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people of a sleepy Flemish village are brought to vigorous, comic life when their town is saturated with oxygen. Willy Ley provides a typically fine introduction, Dr. Hubertus Strughold of the USAF Aerospace Medical Center in Texas discusses the science or lack of it, and the bibliography of Verne's books is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of engravings from the original editions. The book itself is also a stunt: you turn it sideways, so that it opens at the top, and read it in two-page units. The illustrator is best known for his work in children's books, and that's where most stores shelve this one. His tongue-in-cheek Nineteenth Century style is just right.

"The Hopkins Manuscript," by R.C. Sherriff—337 pages; \$4.95; illustrated by Joseph Magnani—is a legitimate science-fiction classic, although—as Dr. George Gamow points out in his epilogue—Sherriff's science is out of date and he was not much concerned with it in the first place. What we have, as we do in some of H.G. Wells' best books, is a full-length portrait of a "little man" who endures cosmic events. Edgar Hopkins, middle-aged, snobbish poultry-breeder and member of the British Lunar Society, remains himself even though the Moon falls into the Atlantic and the remnants of European and American mankind fight to the death over the fragments. The theme, if you like, is the durability of conservatism and the conservatism of war. The book first came out in 1939 and lives well.

Finally, the name is presumably what persuaded Macmillan that David Lindsay's "A Voyage to Arcturus"—244 pages; \$4.95—is science fiction. What it actually is, is a metaphysical allegory of Everyman's search for the meaning of life and the universe. It falls into the company of C.S. Lewis' "Perelandra" and the mystical novels of Charles Williams, tormented with symbolism and metamorphism. Mas-kull's pilgrimage through the night-

mare countries of Tormance, giant planet of Arcturus—or rather of the double star, Alppain and Branchspell, is a kind of philosophical nightmare. He sprouts strange organs and loses them by absorption or violence; he is driven to a kind of ritual murder and never knows the reason; he meets monsters and monstrous people, spaced out like sentries along his way. A remarkable book for 1920 or for any time, "A Voyage to Arcturus" is now in its first American edition, as unclassifiable now as forty years ago.

Macmillan has an unusual series going—if only it will publish some science fiction.

### THE VIEW FROM A DISTANT STAR

By Harlow Shapley • Basic Books, Inc., New York • 212 pp. • \$4.95

In the days of my youth, Harlow Shapley was the astronomer who gave us the deepest views into the mysteries of the universe. Before that, oddly enough, he had been the leading adversary of the idea that the nebulae—or some of them—were "island universes." This book is a collection of speeches and articles, delivered and written over the years, reviewing the present state of the astronomer's art and offering some suggestions about the future of Man in the universe. The former will be familiar ground to most readers of Analog.

Once he has brought the history of the universe up to Man, however, Dr. Shapley lets himself go a little more. His ideas are not especially novel to this audience, but his approach to them may be. The parenthetical note, for example, that if a nuclear war destroys ninety-nine per cent of the human race, there will *still* be twenty-five million men and women to start reseeding the planet, neatly pins down the point that human society rather than the species is likely to be the victim of international stupidity. There are some rather trite asides on astrology, dowsing, flying saucers and such—then a sharp chapter on the hazards of "steeple-climbing," the overspecialization of present-day science, and the resulting challenge to education.

In his final chapter, "A Design for Fighting," Dr. Shapley is making the international scientists' inevitable plea for an end to the waste of war, and suggests that we employ our energies, as in the International Geophysical Year, in multi-front guerrilla warfare against illiteracy, old age, the cult of uniformity, and the antiscientific attitude of masses of humanity.

In effect, this is a veteran scientist's summing up of ideas and principles that were novel at one time, but that he and others like him have by now made almost trite to the part of the public represented by Analog readers. To general readers these facts and ideas may still be strange; we take them for granted.

### JUDGMENT ON JANUS

By Andre Norton • Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York • 1963 • 220 pp. • \$3.50

This is by all odds the most fantastic and "farthest out" of Miss Norton's interplanetary adventure stories. Except for the nominal age of its hero, it retains very few traces of having been intended for a teen-age audience. Let's forget that stigma and enjoy ourselves—huh?

Niall Renfro is one of the refugees from the galactic war who have been the heroes of other Norton books. We encounter him in the Dipple or refugees' ghetto of the planet Korwar as he finds that he must sell himself into bond-servitude—the process that brought many "first families" to America three hundred years ago. He winds up on Janus, a forested world settled by a fundamentalist sect much like the conservative Amish in the region between Pittsburgh and Miss Norton's native Cleveland. But the story does not really begin until he finds a forbidden treasure in the forest, is infected with the "Green Sick," and is slowly transformed into a similitude of the native green race of Janus.

In this new form Niall sometimes has his own memories and sometimes the memories and knowledge of Ayyar, a warrior of the green race of some centuries before. He has a mission, but cannot quite discover it. He

knows a little about ancient perils which the human settlers of Janus have not yet discovered—but not enough to protect himself. Then a girl is trapped by the jewel bait, and they are hunted into strange and terrible places by equally terrible creatures.

Andre Norton makes extremely effective use of *not* tidying up every loose end and explaining every detail; she believes in letting the imagination stretch and climb. But this time she has left too much untold. Unless there is a sequel in the publisher's safe, I am going to start sticking pins into a doll!

#### WAY STATION

By Clifford D. Simak • Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. • 1963 • 210 pp. • \$3.50

If you can't stand what Kingsley Amis called Clifford Simak's "pastoral" approach to science fiction, then this new novel isn't for you. If—like me—you enjoy it, you are likely to find "Way Station" one of the best books of 1963, and far ahead of "They Walked Like Men."

Enoch Wallace, returning to the family farm in the Wisconsin back country shortly after Gettysburg, encountered a wandering stranger—an extremely strange stranger—who offered him an equally strange job. The venerable farmhouse where two or three generations of Wallaces had been born and lived was converted into a relay station for an intergalactic matter transmitter, and Enoch became its custodian. Through the decades the utterly strange peoples of utterly strange worlds passed through the Earth station, leaving memories, gifts, friendships with the lonely man who received and made them comfortable, and passed them on. Then in our time curiosity tipped the balance a little too far, and the CIA became interested in the farmhouse on the bluffs above the fledgling Mississippi. At the same time a crisis arose in the Inter-Galactic Council—a politics-as-usual situation that wryly suggests the kinship of social beings everywhere—and a third in Enoch's relations with his neighbors.

I think it's the best book Clifford

Simak has written since "City," but I'm a country boy myself and easily wondered. I still say you'll be sorry if you pass it up.

#### VIEW FROM A HEIGHT

By Isaac Asimov • Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. • 1963 • 252 pp. • \$4.50

Here are seventeen of Dr. Asimov's monthly essays and articles from *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, a companion to *Fact and Fancy*. Like the first collection, it is totally characteristic yet totally indescribable. The Good Doctor has at a little of everything, distributing facts there like flower girls strewing rose petals at a Victorian wedding, jabbing with an idea there to see if his reader is awake, all the while juggling bigger and ever bigger figures with the utmost dexterity.

Four chapters on biology toy with some ideas about the scale of life forms, and then go into possibilities for life on other worlds. Three more play around with chemistry, five are for physics, five more are for astronomy—including the still-novel suggestion that Jupiter may be a likely place to look for extraterrestrial life. Burroughs Bibliophiles will note that again ERB was right in spite of science.

If you have already read these and Dr. Asimov's other articles in *F&SF*, you know what to expect; he's done some updating, though. If you haven't, by all means try this sample. It's like a strange cocktail—you may find you like it, even if it does have everything within reach in it.

#### EMPIRES IN THE DUST

By Robert Silverberg • Chilton Books, Philadelphia, Pa. • 1963 • 247 pp. • \$4.95

It seems that nowadays everybody is writing a popular book on archeology. These range all the way from collections of pretty pictures and antiquated information, produced by directors of art museums who couldn't care less who made what or why, to rehashes of the "Gods, Graves and Scholars" formula: success stories of

picturesque diggers. Bob Silverberg's first archeological venture for Chilton—openly a juvenile—was in the latter vein. This new book and its predecessor, "Sunken History," are far better fare.

While reworking relatively orthodox material on the political history of ancient peoples, as revealed by archeology, Bob uses his well-known narrative ability to make their stories move. None of the six chapters on the Egyptians, Hittites, Indus civilization, Phoenicians, Etruscans and Incas fails to be interesting, and a meaty reading list at the end sends you to the right—and the available—books. Like one of his sources, Geoffrey Bibby, he shows these early nations in the setting of their places and times, as part of a world that we are only beginning to rediscover.

I hope this publisher, or another, gives Bob Silverberg a chance to bring the people themselves to life in a book that deals less with kings and more with what it was like to live in Kish or Thebes or Byblos long ago.

#### LOST ON VENUS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs • Canaveral Press, N.Y. • 1963 • 318 pp. • \$3.50

#### CARSON OF VENUS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs • Canaveral Press, N.Y. • 1963 • 312 pp. • \$3.50  
Ace Books, N.Y. • No. F-247 • 1963 • 192 pp. • 40¢

#### ESCAPE ON VENUS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs • Canaveral Press, N.Y. • 1963 • 347 pp. • \$3.50

With these three volumes Canaveral completes its hardcover resurrection of the misadventures of Carson Napier on the planet Amtor—Venus to the rest of us—and Ace, which was earlier in the field with paperbacks of the first two Venus books, forges on with Number Three of the series. One more unpublished adventure of Carson of Venus will be combined with the last two John Carter novelettes in another Canaveral volume, later this year.

Since illustrations have become an important feature of the Burroughs revival books, for fans and collectors as well as neophytes, it is worth saying that Ace's cover for "Carson of