

he comes up against Carson Napier—and if that isn't clue enough, just wait and see what happens when the marines arrive.

Flandry's girl friends seem to be more the hard-working type than Bulmer's: Bourtai is a particularly competent gal. Maybe the new English industry—I'm told English girls are in greatest demand as strippers in European night spots—has forced a more static role on English womanhood. Now if Messrs. Bulmer and Brunner would put someone more like Joan Collins into their yarns . . .



**THE MALE RESPONSE**, by Brian Aldiss. *Galaxy* Novels No. 305. 1961. 188 pp. 35¢

Although this is one of the series of reprints and original sexed-up science-fiction and fantasy novels allegedly sponsored by our contemporary, *Galaxy*, this is not SF. Not, that is, unless you feel that the presence of a super-computer, which never gets a chance to do much, is a qualifier.

What the book is, is an African comedy in the manner of the family Waugh, with the "male response"—to females, naturally—prominent but not dominant. Soames Noyes is flying to Africa to finalize the sale of a giant computer to the King-President of a pocket state somewhere on the borders of the Congo. The plane crashes, but the computer is saved. While it is being installed, Noyes has ample time to investigate

—and become involved with—the rare collection of bizarre humanity assembled in Umbalathorp, capital of Goya. The local witch doctor is opposed to him as a matter of course. Various politically minded individuals, Chinese, Portuguese, English, Goyan, *et al*, would like his assistance in grinding axes, and using them on each other. The President-King, his spouses, offspring, *et al*, are eager for the blessings of civilization, for themselves and their country.

Brian Aldiss makes a rare and slightly bawdy comedy out of the whole business, building to an ironic payoff. And the cover illustration has nothing whatever to do with the book.

P.S. *Galaxy* is reputed to have washed its hands of this messy series. Whether Beacon, the actual publisher, will continue, remains to be seen.



**CATSEYE**, by Andre Norton. Harcourt, Brace & World, New York. 1961. 192 pp. \$3.25

Again you find your besotted commentator, grinning like a thoroughly happy Airedale, singing the praises of unashamed wonder. Again you hear the ukase: "Forget it's for teenagers and enjoy yourself." And again you will come up at the end with a plaintive wail of desperation: "Yes, but what about—?"

This story of a galactic future explores another facet of one of the themes of the author's earlier "The

Beast Master," the symbiotic relationship that may develop between men and animals. Here the hero is a young D.P., exiled from the frontier world where his people have led a simple, rugged life for several generations. Finding a temporary job in a pet shop, he discovers some very strange things and is in no time deep in the plotting and counterplotting.

That, before she is done, the author has created an entire complex future civilization, and done it in touches as deft as any of Robert Heinlein's, goes without saying. There are some wonderful telepathic animals from Earth. There is the mystery of the lost native civilization of Korwar. There is the feudal brotherhood of the Hunters—keepers of the outlands. There is plotting and peril and mystery, much of it boldly unresolved so that the reader's imagination will plunge on and out and beyond the events of the story to go on building the universe the author has sketched for it is increasingly evident that this is one of Andre Norton's strengths, used masterfully, boldly, and always delightfully.

» » »

**THE SUN SABOTEURS**, by Damon Knight.

**THE LIGHT OF LILITH**, by G. McDonald Wallis. Ace Books, No. F-108. 1961. 101+123 pp. 40¢

Damon Knight's professionally written half of this Ace double saves it from total oblivion; Miss Wallis' offering might have gone over in the '30s, but not now.

"The Sun Saboteurs" constructs a nicely complex refugee society and lets it stew in everybody's juice. Human odds and ends—Chinese, Russian, and assorted other minorities—live in the Quarter, a reasonably comfortable ghetto on a totally alien world. Political and personal stresses have brought them to the bursting point: ultra-conservatives who refuse to believe that their handful of humans do not "rule" all space—compromisers of the Minority People's Legion—and a small, strong, vicious remnant of the military who will destroy anything they can't dominate.

"The Light of Lilith" would be right at home back in those "good" old days when a lot of colorful paraphernalia and scientific double-talk made a "memorable" story. The "other" colors of Lilith could perhaps have been explained away by assuming that the world does something chemically to alter human perceivers, but instead we have the old one about "unknown" wave lengths in a spectrum that physicists have very thoroughly explored from the hard gammas to long radio waves. We're told that mixing light from opposite ends of the spectrum produces horrendous results, whereas this is what the non-spectrum color purple is—red plus blue. There's more in the same vein, and the action is equally violent.

If the publisher didn't provide a biography of sorts, we'd assume "G. McDonald Wallis" is a pen name for a resurrected Ed Earl Repp.