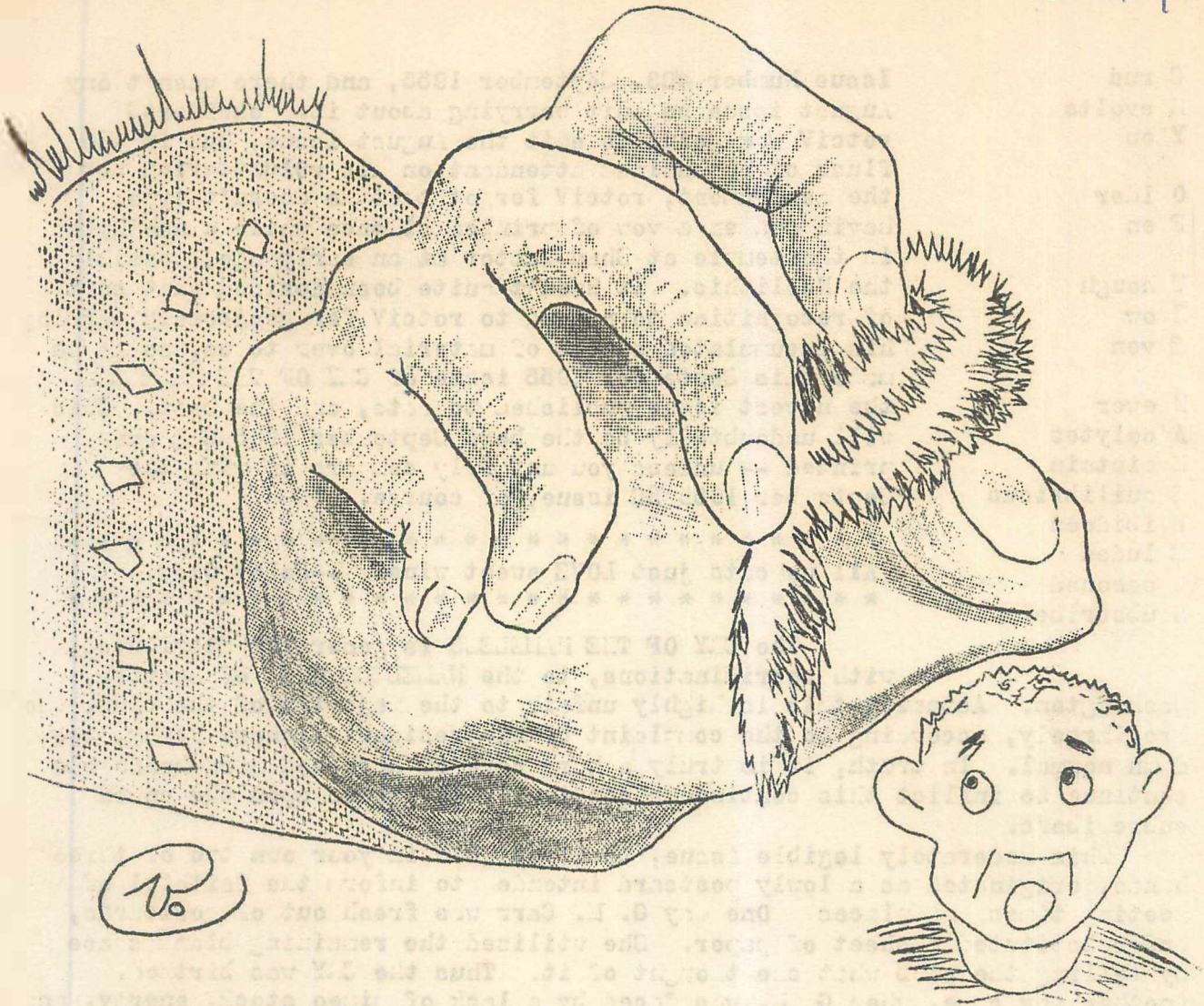


CRY (83)



from: THE NAMELESS ONES  
Box 92  
920 Third Avenue  
Seattle 4, Washington

Printed Matter Only

Return Postage Guaranteed

To:

C rud  
 A revolts  
 Y ou  
 O lder  
 F en  
 T hough  
 I ow  
 E ven  
 N ever  
 A colytes  
 M aintain  
 E quilibrium  
 L ibidoes  
 E ludes  
 S easoned  
 S ubscriber

Issue Number #33, September 1955, and there wasn't any August issue so quit worrying about it. ekcidertS  
 rotciV was going to edit the August issue, but in the flush of enthusiasm attendant on his volunteering for the assignment, rotciV forgot that he doesn't type, having taken a vow of printed silence while a neophyte in the temple at Bhad-Bastor at an early age, possibly the Neolithic. It hasn't quite been decided what sort of recognition to extend to rotciV for generously turning his accumulated stacks of material over to us, so as to make this September 1955 issue of CMY OF THE NAMELESS the newest issue published to date, and the best. This will undoubtedly be the best September 1955 CMY ever printed -- unless you unfairly compare it with the September 1955 BC issue, of course.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 All us oats just LOVE sweet wine. --Foley Oley.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

The CMY OF THE NAMELESS is generally attributed, with recriminations, to the NAMELESS CHIEF of Seattle, Washington. Actually this is highly unfair to the majority of the club, who are largely, according to the complaint of ex-president Richard Frahn, too damn normal. In truth, it is truly a hard core of hardened hard-heads who continue to inflict this continuous continuity of issues upon the cowed subscribers.

This moderately legible issue, that you hold in your own two or three hands, originated as a lowly postcard intended to inform the faithful of meeting times and places. One day G. M. Carr was fresh out of postcards, and substituted a sheet of paper. She utilized the remaining blank space by telling the club what she thought of it. Thus the CMY was birthed. Another day came, when G. M. was faced by a lack of wine stock, energy, and locked-in goodness. To the rescue came Wallace J. Leber, who single-handedly perpetrated the CMY for more years than the club likes to admit. With the other hand he held a job at Boeing Aircraft, which paid for production and distribution of the CMY, while Leber's own living came from the breeding and sale of batcheons. Unfortunately, batcheons lay their eggs while hanging head-down from the rafters. Wally, standing guard to catch the eggs as they fell, became hollow-eyed from lack of sleep and hollow all over from lack of food, as Boeing's deducted from his paycheck every time that Wally, anxious for a good hatch, overstayed his watch on a promising batcheoness and was late to work. Luckily, batcheons thrive on a diet of old magazines, else the whole project would have collapsed even sooner. As it was, the CMY was by sheer necessity thrown to a revolving editorship (33-1/3 rpm) early in 1955. This is our second time around the scenery is getting a little blurred. Anyway, we have to put out a reasonably fat issue, to conform with the page requirements of CMFA (It Bites), the Seattle Nameless Amateur Press Association. So don't mind too much if this editorial page is padded up so that it won't lie flat with the rest of the issue, which should.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 What do you want, anyway -- the Wisdom of the Ages for ten lousy cents? --  
 Club Treasurer.  
 \*\*\*\*\*





## EDITORIAL STAFF:

Publications Director -- Wallace E. (Warm-Hearted) Leber

Editors (a temporary position incurring no permanent liability) --

F. M. Busby

Elinor Busby

Statistical Division (Ratings) -- William N. Austin

Special Contributor, the August issue material for instance -- ekcidertS  
rotciV

Sound Effects -- Burnett Toskey (get it right, Phillips, it's Toskey)

Cover Creation -- ekcidertS rotciV

Screen Play -- Anopheles

from the dramatic production "Cry" by Johnnie Ray

based on the original story by some Greek or other

Which is what happens when the encyclopedia is boxed up in the back room so  
that you can't check your references. Who wants to pull off a big boo-boo,  
anyway?

\*\*\*\*\*  
Stay away from the YMCA at 4th and Marion on Sept. 29, Oct. 13, and Oct. 27,  
or you're apt to get stuck attending a meeting of the Nameless Ones. --  
The First Commandment of Space.

\*\*\*\*\*

## S-F ANTIQUES

by Wm. N. Austin

A MOONEY MOON IN SPACE by George Griffith (London, 1901).

The author is virtually unknown to contemporary science-fiction  
readers, although it would seem from this novel that he must have enjoyed  
considerable popularity in his day. In some respects, this tale resembles  
Jules Verne's popular 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA because of a leisurely,  
realistic travelogue manner of narration. This, however, deals with deep  
space rather than deep seas.

The protagonists in A MOONEY MOON IN SPACE include a young English noble,  
owner of the spaceship "Astronef" and the money to operate it, and the  
wealthy American daughter of the space craft's inventor. After a quick  
courtship and marriage, they help avert an impending world war before  
embarking upon their honeymoon cruise around the Solar System.

All goes well with the untried "Astronef." They land successfully on  
the Moon, finding only ruins of past civilizations and a few degenerate  
creatures grubbing in residual crater slime.

Mars reveals a highly developed civilization inhabited by a race both  
warlike and emotionless. After numerous harrowing experiences they barely  
escape with their lives.

On Venus they find birdlike creatures with a language like music and of  
unsullied purity of mind. So tranquil is the atmosphere here that the couple  
is seriously tempted to remain permanently.

Several of Jupiter's moons disclose vestiges of former civilizations  
but it is only on Ganymede that they find habitations: innumerable glass-  
domed cities in which dwell vastly intelligent beings, hard pressed to hold  
off the natural forces of their dying world.

A side trip close to the surface of chaotic Jupiter comes nearly to  
grief; the "Astronef" again verges on near-mishap during the Saturnian  
visit; and during the journey home, the power reserve is severely depleted  
combatting the tremendous gravitational pull first from a dead sun and  
later, from Sol. But the ways of Romantic Fiction is not to be denied;



the plucky craft and crew return safely.

Altogether, this is a most gratifying reading experience. While little is mentioned about the space drive, the astronomical science is fairly authoritative and is largely introduced by means of crisp and oft-amusing dialogue while advancing the story thread -- a device many modern science-fiction writers have not successfully utilized. And, giving the whole tale is that easy-going sort of realism displayed in effective travelogues, which draws the reader into the action.

First-rate science-fiction, this space honeymoon; one which evokes the desire for finding more Griffith yarns in the book stalls, and for additional honeymoons in any event.

Rating: A.

(Note: English born George Griffith authored twenty-six novels of Fantasy and science-fiction between 1893 and 1913, including ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION, THE DIAL AND DOG, GOLD-FINDER, LAKE OF GOLD, VALDAR THE OFT-BORN, and THE WORLD MASTERS.)

(The above is the first of a series of articles on antique science-fiction by Wm. N. A.)

### CONVENTION IN PROSE

by Wallace W. (Wandering) Weber

It's a great experience for a fan to attend a World Science Fiction Convention, particularly if he is the only fan in his area to do so. He can return with wondrous stories about what happened, even if he has to make them up himself. He can get no end of free meals on the pretext of dropping in on fans to tell them his experiences. He can monopolize conversations, take over meetings, use up acres of space in fanzines, and generally get by with being the worst sort of nuisance, all because it is the duty of all fans who have not attended a convention to find out all they can from the fan who has attended.

I attended Cleveland this year. The dinners and attention have been great, but I can't resist taking advantage of this opportunity to use up space in the JRY to tell about it again, especially since F. M. and Elinor Dusby are feeding me clam chowder to keep me going. It may sound fantastic, but I think conventions are fattening.

They called this convention the "13th World Science Fiction Convention," and it wasn't a bit unlucky. Comparing the Cleveland with what I imagine an average convention to be like, I come up with the following opinions. The hotel was unusually cooperative. The speeches were more interesting. The masquerade ball was below average. (No Leopard Girl this year). The manner in which the convention was run in general was better than average. The Terrans, when they planned the convention, gave considerable thought to the shortcomings of previous conventions and were able to correct many of the flaws.

Isaac Asimov was guest of honor, and the speeches he made were too hilarious to ruin by giving you a short version here. (Any food packer will tell you that anything condensed is usually pretty dry). A great many of his remarks were pointed at Anthony Boucher, who was pretty much the scapegoat and straight man for everybody who spoke. Anthony's low point of the convention was probably when, as toastmaster, he was required to present all three story awards to authors for stories appearing in a competitor magazine, Astounding Science Fiction. This was topped -- or lowered could be a better word -- when John W. Campbell Jr. was given the achievement

SO THERE, 2SF - WE GOT  
ATOMS TOO!

4



award for being the best professional editor.

John A. Campbell Jr. did not attend the convention. No official reason was given.

Billy Ley spoke on the subject of artificial satellites, and remarked that he was free to make such a speech only because he had nothing at all to do with the project.

Alderson Fry (of all people!) appeared at the convention. He was unable to remain for the masquerade ball, but was present for the major portion of the convention. Alderson, you know, left us to go to West Virginia to build a library, somehow having come to the conclusion that building a library there would be more rewarding than being librarian for the Nameless Ones.

Bill Hamling, one of a panel of editors, stated that he was attempting to establish a regular staff of authors to write stories for Imagination and Imaginative Tales. Then cross examine by a member of the audience who pointed out that staff-written stories usually came out machine-made fiction, Hamling agreed and remarked that machine-made fiction was exactly what he wanted. (A rather terrifying thought has come to mind. Perhaps Hamling is setting some vile plan into motion that will result in machine-made readers to read his machine-made fiction).

Ken and Pamela Bulmer were an British fan and wife brought over from England with the aid of the Transatlantic Fan Fund and maybe a boat. Ken remarked that he was very glad to be at the convention, but that he was a little surprised to see the restrained manner in which the convention was going about its business. He explained that fans across the Atlantic read the convention reports in American fansines, which invariably write about water-pistol fights, beer cans being tossed from hotel windows, narrow escapes with the house detectives, propellor beanies, and all the rest. They read these accounts and, feeling that such is the way fan conventions are run, they re-enact these events at their own conventions. You can see the power of even the amateur press.

A great deal of concern was expressed by everyone at the convention over the end of the science-fiction boom and the poor circulation of magazines since 1953. Practically all of the speeches referred to this sad position of current publications. But one of the speeches, made by a man whose name I have forgotten and whose speech wasn't even entered in the program booklet, came right out and accused Doubleday's science fiction book club of causing the science fiction bust. Incidentally, the speech had been previously submitted to Fantasy Times as an article, but the editors had spent two months going over the article with their lawyers trying to determine how successfully Fantasy Times could be sued for running such an article.

The voting for next year's convention site was quite simple. London put in a bid. New York put in a bid. London withdrew its bid. Nick Palasca packed the voting cards back in the box and handed them over to one of the New York Hydro Club members to save them the trouble of taking their own voting cards next year, and that was that.

So if you want to find out about next year's convention without inviting me over for dinner, better take your vacation over Labor Day weekend in New York.

\*\*\*\*\*  
But actual, really doesn't eat much anyhow.

- E. B.



HAZARDS OF  
SPACE-TRAVEL  
#79 IN A SERIES



# THE LAST and FIRST AMAZING

a prozine review  
by  
Olan Stapledeff



For a long time now there has been a question in the minds of many fans. They ask: How do the stories of yesteryear compare with the stories of today? How would the very first science fiction magazine ever published stack up along side of the very latest? To answer this question I have, in the interests of science fiction, looked back into history, removed the early issues of AMAZING STORIES from the dusty racks of a used magazine dealer, and have been avidly perusing same. At the same time I have been reading the recent issues of this same magazine. This little review is possibly destined to be the first in a series of reviews of early issues of AMAZING STORIES, the pioneer of the science fiction field.

Reviewing: AMAZING STORIES, Vol 1, no 1; April 1926, Hugo Gernsback, editor. A rather strange cover painting adorns this first issue, if one looks closely at it. At first, one sees several people dressed like eskimos skating on a frozen lake. Then one sees the huge ball of Saturn above them in red with white stripes, and Saturn's rings in blue, yellow, and white. Then one notices the two old-type sailing vessels perched precariously on the top of two mountains of ice. The question is, how did they get up there? But to find out, you must first read the story, which is:

"Off on a Comet" by Jules Verne. (Rating - A) The author, one of the great masters of science fiction, combines an utterly impossible plot (A comet strikes the Earth and carries off a section of humanity into space, and after a tour of the solar system deposits it back on the Earth safe and sound) with a cast of characters strictly out of this world into a story that is a delight to read.

The second story: "The New Accelerator" by H.G. Wells, is not so good, considering what Wells is capable of (Rating - D). An insignificant story.

"The Man from the Atom" by G. Peyton Wertenbaker, (Rating - C) is a fairly interesting rendition of the old story about the growth machine and of the macrocosm of which this universe is but a tiny atom.

"The Thing from - Outside" by George Allen England (Rating - B) is a tense story full of paradoxes, portraying an atmosphere of utter alienness, and written in a surprisingly modern style.

"The Man Who Saved the Earth" by Austin Hall, is not the story you might think it is. (Rating - B) Written in a style reminiscent of Lawrence O'Donnell, with short clipped sentences, the story carries the reader to a surprising, yet inevitable conclusion.

"The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" by Edgar Allen Poe (Rating - C) is good Poe, if you happen to like Poe. To others it might seem pretty awful.

Reviewing: AMAZING STORIES, Vol 29, no 6; November 1955, Howard Browne, editor.

If the following stories do not seem to conform to the standard set by the first issue, it must be remembered that in 1926 Amazing Stories had no competitors and reprinted established classics. Today Amazing Stories holds no corner on the highest quality science fiction being published, and even has many competitors for the low quality segment of science fiction pulps.

"Beyond the Steel Wall" by James Ira Kendall (rating D) is a rather poorly written account of what might have been a good idea to start with. There has been





THE LAST AND FIRST AMAZING (continued)

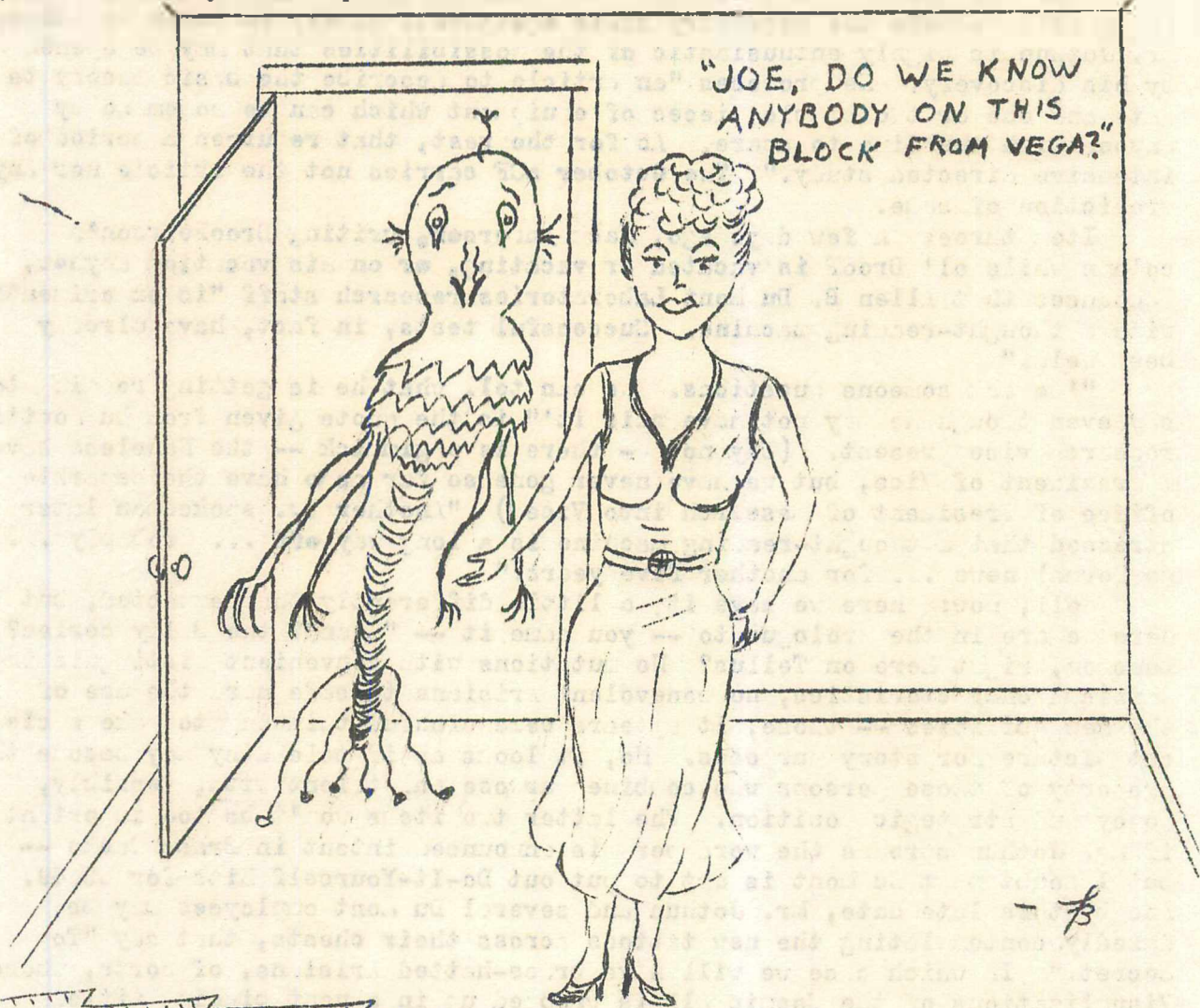
a question raised as to whether this might not have been intended as a satire.

"The Man in the Ice Box" by Paul W. Fairman, (Rating - D) is not even on a par with Fairman's usual low standard. An old idea, not badly written, but somewhat corny on the whole.

"They Sent a Boy" by C.H. Thames is the second of what started out to be a fairly good series about the immortal entity who changes periodically from one body to another. Unfortunately this story does not measure up to the first.

"Let's Do It Again" by Ivar Jorgensen (Rating - E) will probably be considered cute by some people. But I thought that the author tried to be just a little bit too cute. In my opinion the author lost track of some of the basic constituents of a short story, rendering the result into a pretty sorry mess of corn. With more skillful handling it might have been better.

The ratings on the above stories constitute a personal opinion of Clon Stapledoff (Letter ratings in Austin's scale) and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors of this issue of the ORY, except as may have been changed by the editors prior to publication.



"IF BASKETBALLS HAD BEEN MEANT TO FLY,  
GOD WOULD HAVE PROVIDED THEM WITH WINGS"

- ASIMOV



## ESpecially FOR YOU

by Pierpont Holocaust

Item one: JAC editorializes Septemberly, predicting the imminent development of "a 'spy-ray machine' or a 'clairvoyance' machine" -- or "the result of some type of mental training." "It makes no difference; it is the effect that we're interested in." He then discusses the consequences of "Loss of Privacy of Action" by such means, the changes in our lives when although actions could not be concealed, their motivation might be.

Item two: "Brass Tacks" in the same issue carries a letter from T. O. Jothun outlining how the experience of odd physical and mental effects while working with microwave equipment led him to develop theory and practice of an apparatus-aided telepathy. He states that training is necessary for effective use of his apparatus, and continues "if sufficient interest is aroused in sincere and talented amateurs, it is likely that more than a few will possess the necessary basic equipment, namely in their headbonds." Mr. Jothun is highly enthusiastic of the possibilities that may be opened by his discovery. He proposes "an article to describe the basic theory to date and one or two simple pieces of equipment which can be homemade by anyone with the time to spare. As for the rest, that requires a period of intensive directed study." The October ASF carries not the article nor any prediction of same.

Item three: A few days ago, Jack Andersen, writing Broof Pearson's column while ol' Droof is vacated or vacating, or on his vacation anyhow, announces that Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories research staff "is experimenting with a thought-reading machine. Successful tests, in fact, have already been held."

"We ask someone questions. We can tell what he is getting ready to say even though he may not have said it" is the quote given from Du Mont's research vice president. (Say now -- there is a gimmick -- the Nameless have a President of Vice, but we have never gone so far as to have the separate office of President of Research into Vice!) "Another A.S. spokesman later stressed that a thought-reading machine is a long way off ... probably ... no formal news ... for another five years."

Well, now: here we have it; a little differently than expected, but here we are in the prologue to -- you name it -- "Clon"? the Billy series? Lemmen, right here on Tellus? No mutations with convenient distinguishing physical characteristics, no benevolent Arisians to safeguard the use of the new abilities -- those, it appears were wishful-thinking to make a clear-cut picture for story purposes. No, it looks as if telesthy may become the property of those persons who combine purpose and talent with, possibly, money and strategic position. The latter two items won't be too important if Mr. Jothun spreads the word per his announced intent in Brass Tacks -- but I doubt that Du Mont is apt to put out Do-It-Yourself Kits for \$3.49. And by this late date, Mr. Jothun and several Du Mont employees may be dazedly contemplating the new tattoos across their chests, that say "Top Secret." In which case we will have brass-hatted Arisians, of sorts, whose Visualizations of the Cosmic All is wrapped up in a neat binding titled "Regulations"!

Barring the latter contingency for discussion purposes, we have here the possibility that you and I, and EVERYBODY ELSE, including that nosy old Mrs. Shoozits down the block (I don't mean that nice Mrs. Shoozits of course -- I mean that old Mrs. S. Shoozits with all those damn yowling cats) has a fair chance to dig in and come up with clairvoyant and telestatic ability, gadget-assisted or otherwise. What is this going to mean to you, and what do you intend to do about it?





Well, maybe you would just like to ignore the whole thing. So the nice salesman with what you think is a hearing-aid sells you something you really didn't want, and now you are tied up with big healthy payments for the next five years, because that "hearing-aid" actually clues him in to just what to say to sell you ANYTHING. So, now, what do you intend to do about it?

Or maybe the whole neighborhood is snickering because the kids next-door cranked up their daddy's TP set outside your window while you were having a worry-session and told the whole farshin'elt neighborhood your most SHAMEFUL secrets. So, NOW, what do you intend to do about it?

Or possibly your boss got to wondering if you really meant it when you laughed so hard at all his jokes, and set the gadget up with a pickup under your desk. So, now, after you find another job, what do you intend to do about it?

Or you're a single man, and can't get a date anymore because all the girls' parents are giving you a TP interview before their daughters can go out with you. OYYY!

And every time you turn around, there stands somebody who knows all about you, the real inside, while he is just another opaque wall to you. Well?

I don't think this is going to be so much fun, being on the outside of this deal. It would be a lot nicer to be on the inside. Depending, of course, on your personal tastes.

I would imagine that snooping on people's thoughts would get very, very monotonous in a short while. People are pretty much alike after the first dozen. Also, nobody with a reasonably healthy set of ethics is going to be able to use telepathy for unfair financial advantage without repercussions on personal well-being. Only the very immature of all ages could be a continuing problem by snooping and sniping. The basic advantages of the newer abilities would ~~likely~~ be self-defense and improved communication.

Your reaction, now, depends a lot on your personal feeling as to just what telepathy will be: a sort of telephone without sound, practically sharing the other person's every thought, the ability to "probe into the mind of another" far beyond the surface or conscious thoughts, or perhaps only the experience of thinking and feeling, with the trained ability to notice that these thoughts and feelings are picked up from someone else rather than originating in yourself, and increased receptivity to such outside stimuli.

Your reaction when the phenomena do become widespread will depend a lot on how different the actuality is from what you expected. I dunno for sure, either.

Maybe it boils down to this: having telepathy would not be such a big deal in itself, but the lack of it, in a society containing telepaths, could be pretty miserable.

So -- what do you intend to do about it?





## PLOWING THE FIELD

Prozine Reviews  
by  
Renfrew Pemberton

This paragraph is for all you wonderful fans who went right out and bought a lot of prozines, just as I told you the last couple of CRY's as well, folks, we did our best, but there weren't enough of us. Oh, sad, sad day -- no more Planet! What will Weber do now? In fact, what will we do now? (Planet used to print our letters.) Well, never mind, all you loyal cultivators of the field, we tried. We will continue to support the prozines that merit support (and print our letters), and never fear, ye faithful -- PLANET WILL RISE AGAIN!

This paragraph is for all you slackers who GOOFED: well, I told you an' I told you -- go out and buy some prozines, I told you -- help keep these poor prozines in business, I told you -- THAT'S what I told you! And what came of it?? Look over the previous paragraph, so I can save stencil space, but you keep a respectful silence while you do it. And don't forget, there's a lot of atonement to be done before you can walk in the sun, square abreast of all us staunch Planet supporters.

This is the time to start. There are only two pulps left in the field. Startling, recently the leader of a group producing 25 issues per year, will probably run a grade or so higher than Lowndes' SFQ, but in the present circumstances I cannot recommend discrimination. Go on, you loyal fen, buy the both of them. If you have to get snooty, get so with a publisher who can take it.

Like Ziff-Davis, for instance. This house of partial fannish ill-repute is like Ol' Man River -- come hell, high water, drought, famine, or Richard S. Shaver, it just keeps Rollin' Along, carrying with it assorted debris under the blurb "world's leading science fiction magazine". This blurb is about as bubbly an old crock as is to be found in today's market. With the apparent demise of Spaceways, Ziff-Davis stands almost alone as publishing money that knows little and cares less about science fiction as such, but is a bearcat on circulation gimmicks. I call your attention to the November Amazing. The lead novel "Beyond the Steel Wall" by James Ira Kendahl, outstanding for unintentional humor, is painstakingly written-down to the level of the novice sex fiend. It is at its questionable best when read aloud, slowly and with malice. I heroically refrain from quoting this story in these pages, mainly to avoid prosecution under the copyright laws. The rest of the issue is just fair, probably because Browne still has material left over from before the recent Swing to Action. It would be well to leave this magazine alone for awhile, along with its coffin-and-skeleton-covered companion, Fantastic, in the simple hope of a drop in circulation which could possibly influence HB to go back to stories on a moderately higher level. This is doubtful,



## PLOWING THE FIELD (continuation)

however -- Browne and Palmer both state that all-time circulation records were set by the Shaver Mystery, when ZD set out in all sincerity to round up every screwball in the country with 25¢ to spend, going to the extreme of printing letters from obviously "disturbed" persons who complained that the neighbors didn't believe the writers heard voices that told them the world was coming to an end, a week from Michaelmas. And the editor would respond, "That's just fine, bwah -- you just keep right on listenin' to those li'l ol' voices and buyin' this li'l ol' magazine -- and don't worry; those nasty ol' neighbors will get THEIRS one of these days". With this sort of background experience, I'm afraid Ziff-Davis are apt to be pretty set in their ways. Oh well, at least you'll save money.

Maybe the above sounds a little too bitter, but I really resent the defamation of good science-fiction by the claimed commercial success of this crud.

Let's get on to happier aspects, so that I can digest my dinner. But first let's have one minute of respectful silence in memory of poor old Planet, and in sympathy with the anguish of Wally Weber.

"IF" came up with the best issue in too long, for October. There are seven stories, of which at least four would do credit to Galaxy. There is a religious sf number by Charles Beaumont with Boucher would do well to read, as it is in a framework which he could accept but escapes the platitudinous quality of the religious stories printed by Boucher himself. There are only three "formula" stories in the issue, and these not trite by any means. A good average for any magazine.

The September Galaxy is the usual unmonotonously high quality, but I'm glad to see the end of "Preferred Risk", an overlong serial that shines like a brave but feeble little candle against the floodlight brilliance of previous Galaxy serials by such as Bester, Simak, and Asimov. McCann was just out of his league. Gold should have farmed this one out, and brought McCann up to the majors after a little more experience. That's what happens when you run a contest, though, unless you can just forget and ignore it, as another publisher (guess who?) has done on occasion. Still, the story is not bad; it's just subpar for Galaxy.

The cover of the September ASF is superior to the story illustrated. Jack Vance tries to write his idea of an Astounding-type story and it is noticeably inferior to a normal Vance-type story. For me it rates a C- by the device of substituting the name of Cornstalk Underwood for Jack Vance. By this means, the story becomes simply a technically well-done piece with no character, instead of a major lapse by an author who knows much, much better. The short stories in this issue are well above par, and the Russell serial, though marking a little time in this installment, carries interest. But WHEN will JWC get around to cutting heavily and with a cold eye, to avoid the dragging that has become in recent years a hallmark of ASF serials?? Ah well, with the late boom and all, possibly the man has been thoroughly hard-up for material, of suitable quality.

The September F&SF carries nine stories, of which four are reprints. Although this issue rates fairly high with the Pembertons, our previous advice still holds -- if you are an occasional F&SF buyer, look for the "All New Stories" label on the cover -- these issues are much more worthwhile than the reprint-loaded editions, which, you will note, do NOT carry any such admission as "40% reprints, per U.S. Bureau of Literature Standards". Boucher should find himself another coeditor. McComas apparently helped the magazine to stay out of the rut of Boucher's highly individual (i.e., not especially shared by me) tastes in fantasy and science-fiction.

Fantastic Universe for October runs a little low for this one-time challenger of the Big Two-and-a Half. Most of the stories read well almost to the end, and then leave us with a vague sense of having been cheated, because the ending falls a little flat. An exception to this is "Pink Fluff" by Craig Rice (Big Name -- get this, you peasants -- BIG NAME), which doesn't promise much anywhere along the line; if you are cheated, you did it yourself by expecting anything of interest. It looks as if Margulies should get an editor whose name he isn't ashamed to print, and start a letter column -- letter columns may get juvenile but they add life.

## PLOWING THE FIELD (continuation)

By gooly, we get to give a good plug to a minor-leaguer here. Lowndes' "Science Fiction Stories" (now claimed as the "ORIGINAL" despite the fact that this incarnation began about two years ago as a oneshot pro without volume number or date) leads with a good novel for the September issue, which would spark for Fantastic Universe or If or fit into the palmy days of Startling or TWS. Gordon R. Dickson thus authors two good ones in a row in this magazine. The short stories are average-good.

Last time around we gave "Other Worlds" a plug on the basis of a change of editorial tune by Rap. His September issue validates -- here are five stories with very, very little triteness. Palmer has definitely left the action-ONLY school, the "characters" who are large lumps of muscle and cliches, to HB of ZD. Oddly enough his lack of funds contributes to better reading -- Rap openly admits he can't always pay off his authors on time, so the big names drop him from their routes and he has to use new names. Some lack of polish to the stories, but this to me is more pleasant than the professional touch used to rivet a "new" twist onto the same old tired plotlines.

Palmer is so broke that he is reprinting covers, front and aft. Several correspondents took him bitterly to task for this. Why? If it is OK for Boucher to put out frequent issues containing up to half reprinted story material, why is it so awful for Palmer, scrabbling near the bottom of the financial barrel, to reprint artwork? Personally, I think it would be OK for him to print up a slick page entirely blank except for identification and price, if that's all he can afford. Besides, I liked the December 1952 cover when he first used it, and I like it this time, too. Anyhow, OW is now definitely worth the buy-and-read, and any guy who can admit he goofed and wants to try again, deserves support.

No comment on Fantastic, Imagination, Spaceways (which may have saved us the trouble, by folding), Fate, or Mystic. We don't read 'em, and certainly we can't expect anybody else to do so on our recommendation(?) if we won't.

We have the POGG PEEKABOOK and even the most hardened Pogophobe, we feel, will find here one of the best sequences ever printed in cartoon form. "The Account of the Wooful Frog" wherein Chicken Little attempts to direct the strip's "tads" in a production of the old poem "A Frog He Would A-wooing Go", has more real warm-type humor than we've seen for some while.

The second 25¢ MAD seems slightly letdownish from the first, including page count. Still a unique bit of reading, though, even with the former imitators of MAD COMICS now switching to imitation of the new version. CRAZY, MAN, CRAZY, subtitled From Here to Insanity takes a try at everything it can crib from MAD plus a few that MAD wouldn't stoop for, and never gets off the ground. The writers do not have the touch; despite occasional chuckles, the overall effect is dull. A thing called COCKEYED CONFIDENTIAL is in about the same boat. Weak puns and touch-tag with the postal regulations, mostly. Both of these jobs seem to be based on the assumption that if it doesn't make very good sense, it must be FUNNY. Sorry, boys, it isn't. Kurzman and Co. have something that can't be counterfeited by simply cribbing the name-distortion pun routine and putting in a Christine feature.

And now, now that we are not held down by the limitations of our subject matter, we can get to the crucial, breathtaking matters that are dear to our hearts (sure we're slen). We can tell you so-long for this month and go break out a beer.

### (LAST MINUTE PLOWING)

As Weber and Toskey roll up their sleeves to turn the crank, here's the Word on the Latest:

Galaxy, October: top-flight for any magazine, any year. Sheekley, Wallace, Evelyn Smith, Cordwainer Smith, Tenn, and Stephen Tall. C. Smith's "Game of Rat and Dragon" is outstanding even to appetites whetted by his only other published story "Scanners live in Vain".

October aSF: good material, but one of those four-title issues, including the end of Russell's serial, rated fourth in the issue with us although good



(LAST MINUTE PLOWING) (concluded)

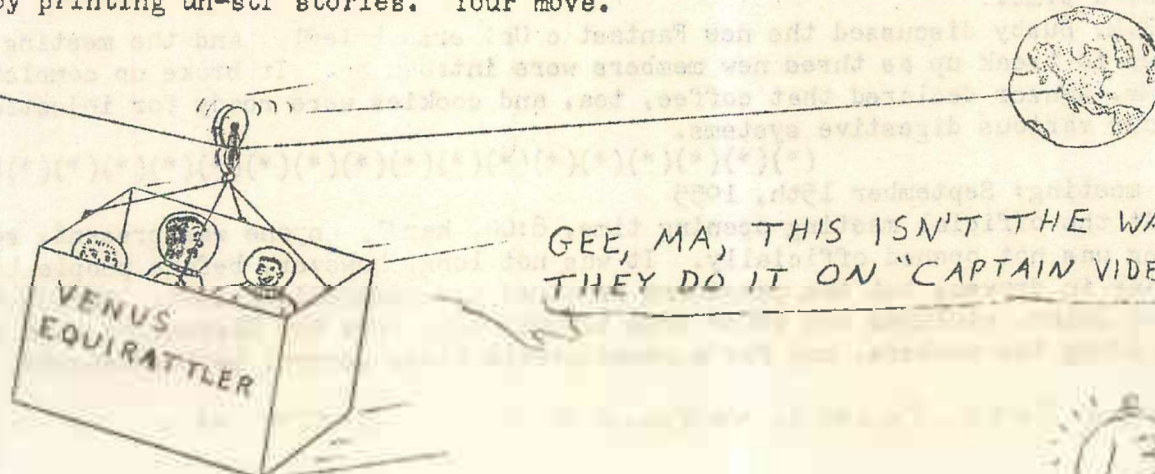
enough to rate well in weaker competition.. Russell didn't have much to say in this story and he took too long to say it. We've complained before of JWC's acceptance of overly-padded offerings, and there wasn't enough to this variation of the parasitic intelligence theme to justify three long installments. The ending was apparently riveted on for people who don't like the hero left lonesome. Francis Donovan's fine lead novel, "The Short Life" would have been better off illustrated by someone who had at some time or other seen a dog. I kept waiting for the appearance of the ET animal, as there were two other illos showing the dog AS a dog. Somebody took pity on the reader on page 31 by putting the dog's name over Rogers' Thing.

November Fantastic Universe: good cover on a good issue, much better than the last two. Sturgeon, Rob't F. Young, John Wyndham shine. Merwin still wishful-thinks the Saucers saving humanity, and Richard Stackham once again saves the race from dat ol' debbil TV, with hypnotic attachments. With ten titles for 35¢, however, a couple of moderate bloopers don't hurt much.

The two Lowndes offerings showed up for November: SFQ, the pulp, is head and shoulders above SFS, the digest size. It is unique that five writers should simultaneously submit stories with so little point and decisiveness, and that the editor should foist them all onto one issue of the same magazine. Even Simak lets a well-written forty pages bog down into vagueness and lack of point at the end. SFQ, on the other hand, has five of the medium-better items, with only one refugee from BES, a fluff by St. Clair. A two-pager by S.S. Boren should have Boucher frothing a little at having missed it for his own. Lee Priestly tries for the "How Mature Can You Get?" award and comes close (this is not a plug, exactly).

The Fall Startling is a Back-to-the-Golden-Days issue: moderately good lead novel topped by the novelette and by all but one of the seven shorts. Stay with Startling, friends; Standard seems to be out to prove that the pulps are not dead, and they have a point this time.

The Last Word: every now and then some character defends the declining quality of his magazine by backhanding fandom to wit -- "fans want a little closed world; they don't want the general public reading their private literature; they want to set themselves above the rest of the human race". Maybe it's a little more like this, fellows: we don't mind the general public reading stf at all, at all, but we do object violently to having the whole stf field watered down to the general public taste to attain this end. Science-fiction may just have busted the boom because it tried to bridge the gap between good stf and the public taste, and boys, it just won't stretch. You're lucky it didn't break off at both ends instead of just one. Sure, boy-meets-girl on Andromeda, but if boy-meets-girl is the big deal and Andromeda just a stageprop, the general reader can find it more to his taste in other publications, and the stf fan won't bother, either. And after all, if the fan does want his own little reading world -- he's paying for it, isn't he? He'll keep on paying for it if he gets his money's worth, too; but the last two years show that he won't support, indefinitely, a publisher's attempt to sell to basically un-stf types by printing un-stf stories. Your move.



One of the functions of the CRY is to warn the NAMELESS of meeting times and places. In order that the absentees should not have it too soft, however, we have a treacherous ... of printing the notorious and diabolical

MINUTES  
of the  
RECENT MEETINGS

by: Burnett  
R.  
Toskey

135th meeting: August 18, 1955 A.D.

The meeting was opened at the ordinary time by the president of the club, who present goes by the name of Ross Stark. There was some dispute at the outset to which meeting this was, but the question was finally settled satisfactorily - nobody knew for sure. Somebody called for the minutes to be read, but the secretary wiggled out of this boring and odious task by explaining that the minutes were in the hands of Victor Stredicke who had not as yet published them in the Club.

A short discussion on flying saucers was started by the mention of Friend of Rose Stark whose friend's friend knew someone who was acquainted with the circle around one of the author's of current books dealing with the little men in flying saucers.

Wally Weber was called upon to give a review of the review of Sinisterra printed in the current issue of Amazing Stories. The secretary responded by quoting as much of it from memory as he thought would add to his own personal egoboo.

Ted Ross gave a short account of the latest science fiction TV show, which apparently confused him and everyone present in an amusing way.

The rest of the meeting time was taken up by idle chatter and in the consumption of copious quantities of goodies.

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136th meeting: September 1, 1955

The meeting got under way rather belatedly as the president finally decided that we were gathered together here for the purpose of conducting a meeting. The minutes were called for, but the secretary again wiggled out of reading them, as usual, by complaining that the minutes were in the hands of the Cry publishers. He explained that he has been using this excuse in order to save him the trouble of reading them, and to save the members the trouble of having to listen to them.

The question of purpose was brought forward by F.M. Busby. He inquired as to what purpose this club had, if any, and if there was such a purpose that it be immediately eliminated, since a purpose usually entails work. Nobody seemed to have any specific ideas on the subject until Dick Nulsen entered the room and expounded a few well chosen sentences carefully calculated to confuse everybody.

Ted Ross gave his usual report on the science fiction TV show, the current offering of which was adjudged a rather poor excuse for what was supposed to be an adult SF program.

The president, Rose Stark, began a discussion of a new book on Space Medicine, discussing the effects of free-fall on the human body, and group discussion ran hot for a time.

F.M. Busby discussed the new Fantastic Universe briefly, and the meeting started to break up as three new members were introduced. It broke up completely when Mr. Gonser declared that coffee, tea, and cookies were ready for injection into our various digestive systems.

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137th meeting: September 15th, 1955

At the official meeting opening time, 8:00, hardly anyone was present, so the meeting was not opened officially. It was not long, however, before people began arriving in droves, but the president remained conspicuously absent. During the ensuing melee, pictures and other crud brought back from the Clevation were circulated among the members, and for a considerable time, general bedlam reigned.

—TO DATE, THERE IS NO KNOWN A.I.D. IN BATCHEONS—



(MINUTES) (concluded)

Finally the president put in an appearance, and in a short time began pounding the official bone for order. After pounding for a considerable length of time she was able to make her voice heard. She apologized profusely for having to interrupt the members from their gaiety, and begged forgiveness for her temerity in doing so. But she thought that perhaps she might be forgiven if she pointed out that possibly the congregation might benefit if Wally Weber were to address the group and give a description of events as they occurred at the convention. He was the only member of the group who had attended. This served to quiet down the members considerably except for one stupid idiot who called for the minutes to be read. The secretary that the minutes were out of his hands and were in the process of being published. Nevertheless another stupid idiot moved that the minutes be not read. In spite of the fact that the minutes could not be read in any case, the motion was passed.

The meeting was finally turned over to Wally Weber who proceeded, with the help of the program booklet, to describe the Clevention as seen through his four eyes. This affair wasted most of the meeting time quite effectively, and for some weird reason, everyone enjoyed this part of the meeting tremendously. Toward the close of the description of day by day Convention events, Wally Weber was rudely interrupted by Wally Gonser in a very rude fashion by announcing that refreshments were ready. Wally Weber, thus rudely interrupted, was unable to finish his report as he was drowned out by the ensuing rush of the chowhounds and once again bedlam reigned supreme until the end of the meeting.



WALLY WEBER REPORTING ON THE CONVENTION

## by

TV DEP'T.....

The "Science-Fiction Theater" series which most (??? -- Ed.) of the Nameless Ones have been touting so highly is really rolling. Among the stories scheduled for release in the future months are "Elixir of Life" with John Abbott, with a plot similar to Rog Phillips "Involuntary Immortals"... "The World Below" with Gene Barry & Marguerite Chapman about a strange city beneath the sea... "Eyes of the Panther" starring Basil Rathbone, about the discovery of a null-gravity metal in an Egyptian tomb... "Dead Storage" which revolves around the thawing of a baby mammoth (that's a real elephantine one) .... & "The Strange People at Pecos" with Arthur Franz, about none other than flying saucers... I think you'll all agree outright that this is the best stf show on TV.

Glenn Gordon will star in the new "Dr. Fu-Manchu" series... "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" will be presented on "Climax" (TV) sometime this month... "1984" based on the Orwell novel stars Edmond O'Brien and Jan Sterling... "Joe MacBeth", modern-day Shakespearian fantasy (????) stars Ruth Roman.....

"King Dinosaur" (a Lippert Picture starring Bill Bryant & Linda Curtis).. Lippert has put out some darn good stfilms in their day, but this isn't. A new star called NOVA settles in our system & it's pointed out that this is a half-year's rocket-flight away. Later, the trip is said to be 10,000,000 miles. You science fiends figger THAT one out! Anyhow, a rocket carrying 4 scientists-explorers lands on Nova & finds it looks like the California desert, except on an island where they are menaced by process-shot dinosaurs. In the end they blow up the island with an A-bomb and blastoff for Earth. Well, maybe next time.

"Creature With The Atom Brain" (Columbia-- starring Richard Denning and Angela Stevens)-- this is a well-rounded sci-mystery by Curt Siodmak, dealing with a crook & a scientist who pump cadavers full of heavy-water & send them out to commit murders. One of the Zombies is "Krippler" Karl Beckwith. Except for several distinctly Dragnetish touches, it's really much better than it sounds.

"It Came From Beneath The Sea" (Columbia-- starring Kenneth Tobey and Faith Domergue)... there seem to be more verdammt THINGS coming up out of the water in pix these days! This one is a giant squid brought up out of the ocean as a result of H-bomb explosions. After causing a bit of ~~the~~ Old Ned, it moves in on San Francisco & starts tearing down bridges & etc. It isn't anything new, but the special-effects by Ray Harryhausen (see Ackerman 3:4;51) (how's that again, E.K.?-- Ed.) are very good.

[illegible]

A TV set is wonderful, except that people keep turning it on.



S - F R E P O R T : August, 1955  
Average Ratings of S-F Magazines

ASTOUNDING July, 1954 (53:5)  
 B Hunting Lodge, nt (Garrett)  
 B Pyramid, nt (Abernathy)  
 B- Disturber, ss (Marks)  
 C/ In the Beginning, ss (Klass)  
 B Question & Answer (2of2) (Anderson)  
ASTOUNDING Aug., 1955 (55:6)  
 B/ Call Him Dead (1of3) (Russell)  
 B Victory, nt (del Rey)  
 C/ Judgment Day, ss (de Camp)  
 C Pagan, ss (Budrys)  
 B Feeding Time, ss (Gunn)  
FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Aug., 1955 (4:1)  
 C- Epidemic on Venus, nt (Clinton)  
 B Free Will, sss (Stevens)  
 C Operation Triplan, ss (Reynolds)  
 C Fresh Pastures, ss (Radcliffe)  
 C- Advantages Are Tremendous, ss (Casewit)  
 B A New World, ss (RR Smith)  
 B Good Husband, sss (Ev Smith)  
 B- Escape Mechanism, ss (Sellings)  
 B Grand Rounds, ss (Nourse)  
 C- Homesick Lane, ss (Arkaw&Henig)  
 C Crazy Mixed-Up Planet, nt (Fritch)  
 C Homecoming, ss (Haggard)  
FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Sept., 1955 (4:2)  
 C/ Cartels Jungle, nt (Cox)  
 C Long Voyage, ss (Jacobi)  
 E/ Mission From Space, ss (Maine)  
 B- Houlihan's Equation, ss (Sheldon)  
 C/ Doorway, sss (Ev Smith)  
 B- Undiscovered Country, ss (Budrys)  
 C- Rescue Squad, ss (O'Hara)  
 E/ Operation Earthworm, ss (Archibald)  
 C/ Hooper, ss (Miller)  
 C/ Sun Hunters, ss (Hensley)  
FANTASY & S.F. Aug., 1955 (9:2)  
 B Two-Handed Engine, s nt (Moore&Kuttner)  
 C Last Prophet, ss (Clingerman)  
 C Cause, ss (Arr)  
 C Our First Death, ss (Dickson)  
 B Strange Children, ss (Holding)  
 C- Chirp Me a Story, sss (Ottum)  
 B Inside Straight, s nt (Anderson)  
 B- Tiddlywink Warriors, s nt (Anderson & Dickson)  
 B- Vanishing American, ss (Beaumont)  
 B Nellthru, sss (Boucher)  
FUTURE Oct., 1954 (5:3)  
 C/ On Such As These, nt (Cox)  
 C/ Dead on Departure, ss (Lesser)  
 C Meddler, ss (Dick)  
 C/ Despite All Valor, ss (Budrys)  
 C- Crime Therapist, ss (Bradley)  
 D Conventional Ending, sss (Cogswell)  
 D Silent Colony, sss (Silverberg)

GALAXY Aug., 1955 (10:5)  
 C/ Flat-Eyed Monster, nt (Tenn)  
 C/ Country Estate, nt (Galouye)  
 C Whiskaboom, ss (Arkin)  
 B- A Gift From Earth, ss (Banister)  
 B/ Twink, ss (Sturgeon)  
 B Preferred Risk (3of4) (McCann)  
GALAXY NOVELS #22  
 D/ Killer to Come, nov (Merwin)  
IMAGINATION Dec., 1954 (5:12)  
 E Revolt of t.Outworlds, nva (Lesser)  
 D And All t.Girls Were Nude, ss (Magruder)  
 D/ Strange Eden, ss (Dick)  
 E Vegans Were Curious, ss (Marks)  
 D Miracle of Dan O'Shaughnessy, ss (Hunter)  
 F Fish Fry, sss (Marmor)  
IMAGINATION April, 1955 (6:4)  
 D/ Hunting License, nt (McConnell)  
 B/ Highways in Hiding (2of4) (GO Smith)  
 C- A Matter of Ethics, ss (Winterbotham)  
 B- Voyage of Vanishing Men, ss (Mullen)  
 C Albatross, ss (Reynolds)  
IMAGINATION May, 1955 (6:5)  
 C/ Flight Perilous! nt (Noll)  
 B Highways in Hiding (3of4) (GO Smith)  
 D Moonfall, ss (Chandler)  
 D Pleasure Was Ours, ss (R Russell)  
 D/ Moonlight and Robots, ss (Dunham)  
IMAGINATION June, 1955 (6:6)  
 C- Wanted: One Sane Man, nt (Robinson)  
 B- Highways in Hiding (4of4) (GO Smith)  
 C Problem Planet, ss (Winterbotham)  
 C- Hood Maker, ss (Dick)  
 C- Martian, ss (Silverberg)  
IMAGINATIVE TALES Sept., 1954 #1  
 D Toffee, nov (Myers)  
IMAGINATIVE TALES Nov., 1954 #2  
 D/ Toffee Takes a Trip, nva (Myers)  
 D/ Toffee Haunts a Ghost, nva (Myers)  
IMAGINATIVE TALES July, 1955 #6  
 C- The Big Binge, nov (Bloch)  
 E/ ...So Very Dark, nt (Galouye)  
LONDON MYSTERY #16 (Feb., 1953)  
 (also, 7 non-fant., 3 non-fiction)  
 B Too Much Secrecy, sss (D Hill)  
 B Lady on the Grey, ss (Collier)  
 B/ Brighton Monster, ss (Kersh)  
 C Shipshape Shilling: His Latest Adventure, juv.-ss (L Clopet)  
LONDON MYSTERY Sum., 1954 (#19, 11/53)  
 C At the Heart of It, ss (M Harrison)  
 B Fairy on t.Christmas Tree, ss (AM Peake)  
 B- Col.Chinstrap's Ghost Story, sss (B Stuart)  
 C October the Nineteenth, ss (B Carter)  
 B/ Could There? sss (D Hill)  
 (also, 5 non-fant., 2 non-fiction)

LONDON MYSTERY Fall, 1954(#20, 2/54)  
(also, 7 non-fant., 1 non-fiction)

- B- House Down the Lane, ss(J Pepper)
- B- Suffer a Witch, ss (P Shaffer)
- B/ Cardillo's Shadow, ss (SJ Bounds)
- B The Cave, ss (F McDermott)
- C The Green Tiger, sss (R Sinclair)

LONDON MYSTERY #21 (May, 1954)  
(also, 7 non-fant., 2 non-fiction)

- B- Murder in Oils, ss (M Dunstone)
- B Strange Holiday, ss (L Belhaven)
- B- Truth of the Matter, ss (R Sinclair)
- B/ Footsteps in the Snow, ss(M Marquis)
- C Oneself Outside, ss (J Comly)
- C/ Beautiful Helen! ss (G Yon)
- B With Possession, ss (G Davies)

LONDON MYSTERY #22 (Aug., 1954)  
(also, 8 non-fant., 1 non-fiction)

- B- Those That Hunt By Night, ss(FE Smith)
- C/ Grimley's Mishap, ss (MP O'Conner)
- C Dak Bungalow Mystery, ss(J Codrington)
- B Four O'Clock, ss (G Gowler)
- B- Terror That Walked By Night, ss(L Day)
- A Spider, Spider, ss (F Gonner)
- B/ One Hand in t.Grave, sss(D Doubtfire)

LONDON MYSTERY #23 (Nov., 1954)  
(also, 8 non-fant.)

- C Flesh and Blood, ss (R Sinclair)
- C/ Italian Room, ss (JS Anderson)
- B Devil Doll, ss (FE Smith)
- C/ Bird's-Eye Maple, ss (CD Heriot)
- B Mirror in 12A, ss (J Edgar)
- C The Sphinx, ss (M Spurway)
- B- All in the Day's Work, ss(P Pardigon)
- A Black Sunday, ss (J Forbes-Robertson)

LONDON MYSTERY #25 June, 1955  
(also, 6 non-fant., 2 non-fiction)

- B/ Good Dog, sss (G Gowler)
- C/ Slave Detective: Case of the Honey Cake, ss (W Nichols)
- B No Company at Corry Keep, ss(A Stuart)
- B Night Watch, sss (BC Fisk)
- C/ A Game of Chess, ss (JW Chance)
- A Underground People, sss (R Timperley)
- B- Peat Smoke, ss (K Philip)
- B Mirror, ss (S Palmer)
- C/ Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, ss(JJ Bolton)
- B Tree in the Square, ss (JS Anderson)

LONDON MYSTERY #24 (Feb., 1955)  
(also, 5 non-fant., 1 non-fiction)

- C Sea Shroud, ss (FE Smith)
- C- Devil Weeps, sss (I McLeod)
- B Devil in Mayfair, ss (L Day)
- C Gr. Lady of Glengarrion, ss (A Stuart)
- C She Never Lets You Go, ss(S Palmer)
- B Myself When Young, ss (P Partigon)
- B A Walk By Moonlight, ss (CD Heriot)

OTHER WORLDS July, 1955 #12 (#33)

- D/ I'll Tell My Big Brother, ss(Palmer)
- C Coward, ss (Power)

- C/ Narkeeta, nva (Martin)
- C/ Snakerdwrap, ss (Causey)

- B Where t.Buffalo Roam, ss (Bloch)

OTHER WORLDS Sept., 1955 #13(#34)

- B- Eighth Day, nt (Nuttall)
- D/ Politician, s nt (Rowson)

- C/ Proof-Load, ss (Damler)

- C- Man in the Moons, ss (Binder)

- C Dog Who Wanted to Go Home, ss(Sargent)

PLANET Summer, 1955 (6:11)

- C- Out of t.Iron Womb! nov (Anderson)s nt
- B- Last Call From Sector 9G, nov(Brackett)
- C/ Once a Starman, nt(Hensley) nt

- D Image of Splendor, ss (Kella)
- D- Brides of Ool, ss (MA Cummings)

- C Dust Unto Dust, ss (Hinckley)
- C/ Alien Equivalent, ss (RR Smith)

WEIRD TALES July, 1954 (46:3)

- C Survivor, nt (Lovecraft & Derleth)
- E More Than a Shadow, ss (Quick)
- D Never Stop to Pat a Kitten, ss(deFord)

- C/ The Sin Eater, nt (Pendarves)

- D/ Green Huntsman, ss (Gibbons)

- C Tree of Life, ss (Ernst)

- C Guardian, ss (Suprenant)

- C/ Passing of a God, s nt (Whitehead)

- C/ Off the Map, ss (Dolphin)

WEIRD TALES Sept., 1954 (46:4)

- C Spawn of Darkness, s nt (Shaw)

- D Dorgen, ss (Pickett)

- B A Tomb in Malacor, ss(Marti-Ibanez)

- B Dark Man, nt (Howard)

- D Imitation Demon, ss (R Kuttner)

- B- De Brignac's Lady, 1 nt (Mashburn)  
(listed incorrectly as "Washburn")

S-F REPORT consists of the average ratings of s-f magazines by DA Austin, WN Austin, RH Drummond, W Drummond, FM Busby, E Busby, RD Keller, R Stark, B Toskey, W Weber, and FH McKinnis. Compiled by WN Austin. Ratings welcomed from other interested readers.  
(8/11/55)

	Ratings
A	Excellent
B	Very Good
C	Good
D	Neutral
E	Below Average
F	Rather Poor
G	Poor