

S O N O F T H E W S F A J O U R N A L

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In Brief --

Partially a catch-up issue (more 1970 material), plus a couple of recent items which will date too rapidly if we wait until the next TWJ to publish them.

Still have some catching-up to do (mostly short reviews) and a couple of other items, and then we'll be hurting for material for future TWJ's. So keep those contributions coming in, and we'll be able to keep TWJ coming out....

We're expecting that TWJ will soon go quarterly (we'll have to phase it in the WSFA quarters -Dec.-Feb, Mar-May, June-Aug, Sep-Nov.--sometime during 1972, so there'll probably be another bi-monthly issue at least). We will also bring out SOTWJ tri-weekly after we are caught up with the backlog of material.

Remember--ads/flyers (particularly flyers) will be accepted for distribution with SOTWJ only (we may begin sending TWJ out at bookrate, so we can add more material without increasing postage-cost, and thus can carry no advertizing in it other than our own). Flyers will be accepted at \$2 per sheet (one side or both), with 200 copies needed (that's 1¢ per flyer).

SOTWJ is approx. bi-weekly. Subs (via 1st-class mail): 20¢ ea., 6/\$1.10, 12/\$2; via 3rd-class mail (sent two-at-a-time, or with TWJ, as specified by subbers): 12/\$1.50 (12/65p U.K.). THE WSFA JOURNAL is 50¢ ea., 4/\$1.75, 8/\$3.25 (U.K.: 25p ea., 5/£1.00, 9/£1.75; Canada & Mexico: same as U.S.; elsewhere, 60¢ ea., 5/\$2.50, 11/\$5.00), and is bi-monthly. U.K. Agent is Brian Robinson, 9, Linwood Grove, Manchester, M12 4QH, England; for names & addresses of other Overseas Agents, write the Ed., or see TWJ. #### Address Code: A, Overseas Agent; C, Contributor (subbers get extra issue added to sub for ea. issue in which their material appears); E, Club Exchange; H, Honorary WSFA Member; K, Something of yours is mentioned/reviewed herein; L, WSFA Life Member; M, WSFA Regular Member (thru month shown); N, You are mentioned herein; R, For Review; S, Sample; T, Trade; W, Subscriber via 1st-class mail (thru # shown); X, Last issue, unless....; Y, Subber via 3rd-class mail (thru # shown). #### D'line for next news-ish: 15 Dec '71.

-- DLN

THE WSFA JOURNAL (Supplement)

% D. Miller

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TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Best Science Fiction of Clifford Simak (Doubleday; 224 pp.; \$4.95).

I've never liked Simak novels, for some reason or another. I got only half-way through The Cosmic Engineers and then gave up in disgust; The Goblin Reservation I did manage to finish, although I had strange misgivings throughout the book--I suspect that Simak's unique way of blending elements of fantasy and tall tales into his science fiction is what turns me off. I just don't believe a word Simak says--he doesn't convince me that his fictional universe is rational. And when you can't believe in an author--whether he writes mainstream, fantasy, or sf--you're hopelessly lost.

So from one as obviously prejudiced as I, you'll undoubtedly expect a hearty, all-out condemnation of Clifford Simak's latest book ('tis only logical!). Well, I hate to disappoint you, but I couldn't help but like this collection of Simak's short stories. It's far better than any of his novels across which I have managed to stumble. Oh, I still find Simak rather hard to believe at times, but this fault is much easier to ignore/endure for the length of a short story than it is for a novel.

Some of Simak's stories also possess what I would call a "sickening sweet Midwestern sentimentality", a quality that you see in Bradbury's material fairly often (although his, I think, is not quite so overpowering). In this volume, the sentimentality comes out most strongly in "New Folks Home" and "Neighbor". Both are set out in the backwoods, among the fields and farms of Mid-America, and each is a fair example of its type. Simak definitely has the touch for this kind of story, although he becomes a little heavy-handed at times. In "Lulu" Simak uses this overdone sentimentality on purpose, for a humorous effect. Somehow, though, the story never really quite takes off. Humor is also the thing in "Crying Jag", and while Simak isn't another Isaac Asimov or Harry Harrison, he isn't bad. But I can't really consider any of the stories mentioned so far to be Simak's--or anyone's--"Best". That honor should be reserved for some of his more seriously-inclined short stories.

Such as: "Founding Father", only it is far too short and much too obvious to be given "classic" status. Simak explains everything, instead of letting the readers figure out for themselves what the story really means. "Immigrant" starts out very conventionally, but Simak turns his story into something else with his unique feeling for the strange and fairy-like. While "Founding Father" was explained too explicitly by the author, in "Immigrant" the story-message is, for the most part, revealed through the actions of the characters, and the story narrowly misses a "best" rating. But unfortunately, Simak cannot resist clearly spelling out the story's theme, and the ending reads like the "moral" in one of Aesop's Fables. Finally, there is "All the Traps of Earth", which, despite its shortcomings, is the absolute best Simak story I have ever read. His portrayal of a fleeing robot which gains new powers is exceedingly fine, marred only (once again) by Simak's need to overkill. Instead of letting the story's message gently tap you on the shoulder, Simak hits you over the head with a sledge-hammer--he's afraid you'll miss the idea he wants to express. *Sigh* The mood in "All the Traps of Earth" is very evocative, and the sentimental human qualities Simak gives his robot make him all the more real and convincing. This story can not be called anything less than a classic.

But I find it hard to call all the other stories "classics", or this book a collection of Simak's "best". I am positive that there are many other better Simak short stories lying in mouldering pulp magazines. This is simply not the definitive collection of "best" stories that the title purports. I guess we'll just have to wait a little while longer....

-- CY CHAUVIN

OKAY YOU FEN, WE'LL TELL YOU ONCE MORE...
GO VOTE FOR D.C. IN '74!

NOREASCON: A BERG'S-EYE VIEW
by William B. Berg

NOREASCON was the 29th World Science Fiction Convention, and was held at the Sheraton-Boston Hotel over Labor Day weekend, 1971.

Driving my trusty Rambler Rebel, we departed about 8 a.m. on Friday, Sept. 3. Passengers were my daughter Betty, John Duggar, Bruce Townley, and Bert Trotter. The trip was uneventful, and we arrived in Boston about 6 p.m.

Having advance reservations, our first job was to register at the Hotel and get into our hotel rooms; this was accomplished with no hitch. I heard that of the 1,000 rooms in the hotel, 800 were rented by fans attending the convention. The Gillilands, from Wash., D.C., had no reservations and had to stay at a different hotel. There was also room stacking--i.e., one or two people registering for a room and then filling it up with fans. Three people were registered for our room, while five actually occupied it. I heard of another room occupied by eight while only two were registered.

Our next step was to register for the Convention, itself. According to the official figures, over 1,600 registered. However, I think the fans attending numbered closer to 2,000. I know of at least five who attended but did not register.

After registering we ran into some local fans, including Irene Reddick and Leo Smoire. Irene, Leo, Betty, some others whose names escape me, and I then proceeded to a Chinese restaurant for dinner. It turned out to be a rather poor choice of restaurants: the food was too mild and bland; none of us really enjoyed it.

Returning to our hotel, we went to our rooms and donned our SCA costumes. Thus attired, we attended an SCA Revel. There was a cash bar but, at \$1 a drink, it didn't do much business. Also, the SCA'ers were selling food and apple juice. The Revel consisted mostly of people wandering around and stopping to talk to people they know. One group was receiving dance instructions and was practicing dancing. There were demonstrations of fighting and fighting techniques. I left before the Revel broke up (about 10 p.m.) as I had other places to go.

After discarding my SCA robes, my next step was the WSFA Suite. After my ascertaining that a quorum (at least 15 persons) was present, a regular WSFA meeting was held. (I heard later that Bill Marlow tried to find the WSFA meeting in Wash., D.C. on this date; sorry about that Bill--it was held in Boston!)

At about midnight, after the WSFA meeting broke up, I went off to some parties that I knew were in progress. There were lots and lots of parties. All of them featured free booze, interesting people to talk to, and some even had a little food. At about 3 a.m. I began feeling a little tired (also a little crocked), and so wandered off to my room and so to bed.

The next morning, Sat., Sept. 4, I awoke about 10 a.m. I heard that Jan Derry arrived with the Pauls about 6 a.m. I missed the bidding session (got up too late) but heard that Toronto had won the Worldcon bid for the 1973 convention by acclamation (they were the only ones bidding). For those interested in registering for TORCON 2, membership until Dec. 1972 is \$3 supporting and \$5 attending; send money to: TORCON 2, Box 4, Station K, Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada.

On glancing over the program booklet I noticed that there were three huckster rooms, the regular art show, two special art shows, about eight hours of official programs (including auctions) per day, and almost continuous science-fiction type movies. Also, I had drawn up a list of parties being thrown by various people at various times in various hotel rooms.

About 11 a.m. I ran into Dave Halterman, who was in the process of organizing a luncheon party. Dave and I and a few others went out to a restaurant (I think it was Mexican). The only thing I recognized on the menu was chicken, so that's what I ordered; it was all right, but nothing to brag about. About 1:30 p.m. I had a second luncheon with Irene, Lee, and Mike McQuown.

After the second lunch, I attended the auction but didn't buy anything. They were auctioning off science-fiction type paintings, both color and black-and-white. Some of the prices went as high as \$150 per painting. I spent some time looking over the books for sale in the three huckster rooms, and bought a few of them. Betty and some of her friends went shopping in downtown Boston Saturday afternoon.

A group of us went out to a Japanese restaurant at about 5:30 p.m. The food was very good--even such delectables as raw fish, octopus in vinegar and French-fried vegetables. Originally, we only had chop sticks to eat with. When I asked for silverware, they brought me just a fork. The waitress instructed me to lift my bowl of soup and slurp it. We returned to the hotel about 7:45 p.m.

At about 8 p.m., I went down to view the Masquerade Ball. There were about 70 people in various types of science fiction costumes. All of the people in costumes paraded down a ramp in front of all of us. While the judges were deciding on the winners of the various categories, Bob Pavlat was inducted into the Noble Order of St. Fantasy. (Bob is an ex-WSFA'n; in fact, Bob was one of the founders of WSFA over 25 years ago.) The winner of the "Most Beautiful Group" award was our own Ron Bounds; he was paired up with Astrid Anderson, the daughter of Poul Anderson. The two were dressed as "Poseidon and Friend"; Ron was Poseidon and Astrid was his friend, the mermaid; they were both dressed in green. Since mermaids have tails and fins, but no feet, Ron had to carry Astrid. In talking to Ron afterwards, I learned that carrying 130 pounds around just about wore him out.

By 10 p.m., the Masquerade Ball was over, so I went to the "First Fandom" meeting. (To be a member of "First Fandom", one must have been reading science fiction before the year 1938.) The meeting was really a party with plenty of liquid refreshments. I met and talked to a number of pro authors, including R.A. Lafferty, Poul Anderson, L. Sprague de Camp, Lin Carter, and others; most of them are not members of First Fandom, but were there as invited guests.

After seven or eight cocktails I left the party (not staggering noticeably) and proceeded up to the WSFA Suite, where the "D.C. in '74" bidding committee was throwing a party (put on in hopes of influencing some votes for D.C., when the location of the 1974 Worldcon is decided next Labor Day weekend at the Worldcon in Los Angeles). After a few beers, I wandered on to a party being given by Lin Carter.

Having heard that late the previous night some of the WSFA'ns had been swimming in the hotel pool, I went down to look over the pool at about 2 a.m. In about 10 or 15 minutes, the pool began to be populated with swimmers. There were in all about 30 people in the pool--about 20 men and 10 women, all skinny-dipping. The most memorable sight was when two of the girls got on two of the boys' shoulders and hand-fought each other; use your imagination on this one. There were about 200 people, including myself, around the edge of the pool watching the festivities.

At about 3 a.m., word came that the police were on their way to break up the swimming party. On hearing this, the swimmers quickly deserted the pool, dressed, and scattered. When the police arrived, there was nothing to break up. (It seems that some of the hotel guests, in rooms adjoining the swimming pool, had complained of the noise; also, the swimming pool was supposed to be closed after 10 p.m., as

THE INKWORKS: Comics Column
by Kim Weston

HOUSE OF MYSTERY #186, May-June, 1970 (National Comics).
(and other current "horror" comics)

If I remember correctly, the trend towards mysterious or watered-down horror comics started at Charlton at about the time Charlton's super-hero comics were dying in late 1967, although the first beginnings were actually back in late 1967 with Warren Publishing's 35¢ black-and-white comic book magazine CREEPY, which started out quite good, but has sunk to the poorest-quality original (horror) comics put out, on the average. National Comics (DC) started putting out more comics in this line in middle and late 1968, and Marvel started in mid-1969. Charlton (a smaller company, but growing) now has three or four of these titles, and of the two industry giants, National has five (HOUSE OF MYSTERY, UNEXPECTED, HOUSE OF SECRETS (revived), PHANTOM STRANGER (revived), and WITCHING HOUR (new)). The two revived titles started back in the '50's when horror comics originated. The two that have been around all the time were for a while quasi-super-hero comics, but then reverted (more or less) to their original formats. Of the four new Marvel titles, TOWER OF SHADOWS and CHAMBER OF DARKNESS started out featuring all new stories, but now have one (out of three) reprint story in each. The other two (WHERE MONSTERS DWELL and WHERE CREATURES ROAM) hit the stands in Spring, 1970 and are straight reprints of the pathetic monster-horror comics which ran from the post-comics code '50's up to the time Marvel started Super-heroes in late 1962 and 1963-64. Curiously, now that DC is getting away from filling out comics by using reprints for a year or two (except in the "science fiction" comics), Marvel is coming to use more and more.

HOUSE OF MYSTERY #186 (ed. Joe Orlando) has two stories. The cover--fairly typical of most recent DC "horror comics" covers, is by Neal Adams and has several 7-11-year-old kids in a weird or horror situation. First story is "The Secret of the Egyptian Cat", with art by Bernie Wrightson, story by Robert Kanigher. Bernie Wrightson is a young artist, originally from Baltimore, who greatly impressed a couple of DC editors at the New York ComiCon in 1968 with his art samples, and started working for them shortly thereafter. Wrightson is a big fan of Frank Frazetta, and this shows in his art. His art is his own, though, and quite attractive. It also has an aura of the dark and mysterious to it which makes it perfect for horror and sword-and-sorcery type comics. For a while he was having trouble with reproduction--his line art just didn't look very good when printed--but he has taken large strides to improve this. His first assignments were short two-four page fillers in the horror comics. Then came something he had really wanted to do, two full issues of a short-lived sword-and-sorcery hero, "Nightmaster". His art was quite impressive, but the story was only mediocre, and at any rate sales were low and it died after three issues. Since then he has done several longer stories and several stories for a 35¢ black-and-white comic and a cover painting for one of those issues. As yet he has done no covers for DC.

As I said earlier, Wrightson's art is quite attractive, and has the collage look of Al Williamson's or Frank Frazetta's rare comic work. Perhaps this is not the most avant garde way of doing comic art, and it leaves the burden of the story-telling on the writer, but it is effective enough in its own way and a perfectly-valid method. And one does want a variety of story-telling techniques, as some stories may be more suitable to one form than to another. This story succeeds in this way. The story itself is a good solid slightly better than the run-of-the-mill story, though my brief summary may not convey this. A priestess for the cat-god in ancient Egypt is seen and desired by a stranger who is passing by. Put off by her and out by the temple guards; he returns to turn her into a cat, and keeps her. But in the present day, she gets her revenge because of an oversight on his part, which opportunity she uses to gain her vengeance. She turns him into a rat, as befitting his nature, and leaves him with some of her (cat) friends.

I should perhaps mention that in the various horror comics, the characters used to introduce the stories have varied roles. In HoM, Cain does little more than introduce and perhaps add a final comment to stories. In UNEXPECTED, there is no narrator at all, whereas in the other three the story-tellers have their own little stories and characterization. HOUSE OF MYSTERY is also blessed with the black humor cartooning of Sergio Aragones (usually two to four pages).

"Nightmare" is an exquisite story, beautifully wrought by Neal Adams (art) and Jack Oleck (script), which you will long remember with affection if you read it. Judy, maybe eight or nine years old, is a motherless child with no playmates. However, in the fountain in her back yard, there is a lifesize statue of a youthful Pan whom she brings to life "by wishing so hard". Of course, when adults are around Pan reverts to a statue, and the adults cannot hear his pipes; nor do they believe her stories. Judy continues to play with Pan each day and night as the summer goes on, but falls ill. When the nights begin to get too cold to stay in Judy's world, Pan takes her to his fantasy world, beautifully depicted by artist Neal Adams, but there is a door which Pan tells Judy she must never go through. One day while he is napping she does, though, and as beautiful as Pan's fantasy world was, so is this nightmare world even more evilly terrible. The demons and creatures chase her into the center of a circle of fire. Pan rescues her but she passes out. When she awakes, her terrible fever has finally broken, and she is finally on the road to recovery. Judy tries to explain what happened, but her father says no and tries to tell her what happened and promises to stay with her "every minute" 'till her recovery is complete. Every Minute. "Daddy", of course, cannot hear Pan's pipes calling Judy, and even for her the sweet music becomes fainter and fainter until her father takes her out to touch Pan and see that he is "... just stone". "And so--it ended!...Judy had grown up! She walked away--and she never looked back! And that's a pity! Because if she had looked back, she might have seen something...something...wonderful..." A tear falls from the statue's eye--for Judy has lost her child's sense of wonder.

If you still have a bit of a sense of wonder, this is a good story for you. No, it's not a story for your eight to ten-year-old. He might enjoy it too, but he isn't really old enough to appreciate it fully. Of course, the story is much better than my summary. Mere words, again, cannot do it justice. It must be seen and read to be fully appreciated. Neal Adams is quite a versatile artist, and the fantasy worlds he creates in this story are truly beautiful, and, where appropriate, quite hellish. Jack Oleck's story, too, is good to begin with and, skillful writer that he is, he adds a few nuances here and there that raise the story to still greater heights.

I had originally intended to review all the DC and Marvel horror comics at somewhat less length than the above. Now, it will have to be done rather briefly. But I think that the above HoM #186 review is worth the extra length devoted to it because it is an exceptionally good issue. Sometime ago, someone said that all of Marvel's books are of about the same quality. You rarely see a really bad story in them, but you rarely see anything really good, either. DC, on the other hand, in addition to putting out average stuff, puts out some pretty awful stuff, but sometimes they come through with good material, and when they do, it is really good. At the time that statement was made, the Marvel comics were pretty good; now they have fallen to mediocrity. An exception to this for Marvel might be the work of Jim Steranko, whose work (when he was working for them steadily) was so good as to be awe-inspiring. DC's average quality, I think, can now equal the average quality of Marvel, and perhaps surpass it. And what could be said about DC's going to extremes of good (or bad) is still true, but the good stories are becoming more frequent, and the bad, less frequent. HOUSE OF MYSTERY, I think, probably is the best of the current crop of horror comics from DC or Marvel. Its average quality is high, and its best is almost astonishingly so. The other DC's vary more in quality and have lower overall quality, and fewer really good stories.

UNEXPECTED, probably, is second in quality. It might rank roughly on a level with the two Marvel books featuring new stories, perhaps a little higher. Editor is Murray Boltinoff. WITCHING HOUR and HOUSE OF SECRETS are edited by Dick Giordano. In both, the story-telling characters have their own characterization and a little story which is used to tie the regular stories together. Both occasionally feature some very good stories, but both also publish some pretty dreadful stuff as well. The July HoS (#86) is notable for a five-page text story with illustrations by Gray Morrow. It is all the more notable because it is actually considered a part of the issue. Texts are usually thrown in as a one-page filler, or to satisfy the post office; and they usually have no relation to the comic they are in, and are ignored by the readers. PHANTOM STRANGER (editor, Joe Orlando) has 24- or so-page stories of the ghostly Phantom Stranger fighting ghosts and the supernatural with his ever-present antagonist, Dr. Terry Thirteen, Ghost Breaker (read, hoax exposé) tagging along refusing to believe in anything supernatural, and trying to expose the Phantom Stranger as a fraud. Both characters also tell a story to demonstrate their pro- and anti-supernatural points. If you think it doesn't sound too good, you're right.

Marvel's WHERE MONSTERS DWELL and WHERE CREATURES ROAM have already been dismissed, perhaps too harshly, and are notable mainly for reprints of some of Steve Ditko's old stories. TOWER OF SHADOWS and CHAMBER OF DARKNESS are fairly good, though rarely as good as DC's better stories. As mentioned before, they now feature one reprint and two original stories per issue. (Rumor has it that there will soon be only one new story per issue.) Aside from perversions inflicted on stories by Poe, they are notable for Wally Wood's occasional sword-and-sorcery stories, Johnny Craig's all-too-rare horror stories, and occasional adaptations of stories by H. P. Lovecraft. Issue 5 of CHAMBER OF DARKNESS (June, 1970) features an adaptation of HPL's "Music of Erich Zann" by Roy Thomas. Art is by Johnny Craig. The story is faithful to the original, but lacks the atmosphere of HPL's writing. The same issue features a story written and drawn by Jack Kirby, one of his last for Marvel. Kirby has wanted to write some of his own stuff for quite a while, I am told. This is where he was finally allowed to do it. I've never cared for Kirby's monster stories, although some of his other work is quite good. I will be quite interested to see what he will do at DC where he is now working--editing, writing, and drawing all his own stuff.

MINI-REVIEWS

Damnation Alley, by Roger Zelazny (Berkley Medallion Books #01846; 157 pp. 74).

Last survivor of exterminated cycle gangs has one chance--cross a blasted continent. Good, but Zelazny is not the easiest sf author to read.

-- James R. Newton

Seekers of Tomorrow, by Sam Moskowitz (Ballantine U-7083; 95¢; 450 pp.).

This is written in the great tradition of learned pedants and compilers of encyclopedias. As Doll said: "Who expects scintillating syntax in a reference work?" #### So it is pedantic, stuffy and dull as befits a piece of scholarly apparatus. #### If you use such apparatus, by all means get it. Otherwise, don't bother.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Dwellers of the Deep, by K. M. O'Donnell (Ace Double 27400; 1970; 113 pp.; 75¢; bound with The Gates of Time, by Neal Barrett, Jr. (140 pp.)).

If you're in the mood for a savage putdown of the May, 1950 issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION (surely you remember the May, 1950 issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION) and a hilarious pastiche of New York fan politics in mid-1951, then Dwellers of the Deep is just for you. Pages 70-75 are even really funny. The blurb says, "Not since Frederic Brown's What Mad Universe has there been a novel like this!" There still hasn't. #### Why doesn't somebody reprint What Mad Universe?

-- Fred Patten

I. Proazines.

AMAZING -- 4/27; 8,9/29; 1,2,9/31; 4,5,6,7,10,11,12/32; 1,2,7,8-9/33; 4,10,11/34; 2,4,12/35; 8/36; 4,10/37; 1/39; 3/43; 12/44; 9/45; 10/47; 2,4/49; 1,3/50; 5,7,9/52; 1,2,3,4-5/53; 6/57; 2,8/58; 7/60; 8/61; 1,6/62; 12/63; 8/64. (Note that Jun '33, Jan. '34, and Jun '35 issues are missing.)

ASTONISHING -- 2,6/40; 10/42.

ASTOUNDING -- 1/46; 8,11,12/49; 1,5,8/50; 7,12/51; 9,10,11/52; 1,2,3,4,5,6,10,11/53; 1,2,3,4,6,9,10,11,12/54; 1,2,3,4,5,9,10,11/55; 1,2,3,4,5,7,8/56; 2,6,7,11/57; 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12/58; 4/60; 1,2,3,5,12/61; 2/62; 8/65.

BEYOND -- 1,3,5,7/54.

CAPTAIN FUTURE -- Wint/44.

COMET -- 3/41.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF OUTER SPACE -- 1953.

ELLERY QUEEN'S ANTHOLOGY.

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE -- 4,5/59.

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES -- 9/43; 6/44; 4/46.

FANTASTIC -- 11-12/52; 3-4/53; 11,12/57; 8,9/59; 3/60; 6,8,9/62; 6/63; 8/64; 2/65. (Note that 11-12/52 issue is missing.)

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES -- 8/41; 5/46; 4/50; 1,6/51; 2,3,5,12/52; 2/53.

FANTASTIC NOVELS -- 11/48.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE -- 6-7/53; 12/54; 1/55; 2/56; 6,11/57; 2/58; 10/59; 1/60.

FANTASY BOOK -- #1.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION -- 4,12/52; 2/53; 2,8/56; 7/57; 7,12/61; 6,9,10,11/63; 3,4,6,11/64. (Note that April, 1952 issue is missing.)

FANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY -- Sum/50; Sum, Wint/51; 1,9/53.

FATE -- 10/54; 1/55.

FEAR -- 7/60.

FUTURE COMBINED WITH SCIENCE FICTION -- 12/41; 9-10/50; 11/51; 3/52.

FROM UNKNOWN WORLDS -- 1948.

GALAXY -- 12/50; 2,5,6/51; 6,9,11,12/52; 1,2,3,4,6/53; 1,4,5,6/54; 4/57; 10/60. (Note that 1/53 & 6/54 issues were checked out 4 Mar '66 by Sidney Got.)

GREAT SF -- Spr/68.

IF -- 8/56; 8/58; 1/63; 5,6/66. (Note that May '66 issue is missing.)

IMAGINATION -- 1,2,4,6,9/53; 6/54.

LILLIPUT -- 2/51.

MINUTE SCOPE -- 1/64.

NEBULA -- 9/53 (#5). (Note that Spr. '44 and Spr. '47 issues of PLANET STORIES are missing.)

NEW WORLDS -- #5, #6.

OTHER WORLDS -- 11/55.

PLANET STORIES -- W/43; Sp/44; Sp/45; F/46; Sp/47; Sp/48; 11/53.

SAINT DETECTIVE MAGAZINE -- 3/56.

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE -- Dec. 24/49.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES -- 3,7/53. (Note that 3/53 & 5/53 issues are missing.)

SF CLASSICS -- #1; Wint/67; Spr/68.

SF -- 3,5,8/53.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY -- Sum/40; 5/51; 2,8,11/52; 11/57.

SPACEMEN -- 9/63.

SPACE SCIENCE FICTION -- 9/52; 3/53.

SPACE STORIES -- 12/52.

STARTLING STORIES -- F/43; Sp/44; Su/45; W,F/46; 1/48; 9/49; 7/50; 3,7,9/51; 1,5,7,12/52; 8/53. (Note that July '51 issue is missing.)

STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES -- 3/42.

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES -- 3/40 (#1).

SUPER SCIENCE FICTION -- 12/56.

SUSPENSE -- Spr/51.

(To be continued.)