

REVIEW

REVIEW

a publication by, for, and perhaps occasionally about Vernon L. McCain
with unkind reviews by Lemuel Craig

and, perhaps, if this publication develops to a ripe old age, printed
illustrations and etcetera rendered economically by Rosco Wright.

anyone who would want to advertise in this is nuts! So no advertising
rates will be listed here, now or later.

like all other McCain publications, you can't subscribe to this thing.
(whys and wherefores below). The only way you can get on REVIEW's
mailing list is by trading your fanzine for this fanzine. For talented
non-pubbers foolish enough to barter their work for a subscription,
we have an offer. (Details for this also below)

Those wishing to get in touch with the editor of this (ahem) publica-
tion, should write to V.L.McCain, R.F.D. #3, Nampa, Idaho. As these
words are typed I am in Sandpoint, Idaho but don't write me here as
I won't be by the time your letter would reach me. If anyone finds
himself libelled herein he should please direct all lawsuits to Fer-
rest J. Ackerman. He has more money than I have.

If you are looking for a table of contents, bud, just pass on. This
isn't the magazine for you. Firstly, this is a little magazine. Who
needs a table of contents, anyway? Secondly, I haven't the least idea
what will be in this issue, yet, so how can I give y' a table of con-
tents. Thirdly, as Lee Hoffman has learned to her sorrow, no one
ever reads contents pages anyhow.

No contents page.

I can think of no sloppier ~~in~~ place to start an editorial than two
thirds of the way down the first page, so here it is

EDITORIAL---being an explanation as to why and how come, REVIEW-----
what happened to WASTEBASKET-----and is Lemuel Craig actually
Poul Anderson? or merely warmed over Mutton?

As those who've bothered reading this far have already learned,
I no longer live in Eugene, Oregon. In fact, at the moment I find
myself forced to live out of two small suitcases, while moving from
one town to another. This is somewhat more profitable than my former
existence, but it takes carrying around a printing press and a few
spare type cases with which to print WASTEBASKET a wee bit difficult.
I no longer have a car, so I can't even pack around a mimeograph to
publish fanzines with (the manner in which the first issue of WASTE-
BASKET was produced). The only reproduction method small enough to

be carried around in a suitcase, and still fit into my still-cramped budget, was hektography.

I frankly admit that this first issue will probably look god-awful. My first mimeod fanzine did and I'd had quite a bit of prior experience at mimeography. But my sole experience with hektography was tracing pictures with a hektograph pencil for a schoolteacher sister when I was ten.

I may give up the whole thing in disgust. If so, you won't be reading this, so what are you worrying about?

Hektography is admittedly inefficient. It doesn't look too good, and you can't turn out many copies. This first issue is limited to 30.

It is available only by trade.

I feel that 75% of the fanactivity today is done by not more than 5% of the total number of fans. And, as a fanzine editor I've found that almost all one's egebes (and what else does one publish for?) comes from these same few active fans. Most of these fans publish their own fanzines. Therefore, by limiting this magazine to trades, with just a short press run I can reach almost all the fans I'd want to reach.

There perhaps are a few active fans who will want to receive this magazine, anyway. At present I am not soliciting material for publication. ~~But it is not~~ Hektography has too low a reputation, and most fan-writers are too anxious to write for the magazines with large circulation for me to embarrass WASTEBASKET contributors and others, by asking for material for my little 30 circulation mag. But if a non-pubber wants to receive the mag real badly, this is the only method by which he can do so. Anyone who sends me a contribution of material, which I accept, will receive every issue of REVIEW from the moment of acceptance until six months after his article sees print. Naturally, I reserve the right to reject anything not fitting the editorial slant of REVIEW. REVIEW will chiefly be about fans/science fiction. Not wanted: fiction, poetry, scientific articles, well-documented research about Hugh Gernsbach's first six wives, the mating cry of the dappled hummingbird, or ancient superstitions, and at present we aren't planning to feature the type of humorous thing for which WASTEBASKET was known--- just to be different. Of course, I'm a sucker for this sort of article, so no promises.

If you want to go on WASTEBASKET's (oops, pardon me, REVIEW's) mailing list either write me giving me the name of your fanzine, estimated frequency of publication, etc., or send an issue marked trade. Note: WASTEBASKET is not and never has been available as a trade. I'd prefer the former method. I will trade with any fanzines unless I already have a subscription bought with good cash money or unless it is a FAPazine. (Special note to Redd Boggs: I will trade for SAPSazines, though, and I've always thot the prettiest of blue are HURKLES.)

Exempt from the above requirements because of special services about to be rendered or already rendered by them are Lee Hoffman, Walt Willis, Rosco Wright. All others, trade, contribute, or go without....unless your friends force their copies onto you.

CURRENT FANZINE FARE

We hope to make this a complete fanzine review column in the future. Those fanzines reviewed below happen to be the only ones handy when your reviewer found himself called upon to write a hurry up review column.

CONFUSION --"The Novelty Fanzine"--vln7--Box 493, Lynn Haven, Flo.

This fanzine has improved tremendously over the first two or three pretty grim issues. As experienced a fan as Shelby shouldn't have had the usual beginner's bad luck, but from the looks of things he was no exception. With EV now a memory, QUANDRY is fandom's only remaining monthly. But what with his publicity issues, Vick is managing to make this almost monthly, and a monthly magazine is able to maintain a continuity other fanzines lack. Three or four more issues and this should be required reading for all fans. Willis' PLINTH is, as usual, the issue's high point. Puffins to add their unique charm; a surprisingly good new column by Dave Hammond (I'd expected the usual neofan drivel that accompanies practically all first columns) and a satisfyingly thick letter column round out the issue. Oh yes, there's some poetry too. But you can skip that. I always do.

EXPLORER --March - Apr. '52--Ed and Jo Noble, R.F.D.#1, Townline Rd. Erie, Penn., 50¢ per year.

This one just keeps rolling along. Lots of interest to any ardently active club members and enough of general interest to make it well worth the subscription price.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN --Apr. '52

This reviewer has gone on record in the past in another magazine as to his opinion of the e.o. of the N3F, and it hasn't changed. Seemingly those opinions got under somebody's skin since comments keep cropping up all through this issue about the heinous crime of an N3F member who would commit the lese majeste of actually criticizing the club or any of its officers who work so hard at their tasks. I still am curious as to why they pour all that energy into the club when fandom contains so many more rewarding activities.

OPUS --W. Max Keasler..Box 24, Washington U. St. Louis 5, Mo.

A delightfully informal mag. Max still can't spell, but unlike Sneary he has a sense of humor to leaven his battle with the alphabet. Max has been using typical fan illustrations with involved captions which were supposed to be funny, tho they didn't strike me as being so. However, on page 5 of this issue, Max has finally hit the jackpot. The picture is as undistinguished as usual, but the text is hilarious enough to repay me for all the unfunny labels I've waded thru. I don't think anyone will contest Walt Willis' right to be known as fandom's best columnist, but fandom's best column is not one of Walt's but Harry Warner's splendid "All Our Yesterdays". This alone is worth the sub price for any magazine it might be appearing in. Marion Bradley's fanzine review column makes very interesting

reading, though those who read both it and this will notice a singular lack of agreement. In some ways, OPUS is a better mag than FV ever was, but it lacks that mag's single biggest advantage--its monthly appearance.

PEON -- Charles Lee Riddle--May '52 15¢ per copy or 9 issues for \$1.00.

A sober-sided old timer. This magazine doesn't greatly inspire us, but if you don't get it you'll miss out on one or two excellent items per issue. Outstanding items this time by Jerome Bixby, James Blish, and Edward Wood (though I disagree strongly with much Wood says). There's a column by E. Hoffman Price (a pro-writer for those of you kiddies who can't remember back to when Mr. Price was appearing regularly in the various fantasy and sf pulps) which, for Mr. Price's sake, should be dropped. When most pros let down their hair and start to write for fanzines, they prove to be extraordinarily likable characters, even when they write fiction like Reg Phillips. But Mr. Price's columns have had the effect of engendering a dislike for the Price personality, in this reader's case, leading to a predisposition to dislike the Price stories. Which isn't really fair since he has written some quite good fiction in the past.

QUANDRY -- A serious constructive publication--monthly almost every month--15¢ a copy, 3 for 40¢-- Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga.

Hey, how'd that extra v get in Savannah?

The undisputed queen of the mimed mags, fandom's only monthly and anyone who doesn't like this mag is a stuffed shirt and a fathead. F.T. Laney leads off this issue with a dull article in which he solicits fans to use his services as an income tax consultant. We figure Lee made a pretty profit off this 3½ page article since her ad rates are \$1.50 per page. Willis glitters in his column "The Harp That Once or Twice". Bob Silverberg doesn't in his column "From the Voodverk Out". Bob is a well-known, hard-working, admirable fan, but no columnist. Somebody (we guess Ellsberry) has an anonymous article about that greatly overworked idea, Bob Tucker's death. Rest of the mag is sub-QUANDRY par and should be ignored. If you don't get this mag, you haven't the right to call yourself a fan.

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST --Don Fabun, 2524 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 4, California.

I've never been able to decide whether this mag features ~~xx~~ good artwork poorly reproduced or poor artwork well reproduced. It has many fine articles and features but the magazine itself embodies a distressing policy of snobbism towards the vast majority of science fiction and fandom. Best item in this issue is a fascinating exchange between Ray Bradbury and Anthony Boucher in which they ~~xxx~~ deplore an identical attitude among the literati toward all sf magazines. There's also a takeoff by Les and Es Cole on a typical FAPazine which could have been much better. It starts out superbly but fizzles after the first two pages. The key to the whole thing shows up in the last item in which a review of RD appears. Evidently reviews such as this one have been puncturing the Berkeleyans epidermis.

CINTILLA -- Larry Anderson, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings Mont., 5¢

see next page for review.

the kindest thing one can say about this type of first issue is to cite the poor quality of such outstanding fanzines as QUANDRY and SPACEWARD when they first appeared. There's nothing wrong with this fanzine that the acquisition of good material by other fans and the normal addition of experience that will come with the next few issues won't cure.

STE STUFF -- published weakly--hektoed--Charles Wells, 405 E. 62 st., Savannah, Ga.--3g

Mr. Wells is obviously a very young and very inexperienced fan. But my admiration is unbounded for any fan with the enthusiasm and fortitude to, lacking access to a typewriter and even a stapler, still buy himself a hektograph and hand letter the entire text of his magazine and stitch each issue on a sewing machine. This sort of guts really makes the lackadaisical attitude of so many fans look sick. I don't know how long Mr. Wells fanzine will last; I suspect that even his fortitude is insufficient to continue this magazine indefinitely without the use of a typewriter. But in the meantime he deserves every single bit of encouragement and help that the older fans can give him.

That takes care of the fanzines on hand as of the moment. The chief reason for this column has been the lack of any column in either prozine or fanzine which would review all the fanzines and call the ~~shots~~ shots for good or bad, as the reviewer sees them, since Sam Merwin abandoned his A and B lists. The COSMAG reviews are too uniformly enthusiastic; the PEON reviews miss too many magazines, and, to date, the same has been true of Marlen Bradley's column.

Having finished this first column I can see why so many review columns of the past have been overkind. When it comes right down to panning a fanzine, it's hard to do it. Almost every zine has some good features, in the cases where there is nothing else to praise, the enthusiasm and hard work of the editor obviously deserve praise since it is obvious they wouldn't persist with such poor fanzines unless they did have more determination than normal. The above list was weighted towards the better fanzines of course, since most of them are received by subscription and it is natural that one should pick the better magazines to subscribe to.

L.C.

This seems as good a place as any to state that those responsible for this issue of REVIEW realize that it isn't a very big fanzine, you will probably find several large white areas scattered through the magazine since the entire issue was whipped together in a hurry by the staff and we realize fully that what little is included is far from being deathless prose. This is partially deliberate. This is to be a very informal magazine, featuring reviews and letters predominantly. No letters appear in this issue since I didn't feel like excerpting from my correspondence without the writer's knowledge. But I hereby serve notice, a la Hoffman, that henceforth all mail that does not carry a large verboten notice will be considered for publication in REVIEW. And that includes all mail of any sort addressed to

V.L.M.

C R A I G C O M M E N T S

I once stated that I felt the three finest sf or fantasy novels yet written were "Needle", "The Dreaming Jewels", and "What Mad Universe". That judgment stands where 'stories' are concerned.

But from the standpoint of good writing, motivation, and characterization (all the things by which the modern serious novel is judged) far and away the best one yet is "The Four Sided-Triangle". This story is beautifully written, its characters are by far the realest and most believable I've ever encountered in science-fiction, and there is tremendous depth, especially in the characterization of the narrator and the two girls. There are many spots of delicious humor scattered through the book, but upon finishing it I wondered if H.L. Gold had bothered reading it before writing those blurbs which led one to believe it was a rellicking farce. Basically this story is laid in the form of the classical tragedy, and for once in sf one actually worries about what happens to the characters in the end.

Ferrest Ackerman has been beating the drums as to how wonderful a film this would be. Admittedly it fits the Hollywood formula, though what makes it a unique book in the realm of scientifiction can't be fitted onto the screen, since that is part of Temple's writing style, not the plot. Ackerman foresaw all the top stars in Hollywood fighting for the role, and the winner walking off with the Academy Award.

Despite his many intimate contacts with the film industry, Ackerman displays the layman's usual assumption that a strong attention-getting role is all that is needed to walk off with filmdom's highest honor. Admittedly it is far more important than it should be in what is supposed to be an award for 'acting'. But to actually win the award, the following is necessary, (1) a well-written screenplay, (2) a competent actor who hasn't been previously identified with

this type of characterization, (3) a top-notch director (the most important man in any picture), (4) a film cutter who doesn't slash the role to pieces but shows it off to best advantage, instead (5) luck, which means that all the above ingredients mesh together for the proper effect, (6) a release date for the film near the end of the year so it will be fresh in the minds of the voters, (7) the good fortune not to have to compete with a too-stunningly good competitor also released late, (8) a good publicity agency who will keep your name in the newspapers constantly before the Academy vote, preferably with the name of the picture in question, so the voters can't forget you. Oh yes, if you are out for the supporting actor award, make sure it's good and fat. Academy voters won't pay attention to anyone who isn't present during at least one-third of the footage. Witness the way Lee Grant's superb performance in "Detective Story" (one of the half-dozen all-time finest performances by any woman in the films in my book) was completely ignored in the final tabulations last year.

Also I couldn't quite see Hollywood's top actresses falling all over themselves to appear in any science fiction film. But the role is a good one. My personal choice for it would be Jane Wyman, but unfortunately she is too big a star now to waste her time with anything but roles in filmizations of best-sellers, hit plays, or an occasional original screenplay handled by one of the top directors.

But there are still many attractive and thoroughly competent young actresses who have never quite succeeded at the box office who might be induced to go to ^{ENGLAND} ~~Hollywood~~ and appear in Alexander Paal's science-fiction movie. Marsha Hunt, Mary Anderson, Cathy O'Donnell, Ella Raines.....any one of whom could have done a splendid job.

So who is picked? The vapid, empty-faced, and completely un-talented apex of the Franchot Tone-Tom Neal triangle, Barbara Payton!

PRO'S PROSE

ASTOUNDING -- July '52

I don't think anyone can deny that ASF isn't what it used to be. Except for a short slump during '43-'44, every issue of Astounding from 1940 to 1949 was an anthology in itself. But no more. An occasional good story that can be compared with the old-timers is the best Campbell can do. Yet the magazine is still the second-best magazine available and even manages to top GALAXY some months. At any rate the average story is considerably better than what we were fed during Campbell's alltime low during the winter of '50-'51. Best story this issue is by old-timer Eric Frank Russell, whose short stories and novelettes are always smooth and readable, but seldom memorable. (That criticism doesn't apply to his novels, "Sinister Barrier", "Dreadful Sanctuary", and "The Star Watchers") The lead story "The Emissary" could have been great if it appeared in 1945. But this ~~same~~ plot has been done so often..... Also readable in the usual ASTOUNDING plot setting are Shaara's "All the Way Back" and Quattrocchi's "Gramp and his Dog". Poorest story is Chad Oliver's "Stardust" which attempts to graft the psychological drives of an individual onto an entire group. There's some slight-of-hand bunkum too. Oliver seems to sell consistently to the best markets, but his stories seem typical of the colorless imitations of yesteryear which ASTOUNDING now uses to fill its pages when it runs out of outstanding stories. A sorry estate for perhaps the most scintillating letterhack of all time.

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION -- Aug. '52

This magazine would benefit so much by the inclusion of one short novel or two long novelettes each issue. As it is the magazine resembles a tray of hor d'oeuvres. A great many bits and pieces, some immensely tasty or intriguing, more than a few overseasoned, underdone, or just not prepared to taste; one third the number of short stories admirably sharpens the appetite for the main course, but there is nothing one can get one's teeth into and pulp mag STARTLING comes the closest to duplicating MOF's formula and offering the longer stories which the reader craves. Best story this issue is editor Boucher's own "Nine Finger Jack" a reprint of an ESQUIRE yarn of about a year ago. Alfred Bester, for the umpteenth time, concocts a wonderful plot, then insists on giving it an arty treatment which doesn't fit it at all. de Camp and Pratt seem unable to stagger away from the dull idiosyncrasies of "Gavagan's Bar" (oh, for the days of "The Mathematics of Magic"); G. Gordon Dewey tells a wonderful story, only ruins it by gimmicking it up---he tells it backward!---which is a novel idea and would be marvelous for the sort of story which would produce a surprise ending in that manner, but makes about as much sense here as rearranging the chapters of "Oliver Twist" in reverse order would; August Derleth rewrites Robert Bloch's splendid "The Creak" in entertaining fashion (perhaps the previous comment is unfair--it in no way plagiarizes the incidents in the first story--but carbon copies the mood to perfection); suspense writer Graham Greene has a very poor story, typical of the low quality of most of MOF's (and, in fairness, all other sf magazine's) reprints; and someone named E.B. White depicts an entrancing vignette in a bar. All in all a typical issue of MOF...typically entertaining.....typically disappointing.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES -- Aug. '52

It was great news to learn there will be only two more issues of this magazine. And it is almost certainly not coincidence that this should happen so soon after the debut of FANTASTIC. As one of the three worst magazines in the field, FA certainly won't be missed while FANTASTIC is a welcome addition. Of course, I'll admit I was disappointed in FANTASTIC. With the fancy budget (probably the largest in the entire field) and the superb facilities, FANTASTIC should have been much better than it was. But even so, I don't ~~think~~ think anyone can deny it has turned the big 3 into the big 4. And perhaps, since Paul Fairman, a much better editor than Browne, has been added to the Z-D staff, the magazine may improve if he is allowed a major hand in its editing. As for this issue of FA, it deserves little comment. There is a fairish story by Milton Lesser. The rest of this issue is a waste of time.

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION -- July '52

Gold has been steering a bit too heavily toward the sterile, wordy sort of piece that currently plagues the highbrow section of American letters for this readers tastes. Recent issues have been a bit better however. A favorite GALAXY gimmick pops up for the third time in six months in "Dumb Martian" and I'm a bit tired of it. An excellent ASTOUNDING type gimmick story with excellent characterization is present under the title "Shipshape Home" and Roger Dee does a craftsmanlike job on a PLANET plotted "Wailing Wall". Biggest disappointment in the issue is "Star, Bright" written by Mark Clifton who made a stunning debut in ASF a couple of months ago with "What Haze I Done". This story starts off as if it were going to become fourth in the list of great superman stories (previous ones in this reviewers opinion... "Odd John", "Slan", and "In Hiding") but the story deteriorates badly half-way through and ends on a hackish note. The well-written current serial "Gravy Planet" continues a fascinating course but rather sickens us with about the most vicious propaganda we've seen in any sf story since "Masters of Sleep". Written by what I understand are two fellow-travelers vintage 1938 (at least their closest friends Lowndes, Wollheim, and Michel were leaders of the Communist movement then active in fandom) this story bypasses the ~~xxx~~ opportunity to condemn witch-hunting as witch-hunting (and no sensitive, intelligent person can excuse the manner in which the hysterical hunt for Communists in this country has been conducted) to defend the Communists themselves by the ancient device of the parallel situation in a parable. The similarity between Pohl and Kornbluth's 'Connies' and our present day 'Commies' is too obvious to be questioned. Yet it is hard to conceive of two more dissimilar groups than Communists and conservationists. It is one thing to make a serious error of judgment in the unthinking idealism of youth; some of the very finest intelligences in this country were led into the identical blunder by the personalityless pressures of the depression; it is quite another to attempt by false analogy, 15 years later, to justify one's adolescent lack of sense. To add to the objectionable features of this story's presentation, Gold keeps referring to it as a 'huckster's Utopia' or, occasionally as an 'entrepreneur's Utopia'. The story which, despite its excellent construction and readability, is one of the least original I've ever read. It borrows from "Logic of Empire" in great detail, lifts its second installment climax right out of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and the whole background is taken right out of "1984". (Considering that Orwell's novel is now second only to Fort's books as the most commonly 'borrowed' material, perhaps this

can no longer be considered stealing). But most of all this is merely a futuristic rewrite of Wakeman's '47 bestseller "The Hucksters". But Gold overlooks the fact that that novel was a tale of how miserable the typical advertising man is and how much he hates his job. I don't think any advertising man could conceivably look upon such a future as anyplace approaching the ideal. Certainly the average entrepreneur, who is a small businessman, would look forward with shudders to the complete abandonment of all except two huge corporations. And even 'big business', a favorite whipping-boy of the so-called liberals (being a Jeffersonian democrat, myself, I feel that my own political beliefs which are just the opposite come closest to the original meaning of 'liberal' which stems from the word liberty) could hardly be thought to perceive any but the slightest resemblance between their present-day status and methods and the predominantly political complexion of the companies depicted here. In fact, to me this appears, as a Utopia story, to approach the ideals of a present-day federal bureaucrat than anything else. Living in the Northwest, where for as long as I can remember the federal government has been trying to ram a Columbia Valley Authority down our throats, to bring in government controlled power companies to compete on uneven terms with our established efficient private power companies, the picture is too obvious not to see. Serials seem to be GALAXY's weak point. As far as I'm concerned the only good one they've printed was "The Puppet Masters".

SPACE -- Sep. '52

With the digest MARVEL gone, this is the most attractive magazine in makeup and layout currently on the stands, in my opinion, though it would help if they'd use a better grade of paper. The Bergey cover is much peerer than the Orban on the first issue; nor are the stories up to the very high pulp level set in the July issue. Conan the Conqueror is revived (why?) and there is a dull Fletcher Pratt story. (He should steer clear of a typewriter when de Camp isn't around. John Jakes turns out a short-short which is just the sort of thing that preposterous High School sophomores invariably try to write. But Simak and Leinster are present with competent if not outstanding stories as is someone named Theodore L. Thomas. Discounting my own prejudice against religion in science fiction (with that most delightful exception, de Camp's "Invaders from Nowhere"); Michael Sherman's "A Matter of Faith", the lead novel, is quite good. But Erik van Lhin's superb Fortean, "Moon-Blind" is much the best thing in the issue. I hope this mag goes monthly soon.....and that the long overdue ROCKETS never appears.

STARTLING STORIES -- Aug. '52

Mines goes into ecstasies over his radically new and different novel, "The Levers", which upon reading proves to be a rather dull story distinguished only by the admirable frankness with which a sex theme is handled, probably more specifically than any other of mag story of all time....certainly more so than de Camp's highly touted "Rogue Queen. I've considered Ken Cressen the peer man's de Camp, but in the last two STARTLING's he's proved he's much more than that, with two fine serious stories. There's also an amusing Captain Future takeoff, reminiscent of Clive Jackson's wicked space operas in SLANT a couple of years ago. (The cover logo which looked so good with Schenberg appears unbearably cheap with Bergy surrounded by green and white.

THRILLING WONDER STORIES -- Aug. '52

A very much above average issue starts off with a peer Hamilton novel. Murray Leinster is present with the sort of humorous short which made him famous. Phyllis Sterling Smith uses the same sort of plot as MOF's "Ambassador Without Portfolio" but does so more convincingly. Alan Nourse's "Counterfeit", perhaps not quite GALAXY level, is still enjoyable and Jack Vance's "Chelwell's Chickens" is the best Vance yarn yet, with a real doozie of an ending... a yarn that will have to be considered when selecting 1952's best novelets.

It was suggested in another fanzine recently that for those who don't read all, or even many, of the countless stories now available, a listing of the good yarns might be useful. ~~Wags~~ Well, your reviewer doesn't read them all, either, but he may spot some you'd miss otherwise, so at the end of each pre-review we will have a special listing of Recommended Stories and Very Highly Recommended Stories. The former will be stories which we consider above the average and which you should enjoy if you have time for them. The latter will be reserved for very special stories which no one the least bit appreciative of sf or fantasy should miss, and for these you should make time. Within the categories, the listings will be alphabetical and no attempt to grade individual stories by quality.

VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Chelwell's Chickens - Jack Vance - THRILLING WONDER STORIES, Aug.
Nine-Finger Jack - Anthony Boucher - MAGAZINE OF FANTASY, Aug.

RECOMMENDED

All the Way Back - Michael Shaara - ASTOUNDING, July
Counterfeit - Alan E. Nourse - THRILLING WONDER STORIES, Aug.
The Emissary - Jim Brown - ASTOUNDING, July
The Hour of the Mortals - Kendall Foster Crossen - STARTLING STORIES
The Hour of Letdown - E.B. White - MAGAZINE OF FANTASY, Aug.
I am Nothing - Eric Frank Russell - ASTOUNDING, July
Major Venture and the Missing Satellite - Charles E. Fritch - STARTLING
The Middle of Week After Next - Murray Leinster - THRILLING WONDER
Moon-Blind - Erik van Lhin - SPACE, Sep.
The Quaker Lady and the Jelph - Phyllis Sterling Smith - THRILLING WONDER
Shipspace Home - Richard Matheson - GALAXY, July
Star, Bright - Mark Clifton - GALAXY, July
The Teeth - G.Gordon Dewey - MAGAZINE OF FANTASY, Aug.

The above is not meant, by any means, to list all the stories you may enjoy, or even all the ones I enjoyed. But it does attempt to list all the actually outstanding stories, which are good enough to thrust their way above the crowd.

L.C.