by me.

## C O N T E N T S

		Page No.
COVER .....	by John Newman	1
Contents, etc. (thats this !)		2
SURVIVAL .....	a story ... by Cedric Walker	3
PLUGHOLE .....	cynicism ... by Kurt Fredericks	8
WARNING .....	a poem ... by K. F. S.	9
A DEFENCE OF AMAZING ..	an article ... by J. B. Coltherd	10
A CRY FROM THE HEART ..	a letter ! ... by Eric Lumer	13
INFORMATION BUREAU ....	... by K. F. S.	14
L I F E .....	a poem ... by Laurence Sandfield	15
GENERAL CHUNTERING ....	... by K. F. S.	17
READER'S LETTERS .....	... by Y O U	18
CO-OPERATION .....	an article ... by E. C. Tubb	21
THE WORLD S.-F. ASSOCIATION	...	22
IT GHOST TO SHOW .....	a story ... by Mike Tealby	23
EDITORIAL FLIM-FLAM ...	... by K. F. S.	24
<u>New Worlds</u> - CONTINUED	an announcement by E. J. Carnell	25
<u>LACHESIAN VALEDICTORY</u> .	a poem ... by Don J. Doughty	27
<u>THE TRADING DEPARTMENT</u>		28 onwards.

This is the last bit of the 'zine I ever write, and therefore bears some important notes. First, The New Worlds announcement - I have not scooped Walt Gillings on this, it's just easier to include this at short notice in a mimeographed 'zine than in a printed 'zine. By the way, my American Reader's attention is drawn to Walt Gilling's FANTASY REVIEW; it is possible you don't know of it. It's printed; bi-monthly, price 75¢ six issues. It is THE fanzine, it carries more news, views, and reviews than any other 'zine either side of the water. Just finished is 'THE STORY OF ASTOUNDING', and forthcoming is 'THE STORY OF WONDER', by Thomas S. Sheridan. If you don't get it, send a money order to Walter Gillings, 115 Wanstead Park Road, ILFORD, Essex, England, or contact John E. Koestner, 2124 Rene Court, BROOKLYN, 27, N.Y.

And second and last point, your attention is drawn to statements on pages 24 & 28 - take care-ful note of these if you wish to continue receiving OPERATION FANTAST !



It was certainly the worst landing Martin had made in his life. He thought with grim amusement of what his instructor would have said, fleetingly, before the lines of despair returned to his face.

He made a very hasty circuit of the field, then touched down with a bone-jarring shock, ploughing recklessly through a clump of undergrowth. For minutes he did not move, but remained staring at the scene of desolation through the visi-plate.

What did it matter, anyway? Whether he left the ship or stayed until death overtook him. It was immaterial. His eyes took in the nightmarish scene while his numbed brain recalled the events of the past few hours.

It was just like they'd said. Just as he had seen many times on the 'screen', just as he had read in the magazines, just as he had pictured it to himself. The baked, cracked earth, the very rocks fused and run together; the silence, the lack of movement, the utter absence of the slightest vestige of any living thing. Death! Lonliness. My God? Lonliness! He beat his fist in insensate anger against the arm of his pilot's-chair. To come back to — THIS! After all those years of exile — voluntary exile, to be sure, but nonetheless to be borne.

He remembered the day they had left earth amidst cheering multitudes. Twenty of them - young, enthusiastic, sparkling with the spirit of adventure and determination, bound for self-imposed exile on a far star where, entirely cut off from the earth and man's universe, they might sink their ultimate energies into the task given them by the Federation.

Ten years ! Ten years of absolute self-sufficiency. No mail from home, no radio communication, no visiting space-ships -- nothing that might distract them from their purpose. Ten years of splendid endeavour. Experiment - failure - near success - failure again - and finally, success, triumph !

Triumph ? Martin repeated the word aloud and spat savagely. Ten years of stupid wasted effort. What use was their triumph to a world atomized - dead ?

They had set off on their journey back to earth with such eager yearning. Martin recalled the initial mood of jubilation, the gradual dying away of enthusiasm, of conversation; the silent radio, the absence of fellow space-voyagers, the dead worlds of the system, the non-appearance of the Sunspot - the artificial satellite which gave power to the earth, and, finally, the horrible sight of Earth herself, blasted and torn by power inconceivable. Worst of all - and Martin groaned in anguish at the final crushing blow - the horrible deaths of his fellow-scientists, one by one slumping to the floor, dying in writhing agony... The bulbous growths that pressed up out of the flesh, like lava-bubbles in a crater, bursting and spreading their putrescence around... Martin thrust the thought from his mind. He had to think... to think....

By what strange irony of fate had he been spared when all his comrades had died ? Was there a reason ? He thought momentarily of the story of the Garden of Eden... Fool ! Dead...all dead ! He had a world to himself.

He pondered for a moment. In all probability the ground and atmosphere would still be dangerously radio-active. What matter ? He clambered out of the ship.

He walked for many miles over ground on which had once stood the greatest metropolis of earth. There were still vestiges of buildings left here and there, most of them mere remnants of walls, melted and forming fantastic shapes, while every now and then he came upon odd, familiar, everyday objects that seemed to bring closer the tragedy of devastation, to establish it on a more personal basis. He suffered pangs of heart-rending nostalgia as he passed them by. A wash-bowl, seemingly untouched; a wheel from a child's bicycle; a picture frame with the polish strangely unspoilt. There were occasional piles of bones, and other things which he did not investigate too closely.

He plodded on. The sun rose higher and beat down upon his bare head - he had not bothered to don any protective clothing. The sweat dribbled from his forehead, into his eyes; but he did not trouble to brush it away. Finally he slumped to earth beneath the shade of a ruined wall. Heat, exhaustion, and despair began a combined insidious onslaught. After a while his head dropped upon his breast.

He awakened with the memory of a touch upon his shoulder, and sprang to his feet in mingled terror and eagerness. Standing a little way from him was a man. No - not a man ? God ? what was it ? Martin clenched his teeth to prevent himself from crying out. Through a sweat-haze he observed the thing. Arms dangling almost to the knees; a hairy filthy, head with yellow, protruding fangs; a scorched squat body covered with matted matted hair, dirty rags of clothing draped around it.

Face contorted with a snarl - shot through with a strange curiosity. Not a man - yet not an ape.

The thing was mumbling at him, oddly familiar-sounding words. He listened carefully, but could make no sense of them. He tried to think clearly, to bring his sleep-sodden mind into focus. The return to earth, the deaths of his friends, the atomised earth. This last startling revelation of the continuance of life - he was still grappling with the new scheme of things when he was grasped roughly from behind by a dozen hairy hands and hoisted into the air.

He was half-dragged, half-carried for miles over rough, fused terrain, which gradually gave way to less desolate country, and he was shocked, yet heartened, to observe here and there patches of a stunted, yellowish fungoid growth, unearthly and strangely shaped. His captors were of similiar aspect to the ape-thing which had raised Martin from his stupor, their only difference being in the variety of their clothing and their varying expressions of bestiality and oafishness. He did not attempt to find an explanation for the existence of the ape-things, but allowed himself to be dragged on.

Round a hillock and they were all at once in the midst of a shouting, gesticulating, chattering mob who surged around Martin, peering at him, and pulling at his clothes. Martin, now on his feet, though watched suspiciously by the creatures, stood, uncaring, wondering only vaguely what might be the outcome of it all.

A sudden extra surge of scuffling over to his right and the first ape-thing re-appeared, beating about him with what might once have been a table-leg, and growling in the strangely familiar language of his kind as he cleared a path towards Martin.

He appeared to be a leader of sorts. The knot around Martin fell back, gibbering. At a word two of them grabbed him and led him to the ruins of a nearby building. They thrust him into a cellar and left him - though they did not stray far away. He sank to the ground, heedless of the filth and refuse strewn around, thankful only for a respite from the din and scurry. Taking a deep breath, he expelled the air slowly from his lungs. He must think - think! Gradually, as the light faded outside, the confusion began to seep from his mind. A cool breeze from somewhere caressed his hot weary face.

His thoughts were dark enough. Mankind was gone from the earth. Perished in the unthinkable holocaust that had ravished and killed the very earth itself. He alone was left out of the billions that had swarmed the earth - he alone to pick up the torch and carry on man's heritage amidst a new race of mutated apes! He groaned aloud and lifted his eyes to the roof of his prison. Why could he not have had the good fortune to die with his friends out in space?

His agony of mind increased until it became a tangible thing going around and around him in the cellar. Round and round until his brain whirled in sympathy with it. Then - a flickering torchlight, a light step, and a figure came into view - a slim white figure that brought Martin back to sanity with shocking abruptness.

For long seconds he gazed at the newcomer without speaking. His black despair fell from him like a cloak. A new joy surged within him. A woman! A living, breathing woman! She stood before him like a goddess, white and pure, unsullied by the evil spawn of man's destructiveness. A true daughter of Eve. Eve..... Adam and Eve..... The torchlight revealed the beauty of her face, and also a lurking shadow of something in her eyes. Fear? Sadness? Martin mused...

But after the first surprise Martin had leapt to his feet, and now moved toward her, extending his hand and smiling. But she eluded him with pantherish grace. he paused, disconcerted.

"My name is Martin," he began hesitantly, "Perhaps you remember. The expedition--"

"I remember." The girl spoke softly, while her eyes looked at distant things for a space. "You were forgotten. There was a war." Her lips twisted into the barest suggestion of a smile for a brief moment. She turned arched eyebrows to him. "You did not know? But of course, you would not. How could you?"

"Tell me - tell me what happened," Martin begged, "I'll go crazy if I don't find out something soon. These creatures... Was everyone killed?" He looked at her pleadingly. "Are there others like you?"

"N-no." The lurking something crept back into her eyes as she shook her head. "There are no others. None, until --" she paused, gazing at him, "-- until you. There were, but they -- died. They --" she waved her hand generally "-- keep me here. But come!" -peremptorily- "You must not stay here. My house is not far away. You must be hungry".

She turned and left. Martin followed the flickering torch through the darkness. The glare lit up the bestial faces of the ape-things, watching curiously....

Martin spoke long with Margaret, as he learned her name to be, after a supper of something which Martin could see only vaguely in the dim light. He thought it best not to inquire too deeply into the matter. He was bubbling over with questions, impatient to know all about the new world in which he found himself. She spoke, but her answers were vague and unsatisfactory. He put her reticence down to the shock of the war and finding herself amongst the ape-creatures. The ape-creatures! He could extract little about them from her. They had a speech of sorts. She had learned to understand them partly. She shrugged her shoulders - "You have seen them. That is what they are" - And left it at that.

The problem concerned Martin deeply. What strange ungodly radiations had mutated the ape into a horrible travesty of a human being? What a race to supersede man! Man with all his noble endeavour! Martin laughed harshly. The crawling little animal had got its deserts. What was the penalty for the murder of a planet?

Well, there it was. The ape-things. Margaret and he. Margaret! He looked across at her, eagerly noting the beauty of her hair, the smooth curve of her cheek against the fitful light.... Sleep tarried long that night before it finally overtook him.

Margaret was absent all the next day, until late in the afternoon she appeared before him. There was a shy, almost coy, look on her face, and she was smiling. But Martin thought he detected again the shadow for an instant in her eyes. She sat down opposite him, her face suddenly grave:

"They have decided about us."

"About us?"

"We are to marry" She added simply, "I am sorry."

To Marry! Martin experienced amazement then anger.

"There is nothing we can do about it," she said calmly, as if reading his thoughts.

His anger evaporated as rapidly as it had come.

"Would you want us to be able to?" he asked softly.

She lowered her gaze, but said nothing. He stepped towards her. She moved swiftly to the door. There was a pause.

"The ceremony will take place tonight. There is little time." She turned and was gone.

They came for him about an hour after moonrise - according to his wrist-watch, which, miraculously, was still going. Torches were everywhere. Shouting, babbling shapes were all around him. There seemed to be hundreds of the brutes. The din was indescribable. Quite a gala night, Martin thought, grimly.

In the centre of the clearing they halted him, and retreated to squat upon their haunches in a circle around him. Margaret was nowhere in evidence. Martin wondered whether any moment he might not wake up in his room at the Foundation back on the planet which had been his home so long. It was too fantastic. He, a scientist, standing amid a horde of gibbering, leering ape-things, awaiting, at their behest, the bride they had chosen for him --- the first woman he had seen for ten years! The only woman left on earth as far as he knew!

There was a sudden hush. Martin's gaze turned simultaneously with that of the gathering.

She was standing at the edge of the clearing. Alone. A small white figure. She began to move, and as she came within the circle of torchlight Martin caught his breath.

She was wearing a gown of pure white splendour which trailed on the ground behind her. By what strange freak of chance had it escaped the holocaust? She had never seemed more ravishing to Martin. Her pale solemn beauty held an ethereal quality in the moonlight. She was like any young bride from the billions who had walked up countless aisles in the dear dead past of Earth.

Now she was at his side. She held his glance for a pregnant instant before turning to face the tribe, and in that moment Martin knew a strange fear. The last man and the last woman on earth! The significance of it was appalling, yet it brought in its wake a certain pride. Martin was no believer in blind destiny. And yet .... ?

The ape-leader shambled forward and the ceremony began. It was a crude affair, and hasty, and Martin paid little heed to it, fuming with impatience to be alone with her, away from the bestial mob. But he did note the seriousness with which Margaret accepted it all, a fact that caused him some annoyance. To him it seemed all the more distasteful because of its pathetic semblance to an everyday, human wedding....

When it was over Margaret was a being transformed. "Come! Come quickly!" she said, and led the way to the room that had been prepared for them. Surprised, but willingly enough, he followed.

The ape-things watched, motionless.

At the door she turned. "You aren't sorry O!" There was a faint note of pleading in her voice.

"Of course not," he said, and made as if to touch her. She slipped into the room and closed the door.

He waited. A strange dread was gnawing away at the back of his mind. He clenched his fists. Fool ! Fool ! There was nothing. He took one or two deep breaths. He thought of the whiteness and pureness of her skin. Sacrilege that she should have to live among those hairy, unclean beasts.

He heard his name called, softly, urgently. He thrust open the door.

The torch was burning low, in a moment she was in his arms. How soft her arm was. Her cheek smooth against his.

She was whispering: "Tell me -- tell me you love me ! Tell me ----" the words became an unintelligible gibber. His hand stroked flesh that became rougher as the seconds passed. In a daze of horror he could not take his hand away from the hairy hide.

The torch flickered in final mockery, revealingly.....

FINIS

PLUG HOLE

by Kurt Fredericks.

The little creature, hearing the call of its parent, signalled frantically by antennae -- "Yes, I've finished, and I've washed behind my gills."

Scrambling rapidly down the slope by which they moved up and down to different levels of the building, he presented himself to his -- mother, is the best term. 'He'; wasn't really a 'he', nor was 'his' 'mother' really a 'she'; such words for this tale just give the nearest human equivalents.

His mother inspected him closely -- she did not actually 'see', but we can say that she satisfied herself that he had made his toilet complete -- one thing common throughout all worlds is the disinclination of the young to give full attention to such matters. Then she proceeded to quiz him, as again do all parents in all spheres:

"Have you put away the towel?" "Yes, ma."

"And everything else?" "Yes, ma."

"And cleaned up the room?" "Yes, ma."

"And emptied the bowl?" "Oh !"

"Then right up and do it now".

So the little insect-like fellow -- a poor description -- scrambled back up

the slope again, and took out the stopper which released the fluid from the bowl.

As the 'water' swirled round and round, running down the waste-pipe he thought to himself of a lesson he had had that day at school -- all about the universe, its shape, and how it was composed. And he imagined to himself worlds upon worlds.

An infinitesimal, unmeasurable, fraction of time later.....

...but to us, thousands and thousands of aeons, a man seated at a breakfast table looked up from his paper and remarked to his wife:

"If these politicians don't get things straight soon, the old world will be right down the drain."

As if politicians could do anything about it !



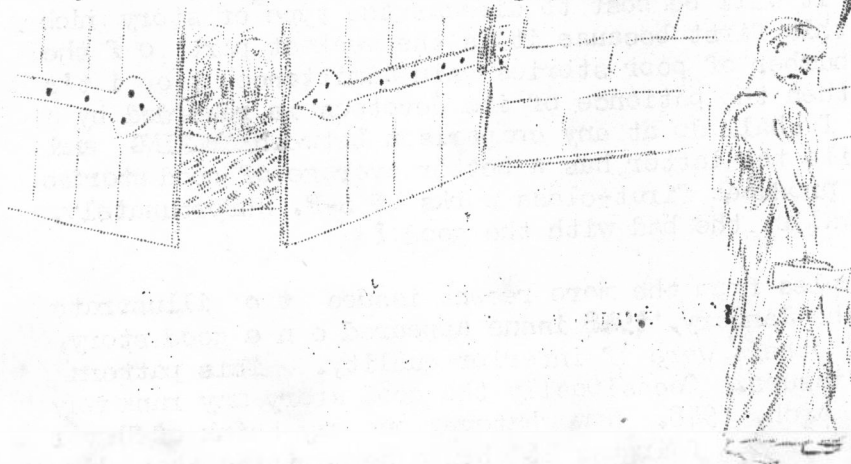
W A R N I N G

This is a curse pronounced today,  
For a drink I took, and the price not pay.

"No peace is thine, thou spawn of hell,  
Who drank a draught from Nygar's well.  
On through life shalt thou flee alone  
With never a comrade to call thine own.

Yea! And thy body shall rot,  
Yet thy spirit ~~do~~ not;  
Be there left but scattered dust  
Still shall it know mortal lust."

I am feared the curse be true  
And wish the lore I never knew.  
Take warning, all; delve not too deep  
Less you be refused the last long sleep.



K.F.S.

BY J. COLTHERD

# AMAZING

Some time ago Ken asked me to write a short account of the reasons which had induced me to make the declaration that I preferred AMAZING STORIES to any other S-F magazine. I confess that in thus stating my preference I was being most unorthodox, but I remain unrepentant! I hope that this article, while admitting the bad points, may also bring out the good points of a mag which comes in for some tremendously scathing criticism from the reviews. I hope also that if there are any fan fan as yet undecided which S-F mag is the best, this article may help to show them what to expect in AMAZING, and thus aid them in making a choice, because few can afford to subscribe towards more than one or two magazines. Of course, we know there is a ban on renewals of subscriptions to all U.S.A. mags, but this may not last! At any rate, let's hope it won't!

I am not going to attempt any comparison between AMAZING and such magazines as T.W.S. and A.S.F. This would be a task for which I am not really fit as I only re-commenced reading S-F in 1946, after a lapse of some six years, during the war. I soon found that great changes had appeared during the interval in all of the three main U.S. mags; changes mostly for the worse in my opinion. In 1939 AMAZING was already on the down-grade — had been for some time — A.S.F. was going strong, producing some tip-top stories; and T.W.S. had set a high standard for its 10th anniversary year, and had been improving greatly ever since its change of name and ownership in 1936.

What was the situation in 1946? My first impressions were that A.S.F. alone seemed to have kept up a fairly consistent good standard, while T.W.S. had degenerated to an alarming degree; AMAZING I thought had neither advanced nor declined. The new predominance given to E.E.M's and the women who usually adorned the covers in various stages of undress — all this was a most disconcerting feature! My first impressions of the decadence of T.W.S. remain unchanged, but they have been much modified with regard to AMAZING. I soon perceived that degeneration in some respects had been counterbalanced by improvement in others.

First of all, perhaps it will be best to discuss the type of story which appears in AMAZING. I take this first because it is the weakest part of the mag. A comparatively large number of poor stories gain admittance to its pages, though every now and then the patience of its devotees is rewarded by a first-class story. The most I shall do at any comparison between AMAZING and A.S.F. is to suggest that while the latter has a better average of good stories the former from time to time produces first-class works of S-F. Unfortunately, the poor subscriber has to swallow the bad with the good!

Let me take a few examples from the more recent issues to illustrate what I have said above. In the January, 1948 issue appeared one good story, 'FLIGHT OF THE STARLING'; the others were of inferior quality. This pattern was repeated in the next two issues. Occasionally the good story may rank very high, e.g. 'GODS OF VENUS' in March, 1948. Now whatever one may think of Shaver's revolutionary ideas, I think in all fairness it should be admitted that he

is a writer of high quality — an adept in the use of the English language. For examples of his remarkable descriptive powers I suggest that such stories as his 'CULT OF THE WITCH QUEEN', and 'SLAVES OF THE WORM' should be consulted, I know one major complaint against AMAZING has been its use of the Shaverian theories to further its circulation, until at one time the mag almost threatened to become practically a one-man show. And I am ready to admit that when his stories are put forward as fact rather than fiction, it really is going too far. Deros, Teros, ray-people, and all the rest of Shaver's weird creations (?) do get a bit tiresome after a time, but while admitting this, it does not mean that I cannot enjoy such stories when they are so well-written. Anyway, Shaver has shown that at times he can write the orthodox type of S. F. as well, and when he does you can depend on getting a good story. The best thing which could happen in the future, would be the gradual disappearance of Shaver's "true" stories of the caves, and a merging into the more recognised type of S.F. There have recently been signs that this development may have already begun.

One unfortunate result of the Shaverian type of story has been that other authors have drawn on it for their own plots. Thus, spread all through AMAZING we constantly meet with Shaverian terms and concepts — see 'PROMETHEUS I I', in Feb., '48, and 'ARMAGEDDON', in May, '48. Perhaps Shaver's influence might also be to blame for the prevalence of the weird type of tale, though this is a more noticeable in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES.

While I am on the subject of story criticism I must not forget to warn any Prospective readers of AMAZING that many of the lesser stories I have already mentioned are little less than an insult to the mentality of the S-F fan. The authors often do not take the trouble to check up on their facts, and to call their work S-F ..... well, it makes one shudder!

Hard words, when I am supposed to be upholding AMAZING, you say. Yes; but hard words which are justified. Even remembering that such gems as 'THE GREEN MAN', 'FLIGHT OF THE STARLING', and 'GODS OF VENUS' appear every now and again, the stories are AMAZING's decided weak point. The June, '48 issue carried two stories which broke all records for the booby-prize, viz.: 'THE OCEAN DEN OF MERCURY'; and 'VALLEY OF MADNESS'. The first was a tale of love and adventure on Mercury, but the characters might equally well have been on Earth; only the name told us it was Mercury. To the author of this piece, conditions on both planets seemed to be practically identical: such things as extreme heat and extreme cold weren't allowed to trouble the hero and the (inevitably) un-clothed Heroine. In my letter to the Discussions Column I considered it my duty to suggest that the author consult a book on astronomy, giving some account of the likely conditions on Mercury. Incidentally, I think the best S-F story I have read about Mercury was Gordon A. Giles' "VIA MERCURY" in T.W.S. for October, '40.

The second story — well, among the more obvious errors, Titan was a satellite of Jupiter !! I hope my comments on this issue have made some impression on R.A.P.

I can imagine you muttering to yourself, "Thank Ghu for ASTOUNDING! What does this chap find in AMAZING anyway?" Well, I've indicated one thing, extra special stories do appear from time to time, but in view of the fact that ASF can always offer strong competition to even the best of these, this point in itself would not be enough, especially when the inferior quality of (cont)...

some of the other stories is taken into consideration.

There are two more factors which tilt the balance in favour of AMAZING, despite all its admitted faults. First, the matter of the illustrations. A small matter, you may say, we buy the mag for its stories. But is that strictly true? I for one am not ashamed to admit that I prefer a story to be well illustrated; it gives added interest; or, on the other hand, a glance over the illustrations may help one to decide whether or not a story is worth reading. I think this applies not only to fiction, but to all works on scientific subjects. Indeed, diagrams and illustrations are essential in most scientific text-books - and I have seen many front or back covers on S.F. mags of high artistic quality, quite worth having in themselves apart from the stories altogether. Now the ZIEFF-DAVIS mags undoubtedly have led the field in this respect since about 1940; perhaps this is not surprising when such artists as Frank R. Paul have been so much employed. Do I hear shouts of disagreement? Well, I challenge anyone to produce better illustrations in A.S.F. or T.W.S., post-1940, than, for example, those which appeared on the backs of the March '45 AMAZING, and the October '45 FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. And these are only two examples of the high standard set by ZIEFF-DAVIS in illustrations. Not only the covers, but the stories themselves are well illustrated, see 'PROMETHEUS II' and 'GODS OF VENUS' in particular, I have looked in vain for anything comparable in A.S.F. Of course, to the few who care nothing for this matter of illustrations, then A.S.F. is okay. But I believe that most people set at least some value on this factor.

And now to turn from illustrations to what I consider even more important, the scientific articles. Here, AMAZING has no rival - John W. Campbell's mag usually has one main science article and that's all - those in AMAZING are scattered all over the mag, and a lot can be learned from them. Most of the A.S.F. articles are more or less reproductions from text-books, those in AMAZING give more scope for independent thought, and this also I think is an important point. Much more information can (on an average) be gained from careful reading of one issue of AMAZING than can be gained from one issue of A.S.F. See for examples, 'VIGNETTES ON FAMOUS SCIENTISTS', 'WHAT MAN CAN IMAGINE', 'STORIES OF THE STARS', 'SCIENTIFIC MYSTERIES, etc., etc.

It has been asserted that the articles are usually childish. Occasionally some are, but I think this is the exception rather than the rule. What about the articles 'IS THERE AN ETHER DRIFT?', and 'UNIFICATION OF NEWTONIAN AND EINSTEINIAN MASS CONCEPTS' (AMAZING, June '47.) If these are childish, I wouldn't like to see any adult stuff !! Amongst the more prominent of the many thought-provoking articles which have appeared in more recent months, may be mentioned 'TWO-WAY STRETCH AT LIGHT SPEED!' by H.C. Goble (Jan '48), and 'IS THIS A FOUR-DIMENSIONAL WORLD?' by 'Queen's Knight'. What I like about the majority of AMAZING's articles is that they often allow one to form one's own opinion from certain facts and theories. The type of article which A.S.F. goes in for can generally be obtained fairly easily from a text-book. The type appearing in AMAZING is more original. I give here one example from the May '48 issue to illustrate better my meaning. In this issue allusion had been made to the German scientist, Dr. Fricke's, theory of the ether drift, which had received support in Science News Letter. The Editor goes on to remark:

"Recently, astronomers have observed secondary concentrations in nebulae, showing that planetary systems can coalesce from them, thus disproving the theory that it is necessary for a star to be in collision, or near-collision, with another to form planets. The new discovery postulates that the presence of planetary systems may be the rule rather than the exception."

(It would seem to indicate that Laplace's theory of the origin of the Solar System, till recently discarded by scientists, may have been correct in its main principles — J.B.C.)

Now what could possibly be more interesting than such observations as these especially when supported by scientific evidence ?

I could give many more interesting examples from articles in AMAZING, but space forbids this. In conclusion I would only add, with reference to Shaverism, that the new-born theories of today, which are still regarded by many as fantastic, may be accepted as cold fact by the world of tomorrow. I do not believe in Shaver's accounts of life in caves below us, so I am not strictly speaking a Shaver 'fan'. I am, however, quite prepared to admit that there may be some truth in other parts of his theories. Who are we to condemn his beliefs wholesale and reject the whole magazine AMAZING because of this ? Finally, while I fully admit that as an S-F mag, AMAZING leaves much to be desired, I am of the opinion that for the reasons given above, it should rank as No.1 in the world of magazine scientifiiction.

+ + ..... + + + + ..... + + + + ..... + +  
A CRY FROM THE HEART ! c/o BM/FRVV, LONDON, W.C.1.

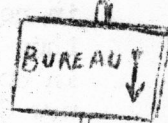
Dear Lt. Slater,

For a long time now, I have been endeavouring to track down copies of the two now defunct American "pulp" - "Horror Stories" and "Terror Tales". I have not found any. There does not appear to be any in this sceptred isle ! I cannot understand why because before the war an un-ending torrent of American "pulp" of all types poured into this country. In this torrent there must have been many thousands of "Horrors" and "Terrors". What has happened to them ? Has some selfish Sadist cornered the lot ? Both titles appeared for years, regularly. I consider it to be a great pity that "Horror" and "Terror" ceased publication. The theme of the tales appearing in them was purely Sadistic as distinct from being merely weird, macabre, or fantastic. The main ingredients of these Sadistic tales were sex mad scientists, tombs, torture, chamber houses, corpses. Sadists and madness. Every tale was a delight to the pervert, every illustration a joy. These "pulp" were definitely produced for a special type of reader - the sexual degenerate. Nowhere in the world, today, are magazines of the "Horror" and "Terror" type being produced. From the viewpoint of a good many Sadists it is most unfortunate. We mourn the passing of "Horror" and "Terror"....and seek frantically for back copies. There are some in America, but they are very rare.

Sincerely,  
ERIC LUGER.

Ye Eds Comments: i) Salvage. Bombing. ii) I don't. iii) It takes all kinds to make a world, did somebody say ? iv) somebody send Eric something, for crying out loud ! v) I give up. What are we coming to ?

# Information



*Kenneth F. Slater*

In answer to a number of requests, the following Volume-Issue notes of an assortment of magazines are published:

## PLANET STORIES

Year.	Spring.	Summer.	Fall.	Winter.
1939				1/1
1940	1/2	1/3	1/4	1/5
1941	1/6	1/7	1/8	1/9
1942	1/10	1/11	1/12	2/1
	March.			
1943	2/2	2/3	2/4	2/5
	Spring			
1944	2/6	2/7	2/8	2/9
1945	2/10	2/11	2/12	3/1
1946	3/2	3/3	3/4	3/5
1947	3/6	3/7	3/8	3/9
1948	3/10	3/11	3/12	

## MIRACLE SCIENCE

1931 Apr. 1/1; June. 1/2.

## STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES

1941 Feb. 1/1; Apr. 1/2; Jun. 1/3.  
1942 Apr. 2/1

## COMET STORIES

1940 Dec. 1/1  
1941 Jan. 1/2; Mar 1/3; May 1/4; Jul. 1/5.

## COSMIC STORIES

1941 Mar. 1/1; May 1/2; July 1/3.

## DYNAMIC Science Stories.

1939 Feb. 1/1 May. 1/2.

## FANTASTIC NOVELS

	Jan.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	Jun.	Jul.	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1940						1/1		1/2		1/3	
1941	1/4		1/5								
1948		1/6		2/1		2/2					

Should at any time any obvious errors appear in the lists I publish, please inform me. My records may be wrong - I am not infallible, oh, no!

For general information, I quote here from a letter from Mike Tealby:

"....I decided to try and get an International Money Order to the U.S.A. .... at the local P.O. .... On being told that I should have to get a permit....I filled in the necessary form(supplied by P.O. -K.F.S.) and sent it off. Last week I received a letter saying could I send some kind of evidence to prove that it was a renewal. This raised my hopes, and I sent off the Renewal Notice that I had received..... came a letter with Permit....stamped 'PERMITTED'.... I took the Permit round to the P.O. .... and the Money Order is now on the way across the Pond." So if you have a renewal notice, and I've not yet got your sub for you, there is the drill to try out !!

And that seems to conclude all the info. on hand, at the moment - but I think it a VERY interesting slice, don't you ?

L I F E

a poem, by Laurence Sandfield

Life is strange, the Lensman said  
In the heat of the Velantian market  
Among the white tiles

At noon - day.

The sun

Beat

Down

Upon the Terran Legation

And the Lensman said

There were three men

And three ships

(In the heat)

And the ships were sound,

Then, there were three flashes

Among the stars

And silence.

(In the heat, the heat of the Velantian market)

I said:

The market is hot and it is noon.

There were three girls

And after the silence

Three old women

L I F E, .cont.

Three parrots in cages

Three cats asleep on three hearths

Three lonely cottages.

The Lensman said:

Three crosses in the chapel.

I said:

Three green mounds

Three empty cottages.

The Lensman said:

They were my brothers.

Standing in the heat of the Velantian market

Among the white tiles

At noon day.

I said:

They were my sisters.

And we stood amid the hot silence

The hot silence

The white tiles

The Velantian market

At noon day.

F I N I S



# GENERAL CHUNTERING

KFS



ALL MOUTH AND  
NO WORKS!

Seems like the American folk are still seeing things; a wingless, flaming, monster 'plane, like a rocket ship, is the current one. This one was doing its stuff over Alabama.....seems funny all these things happen over the States. Any fen wanting to greet our little feathered friends from Mars better migrate to the U.S.A.....UNO giving up disarmament looks like we all better get some bigger better flaming monsters (or DEM) to help 'preserve the peace'....at least, I think that's what we usually call it?.... ..but one good thing out of the 'atom' is the synchrotron, which is apparently of use in conquering cancer....I don't like to get political in these pages, but the suggest-ed Secret Service Combine of USA, Canada, and the UK is certainly a good step...may also help to bring us and our American friends a little closer together....the new dev-elopements in radar controlled rockets, etc, but I do wish they wouldn't call them 'guided MISSILES'.....the radio play 'Miss Dangerfield and the League of Sound Sleep-ers' aroused some ire from the medical profession - and it should, I think; this stuff about 'murder in a trance' is the bunk....also on the radio, I lift the hat to Mr. Herbert Morrison who in the broadcast 'Science and the Nation' tabled a motion to get the back-room boys into the front parlour. I am all for it. Lets get the scientists right in the front line, where they can put their stuff to use....and not mis-use.... Blue Book, May 48, had an interplanetary yarn 'DOUGHNUT J' - some quite interest-ing ideas therein, too....'Writer's Markets and Methods 1948 June ish had a short art-icle by Weaver Wright (4E, 4sj, etc) on word telescoping; i.e. fantasy yarn, Merritale, Scientific; and says that they been described as fascinanslating....gimme air, bud... Sat. Eve. Post May 22 has a humorous SF yarn, all about a man from Philistinia, who came from a world without women - at least, they kept 'em all locked up - not good SF, but good fun, and one or two humorous side lights on international politics....more British Fen seem to be crawling into print these days; recently seen in various Reader Squeaks columns were R.R.F. Bailey and D.R. Smith..... for those who could get there, was a real treat in London - 'AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY' about a Martian visiting Earth, and warning us to mend our manners, or else...atom bombs !....A rumour floated that Heinlein would be over this summers - anyone seen him?....about Sandy Sandfield's verse appear-ing elsewhere in this 'ere document - no comments on (i) the fact it does not rhyme, or (ii) that it has no metre. I am informed on good authority, my dear brother and sister illiterates, that being 'fred verse' it don't hfta have....my authority? Why, Sandy, of course.....The compliments of this column, C.F. in general, and from all fan, with all sorts of congratulations are extended to Mrs. Mike Rosenblum, who made Mike a father in July! The new (I hope) member of the Genus Fen has been awarded the names 'Howard Adrian'....we also congratulate USA fan Dennis Noble, who got married in July... what's the lady's name, Den?...and just for the record, I'll repeat the con-grats handed out to Peggy, who married Don Doughty... still happy?..... seems July was quite a month for the fen... if I remember me, Les Flood and his wife had a happy event, too.... that seems to end the 'social column'.... but in case you care, the London Circle has been getting its name in the papers...no, not the NEWS OF THE WORLD, yet....Sunday Chronicle, July 11th...a reporter must have popped in to try the beer at the White Horse, and decided the gathering was worthy of a write-up...speaking of the News of the World reminded me; the next World SF Convention will be held in Ohio, Cincinnati (?)...spelt that wrong, I'll bet....TWS and SS have had another increase in size...hope its not a sign of an obese old age, but I guess Sam Merwin Jr knows what he is at....Unknown and BRE have gone up in price (BRE ASF)...but what I wanna see is a real pukka UNKNOWN back on the stands...how's about Mr Campbell?....a big shake up is supposed to have taken place in the Ziff-Davis office staff...I don't suppose the effect will reach print for some time yet, even if the rumour is true....'sall.

-18-

READER'S LETTERS - BY YOU !!!

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Pete Remington, 59 The Gardens,  
Lutley, Algonth, writes:

Here goes for a dash at O.F. 4. There is no doubt that this issue is a great improvement. But first I will make a few brilliant suggestions. Why use valuable space and paper for that awful conglomeration of ink on the title page, would it not be better if it was neatly typed; same applies to other titles as well? Why the forked lightning on pages 3 and 28? (LEG PULL) As for the cartoons I think they are inclined to take up too much room, why not have a vote on this point? I must admit that you are an excellent poet, (have you got long hair or is that you on page 14?). Mr. E.C. Tubb is inclined to stress the point, I think, that S-F is escape literature, but I must admit that this article is outstanding.

Ye Ed. replies:

As far as the headings and cartoons go, if we skipped them, and I left them out, you'd not get any more writing, because I publish as much as possible of all stuff on hand each time - and that is usually all I can get. The forked lightning was due to stencils getting creased in the post. No, I haven't long hair (I am in the army!) Which settles you, Pete, I hope. Thanks anyway.

Raymond R.T. Bailey, 14, Market  
Place, Melton Mowbray, Leics:

Thanks for my copy of O.F.4, which arrived this morning (11.6.48.). O.F. gets better and better with each issue. I don't altogether agree with E.C. Tubb's article - he says that 'action is the easiest theme' etc. Has he read Henry Kuttner's MIBSY WERE THE BOROGROVES, or his (???can't get it - Ed.) or Clifford D. Simak's DESCRIPTION? None of these rely on action to maintain the reader's interest. Nor do I agree that intelligence is unnecessary for the full enjoyment of Science-fiction. (E.C.T. says Brains). I can't imagine anyone with a low I.Q. getting any enjoyment from G.O. Smith's VENUS EQUILATERAL series. As for saying that the fans don't believe in the possibility of a devastating atomic war because none of them have dug themselves holes in the Sahara Desert, That is rot! It is not disbelief that makes them stay, but the fact the average civilised man has too many ties to his home to consider leaving until something breaks, and even then.... consider the London Blitz! C.D. Simak's HUDDLING PLACE gives a better picture of the intense wish of men to take a grip on a piece of earth and stay there. I think Mr. Tubb is way off the beam and has been reading too much Shaver tripe and too little decent Stf.

Ye Ed. replies:

Friend Tubb had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote that effort, methinks, so you can forgive him a bit, eh, Ray? But, my friend, don't sheath your pen yet - turn to J.B.C. article on AMAZING, and you will perhaps find there some material for your fiendish talents.

Laurence Sandfield, 25 Leighton  
Road, London, E.13. says:

Dear Ed., Just received my first issue of OPERATION FANTAST, henceforth known in my home as 'ORRIBLE FANCLES. I'll deal with with an economical use of words, in

order of appearance..

1. 'Daemon of Fantasy'. Must really congratulate John on this. Good, solid, fanzine stuff, lacking the professional touch.

2. How, now, K.F., there's only way to spell Derelict. This I can't approve of. I do dislike that doggerel beat in poetry.

3. Tony Young's Cartoons. The bottom two were best. The jokes portrayed by the others were old and stinking.

4. The Success of Science Fiction. A very logical line of argument, Ted, and so true that I disagree with it. No greater tribute than that. Your last line is not quite true of yourself.

5. The editorial depts. Good work, Ken, keep it up.

6. Modern Magic. Kurt, I like this. It coddled me, a hardened fantasite, quite efficiently.

7. Futility. — 'nother 'Orrible Fancy.

I'll leave the letter dept. to last.

8. About Turn. Things always travel in cycles, Norman. Your article is quite correct, of course, save for A.S.F.

9. 'Struth. I couldn't agree more.

10. The Trading Dept., as usual did not interest me.

11. Space Suit Supplement was definitely good, especially the exquisite little story included. The final cartoon was perfect — plain absurdity, which is all a cartoon should be.

The Reader's dept. is quite definitely (Lovely word) the most outstandingly intellectual I have ever seen. Must disagree with C.D. when he proclaims Feud! (repeat). If fantasites are going to learn to think, they must quit feuding. It's silly, childish, futile, and unscientific. Charley's letter was otherwise lovely to read. A thousand pities his voice is not as beautiful! Glad to see J.N.'s cool and analytical style. I am inclined to agree with him in his remarks re organisation.

Why is the London Circle a forbidden subject, Ken? Don't you like us?

All in all, this is a good effort. As the only English non-pro fanzine, it has the pick of fan writing and I'd strongly advise you to get hold of more fiction. Why not ask Sid Bounds to write for you?

Ye Ed. replies: My apologies over my spelling errors. They will creep up on me, all unawares. As for your other remarks re John's and my poetry, well, I shall have great pleasure in publishing other peoples remarks on yours next time ... but we will not develop any feud 'twixt the two schools of thought. So the T.D. does not interest you? No sales there, I guess. Pity. The London Circle was a forbidden subject because of the fear of FEUD! When I published my request, and other letters re a spot of organisation, I had quite heated letters from both Londoners, and others, with both viewpoints. I should have hated to be the cause of internecine strife in the White Horse. Hence complete droppage of subject. Anyway, if you go on making personal remarks about Charlie's vocal chords, I guess the fight will be unavoidable. Anybody wanna borrow my tin hat? However, all in all, your comments are greatly appreciated.

W.L. Holmes, 16 Factory Road, Pembrey, Carmarthenshire; writes: Operation Fantast. It's good. Please keep me on the list of applicants. From the general tenor of your remarks I presume that you and the majority of the British Fen are not keen on the Weird story. I have seen a fair amount of argument pro and con

and I think that both sides are losing sight of the fact that both S-F, fantasy, and Weird include an awful lot of tripe, and a selection of first-class stuff. I like to mix it, but I must admit that the stories which so far have kept me most intrigued are the Hyborian ones of R.E. Howard, the Cthulhu tales of Lovecraft, practically any of F.B. Long, and a liberal selection of the A.S.F. and Unknown variety. My first choice is C.A. Smith, of course. (I don't know what that proves, if anything.) By the way, Ray Bradbury's stuff is very good indeed. It seems a pity some of his best series are issued in the pages of PLANET, whose readers in the main apparently believe that all dimensions are populated by glamorous females.

Ye Ed. replies: Actually, my dear, I don't think any reply is necessary. Louis has just stated facts. But there may be fen who would like to argue on his choice of authors, and I am sure there are one or two stray Weird Fen who will be only too pleased to contact yet another of the own genre. They are so few, poor souls. But thanks a lot; I am now waiting for all the Lovecraft Fen to write in demanding to be told why you put Robert E. before Howard P. Oh, brother, what a storm is brewing!

And now, just to close this section, a few short bits from a couple of regular coves. Mike Tealby, 8 Burfield Ave., Loughboro, Leics., wants to know: "Who is John Newman? not by any chance another pen name of Henry Kuttner?? After scooping the honours in the third issue with DAWN, he hits the jackpot again with DAEMON OF FANTASY. That'll be the day when we celebrate the launching of the tenth British S-F mag - at present, I should be quite content to launch one. Head now bowed in remembrance of NEW WORLDS. Have been wondering if there is any hope of T.o.p.W. starting up again - the firm published LINERS OF TIME last year, and after all they did promise to start again after the war - ho hum! Like shorts with a twist in the tail (or tale) Certainly did not expect the one in Modern Magic. The thing I like about O.F. is that it has the kind of FAMILY atmosphere. You feel you know everyone, one of the gang, and all that sort of thing." Mike also has a good word for the cover 'It was a lulu! I keep laughing at it now - especially the citizen looking down the saw.'

John Newman, 36 Bulstrode Ave., Hounslow, Midsex, comes thru with 'A little destructive criticism of 'O.F.' which I may have to cut to save some space - we'll see. There was only an infinitesimally small improvement in O.F.4. How a cover like that ever crawled onto a fanzine I have no idea. It might improve the interior if you typed everything but the stories in double column. Tubb's article has set many a rusty mind to work. At least one London fan spent two days thinking and writing rebuttals. I hope your correspondents have a good word to say about it. It is worth thinking about. Norman! Where's Norman Ashfield, the type who likes 'THE GREEN MAN'? I haven't seen him at the White Horse since the last O.F. came my way. I hope he is properly ashamed of his article. He confuses the likes of fans with those of a small minority. Fans are highly articulate but have practically no power to affect a mag's policy. The Sale and Swap dept. is very good but I hope you won't sell the stuff before the mag is distributed, thereby annoying collectors and readers. Space Suits may be defined as suits to be worn in space. How come you to decide that the best space suit is one to be worn on a PLANET?

And Ye Ed. has no comments to make on either of the above - they just give - er - diametrically opposed views on O.F. Now how can I please, please, all the fen, all the time? All I hope to do, is to not offend too many at once. And to do that calls for a minor miracle, at least.

## COOPERATION

by  
E.C. Tubb

It would be hard to find any group of people with kindred interests, who have not some sort of society, association, or club, for the dissemination of news, views, and items of common interest. Stamp collectors, bee keepers, tobacco growers, even mail watchers have their societies and magazines. It would seem then, that so sincere a group as readers of science-fantasy would follow the trend, and be banded together for mutual benefit.

This is not the case.

The average reader of this type of literature seems to pride himself on a queer sort of rugged individualism. He will accept the product of co-operation, but will not co-operate to obtain the product. He will eagerly borrow prozines, argue about fannags, borrow books, and buy back issues. In extreme cases he will even write a letter or two, and there he stops. So far and no further. Why?

Science-fantasy is unique in this. It seems as if it is possible to have a certain degree of interest and no more. For remember, readers are interested, they have to be, how else account for the fantastic prices paid for old magazines, the scramble for new issues, the demand for high priced books? And yet it is not an all consuming interest, and perhaps this is a good thing, but equally it is a self centered interest, and in this it is bad.

Fans in London are lucky. Without any intention, or special effort, they are able to meet at a regular time each week. This is purely spontaneous, with no suggestion of a club, or meeting or anything but what it is, a friendly get-together once a week. All that is necessary is for all interested to agree to use one pub, one special night of the week, and anyone is welcome. This is co-operation in it's simplest form.

No one wants to be organised for the sake of it. It needn't follow that, just

because several people are interested in one thing, a club has to be founded. Such societies have been tried before. The Science-Fiction Association before the war. The Cosmos Club, and the British Fantasy Society during it, and now the British Fantasy Library. All these efforts failed or are failing. They failed because they either catered to too small a circle, or tried to cater to too large a one. In the first case it seemed to the outsider more like a family gathering, and in the second as if he were unimportant, and in no case did any society offer personal service to the individual.

They failed because they were unnecessary.

Now however things are different. The supply of science-fantasy has dried up, and more, many readers who have become interested during the war, have no source of information to which to turn. Back issues of magazines, now fannags, are unobtainable. Classical stories often mentioned by the older readers, are unknown to the majority. And above all, many readers weaned during the war on the British reprint editions, wanting to gain further access to fresh supplies, but not even knowing that they have only touched the surface of the field, are lost without any guidance to what they seek.

The mature fan also is in a precarious position. Not all fans have current subscriptions to the American mags. The outlook is grim. Do we have to go through another period denied our favorite literature? Or shall we be sensible and cooperate? Co-operation — working together — is fundamentally so simple. Half the fun of reading science-fantasy is in arguing about the stories with others. To do this it is necessary to meet — cooperation. Someone knows something you would like to know, it could be some mags for

sale, a new or old book obtainable, access to back issues to read -- again co-operation is essential to bring you the news. You have something to say, and want others to read it, then you need the co-operation of a fan mag. The fan deep in the country, fond of science -fantasy yet feeling out of things, he would appreciate your co-operation. The newcomer to the field, wanting to read old mags but not able to afford them, he could use a lib-

rary. The mature fan, greedy for current issues but who can't get them. He would like to meet someone who would supply him. And so on and so on.

Most fans do not like the idea of working together. Normally it is unnecessary, and even undesirable, but things are not normal. Things may not be normal for some time. Do we want to be caught out again? Or have we forgotten the war years so soon? Somehow I don't think we have!

... ..

WORLD SCIENCE - FICTION ASSOCIATION !

The following is an extract from a letter I have received from C.J. (Jack) Bowie-Read, of the Arts & Science Bldg., McGill Univ., Montreal, 2, Quebec, Canada.

" Don't know whether or not you have seen the 'Torcon' issue of the Sydney Futurian, re the possibility of forming a World Science Fiction League. If you have, you have probably noticed that those in Australia are quite in favour of forming such a group and feel that the time is ripe now. We may never again have such an opportune time as now to form such a group.

S-F is booming now and it would be best to organise while that spirit is still there and before S-F fandom becomes too large and unwieldy to form such a group. The advantages of a world organisation are quite obvious. May not be too many uses for such an organisation at first- though I can think of plenty of things that only a world organisation could handle. Have written to the US-NFFF and to Australia re formation. Think that it might be organised much as the CSFA was - one person writing and expressing the opinion of each national group till the final draft constitution is finished, then approval by the membership of the individual organisations

Would appreciate receiving a letter from you as soon as possible re the opinion of yourself and of English Fandom in general to forming a WSFL, and how you would like its constitutional set-up to be. Such a group would not in any way affect those national groups which at present have members outside of their borders, nothing stops a CSFA member from being an NFFF or Futurian member and WSFL wouldn't either. Its job would be to co-ordinate these larger organisations and bring those lonely single fans into the fold - a worth while and needed job. "

As in the UK so few organisations exist that can get this sort of thing out speedily to members, a reply to Jack's letter is still outstanding. I await reply from such organisations as do exist, and my only contact with most of the B.F.L. members and the solitary fan is thru the pages of O.F. So please let me have your opinions as soon as possible. In such places as Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, where there are several fans, please discuss it together, and let me have a reply from one of you. If you are acquainted with fans not in receipt of O.F., please get their opinions also.

With this issue of O.F. - perhaps before it - I hope to get a scheme for a co-ordinating British Fan Group, or Council, and if so, please treat this in conjunction with the 'Co-ordination' scheme.

Sincerely to all British fans,

K F S

# IT GHOST TO SHOW

by MIKE TEALBY

It is a very dark not to mention stormy night.

It is not only very dark and stormy but there is a wind howling around and about.

On this Dark, S., and H., Night I am wandering at a slow rate of m.p.h. down a lonely winding road over even more lonely Moors. This is the first time I have been in the district, but although I've not been on this moor before, I am hearing tales that it is not healthy for characters to be around and about this moor, especially at night time, and more especially around the part of the moor I am at present crossing.

I notice that looming up on the right there seems to be what is known as a Mass of Masonry otherwise known as a Heap of Old Ruins. The path I am plodding along is curving around this.

I am creeping cautiously past this set of Stonehenge Scrap when I stop suddenly. The hair at the back of the old neck does a swift upward movement as I stare into the dim distance. I am thinking that I hear something stirring in the stones. My eyes nearly pop out of place as a dark shape rises up from behind a mass of mouldering mortar and glides ghostlike towards the spot where I am standing rooted to the road.

By this time I am more than slightly scared and am seriously considering beating what is known as a quick retreat or to make it clear, making a move. This figure which is fast approaching is looking very devilish in the dimness and seems to have a one-track mind in that it persists in coming in my direction.

I think I am going to faint with fear as I find my feet seem to be chained to the causeway.

The foul figure is only a few yards or slightly more feet away - and as far as I can make out seems to be draped in an old black-out curtain. I can make out a pale face with glaring eyes staring out of sunken sockets. It looks as if it has no flesh on its bones under the car-cover - and that is what I am afraid of.

Up to this time my vocal chords have been paralysed but now I manage to let out a slight scream - 'EEEEK-EEEEK!'

At this, the figure gives a quick jerk, lifts its arms above its and utters an Horrible groan. 'Moan - Moan' it says.

I am thinking that this cannot go on much longer as in all the stories about spooks that I have heard it seems that sooner or later the spook has to disappear as it's ectoplasm wears out.

So - I disappear.

T H E • E N D

EDITORIAL FLIM-FLAM by the Exasperating Editor, Kenneth F. Slater.

Personally, I think this issue again shows some slight signs of improvement. Doubtless that causes much shaking of heads, but after all, I, like others, am entitled to my little fancies. I can rely on all you folk to tell me I am wrong, cant I ?

What I would appreciate, is for those of you who preserve a deathly hush to long periods of time, to take advantage of the small piece of paper which you will herewith, and let me know that you still want O.F., and that I do have the right address. This will only cost the British readers 1d, and the Americans, I think, 1¢.

PLEASE NOTE THAT IF I DO NOT GET THIS BACK BY 1st DECEMBER, O.F. 6 WILL NOT BE COMING YOUR WAY. This does not apply to the fanzine editors with whom I swap 'zines, or to other folk who may be described as 'in the trade'. But it does apply to B.F.L. members. Production difficulties continue to increase, and therefore I don't want to send out copies which go straight into the W.P.B. If you have the least interest, you are welcome to O.F. I presume that if you have the least interest you will use the slip of paper ? Just fold it and stick it with some stamp edging, or what have you, and send it back. Okay ?

Now about the next issue - Tony Young has promised us a cover depicting man's transport thru the ages. We have on hand another fine story by John Newman, I am sure you will be pleased to hear - its called 'PROBABILITY ZERO' - but has no connection with the old ASF department that went under that name. Also on tap is a story called ROAD, by Laurence (Sandy) Sandfield. It was supposed to be in this issue, but space did not permit. It is a really good fantasy, and I think you will enjoy it. The INFO BUREAU will be dropped, as from next issue, and we are looking round for some one to do reviews for us. Any offers ? Your esteemed editor has a poem (?) - my poems seem to be becoming a fixture like 'General Chuntering' - and we hope to get an article or two from a hitherto unexplored source - I say again, we hope ! However, all this leaves quite a bit of space to be filled, and so any contributions you may care to send in will be most welcome. Articles, stories, poems, drawings, anything at all. If we don't use 'em in No. 6, we will use them later, if they can be used. If they don't quite meet with our editorial requirements, they will be returned to you with a few kindly remarks - so don't be scared. We don't refuse much, because most of what we get is good - but just because you don't think you can do as well, shouldn't stop you from trying. Don't forget this is YOUR fanzine, and so YOU must supply the material. All I do is find the time, and cash - and thank the assorted gods of fen that some of you - most of you, in fact - have rallied round and helped with that. My thanks, one and all.

General Chuntering this ish may not be quite up to date, because altho this ish is dated September, I have got to have it finished by Aug 14th - I am expecting a small change of station about then, and shan't have time to get it done afterward. At least, until I settle down, and as I hope to go on leave about Sept. 30th., I am afraid I will not be able to do it after the settle-down session. If I can, I'll squeeze in my actual leave date before I close the ish., and you can all be prepared to repel boarders.

And having exhausted myself of all general topics connected with O.F., I bid you a fond adieu, until next time.

Fantastically and sincerely,

*Kenneth F. Slater.*



NEW WORLDS --- CONTINUED

By John Carnell

The carefully worded statements in the last two issues of Fantasy Review regarding the continuance of New Worlds under a Company to be launched upon a co-operative basis have in actual fact been understatements. The preparation and formation of the Company are well in advance of Walter Gillings' statements, but readers should bear in mind that his copy is prepared for press many weeks before they are actually read in print, and the rapid developments of the past few weeks have made Fantasy Review well behind the times for once.

So fast have things developed that the Company will be an actuality by the time these words are read, although at the time of writing we do not know exactly which of several proposed titles the Company will be registered under.

Following the Convention at Whitsun a number of meetings were held at the "White Horse" between Walter Gillings, Ken Chapman, Eric Williams, John Beynon Harris, and myself, but two vital obstacles perpetually faced us, the answers to which were essential before we could go ahead with the formation of the Company. The primary one was distribution, the secondary printing. Both should have fitted into the outline of the scheme I proposed at the Convention for the continuance of the magazine working along the same printing and distribution lines the previous publishers had utilised, but we came against some snags which precluded us using those channels.

The matter remained in abeyance (except for discussions upon minor points of an editorial nature), until early in July, when Vincent Clarke brought along yet another newcomer to the London Circle gatherings. The newcomer, Frank Cooper, an ex-RAF officer, turned out not only to be a fan and reader of many years standing, but a bookseller and librarian with two shops of his own. In one evening of discussion most of the problems of distribution had disappeared, and with the second meeting we felt it possible to go ahead and form the Company, in the meantime looking for quotations for printing costs outside London where the rates are somewhat lower.

Details of the Company will be sent to anyone who is interested by applying either to Ken Chapman or myself, and as soon as the Company is officially formed a brochure will be sent to those who have applied for Shares or information.

In brief the Company will have a Share Capital of about £800 taken up in shares of 20/-, but owing to the fact that, as a private Company, we are only allowed 50 Shareholders, it has been decided that a minimum of five shares must be taken by any one Shareholder. This may well be a disappointment to some enthusiasts, to whom I tentatively held out the promise of 5/- shares, but a moment's reflection will soon make the position clear. There is nothing to stop a few friends clubbing together, nominating one of their number to hold the Shares, and taking out £5 worth. This has, in fact, already been done in several instances. The closing date for applications is September 30th.

NEW WORLDS --- CONTINUED (cont.)

The first Directors of the Company, all of whom will be working Directors - (with one exception) are John Benyon Harris, Chairman; Frank Cooper, Secretary and Distribution; Ken G. Chapman, Treasurer; Walter Gillings, Associate Editor, Advertising and Publicity; Eric Williams, Subscriptions; myself Editor. The policy of the magazine has not been changed and it will be our aim and desire to produce good science fiction as often as possible under the banner of New Worlds, but we cannot at this early stage promise any definite publication schedule. We will try and publish three or four issues in one year, but at the outset our efforts will concentrate upon placing the magazine back into the wholesale trade from whence its absence has been noticed.

We have evolved a new system of author payment upon a scale which offers them better chances of higher payment than heretofore, subject to the number of copies of each issue sold. This again, is policy, and at the moment little to do with the launching of the Company.

At the moment we have not obtained any suitable printing quotations and this may cause more of a delay than many people would wish, but we feel extremely optimistic regarding the outcome of our plans and expect to obtain something suitable in the near future which will put us in print again.

We sincerely hope to justify our own and your faith in the development of magazine science fiction in this country.

E. J. C.

.....  
And there, my friends, you have the complete answer to all those infernal letters you have been writing to me which finished up in the last few lines with the query:

Any more news about the New Worlds scheme ?

I hope that this will give you complete satisfaction, and that you in turn will give your full support to Ted (John Carnell) and the other merry men engaged in industriously working out your salvation. For the guidance of any miserable fan who does not know where to write for further information, I quote below the addresses:

E. J. Carnell, 17 Burwash road, Plumstead, LONDON, S.E.18.

G. Ken Chapman, 23 Farnley Road, South Norwood, LONDON, S.E.25.

Please note - the publication of New Worlds will not repeat not put O.F. out of print. Why should it ? But someone did ask me. What a comparison. See our cover !

But seriously, even if finances forbid your becoming a shareholder, you can still help - see that your local dealer gets to know about the magazine when it comes off the press - ask him for it until he does make enquiry and gets it into stock - it is certain to sell. Get your friends to buy it and try - I have found that once you can get the average person to read some GOOD S.F., he will be back for more. He may not develop YOUR enthusiasm, but he will be a customer, and he will mention it to others ! Which may seem all wet to you, but you just consider how anything gets sold.



KFS

Lachesian valedictory



Don J Doughty

Shivering tower of translucent light,  
outstanding and beautiful in the night;  
opalescent,  
weird, enchanting...  
so graceful... Present  
and past, combining  
ever - combining and weaving  
a future of joy, yet grieving,  
with gladness,  
and sadness  
intermingled - ever tracing the future...  
a vague and entrancing vision,  
dependent upon, e'er seeking for nurture  
from - minds full of hope... derision.  
Angry and threatening, racing through spectrum,  
the great beacon shuddered, grimly  
oppressive, jet-black as space. Aggressive hum...  
tempestuous chords muttered grimly...  
as hate, anger and malice their minds  
overruled; shrieking crescendo from Hell binds  
their fate - last remnant of man. Ever -  
lastingly damned by thought evil, now never -  
more see, or partake of the light -  
for he is doomed - a creature of Night!

15:7:41



TRADING DEPARTMENT



As I have rather a lot to say in this section, I have skipped any special heading. You will find the usual collection of adverts, both by O.F., and by other folk, in this, the final section of O.F. Most of you know the drill by now. Order forms for O.F.'s stuff are enclosed. American Fans may order, using a rate of exchange of 20/- to 1/-, and adding 5% for extra postage on any order under £2.00.

Now for the bits of news. So far I have successfully placed some 20 subscriptions for fans, at an average rate of 18/6 for twelve issue per year mags, and 11/- for 6 issue per year mags. Lucky folk have been notified by letter, or p.c. If you have not had a definite card, telling you the sub has been placed, and asking for the cash, yours is not yet thru. In view of the remarks by Mike Tealby published in the Info Bureau, you may wish to attempt this method. I am therefore considering all orders not fulfilled already, to be cancelled, and if you wish me to place a sub for you still, will you please write again, and repeat your request. I am sorry that this will cost you another 2½d, but for those who can use the suggested method, it will be a lot cheaper, and I can think of no other way of doing it, other than sending out individual letters all round, which will still call for a reply.

The production of FROM UNKNOWN WORLDS has been delayed until September, Street and Smith's have announced. All orders placed have been held, and when the book becomes available, it will be sent to you. In the second para of Page 24, I have referred to 'the small price of paper' - unfortunately, paper is at a premium, and I must ask you to use the order form for the purpose of telling me you still want O.F. The other stuff still goes. Unsealed envelope, 1d stamp. **IF YOU WANT FUTURE ISSUES OF THIS 'ZINE, PLEASE SEND BACK THE ORDER FORM, WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AT THE TOP, AND IF YOU ARE NOT ORDERING ANYTHING, WRITE 'yes' ON THE SHEET.** That at least will save the expense of producing and sending it to people who stick it in the nearest W.P.B. **THIS ALSO GOES FOR AMERICAN FANS!**

Now for one or two items of news which really belong in GENERAL CHUNTERING, but which were excluded by lack of space. Wilson (BOB) Tucker's straight thriller has been printed in U.K. - title 'THE CHINESE DOLL' Price, 8/6; publisher - Cassell. Air Trails, Aug. 48 has an article 'SPACE TRAINER' by David A. Anderton, recommending that we train space pilots now. Cover depicts a 'SPACE TRAINER' in glorious technicolour.

The TRADING DEPARTMENT will be closed down for three weeks in October, while yours truly is on leave (I hope). If the precise dates are known before this issue finally goes on the multigraph, I'll try and squeeze a note in some place. In any case, I will be visiting the WHITE HORSE, and if you are interested in knowing when, drop me a line, and I will let you know. Joyce will be along, and I hope therefore a few other of the regular habitués of that den of fandom will bring along their wives/ferme friends, etc.

Our thanks to all the American Fans who replied to my letter published in Oct. TWS. Where I have not been able to definitely pass their names along to some particular individual over here, I have published all details in the 'adverts' under 'CONTACT' headings.

Now, an appeal to all B.F.L. Members. One or two of the lads have suggested that to help Ron Holmes over his temporary hitch, we make some more substantial recompense for his past work as Librarian of the B.F.L. than just the thanks that I am sure we all feel. I personally am all for it, and have already sent a small - er - token of affection to Cedric Walker, who is doing the 'collecting' - if you feel the same way, Cedric's address is -  
- c/o Martin, 594, Holderness Road, HULL. I don't fancy Ron will be offended, and I am sure we owe it to him, apart from the fact the sooner we get him straightened out, the sooner the Library will be back to normal. In the interim, by the way, John Gunn, c/o ...  
BM/JAYGEE, London, W.C.1. is carrying on for Ron. (No, not that way, you nasty man!)

Well, palsy walsies, just what most of that has to do with the Trading Department fogs me, as well, so don't write in to ask. But from here on its strictly trading....take it away!

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1940 Jun. 3/6	1943 Jun. 3/6
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CONTACT ! Warren A. Wyse, 50, Shore Road, Stratford, Conn., U.S.A., is not only a fantasy fan - he is also a stamp collector (Philatelist, for the benefit of Charlie Duncombe). He will gladly swap current mags for stamps - any sort of stamps ! So write him now, and make your offers.

.....  
THE BIG POND FUND; It is with pleasure that we announce that the final total contribution made to the Big Pond Fund from the WHITCON was \$15;-;-.  
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SPECIAL NOTE: I hope my leave will commence on 25th September! I shall be in London 6th Oct. to 14th Oct.... will I see you? K. F. S.  
.....

A SATURDAY fan gathering at the WHITE HORSE will occur 11th September!  
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B. F. L. MEMBERS! Don't forget the library is now being operated by John Gunn, c/o BM/JAYGEE, LONDON, W.C.1, or The Miltons Head Hotel, Milton St., Nottingham.  
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