

OPERATION FANTAST

THE MOUTH PIECE OF THE LIAISON DEPARTMENT OF THE B. F. L.

December, 1947.

Price 2- - - or \$0.00.

Issue No. 2.

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Edited, typed and duplicated by Captain Kenneth W. Slater (K.F.S.) in an Army Camp and odd moments. Address for correspondents and correspondence - 'Riverside', South Brink, WISBECH, Cambs., ENGLAND.

This FANZINE is issued free to all members of the B.F.L. (through the Librarian) and to such other FEN on my mailing list as I have copies to go round. It will be appreciated if you will pass it on, when you are finished. Paper is both short and damned expensive.....

THE LIAISON DEPARTMENT.....

will exist to.....

1. Facilitate non-profit trading between members.
2. Aid exchanges and swaps.
3. Answer special queries on S.F. and Fantasy matters.
4. Help British Fen contact Fen in the U.S.A., and other parts of the world.

Nos. 1 & 2 of the above aims are combined, as below:

It will continue to obtain and sell as cheaply as possible magazines from the U.S.A.

It will accept specific orders for 'hard to get' issues, to be obtained from any source at or below a price to be fixed by the member desiring the magazines. This applies mainly to the early issues of mags. (pre-1955.)

If members will send in want and available lists, the department will make comparisons, and notify all parties where exchanges or trades are possible. If magazines are offered for TRADE only, this should be noted on the list. If the items offered are also for sale, a price including postage should be given.

Publication in O.F. of want and available lists of not more than six items will be made free of charge. A charge for excess items will be made at a rate of six or part of six for one penny. Other adverts not exceeding two lines will be made f.o.c., each extra line will be 1d. Names and addresses are not chargeable.

Where satisfactory trades are accomplished by notification to members, the members concerned will be expected to refund postage incurred by the department. No record will be kept of such debts, but members are expected to be sufficiently honourable to enclose a 2nd stamp in their next letter to the department.

It should be noted that books, as well as magazines, may be included in all lists and although these are harder to compare, every effort to ensure accuracy will be made.

'WANT' & 'AVAILABLE' lists, and adverts, should be written on separate sheets of paper, and not included in the text of a letter. The inclusion of such items in letters requires the extraction of all detail, and consequently a lot of extra work for the department.

AM No. 3. ALL QUERIES WILL BE ACCEPTED AND IF POSSIBLE, ANSWERED.

However, please bear in mind that such queries as 'In what copies of ASF can I find the Asimov 'FOUNDATION' stories?' entail a lot of work, and are not really essential queries. All enquiries on where and how to get various books and mags; information about dealers and their methods; subscriptions and how to get them; and who publishes what fanzine; are the sort of things which can be answered promptly.

If a personal answer is required, please enclose 3rd in stamps.

An answer to be published in OPERATION FANTASY will cost 1st d.

Queries raised without payment will be answered when and if time and space permit. If no satisfactory answer can be given, your money will be refunded, unless the member desires his QUESTION be published in O.F., in which case the payment will go into B.F.L. funds.

Members are requested to suggest matters of a general nature, about which info can be published in the INFORMATION BUREAU. At present war time mag issues are getting priority, but if you care to make suggestions, they will be welcome. /cont.

The Liaison Department.../cont.

If you care to write up some short bit of information, this will be published, and the member sending it in will receive due credit in the column.

ATM No. 4. In this connection the editors of a number of States fanzines have been asked to co-operate, and will in due course send lists of States Fen desirous of corresponding with British Fen, we hope.

One or two Canadian addresses are on hand, but letters to pre-war Fen in other countries have so far received no replies.

Members who desire contact with others of the GENUS FEN outside the U.K. should send me their names and addresses, and any other information they deem desirable. Co-operation on the part of members to help me get in touch with Fen in other countries will be appreciated.

That covers the work of the department pretty fully, I think. Should any member have any question or suggestion, please write and tell me all about it. Can't promise that I'll do anything, but you never know. I shall attend carefully to all suggestions, and if they appear at all workable, shall tackle them the same way as I do my football pools — 'here hoping'.....

)))-----(((

ID - egestion

by Charles Duncambe.

ABOUT 1930 I succumbed, a starry-eyed victim, to the impact of American magazine Stf, which complemented a taste developed by the old maestros, Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, and E.R. Burroughs. Then, a year later, I fell a victim to the onslaught of the depression, but, despite my pecuniary stringency I managed to read practically all the fantasy mags that reached the book-stalls of this pulp-fiction starved island, until 1939 when a war-gearred industry tardily recognised the value of my services. The ensuing rise in my fortunes provided me with the means to luxuriate in my favourite literature, but unfortunately the source had dried up and there was none to procure.

WITH the dawn of '47 I had plunged headlong into fandom. Subscriptions, Nigid's chains, and library borrowings had taken the place of the argosies of old, pouring their treasures through my letter-box. It may lead many a fan to revile my name in sheer envy when they learn that I snapped up, with avid eagerness, 5 complete wartime years of A.S.F., U.S. Edition, from Arthur C. Clarke of the B.I.S. Ted Carnell supplies me with latest books from Yankeland. CROSS MY HEART, I READ THEM, EVERY ONE.

THIS should be doubly a pleasure to one so long bereft, but, as so often happens, the exclusive is no longer desirable when it is easily obtained. The ominous question now is asked, have I reached satiety? When it was a problem and a sacrifice to obtain the latest issues, the thrill of their perusal only whetted my appetite and left me with the hunger of impatience for next month's appeasing of my rapacious desire. Now, alas, AMAZING leaves me cold, and Fantastic Adventures.,

gelid. Thrilling WONDER leaves me indifferent and STARTLING quiescent. FIANT still, no responsive chord in my heart. Even ASTOUNDING, I consider, is subsiding into a morass of mediocrity. What malevolent demon stimulates my sinews to inscribe such rank heresy ? Has my erstwhile vaunted and eager-questioning intellect shed its imaginative qualities and transformed me into a stolid and unimaginative citizen ? Have I attained the true Nirvana of those eye-rolling and forehead-tapping nonentities who continually beset our path ?

I so often reproach the hoi polloi with suffering from ossification of the cerebellum that it is doubtful if my ego could survive, should my harsh appraisal of their cranial capacity now be applicable to me.

SOME physic must be found to purge me of these miasmic meanderings.

A PERIOD of complete abstinence I have rejected as being incapable of fulfilment, so, on due reflection, my pristine programme of ingesting a straight diet of Stf. must now be transformed into a mélange of fantasy and more prosaic literature. Such an itinerary, I trust, will result in a more eueptic outlook, and spare fans the ordeal of reading these turgid emanations of a diseased mind.

BEAR with me, friends, until the cure goes into effect and I have healed myself of this disorder. Be sparing of your condolences, my stentorian voice and quiet chuckle may yet be heard in the haunts of the fen, and the eye-filling propensity of my frame be undiminished through the continued assimilation of my chosen pabulum.

CHARLES DUNCOMB.

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

Maurice Cox, of Canada, would like to contact a few British fans. Maurice is willing to swap current Stf. for foreign stamps (British stamps are foreign to him) or for British STF. or swap his stamps for your stamps - in fact, Maurice wants to SWAP - and correspond. Any takers-on of Maurice should send their first letters to him c/o me (that man Slater) and I will pass 'em on.

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BOOKWORMS CORNER



Haunters of secondhand-book stores should watch for a smallish book entitled "THE DISCOVERY OF THE DEAD" by Allen Upward (Fifield, 1910) ; a short weird-science novel worthy of a place on any collector's bookshelf. If said/ haunters find either "LORDS OF THE EARTH" or "TOMB OF THE DARK GODS", both by J.M.A. Mills, let me know — — quick ! T. Moulton.

SAY - have you paid your sub. yet? If not, do it now, before you read any further.

PRE-ATOMIC

On a distant shore --

A twilight edge
pillowed beyond the stars,
An alien sun in russet hues
on the shadow of Man's image dropped
a flock from the cup of greatness.

His to abuse,
t
to mock,

misue

like a child's fumbling touch on the organ of God.

Airs of majesty: Blossoms of Eternity

Spring not from his touch. But

to tear,

to rend,

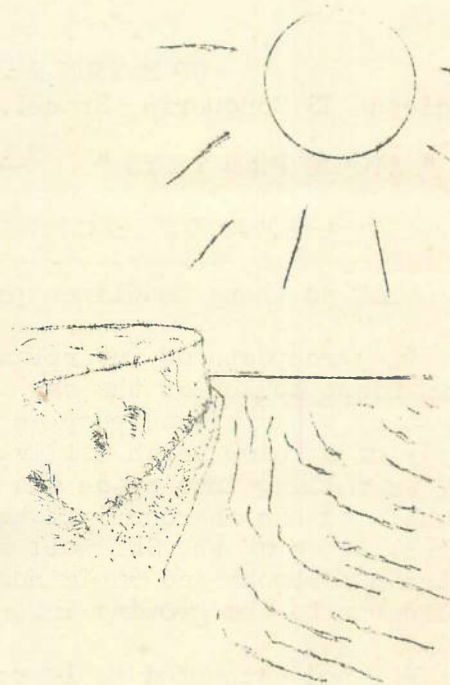
to find the thorn --

To split the pattern and crack the dawn

into a weeping sea of blood

has been his fated breath.

by F.G. Rayer.



The above is reproduced from 'FANTASIA' by permission of the editor, and
with thanks to the author.

" ATOMIC BOMB TESTS " ----- "RADAR CONTACTS THE MOON"

--- "ROCKET REACHES HEIGHT OF OVER 100 MILES" ---

WHAT do these headlines portend ?

The prospects of interplanetary are better than they ever been since man first looked at the sky and wondered who lived there. Because of its mystery the ancients peopled the skies with Gods and there is still a large body of opinion which believes that the stars control our lives. The idea of travelling into space did not enter the world's fiction until Jules Verne published his astronomical travel books, well-known to school-boys. Since then, as we of the SFL well and truly know, there has been an ever growing stream of books and magazines dealing with this theme. I mention this to demonstrate the growing interest in this idea.

MAN has attempted to leave the earth's surface and fly for many years before the Montgolfier Brothers successfully operated their hot-air balloon. Later, in 1903, the Wright Brothers succeeded in raising from the earth's surface the first heavier-than-air machine. Since then, aviation has rapidly grown, and the great improvements made in aircraft design and performance /with

during the war-years, it can be safely said that the aeroplane now forms a satisfactory third mode of travel; the other elements, sea and land, having been conquered in mankind's infancy.

THE WAR-YEARS have brought even further achievements. However unsettling the thought of a V 2 may be to those of us who lived in London and the S.E. Counties of England during the war, the fact is that rockets have come to stay. The V 2 developed a speed of 3,000 miles p.h. but had only a 200 miles range. It was reported last year that a British rocket similar in principle to the V 2. was under trial in Australia, of a similar speed, but with a flight duration of an hour. If the speed of these rockets could be increased tenfold, and sufficient duration obtained, it would be possible to reach the moon in about 10 hours. As the human body can be safely accelerated to that speed in six minutes, the possibilities of man visiting that satellite and the nearer planets are now within the range of probabilities.

SHOULD atomic fuel ever become available, the chief problem of space-travel, that of the weight of fuel, will be solved, as a small amount of such fuel would take a space ship the size of the 'Queen Elizabeth' to the Moon and back.

THE PROBLEMS associated with space-navigation (i.e. fuel, navigating, etc) are being studied by many bodies both in Europe and America. The British Body is the BRITISH INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY, one of whose Fellows is Prof. A.M. Low. (Should any BFL member want more details about the BIS, I shall be pleased to help.)

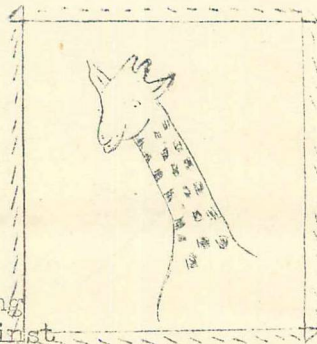
OUR childish dreams of travelling to the Moon now seem to be really probabilities, and the chances are that most of us in our life-times will wake up to read a headline in our newspapers announcing the imminent departure of a space-ship to the Moon !!

.....Norman Ashfield.

(Ed's note: all correspondence on the above direct to Norman, please.)

WHATEVER WEEKS !

by Nigel Lindsay



"THERE'S a lovely sight!" she said, as they came to the beach. A full moon rode the sky, casting a lane of shimmering brilliance on the water, and the rocks projected blackly against half-tones of night-blue and gray.

"But not so lovely as you . . ." he replied solemnly.

A strange boy, she thought; so shy and reserved on the surface, but with a curious personality she couldn't quite fathom. Not at all her type really. Being out with him tonight was more to prove a point to herself than for the enjoyment of it.

His behaviour had roused her curiosity. He was always alone, poring over some musty book. Many nights she'd seen his light burning into the small hours. And many nights she'd watched him leave his house on some cryptic errand as she was returning home - late as the hour was. And the fact that he was the only boy in the street who never as much as turned his head to whistle after her, somewhat nettled her vanity.

So she had fixed his invite to the party; had seen to it that he came. And there by means of clever conversational leads, had got him not only to see her home, but to take the long way round.

And now her moment of triumph was at hand. She knew that in the morning it would seem an empty victory, but all that mattered right now was to prove he was no different from all the rest. She delighted in bringing them metaphorically on their knees to her; to sense them mentally squirming in an agony of suspense over something half-promised, tantalisingly withheld. Nor did she care about the disquiet she left in her wake, for the flames she left unquenched, for there was always tomorrow and other bunkering fools.

(One day she'll get what's coming to her !)

They sat on the bench in pleasant seclusion, and she was soon in his arms, her lips provokingly near his.

"I could eat you !" he said.

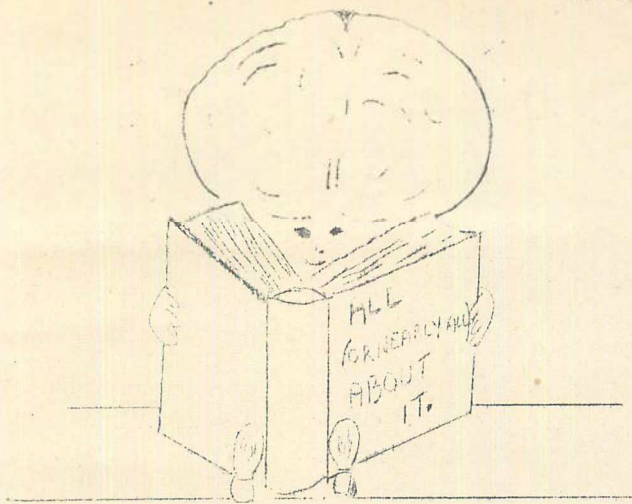
She didn't reply to that backneyed line, but snuggled closer in smug satisfaction.

He pulled her head back, and kissed her lightly on the eyes, the lips, the neck.

"Why, Peter !" she bantered, " I do believe you're a wolf !"

And between the suddenly fang-like teeth that worried her throat came a growl that sounded oddly like -

" I am ! "



II INFORMATION

BUREAU

by K.F.S.

One or two FEN have reported difficulty in placing subscriptions for U.S. mags. Personally, I have not found any trouble, but maybe I am just lucky. However, the firm of Rolfe House publishing Co. Ltd., 2, Breems Buildings, London, E.C.4 will take subscriptions for most of the usual magazines, and Science-Fantasy Publications of Liverpool will also accept them.

Rates are as follows:

AMAZING STORIES & FANTASTIC ADVENTURES.... 17/6 per year (12 issues)
 STARTLING STORIES & THRILLING WONDER STORIES. 7/6 per year (6 issues)
 ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION..... 16/3 per year (12 issues)
 WILD TALES..... 7/6 per year (6 issues)
 PLANES..... 6/- per year (4 issues)
 FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES..... 18/3 per 2 years. (12 issues)

The prices above may vary slightly, but should not differ by more than 6d at either of the two above quoted firms. The new mags (Avon FANTASY READER, FANTASY BOOK, & ARKHAM HOUSE SAMPLER) may be a little more difficult, but E.J. Carnell of 17, Burness Road, Plumstead, London, S.E. 18, can probably fix you up with the first two, and G. Ken Chapman, of 23 Farnley Road, South Norwood, can do the latter...if any remain open. If you still have difficulty, let me know, chums. maybe I can help.

I realise that the above info. helps to put the Trading Department out of business, but that's why its in business.....

AMAZING STORIES... Here are noted the issues of Amazing from 1939 to 1947. It is regretted that no space is available for FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, but I'll squeeze it in next issue. (NOTE... No. repeat No info on the QUARTERLIES is to hand...any help from members will be welcome.)

1939	12 issues.	Vol. 13 No.1 being Jan, and 13/12 being Dec.
1940	12 "	Vol. 14 as above.
1941	12 "	Vol. 15 as above.
1942	12 "	Vol. 16 as above.
1943	10 "	Vol. 17 No. 1 Jan. Monthly up to 17/9 - Sept., 17/10 - Nov. No issues Oct. or Dec.
1944	5 "	Vol. 18 1 - Jan. 2 - Mar. 3 - May. sept. and Dec Nos. 4 & 5.
1945	4 "	Vol. 19 1 - Mar. 2 - Jun. 3 - Sept. 4 - Dec.
1946	9 "	Vol. 20 1 - Feb. 2 - May, and then monthly, Dec being No. 9.
1947		Vol. 21 1 - Jan, and so far monthly.

POSTAGE Parcel post is the best way to send any large number of books or mags across the Atlantic. Rates to the U.S. are - up to 3 lbs 2/-. 3 - 7 lbs 3/9d. 7 - 11lb. 5/9d. Single copies or two copies of mags are best sent as open ended rolls, average about 2d for one mag. Mark 'PRINTED MATTER ONLY' and don't put a letter inside. Airmail letter forms are sixpence, ordinary letters sent airmail are 1/- Surface mail is 2½d, but takes the devil of a time. For open or rolled packets, no customs declaration is required. For parcels, a 'CUSTOMS Declaration (A)' is needed; books by letter post need a 'green label' (C.1.).

" THE EVOLUTION OF ARNOLD "

by Kurt Fredericks.

THE STORY of Arnold was told one night in the club, by the doctor, after some argument about the worth of science and fantasy fiction. He had avoided the argument, but was forced to give an opinion when someone said to him 'Look, Doc., you are more of a scientist than anyone else here - what do you think of the stuff?'

SAID the doctor 'As for being a scientist, I am not. I am purely a G.P. On this fantasy stuff, I read the occasional good novel that comes my way, but that is all, so I cannot really express an opinion. I think quite a bit of the stuff the authors prophesy is possible - some of their happenings have come true - but quite a lot is faulty, and not possible. But I'll tell you about a man who did read that sort of fiction.

' It was just before the war, in 1939, ' continued the doctor ' and the story of Dr. Arnold's disappearance was pushed out of the news by the war headlines. Maybe you noticed something about him in the back pages, but even so you have probably forgotten. He was just another G.P., with a penchant for experimenting, and a love of fantasy fiction. We were at school - medical school - together, and being from the same locality, we made friends. When we bought practises, we were fortunate enough to get two close together, and our friendship continued. I prospered more than he, for he spent too much time with his beloved books, and with his (to my mind) crazy experiments. As he had, however, a private income, that did not worry him. '

HERE the doctor stopped, remarking that talking was dry work for all concerned, and we might as well have some more drinks, as his story would last some time. Whilst we were helping ourselves from various bottles, the doctor sent the Club Waiter away, and I noticed that in a few minutes the waiter returned carrying a large box, which seemed very heavy, and which he had probably fetched from the doctor's room. Being curious, I attempted to pry into it, but the doctor told me to shut up, and sit down, and then proceeded with his yarn.

' ONE DAY Arnold came to visit me, and was very excited. He said he was closing his practise down, and if I did not mind, he would refer most of his paying patients to me - the others would probably find their way to me anyway, without his help. He wanted me to come round and see him the following week, to help him with an experiment but please not to call before, as he would be very busy. Of course, I was very intrigued, and wondered what bee my fellow medico had in his bonnet, but he would vouchsafe me no clue. Therefore I gave him my promise to call, and he in turn promised that all the information he could give would be told me then.

' THE FOLLOWING week I called, and was admitted by Arnold himself - he had apparently dismissed the staff of two he previously kept. We went to his library (full of fantasy and in the centre of the room was a most peculiar contrivance, constructed mainly of mirrors and copper rods or tubes, with a perfectly normal kitchen chair set in the middle. The mirrors, which I noted did not appear to be of ordinary glass, focussed on the chair; the copper tubes coiled their way around in a variety of unconventional curves; from some extra large coils leads ran to makeshift clamps, which appeared designed for attachment to various parts of the body.

' " Hello", I said, " what have you here - a new form of electric chair ?"

' " Hardly", replied Arnold " At least, I hope not - in fact, I am sure not. That
cont./

cont./ That

machine is for concentrating evolutionary forces. You are familiar with the theory of mutation? This machine will concentrate the radiation which causes mutation, and some other radiations I have discovered, and will cause controlled and accelerated evolution. Not the chancey business of hit and miss cosmic rays, or the slow growth generated by the other vibrations I have detected, but honest-to-goodness evolution controlled on pre-selected paths. It is quite simple - on the roof are mirrors which collect the radiation; it is conveyed down here by special conductors, and re-transformed into radiation by the mirrors round the chair. The body contacts supply a special form of electrical power which will be needed by the organism for food and energy whilst it is subjected to the radiation. By means of that bank of rheostats over there, I can control the amount of each type of energy which goes into the total output of the instrument. "

" BUT," I queried "evolution also requires environment, I understood?"

" Normally, yes; but it is my belief that with the selected energies I shall use, after a very short time my mind will attain complete control of my body, and then my environment will not affect me. "

" YOUR MIND !!! YOUR BODY !!! Surely you are not going to experiment on yourself?" I exploded, as the inference in what he had said sank in.

" Why not? There is a risk, certainly, but I think I have covered all possibilities. As the risk exists it would be unfair to ask someone else to take it, and animals are useless for the later stages. They do not have sufficient mental training to learn to control their bodies. I used some in early experiments, but after a short time they are of no use. In one or two cases I stopped the process early, and I can show you these. The others where I continued it, I had to destroy. It was a hard job too; if they had had a little more knowledge, and could have adapted themselves, I would never have succeeded. It appears that later the food energy is not required, nor is food of a normal sort - the body must draw energy direct from some source. When I have worked on myself, I shall be able to tell more accurately the results. "

" Our discussion continued whilst he showed me the few specimens which he had not killed - they looked pretty normal to me - and at last I came to the conclusion that I should never dissuade him from what appeared to me to be an insane course. I therefore concluded it were best I helped him, rather than let him carry on without aid, as he threatened to do. He explained my duties would be simple. When he took his seat in the chair, I was to throw a switch, and then I could go away and leave him. The next day I was to pay him a visit, and I was to visit him each day from then on. He would not be under the ray all the time - only for a certain period after each of my visits. A time mechanism opened the circuit after I had closed it, but it was not possible for him to close the switch, and then take his seat, because the current which served as food, also had some paralysing effect. It would have been possible for him to make a double time clock, to both close and open the switch, but this was simpler, and again he would need someone to make his purchases in the town for him, in case his body suffered any drastic changes which would make it inadvisable for him to mix with ordinary people.

" He had written a letter absolving me from all blame, should an accident occur, and had left this and a copy of his note book with his solicitors. He would write each day a report, which I was to post, and which would be added to the other documents already in the hands of the solicitors.

cont./

/held. cont.

' Sufficient to say I threw the switch, watched him stiffen slightly in the chair as a soft glow from the lamps or mirrors fell on him. That was all that happened. No flashing sparks, or smells of scorched flesh; so I went home, feeling somewhat uneasy; but also with a grin at the back of my mind, thinking of Arnold sitting for the next three hours under a somewhat unusual form of illumination, on an uncomfortable wooden chair, with a paralysing but unharmed electric current running through him. All to no purpose, I fondly hoped.

' WHEN I got to bed, my thoughts became more worried - had those animals appeared normal, or could I now remember differences I had overlooked? At last I fell into an uneasy dream-filled sleep.

' THE NEXT DAY I called about an hour before I was due, and found Arnold eating his breakfast. He appeared unchanged, and I noticed this gladly, and commented on it. He said that no great change would be apparent for the first twenty hours exposure, although some minor ones would be obvious after the next treatment. I could examine him now, if I wished. I did, and confirmed my own private opinion that no changes had occurred, and that none would. I concluded hopefully that the entire affair would be a flop, and went away much easier in mind. Later I returned with a few small purchases Arnold had asked me to make, and again set his 'Heath Robinson' apparatus in action for him.

' ON MY THIRD morning visit Arnold drew my attention to the fact that he was losing his body hair, and that the hair line on his fore-head was receding. My subsequent visits showed other changes, more marked, and I had perforce to revise my opinion of the apparatus. It certainly was having some effect. His head was now definitely larger than it had been, and his body equally certainly smaller !! On the sixth day, after some thirty-nine hours exposure to the influence of what I now thought of as 'that monstrous machine', he was completely hairless, his head was far too large for his body, and although in features he still bore some resemblance to the Arnold I had known, no-one could have recognised him.

' DURING all this time he had remained in the house, and had spent his time writing his reports, conducting other experiments, and reading his books and magazines of science-fiction. It appeared that he was searching the books for ideas for experiments, and that his mental powers had in the last exposure developed enormously. He proved this to my satisfaction by working out in his head problems proposed by me, that would have taken me hours to solve with the aid of instruments and paper. He demonstrated his bodily control by the simple method of catching hold of a red-hot poker, and hanging onto it until it cooled, which it did surprisingly quickly. He did not injure himself, and explained that he had conducted the heat away and spread it throughout his body before it had time to harm him. This was nothing, he expected that in the next couple of periods he would attain complete bodily control !!!!

' HE DID ! When I returned the next evening (I now had free access to the house, and entered without knocking) I found him seated in a chair reading a magazine. He was covered in feathers, and had a long bright scarlet proboscis !!! He heard me enter, and as he looked up he seemed to flow, and turned into the old Arnold - the one I recalled as 'Arnold' before the radiation experiment commenced. He smiled, "Easy, isn't it?" he remarked, "I now have complete control - I also have telepathic powers. I read in your mind how you remember me, and there you are. I can assume that form, or any other I wish. Watch."

cont./

' He contracted into a sphere of pinky flesh, and rolled around the room like a rubber ball. Then he returned to a nearly human form, with tentacles instead of arms. Extending one of these to an incredible length, he removed from my arms the parcels which I was still holding, forgotten. Tossing them neatly on the table - "Thanks, but I shan't need any more of them. I draw my energy from any source now - no more food, unless I desire to experience the pleasures of eating."

' I was aghast, surprised, awed, amazed. No words can effectively describe my feelings. When I had recovered the ability to talk, I gasped out a jumble of questions - I had never expected anything like this. Arnold explained that he thought he had reached the peak of physical evolution - some of his powers were God-like. In some forms he could levitate; in others he could fly; he could burrow like a mole or swim like a fish. He could be those creatures; as long as he attempted any form of life which he could clearly picture, he could force his body to take that form. He could only use life forms on a protoplasmic base, however - he could not crystalize himself, or take on a metallic form. He could become an intelligent plant, and minor variations like tails and horns, wings, tentacles, extra thumbs, were child's play. I noted that while he was telling me all this his body fluctuated, starting to take on the forms he pictured to himself as he spoke - but none of the forms was held in his mind long enough to have any definite effect, and so he appeared to be constantly shifting, like smoke confined in a glass jar.

' AFTER hours of talk on the future, and of what he was going to do - he wanted to give the rest of mankind the same sort of body as he now had - I grew tired, and took my leave. Arnold did not tire, I do not think he would have ever tired again, and I think he was truly indestructible, with his adaptability. But he was too adaptable - and his environment let him down.

' THE FOLLOWING morning I visited his house as usual, and let myself in. I entered the library, and was again shocked - this time for a different reason, and in a different way. The chair in which Arnold had been sitting when I left him was burned and scorched, as if a fire had burned there. On the floor lay a magazine, also scorched and burned. In the chair was this..... '

' THE DOCTOR finished speaking, and opened the box which the waiter had previously fetched. He passed it round, and it was as heavy as I had thought it to be. Inside lay a figurine in a material I could not recognise. The workmanship was excellent, but unhuman. The creature depicted was faintly human, but the resemblances were less than the differences. It is impossible to describe them. 'What happened, Doc?', 'What is this?' we queried. "That", he replied, "is Doctor Arnold. There were two faults in his reasoning, I think. One was human nature, which he did not allow for, and the other was the factor of environment. Being human, he could not completely control his thoughts. Therefore he could not completely control his body. Or rather, his uncontrolled thoughts did things with his body of which he had no realisation. He was a reader of science-fiction, and lived in an environment that was dangerous to him. It led his thoughts astray. The magazine he had been reading was recognisable, although burned, and I managed to obtain another copy, and read the story he had been reading. It was by someone called K. Rummens, I think. 'Flight into the Infinitesimal' was the story, and some people who took chemicals which made them atomically small were the characters. As he read the story, his stray thoughts reacted on his body to make it become smaller. I reason that he lost heat as he shrank ... he had to get rid of some of the spare mass and energy, and that was the obvious way - and in the end he gave off so much energy and heat that the atomic particles, already shrunken in their orbits, were frozen in those orbits.

cont./

And there he was, stuck. Naturally, he stopped thinking as well, as thought in the brain is either the cause of, or caused by, electronic charges moving. Either way, the motion was frozen, stopped, whichever the cause or effect."

"Couldn't heat be applied to bring him back?" asked one of us. "But he doesn't feel cold" stated another. "The same answer will serve for both of you", said the doctor. "His thoughts froze on the act of shrinking. If heat is applied, the pattern set for shrinking immediately comes into action, and heat is given off. As the same amount of heat that is applied through your hand is immediately given back, he naturally doesn't feel cold to the touch. Anyway, that is what comes of reading too much science-fiction with faulty science - if Arnold had not lived in that environment, he would have realised his danger, or never met it. It is impossible to shrink like that without some hitch - I suppose he is lucky he did not contract down to neutronium or something, before the balance was struck. Sometime someone may be able to think up a method of getting him out of his stasis."

The doctor packed the figurine back into its box, and refusing to answer any more questions, went off to bed.

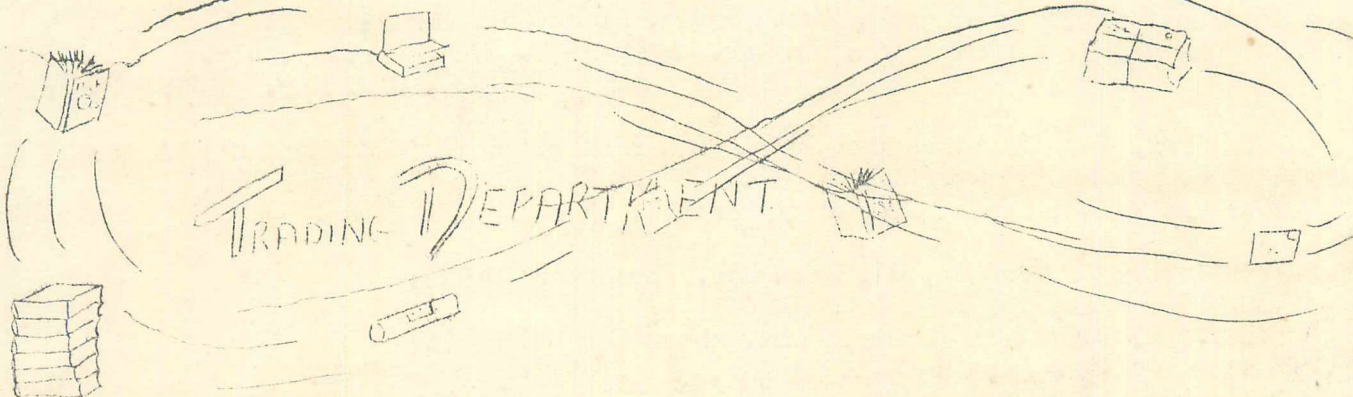
THE END.

A P P R E C I A T I O N S.....?????

Norman Ashfield writes 'my congratulations on your OPERATION FANTAST -- it certainly was a swell job'. Thanks, Norman - you must have thought more of it than I did !! Charles Duncombe: 'I can well understand you are a busy man, OPERATION FANTAST is a noble effort and it is possible that it may lead to a post-war revival of articulate fandom' That, Charles, is the general intention - and I hope YOU get that other fanzine going. After a request for some mags, says Peter D. Fortey 'I'll tell you now what I think of O.F. Regardless of what anyone else may tell you, it's pretty good. The article (?) on Flying Saucers was interesting, and so was Information Bureau and, in fact, the whole Fanzine. The only thing I did not like was the remark at the end of STILLBORN: (to be continued in our next issue - if any.) I don't like that if any. There MUST be a next issue. SUE ?' - Thanks for the implied threat - here is the next issue - am I reprieved, Pete? Ken Johnson, who lost a few mags by writing to Ron Holmes first, complains 'Trouble seems to be that you came in without any trumpets or cymbals - I still can't locate you in any of my Fandirectories' I sent Kenj a short version of my life history, and maybe one day I'll get around to explaining to the rest of you. Harry Manson in a lengthy letter listing wants and availables wishes O.F. luck - thanks, pal, we will need lots of it - the GOOD variety. Our Librarian Ron Holmes, expresses himself thusly: O.F. is very good, I like it, altho not very meaty for its size; - someone should tell Ron meat's on the ration. Says Walt Gillings 'Interested to see you are going into the fan mag business --- all success with it.... I really wish you all the best with your OPERATION, which is highly interesting, and unusually literate.' That sure makes me feel good, coming from Walt. Nigel Lindsay of the Chain Gang comes through with 'Ta for the pre-view of O.F. I never knew you were doing anything like this... No brickbats, its a very nice job, cheekful of your own inimitable brand of humout. Yes, sirce, it'll certainly fill the bill' So, Nigel, you think I'm a funny man? Grrrrrrr!!! Thanks, anyway. And last but not least - Ted Carnoll - 'Keep up the good work on O.F. It did those old eyes good to see a British duplicated fan mag once again; ' And sends more folk have written in, with plaints, suggestions, etc., all of which will receive my attention.

A word or two of explanation for those of you who were lucky enough NOT to receive O.F. No. 1. The first issue of O.F. was a most haphazard document, written entirely by myself, at the instigation of Ron Holmes. That was three months ago and at that time my intention was just to produce a few pages occasionally to help out BOOKLIST. Now I find myself running a third department in the B.F.L., and O.F. has become the official mouthpiece of that department. A lot of the stuff in O.F. is strictly applicable to B.F.L. members, and will not interest States FEN, but may interest other British FEN. Some of the contents, however, will I hope be of interest both to members and non-members, British or U.S.A., and other places and people. This editorial department will consist of disconnected items for which I can find no place elsewhere - news, views, and comments. Now BFL member Bartle suprised me by expressing a preference for AMAZING STORIES in a letter requesting supply of mags. Hoping to find a mutant fan, I queried his reason. Disapointingly, he is not that peculiar. He had heard of Shower, and was curious - now he knows !! Collector's attention is drawn to the Dec '47 ish of F.F.M. in which a number of swap and sale offers appear in the 'Reader's Letters'. Ken Johnson is attempting to reform the Stoke-on-Trent Fantasy Group. Will any old members, or fen in that locality please contact Kenj? - I wish you luck, pal. Member Gourlay suggests for O.F. a department wherein B.F.L. members can discuss mags and books, and other current fantasy matters - I am willing to print this, but would like some member to take the editorial responsibility off my over-loaded shoulders - any volunteers? 'STILLBORN', which appeared in O.F. 1 is not continued here, because NEW WORLDS 3 has hit the stands - lots of other correspondence has passed 'twixt Maestro Carnoll and yours truly, and I have now started 'What about No. 4?' as my plaint. (or theme?) Seriously, I think we can count on it coming - not soon, but definitely coming - Ted tells me that No. 3 was oversold !! It was a good ish., too. Guess who wrote 'INITIANCE'? No prizes offered - it was a nice story, Ted. I rate it No. 2 in that ish. The NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FED. of U.S.A. has just had an election - results are not yet to hand, but seats of chief officers were not contested; for directors 12 FEN offered themselves for 5 seats. The N 3 F is also having a membership drive, and although the title is 'NATIONAL', I and one or two other British Fen belong. I will gladly pass on info to any other British Fen interested. your ed is now acting as U.K. distributor for NECROMANCER, David A. McInnes Fanzine which is FREE to all fen outside the States and Canada. If you want a copy, please write to DAM c/o me. DAM is moving State, and therefore in a state; I will send on all correspondence as soon as I get his new address. Those of you who have written him will receive copies in due course of time. in his last letter he told me that a batch of supplement No. 1 were on the way, with list of addresses. NEC is certainly worth having, even if you did have to pay for it, and I was overjoyed with No. 1. Walt Gillings informs me that you Londoners are still talking of forming a fantasy group - why talk, why not form? in any case, why not join the B.F.L. as a start? Member Tom Moulton was presented with a son on the seventh of November - by his wife - congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, and the best of luck to all three of you. Member McNaught is packing up and heading for Canada, so we lose a member this side, and gain a contact on 'tother; pleasant trip, and best wishes, Mac. Ron is thinking of re-doing the HANDBOOK, and the catalogue !! the two AVON PROJECTS seem to have by the wayside, but FANTASY BOOK should be on the way by the time you read this. there seems to be no hope for a revival of UNKNOWN WORLDS in the States, but the British edition keeps rearing its head, thanks be to Klono. Which would appear to be all the odds and ends nicely tied in bundles of ten, and delivered on duplicating paper.

T.T.F.N., K.F.S.



As promised in the last SUP. herewith a financial statement... it does not look too rosy, but please read my comments after it before you start to pity me.....

Stock at start	10. -.	-.	Stock at end	25. 3.	8.
Purchases	36. 15.	8.	Sales	27. 8.	10.
Gross Profit	<u>5. 16.</u>	<u>10.</u>			
	£	<u><u>52. 12. 6.</u></u>		£	<u><u>52. 12. 6.</u></u>
Postage	3. 16.	5.	Gross Profit b/d	5. 16.	10.
Stationery	2. 6.	-.			
Advertising	1. 3.	4.			
Library	<u>14. 6.</u>		Net Loss	<u>2. 3.</u>	<u>5.</u>
	£	<u><u>8. -.</u></u>		£	<u><u>8. -.</u></u>

Not so rosy, as I said, but then this is a non-profit organisation.....

The postage a/c is rather high, but included in that is a lot of stuff which has gone over the water, and has resulted in a fair trade pact over there, with some good credit that side, for our 'wants' to be purchased with. The advert and the couple of items given to the Library took up quite a slice, and O.P. including about 50% of this number, is included in the 'stationery'.... so I am satisfied.

You blokes as buys, may find a penny or so increase in the price of the cheaper items, but that is all. For the benefit of those who may worry about Library funds, - you can rest assured, the PROFITS (when they come) go to the Library, the losses are all mine... that was my agreement with Ron, and I am sticking to it. I have not included a cash a/c, or a balance sheet, as the scheme is financed by me, and cash payments come from my pocket, and cash coming back in generally goes back there.... a cash statement at the moment would show a balance in the red equivalent to the total of the loss and the stock in hand... in fact, it does... I just looked.

To get along to more pleasant subjects, we turn to see what we (you and me) have and want:

ERIC H. SMITH, 1 Boswells Drive, Chelmsford, SX -

WANTS: AMAZING QUARTERLY Fall, '30. Spring '31. Spring/Summer '32.

AMAZING MONTHLY Jan. Feb. '30 Sept. '31.

WOMEN QUARTERLY Spring/Summer Fall. '30. Spring Summer, '31. Sum. '32.

and HAS for disposal:

AMAZING Q. Winter '30. Summer Winter '31.

do. M. Dec. '29

TRADING DEPARTMENT,--cont.

Tom Moulton, 5 Lennox Gate, South Shore, Blackpool, WANTS:

AMAZING Q. 1929, Winter Spring Summer. AMAZING M. 1926, Apr. May. July.
1927, Jan. May. 1929 Feb. Mar.

Cpl. Kerr, 1st Kings Dragoon Guards (Address given in 'NEW MEMBERS') WANTS:

AMAZING Q. Spring '31 Sp./Summer '32. WONDER Q. Summer '30 Winter '31.

HAS: AMAZING Q. Spring Summer Winter '30.

WINTER Walter J. Norecott, 41, St. Johns, Worcester WANTS:

WONDER Q. Fall, 1929.

AMAZING Q. 1927 All (Soory, Walt. there weren't any !!)
1928 Spring Fall Winter, 1931 Spring Fall
1929 Winter 1932 SP/Summer (that is a combined ish, Walt.)
1930 Fall 1933 All.

BOOKS FOR SALE - APPLY TO KFS.

CAPEK, Karel.	THE WAR WITH THE NEWTS	Allen and Unwin, 1937	VG-DJ	12/-
CUMMINGS Ray.	THE MAN WHO MASTERED TIME	A.L.Burt, Co. N.Y.	VG	25/-
CABELL, James Branch.	THE WAY OF ECCEIN	Bodley Head, 1929	VG	6/6
BABCOCK	YEZAD (A romance of the Unknown)	Co-op Pub. N.Y. 1922	VG	25/-
DELL, Jeffery	NEWS FROM NOWHERE	Jon.Cape, 1946	VG	7/-
DOYLE, A.Conan	The POISON BELT	Tauchnitz (Paper -G.)		1/6
BRAMAH, Ernest	THE SECRET OF THE LEAGUE	Nelson.	G.	2/-
FISHER, Vardis	THE DARKNESS AND THE DEEP	Methuen 1944	VG.	8/6
JANINIER, Thomas A.	THE AZTEC TREASURE HOUSE	S.LOV 1890		
	1st Ed. Illustrated F.			2/-
JAMES, M.R.,	BEST GHOST STORIES	World, N.Y. 1944	VG-DJ	7/-
LONDON, Jack,	BEFORE ADAM (Bound in brown paper)		F.	1/3
LINDSAY, David.	A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS	Gollancz, 1946	VG-DJ	8/6
MAUROIS, Andre	THE NEIGHBOR OF SOULS	Cassell 1931	VG	10/-
MATHER, H.	THE JUGGLER AND THE SOUL	Skeffington, 1896	VG	1/-
McHugh, Vincent	I AM THINKING OF MY DARLING	Simon and Schuster, N.Y. 1943	VG	25/-
POE, Edgar Allan,	Some Tales of Mystery and Imagination	Penguin G.		1/-
do.	THE WORKS OF, Vol.II	Allen and Black 1890	G.	4/-
ROHMER, Sax	TALES OF SECRET EGYPT	Methuen 1930	F.	1/6
do.	THE DEVIL DOCTOR	Methuen, 1922	G.	2/-
do.	THE SINS OF SEVERAC BABLON	Cassell	G.	2/-
SIBSON, Francis H.	THE SURVIVORS,	Heinemann 1937	VG.	8/-
RAND, Ann	ANTHEM,	Cassell, 1938	VG.	7/6
WRIGHT, Sydney F.	DAWN.	Readers Library	G.	1/3
WELLS, H.G.	THE FOOD OF THE GODS	Nelson.	G.	2/-
do.	MR. BRISTLING SEES IT THROUGH	Cassell.	G.	1/6
do.	THE TIME MACHINE	Heinemann.	F.	1/6
do.	THE CROQUET PLAYER	Chatto & Windus 1936	VG-DJ	4/6
do.	THE NEW MACHIAVELLI	Bodley Head	G.	1/6
GRANT GHOST STORIES,	Edited by W. Patten.	Collier N.Y.	G.	5/-

Key: F - Fair. G. Good. VG. Very good. DJ with dust jacket.

Including postage on orders of 10/- or over.

Trading Department... cont.

Philip J. Rasch, 715 W. 112th St., Los Angeles, 44, Calif., U.S.A. wants the following books by Harry Price:

FIFTY YEARS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH - THE END OF BORLEY RECTORY
THE MOST HAUNTED HOUSE IN ENGLAND.

In exchange Philip has to offer a large selection of books by such authors as Lovecraft, etc., or war-time S.F. mags.

Nigel Lindsay (you all know Nig.) still wants: Astounding, Dec. 1930, and UNKNOWN U.S.A. editions, Dec. '39, Sept. '40, Dec. '41, Apl. Oct. '43. Nigel's availables are listed in the December supplement.

Bert Lewis 'CARTHORIS', Blundell Lane, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs., offers for sale two books, in mint condition; Bert ordered from two sources, it appears, and red his wants from both - SPACEHOUNDS OF I.P.C. E.E. Smith 15/-
THE TIME STREAM John Taine 15/-

Bert also wants the deuce of a lot of war-time mags, and will probably welcome trade offers.

A.E. Williams, c/o Mrs Pendlebury, 2, Clifton Drive, Manchester 8, wants Amazing monthly, 1934, Apr. Sep. Nov., 1935, Jan. Feb.

Charles Duncombe 82, Albert Street, Stratford, London, the last time I had a list from him, wanted ASF, USA, 1933, Dec. 1939, Nov., 1940, Apr. May. Jun. July. Sept. 1941 Feb. Mar. May, Jun. July.

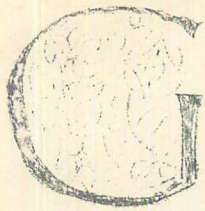
Mrs. Taylor, 8, Ashley Road, Salisbury, Wilts, has for disposal a large number of ASF ERE's 1945, 1946, 1947.

Norman Ashfield, 27, Woodland Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey, has the following items for sale Amazing: 1930, Mar. 1932, Mar. Jun. Dec. 1933, Feb Mar. Apr. May, July. 1935 Apr. 1936, Jun. Science WONDER Stories, 1930 Apr. and Astounding '36 Sept.

MY OWN WANTS: ASF, USA, 1942, Jan. 1943, Mar. Apr. AND practically any U.S.A. UNKNOWNNS.

I regret that some of the info above is not as complete as I should like it to be, but two reasons for that exist 1) the info supplied was not complete, 2) the fact that while O.F. was in production I was warned for a change of station, and got all nicely packed up. I did not move, but in the packing and unpacking some of my notes went astray.

OPERATION FANTAST carries no availability list this time, as a Dec. supplement has been sent out with all info. The next sup. will appear sometime in January, I hope, but American readers do not receive this, as it only lists mags I have for sale, most of which were received from said American lads, in the first place.....



Gertie the Gazelle

Page 18.

by Ron Holmes

NOT SO LONG AGO there lived a highly educated Gazelle named Gertie, in a sand pit in Palestine. Gertie, as you will see, had a high moral character and a heart of gold, kindness, goodness, and a knack of getting herself into the most unusual situations.

ONE BRIGHT AFTERNOON, though we must admit that a bright afternoon is not unusual in Gertie's sand pit, Gertie came upon a human baby who had been foully deserted by it's parents to suffer in the blinding sun. The baby objected to this treatment in no uncertain terms, but Gertie not only overcame her natural fear of humans, but braving the unholy racket which the baby was creating, approached the child and gazed at in awe.

"Poor wee timorous beastie,

"What a world of trouble's in thy breastie," quoted Gertie, or something of that sort, as her tender heart was touched by the plight of this howling little ball of humanity. Softly and gently she knooled beside it, and despite the well directed kicks of the infant, fed to it the milk which little Willy Gazelle looked upon as his rightful share.

CAN MY DEAR READERS imagine the hardship and suffering of our faithful Gertie, as for years she tended the child as it laid there gathering the strength to toddle. How she sat upon him during the night to protect him from the bitter cold, and stood unflinchingly in the direct rays of the sun during the day, protecting him with her shadow. Think too, how unsanitary the spot had become, and think of little Willie's efforts to stamp on him. Yes, dear reader, Gertie's name will be inscribed upon the Heavenly Rolls as a character worthy of the greatest merit.

LATER ON, when Willy had matured and passed on into the great big world, Gertie's protegee had at last grown a tooth, then another, and another. Poor Gertie; despite her endeavours to teach him to eat grass, three teeth were not enough; but enough to make poor Gertie most uncomfortable - in fact as her lactation period should be over, things were getting tough indeed.

YEAR FOLLOWED upon eventful year, the child grew to be the pride of Gertie's heart. It stumbled, walked, and finally ran - true he had to take half a dozen strides to Gertie's one, but in time he could run for tremendous lengths of time at stupendous speeds. On a diet of grass, he did pretty well, considering. Gertie was pleased, her virtue and patience were thus rewarded; she was now able to rejoin the gazelle herd (she was a little tired of that spot anyway) and take up a normal existence.

BUT LIFE IS NOT like that, kiddies: the explorers came along and took away Gertie's foundling; he found fame in the headlines, the imagination of the reading public reeled in wonder.

AND GERTIE, the real heroine, was left in the sand pit, her eyes filled with tears. Alas that Fate should be so cruel, and that virtue should flower in a wilderness to be so easily robbed of its fruit.

F I N I.

purely personal being a short account of my recent trip from the wilds of Fenland to the haunt of Fandom. by KFS

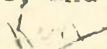
For some reason or other, a lady-friend of mine (in fact, two lady-friends of mine) decided that a trip to London was essential, if they were going to continue making appearances in public decently clad. Personally, I have no objection.... ... but I better skip that. Anyway, always eager for an excuse, I volunteered my services as escort, bag-carrier, etc. So we all went. After much letter writing, phoning, and through the invaluable service of G. Ken Chapman, we secured accommodation in a London hostelry. On arrival Thursday midday we toured the shops, etc., and about tea-time returned to said hostelry, where I received a message stating that a gentleman by the name of Camichael had telephoned, and would meet me at Chantry.

Having the usual ability of the GENUS PEN to see things clearly, I translated this to mean CARNELL and CHANCERY LANE, so we all adjourned via Underground to said CHANCERY LANE. After waiting some half hour, it came to me like a flash of snail that in a brief note to Ted, I had asked for the nearest Tube station to the White Horse, but had said nothing about meeting him there.... so we went looking for the White Horse.... and found it and Ted. One other fan was also present (Was it you, Fred ?) and millions - it seemed to me - piled in shortly after. Introductions all round came so fast and furious that Ted was introducing me to Ken Chapman (whom I have met previously) before I quite knew what was happening. I regret that I shall probably need re-introducing to most of those folk I met, 'cos some beer plus a high temp. due to a cold had me thoroughly confuscicated. High spot of the evening was production of NEW WORDS 3 by Ted - greeted on all sides by sundry cries which ranged from glee to derision. I was also very pleased to receive copies of VENUS EQUILATERAL and TRAVELLERS IN TIME - in fact, I did all right - and how.

Others present included Walt Gillings and Charles Dunscombe, Eric Williams, Fred Brown but why should I list 'em ? If they were there, they know. If they weren't what do they care ?

I did odd spots of trade, had an argument about whether O.F. was free or not, heard some talk about the revival of the B.F.S., or the start of a London Group; the possibility and difficulties of a fanzine were thrown back and forth, in fact, all the usual PEN topics reared their heads. About a dozen of us adjourned for supper when we got thrown out, and Charles paid for mine, and the lady-friends, for which public thanks, Charles. Then we all squabbled, fought and farewell'd down the Underground. Thanks, all of you - I had a swell evening.

Next day we lunched with Walt Gillings, and talked sundry fan matters, future of Fantasy Review, and general topics.... nice lunch, nice talk, nice day.

In the evening we adjourned into the wilds of Croydon, under the guidance of Ken Chapman, and spent a pleasant time with Ken and his spouse (wife to you, chum) I had a look over Ken's collection, and he sure has some rarities - Hugo Cornsback 'RALEH 12???' (I could remember that number) and such like items are apparently a common occurrence in the Chapman household. He also had quite a large stock of Arkham house stuff, but nothing I required at that time, I regretfully said. Ken's wife reads historical stuff, so they balance out nicely ... one looks ahead to see what's coming, 'tother looks back to see what's went. Very nice team work. After some beer and sandwiches, sausagesrolls, etc., and lots of chit-chat, Ken made with the train time-table, and after some cries of derision and disgust from all concerned, reverted to the simpler method of phoning the station. As trains in that wild locality are not as frequent as they might be, we reluctantly took our leave at a time which I forget, which Mrs. Chapman probably thought was time enough, and which seemed much too early to me, as Ken would be the last fan I should see for some long time..... However, all good things come to an end, and so did my short trip. Thanks to everyone, and I had a grand time, and I'll be seeing you all again, I hope. Regards, 

W H Y ? by K.F.S.

Have you ever stopped to think 'WHY ?'. Not 'why' anything in particular, but just 'WHY ?'. I do sometimes; I have found that 'WHY ?' is the question that cannot be answered completely. Answers can be given, in part; or answers that avoid the issue can be made, but the basic root of the question goes deeper than any philosophy or knowledge. I do not claim thereby to have made any new discovery.... other and better people - clearer thinkers - have already pounded the fact, and it IS as much a fact as any other. You get your little son or daughter, nephew or niece, or anyone else, to start - like this:

'WHY did man invent the bow and arrow ?

'To conquer his enemies, and to get food.....

'WHY did he want to conquer his enemies, and who were they, and WHY were they his enemies, and WHY did he want a bow and arrow to get food ?

'Well, he wanted the bow and arrow to kill animals for food, (WHY couldn't he eat grass ?) and he wanted to conquer his enemies because of the law of the survival of the fittest, and his enemies were the animals who wanted to eat him; and the other men who wanted his cave to live in....

'WHY couldn't the animals eat grass, too, and WHY did the other men want his cave ?..... WHY was it a better cave ?..... WHY did the animals need flesh to live and if live was so bad, WHY did men want to live at all ?.... and so on, for ever and ever.....

I have come to a weighty conclusion after studying this question 'WHY ?' in relation to myself, other FEN, and ordinary people. Some men and women rule their 'WHY ?' down to a limited field, and work in some branch of the sciences, pure and exact, or wild and woolly. Some are just plain nosey. Some rule the 'WHY ?' right out of their lives, and stick to the more easily answered questions 'HOW (much) ?' and WHEN (do I get it) ?'.

But the GENUS FEN - they approach everything with the eternal 'WHY ?' on their lips - 'HOW', 'WHEN' and 'WHERE' ? also get applied, but I think 'WHY ?' leads the field. I conclude that in all of us FEN the 'WHY ?' runs around asking of all things, all places, all times, for the answer - that is why we are FEN ! IN our SCIENCE FICTION and FANTASY we find, sometimes, plausible and possible answers but never completely satisfying ones, so we keep right on searching.

If a FAN should find the answer, he would cease to be a FAN - but I don't think any FAN has yet !! Some may cease to be of THE GENUS FEN because circumstances force them to channel and confine their quest, but not many. That childish 'WHY ?' keeps on mooching around inside us until we reach the end of our lives - and then we are probably asking "Is this the end, and WHY ?; and if not, WHY not ?"

Do we get the answer then, I wonder, and if you don't, WHY don't we ?

And if we do, still - W H Y ?????

NEW MEMBERS.

M.J.V. Steer, 8, The Broadway, North Abbey, W. Southampton.

Shivaji Lal, 55, Church Street, Epsom, Surrey.

Peter B. Bell, 12, Barfillan Drive, Glasgow, S.W.2.

I.R. Innes, 'Wedderlea', Bannock, Inverburgh.

P. Pennington, 59, Dale Gardens, Mitley, Elymouth.

Cpl. W. Kerr, (3243195) Headquarters Squadron, 1st Kings Dragoon Guards,
M.E.L.F. 6.

Miss J. Teagle, 'Riverside', South Frink, Wisbech, Cambs.

R. Honery, 9, Sedgemoor Road, West Derby, Liverpool, 11.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

John E. Koestner, 2124, Bond St., Brooklyn, 27, N.Y., U.S.A.

David A. McInnes (at present moving house.)

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FINALE AND APOLOGY.

It is with regret that I note a large number of typing errors, and odd mistakes, have crept into this 'zero effort'. For instance, on page 4, under Tom's disguised free advert, I say 'Tombed' the Dark Colad' - this should be 'Tomb of the Dark Ones.' Again, I mention in General Chattering that the two AVON Projects 'haven' by the wayside - this should be 'have fallen'. For these and other errors my apologies. I will try to do better next time, but I must make the excuse that I labour under some difficulty - my time is not my own, but the Army's. Therefore G.F. gets produced in a patchy fashion, and is often typed in great haste - some one else wants the typewriter, the duplicator, or, perhaps, me in person. Any volunteers to help out in producing G.F. will be welcomed, but offers from the States must be regretfully refused, owing to postal difficulties.

R. E. S.

When in a mirror, shaving,
After reading Richard's raving,
Do you see
What might be
Dere ?
or Tere ?
All I see
is me !

fantasy review

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The Editor is : Walter Gillings, 15 Shore Road, Ilford, Essex, England.

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The above blurb is unsolicited, and spontaneous. But I mean every word of it. Any further info wanted, write me.

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