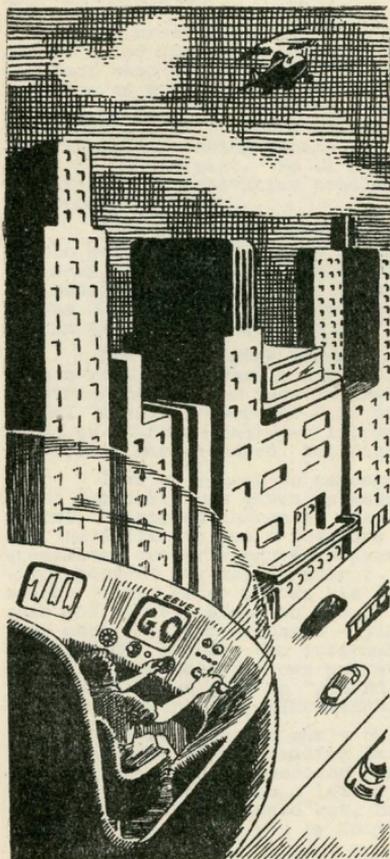


OPERATION FANTAST

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CONTENTS

- London Convention Report
by *W. Peter Campbell* 4
- The Day of His Wrath
by *Bryan Berry* 12
- H. J. Campbell & ASFm - 16
- BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS 19
- BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS 43
- BUILDING THAT
BACKGROUND by *Steve Gilroy* 26
- Frank Owen by *Arthur F. Hillman* 29
- General Chuntering - - - 31
- LOVECRAFT'S AMATEUR
PRESS WORKS
by *George T. Wetzel* 39
- THE CHANGELING - - - 47
- (Cover pic by *Byron T. Jeeves*)

BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY

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Editorial "CHANGE"

An examination of the block above this editorial will reveal a few changes. First, and perhaps the most important, is the fact that at long last Philip J. Raach is giving up USA representation of O.F. Phil has been our representative over there for as long as O.F. has existed; some five years now he and we have been co-operating. We're sorry to see him go, and we're sure everyone will join us in expressing thanks for the very good services he has rendered us in the past. He'll remain with us as a member, but pressure of his own activities preclude his taking an active part in O.F. henceforth.

Into his place comes J. Ben Stark, who has been very helpful in the past, being a source of supply of innumerable back issues... too many, at times.... Now he will be "operating" in an officially (?) recognised position... He may be joined later by a second rep. in the USA, to share the load, but in the meantime, please contact Ben in all the normal cases you'd have contacted Phil.

The next change you may note is that we now have a South African rep. Miss Pearle Appleford, who already works as a sort of "clearing house" for fans in that region, will in future be the official "odd-job" doer for O.F. down there. The first thing she has to do is start a small p-b library...when we find enough fans, it may become hard-covered, but right now it is only p-b.

Then we regret to announce that our able assistant editor, Peter Campbell, has given up assisting - as an editor. He will, of course, remain in charge of the Greetings Group - into which, by the way, he'd like to see a lot more volunteers. The present dozen or so members are writing themselves into early graves - or was it early "grooves" you said, Peter? Anyway, the work is simple. A new member joins, Peter checks his application form, and passes the new name and address along to two or three of the "GG", who write this poor chap a letter or three - just so he knows how it feels. By the by, the "GG" has its own internal "fanzine", known as the "HORSELAU-GH".... That and his own private publishing schedule are the jobs which make Peter give up "Ass. Ed."-ing. New volunteers write him at 60, Calgarth Road, WINDERMERE, Westmorland, England.

The next change won't be so obvious, just yet. Tony Thorne is taking part of the Trading Bureau work from off my own overloaded shoulders, thank goodness (Ken writing now). The handover won't be speedy, for there is a lot of stock to be shifted, and an accounting system to be worked out, but if you start getting your "want" items offered to you by Tony, you'll understand why.

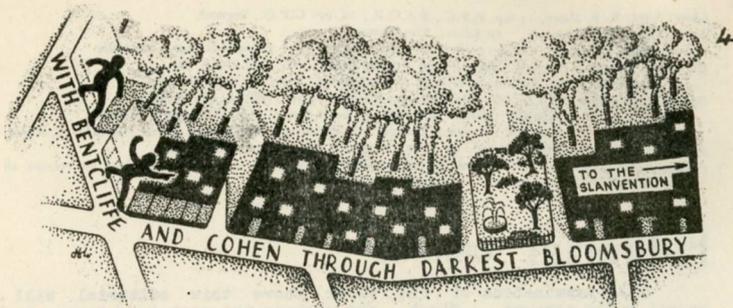
(And does that mean I won't have so many parcels to wrap -). (Well, I dunno, Joyce - it all depends).

Other things are on the horizon, folks, and you will get odd notes and circulars about them as and when. But we feel that is enough for now.... Our apologies to all the folk who sent us XMAS CARDS, and didn't get any from us...but as at now (November) there ain't a one available in BAOR, and it is already past last mailings for many parts of the world.

Our best wishes, at least, for a Happy, Peaceful, and Prosperous NEW YEAR.

Fantastically,

Joyce & Ken Slater



by W. Peter Campbell

Heading by Alan Hunter
Fotos by Fred Robinson

The hardest part of writing this Convention report was thinking of a suitable title to stick on it. I had thought of calling it "Slanfans Hold Slanvention," but if I did that I'd probably end up on the staff of the SUNDAY PICTORIAL. Hmm, yes,

SLANFANS HOLD SLANVENTION

Life started at breakfast-time in the Avondale Hotel, when Eric Bentcliffe (the Hair) came down and introduced himself, with Taffy Williams (the Brain) following only inches behind. Eric gave me a copy of the NSFC CHECKLIST to read while he and Taffy sniffled their way through plates of cornflakes. I spent a few minutes looking over the CHECKLIST, an excellent product, and asked him how it was reproduced. He headed me off this question, so I presume that either he knew as little as I about it, or else he had some sinister secret to hide. (Later on I saw WAW clutch a copy of this booklet, examining it with horror-stricken eyes, as if he visualised SLANT toppling from its mighty pinnacle and falling with a loud splash into the Irish Sea.

After breakfast we were joined by George Ellis, another NSFCer and one of the old guard of fandom, and went out to see if there were any books for sale in London. We travelled by tube, which was quite an experience for such a country bumpkin as yours truly. I had about as much idea as a character in a vV plot. The ticket-machine system had me slightly confused, and I've still got a 2d Russell Square ticket which I never got round to using; this is offered at 50% reduction (plus postage) to any interested takers.

Near Piccadilly Circus is an area which seems to be chock-full of bookshops. New books, secondhand books, millions of 'em---and a surprising amount of s-f in the window displays. We spent a happy hour there, although most of us got lost and had to be searched for at least once.

Presently, as it was getting near time for the Con to start, Eric and I left the others and worked our way deviously back to the Avondale. Our route was devious mainly because we were gossiping instead of looking where we were going. And a pedestrian who swung his arm in a 90-degree circle and told us "that way" was not particularly helpful either. Eventually we got there, picked up a suitcase full of magazines which Eric was going to sell, and crossed the road to the Convention, in the Royal Hotel. We managed this without getting lost, which was very fortunate because I was carrying Eric's suitcase (why do Ass Editors get all the donkey work?).



SFN! Read all ababt it! SFN!

The first event is described in the programme as "informal sessions," in which everyone was occupied in looking at the displays, greeting old friends, meeting new ones, gossiping and seeing the stands of magazines, books and artwork. Some people were busy pinning posters round the walls, arranging displays and trading. The Fantasy Art Society had a table loaded with illustrations, and Alan Hunter (easily recognised by his beard) was discussing his society's work and selling a vast quantity of calendars.

An interesting item, contributed by Walt Willis, was a file of fanzines, several inches thick, containing the current issue of virtually every fanmag in existence. The largest single display was that of Fantasy Book Centre, which carried a mouth-watering show of hardcover novels, anthologies, Ley and Bonestell's CONQUEST OF SPACE, and the GALAXY READER OF S F. I'm not sure whether the complete file of GALAXY (a handsome prozine if ever there was one) and the display of continental pb's on the next table were part of the FEC show or not. The N.S.F.C. had a pile of CHECKLISTS for sale, and Eric did a brisk trade with his careful of prozines. Peter J. Ridley was selling subs to OF, and nearly persuaded me to join. My sales resistance is low, but not that low. When he found out I was already a member we chattered for a while, thus probably doing OF out of two or three new subscriptions.

Perhaps the most striking of the countless paintings to be seen was a set of three large originals from A.C. Clarke's EXPLORATION OF SPACE. Tony Thorne and the Medway S F Fan Club also had an excellent show of illustrations and s-f for sale. The SPACE PATROL HANDBOOK seemed to be a fast seller. The Lancaster fans had some of their neatly-produced single-copy fanzines on display, and a group of about four members of the Junior Fanatics were very busy---distributing ads and taking orders for their forthcoming quarterly, PERI. I was fascinated by the rapid; efficient and casual way in which a Fanatic, the smallest one present, ran off a hand-written poster for the N.S.F.C. stand. They're gonna go places, these Juniors; we senile 20-30-year-olds had better look to our laurels.

Half-an-hour after the official start there were about 60 people present---the total attendance, I believe, was around 200.

The editors, authors and best-known fans stood up to take a bow and be introduced, commencing with the delegation from the Emerald Isle. Surprisingly, there was not a single Scottish fan present, unless there were any last minute arrivals. Sigvard Ostlund (of Norway) was the only foreign visitor this year.

During the morning the Manchester group had been rather puzzled over the whereabouts of Dave Cohen, who had only at the last minute found he was able to come. No one seemed to know whether he was in town, but eventually a rumour came that he had been seen somewhere near the Tower Bridge. Around lunch-time a tall, lanky figure in a brown suit suddenly appeared near the NSFC stand, and started talking quietly but busily to everyone and his neighbour. On ambling over to see who or what, I was introduced to him---Dave Cohen.

By now it was time to go and eat, but most of us stayed as long as possible, then rushed out, ate and rushed smartly back. During



Walt Willis
at the mike

lunch Ron Deacon, Dave and I discussed flying saucers and sea-serpents, and Ron told us of a friend in California who had offered to send him some colour-transparencies of flying discs. The only snag was that you need a special gadget to view these transparencies properly, and Ron hadn't got such a gadget....

Representatives of various fan-clubs gave talks on local affairs. Derek Pickles, the first, started slowly, but soon got under way and held the platform longer than any of the others. Liveliest speaker was Ken Potter, who told of the rise of the Junior Fanatics. WAW gave a brief talk in what sounded like Gaelic. We learned that there was now a club in Portsmouth, but there was no-one from that area to speak, nor of course was the New Lands Fan Club of Glasgow represented.

The question of where to hold the 1953 Convention was also discussed, Bradford and Manchester each giving the arguments in favour of a provincial event for next year.

A long recording by A. C. Clarke was on the agenda for both days. The first time everyone listened carefully, but as it drew to a close there was a good deal of fidgeting among the audience. Arthur has an excellent speaking voice, and if it had been 'live' his speech would have been one of the highlights. As it was, I think the fact that it



"Will any kind person make an offer for this?"

" Please make a bid ladies and gentlemen"

was only a recording caused the fans to lose interest quickly. At the second playing a great many fans were grouped together, talking, at the back of the room; this did not interfere with those who wanted to listen, however. Owing to what the BBC calls a technical hitch, the recording of a convention in San Diego could not be played.

A debate, on the motion "that s-f is true to the facts of human experience," has almost slipped my memory (it was not until the films were showing that it dawned on me I ought to be taking notes of these things). Frank Arnold's contribution was a largely irrelevant but entertaining autobiography. There were other speakers---Ted Tubb was one---but I quite forget what they had to say.

The audience were asked if they could add anything to the debate, and a gent tried to make a point from the floor. His effect was somewhat marred by the hotel cat, which chose that moment to walk across the frosted-glass roof of the hall.

The auction was very efficiently conducted by Ted Tubb, auctioneer extraordinary. He is not only a darn good writer (Carnell evidently thinks so -- E.C. Tubb has had tales in all the last six issues of NEW WORLDS), but could obviously make his living as an auctioneer, or -- if he sank so low -- as a radio comedian. Not that he got high prices. He didn't. Everything went reasonable or cheap. AMAZING

got the lowest bids, frequently rising 1d at a time. Anything with a Tubbtale in it was considered by him to be very valuable indeed, and, if the buyers were too slow in making offers, he was quite capable of bidding himself! An auction by Tubb has to be seen to be believed.

After this was the first film show. This started with a silent French film. John Carnell made a gallant effort to translate the 'narration,' which was of course printed on the film. He was a howling success. The lettering had a bad habit of vanishing from the screen before he had finished translating, which made things all the more difficult for him and all the more entertaining for the fans. At one point the screen was entirely covered with close-printed French. This would have daunted a lesser man, but not Carnell. He rendered it succinctly as "Oh dear!", achieving perfectly the doomday tone of voice which was appropriate to the occasion. (I am rather doubtful of the accuracy of this translation---after all, it was an astronomical film.)

We watched the sun and moon being briskly eclipsed, to the accompaniment of sinister music, and watched them emerge only seconds later, to the tune of wood-wind and heathen tom-toms, none the worse for their harrowing experience. Next came some shots of the sun's corona, and great jets of flame erupted from the surface of old Sol. Everyone has seen this in book photos, but with the flames and gas in motion it is something else again. To approach the sun closely in a spaceship would be a terrifying experiment. Part of these close-ups was played backward, but the audience did not mind in the least.

A few more shots showed Mars, a speeded up arctic (or antarctic) sunset, and refraction of the sun by atmosphere, which appeared to distort Sol's outline. Carnell made a wordy translation of the legend with this, then added, "In other words, its gone a funny shape." This rendering went down well with the audience, and served to brace them up for what was coming.

Next on the agenda was ROCKETS OF THE FUTURE, an interesting film which showed very scientifically the manner in which a sheepdog rounds up sheep. They evidently do this a great deal better when working in pairs, and show great intelligence in obeying the shepherd's commands. At this point Eric (the Hair) made a quotable comment; he said in a low voice, "Pathetic." I agree with him, it is pathetic the way those poor sheep are bullied around by those horrible dogs. This was followed by a few V2's and some close-ups of the surface of the moon.

HOW TALKIES TALK was quite definitely unpopular. Eric was fortunately speechless, though I had been afraid he would say something coarse, and I am easily shocked by strong language. Another technicalities-for-the-kindergarten type dealt with TV. It got a stony silence from the dazed stans (or maybe they were interested?).

At last came a full-length feature, THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES, based on the classic by H.G. Wells. The sufferings and endurance of the audience were now to be fully rewarded. Except for a change of reels or an emergency or something half-way through, the film ran perfectly. There is no point in reviewing it here, except to say that it deserves to rank (no Irish pun intended) alongside DESTINATION MOON, though for different reasons, D.M. being scientific while this was fantasy.

After this grand climax the entertainment was over for one day. Even fans must sleep occasionally. Eric, Taffy, George and I returned to the Avondale, where we had a half-hour's discussion (though George went to sleep within ten minutes). In that conflag I found out why Taffy is known as "the Brain" -- he reads and remembers every story that comes out, and can apparently recall almost any s-f tale published in the last twenty years (I wonder if he reads Dan Dare?).

Terry Jeeves of Sheffield had now joined us at the Avondale, and

on Sunday morning the five of us met in conference, to compose a speech. Object of said speech: to convince the fannish morons that the ideal site for the 1953 Convention would be Manchester. Being all northerners the only problem for us was to compress all the multitudinous virtues of Manchester and countless arguments on the subject into a five-minute summary.

Back at the Con that morning, there was of course another informal talking-and-trading session. We discovered that the SUNDAY PICTORIAL had given the previous day's events a write-up of about four column-inches. As far as I know that was the only newspaper to mention the Convention, although the DAILY HERALD sent a photographer. Fred Robinson was probably the busiest camera-man there; he covered the N.S.F.C. table with about two square feet of defunct flash-bulbs.

It is hard to decide what was the best single event of the two days---everything was enjoyable. But the so-called "shop talk" between editors John Carnell of NEW WORLDS and H.J.(Bert) Campbell of AUTHENTIC was definitely a high-spot. Carnell, a dark, slim-built fellow (see photo in NW No.11, p.65), answered questions concerning AUTHENTIC; while Campbell, whose beard is larger and even more famous than that of Alan Hunter, knew all the answers to questions about NEW WORLDS.

This set-up was eccentric to say the least, and they took plenty of opportunity for kidding. We learned (from HJG) that NEW WORLDS is in the privileged position of being able to charge its authors very high rates for the honour of having their stories published in that august journal. AUTHENTIC, however, pays its authors, or at least they intend to pay them if they ever have any money. In a more serious vein, however, we were told there was no prospect of reviving the REVIEW section of SCIENCE-FANTASY. Campbell told us, with perfect frankness, that AUTHENTIC printed 15,000 copies. Carnell, with equal frankness, told us that NEW WORLDS' circulation was a trade secret.

A series of talks on the subject of "Why I write s-f" was also on the programme. Sid Bounds, who had a prepared script and spoke in a somewhat flat monotone, had the most interesting angle on his subject. "Science-fiction is in a rut," he said, and explained that while such a production as DESTINATION MOON was eminent on the score of science, this alone was not enough; a new approach was needed if the mass of the reading public were to be interested in it; he mentioned "Time to Rest" (John Beynon) as a story with plenty of feeling and emotion; and Heinlein's "Green Hills of Earth," first published in a mass-circulation magazine, as another example of characterisation being placed before technical detail.

Frank Arnold mentioned THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON as having a different emotional appeal, not to the "human" emotions. Other speakers included Ted Tubb, Brian Berry, Dave McIlwayne (playwright, who mentioned that the Light Programme has 12,000,000 listeners, and adjured all budding writers to pester the B.B.C. with science-fiction plays), Dan Morgan, H.J.Campbell (who quoted a dictionary definition, "Fan: a person filled with excessive and mistaken enthusiasm"), Gill Hunt (the youngest pro writer).

Alan Hunter, who's subject was "Why I draw s-f." told us that he had taken no art-school training, and said, "In s-f practically anything goes as regards details." He did not mean that one can be careless over details, but simply that one can use plenty of freedom on futuristic dress, architecture, etc. As an example, he mentioned the problem of drawing a 20th Century dinner-table, where each knife, fork and napkin had to be in the correct place and position.



Group scene

There were also two speakers who went up from the audience, whose names I did not get. First was R.A. Fairborn or Fairbairn, an electronics expert, who said that science was not devoid of emotion, as so many writers seemed to think, else there would be no scientists. Then a publisher (I believe he is an official of Sidgwick & Jackson, but he was not necessarily speaking the mind of his house, anyway); he asked writers to retain plenty of science in their yarns, and wanted to see more original hard-cover titles.



presentation of Fiction Award

The International Fantasy Award is the most publicised event of the Con. The Committee for this includes: August Derleth; Groff Conklin; Everett Bleiler (of BEST S F anthologies); Basil Devonport, N.Y. TIMES book reviewer; Boucher & McComas; Judith Merrill; Walt Willis; Georges Gallet and Igor Maslowski or Maslinski (I've seen his name spelled both ways, don't know which is right), of France; Sigvard Ostlund, of Sweden; John Carnell; Walter Gillings; Jim Walsh; and Fred Brown (not the same F.B. who authored "Star Mouse" etc.).

Winner of the Fiction Award was John Collier, for FANCIES AND GOODNIGHTS (Doubleday, \$4.00, 364 pages). The name may be unfamiliar to some readers, as Collier has not been published in magazines; he is a writer of fantasy and the supernatural rather than s-f. Runners up, who did not get any award, were, 2nd, John Beynon Harris (DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS) and, 3rd, Ray Bradbury (ILLUSTRATED MAN or SILVER LOCUSTS). These three top fiction choices have all been published by Doubleday.

The Non-fiction Award went, as many must have expected, to Arthur C. Clarke, for THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE (Temple Press, 12/6d, 198pp). Second was Willy Ley (DRAGONS IN AMBER), and 3rd was ROCKETS, JETS, GUIDED MISSILES AND SPACE-TRAVEL.

G. Ken Chapman presented the Fiction Award to Carnell, who received it on behalf of John Collier. The Non-fiction Award was accepted by Arthur Clarke's brother, who gave no speech because, he said, we'd already "had a load of canned Clarke."

After this interlude there came a period of lighter but deally earnest campaigning. The three cities of London, Manchester and Bradford, who were all anxious to be host to next year's Convention, each made their last speech on the subject. The arguments and reasons, pro and con, can be briefly summarised here.

Eric Bentcliffe spoke first, for Manchester. The N.S.F.C. is the largest local fan-club in the country; also Manchester is at a convenient central point between extremes---the Scottish fans, as well as those from London, would be able to afford the train fare. And the Merseysiders and Yorkshiremen could be counted on to turn out en masse. Eric exemplified the Mancon (5th of October, this year) as demonstrating the ability of N.S.F.C. to get their plans organised well in advance. Other points: the expected visitors from America will be glad of a definite reason to visit the provinces (see below!); Belle Vue is being considered as a possible site. Against another Con in London it was pointed out, A) that conventions would be all alike if the same committee organised them all,



Presentation of the Non-fiction Award

and B) that although many leading figures of s-f live in London there is still no effective club or other organisation for the rank-and-file of London's fandom.

Derek Pickles, speaking for Bradford, used very largely the same reasoning as Manchester, and also mentioned that he knows no less than 200 readers of s-f within a 15-mile radius of his city.

Fred Brown, for London, was the last speaker. The present committee has gained experience through organising two successive conventions. London is, he claimed, the most obvious site for such an event, especially in coronation year. And American visitors would be right there on the spot, and would not have the bother of further travelling (see above!).

Voting followed. The first show of hands gave Manchester 17, Bradford 6, and London got a clear majority over both northern centres. Bradford was then counted out and a second vote taken. The result this time was Manchester 26 and London circa 170 -- there was no exact count of the last figure. With this overwhelming result it might be thought that the campaigning by northern delegates was pretty superfluous. More of this presently, however.

An amusing and unannounced event was the "Award" to E. C. Tubb. This---award was of the ship-in-a-bottle variety, in a general sort of fashion, that is. It consisted of a large bottle, with a rocketship sprouting out of one side---possibly it had got out by means of hyperdrive. Also attached to the bottle was a ten packet of cigarettes! Ted Tubb was obviously very pleased to be honoured in this way, though no doubt some bheer in the bottle would have pleased him more than ever. He assumed a striking pose, with the rocket aimed in the approximate direction of Up There, while he was carefully photographed by Flash-Bulb Robinson.



His happiest moment

After another auction we saw two more films. First was a short about the A-bomb, with some spectacular but silent explosions. Then followed METROPOLIS. Somebody ought to write a review of this movie, but its perhaps a little late for that now---besides, it can be seen at almost any convention. It is supposed to be a silent film, but I was sitting near the projector, and that contraption is anything but silent. During the struggle to get the thing aimed at the screen an interesting piece of dialogue took place. As follows:-

Projectionist: Can you see the screen reasonably well ?

Audience: NO ! !

Projectionist: Oh, dear.

My seeing was also limited by the two large-headed Junior Fanatics sitting in front of me. The film, being old, was expected to give trouble; but it ran pretty steadily, however. The acting included some of the corniest I have ever seen. And although the architecture of the Metropolis was very futuristic, the clothing of the characters was, well, Edwardian. The picture is genuine s-f, complete with the three main elements -- the guy, the gal, and the villainous female android.

A final fast and furious auction. A lot more gossiping. Some time around 11.30, when I decided it was time to go. Walt Willis, Vince Clarke and several dozen others were still busy talking their heads off And that was the end of London Science Fiction Convention, 1952....

Except for one thing---the ballot. There was some confusion over

this matter of voting. I only know the bare outlines of the question, at the time of writing, and it is probably covered elsewhere in OF anyway. It appears that the Committee, with the assistance or pushing of various fan editors, propose to arrange a postal ballot, on the principle that Con members who couldn't get to London should not be deprived of the chance to vote; after all, they were keen enough to pay their 2/6d membership fee, so should have some say in the matter.

Apart from the inefficient management of the voting, there is only one other specific complaint---there was no buffet or other source of grub provided in the Con hall. This involved a good deal of wasted time for those who walked around looking for cafes -- and there don't seem to be any cafes within a quarter-mile of the Royal Hotel. This was inconvenient when it rained, but our spirits were not damped, and, whether the next Whitcon is a Coronacon in London or a Supermancon in Manchester, I can heartily recommend the things.

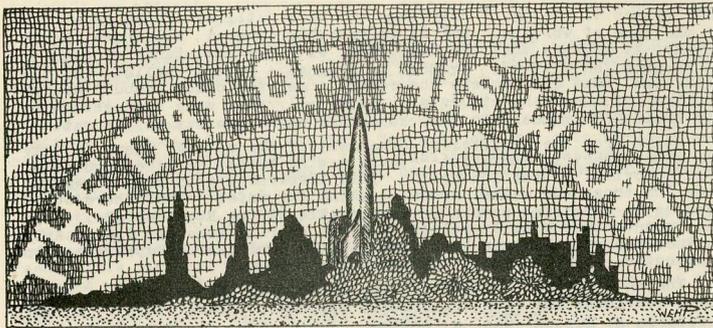
The only event remaining to be chronicled is the story of how I got a fourpenny one from the British Railways. Like this: in the cafeteria at Euston was a notice, "Choc Ice, 4d, Help Yourself." I helped myself to the top one. It stuck, but I tugged it loose and placed it on the tray. It felt remarkably light. I paid the bill, but was very suspicious -- maybe it consisted of choc but no ice. Anyway, I brought it home with me, as hard and unmetled as the day I got it. To the first bidder for that Russell Square tube ticket I will offer, as a free gift, one dummy choc ice, guaranteed to last for ever and suitable for clean party games etc.

See you at the Mancon.

O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O

ADVERTISEMENTS

Box B153 For sale: All mint, and with d/jkts. GREEN HILLS OF EARTH: Reinlein (SHASTA) WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER: van Vogt (Greenberg) HOUNDS OF TINDALOS: Long (Arkham House) WHO GOES THERE?: Campbell (Shasta, 1st ed, autographed JWC)	Box A140 <u>WANTED</u> SCOOPS any issues. OUTLANDS No. 1 NEW WORLDS 1, 2, 3, 4, (good sound copies with both covers, only).
or would exchange - what do you offer ?	Box B167 <u>WANTED</u> NEW WORLDS 1, 2, 3, Authentic 3, 4, 6, 9, 10, Science-Fantasy 1, 2, 4, UNKNOWN BRE '40 - '44.
Box B121 <u>WANTED</u> Edgar Rice Burroughs: THE ETERNAL LOVER. PELLUCIDAR. THE MOON MAID. Will be accepted LAND OF TERROR. in any reasonable BACK TO THE STONE AGE. condition, at any TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR. reasonable price.	Box 221 <u>WANTED</u> Astounding '30 Jan.
Answers to Box Numbers should be addressed to Capt. K.F. Slater, 13 Gp. R.P.C., B.A.O.R., 29, c/o GPO, England; and may accompany other orders or letters, but MUST be written on separate sheets of paper headed with the appropriate box No.	Box B160 <u>WANTED</u> Astounding '32 April. Astounding '34 April.
Box No. adverts are entered in the earliest possible O.F. publication, at rates of 1d per mag, 2d per book, plus 3d Box No. Fee.	Box B94 <u>WANTED</u> PFM '40 Feb. Aug. Box B215 <u>WANTED</u> Weird Tales '39 Mar-Apr. Oct. '38 Feb.Oct. Nov.



by BRYAN BERRY

Illustrator: W.E.H. Price

HE slept. HE slept as HE had slept these past thousand centuries. A sleep without movement, without snoring. An incredible sleep that was untroubled by dreams. A permanent sleep -- well, almost permanent....

There was nothing erratic about the ship's course. It slid smoothly, smoothly, through the black chasm of space; slid amongst the stars like a smaller star speeding.

It was a great ship. A ship dark and bleak, without ports, for its owners had no need of ports. A ship built on Ramon, major planet of the outer Galaxy, built by strange, jelloid things.

Maar sat silent, thinking, planning. It was his longest trip, this. He sat waiting for the report. His flaccid tentacles spread beneath him, moving slightly with the gentle pulsation of his respiratory sac.

The door opened. Kalt entered with the report.

"We have knowledge of the new planet."

"How soon will we be there?"

"Shortly."

"We are within far perception range?"

"Yes."

Maar surged upright. "Good." There was satisfaction in his voice. Perhaps this planet would be suitable. Fifty already explored; all worthless. Perhaps this time....

"That will be all, Kalt." Kalt withdrew from the chamber.

Perhaps this time there will be a chance. So many planets explored, so few suitable, none entirely so. Without more planets for expansion their superiority would go, and that must not happen. Ramon had to remain the Master World. It had to, it had to.

Smoothly the ship sped toward the small planet. At last they were close enough for near perception to be applied. Shuddering with fear of the answer Maar questioned Kalt.

"Well?"

Kalt turned. There is sufficient nitrogen and methane for our needs. There is abundant water. Life there would be perfect for the Race. We have found our planet."

"Our planet!"

It was wonderful. They would be able to return to Ramon within a few months. The inhabitants of the planet, if there were any, would be destroyed and then the Race could come from distant Ramon; come as conquerers and colonists and make this world the Second Master Planet.

"The planet will be called 'Maar'" said Maar.

They entered the atmosphere and slid gradually downwards. They perceived the land. It was covered with wet, sweating jungle. Great growths coiled and writhed among olive grasses and ferns some hundred metres high. There were small clearings on the high ground and in some places there were towns and villages. They circled the planet twice and found a number of seas and a few, very few, mountains.

They landed.

There was no uncertainty about their movements as they emerged from the ship; no hesitant peering and watching for hidden enemies. They were members of the Race. They were the Masters. No-one could be more powerful than the Race. Three of them turned their disintegrators on a mass of steaming jungle.

The mass of steaming jungle vanished.

No birds rose up, no animals ran in terror. There was nowhere movement.

"We will go up towards the town," said Maar. "We will contact the inhabitants and see how advanced they are in science. There will be no demonstration of our strength. We will study these creatures and their ways of life before we destroy them."

So they went up towards the city. They slithered through the great coiling plants like octopi among seaweeds. And there was a certainty about their movements, for they could know no fear. They were the Masters.

Maar walked in front of the others. There was no need for anyone to protect him from attack. The masters feared nothing.

The jungle thinned slightly. The unwholesome green growths got smaller and slowly the land rose up toward the town.

The disintegrators were not used again for fear of driving the natives away. They did not wish to create panic, they did not wish to destroy -- yet.

They saw the native walking towards them. It was under two metres in height and it had green skin, the colour of the jungle. It was a biped. When it saw them it stopped and raised a strange bar of metal and pointed it towards them. Maar's near perception told him that this was a weapon of some sort and he pressed the button on his paralysier. The native froze.

"As I feared," said Maar to Kalt. "These creatures are obviously backward. We shall have to learn as much as we can from this one before we advance."

They clustered round the still figure of the biped. Maar switched off the paralysier and two of them held the creature's upper limbs. They attached a perceptor to its head so that its thoughts would be in the same wavelength as their own. Then Maar said: "Your name?"

"Therkan."

"You live here?"

"Yes."

"Is this your greatest town?"

"Yes, it is called Yroug."

"What is the chief occupation of your people?"



Drone, drone. On and on. At last they were finished. Maar casually turned the disintegrator on the biped and it vanished. It might never have existed.

"They are extremely primitive, Kalt, and they have a certain primitive trait that will make them quite useless. They object to us. It is as I thought, they will all have to go. We will start with this city and then progress outwards. No." He thought again. "No, I think it would be best if we returned to the ship and blasted them from above. We shall accomplish much more and it will not take so long."

"What was that about the Central Building?"

"Yes -- incredible, wasn't it? Apparently these creatures still retain certain religious beliefs."

Kalt waved his tentacles. "And they believe this land was created especially for them by their 'God'!"

"Yes. Soon they will know different!"

When they returned to the ship they found a small group of bipeds beside it. They were looking up at the vast bleak hull in awe. When they saw the invaders emerging from the trees they began to scatter. Again Maar pressed his paralysers. They froze.

"I think it will be interesting to talk to one a little further about this curious religion," said Maar. Again the interrogation.

"What created this land?"

"Our God."

"What is your God?"

"He is called Whurd. He abideth in the stars and in the far places beyond. And his great books lie in the Central Building."

"His books? What are these books?"

"They are works written by our prophets and they have been handed down from the past. They are in the Central Building and only the priests may touch them."

"This 'God' of yours -- what does He look like, where can we see him?" Maar was enjoying the joke.

"You are demons from the black regions. He will destroy you utterly. You will see Him."

A shimmer ran through the invaders. They were amused. To think that this biped could threaten them! They were the Masters.

Maar said: "That is enough." The disintegrator flared. The biped vanished.

The great ship rose slowly above the green-ness, above the trees, above the place where the green-skinned bipeds had been and had disappeared. It rose, a black shape in the sun. A shape of doom and monatrous, alien evil.

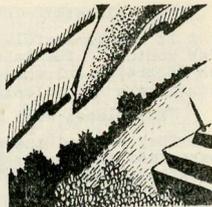
"This is our last trip," said Maar. "Now we can return to Ramon and report our findings. Soon our people will be here, the jungles cleared, the swamps drained. There there are little primitive villages there will be great cities. This will be the Second Master Planet."

Kalt turned from the control globes. "Shall I start the power?" he queried.

Maar applied perception. They were hanging above a small town fringed with the usual green, poisonous jungle.

"Yes," said Maar.

The power was applied.



The disintegrator major hummed and the town vanished. To perceive it gave Maar a feeling of omnipotence. To think that these futile little bipeds had lived here for so long, thinking the world was theirs, not knowing the might of the Master Planet, not knowing the Race even existed. It was absurd. He felt the power of his Race suddenly a tangible thing. The lusts that had driven the Race over all the Galaxies, conquering, destroying, swept through him.

The great ship hovered and a town and a belt of jungle vanished. Village and town, town and jungle; all vanished. The ship plunged over the planet, blasting, disintegrating.

Below the bipeds ran screaming and shrieking in the streets, ran toward the squat Central Buildings where they knelt and pleaded for their salvation.

The ship circled the planet. Bleak death above the jungles. It returned to the city.

"This is their greatest city, Kalt," said Maar. "I can perceive the Central Building that the bipeds were talking about. That great mass down there."

The Central Building was thronged with madly praying bipeds. The priests wailed and chanted and raised their arms in supplication. In the ship Kalt's tentacles flicked across the power globes.

There was a humming.

With the cruelty of a cat playing with an injured mouse Kalt swept the disintegrator beam in a circle about the Central Building. Houses vanished; bipeds running for their place of worship were no more; small growing plants disappeared.

Maar perceived with pleasure. "Now we shall see," he said. "Their precious Central Building will go and they will know. They will see who are the Masters!"

The disintegrator hummed.

The Central Building was no more.

It happened then. Maar felt the shock, so did Kalt, so did all of them. It was as though something had grasped the ship and squeezed..

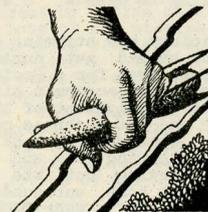
HE stirred. In HIS sleep HE had known nothing. No dream; nothing. There had been a strange, purposeless lapping of something against his being; time, probably.

But then it had come; a summons.

HE stirred and awoke and saw the black object and HE stretched out HIS hand and gnashed HIS teeth. HE caught the thing and gazed at it with momentary interest for HE had seen nothing like it before. Then the sleep overcame HIM. HE crushed the thing between HIS fingers as a child might crush a grape.

The thing that had once been a mighty spaceship dropped...

HE slept, again.





AND

H.J.C., who is better known as Bert Campbell, was born on a bleak morning in November 1925, and reckons he has never got the chill out of his bones. After an uneventful childhood he spent the requisite number of years at an elementary school, and passed some sort of a

scholarship. But domestic economy wasn't in line with it so he went to work at a war factory and really began to learn things.

Since he was eight, and his brother had given him a chemistry set, his mind had been fixed on being a scientist. So he got himself a job washing test-tubes and other sorts of tubes at the Middlesex Hospital. About the same time, he discovered that there were such things as evening classes. He went to Chelsea Polytechnic in September 1942 and began a long association with the evening classes at that place. After a year at the Middlesex, he forced his way into the Laboratories of Pathology and Public Health, in Harley Street, as an assistant biochemist (routine).

A YEAR LATER, he decided that there were better things than urinalysis in life, and went to the Welcome Research Institution as an assistant research chemist. In June 1943 he took and passed the London University Matriculation. During his three years at the Welcome place, Bert and his partner prepared eleven new drugs which were patented as anti-tuberculosis compounds. (One of them was recently announced as the only drug to be of any real use in the treatment of leprosy). At that time, he was elected a Fellow of the Chemical Society, being its youngest Fellow, aged seventeen.

After Matric., Bert went on to take and pass his Intermediate B.Sc., being won over to the biological side of things at the same time. He left the Welcome Institution and became personal assistant to the Professor of Anatomy at the London Hospital Medical College, where he worked on human embryology from the biochemical and histological point of view. (Two human embryos, and a human brain still adorn the shelves of his study).

ANOTHER YEAR, and he received an offer to become the personal assistant of the Professor of Biochemistry at the Research Institute of the Royal Cancer Hospital. He accepted, and started working for his final B.Sc. at the same time. During his two years at the Cancer Hospital, Bert prepared, and developed, several compounds known as chloroethylamines which showed considerable promise in the treatment of the form of blood cancer known as leukaemia. His compounds were sent for testing to Canada, U.S.A., South Africa, and Australia.

However, his own biology was stirring up, and he wanted to get married to a student he had met during his Inter. course at Chelsea Polytechnic. But, even for a Professor's personal assistant, pay was pretty poor in the academic side of science. So, much to his regret, and to the astonishment of his colleagues in pure science, Bert applied for and got a job as research chemist to a paint and varnish firm. That year he took and failed his finals. He failed them again the following year and decided to drop the whole thing. Life wasn't working out the way he had planned it nights in his little study at home, surrounded by books, specimens, chemicals, and the loving care of a sacrificing invalid mother whom he was supporting. (When Bert was three, his father had died).

Still, the money was coming in a little faster, and he had discovered a method of ageing varnish in a hundredth of the time normally taken - a process that saved his firm, according to their



estimate, £25,000 a year. About this time he was elected a Member of the Society of the Chemical Industry.

BUT, BERT and Eileen looked around, and found that it cost a good deal to get married and set up a home. The money coming in was not enough. What could he do? How about writing? Anybody can write!

So Bert spent his evenings dashing off articles about scientific subjects while Eileen looked after the office work; she sent the things out and clocked them as they came back. And come back they did! After writing two hundred and thirty four items, and submitting each of them several times, Bert got his first acceptance, - a job that brought in fifteen shillings!

From there it's the usual story of an author who won't be put off. Gradually, the rejection slips started to come back with notes pencilled on them. Then the editors began writing letters. Acceptances mounted up until he was earning almost as much by writing as by his research.

The research was messy, and not the kind of thing that pleased Bert, who had been used to the spotlessness of hospital labs. But it brought the money in, and in 1949 Bert and Eileen got married. Three days after their honeymoon ended, Bert, who had never been much good with a razor, though quite a boy with a scalpel, stopped shaving and grew a beard. He reckoned it was the only way to save his marriage by avoiding those cut, rasped and gashed agonies that strained relations in the mornings. (He recommends beard-growing to anyone who feels divorce is on the way and doesn't want it!).

CAME THE CRITICAL TIME when Bert decided that industrial science wasn't what he'd had in mind when he'd been tinkering with that chemistry set long ago. He decided to become a free-lance writer. He threw up his job and got down to the typewriter. Eileen carried on working, which was just as well because for the first year of free-lancing he averaged under three pounds a week - and he was still supporting his mother. Even so, the Campbells went and got a dog they call Lindy and which sat at Bert's feet while he was tapping out his opuses.

But again the tide turned and Bert began to sell, regularly, enough to let him look in a mirror again without feeling a bit of a failure all round. Which, too, was just as well, for he'd observed Eileen had commenced to knit tiny booties. Putting two and two together, Bert sighed and got back to the typewriter. (In due course, Eileen took time off from the booties to produce the finest little boy baby in the land - according to Bert, who swears the little chap already has the suspicion of a beard on his chin).

BERT HAD BEEN trying his hand at fiction for some time now, & having a fair amount of success at it, although it was much harder than his science articles - of which, for example, he wrote a whole series on the science of growing plants and shortly afterwards was made a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society.

He saw an advertisement by a firm called Hamiltons asking for science-fiction stories. Lots of his stories had been of this kind, but not quite what the fan would call sf, so Bert had a go. He got there with a story that was liked. The publishers had had to rush their new science fiction magazine out quickly because of paper cuts pending, and hadn't been able to take as much trouble over it as they would have liked. They asked Bert if he'd take over as Technical Editor. Bert agreed, and that is what he is now, although he does most of the other editing, too. The only thing that worries him is that though he chooses other people's stories, his own yarns have to be vetted by the Director!

In 1951, Hulton Press asked Bert if he'd care to edit a proposed new science fiction magazine they were planning. Again Bert

said "yes" ! He prepared four pilot issues, which by all accounts would have stunned the fans silly, and then was told that Management had decided not to publish a science fiction magazine. That was an end to something that might have been great.

Soon after the Hulton episode finished, Odhams Press asked Bert if he would do them a strip for the DAILY HERALD. Bert, as usual, said "yes" ! This actually came to fruition and was the most adult science fiction strip to be seen in the papers — even though, according to Bert, it had been popularised a good deal internally. However, the same old story repeated itself. There was not enough active interest shown by fans (in spite of a note in O-F and other fanzines) and Odhams decided to drop the strip. It's now dead — and buried.

THERE ARE SEVERAL other science fiction facets to Bert's life that are difficult to recount, because they are so evanescent — for example, he was once asked to edit the FANTASY BOOKS by Kemsleys, & to edit a British edition of FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION (!!) that a big publisher was thinking of bringing out. But these things fell through at a much higher level, and Bert was just left gasping.

More definitely, we can say that he is a regular customer in the saloon bar of the WHITE HORSE TAVERN, Fetter Lane, on Thursday evenings; that Havana Vandyk, the Bond Street photographer, recently asked him if they could take his portrait for their "files of prominent people"; that he wrote the guest editorial for the Spring issue of SCIENCE-FANTASY; that he has published the science fiction novels *World in a Test Tube*, *The Last Mutation*, *The Moon is Heaven*, *Chaos in Miniature*, and most recently *Mice or Machines*, all of them printed in ASFM, and we expect that he has another one or two offerings cooking up. An interesting note is that the third and fourth of the above-named novels take certain liberties with individuals — well-known to fandom. Bert also has a story in the *Dan Dare Space Book*. He is also responsible for the editorial and all other short stuff in each issue of *Authentic Science Fiction*. We can add to that, that if you think you have written THE science fiction novel, you'll find that Bert, acting as an editor, will always give it sympathetic consideration — even if he does give it a rejection slip as well !

AT THE MOMENT, Bert and Eileen live in a little house that they have just bought a little way down the road from Ted Carnell, Bert's friend and rival, in Woolwich, with their son Stephen, their dog Lindy, and Bert's still loving but, fortunately, not so sacrificing mother. Bert carries on writing science fiction and editing it for a living. But a large proportion of his time is spent studying for that degree he dropped a few years ago. One room of the house is a library-laboratory with all the impedimenta of the scientist, where Bert does his experiments and dissections, surrounded by the latest science fiction books ! Let's hope he never gets mixed up !

(Editor's note: This article was written prior to receipt of the letter from Messrs HAMILTONS, published in LETTERZINE 2. Mr. Campbell is now the official Editor of ASFM, and not just the Technical Editor. ASFM has introduced the serial story mentioned, in that letter, in Issue No. 26 (October '52); this is written by Sydney J. Bounds, and titled FRONTIER LEGION. Regrettably, no indication of how long the serial will run has been given. This issue contains Rick Conroy's MARTIANS IN A FROZEN WORLD, reviewed elsewhere in this edition of OPERATION FANTASY).

FANTASTIC WORLDS The first issue of this semi-professional magazine came to hand some time back, dated Summer '52. 40pp, 25p, subs £1.00 per year. We understand that British subscriptions can be thru Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newdown Road, BELFAST, Northern Ireland, at 6/- for four. OPERATION FANTASY will not supply copies on "regular orders". All orders received must be considered cancelled.



In this new novel, Arthur C. Clarke once again travels into space—but this time not to the planets. The whole story takes place among the artificial satellites or "space-stations" which, a hundred years from now, will be circling the Earth as refuelling bases, weather stations and TV relays. Against this novel and exciting background Mr. Clarke's young hero has his "baptism of space" and becomes involved in many strange adventures before returning to Earth's gravity. Once again Mr. Clarke has shown his talent for combining sound science and entertainment, for there is nothing in this story which may not actually occur when the first space-stations are built—and as long ago as 1940 the Commanding General of the U.S. Army Air Force revealed that his country was conducting research along these lines. *Islands in the Sky* is a thoroughly readable story which can be recommended for younger as well as older readers.

Illustrations by Quinn.

8s. 6d. net

BOOK NEWS

by
E. J. CARNELL

Now on sale is Arthur C. Clarke's ISLANDS IN THE SKY, cover jacket above. Frankly, I think that Messrs SIDGWICK & JACKSON have made a fair appraisal in their 'blurb', and there is little that I can add. The hero being a youngster, it will be labelled a juvenile, of course. But so was Heinlein's SPACE CADET.....

Scheduled for Spring '53, is PRELUDE TO SPACE, which the "fan" will recall as published in GALAXY NOVEL No. 3. Whether the story has been revised, I couldn't say. Also S&J, and they have a third item due shortly, already mentioned by Ken in "GAFMOI". November is the month, ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER is the item. A symposium from the articles recently appearing in COLLEIR'S, forming a companion to THE CONQUEST OF SPACE. 160 pages, containing many colour plates, of the work of Chesley Bonestell, Rolf Kelb, and Fred Freeman, the text is by Werner von Braun, Fred L. Whipple, Joseph Kaplan, and Willy Ley, and edited by Cornelius Ryan. Apart from the magnificent, to-scale, colour plates, there are photographs, and many line drawings — as have been used to illustrate the text. The price will be 25/-.

For the Haggard enthusiast, MacDonald's have added two further titles to their list of reprints, bring the total up to nine. The latest additions are THE BRETHERN (304pp), and CHILD OF STORM (256) priced at 8/6 each, and with the Hookway Cowles illustrations.

No news of further titles from GRAYSON & GRAYSON, who now have three of this year's four titles on sale, but I understand that the first selection of BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES has been reprinted, and is again available.

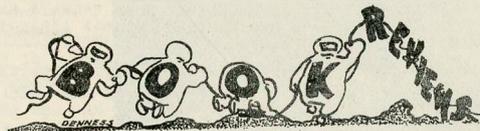
My own anthology of work by British Authors, NO PLACE LIKE EARTH, is now available — or should be — from BOARDMAN'S at , and I have been working on another, of which more later.

In the USA, "SPACE HAWK", being a collector of the "Hawk Garse" yarns by Anthony Gilmore, is out from GREEN-BERG, at 2.75; "TAKE OFF", a new novel by C.M. Kornbluh, from DOUBLEDAY, also 2.75; THE WEAPON MAKERS (Greenberg again) is a rewrite of van Vogt's yarn, and bears only slight resemblance to either the magazine version, or to the other book edition, published by HADLEY some five years ago. Dan Neelan, who shared the hero role with the immortal man, Captain Hedrock, has been "relegated" to a position of minor importance, and Hedrock finds hard going to bear the burden of both parts.



There are now out in America a few dozen more titles, but who can possibly cover them all? JACK OF EAGLES, James Blish (GREEN-BERG, 2.75); DESTINATION: UNIVERSE, AE van Vogt, (GREENBERG 2.75) TALES FROM UNDERWOOD, Dr. David H. Keller (3.95, published by Pelligrini & Cudahy, for Arkham House - they are absorbing AH, by the way); FANTASY PRESS announce that THE CRYSTAL HORDE, by John Taine, and Weinbaum's THE RED PERI should now be out, having been advanced over The Legion of Time, The Titan, and The Black Star Passes.

The ones I have not mentioned are multitudinous. But it cannot be helped. Some will get reviewed in time, others Ken will mention where he has room. But the high tide is s-f has not yet started to ebb, and the presses thunder on.....



SPACE TREASON: A.V. Clarke & H.K. Bulmer (Panther Books, 1/6, 112pp)

Crash landing in the pro-field with an exciting bit of space-opera, Vince Clarke and Ken Bulmer have written a yarn that quite equals most actiontype tales currently available - in both UK and USA!

Space Patrol Commander Steve Manning is convinced that the Space Patrol embodies the ultimate heights of honour (he has obviously been reading Denis Gifford's S-P HANDBOOK), and that it is essential to the welfare of the solar system. Janine Anderley is equally convinced that good can only be found with the INSURGENTS, - the S-P is rotten to the core!

Passing from the control of one group to the other, and alternating in the roles of captor and captive, it is forcibly brought to their notice that faults - bad ones - exist on both sides, & in a series of hair-raising escapades ranging from Earth to Venus - the Moon - the asteroids - they learn of a third party which is putting over a triple-cross on the double-crossers of the other two organisations.

It is with this party that they finally find their aims co-incide, and although the story finishes with the S-P and the INSURGENTS wiping each other out (more or less) one gathers that all ends happily for mankind. It definitely does for Janine and Steve, who we leave knocking in an air-lock.KFS.

LET THERE BE MONSTERS: Vol Molesworth (Futurian Press, Sydney)

This short fantasy (about 3,500 words) is another of Vol Molesworth's variations on the Lovecraft theme, with some overtones of Williamson's DARKER THAN YOU THINK. It was originally printed as a serial in WOOMERA.

Lyell Kernwagh, as a child, bred vampire bats. He doesn't improve as he grows older, and after touring the world he returns and settles (?) down in Australia. Then proceeds to upset the local populace with the usual series of unaccountable incidents. Finally he decides to mate with (and reproduce his own part-human species), the daughter of a South American consul. He is thwarted when the girl is killed by her father, whose bullets prove ineffective when fired at Kernwagh himself.

Put baldly like that, it doesn't seem much. But Molesworth dresses the dish nicely, and presents it for the consumption of the weird enthusiast in the now familiar soft jacket of Futurian Press, with wide margins for notes (?). Although writing in the style of Lovecraft, Vol avoids the misuse of adjectives and the abundance of superlatives that was a failing of the master. The viewpoint of the "being" who is a "monster" to mankind, but just a lonely individual to himself, is exceedingly well put in this short, but quite enjoyable, bit of writing.

Limited to 110 copies, this 23 page booklet is, of course intended to be a collector's item. I see nothing to prevent it becoming so, among the weird fantasy enthusiasts.KFS.

STAR OF ILL-OMEN: Dennis Wheatley.

(Rutcliff, 12/6, 320pp)



According to the blurb on the jacket of Mr. Wheatley's latest book (incidentally the first of his many sfish stories to be advertised as a "Science-Fiction" story), this is "another of those fine feats of imagination, rivalling the stories of Jules Verne and H.G. Wells. In this case it deals with the greatest mystery of our age - and one for which the world's most brilliant scientists have so far failed to offer any concrete explanation - the appearance, origin and purpose of the Flying Saucers".

Unfortunately the book fails to live up to this promise. It begins as a spy story, gives a potted history of the Flying Saucers, very similar to Frank Scully's descriptions and incidents (1), listed in his book on the subject, and then introduces idiot giants who kidnap the hero, heroine, and the heroine's husband (a scientist), force them into a FS and carry them off to Mars. Upon arrival they find there are only three life-forms upon Mars; telepathic beetles, the dominant race; the idiot giants who do all the manual work; and a species of soy bean which provides food for the other two. The beetles have kidnapped the scientist to build atomic bombs for use in their conquest of earth, and to aid in this have also kidnapped three Russians; and MVD man, a pretty scientistess, and a mad atomic scientist. The beetles produce the raw materials for their technology from their own bodies, eating the ores, digesting them and excreting the refined elements into sealed tanks to be drawn off into moulds as necessary.

After many vicissitudes, and some passionate lovemaking in the Martian desert, the Terrans throw a couple of atomic bombs together, instal them in a FS, start a revolt among the idiot giants (1), steal the FS, and flee to earth. The hero and heroine manage to escape after falling about 2,000 feet into the Thames, and live happily ever after.

As an SF novel this is a resounding failure, and the "science" used in the description of the FS, and Martian technology, will give any fan hearty laughs. As there are no observation ports in the FS the Terrans' only method of seeing outside the Saucers is by peering down the lavatory pipe; they keep peering down this pipe during the whole of the voyage of several weeks, and every time they do so "daylight could be seen". This is the most blatant of the errors - accentuated by its many repetitions. If you like Wheatley's stories you will be able to read this and probably enjoy it, if you can pass over the scientific blunders. If you don't like Wheatley, this book won't help convert you. (2). Derek Pickles.

(1) THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL.

(2) Editor's note: I LIKE Wheatley. I couldn't finish this book.

NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME (Holt, New York, 3.50, 294pp).

THE CLOCK OF AESIR: John W. Campbell, Jr. (Shasta, 3.00, .254pp)

I should like to put in a word against a type of "science-fiction" story which is not science fiction at all. It is usually produced by writers whose work normally appears in non-S-F magazines, and who are asked to produce a S-F story by some editor, or publisher. The writer probably has on hand numerous non-S-F stories;

let us assume one goes briefly as follows (an example of my own merely selected because it comes first to mind):-

"Tommy came from an orphanage and was always a queer boy; he outshines everyone at school; becomes a prosperous business man, and subsidises an unknown doctor's new technique, thus helping mankind. End."

Now let us assume a "S.F." story is wanted. The writer can add a couple of pages at the beginning, and a couple at the end:-

"Out of control, the alien ship slanted down from the skies. It struck the rock at the edge of the lake, bounced, and sank for ever beneath the waters. Shaken unharmed by a millionth chance from his cot in the sleeping-bay, the alien child landed amid gorse..." etc.

(This is Tommy, taken to an orphanage.) The whole of the middle of the story then goes exactly as already quoted. Then, to end:-

"An area of no-space suddenly existed between Tommy and the hovering ship; he rose, hands outstretched - these were not strangers, not enemies, but his own people, come to take him from the foster-planet where he had lived so long", etc.

We now have a science-fiction story, as so classified by some writers and publishers, but not so classified by me! Such a story, and all those akin in type, is lamentably lacking in genuine science-fiction interest, large sections not being S.F. at all. They are best never printed!

NEW TALES contains ten stories, some about neither space nor time. Taken in order of listing, Bradbury gives "Here There Be Tygers". This is 15 pages, and deals with a planet which produces whatever effects it assumes its visitors require. Succinct and entertaining. Asimov contributes "In A Good Cause" - a story about a man who suffers imprisonment, etc., for the general benefit of mankind. F.Fenton & J.Petracca contribute "Tolliver's Travels". A man gets into the future and finds he doesn't like it. Accordingly he is happier in his own era, when he returns. "Bettyann" by K. Neville is one of the better-written stories here, about a girl who turns out to be something other than everyone suspects, though the reader is made aware of her true nature right through. Of "Little Anton" by R. Bretnor, the publishers say "One of the most amusing science-fiction stories we have ever read." It is about a wonderfully inventive idiot. P. S. Miller writes "Status quondam" in which MacIvor travels into the past (Ancient Greece), loses his magic time-travel belt, has a scrap or two, and gets back in the nick of time. G. Heard's "B plus M = Planet 4" is about 27 pages dealing with an alien race of huge "bees". Not much story, but a great amount of detail. "You Can't Say That" is by Cartmill, and one of the liveliest stories here, about a censor who comes upon an unexpected explanation to chess problems being broadcast during time of international tension: and the ending is unexpected! This story, and van Vogt's "Fulfillment" (the double-I is theirs) are among the best stories in the book. The latter is about a huge self-aware computing machine which gets up to elaborate plotting, and has attributes I should have liked to incorporate in my "MENS MAGNA" in Tomorrow Sometimes Comes - if I'd thought of them! In all, an advanced and excellent story. Anthony Boucher contributes "The Quest for Saint Aquin" which is set in the far future and gives new ideas on the robot-human relationship. Thomas rides a Robass (robot steed) searching for a saint. To disclose what he does find would spoil the story! In all, a good collection, though with inevitable weak links, possibly caused by attempting a variety of stories likely to appeal to all tastes.

THE CLOAK OF AEGIR is a collection of several stories, and these deal with a period of some thousands of years, and are supposed to be stories of "characterization and mood". Actually, the

characters do not seem to become differentiated in the mind, apparently because of their number and un-rememberable names. Drunnel, Sthek Tharg, Grasun, Farnos, Tomus, and others appear in the space of a page or less; sundry other odd names appear in great number: Bar, Hol-57, Tharoo, Bar-73, Gar-247-G-12, & etc. These do not remain in the mind.

The stories are of advanced fantasy, dealing in a variety of ways with the rise, fall, rebellion, and return to savagery of races. The piece "Forgetfulness" is excellent. Here, an ancient city is found, long deserted by its builders, who have left their works to be hid by time. "The Escape" deals with a couple who wish to marry against decree and try to escape; the escape fails, but the girl finds she's quite happy with the man who was chosen, really (there's a twist here); "The Machine" is of a machine which has cared for mankind, but decided it isn't worth it, and suddenly leaves everyone to starve. After a long time "The Invaders" arrive to enslave earth. "Rebellion" naturally follows in due course, completing this triple piece.

"Out of the Night" and the title story are more akin to fantasy, though allied to science-fiction in some respects. Matters are controlled by the "Sarn Mother", whose rulings are not always to the liking of others, who endeavour in a variety of ways to demonstrate their independence. In places the writing resembles a synopsis of some work to be written at some future date, but science-fiction readers are likely to find the stories interesting on the whole. The book is science-fiction and fantasy throughout, which some so-called S.F. books are not, and is particularly likely to entertain hardened S.F. readers. F. G. Rayer.

THE MIXED MEN: A.E. Van Vogt (GNOME PRESS, 2.75, 223pp)



This is a composite of the story published under that title in January '45 ASR, and the two shorter yarns, CONCEALMENT (Sep '43) and THE STORM (Oct'43), dealing with the robots of Dr. Dell, and the civilisation they built in the Greater Magellanic Cloud.

This is also a book which I have awaited with impatience. Yet again, this is a book I found disappointing. And I know why! The three stories have been written into one long novel, true - but they have not been grafted one into the other - they have been crudely - hastily - linked with some six inch nails and a heavy hammer, rather than by the skilful craftsmanship that one expects from Mr. van Vogt.

A reader who recalls with fair clarity the three original stories will see the joints and splices, the hasty patching, which wrecks this otherwise entertaining adventure of a civilisation which got lost - and wanted desperately to stay lost! The reader who comes to the book with no previous knowledge can hardly mistake the places where the plot limps, and cannot avoid but to notice the too obvious clues which give away the "true" secret of the yarn.

The discovery that the "non-Dellian" robots are in fact quite ordinary humans, made as a climax on page 218, is a miss-fire. This has already been made obvious to the reader on at least one occasion earlier in the work; and the super-imaginative mind, possessed by most fans, will have guessed the fact from observations of Lt. Neslor long before Captain Maltby almost gives it away.

Despite these faults - and they are many - the general plot is good, and although the concept may not be quite so intricate as the reader has come to expect a van Vogt tale to be, sufficient point and counterpoint exists to maintain interest. The tangled themes are resolved in the final pages with a speed which rather leaves one gasping!

.... .. KFS.

THE OUTER REACHES: edited August Derleth (Pelligrini & C. 3.95,)

TRAVELLERS OF SPACE: (GNOME PRESS, 3.95,)

The first of these is another nice big anthology from the States. This time, August Derleth has got hold of seventeen shorts and long-shorts by people everyone knows and thrown them into a volume published at \$3.95.

That's a lot of money. On the other hand, that's a lot of stories. And when we say that Asimov, Bradbury, Bond, Cartmill, de Camp, Keller, Anderson, Kuttner, Leiber, Leinster, Long, Pratt, Simak, Smith, Sturgeon, van Vogt, and Wandrei - when we say that these people wrote them, it could be argued that the book is worth the money. It could also be argued that it isn't. I don't propose to enter the argument.

All I want to point out is that whether or not it is worth buying, THE OUTER REACHES is certainly worth reading. Many of these stories were new to me - I haven't the geological-era background in s-f that so many people claim to have - and I found them right up my street; except perhaps vV's "Co-operate - or Else!" But then, vV & I never did see eye to eye. Ray Bradbury's "Ylla" (which I had read before) doesn't seem to be his best by any means, even although it is given as his favourite.

Of the whole collection, I would plunk for Fritz Leiber's "The Ship Sails at Midnight", but maybe that's because I knew a girl like that once (only once, mind).

Needless to say, all these stories are reprints, so magazine collectors will have them already. The distinctive character of the book is that Derleth didn't pick the stories he liked best, but told authors to give him their favourites, within limitations of length & so on. Each story is prefaced by the author's reasons for favouritism, and these are almost as interesting as the stories.

(continued next page).

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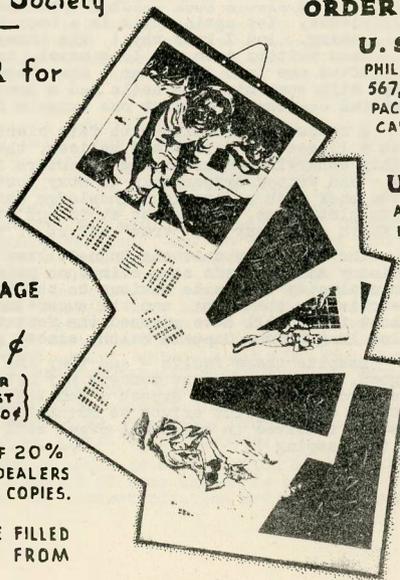
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TRAVELLERS OF SPACE is another nice big anthology from the States (am I repeating myself?). The publishers call it "an anthology about life on other worlds edited by Martin Greenberg, introduced by Willy Ley, and illustrated by Edd Cartier, with Science Fiction Dictionary." There are 14 stories, four articles, 16 illustrations and a special story to go with them. On the whole a fair return for \$3.95.

As one who has had and still has a great deal to do with comparative zoology, I was most interested by Cartier's sixteen drawings of alien creatures and the story by David Kyle that goes with them. The drawings are superb; I have nothing against them. My only disappointment was that the story, "The Interstellar Zoo," said so little about the animals and was more concerned with the irritating precociousness of a poisonous little brat who knew it all. Now, David, let's have another one that really deals with the Zoo!

Those illustrations, by the way, are the only ones in the book.

Willy Ley's Introduction took the form of an article on "Other Life Than Ours". I have always had a healthy respect for Willy's zoological comprehension and this article does nothing to shake that respect. (Nor did DRAGONS IN AMBER!) I'm not going to tell you anything about it, because I hope to embody it in an article for O.F. shortly (Ken doesn't know anything about this yet!).** But I would almost go all squishy and say it's worth buying the book just for the Introduction. Maybe I'm biased.

The anonymous author of the "Dictionary of Science Fiction" has also made a good job of it. Each entry has a long descriptive explanation, bringing in historical facts and scientific theories. In many cases references are given to stories or books in which the term was first used, or in which the term forms the main theme. Very useful for reference.

Maybe you'd like to know something about the stories? Well, there are a couple of little known authors contributing to this anthology, but here again the big names seem to have hypnotised the editors - Youd, Kummer, Bradbury, Clement, Brown, Vogt, Anderson. And no wonder. Although these stories aren't said to be the author's favourites, they are pretty good all the same. But surely, once you've said that Greenberg edited the book, it's tautology to say the stories are good!

Again they are all reprints. Again they are all worth reprinting. Only wish I could afford to buy them! H.J. Campbell.

OUR REVIEWERS

I get, now and again, a letter from somebody who doesn't quite connect up the name - or initials - of a reviewer with the personal-ity. Most of the folk who write reviews for O.F. are quite well-known to fandom.

E.J. (Ted - John) Carnell is, of course, the editor of NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY, Britain's two leading short-story-s-f magazines. He is quite a number of other things, as well, but it is in that guise you are most likely to meet him. H.J. Campbell (Bert) doesn't need any introduction, after the 'life-story' printed in this issue. (We hope to have Ted Carnell's in the next issue, by the way). F.G. Rayer is the author of "TOMORROW SOMETIMES COMES", which is perhaps his best known work, and many shorter yarns. The editor of fanmagazine "PHANTASMAGORIA", and Secretary of the Bradford S-F Society, Derek Pickles, started doing reviews for us last issue, and has one in this, and will have more in future issues. The "Steve Gilroy" by-line has been used to cover up various identities - including my own - for various reasons, and in this issue "he" is two different people. And naturally, KFS is just me, filling in a gap or two.

BUILDING THAT BACKGROUND

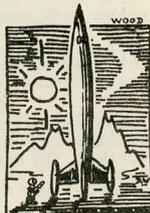
by STEVE GILROY

WRITING SCIENCE FICTION (IV)

This spot was originally intended to contain an article by H.J. Campbell, but getting along towards the hypothetical dead-line I get a frantic request for something to fill in said spot, "because we've already a life-story of Bert, reviews by Bert, and a review of a book by Bert, and this is after all "OPERATION FANTAST" and not "OPERATION CAMPBELL".

Further correspondence ensues, with the result that I find myself writing an article to replace Bert's, in the series "HOW TO WRITE SCIENCE-FICTION", Bert's own contribution being "publication postponed" until the next issue. To commence the article proper, I must admit my only claim to a knowledge of the subject is represented by a stack of rejected mss. However, when I stated this as a valid reason for not writing this article, I was informed that something could be produced, even if it was only on the line of how NOT to write s-f !

Well, one of my biggest failings is an inability to construct a simple and understandable background, without making one of my characters mouth a few thousands of explanatory words, or giving the opus a rioting border of footnotes. This background business is perhaps one of the most difficult parts of writings, especially in the s-f form of the literary art. The background is the canvas on which you are intending to portray your characters, the scenery and back-cloth amid which the action will be pursued, and it is necessary to fill it with a few masterly strokes of your verbal brush. Detail will be supplied by your readers' imagination, if you give him a framework; or if you give him a few 'keystone' details, he will create and colour the general background with his own ideas.



Your reader probably has a grounding in the general concepts of the world in which your tale will unfold, from his past adventures in the realms of fantasy, but you must introduce to him the specific detail, and limitations, of your particular "make-believe" cosmos. There are different ways in which this can be performed, and there are innumerable combinations and permutations of these ways, so many that I cannot possibly classify them within the small scope of this article. They range from the rapid introducing in your opening paragraphs, by oblique reference, of certain of the major facets of your 'proposed' culture, to the cumbersome and now almost obsolete method of causing a character to suspend all action and give a lengthy explanation of the scene.

The "Future" world of Robert A. Heinlein is one which is a clear picture in the minds of many fans, but if you ask them to give a description of a specific era therein, you will get a surprising amount of variation - and a little checking will reveal the variations are mainly in things which Heinlein has never mentioned ! He has but implied them, and the reader has supplied the rest.

Heinlein is a master of the art of supplying a generalised picture of his background, throwing in a few details which are essential to the plot, and a few more details which are not, but which help to create in the reader's mind the picture Heinlein desires to form there. A reference to a code of duello, a weapon, a self-igniting cigarette, some form of attire, a speaking clock; all these & a multitude of other minor detail, perhaps of no direct 'use' in a given yarn, help the reader to visualise in general terms the world in which Heinlein intends to play out his drama.

An excellent example of the "oblique reference" method is contained in a story by Damon Knight, "Don't Live in the Past", GSF June 1951. I quote the first paragraph:

"Bernard Francois Plet Fu-Tze Vargas had a clear and sustained feeling there ought not to be days like this. Four of his wife's cousins from Callisto had

descended upon him that morning at the ungodly hour of ten o'clock (they required special diets and were obscenely fat); he had been seated below a sub-assistant minister of finance at the High Commissioner's dinner last night, a manifest insult; the power beam had failed twice on his way into the office, over Sancisco and over the California Garbage Conversion Area; and he had a splitting headache."

Obviously, the paragraph tells us this character is in a bad mood, and explains why. But much more is conveyed to the reader who possess a smidgeon of imagination. That multi-national name is there for a purpose other than to squeeze the last possible wordage payment out of the yarn. It implies, perhaps, that this character is the result of inter-racial breeding. Perhaps that name no longer have national & regional meaning? The long formal title infers that in this world 'lineage' plays some important part.

It is equally obvious that man has conquered space - the reference to cousins from Callisto. Implied, that 'space' has to some extent conquered man, for the Callistan folk, at least these particular ones, need a special diet; it may be taken that these individuals are typical of their race, and it follows that Callistans are given to an excess of avoidupois, at least in the eyes of Terrans. Assuming that Vargas is a Terran, because of 'Sancisco' and 'California'. We can also see that Vargas does not like his wife's cousins; who are human because they are his wife's cousins, we may again assume; and less certainly we may infer that Callistans and Terrans in general are only tolerant of each other.

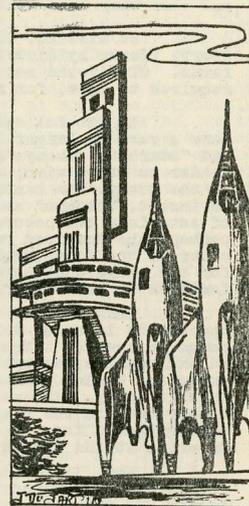
Again, "the ungodly hour of ten o'clock" conveys quite a deal of information. The adjective implies a religion of some nature; and ten o'clock (a morning hour, stated) is before the normal events of Vargas' day commence. It would appear to be earlier than the business hours of this "world", for he had not then left for his office. Although the dinner of the previous night might be a reason for his lateness, nothing would seem to imply this.

The reference to the dinner implies a strict caste system, however, the insult offered Vargas by his position at the table gives an idea of a rigid conventional system of 'precedence'. By the other two persons mentioned we may infer it to be a bureaucratic system, at that.

On technology, we cannot discover much. Space travel is obvious, but the local transport system is not disclosed, except in so far as power is beam transmitted, and not very efficiently. From that we may imply a faulty technology.

Many more inferences may be drawn from this paragraph; it contains a surprising amount of information, which may be summarised into a vivid picture of certain aspects of Damon Knight's "world of make believe". As it happens, in this yarn most of the action takes place before a different background, but with some added embellishments from later paragraphs, the culture depicted above remains as a threat, an end to be avoided.

The "build it up as you go along" system was ably demonstrated in "Follow the Weeds", a tale by Margaret St. Clair, Imagin-action, June 1951. The story is told in diary form, and the opening



words are a date entry, followed in brackets by "Earth Style". The immediate conclusion is that the scene is not on Earth. The day's entry tells us it is on a world, and gives clues in its description of the climate, varying in the day from extreme heat to utter cold. We also gather that the writer is ill - radiation sickness, and you may underline supposed, mentally, for Miss St. Clair manages to throw considerable doubt on the point in her first paragraph.

In the next entry we learn that the planet is Mars, which is satisfying, for that was our guess (nine out of ten, I'll bet !), and we also learn something of the writer's reason for being there, apart from Mars' reputation as a sanatorium. We discover that Mars is more a place of exile for sufferers from radiation sickness and that they have little contact with the home planet.

So Miss St. Clair slowly builds her background through the story. Never by direct statement, but by implication, the picture forms. Slowly and not too obviously, the reader is told all he requires to know, for the action to follow.

In the following (I think) issue of Imagination there appears a yarn by Dwight V. Swain, a story full of words like "huecco", and "starbo"; "Chonya", and "pervod". Terms meaningless to the reader to start with, and which convey very little even at the end of the story. One has gathered that "starbo" is a term of contempt, an insult, "Chonya" as a name for a race of men inhabiting one set of asteroids has become fairly clear about one-third way through, & perhaps the inspired reader may be able to make some sense out of other of the terms used. But one can never be really 'in' the tale for the background never becomes clear, and does not, cannot, become familiar to the reader.

That makes for poor reader-appeal, and lack of interest, as opposed to interest which a background the reader can assimilate is bound to create. Equally so, the older method of long and detailed explanation, examples of which exist in profusion in the old Amazing and Wonder stories of the late '20s and early '30s, is unacceptable today. The use of footnotes, so popular with the Shaver and Palmer team in the "Caves" stories, is deplorable, because either a reader breaks the thread of his thoughts to take in the footnote, or he skips it and thereby does not have a full knowledge of the yarn.

Now, I'm not going to make any recommendations on how to insert the background into your story. I have, as I said, yet to master the art myself. But you can see the way I am dealing with the problem, by careful examination of how people who do sell their stories have done it. To test out, I run a few trial scenes, & see how well I have implied what I want the readers to know, by testing them on my friends. If I get a similar reaction from several, then I've managed fairly well. To be honest, it doesn't happen often ! But provided minor variations don't conflict with the action to follow, they are unimportant.

Another point I've grasped at last is to avoid terms that the reader will not understand, unless you can introduce them, in circumstances that make the meaning obvious. If you start out with "The Jobalt sped across the surface of the lake", it doesn't mean much, a "Jobalt" could be anything from an animal to a type of flying saucer. If you say "jet-skimmer" instead, it implies a technology using jets, and with waterborne traffic. But you could use a "Jobalt" if your hero steps off a wharf into his "Jobalt", starts a motor, or something, and shoots off across the lake, skimming along the surface. Jobalt would then mean either a trade-name for a specific model, or the general term for a type of vehicle.

Do you get the general idea of fitting the background ?

Can you use it ?

I hope so, because if not I'm off on the wrong track !

Frank Owen

Masters of
Fantasy (III)
by Arthur F. Hillman

RARE TODAY is the gift of those authors who can open a door to realms of colour and beauty. Modern writing seems to have acquired the grey sobriety of present-day life, and in too many cases is darkened by the sombre hues of introspection. Fantasy, however, has always been refreshingly fertile of visionaries who have renounced morbidity for scenes of splendour, and in the person of Frank Owen it possesses one whose literary canvases glow with unrivalled beauty.

WEIRD TALES published one of his earliest stories, "The Man Who Owned the World", in October, 1923; his latest, "The Old Gentleman with the Scarlet Umbrella" appeared in January of 1951. Twenty-eight years represents an epoch in most writers' lives, a length of time that can change ideas and wilt ideals. Yet Frank Owen has remained faithful to the shrine at which he constantly worshipped - the shrine of Beauty. In his modern stories, as in those of yesteryear, the purpose remains unchanged. The pursuit of Beauty, the distilling of its magic into words of music and witchery, is still the prime objective; the delicate craftsmanship of his finest pieces has caused them to be enthusiastically praised by those whose thirst for Beauty has remained unslaked by weaker draughts.

CHINA WAS for Frank Owen the key to his goal. In the colour and pageantry of the vast land of the Dragon lay for him an allure extraordinary; and it was of China he wrote. Gradually his stories wove for his rapt followers a picture of the Orient that seemed the only one possible. So attuned was his personality to the moods and philosophies of that land, so magically indoctrinated with the essence of the East, that his characters and scenes stood out in vivid perspective. And the colour that he slapped around so prodigiously became itself but a facet of his estranged outlook.

THE DELICATE Chinese prose-pastels that appeared in Weird Tales and Oriental Stories in the '20s and '30s earned him instant popularity. One in particular, "The Wind that Tramps the World" (W.T. 25 April), captivated its readers with its charming theme and soft lyrical language. "Its ethereal sweetness still thrills me as I recall it to mind", wrote one of them. "It should be bound in a dainty cover and placed with the world's classics." Four years later the Lantern Press of New York made the wish come true by publishing the tale with others in a beautiful little book bearing its title. The following year they published another collection of Mr. Owen's work entitled "The Purple Sea". Both slim volumes were decorated with gay, entrancing covers which matched their contents; today they are collector's items.

THE ART of Frank Owen is clear cut and simply defined; he threads his words like beads on a necklace and places them before you to fascinate and charm. His obsession with colour and the timbre of words is reflected in the titles of his stories: "The Yellow Pool", "Pale Pink Porcelain", "The Tinkle of a Camel's Bell", "The Month the Almonds Bloom", "Love Letters of a Little House". (It is said of the first-mentioned story that he wrote it to utilise every synonym for "yellow"). Yet lovely descriptive is not his sole asset. Though his tales possess the craftsmanship of a delicate Ming vase, most have plots that are novel, powerful, and swift moving. The menacing shadow of Dr. Shen Fu, a character who dominates several of his stories, is not to be dimmed - ed lightly; and his women, typified by such as Kutani or Della Wu, have all the maddening intoxication of their sex.

ONLY A DEVOTEE of Frank Owen can experience to the full the final paradox. For, the China of his exotic imagination



never existed. It never could exist, save in the minds of sensitive souls. It belongs to those place of enchantment that abide in books; the Camelot of Arthurian legendry, the Pegana of Dunsany's imagination. Although many of its aspects are faithful reproductions, the China of Frank Owen - a land he has never visited - remains a mirage. But it is a delightful one to contemplate, and there are many who feel lured by its fragile, beckoning, beauty.

The Works of FRANK OWEN

BOOKS:	The Wind That Tramps The World	Lantern Press 1929 118pp.
	The Purple Sea	Lantern Press 1930 153pp.
	Della Wu, Chinese Courtesan	Lantern Press 1931 313pp.
	Rare Earth	Lantern Press 1931 292pp.
	A Husband For Kutanti	Furman 1938 199pp.
	The Scarlet Hill	Carlyle House 1941 367pp.
	The Porcelain Magician	Gnome Press 1949

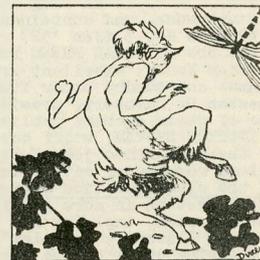
MAGAZINE STORIES:

Black Hill	Weird Tales	Jun. 1925
Black Wall of Wadi, The	Tales of Magic & Mystery	Dec. '27
Blue City, The	Weird Tales	Sep. 1927
China Kid, The	Oriental Stories	Dec. 1931
Death in a Gray Mist	Weird Tales	Sep. 1943
Della Wu, Chinese Courtesan	Oriental Stories	Feb. 1931
Dream Peddler, The	Weird Tales	Jan. 1927
Fan, The	" "	Dec. 1925
Five Merchants who Met in a Tea House	Oriental Stories	Jan. 1934
For Tomorrow We Die	Weird Tales	Jul. 1942
Golden Hour of Kwon Fan, The	Avon Fantasy Reader No. 11	" "
Hunger	Weird Tales	Oct. 1923
Lantern Maker, The	" "	Aug. 1925
Lips of Caya Wu, The	" "	Nov. 1942
Long Still Streets of Evening, The	" "	Sep. 1944
Lure of the Shrivelled Hand, The	Tales of Magic & Mystery	Apr. '28
Mandarin's Bar, The	Weird Tales	Aug. 1937
Man who Amazed Fish, The	" "	May. 1943
Man who Lived Next Door to Himself, The	" "	May. 1924
Man who Owned the World, The	" "	Oct. 1923
Man who Would Not Die, The	" "	Feb. 1936
March of the Trees, The	" "	Mar. 1942
Old Gentleman and the Scarlet Umbrella, The	" "	Jan. 1951
One Man God	Avon Fantasy Reader No. 17	" "
On Pell Street	Weird Tales	Jul. 1940
On What Mystic Morning	" "	May. 1941
Open Window, The	" "	Jan. 1924
Ox-Cart, The	" "	Dec. 1933
Pale Pink Porcelain	" "	Dec. 1934
Poppy Pearl, The	" "	Feb. 1937
Purple Sea, The	" "	Feb. 1928
Quest of a Noble Tiger	" "	Jan. 1943
Seven Minutes	" "	Oct. 1926
Shadows	" "	Apr. 1924
Silent Trees, The	" "	May. 1926
" "	Avon Fantasy Reader No. 3	" "
Singapore Nights	Oriental Stories	Oct. 1930
Song of the Indian Night	" "	Sum. 1931
Street of Faces, The	Weird Tales	Jul. 1943
Study in Amber, A	Avon Fantasy Reader No. 5	" "
Tinkle of a Camel's Bell, The	Weird Tales	Dec. 1928
Three Pools and the Painted Moon, The	" "	Sep. 1950
Wind that Tramps the World, The	" "	Apr. 1925
Yellow Pool, The	" "	Oct. 1925
" "	Tales of Magic & Mystery	Jan. '28

(Editor's note: Subsequently to the writing and drafting of the above, THE UNICORN was published in Weird Tales, Nov '32).

GENERAL CHUNTERING

I have a letter from Mr. Schilp Haman, who is editor of the FLYING SAUCER News Magazine, the official journal (apparently) of the Associate Civilian Saucer Investigators. He wants to know, first, if I am a Flying Saucer fan, and second, whether I am a Bold, Un-hidebound individual who faces the universe frankly and unafraid. The answer to both his questions is in the negative. I'm not going to be fanatic about a series of phenomena, unexplained, which have been classified as Flying Saucers. And when I look round this 2 x 4 section of the universe that is the scene of mankind's inanities, I am quite willing to admit the view makes me dead scared.



Mr. Haman's letter was a circular, of course, and probably represents good salesmanship. As a serious approach to a much-argued subject, however, it lacks badly an unbiased outlook. It would appear that, so far as the FSNM is concerned, the FS are undisputably spaceships. However, they do intend to give full reports on all "spaceship sightings and other sky-borne objects" (can a "sighting" be a "sky-borne object" ?), and on "meteorites, fireballs, space navigation, and the many other strange things in the skies above us". I promise that I will faithfully report any "spaceship navigation" that passes through the section of sky I habitually watch when in bed at night....

My support, I am informed (together with that, presumably, of all other recipients of the letter) will assure "a growing, flourishing publication that will educate the general public to the realization that there are more things in heaven and earth...", etc.

And so forth. Well, it is monthly, 1.50 for six, or 5.00 for two years. The address: 435 Duboce Avenue, San Francisco, 17, California. I shall probably educate the general public to the tune of a buck and half's worth.

NEWSLETTER 8 carried an advert for OURANOS, another Flying Saucer publication. No.1 is a very neatly produced 14 page 4x5" little item, edited jointly from France and England by Marc Whirouin & Eric Biddle (1513 High Road, LONDON, N.20, England), and again I regret to see that it shows that deplorably biased conviction that the FS are nothing but spaceships. However, it gives news as well as views, and a little pressure by subscribers might bring about a less preconceived editorial attitude. Sub rate is 3/- (50¢) for 6 issues.

Australian S-F Society reached a membership total of 98 at end of June...Atlanta S-F Organisation had a short visit from Arthur C. Clarke, and were duly impressed by his short talk...Arthur certainly covered some territory, and one correspondent reports that the general opinion is that the "Ego" London fans always tack onto his name must be a joke, or a misconception. "quiet and unassuming" was one descriptive term....I wonder what the reaction to our next exported expert will be?...Ian T. Macauley, editor of COSMAG, is tentatively planning a trip to U.K. for next August....and Laurel Hyde from Australia will visit Britain in December (1953)....she has booked her passage, and is now recuperating quietly....ROCKET TO THE MOON -GUE reprinted by Dell at 25¢ under name of Anthony Boucher, now famed more than the H.H.Holmes by-line (but still not his 'real' name?)....the Dutch s-f should hit the stands with its first issue in September....and Ehrlich's THE BIG EYE was reprinted in Holland...Collier's, June 28, had a Bradbury yarn, A SOUND OF THUNDER, timetravel...Bob Silverberg described FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION, new 'slick' sf mag, as "sheer crud"...."the stories make Amazing look like Astounding by comparison"....SPACE No. 2 has the GALAXY cover design...Ziff

-Davis FANTASTIC bi-monthly from third issue, and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, being discontinued with October issue, will be combined with it. This does not mean that material purchased for FA will be used in F, however. Subscribers to FA were given choice of refund or extension of AS subs...a very fair deal....Auslan Convention publish -ed a neat convention programme booklet, mainly greetings from name -fans....Notable in such items however was the SOUTHWESTERCON item... all art work, and containing some very fine work....Nick Solnateff's WOOMERA No. 3 (Jan '52) reached me a short while ago...fine job... in the FUTURIAN PRESS format...reporting on down-under affairs... William Veney; excellent article on Jack Vance's writings...Roy Will -iams; and sundry other items in 60 pages for 1/- or 20¢.....From Chester D. Guthbert, president of the Canadian S-F Association, came one of their current publications...a 52 quarto page FANTASY CLASSIFICATION SYSTEM, stiff covers, very neatly mimeo-ed...in fact, one of the best mimeo jobs I have ever seen. A well-thought-out produc -tion; commencing with a definition of fantasy for the purpose only of the classification system, it then outlines (by comparison with other systems in more general use) the method of construction and cla -ssification, explains how to use it, gives standard methods of com -piling "literary profiles", and finishes up with an extremely com -prehensive index of the system. The work on this has been done by Alastair Cameron, to whom we tilt the hat!the edition is limited to 500 numbered copies, priced at \$1.00 each....a fine invest -ment for the serious collector who has not yet started a classifica -tion system, or who can afford the time to re-organise his exist -ing one....O.F. member Frank Thorpe (116 Randolph Road, Custom House, LONDON, E.16) does some youth club work in London's East End, & wants to obtain film mags for teen-age girls, and kiddies' comics, from America - not the horror stuff, tho - and he asks me to say he will appreciate any offers to swap for such material against British s-f publications. He does not want to be given material! ...I for -got to mention it before, but according to the Chicón's MOON COMM -MISSION I am now the proud owner of the crater STEINWELL...I'd appre -ciate anyone who has been around there recently giving me some de -tails of the site....it looks like being the only place the Slater's s will be able to find room to build a home when they get out of the army...by the by, at long last we have seen ROCKETSHP YL...now we understand what all you folks meant....in SFNL for July Bob Tucker draws the conclusion that the recent spate of "flying saucers", and space travel, articles in popular journals is a governmental method of paving the way for the release of some big news....Mag of F&SF, still one of the best in the field, is now monthly, Aug 15th follow -ed by September...SHASTA, publishing Bester's THE DEMOLISHED MAN, announce it will be completely revised, presumably to fit it for the less enlightened but considerably larger general public.....Erlik England, fan poet, has been drafted...Paul Fairman who edited the first three issues of "if", is now with Z-D; new editor for "if" is not yet announced...Standard Mags have added a fifth title to the TWS/SS string, SPACE STORIES, bi-monthly, regular pulp size, 128 pp and 25¢ a copy...it will have space-opera and science-adventure app -eal....FEM, by the by, now has a month-date-line (with Sept), in -stead of the seasonal (quarterly) one...but it appears to be a quar -terly still....it seems probable that AMAZING STORIES will change to the FANTASTIC small-size format....ROCKET STORIES, second title. of the Lester del Ray edited mags to be announced, is still delayed and will be preceded by SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE, Oct '52 (due out August)...ROCKET should appear early Autumn, tho, and will be foll -owed by an as-yet untitled UNKNOWN type mag....COSMAG/SPD has had troubles, and appeared late July in an 8"x11" format - it has now equalled promag MARVEL in format changes - and although the COSMAG/ part is up to the usual standard, /SPD is confined to one sheet... this is an explanatory sheet for the delays in production. Henry B glosses over in amusing fashion troubles which doubtless hit these folk considerably harder than is apparent, and makes no mention of certain other incidents, unconnected with fandom, which had a consid -erable contributory effect to Henry's recent difficulties..... Mr. K.K. Smith, who publishes ACHRONIC CHRONICLE, mentioned in the H -B, has asked me to point out that this is published and written by himself, and that the ideas and opinions expressed therein are his own, and that anyone who subscribes does so on those terms...inter -esting, I find the A.C., even if I don't always agree with Mr.KKS' opinion, I consider it worth a sub to read what he thinks on things in general...by the way, A.C. is not an s-fanzine....it takes a far wider view...America's Little Monsters and the Batchelor's S-F As -sociation of the World are considering amalgamation, so the 1st Bull

-etin of the BSAW tells me...I keep hearing about the TLMA, but so far I've had no firm information on it, and my one letter to the -er - Head Monster has not been answered....however, the BSAW seems to include such folk as Henry Burwell, Walt Willis, Poul Anderson, & Roy & Deedee Lavender...I'm puzzled how these folk qualify as "Bat -chelors", and wonder what Madeline and Kay have to say? ...O.F. member Pete Pennington sends me a sample of an ASF BRE he has taped down the spine, overlapping the cover about 1/4", with cello tape, and painted with clear varnish...it is an early 1948 issue, and although -h obviously much handled, is in an excellent state of preservationPete says the treatment will renew the glossy finish on most of the mags, and makes the covers much more durable, and suggests that I pass the idea on...so there it is....I've got one other OF mem -ber experimenting with it now, for the mag library that O.F. is now going to start in U.K.....SPACES TIMES is the title of the N-S-F-C fanzine, first issue being a single sheet, but second running to 2 1/2 sheets of easily readable 'spirit' duplicator work....edited by Eric Bentcliffe, and printed by Eric Jones, it is a good item...two imp -ortant omissions...address of editor, and sub rates!PERRY's CHECKLIST delayed, as Don Day is still adding material...in a circ -ular to purchasers he expressed his apologies, but pointed out he wanted it to be both 'complete' and 'correct', and every additional item meant a lot of extra work...we tilt the hat to Don, anyway, as the latest addition is a tie-up of sequels, a life-time job on it's own....August Derleth, who's ARKHAM HOUSE is being combined (we un -derstand) with Pelligrini & Cudahy, is also doing some personal com -bining of his private life with that of a local (Wisc.) young lady ...best wishes, August....Baltimore and Berkeley were the first two towns to announce their intention of bidding for the 1953 Consite... from Fred Goetz, who wrote an article on Wire-Recorders for O.F. a long time back, we learn of TAPE-RESPONDENTS, INTERNATIONAL...a new society formed for folk who exchange "talking letters" by either tape or wire recording methods....if there were space, I'd print all that Fred has to say on the subject, but instead I hope he'll a -rrange to send me some circulars for distribution with this or the next issue...Fred will be interested in any advertising or descrip -tive literature you can send him on the subject of recorders on the market in countries outside the USA, by the way, and his address is 3488 22nd St., SAN FRANCISCO 10, Calif....I'd also like to include in this issue a report of my tour of British fandom, but as you can read in the editorial, the ish has already grown to such a size that I've had to make it a 'double', and a few words on the 'highlights' will be all...down under there seems to have been a spot of dispute over the question of O.F.'s stat -us as an "amateur" (spelled correctly for a change organisation...well, it is a moot point. In general, anyone who charges, or accepts payment, for his services, has lost "am" status...therefore any fan -zine which has a price is no longer "amateur"...but in fact most sports and businesses have their special definitions of the word...and primarily it dep -ends on whether you make a living or a profit from your efforts...professionally, I'm a soldier, and it is from my military activity that I make a living...as for a pro -fit, well, see the editorial in O.F.12....and that applies to all the operators, etc., in O.F. one way or another...certainly we aim to make an overall profit, if we can, - we would be stupid if we om -itted to do so - but that profit is for the general benefit of the members, one way or another...for instance, at the moment we have a scheme afoot to open an 'O.F.' library for the South African fans ...Pearle Appleford and I are working on it...with some ten to fif -teen possible members, that is going to be something that obvious -ly can't support itself....and it is into schemes like that that my profits from other sections go...we don't claim to be completely -altruistic is the term, I think, - but we do resent accusations to the effect we are rapidly becoming multi-millionaires on the proced -eds of our activities. We most certainly ain't! ...we don't boast much of our 'good deeds'...the letters of thanks we get from vari -ous fans are enough...anyway, it is a nasty subject, and we wished we could avoid it...but such attacks need to be refuted before they spread too far...anyone in doubt can drop me a line on any point, &



I'll try to clarify for 'em....Rog Dard wants copies of SHUNA, WHITE QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE, and BRIDES OF THE DEVIL, by the way....British obs....Jim A. Schreiber, 4118 W. 143 St., CLEVELAND, 11, Ohio, asks me to give a little publicity to the EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL RESEARCH ORGANISATION (ETRO)....this organisation is for "people who are mutually interested in phenomena which are unusual in that they cannot be explained by ordinary methods"....and apart from publishing, the amateur magazine ETRON the club has set itself a pretty broad program, including trying to arrange a network on the "ham" radio stations for co-ordination of investigations....dues are three bucks, per year....I quite like this organisation's ideas....but....they print the following in their circular: "After a generous amount of extensive research and speculation, we have come to the conclusion"....and this is the bit that sticks in my gullet...."that....the FS are piloted by intelligent life forms from outer space."....I feel the accent is on "speculation" rather than "research", for although a month has passed since I typed the first paras of G.C., the essential concrete evidence is still lacking....Mr. Schreiber would welcome FS reports from Europe, by the way....I hear from Lee Quinn that he will be visiting Britain this November (arriving on the 3rd I think) and hopes to see something of British Fandom....apart from London he is visiting Manchester, certainly....drop him a line, Dave, and give him the dope....John Gunn's "DIRECTORY" came in for some rude comments, we fear, but with fairness to John we must point out that this was compiled some two and half years ago, and has suffered considerable delays in publication....one of the recent fanzine efforts to reach us is FAN-FARE, edited by Paul Ganley and Bob Brin -ey; 24 mimeo-ed pages of fan-fiction, mostly good, and the mag-sub is six for 75¢....recommended for those who like fan-fiction, verse and oddments....FANTASY TIMES, most regrettably, has been forced - by rising costs - back into the mimeo-ed format; however, I am pleased to say that it has lost nothing by this, in my opinion, and for 10¢ a time it is the most regular and best of the newszines....it gets there first with the most every time.... what more could you demand ?

FANTASTIC WORLDS the semi-prozine previously mentioned, has just reached me; altho so far I've hardly had time to do more than glance thru it, I am impressed...3 articles, 3 stories, and 5 features in 40 pages - well worth the 25¢ a copy which



is being asked....among the articles is the ARKHAM HOUSE STORY....a short item by none other than Walt Willis, The Immortal Gael....the yarns are by Forrie Ackerman, Michael Storm, and Toby Duane....SPACE DIVERSIONS, the fanzine published under the auspices (and presumably the roof-tops) of the Liverpool S-F Society, maintains with the second issue the excellent standard of work shown in the first..the editorial is by the editors, surprisingly enough, and in it they say they will not follow the sterile and overworked fields of "as many wisecracks and devilishly intricate puns and as much sarcastic wit as (the author) can devise"....another hat-tilt to Dave Gardner and Norman Shorrock....I have an idea that at this stage I have "chuntered" enough....if not too much....for this double issue, and so I had best be making my farewells....there are doubtless a number of highly important things I've forgotten....there are always are....but I beg your indulgence....this was written partly in Germany....partly in Wisbech....and a few odd jottings made at various stops....Ostend...Dover....Gillingham....Manchester....Bradford....oh, yes, Bradford....if you ever visit Dell's wholesale place on Leeds Road and are invited down the basement by Max Leviten, beware the man they have installed....I still have scar tissue on my skull !..

...if you find I'm repeating myself in this spot of "chuntering" I must ask you to forgive me....it has been written over a spread of five months....we had a letter from Robert Bloch...I quote... "Just got a phone call yesterday from one Walter Willis who was passing through town en route for Los Angeles; I have no doubt you will have the dubious pleasure of meeting him one of these days. Let me give you a word of warning here: having just returned from the Convention in Chicago, I was forced to spend some time in Willis' company and I found him to be shifty, evasive, and covert in his ways - the man has a British rather than an Irish accent and could well be an impostor of the rankest sort.

"Actually, what happened, I think, is this: Shelby Vick sent money to Willis to come over. Willis, with his fan connections here in America, sent somebody (whom he knew was going to the Convention anyway) a ten-dollar bill as a bribe for impersonating him (Willis). Then the real Willis kept the rest of the dough. The fake Willis is just the sort of guy who would pull a stunt like that for ten bucks: I got the impression that he'd cut your grandmother's throat for another fin.

"Naive, sheltered fans like Lee Hoffman, Shelby Vick and Max Keasler apparently accepted this character as genuine - only we hardened pros could see that the whole thing was a ghastly masquerade.

"No brogue, no clay pipe, no whiskey-breath, nothing; just a fake English accent and a propensity for pinching butts. Cigarette or others.

.... and so the letter continues, to finish with....

"All of which has nothing to do with OPERATION FANTAST - except you might inform everyone of the sorry hoax Willis has perpetrated on American fandom. He is probably sitting at home right now counting his ill-gotten gains and chuckling to Madeline over his imposture. If you have ever tried chuckling over your imposture, you'll see what I mean."end quotes....

U THIS LETTER MUST READ WITH YOUR TONGUE IN YOUR CHEEK, which is the way that Robert Bloch wrote it. Except when his tongue slipped out to lick his thick sensuous lips, whilst a revoltingly sadistic, and senile, smile touched the corners of his mouth. IT IS UTRUQUE - Willis wouldn't do a thing like that. Willis is honest, Willis is trustworthy. I know Willis. I'd trust him with my... er yes, I know Willis.... But I still think he'd not do that - after all, look at all the advantages of going to the States for a week or so....

George F. Clements, 72 East St., COLCHESTER, Essex, England, has just published the first issue of a pretty good fanzine, VOID, and he wants to exchange with other fan-publishers - you can also purchase it at 1/6 for two...he also wants contributors...get out them ole mss, boys....for American fans, with film projectors, Allen Newton passes on word that the MUSEUM OF MODERN FILM ART LIBRARY, at 11 W. 53rd St., NEW YORK, 19, offers many historical films for hire by non-profit specialist groups, in 16mm and 35mm, silent sound and colour; prices ranging from a low of 2.00 a reel to a high of 40.00 for a full programme of 35mm. Among scientific films offered are the Geo Melies directed film (1902) A TRIP TO THE MOON, and the more recent german film METROPOLIS....Jim Schreiber, Coordinator of ETRO, writes us: "Extra-Terrestrial Research Organization is an international organisation of people who are mutually interested in phenomena which are unusual in that they cannot be explained by ordinary means.... etc." The ETRO will publish its conclusions, based on the work and study of members, in ETRON, the club O.O. Membership will cost 3.00 per annum, and the organisation is to be run on non-profit lines. Especially the organisation is wanting to contact people with access to amateur radio stations, to establish a network over which speedy communication (in chasing FS ?) can be established.... pardon my repetition...all in all, they seem to have some darn good ideas, and if you are interested, write Jim Schreiber, 4118 W. 143 St., CLEVELAND, 11, Ohio, U.S.A. ... any interest to you, Mr. Frearson ?...Mrs Vera Douglas, Corner Cottage, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, N. Ireland, running part of the RFL, wants to know if anyone is interested in chains for the new mags, SPACE SP, and IF.... Melbourne is blossoming in the fan-world, Bob McCubbin used the gag of printed circulars in mags sold from local shops, and nineteen folk arrived at a meeting in early October...keep going, folks, you will be rivalling the Sydney group soon, as centre of down-under fandom.....

Birmingham (Eng.) now has a fan group, meeting at St. James, New St. on Wednesday evenings, at 6.30pm...no other info available at present...the JUNIOR FANATICS have had trouble, it appears, and PERI, we learn, perished still-born...but maybe they'll pick up and breath new life into it yet...Matt Elder, after a pretty serious spell in hospital, is back with us again, and maybe we'll get the FFM CHECK-LIST, and a fanzine from the NEULANDS group...the new AVON mag, replacing their previous two, is due this month (October) but noone has reported getting a copy as yet...VORTEX has been shelved, so FANTASY TIMES announces...FANTASTIC ADVENTURES still continues - & I'm told that it will keep right on until all the material purchased for it has been used up...this material is not suitable for use in the other two Ziff-Davis mags...but ask me why! ...the 1953 edition of WONDER STORY ANNUAL will contain the Jack Williamson GATEWAY TO PARADISE, Kuttner's CALL HIM DEMON, and seven other tales...all from Standard's own mags...Vernon McCain has undertaken the colossal task of re-reading (or at least glancing thru) all the sf mags ever published, and re-indexing them in various ways...FERRI PRESS finally released Don Day's INDEX in August; covering all the s-f mags from 1926 to 1950, its 184 pages covering everything except WEIRD TALES, so far as I can see. BRE's were however not included, finally, but British ORIGINAL magazines have been. In three parts, first by Authors, then by Title, and finally a listing of all issue -s of magazines, the INDEX is chock full of essential data required by the collector. The size of magazines, the number of pages, the cover artist, changes of title, and many other notes are included...almost as if to supplement this by prearrangement the Chicagoans produce Vol. 1 No. 3 of the JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION, which is a 195% INDEX of magazines...this lacks however continuation of British publications for the period, although it does include WEIRD TALES...Ed Wood did the hard graft on this one...MEDWAY S-F SOCIETY now have their science fantasy photo-cards on sale...average size 3 x 3 1/2", and in the main very good...they are also offering tablelamp rocket ships...what has happened to the one I ordered, by the by? ...HAVE YOU PURCHASED YOUR FANTASY ART SOCIETY CALENDAR yet? Only, 2/6 or 3/6, and if you have an O.F. account, you can obtain it thru that...due this month from Twaine publishers is THE CONTINENT MAKERS (and other tales of the Viagens), about 80,000 words of it, and in early '53 SHASTA will issue THE TOWER OF ZANID, an original book length Krishna novel, both by L. Sprague de Camp.... I also am informed that Messrs HAMILTON'S are bringing out hard covered s-f items, all original material, in England....quite a few other reprints are scheduled by British publishers, but I have no firm details so can't give you much information....the following members of O.F. have had letters returned, moved, etc...can you help me trace them...? Cpl. H.F. Worthington, RAFC, Pte H.J. Parnell, RAFC, Pte. Coombs...all ex Singapore, and all probably demobbed...E. Fernando, recently of Islington, London; Cpl. Caldicott, up until July in B.T.A., now demobbed...L/Cpl Brian McMahon, Nr. Lockerbie, RAFC, now demobbed? I guess...Glen Wright, Denver, Colo....I have an apology to make...although maybe I've already done so...in the HANDBOOK the fanzine EUSIRANZO is described as photo-offset...the publisher, Edward L. Zimmerman, 146 E. 12th Ave., EUGENE, Oregon, USA, asks me to correct this...they are letter-press; Mr. Zimmerman has himself, handset a good part of each issue....sorry, we stand corrected....another error, in case I've not already mentioned it, was to include Evan H. Appleman as a dealer...we were misinformed on this...Evan disposed of his collection by adverts, but has never been a dealer, in the correct sense....apologies to Evan for the trouble caused to him, and to the folk who wrote to him hopefully, but fruitlessly...and if we made any other mistakes, well, apologies to you too...let us know and I'll correct them...which reminds me that Frank A. Schmid is now operating from 42 Sherwood Avenue, FRANKLIN SQUARE, L.I., N.Y., and not the address shown in the HE...and now for a few personal items to close off...I concluded the end of Oct with very little cash in the kitty, a thing I couldn't understand...but in a short survey of the several accounts I discovered that in the sterling section of the membership over £130 was owing for stuff...pliz try and pay promptly, folks...and please don't let your eyes get a lot bigger than your pockets, which appears to be the trouble in a number of cases...and, by the by, you folk who owe a few bobbs only - to save money on postal orders (which are damned expensive now) I have always a need for stamps, up to 6d denominations, and will be pleased to get them in payment of small debts...that means all you folk who religiously send me 2/6 or 3/- every other day or so...it will save you money, and help me, to be paid in stamps.....KFS.

THE NEW MAGAZINES

by K.F.S.

Several folk have taken me to task because I've not been doing magazine reviews of recent date. I'm sorry, but it is quite simply impossible; just think a bit - there are four mags on the UK market; on the USA market there are at least eight monthly, 11 bi-monthly, 3 quarterly, and one annual, magazines. That is a rough count, I may have overlooked a couple... But that means I should have some thirty or forty magazines to review in O.F., even if I did manage to keep to schedule and get it out quarterly! Just devoted a dozen - just one lot of twelve - words to each mag, I'd fill a page. Each mag really requires about a hundred words at the least.... Sorry.

But I will take a look at the newer and latest additions, for you, and of these I think the very best is the new SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, digest, 35¢, 160pp, edited by Philip St. John, with the new oft-used "Galaxy" format cover. The first issue was out in October, dated November, and it will be bi-monthly. The cover is not connected with any story, so far as I can see, and it is the work of Van Dongen. Novel is THE FIRES OF FOREVER, by Chad Oliver, a very fine work, based on a rather new idea about time - and space. Kornbluth says MAKE MINE MARS, based on the fact that when you finally, irrevocably, cut yourself off from Earth, you stop being an Earthman...and in more ways than just the name...by the by, Mr. Kornbluth's sympathies...and mine...are with the Martians in this yarn.

The other novellette in this issue is by Irbing B. Cox, Jr., & is titled THE 21st GENERATION. A neat twist on the breeding of mon-keys for intelligence...what happens when the monks get more intelligent than the humans? Ross Rocklyne, Wilmar H. Shiras, de Camp Thomas C. Pace, and Roger Dee supply the short stories, while articles by F.M. Turner and Lester del Rey are included.

NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION, edited by 19 year old Peter Hamilton, Jr., is another new mag I can greet with pleasure. 2/-, 120 pp, the first issue dated Autumn '52, and out in early October, it is in a 5 1/2 x 8 1/2" format, much like NEW WORLDS. Cover is by Alan Hunter; that I've said several times, I know; and it depicts a scene from ROBOTS NEVER WEEP, a lengthy tale by E.R. James. If anything, the tale is too long. There is plenty of action in it, but frankly it is not quite up to the standard I'd like to see. It is good - but not too good. Supporting tales are LETTER FROM THE STARS, by A.E. van Vogt, which won't be welcomed by the "fans" who will have already read it - but will be thoroughly enjoyed by anyone who has not; and Peter J. Ridley writes THE ASS'S EARS, a very short yarn, but a very neat one, about what happened to the humanoid culture of Venus...and it would appear what is also going to happen to the human settlers!

Departments in NEB are plenty. Walt Willis writes of fandom. Matt Elder reviews a couple of books, KNOW YOUR AUTHOR covers E. R. James, there is a competition to encourage new talent, reader's letters, and an editorial by Peter Hamilton, Jr.

Now, although I've been a little harsh with Mr. Rayer's story, that is because I like this mag. I hope it will go places. But I'm not going to say sweet nothings if I find something I think could be bettered....

DYNAMIC SCIENCE FICTION, standard pulp size, at 25¢, quarterly, 130pp including adverts, starts a little belatedly, I believe, with the December '52 number. Now, this I view with distaste. And, Mr. Lowndes, if you only edit, and don't manage, that has nothing to do with you. My reasons are that so far I've seen four copies. They all have the same defects...poor printing, maybe the press was getting a bit low on ink when these four came off, but... I doubt it. Cover is by A. Leslie Ross, and is the standard femme-attraction style; little or no connection with the yarn it purports to illo. The fiction is not bad, not bad at all. Lester del Rey kicks off with I AM TOMORROW, in which he presents the problem of going forward in

tima to kill yourself. Having presented the paradox, with plenty of action, he proceeds to solve it quite neatly. It is a double paradox, in fact, for not only is the hero supposed to kill himself when he is dragged forward, but the reason why he has been dragged forward is in order that this elder self may eliminate him....you work it out yourselves, friends.... BLUNDER ENLIGHTENING by Dave Dryfoos, is also quite pleasing. "X" FOR EXPENDABLE by William C. Bailey is not so. Just crooks and cops in a spaceship setting. H.B.Fyfe has told, in KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, a short yarn with a moral. Worth thinking of when we start space exploration.... Four shorts, by Alfred Coppel, Ken Crossen (quite good this, albeit a 'cop' yarn), Charles Dye, and Milton Lesser. An article by Poul Anderson, THE EINSTEIN ROCKET, is well worth reading; departments for reader's letters, book reviews, and the "poll" on stories complete the issue.

FANTASTIC, the new Ziff-Davis mag, has deteriorated from its fairly good first issue, in my opinion. The FALL '52 issue was filled, with one possible exception, with stories on a "sex" base. One in an issue wouldn't be so bad, but this one was chockfull. Mostly excellent writing, and okay in small doses...but.... But with the Nov/Dec '52 issue we really get the standard.... Editor Miss Schaffer appears to be very proud of the fact that "Mickey Spillane" has written a "science fiction" novel. One gathers that Mr. Spillane is well known in the States. They can keep him. This is strictly out of "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" by "Lady Don't Turn Over". People being killed all over the place, usually by several shots in the stomach; a woman or two has her clothes torn off; the hero gets "beat up", and beats up a few other folk. Sadistical, sexy, and sour. The "science-fiction" trimmings have been "hung on", and for all they matter, the story could have been plotted around a gold mine, a horse track, or a stolen London bus. It wouldn't make any difference. I've not yet read the rest of it. I'm waiting for my stomach to settle.

IF, worlds of Science Fiction, now edited by James L. Quinn, on the other hand, is improving. The editorial of the November issue, still signed by "PFW", is quite good, the stories are mainly excellent - at least, I think so. THE IMAGE AND THE LIKENESS by John Scott Campbell tells of a gigantic human mutant, resulting from the horror of Hiroshima, trained as a "Buddha". Admitting the fallacy immediately involved, that this being could not stand up under his own weight, one can read this yarn and enjoy it. A neat short by Richard Matheson, BROTHER TO THE MACHINE, has a twist in it's end which is very effective, all the more so if the reader, as I did, equates him -self with the hero - something which Mr. Matheson's writing makes it very easy to do. THE RUNNING HOUNDS, by John W. Jakes, is on a familiar plot, the revolt against science, but makes good reading even so. YOU TO CAN BE A MILLIONAIRE by Noel Loomis is not only very good - it is also humorous, if you can appreciate the finer points of it. It is insurance carried to the extreme.... LET THERE BE LIGHT, a yarn by H.B.Fyfe, is rather disappointing in outcome, but logical. I can't complain, but I didn't really enjoy it. Finally, there is M.C. Pease with GENERALS HELP THEMSELVES, which shows there are two types of strong man. Whilst the man who can hit, can also think, there is a chance of winning - even after it looks like you have lost.

Okay, folks, that is five mags I've covered. A few notes on the others... STARTLING, Feb '53, will appear with even edgier, but will otherwise be the same. FSM Sep, now with the circle inset front cover pic, featured A MILLION YEARS TO CONQUER, a Kuttar yarn from SS Nov. '40, and the Nov issue has THE GODS HATE KANSAS, Joseph T. Millard, SS, Nov. '41. TWO COMPS-A BOOKS No. 7, prints BEYOND THIS HORIZON, under the Anson McDonald penname of Heinlein's, with an original yarn by Al -Fred Coppel, THE MAGELLANICS. F&SF Nov has the first of the promised booklength items, BRING THE JUBILEE, by Ward Moore, based on what might now have been the state of the world if the South had won that Civil War in the Americas. ASP, graced with a cover by Charles Schnee -man, has part two of Isaac Asimov's latest serial, THE CURRENTS OF SPACE, scene in Asimov's own Galatic History in a period while the empire on Tranto is still growing. LAST BLAST by Eric Frank Russell, the lead novelette, is recommended, as is PAX GALATICA by Ralph Williams. GSF Nov has another Asimov yarn, THE MARTIAN WAY, which takes place a little after Mars has been colonised, and is a nice little item on political skullduggery, and how it can backfire. Other material up to standard, and cover by Jack Coggins showing an Earth Satellite is just what Arthur C. Clarke would like. By the way, no connection here, but rumour has it Arthur is moving to the States....KFS.

Lovecraft's Amateur Press Works.

by George T. Wetzel

The following bibliography was compiled from the R.E. Barlow bequest of amateur journals belonging to Lovecraft (in accordance with Lovecraft's will), to the Fossil Library of Amateur Journalism, Benjamin Franklin Memorial Library, Philadelphia, in the summer of 1946 by myself unassisted by anyone whatsoever. Oswald Train and Robert Madis of that same city can validate the above. In fact there was one part of my biblio left and consequently lost at Mr. Train's home during the same time.

I should like to state here that the Lovecraft poems "The House" and "Sir Thomas Tryout's Lament for the Vanished Spider", printed in the Arkham House "Something About Cats" (1949), and which are contained in the present biblio were rescued from oblivion by myself, though there appears no such credit in the above-named volume published by

Mr. Derleth. For my time money and labors for forwarding the above poems to Mr. Derleth, I received nothing more than a free copy of the above-named book. I might also mention in this respect that I located on my own also the article "Obi in the Caribbean" which was printed in "West India Lights" of Mr. Whitehead (Arkham House, 1946) for which I again received no credit here but only a free copy of said book from Mr. Derleth

Work authored under a pseudonym is indicated before title of the opus in question by the code: "(psed)".

Pseudonyms used by Lovecraft in some of the following work are: Lewis Theobald, Jr., H. Littlewit, Lawrence Appleton, H. Paget-Towe, etc.

There are possibly other alias he used as attested by Mr. Barlow. This list therefore is incomplete

1	THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER	Poem	The Conservative	4-1 July	1918
2	THE DESPISED PASTORAL	Essay	" " " "	" " "	"
3	TIME AND SPACE	"	" " " "	" " "	"
4	MERLINUS REVIVIS	"	" " " "	" " "	"
5	(psed) GRACE	Poem	" " " "	" " "	"
6	EARTH AND SKY	"	Pine Cones	1-1 Dec.	"
7	A WINTER WISH	"	Tryout	4-2 Feb.	"
8	APRIL	"	"	4-3 March	"
9	AD BRITANNOS 1918	"	"	4-4 April	"
10	A JUNE AFTERNOON	"	"	4-6 June	"
11	TO ALAN SEEGER	"	"	4-7 July	"
12	SONNET ON MYSELF	"	"	" " "	"
13	THE LINK	"	"	" " "	"
14	AUGUST	"	"	4-8 Aug.	"
15	(psed) DOMON AND DELIA A PASTORAL	"	"	" " "	"
16	(psed) THE EIDLON	Poem	Tryout	4-10 Oct.	1918
17	OLD CHRISTMAS	"	"	4-12 Dec.	"
18	THE SIMPLE SPELLING MANIAC	Essay	United Co-operative	1-1	"
19	AMBITION	Poem	" " " "	" " "	"
20	NEMESIS	"	Vagrant	7 June	"
21	THE BEAST IN THE CAVE	Story	"	" " "	"
22	THE POE-ET'S NIGHTMARE	Poem	"	8 July	"
23	VER RUSTICUM	"	The Voice From the Mountain	" " "	"
24	(psed) (untitled poem)	Tryout	"	6-1 Jan.	1920
25	(psed) SIR THOMAS TRYOUT'S LAMENT FOR THE VANISHED SPIDER	Poem	Tryout	6-1 Jan.	1920
26	LOOKING BACKWARD (essay in 5 parts)	Essay	Tryout	6-2 Feb. to 6-6 June '20	"

27	CINDY: SCRUB-LADY IN A STATE STREET SKYSCRAPER	Poem	Tryout	6-6 June	1920
28	COMMENT	"	"	6-7 July	"
29	(psed) THE POET'S RASH EXCUSE	"	"	"	"
30	(psed) ON RELIGION	Poem	Tryout	6-8 Aug.	1920
31	(psed) ON A GRECIAN COLONNADE IN A PARK	"	"	6-9 Sep.	"
32	(psed) THE DREAM	Poem	Tryout	6-9 Sep.	1920
33	(psed) OCTOBER	"	"	6-10 Oct.	"
34	THE CATS OF ULTHAR	Story	"	6-11 Nov.	"
35	(psed) CHRISTMAS	Poem	"	"	"
36	(psed) (untitled poem)	"	"	6-12 Dec.	"
37	THE OMNIPREST PHILISTINE	Essay	The Oracle	4-7 Feb.	"
38	LIFE FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE	"	American Amateur	2-1 Sep.	"
39	EX POET'S REPLY	Poem	Spegephi	July	"
	(Also contains some Lovecraft biography material of doubtful value by other contributors)				
40	POLARIS	Story	The Philosopher	1-1 Dec.	1920
41	THE HOUSE	Poem	"	"	"
42	THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER	Story	Vagrant	13 May	"
43	TO A DREAMER	Poem	The Coyote	16 Jan.	1921
44	NIETSCHEISM AND REALISM	Essay	Rainbow	1-1 Oct.	"
	(Preface states this essay taken from a Lovecraft letter. There are also two unknown pictures of Lovecraft and Sonia Green, not since reprinted)				
45	THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN	Story	Tryout	7-4 July	1921
46	THE TREE	"	"	7-7 Oct.	"
47	(Psed) SIR THOMAS TRYOUT	Poem	"	7-9 Dec.	"
48	(psed) TO MR. GALPIN	"	"	"	"
49	LINES FOR POET'S NIGHT	"	Pegasus	Feb.	1924
50	TO MR. HOAG	"	"	July	"
51	(psed) SOLSTICE	Tryout	"	9-11 Jan.	1925
52	(psed) IN THE VAULT	Story	"	9-12 Feb.	"
	(There's a prefatory dedication by Lovecraft to Mr. C.W. Smith who suggested the actual situation of the story)				
53	MY FAVORITE CHARACTER	Poem	The Brooklynite	16-1 Jan.	1926
54	TO JONATHAN HOAG	"	"	16-2 Feb.	"
55	OCTOBER	"	Tryout	10-7 Jan.	"
56	THE RUTTED ROAD	"	"	10-8 March	"
57	THE RETURN	"	"	11-1 Dec.	"

Lovecraft's Professionally Published Works.

compiled by Arthur F. Hillman, K. F. S. and W. Peter Campbell

AGATHOTH	Poem	Weird Tales	Jan.	1931
ALIENATION	"	"	Apr-May	"
THE ANCIENT TRACK	"	"	March	1930
ANTARKTOS	"	"	Nov.	"
ARTHUR JERMYN	Short	"	May	1935
(previously titled THE WHITE APE)				
AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS	3-part serial	Astounding Stories	Feb., March & Apr.	1936
THE BELLS	Poem	Weird Tales	Dec.	1930
BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP	Short	"	March	1938
THE CALL OF CTHULHU	N'ette	"	Feb.	1928
THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD (abridged)	2-part serial	"	May & July	1941
THE CATS OF ULTHAR	Short	Weird Tales	Feb.	1926
"	"	"	"	1933

CELEPHAIS	Short	Marvel Tales	May	1934
"	"	Weird Tales	Jun-July	'39
THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE	N'ette	Amazing	Sep.	1927
"	"	F. F. M.	Oct.	1941
COOL AIR	Short	Weird Tales	Sep.	1939
THE COURTYARD	Poem	"	"	1930
DAGON	Short	"	Oct.	1923
"	"	"	Jan.	1936
THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARVATH	"	Marvel Tales	Spring	1935
"	"	Weird Tales	June	1938
THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH	4-part serial	Arkham Sampler	Win, Spr, Sum & Autumn	48
(at the time of his death HPL had not given this novel final revision; had he lived he would probably have made alterations before publishing it.)				
THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH-HOUSE	N'ette	Weird Tales	July	1933
THE DUNWICH HORROR	"	"	April	1929
THE ELDER PHAROS	Poem	"	Feb-Mar	1931
THE FESTIVAL	Short	"	Jan.	1925
"	"	"	Oct.	1933
FROM BEYOND	"	"	Feb.	1938
Group of Letters by H. P. L.	ten letters	Arkham Sampler	Spring	1948
THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK	N'ette	Weird Tales	Dec.	1936
HE	Short	"	Sep.	1926
HERBERT WEST: REANIMATOR	Part 1	"	March	1942
(Serial, but each part makes a separate tale)	" 2	"	July	"
"	" 3	"	Sep.	"
"	" 4	"	Nov.	"
"	" 5	"	Sep.	1943
HESPERIA	Poem	"	Oct.	1930
HISTORY & CHRONOLOGY OF THE MECRONOMIGON (by HPL & Derleth)	Article	Arkham Sampler	Winter	1948
THE HORROR AT RED HOOK	N'ette	Weird Tales	Jan.	1927
THE HOUND	Short	"	Feb.	1924
"	"	"	Sep.	1929
HYPNOS	"	"	May	1924
"	"	"	Nov.	1937
IN THE TOMB OF THE PHARAOHS	"	"	May-July	'24
"	"	"	July	1939
IN THE VAULT	"	"	April	1932
IN THE WALLS OF ERYX (by HPL and Ken Sterling)	N'ette	"	Oct.	1939
Letter to E. Hoffman Price	Letter	Arkham Sampler	Summer	1948
THE LURKING FEAR	N'ette	Weird Tales	June	1928
MIRAGE	Poem	"	Feb-Mar	1931
THE MOON BOG	Short	"	June	1926
THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN	"	"	May	1925
"	"	"	Nov.	1934
NEMISIS	"	"	April	1924
NYARLATHOTEP	Poem	"	Jan.	1931
THE OTHER GODS	Short	"	Oct.	1938
THE OUTSIDER	"	"	April	1926
"	"	"	June	1931
"	"	F. F. M.	"	1950
PICKMAN'S MODEL	"	Weird Tales	Oct.	1927
"	"	"	Nov.	1936
"	"	F. F. M.	Dec.	1951
THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE	"	Weird Tales	Jan.	1924
POLARIS	"	"	Dec.	1937
THE QUEST OF IRANON	"	"	March	1939
THE RATS IN THE WALLS	"	"	"	1924
"	"	"	June	1930
RECAPTURE	Poem	"	May	"
"	"	"	Jan.	1946
THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME	Novel	Astounding Stories	June	1936
THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH	N'ette	Weird Tales	Jan.	1942
THE SHUNNED HOUSE	Short	"	Oct.	1937

BOOK REVIEWS

The SILVER KEY	Short	Weird Tales	Jan.	1929
"	"	Avon Fantasy	No. 3	"
STAR-WINDS	Poem	Weird Tales	Sep.	1930
The STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER	Short	"	Feb.	1925
"	"	"	Aug.	1937
"	"	Avon Fantasy	No. 10	"
The STRANGE HIGH HOUSE IN THE MIST	"	Weird Tales	Oct.	1931
The TEMPLE	"	"	Sep.	1925
"	"	"	Feb.	1936
"	"	Avon Fantasy	No. 9	"
The TERRIBLE OLD MAN	"	Weird Tales	Aug.	1926
The THING ON THE DOORSTEP	N'ette	"	Jan.	1937
THROUGH THE GATES OF THE SILVER KEY	"	"	July	1934
"	"	Avon Fantasy	No. 17	"
(by HPL and E. Hoffman Price)				
TO A DREAMER	Poem	Weird Tales	Nov.	1924
The TOMB	Short	"	Jan.	1926
The TREE	"	"	Aug.	1938
The UNNAMABLE	"	"	July	1925
The WHISPERER IN DARKNESS	N'ette	"	Aug.	1931
The WHITE APE	Short	"	April	1924
"	"	"	May	1935
(1935 edition retitled ARTHUR JERMYN)				
The WHITE SHIP	Short	Weird Tales	March	1937
The WICKED CLERGYMAN	"	"	April	1939
YULE HORROR	Poem	"	Dec.	1926

STORIES REVISED BY LOVECRAFT, containing a greater or lesser amount of his work:

The CURSE OF YIG by Zealia Brown Bishop (Reed)	Weird Tales	Nov.	1929
"	"	April	1937
MEDUSA'S COIL	"	Jan.	1939
The MOUND	"	Nov.	1940
The ELECTRIC EXECUTIONER by Adolphe de Castro	"	Aug.	1930
The LAST TEST	"	Nov.	1928
The HORROR IN THE BURYING GROUND by Hazel Heald	"	May	1937
The HORROR IN THE MUSEUM	"	July	1933
OUT OF THE EONS	"	April	1935
The WINGED DEATH	"	March	1934
The DIARY OF ALONZO TYPER by William Lumley	"	Feb.	1938

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Some of the magazine issues listed above are old and rare, and pretty expensive even when you can get them, but most of the fiction is available in anthologies. Lack of space forbids listing these here, but full details can be supplied by the C.F. RESEARCH BUREAU (see the HANDBOOK). Also many Lovecraft titles are available from the LIBRARY.

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ADDENDA to the above bibliographies:

BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP	Short	Fantasy Fan	Oct.	1934
The CHALLENGE FROM BEYOND	"	Fantasy Mag.	Sep.	1935
(a joint production of HPL, C.L. Moore, Howard, Merritt & Long.)				
COOL AIR	Short	Tales of Magic & Mystery	March	1928
FROM BEYOND	Short	Fantasy Fan	June	1934
HERBERT WEST: REANIMATOR	Part 6	Home Brew	?	1922
The LURKING FEAR	N'ette	"	Jan-Apr.	'23
The NAMELESS CITY	Short	Fanciful Tales, Transatlantic (date unknown)	Fall	1936
"	"	"	"	"
POLARIS	Short	Fantasy Fan	Feb.	1934
The QUEST OF IRANON	"	The Galleon	Jul-Aug.	'35
The NAMELESS CITY	"	Weird Tales	Nov.	1939

NO PLACE LIKE EARTH, a science fiction anthology edited by JOHN CARNELL (Boardman, London, 10/6) 255pp.

The introduction to this anthology is by Arthur C. Clarke, well-known to both "fandom" and the more serious technical folks, for both his fiction, and his factual, publications. The anthology contains one his "combination" fact-fiction yarns, BREAKING STRAIN, of which more anon. The Foreword is by John Carnell, the editor of both this book, and the popular NOVA magazines. In a page and a half John depreciates the very hard task the selection of these ten stories must have set, and at the same time indicates the two important factors about this anthology. First, that it is an ALL-BRITISH anthology (although several of the tales first saw publication in American magazines); second, that it has no "theme" unless it be the theme of "human endeavour".

First place in the book goes, rightly I think, to John Beynon's NO PLACE LIKE EARTH, which incorporates the shorter yarn TIME TO REST. These two tales have been printed both in the USA, and in UK. I recall with a smile the title Avon Publications selected for NO PLACE LIKE EARTH... they named it TYRANT AND SLAVE-GIRL ON VENUS. A less appropriate title it would be hard to find. There certainly is some slavery on Venus, in the second story, but it is hardly the subject of the tale; rather it depicts the inter-nal conflict of a man, cut off from an Earth now destroyed, and the claims of the opposing cultures of Venus (where mankind is brutally rebuilding his pervert "civilisation") and Mars, where man can absorb, and be absorbed into, the softer and finer culture of the remaining Martians.

Space hopping thru the book to the final story, there is Ian Williamson's CHEMICAL PLANT. The name is a pun; the story is a biological one, and it astutely combines a smack at the hidebound military mind with the rather old theme of intelligent plant-life; the combination making a refreshingly neat tale. In between these two are three stories dealing with robots, of various kinds - Peter Phillips' UNKNOWN QUANTITY, in which the question of a robot's soul is considered, with plenty of emotional appeal; Jack W. Groves is represented with ROBOTS DON'T BLEED, a story touching on robots, and the question of how glad you may later be when you see again the woman who jilted you. This story belongs on that undefinable fringe of what I call "conversion" stories - those which will have a definite appeal to the non-stf-fan. The last of the 'robot' yarns concerned a 'brain', really, which takes the lead-ing role in MACHINE MADE, by J.T. M'Intosh. The name is a pun, once again. I can say little about this one, except that it delighted me when I first read it, and I find that it has lost none of its charm now.

Space stories, but not space-opera, are Arthur C. Clarke's BREAKING STRAIN, and John Wyndham's SURVIVAL. Both have a rather stark and horrific touch, the former dealing with two men in a space vessel, having twenty day's air left, and thirty days travel; the latter propounds a similar problem, based on food supplies, a woman being involved - and showing considerable tenacity of purpose. Both are treated with harsh realism, and whilst the ending of Mr. Clarke's story will awake no qualms, that of Mr. Wyndham - well, a smudder is the least it should produce.

BALANCE, by John Christopher, depicts the world of the future, the world run by big corporate bodies, and Boards of Control of this and that. A rather tragic story, perhaps, but a very readable one. William F. Temple tells of three people left after the Earth's destruction, to recommence mankind on arid Mars. The conflict between the artistic and the materialistic, in the persons of the two male characters is well developed from both sides, and it is left to the reader to decide which has really won, in this battle of THE TWO SHADOWS. Finally, not last in the book, nor I think last in appeal, but last in this review, we have CASTAWAY, by George Whitley, a neat time puzzler with its tail in its mouth.

I recommend this book as a fine and representative selection of BRITISH science fiction.

"FOUR FROM FIVE..."

SONS OF THE OCEAN DEEPS by Bryce Walton, 216pp.
MISTS OF THE DAWN by Chad Oliver, 206pp.
ROCKET JOCKEY by Philip St. John, 207pp.
VAULT OF THE AGES by Poul Anderson, 210pp.

These are four from the second set of five titles to be released by the JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY. Priced at 2.00 each, page size 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", well bound in cloth, they are good value. The endpapers are the same in each, and with the dust jackets of MISTS OF THE DAWN, and ROCKET JOCKEY, have been designed by Alex Schomberg; dust jackets for the other two are by Paul Orban.

Science-fiction from Winston's means science-fiction which will not be frowned upon by the parents of the juvenile readers for whom these books are intended. This publisher has a long and steady reputation in the USA for producing books for the juvenile and the teenager, a task that any publisher with experience will assure you is no easy matter - for it has to pass the critical eye of many people apart from the reader. Education authorities - both the real ones, & those nosy people who make anything their business; librarians, and parents; to name a few. I tilt the hat to editors Cecile Matschat & and Carl Garner, for it appears that these books will not only succeed in this - but they will also make good reading for the adult sci-fi addict!

Each book has an introductory preface by the author, setting the scene for the tale to follow. Couched in simple language, I found them all excellent. Especially recommended is Chad Oliver's 10 page essay on extrapolation and anthropology - a fine opening. Need less to say, Chad's story has to do with man, early man, and his rather-too-simple space-time vehicle is excusable on the grounds that it is just that - a "vehicle" by means of which Mr. Oliver conveys us to the scene of his story proper. Perhaps his Cro-Magnons do appear closely linked with the North American Indians, but he has already - in his introduction - made both his excuses and given his reasons.

From a journey into the past to a short sojourn in the future, carried there on the realistic pen of Poul Anderson. Not the Anderson of the blood-bespattered starways, this one. A strictly down to earth Anderson, visualising the remnants of war-shattered civilization 500 years after Atomageddon. A near-barbaric culture, a warrior federation of tribes, the Lanns, driven from their northern territories by the increasing cold, invade the fertile lands of the Dalemen. In the normal course of events the discovery of a Time Vault by Carl, son of the Dalemen's chief, might be expected to lead to a sudden upsurge of technology among his people, with the consequent defeat of the Lanns. Or such is the usual development of yarns of this nature. But Poul Anderson takes a far more realistic view in this "juvenile" tale, and shows that book-knowledge, even with a City witch-man to interpret it, doesn't give the necessary skills or knowledge to put to use. Therefore the defeat of the Lann is a matter of stiff fighting. Very satisfying to the action-hungry teenager...and for that matter, also to me! I have never quite fallen in line with these supermen who trip over a pile of old books, and proceed to construct machine guns, railways, and airplanes in the time required to conquer their enemies. Usually a matter of a few short days, or weeks at the most. Good show, Poul.

Bryce Walton starts his young hero on the way to spaceflight; he promptly flops out in the first chapter, which very logically takes him into the alternative service of the "underseas men". Still an officer-cadet, young Jon falls foul of a civilian apprentice, a man who is a psychiatric case, so strong is his love of the "deeps", and his hatred of the military, who he blames for his father's death. In Jon, who makes obvious his antipathy for the "service", Sprague has a target for his deep-seated hatreds. But all works out well in the end, in the midst of a world of water, filled with wonders which are not entirely imaginary and are very logical. Plenty of action here, too, and a little more interplay of personal relationships than is to be found in the two previous tales.

44

Finally, the title of Philip St. John's novel gives away the subject he has chosen. ROCKET JOCKEY is apt. Young Jerry Blaine is to act as one of the crew of his brother's rocket on the "classic". This is the "round-the-system" race held once every ten years, and of course competition is pretty high. So are feelings...between Earth and Mars. Jerry's brother is injured, and he cannot race. Jerry therefore has to step in as captain-pilot. Faced with a terrific job he has a splendid go at doing it, even in the face of Martian dirty work. Some of this latter may appear a bit naive at first glance - but just consider in the light of some of yesterday's and today's so-called "diplomacy"..... A very fine action story, perhaps a little too juvenile for the adult, but one that is worth reading if you do not mind the lavish way Mr. St. John has spread pitfalls in his hero's path, and the superhuman way said hero overcomes them.

Four pretty good books. Well worth buying for your teenage son, or nephew....let him wait while you read them....

But four from five....

"... LEAVES TWO"

That one is Arthur C. Clarke's ISLANDS IN THE SKY, and the reason it has been separated from John C. Winston Company's other four is because Messrs SIDGEWICK AND JACKSON of England also have an interest in the work. Their edition was published on September 29th, & fourteen days after the USA edition.

The details: JOHN C. WINSTON CO. 209pp, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2", jacket by Alex Schomberg, depicting the completed space station. Short Introduction by Arthur C. Clarke. Price 2.00

SIDGEWICK & JACKSON Ltd. 190pp, 4 1/2 x 7 1/2", jacket in black & white, reproduced elsewhere, is by R.A. Smith, taken from THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE. Five full page interior illustrations by Gerard Quinn, no introduction. Price 8/6.

The story: well, there is no story, in the accepted sense of the word. No villains, no battles, no blood. No complicated plot, no "lurv" interest. No.... but maybe I better say there is!

There is an exciting blueprint of tomorrow, wrapped in a fictional envelope. This blueprint is outlined to us through the eyes of young Roy, the lucky lad who wins a TV quiz entitling him to a holiday "to any part of the Earth". When he claims a trip to the INNER STATION the company try to back out; but after a little legal angle work Roy gets his trip.

I say there is no story in the accepted sense. True, there is not, but there are countless minor "short" stories woven into Arthur's sugar-coated pill. The trip to the Station is a yarn in itself, albeit a quiet one. Then there is the incident of the "pirates" who turn out to be law-abiding although secretive citizens. The interlude when the movie-moguls come out to make a picture in "real space".

And there are thrills and excitement; as when it becomes necessary to rush someone to the space-hospital, and the only vessel that is available is an aged hulk long used by the apprentices of the Station as a "clubroom". Then, when on the return journey the vessel, owing to a miscalculation, goes drifting out past the moon, the tension is definitely pronounced. There are many more of these small "gems" of stories, for Mr. Clarke has woven into this book the material for a lifetime of short-story writing.

Disgustedly, I'm sure Mr. Clarke is educating the younger generation for space. That is why I called the book a "sugar coated pill" - I don't know if the pill will have any effect on me, but I certainly enjoyed the sugar!

.....KFS

MICE AND MACHINES: H.J. Campbell, ASPM No. 22, 1/6,
THE SINGING SPHERES: Jon J. Deegan, ASPM No. 23, 1/6
MARTIANS IN A FROZEN WORLD: Rick Conroy, ASPM No. 26, 1/6.

Despite the opinions expressed in letters in ASPM No. 26, it is my opinion that MICE AND MACHINES is one of the most adult tales so far printed by ASPM. Perhaps it lacks something in depth of characterisation, but this is made up by the complexity of the plot. Women, in the limited scene occupied by the people in this tale, rule what has become a sterile civilisation. Scientific experiments are forb-

-idden, machinery in use may not be improved, and in fact, is rather frowned upon, anyway. A small body of men are permitted to conduct a rather futile "game", indulging their hobby - the study of science.

Needless to say, this party forms the surface cover for an underground movement - and they manage to construct a matter transmitter which really upsets the feminine appreciat. Quite simple on the surface, but interwoven into the yarn are a number of plots and counterplots, which make it a pretty good yarn.

THE SINGING SPHERES, however, is another kettle of fish. Tubby, Hartnell, and the old gentleman who "tells" these Old Growler yarns, land on a strange planet (as usual); there they discover a strange - honest they do - life form. Once more they are accidentally instrumental in bringing chaos and revolt to the beings they visit. Now, I do quite like the style in which Jon J. Deegan writes. But also I am getting a little tired of this plot. Maybe he could vary it, just a little more? By the by, for those yielding to the charm of these tales - and they do have a charm - I must tell you that the latest, a yarn called UNDERWORLD OF ZELLO, has been published in the PANTHER & not the Authentic, series of Messrs Hamiltons' publications.

Rick Conroy MARTIANS are giant ladies (no males) who land on the Antarctic icecap to mine lead (I think), and dash around in very attractive next-to-nothings, and carry ordinary human explorers under their arms. They are accompanied on the trip by some elephant-octopuses, who revolt, and capture the entire food supply (one small packing case) of the mining colony. Yes, these giant people, and the giant octopi, live on food-pills. I'd love to have my esteemed friend Bert Campbell explain away how these shemales can even stand up under Terran gravity; and how they manage to get enough "bulk" out of their pills to maintain their gigantic stature. However, overlooking these points, there is a pretty fair action tale here, and I certainly admired the way Mr. Conroy avoided the all-too-easy happy ending, and brought the tale to a fighting finish.KFS.

PERSONAL BOOKPLATES

In the last issue of O.F. we announced details of a scheme whereunder O.F. members could get designs for personal bookplates at 17/6 (2.50) a time, drawn for them by Gerard Quinn. Now, on production costs we can give the following figures. A printing-block will cost approximately 30/-, and for one colour, gummed-back prints, the costs would be: 1,000 - 28/-; 500 - 20/-; and 100 for 12/-; not including the block. The advantage of a block, of course, is that once you've got it made, you can always obtain extra prints. We would suggest that for any of this work, you contact the printers of this magazine direct; Messrs GANSPFIELD BROS. (Maps) Ltd., Planet Works, East Parade, BRADFORD, Yorks.

Photolith comes cheaper, but requires a certain amount of co-operation. In sets of six plates it would be possible to have them available at a cost of 40/- a thousand for each of plates, maximum, and possibly for as low as 30/-. Lesser quantities however do not reduce the cost sufficiently to make it economic.

One member has made the suggestion that we do sets of plates, without names, which will not be PERSONAL, but which could be sold in 100's, thus keeping the price within ordinary pocket range. Allowing for incidental expenses, and payment to the artists, we reckon this would be possible - say 5/- for 100, assorted. So we propose as follows: 1) Anyone who would be interested in purchasing such plates tells us. 2) Artists submit to us "first copies" of plate designs. 3) These will be made in a folder, and circulated to the people who have answered in (1), and they will state which designs they would like, and the quantity. We will summarise the results, work out the costs, notify the purchasers, and when the money comes in, put the job in hand. Sorry it has to be that way, but we already have too much hard cash committed in various schemes to find it anyplace but in YOUR pockets.

First move now is up to the artists - let us have your designs; you stand a chance of getting paid for 'em - 17/6 for any design used! Second move is from the folk who want 'em... let us hear from you, also, or else we won't know who to pass the folder round!



THE CHANGELING

MARTY PEEVES stood in the fog, knowing that it would happen tonight. If only there was a way to avert it - but there was none. He had absolutely no control over the coming events. Soon, the moon would rise and the nightmare would start again. Was there no escape?

Doctor Rudick had promised a solution soon. Actually, today had been the day. But things had somehow gone wrong, and the great day was postponed until tomorrow. Tomorrow was an eternity away, for Peeves knew what would happen that night, when the moon journey through the sky.

For Marty Peeves was one of those tragic figures who was half-human, half-animal. Day, he was an attractive young man. Night, he was transformed to an animal.

THE DOCTOR knocked on Peeves' door. There was no answer. Again, he knocked. Peeves' story had been incredible - yet, Rudick found himself half believing it. Therefore, his horror at there being no answer was understandable. It was doubtful that Peeves was now in human form. So, the honorable doctor collected a small group of bobbies, explained the situation, and set out with the baffled guardians of the law after him.

"He told me of this one enemy of his. I would imagine that these changelings would go after a person they disliked the most." The doctor pointed to a small cottage.

Slowly, courageously, the bobbies started toward the cottage. The doctor, in the meantime, took out a bottle of clear fluid. "Perfect at last. Wonder if it wouldn't work better, if it was administered while he is still in animal form".

Then, a minute later, "Peculiar, he didn't tell me what animal he turned into, these nights."

MEANWHILE, the bobbies had been looking around, when they suddenly sensed the presence of the creature. In fact, they sensed it so strongly that they made a hasty exit.

"There aren't supposed to be any of those in England," exclaimed one.

"Must be due to American influence," another said.

DOCTOR RUDICK waited, impatiently, to find out the cause of this commotion. Suddenly, the wind changed. The doctor had never met one of these American animals, but he recognised certain characteristics of their victims.

Thus, he decided not to attempt to administer the antidote to this changeling until it once more attained human form. However, he felt rather proud to be the first man to discover this type of changeling - a were-SKUNK!

(Editor's note: I regret that due credit cannot be given the author of this neat little item, for in the recent upheaval the slip attached for the benefit of the printer acme astray, and I frankly am unable to recall which of our many American members it came from - so please, and in fact - pretty please - write and tell me! In shame I bang the head!)

Douglas R. Wager, "Pinecroft", Kings Road, Rodborough, STROUD, Glos., England, has a yen for some old "G and His Air Aces", "DAREDEVIL ACES", "OPERATOR 5", and any air-war mags. He can offer swaps from a 200 plus collection of pbs (USA and UK) to anyone who cares to contact him. Or will purchase for sterling inside UK.

Cover page

"PLANEET"

This is the cover of the first issue of a new Dutch magazine, published in September, and reprinting (from Authentic S-F) SPACE SHIP 2213, the second of Jon J. Deegan's Old Growler stories.

All enquiries should be made to
Messrs. PROPAX,
Koningsplein 17,
DEN H HAAG,
Nederlands.

PLANEET 1

SCIENCE-FICTION · AVONTUUR EN TECHNIEK

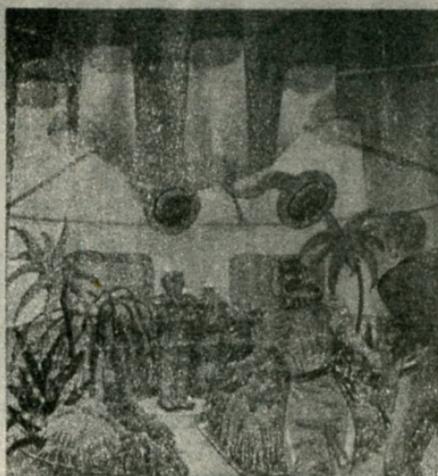


NEBULA 2'-

100 PAGES

SCIENCE FICTION Vol. 1 No. 1

NEBULA



JAMES · VAN VOGT · RIDLEY

Cover page

"NEBULA"

Alan Hunter did the cover for the first issue of NEB, reproduced here. A brief review of this magazine appears on page 37.