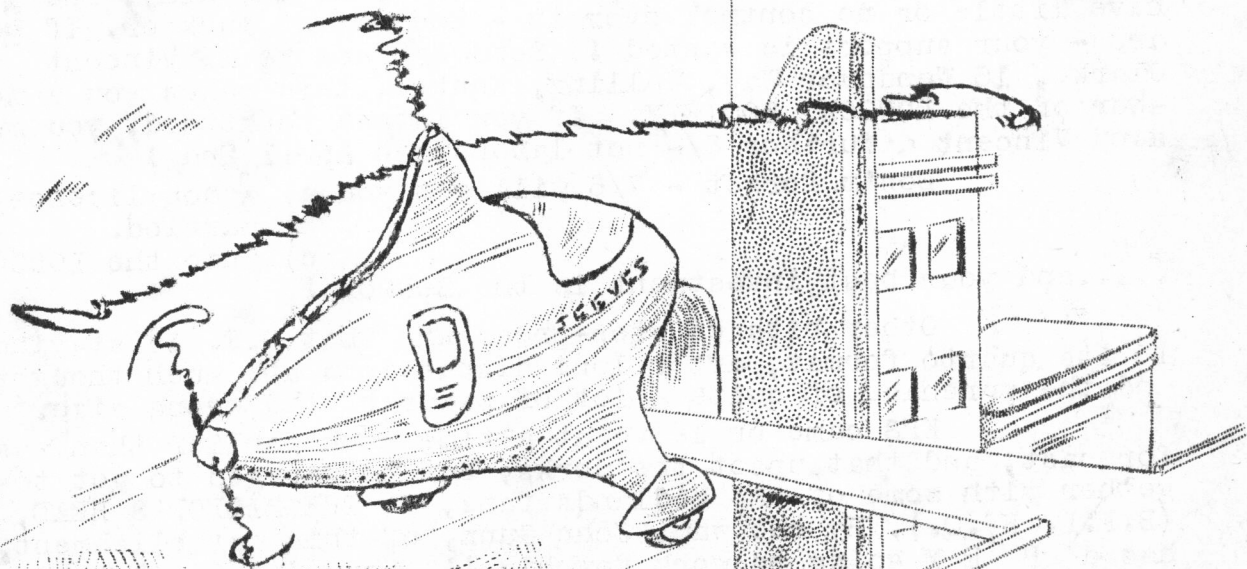


OPERATION FANTAST

MARCH '49



TRADING
SUPPLEMENT

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

2

Trading Supplement, March, 1949

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C O N T E N T S of this issue. (as if you care !)

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Dear fans -

The usual "stop press" section here, of course, and this time we are using it to remind you that the Loncon will occur, ha ppen, take place, or what-have-you, on Easter Saturday, April 10th. I shall NOT be there - but that is no reason why you shouldn't show up. My master is the army, and I have little or no control over it - you may be luckier. If you are - your support is wanted ! Send 2/6 now to A. Vincent Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent....this makes you a member of the LONCON SOCIETY. If you intend to attend, you must send Vincent a further 5/- not later than April 2nd !

- Don't forget - 7/6 will get you a) a dog licence.
- b) married.
- c) into the LONCON !

.....and your best investment is the LONCON !

Other bits of stop-press are that O.F. is staying in its quarto format, after long discussions and much thought, and the purchase of quite a lot of paper of the wrong size.

KFS came on leave at a time much earlier than was forecast, and that upset the works, but he managed to get together with some of the Midlands fans, at THE MILTON'S HEAD, (B.F.L. H.Q.). By the way, Joan Gunn, of this establishment, has a B E M going to work for him !! More details later.

And that, chums, is about the lot, again.

Adios, and don't forget the L O N C O N !

of intelligent criticism, to authors or editors to take their work seriously, and few do. The competent authors write formula stories with tongue in cheek, regarding it as an amusing but rather low-class way of making money; and the incompetent majority do the best they can, which is not very good. Few of them - authors or publishers - take the trouble to learn much about the sciences or philosophies from which their work derives, and this makes for lazy-mindedness all round. If as fans grew up they took their fantasy more seriously, instead of less so, authors would have to follow suit.

In fact, by the time the fan is truly adult - assuming that he is not the arrested-development case that many fans, like many scientists, appear to be - he has usually become pretty cynical about his useful eagerness. He sells, or otherwise disposes of his collection, and he looks on the new generation of fans, starting little clubs, editing worthless illegible aperiodicals, and arguing earnestly about illustrations of years-old stories in meritedly-extinct magazines, with a jaundiced eye. He snubs the upstarts. He quits. And the young fans are, excusably, not sorry to see him go. They want to control their club and edit their magazines themselves, to have frequent rows with other young fans, and generally to assume the authority which is denied to them in other walks of life.

The older fan is much to blame for this behaviour. It is up to him to realise that fantasy can be and sometimes is much more than a juvenile diversion, that it will perhaps be very much more, and that he and his kind, by abandoning their cynical apathy, can speed the process. This is as worthy an object as any other form of human activity; more so than many. The older fan, instead of contemning his younger and often superficially repellent congener, should keep his sense of proportion and put the creature on the path of development instead of letting him futilely stagnate amidst the immense pile of worthless lurid-jacketed magazines. He should remember that the young fan must have had some quality of imaginativeness or awareness ever to have embarked; that the magazine he produces is practise for something better if persevered with, both in itself and in the often brutal criticism it receives from other fans.

Primarily it is a question of organisation. At present the real enthusiasts, the people who read Stapledon not as a homage to a great man but as an adventure of ideas, are often unaware alike of the existence of fans (to whom they bear about the same relation as René Clair's public to the average cinema-goer) and of the existence of a small proportion of almost first-rate fantasy magazines because, in order to sell, they have to be presented under a fatuous title and within a lurid cover. To attract these people, an organisation would have to contain men of the Stapledon calibre. It would have to publish a really first-class magazine, containing not only fiction but articles and research items. Such a magazine would be, and would have to be, on an intellectual level with the literary weeklies; and it would at once attract a whole new public, one whose existence is hardly suspected (certainly not by itself), most of whose members would neither attain nor desire to do so, the voluble activity of present-day fandom.

There are all kinds of things which such an organisation could do. It could form a really good library, not only containing fiction but

WHEN WILL FANDOM
GROW UP ?

3

by Dr. John Aiker.

Fantasy is an outcrop of human thought which cannot exactly be categorised as an art, since it often embodies elements of science philosophy, and even religion, and its converts regard it with varying proportions of the corresponding attitudes of mind. For many, fantasy is, indeed, a department of literature, highly imaginative & therefore satisfying to those who can derive little satisfaction from reality. For others, it is the element of logical extrapolation, the presentation of novel, unhuman philosophic conceptions of scientific developments in fantasy which is the main attraction. And there is no doubt that in some, the emotions which in earlier days would have been canalised in religious feeling are now stirred by fantasy.

The special and distinctive qualities of fantasy appeal only to a limited number of people, but to these they appeal very strongly; and these, finding themselves cut off in their interest from most of their fellows, tend to associate and organise themselves to a much greater extent than most people with common interests. This is a rough description of the way in which the thing known as Science-Fiction Fandom has grown up.

But fandom is by no means as serious a business as these introductory remarks would imply. Intellectually it is adolescent, if not frankly juvenile; its activities often glow with promise, but invariably fade away into futility and extinction. If fantasy is struggling to be recognised as a truly adult form of intellectual activity; if with its mingling of science, art, and wonder it may satisfy a growing psychological need in the modern world - fandom is doing little or nothing to help. It is writers of the calibre of Lewis and Stapledon who are making what serious contribution is being made to the growth of fantasy.

Why ? The trouble is this. Fans begin young. They are bowled over - being imaginatively or scientifically inclined - by some chance-met story, probably a good one, and begin to read voraciously and not very critically. They associate, first by correspondence; then they form clubs with any number of officials, and produce their own fairly or very bad magazines. At this stage their original enthusiasm for fantasy may become transformed into a mere collector's itch: like the miser, they come to confuse the end with the means, and with that they cease to be of any potential value as it could be.

If they survive this danger, they are faced with a worse one when they are very slightly older. They may begin to be ashamed of their hobby, and defensive about it. Certainly at present it requires defence. This may take the form of aggressive narrow-mindedness or, more likely, deprecation; a claim to be detached and amused about it all. Their writings, if they continue them at all, are either single-track or flippant, mostly the latter. Both attitudes are bad; in both cases a possible artist has been lost; and people of these types account for the great majority of all fans. There is, too, a serious ulterior consequence: that the general standard of magazine fantasy remains deplorably low. There is no incentive, in the form

also periodicals and reference-books on such "frontier" subjects as water-divining, telepathy, psychical phenomena, stronautics, theories of time, and other fields not covered, for one reason or another, by accepted ideas of physical science. It could promote research on these subjects; besides being valuable and interesting in itself, this would undoubtedly increase the prestige of the organisation; and many small societies and periodicals, concerned with one, or a few, of these matters, but able to achieve little because of lack of membership and funds, would profit greatly by merging into the larger society with more catholic interests and a more-widely circulated magazine. It could arrange sectional and general meetings, lectures, and discussions, and act as a clearing-house and bureau of investigation for any "para-normal" phenomena reported from any part of the world, in a much wider range than, say, the Society for Psychical Research.

Under existing conditions, how could such an organisation be formed? There are two prime requisites: personality and money. Given a nucleus of real enthusiasts, prepared to devote a good deal of time to the enterprise, funds could probably be raised for a project likely to appeal to so many different interests at present hardly catered for. So perhaps the really prime requisite is personality. If a Big Name can be secured as patron, so much the better: but to do this, to get the thing moving, will need a man or group of men with unusual imaginativeness, intelligence, and force of character. If a circle of scientists, philosophers, and artists could once be interested, the thing would run itself, and the prime movers might have to be prepared to take a comparatively back seat; but in order to interest them, it must already be a going concern at a high level of performance.

This is going to mean hard work for someone. But at least we now have in this country a focussing-point on which a society of this kind might grow: our little "FANTASY REVIEW". Keeness and perseverance on the part of editor Gillings have brought this magazine to its present stage of increase in size and range of interest: it is not too unutterably remote from the cross between itself, "Astounding Science-Fiction" and "Nature" which we have hypothesised as the ideal journal of a truly representative Fantasy Society. The transformation of the one into the other, the organisation of the society round it, is a project worth-while by any human system of reference. Unless fandom can and will lend a hand with this, it is self-confessedly worthless!

\$\$\$.....\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$.....\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$.....\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$
 THE CLOCK.(continued from page 7) : Don't forget the L O N C O N !.
 creaked and groaned, then it be- : forget the L O N C O N !.Don't
 gan to fall - one final ghastly : the L O N C O N ! Don't forget
 scream was cut short by the tre- :
 merdous crash as Stephen was : L O N C O N ! Don't forget the
 buried beneath the clock. :

THE CLOCK

by John Allen

7

The clock ticked, on and on, ticking away time, and life; ominously the sound echoed through the dark hallway, amongst the half-seen furniture till it was lost in the gloom.

Stephen laid down his book and rested his chin in his hand as his thoughts wandered, like the clock's tick, through dark passageways in his mind. As he looked into the flickering fantasies of the fire he reflected upon himself.

At thirty-two to have travelled quite extensively, lived at times excitingly, and have three books published was quite a good record. Now here he was, in the library - or what the agent had called the library - of Jervais Lodge. His curiosity had brought him here, the reputation the Lodge had gained for itself after a succession of "accidents" had whetted his appetite for the macabre. He glanced at the clock, nearing the watching hour of midnight; time to prepare his tests for any supernatural visitations that might occur, but as he bent over his case he suddenly noticed from the corner of his eye a dark shadow behind him; he turned, but there was nothing there, only the firelight flashing sudden streaks of light over the walls.

Reassured he bent once more over the case but the shadow appeared again, darker; he looked behind again, but there was no shadow. As soon as he returned his attention to the case the manifestation came again, darker and forbidding, and when he turned this time, the

shadow moved with him, staying just behind his shoulder, and becoming clearer every moment. Stephen rushed to the light switch, pressed it - but nothing happened; again and again he thumbed the switch, but no reassuring illumination came from the chandelier; and all the time the shape was growing darker and clearer in outline, and what Stephen half-saw made him run from the room and towards the stairs. As he reached their foot he realised that the shape had not followed him, but when he up the stair-well he knew why. The shape stood upon the topmost stair and the full horror of its malign and ghastly appearance caused Stephen to scream in horror; he hurled himself away from the stairs and down the hall to the door. He reached for the catch but the door would not open. He wrenched violently at the door but it was immovable.

Then the fetid, retching odour of a mouldy vault struck at him, he threw himself away from the door and down the hall, careening into the furniture and hitting the great clock with such force that it swayed uneasily; then he stopped for the mind-destroying shape was but an arms length away, the stench of utter corruption overpowering him, and as it reached out to him, his mind cracked beneath the fearful strain, and he screamed.

IT came closer and closer to him, and as it touched his throat, the clock, still swaying, began to chime; its sway increased, it (continued on page 5)

st o o g i n g a l o n g (editorial)

Bear with me, fellow fans. The title of this page is descriptive of OPERATION FANTAST's present method of getting things done. You will note that this issue is not numbered. That is because it is not the Vol. 2 No. 1 which I promised you in O.F. 6. That issue is about halfway onto stencils - and as far as I am able to see at the moment, it will be liable to stay that way indefinitely. But until I find it possible to really get out a decent (?) 'zine, I shall continue to produce at approximate quarterly intervals an issue like this. Not that this is a bad issue - oh, no, - but I have promised a change in format, to get in line with the other 'zines which are now being produced over here, and I have promised a steady output of thirty pages. Neither of those are apparant in this issue, I regret to say. Nor yet are various stories and articles I have promised U.

But do not despair - I haven't ! When the army finally lets me settle down to normal (which I estimate will not be for about six months at least) I shall try to produce the REAL THING. At the moment there are those among you who have not received replies from me for letters you sent before Xmas. A shame, a cryin' shame - but I am afraid that you will have to do all the crying - I am too darn busy. However, if there was a point of business at issue, and it is still outstanding, get cracking and tell me again, please.

Now, to comment a little on this issue - please give your serious attention to the article by Dr. Aiken, it deserves it, my friends. The cartoon by Bernard Lee is also worthy of attention, and comments on the story 'THE CLOCK', which a fan has written under a non-de-plume, will be welcomed by him. Please write them on separate sheets of paper, so that I may forward them, yes ?

There is no GENERAL CHUNTERING this time - I have added odd bits of info here and there, where they will be noticed - I hope, but I was not able to string them all together as usual. But the department is not lost - 'twill be back.

Here is as good a place as any to say welcome to SLANT and WONDER, the two new fanzines - that SLANT was a swell printing job, but I don't envy the esteemed editors the job of type setting ! WONDER contained some good stuff, but suffers (like O.F.) from the limitations of its medium - the duplicator. The S.F. News - I take back my comments in O.F. 6 - the committee had not hibernated - they got the NEWS into the mail about the same time as O.F. 6. Godd show, boys. Keep it up. We can use it on that six-week basis, you know!

FANTASY BOOK CLUB have now put their first tow selections in the mail, SKYLARK III, and THE CARNELIAN CUBE. Frank Owen's PORCELAIN MAGICIAN, which is the first 'bonus' book, has been slightly delayed, at the binders, but will be away soon. Their next selections are WITHOUT SORCERY, SLAVES OF SLEEP, AND THE 31st OF FEBRUARY (Bond), and the next bonus book, will be PATTERN FOR CONQUEST, which ASF readers will remember as a George O. Smith epic.

And with that little bit of news I will leave you - oh, I nearly forgot - all titles which I mention will be available, sooner or later, from OPERATION FANTAST's postal Library.

OPERATION FANTAST offers you: -

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'A' Listing: Pocket Books, etc.

Avon Ghost Reader	1/6 ea.
Pocketbook of STF	3/6 ea.
Terror at Night (anth.)	2/6 ea.
Bar the Doors (anth.)	2/6 ea.
The Unexpected (anth.)	3/- ea.
PB of Ghost Stories	2/6 ea.
Great Ghost Stories	2/6 ea.
Out of this World	2/6 ea.
A.Christie - Towards Zero	2/6.
F.Flagg - The Night People	2/9.
Robert E. Howard - The Garden of Fear	2/9
Clifford D. Simak - The Creator	3/-
Dorothy MacCardle - The Uninvited	3/-
H.P.Lovecraft - The Lurking Fear	3/-
David Garnett - Lady into Fox	2/9
Pat Frank - Mr. Adam	3/-
Merrittales - at 3/- each.	
Creep, Shadow, Creep	
7 Footprints to Satan.	
The Ship of Ishtar	
Burn, Witch, Burn.	
Thorne Smithstories - each 2/9.	
The Passionate Witch	
Nightlife of the Gods	
Glorious Pool	
Did She Fall ?	
Turnabout.	

'B' Listing, continued.

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1928 Apr. Sep.	4/-
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No Covers - 2/- each.

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1930 August.	
1931 July. August.	

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

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THE WITCHES TALES

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'C' Listing.

Fantastic Adventures.

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1948 Jan.Feb.Mar.Apl.May. Jun.Jul.Aug.Sep.Oct. Nov.Dec.	2/-
1949 Jan.Feb.Mar.	2/-

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1939 May.	3/3
1945 Jan.Apl.May.Jun.Aug. Nov.	3/6
1946 Feb.Mar.Apl.Jun.Jul. Aug.Sep.Oct.Nov.Dec.	3/3
1947 JannFeb.Mar.Apl.May.Jun. Aug.Sep.Oct.Nov.Dec.	2/9
1948 Jan.Feb.Mar.Apl.May. Jun.Aug.Sep.Oct.Nov. Dec.	2/-
1949 Jan.Feb.Mar.	2/-

'B' Listing Magazines.

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1929 Jul. Aug. Sep.	4/-
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1940 Win. Spring. 3/6.
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1948 Jan. Mar. May. Jul. Sep. 2/-.
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1948 Mar. May. Jul. Sep. Nov. 2/-.
1949 Jan. 2/-.

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FANTASTIC NOVELS.
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AVON FANTASY READER.
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UNKNOWN, USA.
1939 April. 3/-.

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1946 Aug. Sep. Dec. 3/-
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1948 Feb. Jun. Oct. Dec. 2/-
1949 Feb. 2/-

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1935 Jan. Feb. Mar. Apr. May. Jun. Jul. Sep. Oct. Dec. 3/-.
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1937 Feb. Aug. Oct. Dec. 2/6.
1938 Feb. Apr. Jun. Aug. Oct. Dec. 2/3.
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1942 Feb. 3/6.
1943 Apr. Jun. 3/6.
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1/- 20¢ 1/6 is 30¢
-/6 10¢
-/3 5¢
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If you have gaps in your collection that need filling, send us your list.

C. Jackson,
c/o 47, Hyde Road,
West Gorton,
MANCHESTER, 12

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59, Dale Gardens,
MUTLEY,
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11

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1940 Jan. to Nov.
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A.S.F. (BREs)
1944 Dec.
1945Feb.May.Jul. Sept.
1947,Oct.
1948 Feb. Jun.

PLANET STORIES
1948 Summer.

Doubt No. 19

Futuristic Stories.
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59 Dale Gardens,
MUTLEY,
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loan charge for a book is 1/6.....all details may be obtained from
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Recent additions to OPERATION FANTAST POSTAL LIBRARY :-

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| Arlen, Michael | Hell, Said the Duchess. |
| Borodin, George | Spurious Sun. |
| Bond, Mary Bligh | Avernus. |
| Bloch, Robert | The Scarf. |
| de Camp, L.Sprague | Divide and Rule, & The Stolen
Dormouse. |
| de Camp, & Pratt, F. | The Carnelian Cube. |
| Craigie, David | The Voyage of the Luna I. |
| Chambers, Robert W. | The Slayer of Souls. |
| Derleth, August | In Re: Sherlock Holmes. |
| Dunne, J.W. | An Experiment with Time. (NF) |
| Finney, C.G. | The Circus of Dr. Lao. |
| Fearn, John Russell | The Golden Amazon Returns. |
| Gail, Otto Willi | By Rocket to the Moon. |
| Farley, Ralph Milne | The Radio Man. |
| Harbou, Thea Von | Metropolis |
| Hubbard, L. Ron. | Slaves of Sleep. |
| Lincoln, Maurice | Nothing Ever Happens. |
| Low, Prof. A.M. | Scientific Recreations (NF) |
| Keller, David H. | The Sign of the Burning Hart. |
| La Master, Slater | The Phantom in the Rainbow. |
| Mullen, Stanley | Moonfoam and Sorceries. |
| Newman, Bernard | The Flying Saucers. |
| Quinn, Seabury | Roads. |
| Radcliffe, Garnett | The Lady from Venus. |
| Reynolds, John Murray | The Private Lives of Henry Perkins. |
| Sinclair, Upton | A Giant's Strength. |
| Smith, Clarke Ashton | Genius Loci. |
| Sturgeon, Theodore | Without Sorcery. |
| Stapledon, Olaf. | Last and First Men. |
| Taylor, Robert Lewis | Adrift in a Bone Yard. |
| Turner E.S. | Boys Will Be Boys. (N.F.) |
| Taine, John | The Cosmic Geoids. |
| Williamson, Jack | Darker Than You Think. |
| Williams, Charles | Shadows of Ecstasy. |
| Cross, John Keir | The Other Passenger. |

TALES OF HOFFMANN

.....

An amended catalogue will be issued in due course, but temporary listings will be sent out to members, double spaced, in order that the amendments may be 'stuck in' the existing list.

Recommended books in the above list are Williamson's re-written *Darker than you Think*; Taylor's *Adrift in a Bone Yard*, which is an unusual treatment of a fairly common theme - the whole world is wiped out, except for half a dozen survivors; and Reynold's *Private Lives of Henry Perkins*, which will appeal to anyone interested in a) mysticism, b) the American view of the British, c) fantasy, or d) just a good book. For those with a liking for the grotesque, and horrific, *TALES OF HOFFMANN*, Finney's *Circus of Dr. Lao*, and *The Other Passenger*, by John Keir Cross, are recommended.