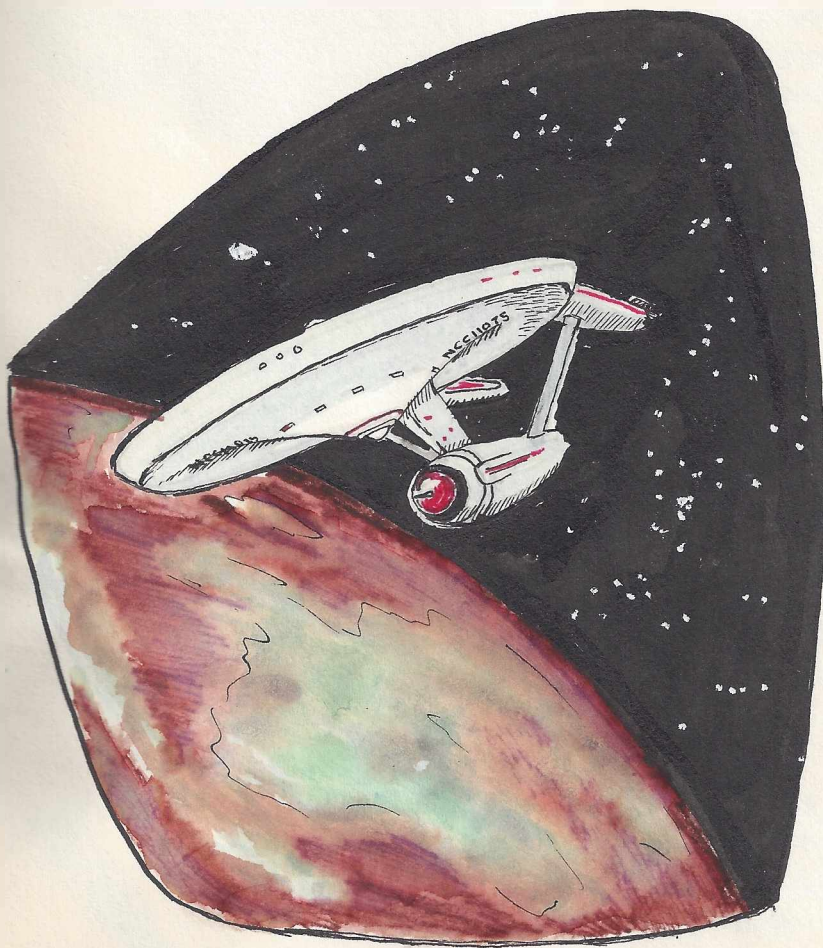




# ECLIPSE







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## WHO IS THE DEAN OF SCIENCE FICTION?

article by Greg Bear

Heinlein? Asimov? Clarke or Leinster? Who, then? Signet books has seen fit to call Heinlein the Dean of Space-Age fiction, which is somewhat of a misnomer because not all Space-Age fiction is science fiction.

Avon books and Ballantine, along with a few other less important companies, have put the label on several writers, very few of whom could even lay claim to it. Ace books has labelled its writers many things, but seldom, commendably, the "Dean" of science fiction.

Obviously only one person can be the Dean of sf, and to figure out who that person is (if anyone) we have to do a bit of historical and semantic research.

What is a Dean in the first place? Webster's Collegiate, after a lengthy speel on college-type deans, gives a fitting description—"...the chief or senior of a company or body of men..."

Therefore, to qualify as the dean of our little body of men—science fiction authors—our man must have been around for some time. Furthermore, he should definitely have contributed several worthy and influential items to the field. Should he be considered if he no longer writes (or no longer lives?) That can be a matter of opinion, but for argument's sake I'll say Yes, he should. His past contributions to the field should be considered as well as his recent contributions.

Sturgeon, Heinlein, and Asimov (and others, of course) who have turned out worthwhile items got their start at about the same time. Sturgeon was first published in '39, Heinlein and Asimov likewise.

What about the older types? Campbell, Leinster, Leiber,



and such worthies as H.G. Wells, Hugo Gernsback? Or, if you wish to be extreme, why not Jules Verne? After all, he was the first writer to work in what we now term "modern" sf. And therefore he's the oldest. But doesn't Wells deserve an important mention as establishing an entirely new field of sf? He was the first popular and skillful author to depart from the "voyages extraordinaires" into new fields. (He considered them "fantasies," but today few people will argue that most are science fiction.)

Gernsback brought a new breed of writer into science fiction, taking a pinch of Verne, a pinch of Wells, and occasionally a pinch of Poe to turn out such greats as Edgar Rice Burroughs (who may have gotten along without his help, but certainly benefited from it) Austin Hall, A. Merritt, Murray Leinster (Will F. Jenkins), and Ray Cummings. He also departed from Wells and Verne by developing (or, actually, helping to develop) a calibre of stories possibly to be termed as fantasy-science fiction, as typified by A. Merritt (The Moon Pool, Dwellers in the Mirage, etc.)

Is he, then, the "Dean" of sf?

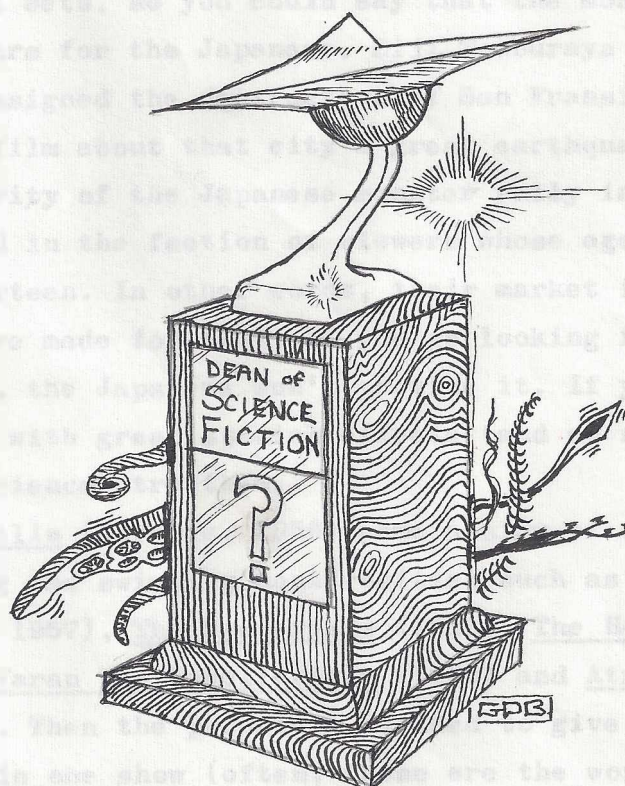
Or do we judge that title on writing? Gernsback did write, but not profusely, and his only major work of importance was Ralph 124c41+.

John Campbell wrote a number of stories, many of them worthwhile (and, again, many of them quite dated), but there are too few stories to really consider him influential writing-wise. As an Editor, he rates at least with Gernsback, having nurtured Asimov, Heinlein, and numerous others.

You can either delve into antiquity or pick the cream of modern or near-modern authors, but in my opinion there's no way to truly decide. The idea of Dean of Science Fiction, then, is a fallacy in itself, because there is no lone and true "Master" or "Exalted One" in the field. Science fiction

has no equivalent to the "Great American Author" just as it has no equivalent to the controversial (and somewhat scatterbrained) idea of the "Great American Novel," purely because even as a sub-head of literature it is far too complex to allow such titles.

Every author and editor has his place. While some are more important than others, there is no one who can stand alone and rest his case as the greatest of them all. Therefore, no Dean, no reason for such a title, and really, my esteemed paperback friends, if you are interested in more than advertising, why not forget the idea? It shadows my faith in your honesty.



THE MONSTERS FROM JAPAN

article by Dan Garrett

Japan has made a practice of spewing forth hideous monsters to continually stomp Tokyo and other Japanese cities since 1955. Toho productions created Godzilla (pronounced Gojira in Japan) twelve years ago and have since, with smaller production companies, proceeded to gross millions of dollars from all over the globe.

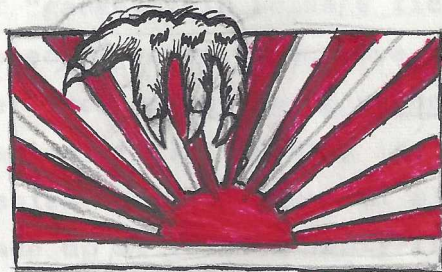
The Japanese monsters are all a credit to the Ray Harryhausen of Japan, Eiji Tsuburaya. Mr. Tsuburaya's creations and special effects work take up much of Toho Studios' backlot sets, so you could say that the monsters are the real stars for the Japanese. Eiji Tsuburaya has recently been assigned the destruction of San Fransisco in an American film about that city's great earthquake.

The popularity of the Japanese monster rally is unmistakably found in the faction of viewers whose ages are from six to thirteen. In other words, their market is kids, so the movies are made for them. If you go looking for epic science fiction, the Japanese won't provide it. If you want an amusing film with great special effects (and no real slant on reality or science) try them.

After Godzilla (Warners, 1956) came a slew of creeping, crawling, flying and swimming monstrosities such as Rodan (Radon in Japan, 1957), The Mysterians (1959), The H-Man (1959), Mothra (1962), Varan the Unbelievable (1962) and Atragon (Atragon in Japan, 1964). Then the producers decided to give us two and three monsters in one show (often, these are the worst examples of the Japanese film) such as King Kong vs. Godzilla (at which Mrs. Willis O'Brien reportedly wept), Godzilla vs. the Thing (cheap advertising campaign trying to live off the RKO 1951 classic, but the Thing was actually Mothra in disguise) and Ghidrah the Three-Headed Monster (1965) giving us Godzilla, Rodan, Mothra, and the title monster.

Ebira, Gappa, Gamera, Galala, and a pair of monsters by the name of Sanda and Gailah (AIP will release the Americanized version called the War of the Gargantuas) and many others are yet to be released or are Japanese exclusives.

Even if you're not interested in the monsters, you can catch a glimpse of the beautiful Japanese landscape (as most of the films are in color) before their latest abomination tramples it into the dust.





## GADGETS IN SCIENCE FICTION

article by Greg Bear

First, there was the Nautilus—super-vehicle and ship extraordinaire, followed by Robur's Albatross and dozens of imitations of both. Then, thirty years later, came Wells' Time Machine.

Verne's Space Gun, Hale's Brick Moon, Frank Reade's fabulous creations—all were gadgets in the grandest sense of the word! Each and every plot was made possible by these various gadgets, and they still remain today as classical examples of the finest science fiction has to offer.

Why, then, the sudden attack by literary-minded devotees on the idea of "gadgets" in science fiction?

During the early years of science fiction, when Gernsback was taking over from Argosy and Bluebook and Weird Tales in the science fantasy field (leaving the less pure stuff and the outright fantasies in their rightful place) gimmicks, gadgets, and geehaws made up at least seventy-five per cent of the story lines. E.E. Smith's Lensmen, even much later on, still wouldn't be at all the same without their "Lens." The same author's Skylark spaceship was a perfect example of a gadget.

Astounding SF brought a new breed of scientifiction into being with stories written for technical-minded personalities, and does so even today in Analog. Not only were gadgets present, but complex and confusing problems dealing with spatial paradoxes, human paradoxes, electronic and mechanical fetishes, and the darker corridors of relativity.

Some of those stories were supremely entertaining, and some would have interested only technicians and technical-minded persons, but on the whole they were grand examples of entertaining gadget-and-gimmick ideas.

What is surely the most revered anthology of sf in print today? Famous Science Fiction Stories: Adventures in Time and Space, edited

by Healy and McComas. Most of the stories in that volume of some 1000 pages have been culled from Astounding, and represent some of the best short stories modern science fiction has to offer.

Shall we examine some?

"Time Locker," by Lewis Padgett, in which the gadget is a... time locker, of course!

"Who Goes There?" by Don A. Stuart, in which the gimmick is a rather crafty and intelligent hunk of humanoid condensed carrot-lettuce.

"The Roads Must Roll," by Robert A. Heinlein, and the rolling roads are gadgets.

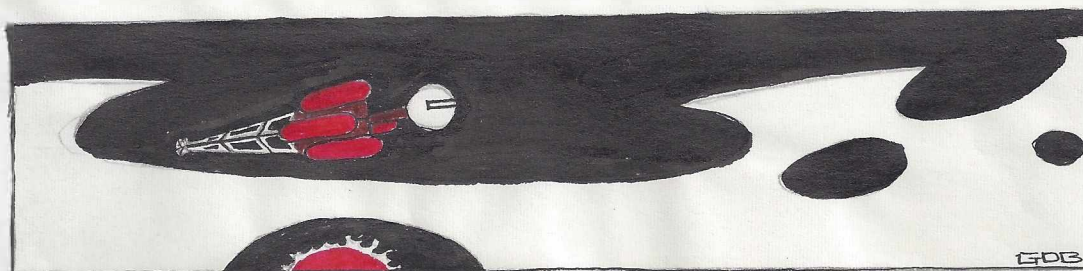
"The Twonky," by Lewis Padgett, in which a peculiar hi-fi set poses gadgetty problems for our hero (hapless hero, as the case turns out.)

The fact is, dear objectors to gadgets, that science fiction is founded on nothing but gadgets and gimmicks from the word go. From Cyrano de Bergerac to Poul Anderson and Robert Zelazny, however pure and free of gadgets and gimmicks the tales may seem at first glance, you will always find one somewhere—anywhere!

Perhaps what you're objecting against is a various form of gadget-gimmick tale, but then be more specific, 'cause if you're against the two g's, then you're not an sf fan.

As for me, I say "name your own poison" and I believe that sf is doing just fine with the mixture of g's problemmng around at present.

The gadget-gimmick objection isn't new, it's been around at least since '51 (and that's as far back as my magazines run). So, perhaps the two camps can come to a mutual agreement, and, as I stated before, respect each other's wishes by sticking to their own preferences without kicking at someone else's...?



A FANTASTIC VOYAGE  
PORTFOLIO



by Greg Bear and Dan Garrett







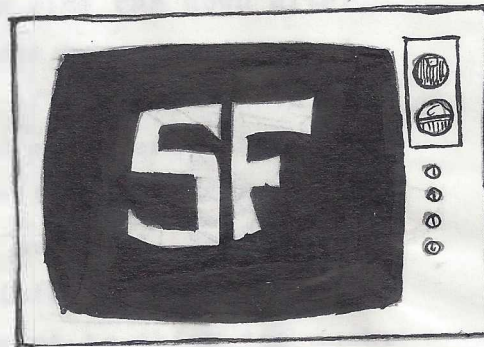




## SCIENCE FICTION IN TELEVISION: 1966-67

review by Greg Bear

1966 in the general TV schedule was a mixed year indeed, with lows in the form of "It's About Time" and highs in the form of "Star Trek" and "Mission Impossible." In the specific field of science fiction '66 was a great year indeed, for it marked the debut of "Star Trek," the best series science fiction show to ever appear on TV and certainly one of the best dramatic offerings of the year. It also marked the debut of the "Time Tunnel" series, a show with great possibilities which inexplicably managed to bomb out about mid-season.



'67

"Star Trek," starring William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy, began slow ratings-wise and was in danger of being permanently pigeonholed before the curve of viewers slowly arced upward. As of this writing, it is a hit, renewed to a second season, and showing the early characteristics of another "Bonanza." Gene Roddenberry, the show's executive producer, has produced a consistently imaginative, consistently fine science fiction show, and the ratings show it.

"Lost in Space" runs along in its pit of low-quality slop and hackwork, and "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" has lived up to its name, having hit the globigerina ooze of the ocean floor.

"Time Tunnel" had tremendous possibilities, but producer Irwin Allen saw fit to let it fall into the kiddie-camp



comic-book rut of his other two shows. It won't survive the season.

In '67, one new science fiction show debuted, "The Invaders," produced by Quinn Martin ("The Fugitive," "Twelve O'Clock High," "The FBI") and starring Roy Thinnes. It was a January mid-term offering with good special effects and production qualities, but the story line ran down after twelve episodes. Our hero must have convinced at least 9,567 high government officials (not to mention store clerks, bums, and ministers) that the Earth was being invaded by aliens "from another galaxy" (a slip-up?) but to no avail. He still fights alone, and will run into a second season. Entertaining, if you don't want to think too much.

The summer '67 season doesn't offer any new sf shows of merit, except, possibly, "The Second Hundred Years." There are the usual family-situation-fantasies hanging around, some entertaining and most not, but watch the shows on the network movies. There promises to be some good offerings in all fields.

"The Island of Terror" (Universal) More original by title, this time about giant alligators that march out from beneath the piers, leaving only a pile of flesh and muscle. Excellent acting, color and sets. The alligators, however, aren't convincing enough. Peterushing, Edward Galt, Carole Gray and Niall MacGinnis. Original story and screenplay by Edward Andrew Ross and Allen Henson. Directed by Terence Fisher. Produced by Tom Minkley. Executive producers Richard Gordon and Gerald A. Kohnbach.

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## Capsule Reviews of Recent science fiction and horror films

by Dan Garrett

"The Mummy's Shroud" (Hammer/7 Arts/released by 20th Century Fox.)

Another Hammer mummy rehash with little originality. The usual fine attributes of Hammer films are here: good acting, sets, color, and photography, but little else. Andre Morell, John Phillips, David Buck, Elizabeth Sellers, Catherine Lacey and Michael Ripper. Screenplay by John Gilling from an original story by John Elder. Produced by Anthony Nelson Keyes. Directed by John Gilling.

\*\*

"The Vulture" (Paramount) Interesting little low-budget film based on the "Fly" theme. Some mediocre acting and good atmosphere. Robert Hutton, Broderick Crawford, Akim Tamiroff, Diane Clare and Phillip Friend. Story and screenplay by Lawrence Huntington. Executive producer Jack O. Lamont.

\*\*

"The Projected Man," (Universal) Original, exciting sf concerning laser beam experiments creating a living dynamo out of scientist Bryant Halliday. Fine color and excellent special effects. Good acting by Mary Peach, Norman Wooland, Ronald Allen and Derek Farr. Screenplay by John C. Cooper, and Peter Bryan. Directed by Ian Curtis, Produced by John Croyden and Maurice Foster. Executive producers Richard Gordon and Gerald A. Fernback.

\*\*\*

"The Island of Terror" (Universal) More original sf filmfare, this time about giant silicates that suck out human bones through the pores, leaving only a pile of flesh and muscle. Excellent acting, color and sets. The silicates, however, aren't convincing enough. Peter Cushing, Edward Judd, Carole Gray and Niall MacGinnis. Original story and screenplay by Edward Andrew Mann and Allan Ramsen. Directed by Terence Fisher, Produced by Tom Blakely. Executive producers Richard Gordon and Gerald A. Fernback.

\*\*\*

"The Terronauts" (Embassy) Odd sf based on Murray Leinster's "The Wailing Asteroid." Some good color and special effects but that's all. Only mediocre acting, ridiculous "monsters" and some funny situations (the careening space station warding off alien invasion.) Could have been done much better and reminds one of a comedy. Zenna Marshall and Simon Oates.

\*

"They Came from Beyond Space" (Embassy) About the same quality as "The Terronauts". This time it's based on Joseph Millard's "The Gods Hate Kansas." Also could have been done much better. Robert Hutton.

\*

"Prehistoric Woman" (Hammer/7 Arts/20th Century Fox) This film is so poor I get to do a guest spot and opionate its quality. But then again—it's so poor I won't even bother...(GDB) Michael Latimer, Martine Beswick, Edina Ronay.

½\*

"The Wild, Wild Planet" (MGM) Fair space opera about a mad scientist trying to create a race of perfect people. Some good special effects. Looks like the Italians are learning—a little bit. Poor acting by Tony Russel, Lisa Gastoni; Massimo Serato, Charles Justin, Franco Nero and Enzo Fiermonte. Original screenplay by Ivan Reiner. Directed by Anthony Dawson. Produced by Joseph Fryd and Anthony Margheriti. Eastmancolor.

\*\*

(\*—poor, \*\*—fair, \*\*\*—good, \*\*\*\*—excellent, \*\*\*\*\*—we're still waiting for this one.)



ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

review by Dan Garrett

Add Raquel Welch, non-existent plot, a bit of sadism and gore and you have much of the idea behind Hammer's new remake (in big budget and DeLuxe color, of course) of the United Artists' 1940 Hal Roach "One Million B.C." Also add a little par excellence Harryhausen animation and special effects, color (at least until the end when the film intentionally reverts to black and white to give the impression of volcanic dust in the air,) some good acting and excellent location scenes of the Canary Islands, and it doesn't seem that bad. It turns out to be a great improvement over the original.

Raquel, now rocketing to fame as a sex queen, spends most of the film cavorting around with cavemen and dinosaurs in a costume which appears to be little more than the skins of one and a half small rabbits. Unlike the other female members of the cast (Martine Beswick in particular) Mrs. Welch seems to think that cavewomen had false eyelashes, lipstick, and a personal hairdresser. Even though the Shell-People are supposed to be more civilized than their opposites, the Rock-People, the executives at Hammer should have more sense than to allow this to happen.

Michael Carreras has written the new script from the original by Mickell Novack and George Baker, but it still isn't much of an improvement. It still sets out to tell a moral story set in prehistoric times (with the attempt sometimes more prehistoric than the setting) with John Richardson and Raquel Welch providing a love story on the side.

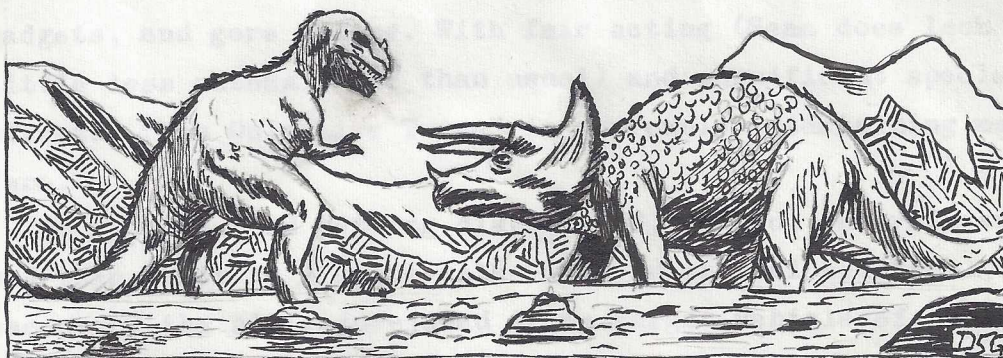
The story commands quite a bit of savagery and gore, but the film makes it tiring at times (such as the scene when the Rock chief stumbles in mangled and bloody after his treacherous son pushes him off a cliff).

Now for the best part of the film—Ray Harryhausen. If you

don't know who he is, you'd better start going to the movies or watching TV. Mr. Harryhausen has patiently animated Quintopi, Crustaceans, freak giants, Mythological Beings and space invaders, but never before has he animated as well as in "One Million Years B.C." He has perfected his matte, animation and blending of real life action with that of the models (previously called Dynamation). His work is worth the price of the film's admission.

One thing is for sure. If the producers of future films dealing with prehistory need any stock footage, they have a better source than the original "One Million B.C."

\*\*



### ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

A HAMMER/7 ARTS PRODUCTION. RELEASED BY 20TH CENTURY FOX. FILMED IN GIANT PANAMATION AND DELUXE COLOR.

Produced and written by Michael Carreras, from an original script by Mickell Novack and George Baker. Directed by Don Chaffey. Special Musical Effects by Mario Nascimbene. Special Visual Effects Created by Ray Harryhausen.

Loana.....	Raquel Welch
Tumak.....	John Richardson
Sakana.....	Percy Herbert
Anhoba.....	Robert Brown
Nupendi.....	Martine Beswick
Ahot.....	Jean Waladon
Sura.....	Lisa Thomas
Tohana.....	Malya Nappi
Ulla.....	Yvonne Horner

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

review by Greg Bear

"You only live twice, Mr. Bond," Donald Pleasence says as his volcano falls around him. Sean Connery, however, has lived five times so far as James Bond is concerned—and every interview with this hairy-chested Briton indicates that he wishes his role to die.

Nevertheless, his fans don't, and the reasons why are obvious in this movie. Reasons? Loads of them—all loaded! Guns, girls, gadgets, and gore galore. With fair acting (Sean does look a little less enthusiastic than usual) and magnificent special effects, "You Only Live Twice" is supremely entertaining movie fare.

We open on Bond getting disposed of, dumped, and reincarnated and then shift to a space-walk—with an unusual addition. Reminiscent of the alligator-jawed Agena target vehicle of past malfunctioning maneuvers, another capsule—long, grey, and sinister—swallows the good-guy American capsule and leaves the space-walker adrift after cutting his connection cable with saw-toothed viciousness.

And behold!—tho the capsule is painted with a Soviet Red Star, the Soviets soon complain of difficulties, and the stupid peoples of both countries get into a sweat and prepare to blame each other, apparently thirsting for nuclear war.

James Bond is sent to investigate, since it's obvious (to the English, anyway) that a middle-man is to blame, and that that middle-man is stationed somewhere in Japan.

We Americans are supposed to be clever, right? Right. Then why didn't we solve the whole affair by sending up a faked Gemini vehicle (with recorded astronaut's voice, or maybe even two voices!) and enclosing a load of TNT for payload? The ship swallows, gulps, and belches its way to infinity. Problem solved.

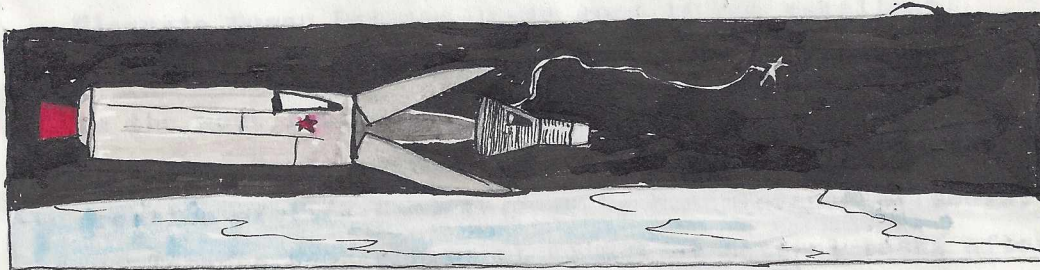
But this discrepancy overlooked, and with an excellent theme (sung by an equally—surprise!—excellent Nancy Sinatra), then go



to your nearest movie region and expect fun. (But that still bugs me—the British must think we're awfully stupid...or something.)

\*\*\*\*

Produced by Albert R. Broccoli and Harry Saltzman. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Screenplay by Roald Dahl. Music by John Barry. Production designed by Ken Adam. PANAVISION, TECHNICOLOR. With Sean Connery, Mie Hama, Donald Pleasence.



## FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN

review by Dan Garrett

This is the forth in the Hammer Frankenstein series, and would have been the second if Hammer had decided to use the script when it was written in 1958. But why couldn't Hammer have connected it to the previous film, "The Evil of Frankenstein?"

The usual Hammer staples are all present, fine acting, good sets and lighting, etc. Cushing gives a watered-down portrayal of the Baron, which is probably due to his illness during the filming. The rest of the cast, including Playmate Susan Denberg, were good if not excellent.

I believe that "Frankenstein Created Woman" 's script is the most interesting and original in the new series. This time Baron Frankenstein shelves the traditional creation of life formula for the transference of souls.

Terence Fisher returns to his directoral tasks after being absent for "Evil"(most likely the reason for the latter's decline in quality).

Certainly better than the bottom half(rightfully so) of the double feature, "The Mummy's Shroud", I'm sure you'll find "Woman" a fine addition to Hammer's film library, now suffering from a decline in quality due to their partnership with 7 Arts.

A Hammer/7Arts/20th Century Fox Film. Color by DeLuxe.  
Original screenplay by John Elder, Produced by Anthony Nelson Keyes, Directed by Terence Fisher.

Starring: Peter Cushing, Susan Denberg, Thorely Walters and Barry Warren.

THE DEADLY BEES

review by Dan Garrett

Amicus Productions may well take Hammer's place in the high-quality British horror film department. As I've said before, Hammer is showing a decided decline in the motion picture quality department recently. Examples of this trend are "Prehistoric Women," "The Mummy's Shroud," and "The Viking Queen" upcoming, and this comes as a rather large disappointment to those who have known and enjoyed Hammer's pictures during the last ten years.

"The Deadly Bees" is scripted by Tony Marriott and Robert Bloch who have managed to bring that certain "it" across very well. Mr. Bloch has said that he refuses to see the film because of the changes in the script from the basis of the story, H.F. Heard's "A Taste of Honey," during the filming. I don't see what he has to worry about—the script is fine as is.

The acting, generally done by less famous actors (with the exception of Suzanna Leigh) is excellent. They help the script by keeping you guessing who the villain is—whoever is loosing his lethal bees on his enemies.

The directing is done by Freddie Francis (who works for Amicus) and the job is a large improvement over his work in "The Evil of Frankenstein."

Suspenseful, exciting, and with interesting foundations in fact, an indication of good production values, this film is well worth seeing.

\*\*\*

An Amicus Production released by Paramount Pictures. Screenplay by Robert Bloch and Anthony Marriott. Produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky. Directed by Freddie Francis. Technicolor. With Suzanna Leigh, Frank Finlay, Guy Doleman, Michael Ripper, Katy Wild.



HORROR TIMES TEN , A Berkley Medallion Book 176 pp/ X1414/  
60¢

As the title reveals, there are ten tales of suspense, mystery, horror and fantasy ranging from good to interesting with only one exception.

Alden Norton has procured these rare short stories and, with Sam Moskowitz, produced quite a good anthology.

Ray Bradbury's "The Trunk Lady" was originally published in Detective Tales in 1944 and has Bradbury style written all over it. Very suspenseful, but more a mystery than a horror story.

Lovecraft's "Cool Air" originally appeared in Tales of Magic and Mystery for March of '28, and has been reprinted in the recent Lancer Lovecraft volume Colour Out of Space and Others (reviewed in this issue), therefore being less rare than the others.

Howard's "The Dead Remember" is a chilling bit of revenge from beyond the grave which is written in a better style than his Conan tales.

"That Receding Brow" is a fine story by Max Brand, who is a famous western story writer. Equally as good are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Captain of the Pole Store," W. C. Morrow's "His Unconquerable Enemy," Ralph Adam Cram's "The Dead Valley" and Dorothy Baker's "The Gorgon's Head."

August Derleth's piece seems to be the only poor story of the bunch. The hack style in which it was written lowers my opinion of Derleth.

Just as a safeguard Norton placed Bloch's comedy of terrors, "Skeleton in the Closet" at the last of the book to raise your spirits (if you'll excuse the pun) after a bit of eerie late-night reading.

By all means pick up a copy of Horror Times Ten, and enjoy some great reading.

—DSG

DOLPHIN BOY, by Roy Meyers, Ballantine Books 224/pp/U6100/75¢

The books which appeal to me the most are those which hold your interest from beginning to end, without letting you stray or making you wish you could move on to something else. Not that this is an uncommon preference—practically anyone who does any reading should feel this way, unless reading is his job or his dedication, in which case he may be excused.

DOLPHIN BOY is this type of book. As a literary masterpiece it is found lacking—there are few books which, in my mind, can approach this category. As a worthwhile book—it is in this category that the book belongs.

The resemblance between Meyers' work and Burroughs' Tarzan series is quite evident, even through the last few pages, but the book does not suffer because of that. Quite the reverse.

The "Dolphin Boy" is actually an unusual mutant, born to parents who have dabbled in such unusual fields as nuclear physics and cybernetics, and the author indicates that an accidental dosage of radiation recieved while still in the womb is the cause of his apparent strangeness.

At birth, the Dolphin Boy is apparently healthy and normal. His strange qualities soon come to light, however. His breathing rate is fantastically slow, with an average of one breath per minute. His internal structure is unusual, accommodating for the respiration rate by being a super-efficient biological system. His mother soon finds that his skin, when exposed for a certain period of time to water, develops an oily sheen, almost as does an aquatic mammal.

And from there, the events are strictly Tarzanic. Orphaned while still an infant, lost at sea with no apparent chance for survival, and finally—of course—adopted and raised by dolphins.

Meyers has much to learn as a writer, but if he ever learns than he's bound to end up a great one.

—GDB

THE DREAM MASTER, by Roger Zelazny, Ace Books 155 pp/F-403/  
40¢

Ace, it appears, likes to expand award-winning novelets into full-sized novels. In this case, the novelet is Zelazny's "He Who Shapes", which originally appeared in AMAZING STORIES and which won the "Nebula" Award of the Science Fiction Writers of America (a board consisting of, at present writing, Damon Knight, Lloyd Biggle, and other well known authors).

"He Who Shapes" is an excellent and stirring novelet. It deals with the psychiatrists of the future, who have the power to perform mental surgery of a sort, to delve into a person's dreams, and shape these dreams in such a way as to help the healing of neuroses, psychosis, phobias, etc. Render, the main character, encounters a blind girl who wishes to experience the true world of sight through dream-experiences, and who consults him even though she is perfectly sane. The story line rolls on from there.

The expanded version is far less worthy than the novelet, mainly because the padding sticks out sorely-especially if you've already read the novelet. Nevertheless, it still remains interesting, and if you don't have access to the original than the Ace edition will probably prove entertaining enough. Don't judge Zelazny's powers of story construction on this work, however-it could give the wrong impression entirely.

—GDB



BERSERKER

Fred Saberhagen, writing for magazines of the Frederik Pohl trilogy—*IF*, *GALAXY*, and the now-defunct *WORLDS OF TOMORROW*—has developed an unusual story idea and worked it into a series of some length. The series has not yet ended, as he still appears frequently and seldom writes anything but "Berserker" tales.

The Berserkers are enormous metal planet-ships, alien in origin and ages old. Their masters have long since died, and the wars they took part in are no longer remembered even by the machines. Nevertheless, they still exist, they still function, and they still have one prime directive—destroy all life, wherever it is encountered, whatever type.

When the Berserkers wander within range of man's influence, they provide a deadly—and seemingly insurmountable—threat.

Saberhagen is imaginative enough to make all of his tales interesting, and even more important as far as series-length goes, different.

The paperback collection weaves the tales together with a narrative by a superior and peaceful race who have always regarded man as a nuisance until the Berserkers arrive. They then figure that man's battling instincts can be put to good use—but they aren't mercenary about it. They don't shun mankind, neither do they regard him as a saviour.

The stories should be read one at a time, with an interval of at least a day between each one. Otherwise they tend to clog your mind and wear down your resistance to boredom.

Read separately, they are fine. Bunched together, they do tend to become tasteless after a while, much as a long series of Lovecraft's "Cthulu" stories will.

Lovecraft branched out and proved his value in different story lines. I'm sure Mr. Saberhagen should do likewise—he's a good writer, with potentials of becoming better, and the Berserkers are wearing themselves down to a certain extent...

THE IF READER OF SCIENCE FICTION , ed. by Frederik Pohl,  
Ace Books 220 pp/H-19/60¢

If you have a good collection of IF magazines already, no need to purchase this volume—the oldest story is from 1962. If not, then by all means buy it—it's a fair representation of some of the new trends in science fiction ("new?") and of the stories which have come from Pohl's magazine. My favorite is Robert F. Young's "When Time Was New," with van Vogt's "The Silkie" following a close second and Leiber's "The 64-Square Madhouse" tagging in 3rd.

THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE AND OTHERS, by H.P. Lovecraft, Lancer Books 222 pp/73-608/60¢

A fair gathering of Lovecraft's tales, with the excellent "Colour Out of Space" and the equally good "Shadow Out of Time" tossed in with a Cthulu tale, "Cool Air", and several others worthy of note. A reprint, with a new cover, of the Lancer edition published in '65, originally taken from the Arkham House THE DUNWICH HORROR AND OTHERS edited by August Derleth.

#### Recommended Books

- THE NINTH GALAXY READER edited by Frederik Pohl  
FANTASTIC VOYAGE (in it's (sixth printing!)) by Isaac Asimov  
FOUR FOR TOMORROW by Roger Zelazny  
THE FANTASTIC SWORDSMEN edited by L. Sprague de Camp  
I HAVE NO MOUTH & I MUST SCREAM by Harlan Ellison  
\* ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM by Carlos Clarens  
THE MURDERER INVISIBLE by Philip Wylie  
THE DISAPPEARANCE by Philip Wylie  
THE SPACE GYPSIES by Murray Leinster  
DR. WHO AND AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH THE DALEKS by David Whittaker  
CHTHON by Piers Anthony  
STARWOLF No. 1—THE WEAPON FROM BEYOND by Edmond Hamilton  
STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND by Robert A. Heinlein

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ECLIPSE the journal of science fantasy :

An interview with Forrest J. Ackerman  
More Movie and Book Reviews on current subjects





