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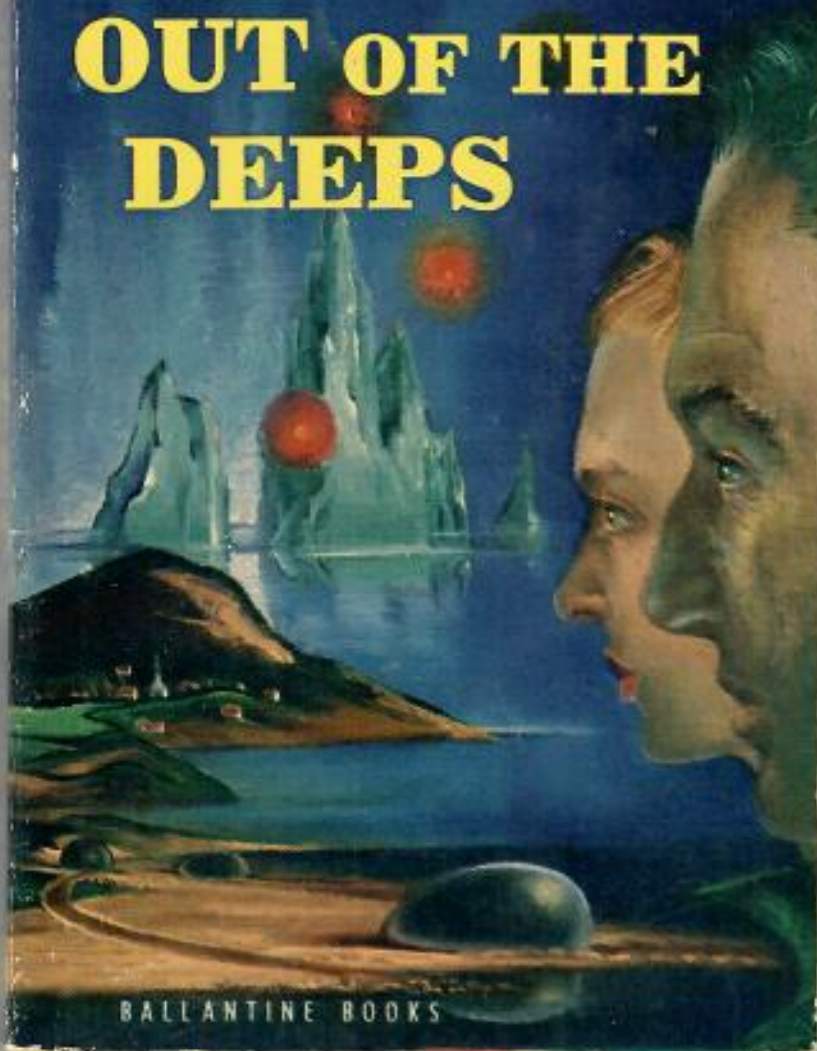
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John Wyndham

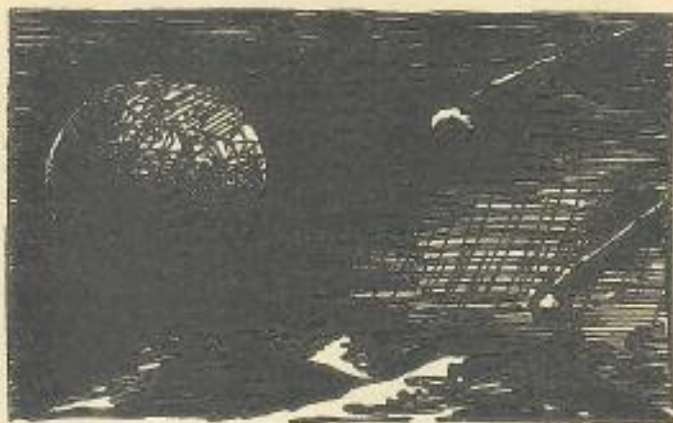
author of THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS

a realistic science-fiction novel of our world in the grip of a chilling horror

OUT OF THE DEEPS



BALLANTINE BOOKS



First there were the fiery red balls
plunging from the sky into the sea.

Then ships began to sink mysteriously.

Then islands were attacked by beings, the like of which had never been seen before.

But this was only the beginning of a relentless horror that was as difficult to stop as it was to identify.

Mike and Phyllis Watson, reporters and broadcasters, were in on the matter from the start, since they saw the first evidence of it on their honeymoon. Through these two well-drawn and vivid characters, we watch the course of an invasion of our world that changes not only history and governments but the face of the earth itself.

This book was recently published in Great Britain where the Manchester Evening News said: "Mr. Wyndham has written another brilliant novel to follow The Day of the Triffids . . . spine-chilling, brilliantly constructed, and tautly written."

JOHN WYNDHAM

BY JOHN WYNDHAM

The Day of the Triffids
Out of the Deeps

Out of the
Deeps

This is an original novel—not a reprint—
published by BALLANTINE BOOKS, INC. A
hardbound edition of this book, priced at
\$2.00, is available at your local bookstore.

BALLANTINE BOOKS • NEW YORK

This novel was published in England
under the title *The Kraken Wakes*.

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PHASE ONE 1

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PHASE 1

I'M A RELIABLE WITNESS, you're a reliable witness, practically all God's children are reliable witnesses in their own estimation—which makes it funny how such different ideas of the same affair get about. Almost the only people I know who agree word for word on what they saw on the night of July 15th are Phyllis and I. And as Phyllis happens to be my wife, people said, in their kindly way behind our backs, that I "overpersuaded" her, a thought that could proceed only from someone who did not know Phyllis.

The time was 11:15 P.M.; the place, latitude 35, some 24 degrees west of Greenwich; the ship, the *Guinevere*; the occasion, our honeymoon. About these facts there is no dispute. The cruise had taken us to Madeira, the Canaries, Cape Verde Islands, and had then turned north to show us the Azores on our way home. We, Phyllis and I, were leaning on the rail, taking a breather. From the saloon came the sound of the dance continuing, and the crooner yearning for somebody. The sea stretched in front of us like a silken plain in the moonlight. The ship sailed as smoothly as if she were on a river. We gazed out silently at the infinity of sea and sky. Behind us the crooner went on baying.

"I'm so glad I don't feel like him; it must be devastating," Phyllis said. "Why, do you suppose, do people keep on mass-producing these dreary moanings?"

I had no answer ready for that one, but I was saved the trouble of trying to find one when her attention was suddenly caught elsewhere.

"Mars is looking pretty angry tonight, isn't he? I hope it isn't an omen," she said.

I looked where she pointed at a red spot among myriads of white ones, and with some surprise, Mars does look red, of course, though I had never seen him look quite as red as that—but then, neither were the stars, as seen at home, quite as bright as they were here. Being practically in the tropics might account for it.

"Certainly a little inflamed," I agreed.

We regarded the red point for some moments. Then Phyllis said:

"That's funny. It seems to be getting bigger."

I explained that that was obviously an hallucination formed by staring at it. We went on staring, and it became quite indisputably bigger. Moreover:

"There's another one. There can't be two Marses," said Phyllis.

And sure enough there was. A smaller red point, a little up from, and to the right of, the first. She added:

"And another. To the left. See?"

She was right about that, too, and by this time the first one was glowing as the most noticeable thing in the sky.

"It must be a flight of jets of some kind, and that's a cloud of luminous exhaust we're seeing," I suggested.

We watched all three of them slowly getting brighter and also sinking lower in the sky until they were little above the horizon line, and reflecting in a pinkish pathway across the water toward us.

"Five now," said Phyllis.

We've both of us been asked many times since to describe them, but perhaps we are not gifted with such a precise eye for detail as some others. What we said at the time, and what we still say, is that on this occasion there was no real shape visible. The center was solidly red, and a kind of fuzz round it was less so. The best suggestion I can make is that you imagine a brilliantly red light as

seen in a fairly thick fog so that there is a strong halation, and you will have something of the effect.

Others besides ourselves were leaning over the rail, and in fairness I should perhaps mention that between them they appear to have seen cigar-shapes, cylinders, discs, ovoids, and, inevitably, saucers. We did not. What is more, we did not see eight, nine, or a dozen. We saw five.

The halation may or may not have been due to some kind of jet drive, but it did not indicate any great speed. The things grew in size quite slowly as they approached. There was time for people to go back into the saloon and fetch their friends out to see, so that presently a line of us leaned all along the rail, looking at them and guessing.

With no idea of scale we could have no judgment of their size or distance; all we could be sure of was that they were descending in a long glide which looked as if it would take them across our wake.

When the first one hit the water a great burst of steam shot up in a pink plume. Then, swiftly, there was a lower, wider spread of steam which had lost the pink tinge, and was simply a white cloud in the moonlight. It was beginning to thin out when the sound of it reached us in a searing hiss. The water round the spot bubbled and seethed and frothed. When the steam drew off, there was nothing to be seen there but a patch of turbulence, gradually subsiding.

Then the second of them came in, in just the same way, on almost the same spot. One after another all five of them touched down on the water with great whooshes and hissings of steam. Then the vapor cleared, showing only a few contiguous patches of troubled water.

Aboard the *Gulnevere*, bells clanged, the beat of the engines changed, we started to change course, crews turned out to man the boats, men stood by to throw lifebelts.

Four times we steamed slowly back and forth across the area, searching. There was no trace whatever to be found. But for our own wake, the sea lay all about us in the moonlight, placid, empty, unperturbed . . .

About

JOHN WYNDHAM

When we wrote the author, an Englishman living in London, asking for information about himself, he replied that since John Wyndham was born on February 14th, 1949, there wasn't as yet a great deal to say about him. And then he told us how John Wyndham came to be born.

"As near as I can recollect, the earliest decisive influence must have been H. G. Wells' two stories, 'The War of the Worlds' and 'The Time Machine.' I'm sure they had a great deal to do with the fathering of John Wyndham. They were written long before anyone had thought of the term 'science fiction,' and I still regard them as the best examples of the balance it is desirable to keep between science and fiction.

"Then somewhere about 1930 there was a curious vogue for ballasting ships with surplus American magazines and it brought a science-fiction magazine to my attention for the

first time. I decided to try a story of this kind as a change from my usual preoccupation with detectives and ghosts, which had so far rewarded me with nothing but rejection slips. This was accepted. The embryo Mr. Wyndham acclaimed the false dawn with a glad cry and sat down to write ten more which were refused in orderly rotation."

This he found puzzling (as well as depressing) because he knew, even if the editor did not, that they were getting better. However, it happened before long that a new man took the editorial chair. Taking the cunning precaution of retitling his stories and retyping the first page, just in case the editorial office should happen to have kept a record, he started sending them all in again at judicious intervals. This time, all save one were accepted, and the first links in a chain of circumstance were forged.

But then, just as the chain was really coming along nicely came the trouble with Hitler. The expectation of bombs, and, later, their reality, made concentration on fiction difficult, so the incipient Mr. Wyndham sold himself to one of the innumerable Civil Service departments. This lasted three years, and then he found himself in the Army (Royal Signals).

He left the Army with the firm decision to try fresh fields, but little by little found himself edging toward science fiction again. However, when he came to look at the American magazines of science fiction after the interlude, he found that something had been happening to them while he was away.

"The galloping space-opera was still there in some of them, of course, but the stories in the leading magazines were more intelligent and better written; the form had been developing, and still is. But gradually I became aware that

while the standard continued to improve, another quality was creeping in—the suggestion of a cult.

“‘Hang it,’ I said to myself, ‘I believe there are plenty of people in the world who like imaginative projections honestly carried out, but get bored to death by scientific exhibitionism. So let us be more implicit and less explicit, let us consider the things that might happen, not to the inhabitants of Uranus, but to us, our friends, the things we know—rather a big *might*, perhaps—but let us assume, at least, that our reader is seeking entertainment rather than cramming for an exam in physics.’”

So saying, he broke a bottle over his bows, named himself John Wyndham, and started in.

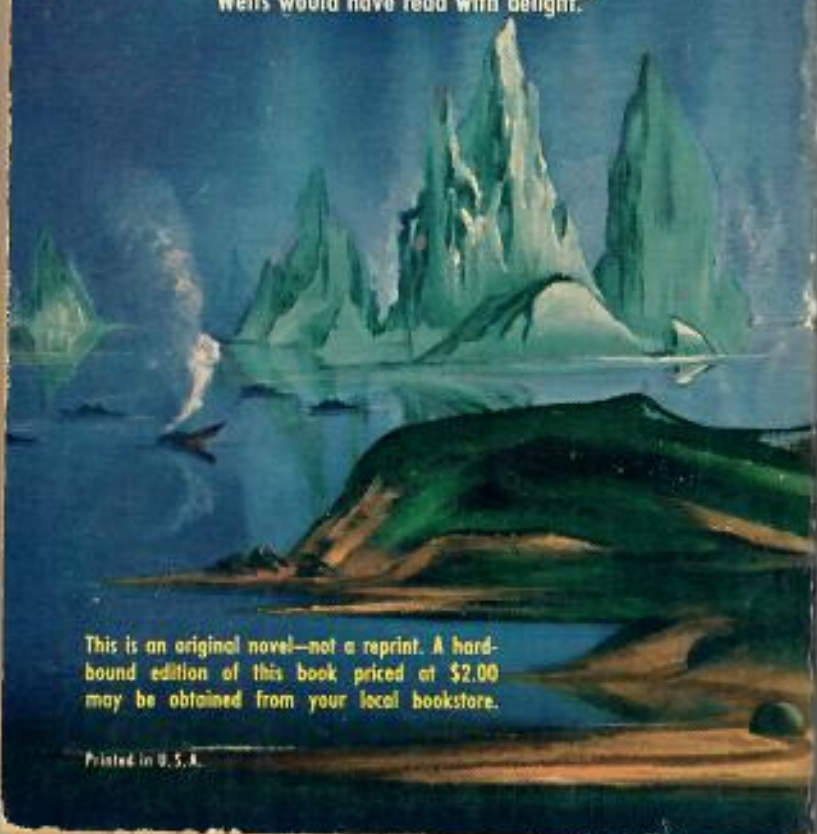
And then he wrote his first novel, *The Day of the Triffids*, which appeared in 1951, and about which a great many critics on both sides of the Atlantic found a great deal to say. Here the *New York Herald Tribune* said, “One of the most intelligent and readable of all the current crop of science-fiction novels,” and the *Library Journal* called it “the most terrifying as well as the best-written science-fiction novel of the year, or for several years,” and *The New York Times* said, “It has a devastating reality.” Over there they said, “Has all the qualities of a vividly realized nightmare” (*London Times Literary Supplement*), and “Grips the imagination from the first page to last” (*London Evening News*).

His second novel, *Out of the Deeps*, has all the terrifying reality of his first, and does even more to further his cause of bringing the science-fiction novel to maturity in terms of stimulating ideas and sheer good writing.

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Frightening because it is realistic and intelligent, this science-fiction novel tells of a vast and inexorable invasion of earth—that turned the seas into the terrible enemy of mankind.

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SECRET SEA

Close-hauled
adventure in
a search for sunken gold

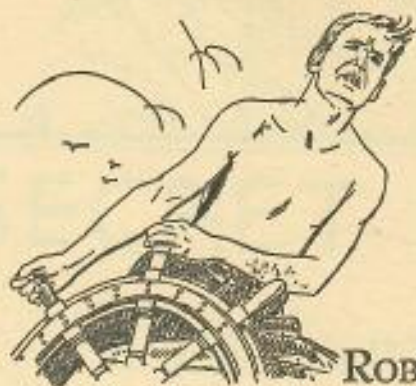
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by
ROBB WHITE

illustrated by
RAY QUIGLEY

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PUBLISHED *October, 1947*
1st printing *September, 1947*
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JUNIOR GUILD EDITION

PUBLISHED *October, 1947*
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POCKET BOOK, JR. EDITION

PUBLISHED *March, 1951*
2nd printing *January, 1955*

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To Pauline and Howard Pease

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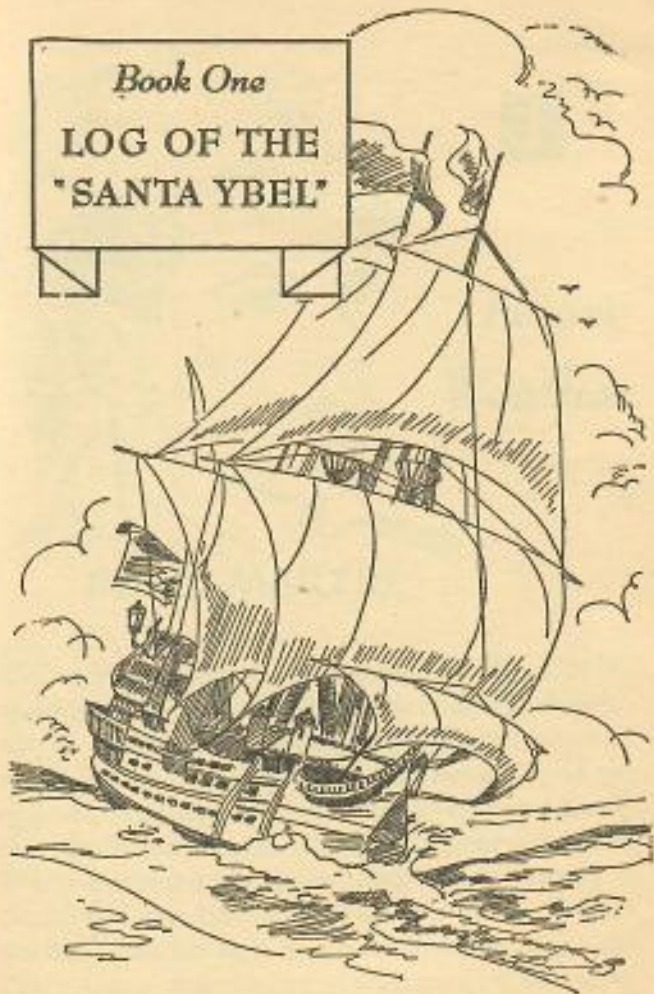
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SECRET SEA

Book One
LOG OF THE
"SANTA YBEL"





1

Heavy Weather

PETE MARTIN

Lieutenant Commander Pete Martin, USNR, commanding USS PC 237, watched his ship labor in the storm. Coming through the noise of wind and sea, he could hear the throbbing of the engines, hear the crying of metal ribs and backbone in his ship as the sea tried to take her apart. When her stern was lifted clear of the water, he could feel the beat of the screws going wild in nothing but air and he could imagine what the Black Gang was taking, trying to slow them before the brass wheels wrung themselves off the shafts. He watched a man open the door of the

deckhouse only to have a wave smash it shut again. It took the man three tries to get out the door.

On the open bridge Pete stood against the gun shield. As the waves came rushing up over the bow he, and all hands on the bridge, would duck and then rise slowly again to peer into the gray world ahead of the ship. Pete, feeling cold water inside his foul-weather gear, scowled, for he knew that it was wetting down the brand-new lieutenant commander shoulder boards he was wearing.

The executive officer, Lieutenant Randle, moved aft across the bridge. Sliding his hands along the top of the screen and sliding his feet so as never to have either feet or hands adrift, he got to the gun shield.

Cupping his hand around his mouth, he shouted, "Haven't you had enough of this, Captain?"

Pete watched the water running down Randle's face and into his mouth. He had a bitter, angry expression, and, during the short time Pete had been aboard as commanding officer, he had found Randle to be a poor officer and an unpleasant shipmate.

Pete shook his head and then pushed Randle down as a wave came roaring over the top of the screen.

When they were standing up again, Randle said, "I'm fed up with this weather, Captain."

The statement made Pete much angrier than it should have. But ever since he had reported aboard Randle had irritated him. Pete tried to remember that it wasn't Randle's fault if the Navy let him spend the years of the war sailing around Key West, Florida. But Pete had seen too much of the Pacific to remember things like that.

"Please continue Search Plan Baker, Mr. Randle," Pete said.

Randle shrugged. As he turned away he said, "Search plan! You couldn't find the U.S. Fleet in this weather."

Pete watched him go to the front of the bridge and stand staring out at the grayness, ducking when the waves came over.

What Randle had said began to worry Pete. Perhaps, he thought, this was too much weather for a green crew in a small ship. Perhaps he should give the order to turn and run for Key West. After all, Pete argued to himself, this is only training. This isn't for keeps the way it was out there. And it was certainly heavy going, with the screws thrashing in the air half the time, the bow down under green, the seas trying to carry away everything on deck that wasn't welded down.

Then Pete remembered the typhoon he had gone through off the Philippines in the destroyer *Hoel*. Compared to that, this was just a breeze of wind. Pete looked down at his ship. She was taking it all right. The engines were reacting

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Outwitting the enemy in a storm, they find the prize guarded by a monster octopus, and the menacing black yacht again on their trail.

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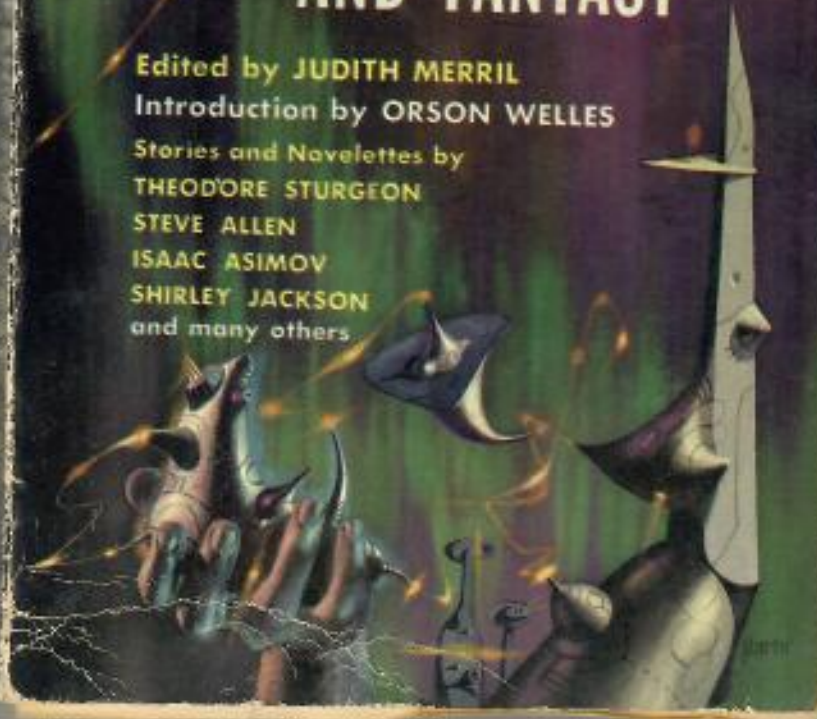
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S-F

**THE YEAR'S GREATEST
SCIENCE-FICTION
AND FANTASY**

Edited by **JUDITH MERRIL**
Introduction by **ORSON WELLES**
Stories and Novelettes by
THEODORE STURGEON
STEVE ALLEN
ISAAC ASIMOV
SHIRLEY JACKSON
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**THE YEAR'S
GREATEST
SCIENCE-FICTION
and FANTASY**

STORIES AND NOVELETTES

Edited by
JUDITH MERRIL

Introduction by
ORSON WELLES

A DELL FIRST EDITION

Published by
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INTRODUCTION

by
ORSON WELLES

ONE THING'S SURE about science-fiction: there's too much of it.

A leading editor in the field announces that the boom days are over, but the yearly amount of the stuff that still gets into print is pretty staggering.

My advice to any but the most bug-eyed addict would be to abstain from the novels. "S.F." is often at its aching worst in "book-length" versions. Good novels (Heinlein's "Puppet Masters," for instance) are about as rare as ambergris and a lot harder to identify. My wife, who loathes everything remotely galactic, who alternately yawns and shudders at the prospect of journeying in either time or outer space, and herself travels almost exclusively by train, went shopping with a publisher—a friend of ours who claims to be an "S.F." expert—and presented me on Christmas with an eight-foot shelf of this season's crop of the novels. Ploughing through the bulk of this brightly-jacketed little library only confirmed a previous opinion: one of the oddest aspects of this whole publishing phenomenon is that there still seems to be more outright claptrap between hard covers than soft, and that the short stories come off much better than the long ones.

Why? Well, I guess these tales are, after all, our modern fables and it's certain that the fable as a form generally succeeds when not too extended.

If there remains such a thing as a novice reader in this literature, my suggestion would be for him to begin with the magazines until he knows a few authors, and to steer clear of the bookstores. Against this, of course, our theoretical novice might happen on a poorish issue of whatever monthly he sampled first. An anthology is probably best

for a beginning, and I don't think he could do better than with this one.

For the real *aficionado*—he'll be relieved to find that he has nothing familiar from other collections to skip—I reckon he'll find most of his favorite authors, and these at the top of their form. The range is interestingly wide—from that convincing gadgetry dear to many of the fans, to the wildest and freest sort of nonsense. In this last area I join the enthusiasts. It's by bringing pure fantasy into currency that science-fiction makes its real and very healthy contribution to our popular literature, at least for my money.

I'm going to try to persuade my wife to read this book. There's a good hope that a first-rate sampler such as this may convert even her. If "S.F.—The Year's Greatest Science-Fiction and Fantasy" doesn't sell her on our twentieth-century fairy tales, she'll just have to stick with the Grimm brothers.

PREFACE

THE STORIES IN THIS BOOK, says Mr. Orson Welles, are fables of our time. I think this is a good way to describe them since, like older fables, science-fantasy makes use of the imaginative background and unusual circumstance to add emotional urgency and dramatic power to what are basically problems in philosophy and morality.

Unlike Aesop, the writers of these stories seldom conclude with a clear-cut moral. In a century whose most impressive accomplishments (atom bombs, orlon, rockets, radar, cancer cures, what-have-you?) are built upon "scientific" concepts with such names as *relativity* and the *uncertainty principle*, the inquiring artist does well merely to formulate a coherent question.

The questions you will find most often put in here might be compressed in one composite query:—

How can we learn to live at peace with ourselves and with each other in the complexities of the world we are rebuilding with our new machines?

Fortunately, the stories are not so compressed. A good story must inevitably be unique and individual as the man or woman who wrote it. Unfortunately, if it's answers that you want, you will not find them here—except occasionally, prefaced with *what if?*, *I wonder*, or *supposing that . . .*

The serious-minded reader will also have to forgive our authors if they resort to the frivolities of space-ships and flying bath-mats, robots and talking rats, to make their points. Even in s-f, a writer is only secondarily a philosopher; his first big job is entertainment . . . and *that* hasn't changed since Aesop's time at all.

—J.M.

THE STUTTERER

by

R. R. Merliss

Right now, today, we can—and do—build machines that can think logically better and faster than we can. Others in our growing arsenal of tools can hear better, see farther, hit harder, last longer, remember more accurately. We have not yet built anything to live livelier, feel more strongly, or dream at all. We have not learned how to make a soul—yet.

"The Stutterer"—a first story, by the way, written by a Los Angeles physician—presents the problems (and tough ones they are) of an android, an artificial man, built to be as much as possible exactly like a human being—with just two very important differences. He is not fertile; he is indestructible.

OUT OF THE TWENTY only one managed to escape the planet. And he did it very simply, merely by walking up to the crowded ticket window at one of the rocket ports and buying passage to Earth. His Army identification papers passed the harassed inspection of the agent, and he gratefully and silently pocketed the small plastic stub that was handed him in exchange for his money.

He picked his way with infinite care through the hordes of ex-soldiers clamoring for passage back to the multitudinous planets from which they had come. Then he slowly climbed the heavy ramp into the waiting rocket.

He saw with relief that the seats were strongly constructed, built to survive the pressure of many gravities, and he chose one as far removed as possible from the other passengers.

PREFACE

THE STORIES IN THIS BOOK, says Mr. Orson Welles, are fables of our time. I think this is a good way to describe them since, like older fables, science-fantasy makes use of the imaginative background and unusual circumstance to add emotional urgency and dramatic power to what are basically problems in philosophy and morality.

Unlike Aesop, the writers of these stories seldom conclude with a clear-cut moral. In a century whose most impressive accomplishments (atom bombs, orlon, rockets, radar, cancer cures, what-have-you-?) are built upon "scientific" concepts with such names as *relativity* and *the uncertainty principle*, the inquiring artist does well merely to formulate a coherent question.

The questions you will find most often put in here might be compressed in one composite query:—

How can we learn to live at peace with ourselves and with each other in the complexities of the world we are rebuilding with our new machines?

Fortunately, the stories are not so compressed. A good story must inevitably be unique and individual as the man or woman who wrote it. Unfortunately, if it's answers that you want, you will not find them here—except occasionally, prefaced with *what if?*, *I wonder*, or *supposing that . . .*

The serious-minded reader will also have to forgive our authors if they resort to the frivolities of space-ships and flying bath-mats, robots and talking rats, to make their points. Even in s-f, a writer is only secondarily a philosopher; his first big job is entertainment . . . and *that* hasn't changed since Aesop's time at all.

—J.M.

THE STUTTERER

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OUT OF THE TWENTY only one managed to escape the planet. And he did it very simply, merely by walking up to the crowded ticket window at one of the rocket ports and buying passage to Earth. His Army identification papers passed the harassed inspection of the agent, and he gratefully and silently pocketed the small plastic stub that was handed him in exchange for his money.

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He saw with relief that the seats were strongly constructed, built to survive the pressure of many gravities, and he chose one as far removed as possible from the other passengers.

He was still very apprehensive, and, as he waited for the rocket to take off, he tried hard to remember the principles of the pulse drive that powered the ship, and whether his additional weight would upset its efficiency enough to awaken suspicion.

The seats filled quickly with excited hurrying passengers. Soon he heard the great door clang shut, and saw the red light flicker on, warning of the take-off. He felt a slow surge of pressure as the ship arose from the ground, and his chair creaked ominously with the extra weight. He became fearful that it might collapse, and he strained forward trying to shift some of the pressure through his feet to the floor. He sat that way, tense and immobile, for what seemed a long time until abruptly the strain was relieved and he heard the rising and falling whine of the rockets that told him the ship was in pulse-drive, flickering back and forth across the speed of light.

He realized that the pilots had not discovered his extra weight, and that the initial hazards were over. The important thing was to look like a passenger, a returning soldier like the others, so that no one would notice him and remember his presence.

His fellow travelers were by this time chatting with one another, some playing cards, and others watching the teledepth screens. These were the adventurers who had flocked from all corners of the galaxy to fight in the first national war in centuries. They were the uncivilized few who had read about battle and armed struggle in their history books and found the old stories exciting.

They paid no attention to their silent companion who sat quietly looking through the quartz windows at the diamond-bright stars, tacked against the blackness of infinity.

The fugitive scarcely moved the entire time of the passage. Finally when Earth hung out in the sky like a blue balloon, the ship cut its pulsations and swung around for a tail landing.

The atmosphere screamed through the fins of the rocket, and the continents and the countries, and then the rivers

and the mountains took shape. The big ship settled down as gently as a snowflake, shuddered a few times and was quiet.

The passengers hurriedly gathered up their scattered belongings and pushed toward the exit in a great rush to be out and back on Earth.

The fugitive was the last to leave. He stayed well away from the others, being fearful that, if he should touch or brush up against someone, his identity might be recognized.

When he saw the ramp running from the ship to the ground, he was dismayed. It seemed a flimsy structure, supported only by tubular steel. Five people were walking down it, and he made a mental calculation of their weight—about eight hundred pounds he thought. He weighed five times that. The ramp was obviously never built to support such a load.

He hesitated, and then he realized that he had caught the eye of the stewardess waiting on the ground. A little panicky, he stepped out with one foot and he was horrified to feel the steel buckle. He drew back hastily and threw a quick glance at the stewardess. Fortunately at the moment she was looking down the field and waving at someone.

The ramp floor was supported by steel tubes at its edges and in its exact center. He tentatively put one foot in the middle over the support and gradually shifted his weight to it. The metal complained creakily, but held, and he slowly trod the exact center line to Earth. The stewardess' back was turned toward him as he walked off across the field toward the customhouse.

He found it comforting to have under his feet what felt like at least one yard of cement. He could step briskly and not be fearful of betraying himself.

There was one further danger: the customs inspector.

He took his place at the end of the line and waited patiently until it led him up to a desk at which a uniformed man sat, busily checking and stamping declarations and

traveling papers. The official, however, did not even look up when he handed him his passport and identification.

"Human. You don't have to go through immigration," the agent said. "Do you have anything to declare?"

"N-no," the traveler said. "I d-didn't bring anything in."
"Sign the affidavit," the agent said and pushed a sheet of paper toward him.

The traveler picked up a pen from the desk and signed "Jon Hall" in a clear, perfect script.

The agent gave it a passing glance and tossed it into a wire basket.

Then he pushed his uniform cap back exposing a bald head. "You're my last customer for a while, until the rocket from Sirius comes in. Guess I might as well relax for a minute." He reached into a drawer of the desk and pulled out a package of cigarettes, of which he lit one.

"You been in the war, too?" he asked.

Hall nodded. He did not want to talk any more than he had to.

The agent studied his face.

"That's funny," he said after a minute. "I never would have picked you for one of these so-called adventurers. You're too quiet and peaceful looking. I would have put you down as a doctor or maybe a writer."

"N-no," Hall said. "I w-was in the war."

"Well, that shows you can't tell by looking at a fellow," the agent said philosophically. He handed Hall his papers. "There you are. The left door leads out to the copter field. Good luck on Earth!"

Hall pocketed the stamped documents. "Thanks," he said. "I'm glad to be here."

He walked down the wide station room to a far exit and pushed the door open. A few steps farther and he was standing on a cement path dug into a hillside.

Across the valley, bright in the noon sun lay the pine covered slopes of the Argus mountains, and at his feet the green Mojave flowering with orchards stretched far to the north and south. Between the trees, in the center of the

valley, the Sacramento River rolled southward in a man-made bed of concrete and steel giving water and life to what had a century before been dry dead earth.

There was a small outcropping of limestone near the cement walk, and he stepped over to it and sat down. He would have been happy to rest and enjoy for a few moments his escape and his triumph, but he had to let the others know so that they might have hope.

He closed his eyes and groped across the stars toward Grismet. Almost immediately he felt an impatient tug at his mind, strong because there were many clamoring at once to be heard. He counted them. There were seventeen. So one more had been captured since he had left Grismet.

"Be quiet," he told them. "I'll let you see, after a while. First I have to reach the two of us that are still free."

Obediently, the seventeen were still, and he groped some more and found another of his kind deep in an ice cave in the polar regions of Grismet.

"How goes it?" he asked.

The figure on Grismet lay stretched out at full length on the blue ice, his eyes closed. He answered without moving: "They discovered my radiation about an hour ago. Pretty soon, they'll start blasting through the ice."

The one on Earth felt the chill despair of his comrade and let go. He groped about again until he found the last one, the only other one left. He was squatting in the cellar of a warehouse in the main city of Grismet.

"Have they picked up your trail yet?" he asked.

"No," answered the one in the cellar. "They won't for a while. I've scattered depots of radiation all through the town. They'll be some time tracking them all down, before they can get to me."

In a flash of his mind, Hall revealed his escape and the one on Grismet nodded and said: "Be careful. Be very careful. You are our only hope."

Hall returned then to the seventeen, and he said with his thoughts: "All right, now you can look." Immobile in their darkness, they snatched at his mind, and as he opened

HONORABLE MENTION

The stories listed below are those that, for a variety of reasons, could not be reprinted in this book—yet seemed to me to be too good to be entirely ignored. I have included several pieces too long to have been considered for this volume at all, but which have appeared only in magazine versions, and so are not available for the recognition they have earned in any other area of review. Wherever possible, I have given book titles, rather than original magazine sources, simply because books are easier to obtain. Stories from magazines dated 1956, but copyright 1955, are not listed here, as they are still eligible for inclusion next year. In order to save space, I have made use of a number of abbreviations, which are explained immediately below.

ABBREVIATIONS:

ASF—*Assounding Science Fiction*

FU—*Fantastic Universe*

F&SF—*Fantasy And Science Fiction*

GSF—*Galaxy Science Fiction*

SFS—*Science Fiction Stories*

"GoG"—*"Galaxy of Ghouls," (anthology) ed.: J. Merril; Lion*

"F&SF:5"—*"The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction: Fifth Series," (anthology) ed.: A. Boucher; Doubleday*

"Str3"—*"Star Science Fiction Stories, #3," (anthology of original stories) ed.: F. Pohl; Ballantine*

ROBERT ABERNATHY: "Single Combat," *F&SF*, 1/55.

BRIAN W. ALDISE: "Our Kind of Knowledge," *New Worlds*, 6/55.

STEPHEN ARR: "Cause," *F&SF*, 9/55.

RAYMOND E. BARKS: "The Ear-Friend," *SFS*, 3/55; "The Short Ones," *F&SF*, 3/55.

CHARLES BEAUMONT: "The Vanishing American," in *F&SF:5*.

JAMES BLESH: "King Of The Hills" *Infinity*, 11/55; "With Malice To Come," *F&SF*, 5/55.

ROBERT BLOCH: "You Could Be Wrong," *Amazing Stories*, 3/55.

FREDRIC BROWN: "Blood," in *GoG*.

ALICE BUDREVY: "Citadel," *ASF*, 2/55; "The Two Sharp Edges," *SFS*, 1/55; "Thing," (*ps: Janvier*), *FU*, 3/55.

BENNETH BULMER: "The Day Of The Monster," *Authentic S. F.*, 7/55.

JAMES CAUSEY: "Snakerdorp," *Other Worlds*, 7/55.

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER: "Late," *Science Fantasy*, #13.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER: "Manna," *New Worlds*, 3/55.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE: "The Deep Range," in *Str3*.

LES COLE: "The Wilhelms Spot," *SFS*, 7/55.

LEK CORREY: "Design Flaw," *ASF*, 2/55.

L. SPRACUE DE CAMP: "Lament By A Maker," (*verse*), *F&SF*, 1/55.

PHILIP K. DICK: "Captive Market," *If*, 4/55; "Foster, You're Dead," in *Str3*.

GORDON DICKSON: "James," *F&SF*, 5/55; "The Odd Ones," *If*, 2/55;

"Moon, Jude, Spoon, Groon," *Startling Stories*, Summer/55.

HENRY GREGOR FELSEN: "The Spaceman Cometh," *Colliers*, 11/11/55.

GORDON GASKO: "The Golden Judge," *ASF*, 12/55.

HUGO GERNSBACH: "The Electronic Duel," *Esquire*, 5/55.

JAMES E. GUNN: "Name Your Pleasure," *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Winter/55.

FRANK HERBERT: "Under Pressure," (*serial*) *ASF*, 11, 12/55 & 1/56.

ALICE ELEANOR JONES: "Miss Quatro," *FU*, 6/55; "Recruiting Officer,"

Fantastic, 10/55; "Created He Them," in *F&SF:5*

MARTIN JORDAN: "Sheamus," *Science Fantasy*, #14.

MURRAY LEINSTER: "Sand Doom," *ASF*, 12/55.

JOHN D. MACDONALD: "Vivus H," *Bluebook*, 6/55.

EDWARD MATHESON: "Dance Of The Dead," in *Str3*; "Pattern For Survival," in *F&SF:5*.

J. FRANCES MCCOMAS: "Criminal Negligence," *ASF*, 6/55.

J. T. M'INTOSH: "The Man Who Cried Sheep," *F&SF*, 9/55.

- THOMAS A. MERRIAN: "The Wind's Will," *F&SF*, 7/55.
- JUDITH MEKRE: "Project Nuismaid," *F&SF*, 10/55.
- SAM MERWIN, JR.: "The Man From The Flying Saucer," *FU*, 7/55.
- WALTER M. MILLER, JR.: "A Canticle For Leibowitz," in "*F&SF* 5"; "The Triffin' Man," in "GoG"; "The Darfstellar," *ASF*, 1/55.
- WILLIAM MORRISON: "Hiding Place," *FU*, 6/55.
- DUNCAN H. MUNRO: "Tieline," *ASF*, 7/55.
- ALAN E. NOURSE: "The Expert Touch," *F&SF*, 11/55; "Grand Rounds," *FU*, 8/55.
- CHAD OLIVER: "The Mother Of Necessity," "Artifact," and "Another Kind," all in the book, "Another Kind," (Ballantine, 1955).
- CHAD OLIVER & CHARLES BRAUMONT: "The Last Word," in "*F&SF* 5"
- GERALD PEARCE: "The Dreaming Wall," *GSF*, 5/55.
- FREDERIK POHL: "The Tunnel Under The World," *GSF*, 1/55.
- ARTHUR PORGES: "The Tidings," *F&SF*, 2/55.
- J. R. PRIESTLEY: "Uncle Phil On TV," in "The Other Place," (Harper's, 1955).
- MACE REYNOLDS: "All The World Loves A Luvver," *F&SF*, 4/55.
- FRANK RELEY: "The Cyber And Justice Holmes," *If*, 3/55.
- ERIC FRANK RUSSELL: "Allamagoosa," *AFS*, 5/55.
- RAY RUSSELL: "The Pleasure Was Ours," *Imagination*, 5/55.
- WILLIAM SANSON: "The Tournament," *F&SF*, 1/55.
- JAMES H. SCHMITZ: "The Ties Of Earth," *GSF*, 11/55 & 1/56.
- ARTHUR SELLINGS: "Jukebox," *FU*, 12/55; "The Proxies," *If*, 10/55.
- JOHN A. SENTRY: "Aspirin Won't Help It," *ASF*, 9/55.
- ROBERT SHECKLEY: "Spy Story," *Playboy*, 9/55; "Deadhead," *GSF*, 7/55.
- CLIFFORD SIMAK: "Full Cycle," *SFS*, 11/55.
- CORDWAINER SMITH: "The Game Of Rat And Dragon," *GSF*, 10/55.
- EVELYN E. SMITH: "Teragram," *FU*, 6/55.
- THEODORE STURGEON: "The Widget, The Wadget, And Boff," (serial) *F&SF*, 11, 12/55; "Twink," *GSF*, 8/55.
- JOHN F. SUTER: "The Seeds Of Murder," *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, 5/55.
- E. C. TURB: "The Predators," *Science Fantasy*, #15; "Quis Custodiet," *Nebula*, 11/55.
- F. L. WALLACE: "End As A World," *GSF*, 9/55.
- BRYCE WALTON: "The Midway," *F&SF*, 2/55; "Freeway," *If*, 6/55.
- MANLY WADE WELLMAN: "Walk Like A Mountain," *F&SF*, 6/55.

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The contents have been selected by an editor whose name is a synonym for taste and quality in the field ... Miss Judith Merrill. The introduction is by Mr. Orson Welles.