S O N O F T H E W S F A J O U R N A L

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In This Issue --

In Brief -- More 1970 reviews. "*" reviews orig. appeared in THE SUNDAY STAR, resp. issues 3 May '70, 17 Dec '70, 12 Apr '70, 26 Jul '70, 9 Aug '70, 27 Dec '70; reprinted here w/permission, & copyrighted (c) by The Evening Star Newspaper Co., 1970; "@" orig. in RABANOS RADIOACTIVOS! (Apa L), in Nov '70; "¢" orig. in THE NEWPORT NEWS #7.

-- DLM

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TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL

S. F. PARADE: Book Reviews

A Pride of Monsters, by James H. Schmitz (The Macmillan Co.; 248 pp.; $4.95).

Pity the poor BEM. Time was, back in the early days of science fiction, when a respectable BEM could make an honest living menacing people, sometimes whole worlds. Or slavering after Virgin Beauty (usually the professor's comely daughter) and nearly, but never quite, doing in the handsome Good Guy (most often the kindly professor's bright young assistant). Oh, those were the good old days!

But as the sophistication of an honest-to-goodness, real, "Giant - step - for - Mankind" space age began to come alive, the fortunes of the poor old BEM waned proportionately, until today's blase sf reader readily accepts alien intelligence, but relegates the true BEM to the pages of writings on witchcraft and demonology.

Then, like a breath of musty memories unearthed in the dusty trunk of consciousness, comes Macmillan with a hard-covered collection of five James H. Schmitz BEM stories originated over a 20-year-plus period from 1943 to 1966. True, they're stories about latter-day BEM's who ooze around being horrendously repulsive, but there isn't a professor's daughter in the lot to terrify, nor a Good Guy to nearly do in (not in the old tentacled-fiend sense).

Actually, Schmitz has endowed his monsters with intelligence which neatly provides the counterpoint for his life-size characterizations of people exposed to the terror of unknown forces and having to use human powers alone to outwit superhuman adversaries that usually inhabit the dark.

What takes place makes exciting reading quite germane in this sophisticated age when we are seriously speculating about what form alien intelligence might take when--not just if any more--Mankind's next giant step takes him to other worlds. What we do find may just out-BEM Schmitz's A Pride of Monsters, but it's fun to read now anyway.

-- James R. Newton

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Alpha One, ed. by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine 02014.6, Sept. '70; 278 pp.; 95¢).

This is the first volume in a new series in what seems to be a rising flood of new series of paperback anthologies. Unlike most of the latest, though, it is not composed of all-original stories; it's simply a potpourri of high-quality old-timers. Not a theme anthology of any sort, not another "Best of"; just 14 good stories. I suppose that Alpha may be considered to take the place of Amis & Conquest's Spectrum series, which resulted in five excellent anthologies between 1961 and 1966. There's nothing wrong with keeping good stories in print, Heaven knows, and if Silverberg can do this to his own and the authors' profits, more power to him. The only thing that can possibly be said against this book is that, if you've been reading sf for any length of time, you may have read half or more of these already. If you haven't, then Alpha One is definitely a bargain. The stories here are relatively modern, with the emphasis on characterization and style rather than action or excitement; authors include Brian W. Aldiss, Poul Anderson, J.G. Ballard, James Blish, Fritz Leiber, R.A. Lafferty, Jack Vance, and Roger Zelazny, among others. Since a number of the stories are so individually stylistic, they may not all be to everyone's taste, but enough should be to your taste to make the book well worth reading. Pick it up at the newsstand and flip through it to see if you don't agree.

-- Fred Patten.

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Warriors of Noomas, by Charles Neutzel (Powell Sci-Fi PP149; 95¢);
Raiders of Noomas, by Charles Neutzel (Powell Sci-Fi PP157; 95¢).
(Both are illustrated by Louis DeWitt.)

There is a small suspicion gnawing at the back of my mind to the effect that Powell Sci-Fi is Forrest J. Ackerman's new fanzine. The examples before me certainly do not have an overly professional feel about them. The quality, in fact, is such that I wish that distribution had not been quite so good.

What can I say about a series that is obviously derivative of Burroughs, but only half-fast. Noomas is dry as dust compared to Barsoom, totally unsanguine compared to Gor, and very much old hat in comparison to Ganymede. Still, it is illustrated....

The interiors, as glurfy as they appear, are as nothing in comparison to the covers. The second is decent enough, more or less like a 1957 AMAZING, complete with jock-strapped hero and slippery-swimsuit-suntanned heroine; but the first is a real gem. Never, in the fullness of my years, have I seen such a maloccluded monster. Or such bad anatomy.

I am sure that this book must have some virtues. 4EJ seems to think highly of them. For me, they drag too much for adventure, and seem far too old-fashioned; as for the possibility of parody, to the best of my ability I am able to discover only one funny word in the whole series to date.

The books have some fascinating advance notices, but the material itself seems so much Bel-loniea.

-- David A. Halterman

Tales of the Flying Mountains, by Poul Anderson (Macmillan Co.; 253 pp.; $5.95).

Pick up any newspaper today and there'll almost surely be something in it about the local, regional, or national educational system. The main problem faced today is the same one each generation has faced: how to educate the coming generation to insure an understanding of truth.

This is what Tales of the Flying Mountains considers, but against the backdrop of the worldship Astra, man's first conquest of space as told by a group of people who were part of the prodigous pioneering feats that outlasted the uncertainties of overpopulation, repression, rebellion, independence, and anarchy to ultimately make the asteroids (the flying mountains) into the Asterita Republic, and stepping stones to the Milky Way and beyond.

Now, irrevocably on their way outward, they must decide how and what they should teach the new generation about their heritage and history that will fit them to meet the unexplored universe into which they're being hurtled.

It's a fascinating saga, filled with action, mystery, romance, adventure--in other words, with the things that make for human greatness in the face of tremendous odds. Above all, Tales has a depth of continuity that puts the reader smack in the middle of a future as fresh as today, as real as the sky.

The book jacket states: "Here is first-class fiction for the connoisseur." I couldn't agree more.

-- James R. Newton

The People of the Sea, by David Thomson (World Pub. Co., Cleveland, 1965; $4.95).

This is a revised U.S. edition of an earlier British edition. I bought it remaindered for 99¢, although I would probably have paid the full retail price if I had come upon it at that price, because it has a beautiful frontispiece by the British artist Mervyn Peake. And the book itself is very good. It consists of

the story of Thomson's experience, from the time he was old enough to take an interest in such things, with the Scottish and Irish legends about the "selchie", the seals. He heard many of the legends as a child, and years later went on a search through the primitive coasts of Scotland and Ireland and the Orkney Islands and the Hebrides, collecting all the folk tales he could find about the seals. In the back of the book is a section on the music relating to the selchie legend. "The "Selchie of Sule Skerrie" that is on one of Joan Collins' records is there, and an older version of it, and so forth. Also given is a song used to coax seals ashore, and a very short song (five notes) recorded as having been sung by a seal (a lonely bachelor seal) on a rock near the island of Skomer. Makes me wish I could read music.

-- Ned Brooks

The Inferno (A Doctor Palfrey Adventure), by John Creasey (Berkley X1627; 60¢).

According to Berkley, "If you like Doc Savage, you'll love Dr. Palfrey"; according to me, Palfrey is a horse of an entirely different color.

They do have some things in common; both series deal with the development of some strange superweapon by the villains and the subsequent neutralization of same by the good guys. That, however, is where the similarity ends.

Doc Savage is the perfect man, strong, intelligent, personally able and personally inclined to take on trouble himself. Dr. Palfrey is the head of an organization, Z5, organized by many nations to help prevent activities by private groups that might lead to nuclear war. In short, he is an average man, though quite capable, and more of a bureaucrat than a super-hero. In short, he is sort of a modern spy made good.

The weapon in this story is a strange chemical, flamma, that produces a unique fire that seems unquenchable and somehow canny enough to know when to put itself out. It uses no oxygen, seems to reach temperatures close to a thousand degrees, and yet seems able to be resisted by a cult of firewalkers who plan to use it to build a new world on the ashes of the old. Very nasty!

I get the feeling, in reading this story and some of the scenes of burning within, that John Creasey may have seen a really big fire, or the London Blitz; he's almost too realistic.

John Creasey is a creditable writer, and does well even in a series of this nature. The flaws in the chemical activity of the mysterious flamma, as described, and the method finally used to neutralize it, will undoubtedly be painfully apparent to those who are better acquainted with chemistry than am I, at the moment. I sense them, but am unable to put my finger on why, exactly, the stuff shouldn't work that way. Nonetheless, such flaws should not detract from the pleasure of reading the story sufficiently to warrant any sort of thumbs-down gesture.

Opinion: adequate light reading, recommended for those who like espionage stories of a more ordinary type than James Bond, but not, necessarily, for Doc Savage fans. The two characters are just not cut of the same mettle.

-- David A. Halterman

The Daleth Effect, by Harry Harrison (G.P. Putnam's Sons; 217 pp.; $4.95).
Nova 1, ed. Harry Harrison (Delacorte Press; 222 pp.; $4.95; anthology of original stories).

The Daleth Effect, Harrison's 13th sf novel, has the freshness of an Apollo landing and the chill of today's brainless nationalistic schisms. An Israeli scientist follows up on an anomaly that is displayed by an unmanned rocket launched

to gather solar flare data. The rocket's gravitational mass and inertial mass become temporarily unequal.

The shattering discovery Arnie Klien makes (and to which he assigns the Hebrew symbol daleth) is the key to tapping the energy of gravity itself for the first true space drive--safe, easy, economical--and greedily desired by every nation on Earth. A 20-ton Danish submarine becomes the first non-rocket spaceship (why not? its hull is admirably suited to keep sea-level atmosphere in and to keep below-sea-level pressures out), and travels to the moon in less than four hours to rescue stranded Russian astronauts.

What follows is space-age Bondian action all the way that climaxes in the first act of space piracy. This powerful novel--which appeared as In Our Hands, the Stars, a three-part serial starting in the December 1969 issue of ANALOG--is about today's people caught in the backwash of a scientific progress that could be just around a corner called tomorrow.

Nova 1 is Harrison's ninth anthological effort, and one of his best to date. It exhibits the works of authors whose freshness is seldom found in a literary format that all too often includes stories whose familiarity, regardless of quality, makes their appearance in yet another collection smack of summer re-runs.

Here "original" means an equilibrious mix of sf by 15 known and likely-to-be-known talents who for the most part write from foundations solidly planted in the now-era of social and moral issues. But they aren't to be confused with the so-called New Wave, whose adherents insist upon pleonastic literary techniques to air aimless and confused philosophies. Nova 1 includes well-known sf names like Silverberg, Bradbury, Aldiss, Dickson and Anthony. But who knows Malzberg, Pierce, Mitchison or Sallis? Few regular sf readers yet, but we're likely to soon.

A David Gerrold who can pen an unnervingly taut tale like "Love in Three Acts" shouldn't remain obscure long. This one example is a beyond-the-moment glimpse of commonplace electronics extended with chilling logic to a computerized augmentation of the last bastion of inviolable privacy--sexual relations. Its tight treatment of a topic still largely ignored in mainline sf is an antiseptic commentary on the present-day psychosis labeled incompatibility.

Other stories in this volume include some fantastic, some outlandish, some pure bedrock sf. As a package, Harrison's gift for selectivity is excitingly worth the reading.

-- James R. Newton

Brak the Barbarian vs. the Mark of the Demons, by John Jakes (Paperback Library; 159 pp.; 60¢).

If you read a great deal of fantasy, you've read this book before. The plot comprises one cliché after another--strung, however, in a fast-moving and entertaining manner. This manages to save the book (but just barely).

However, the plot is neither creative nor original. For example, Brak is lost in a windstorm without horse or food. By the fifth story page, he kills a giant bird and saves a pair of twins, brother and sister. Together, they come across a caravan, whose owner has a beautiful daughter with whom Brak starts a good thing. There is also a jealous foreman with whom Brak must contend. As the caravan travels along, mysterious deaths occur, and we learn that the twins (surprise!) are responsible. And it goes on.

However, while taking incidents and ideas overused twenty years ago, John Jakes takes nothing of their original style. And he doesn't need to. With good description and better pacing, he manages to fire new life into the tired fantasy cliché, and draws the reader along in a totally enjoyable sword-and-sorcery adventure. I, frankly, am looking forward to the next book in the Brak series.

Re-read, and enjoy.

-- Richard Rieve

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five to twelve
edmund cooper
gp putnams sons
book club edition
jeff jones cover

this is yngvi again
yngvi the cockroach
who is not a louse

in coopers world
there are twelve women
for every five men
and the women
being stronger
run everything
even the police
dion quern
a man
wants to be
independent
hes a poet
and a thief
he tries to rob
the police chief
which shows
great planning
the police chief
marries him
which shows
great illogic
but then
women are illogical
the lost legion
a group of men
recruits dion
to kill the queen
he has to
or theyll
turn off
his heart
the legion
isnt what
it seems to be
but it gets
the job done
so do the police
but dion
still
saves the day
because he
has yy
chromosomes
he can only
have sons
and the yy
chromosomes
are hereditary
so there will be
enough men
again
its a good
idea
but the genetics
wont work
if mama
doesnt give baby
an x
there is no
baby
if papa
has yy
and no x
hes an idiot
and sterile
and not likely
to be
a papa
thats the way
the dna crumbles
even for me
yngvi
yngvi the cockroach
who is not a louse

-- yngvi

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Day Million, by Frederik Pohl (Ballantine Books; 213 pp.; 95¢; collection of short stories).

Frederik Pohl has been writing science fiction for some 34 years, though he's the first to admit he doesn't know what science fiction really is. He points out there's a good deal of it that doesn't contain any science at all (there are a few samples in Day Million).

His contention is that "just as 'science' is a state of mind and a systems approach to inquiry rather than test tubes and facts, so 'science fiction' is a way of writing stories."

Day Million contains 10 superb examples of his "way" of emphasizing the urban ills that beset Earth. He uses stochastic satire, semantic humor and tunicate exaggeration with a subtelty that implants his points into readers' minds without the necessity of detracting from reading enjoyment. The more so because his points make an unnerving kind of sense, always.

His consistency as a prophet is matched by only a handful of other sf authors, and is well documented in this paper-back volume.

"It's a Young World", written in 1940, is as undated in 1970 as "Schematic Man", published in 1968. The former touches on marriage customs in a far future when genetic adaptations have at last unchained man from reliance in dry land. The latter describes what might happen if a man could be reduced to a mathematical

model in the memory banks of a computer. In today's sea of shifting social customs, including marriage, and mankind's increasingly umbilical reliance on the computer to keep him up to technological speed, Fred Pohl reads like NOW, MAN!

I recommend Day Million.

-- James R. Newton

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The Werewolf Principle, by Clifford D. Simak (Berkley S1463; 216 pp.; 75¢).

Everyone I've talked to radically disagrees as to the quality of this novel. Let me clarify my own position.

Of Simak's most recent novels, the only ones I've read are T.W.P. and The Goblin Reservation. In both of these, Simak wrote in a style different from the main body of his work. I can only describe it as weird. He uses bizarre concepts and develops his story like putting together a puzzle. All this is especially true of T.W.P., in addition to its being an imitation of Van Vogt.

For instance: the main character, Andrew Blake, is found in suspended animation, in a space capsule, floating in space. He is revived and finds he can not remember a thing of his past life ("Andrew Blake" being an assumed name). Under the care of "Space Administration" he is given a home on Earth, and begins readjusting. (He has, by the way, a mechanical house, which, among other things, talks to him.)

And of course there are Brownies, which look like animals out of a children's book, but are really creatures from beyond. One Brownie tells Blake that he senses him having more than one mind.

Blake is the result of a 200-year-old biological engineering project (changing men's bodies for survival on alien worlds) gone astray. The project's method was to change men into alien beings, learn their customs and psychology, then change them to men again and disseminate the data for use in first-contact procedures. After that, the alien part of their minds was to be erased. Only in Blake's case, it was not.

Blake was three creatures in one: (1) Questor (a wolflike animal native to a cold planet), (2) Thinker (a formless mass of flesh native to a hot swampy planet; this animal has a force-field defense), and (3) Changer (the name applied to Blake by the alien minds in his head).

And, of course, there is the Mind Bank, where the minds of dead people are electronically preserved.

T.W.P. is fast reading, despite its complexity, because of sustained interest. The ending is paradoxical to me; in reading it, it was unrealistic, but in hindsight it seems inevitable.

But don't get me wrong. This is an excellent book that's well worth reading. Just ignore the philosophizing at the end.

-- Michael T. Shoemaker

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The Guardians #2: Dark Ways to Death, by Peter Saxon (Berkley X1713; 60¢);
The Guardians #3: The Haunting of Alan Mais, by Peter Saxon (Berkley X1727; 60¢).
(Covers by Jeff Jones for both books.)

The Guardians are a group of people dedicated to the eradication of black magic. They include anthropologist Steven Kane, private investigator Lionel Marks, Father Dyball, a sensitive named Anne Ashby, and Gideon Cross, who organized the group. There is also a mysterious cat of Egyptian descent, named Bubastis.

There are indications that the group was really formed because of a strange relationship between Anne and Gideon, which involves a Witch trial in 1652, in which a certain Anne Ashby was accused of murduring a Colonel Gideon Cross.

#2 tells of a Voodoo cult in London, in which Dr. Obadiah Duval, as Baron Samedi, the Lord of the Graveyards, presides over the worship of the Serpent Dambalawedo. There are a number of humorous side issues, unusual for a story of this type, involving a dirt-digging reporter and some Thorne Smith-type hoi polloi bent on a bender. The story is resolved when Bubastis shows that She is more than she seems. I considered this to be the better of the two stories, largely because of the humor.

#3 has a more Gothic tone, and involves a haunted house, the ghost of an unfrocked priest who seems to have been involved in some manner with a witch named Anne Ashby, possession, and eventual exorcism.

The series is, at base, The Avengers in a Gothic setting. The different style and mood suggest that Peter Saxon may not be a single individual; it is possible that a writing syndicate is involved here, though it cannot be so stated with any certainty. The second story reviewed (#3) is pretty run-of-the-mill, though it has some good points; but the first can best be compared to some of the David McDaniel Man From U.N.C.L.E. stories. The effect of what could almost be called self-parody makes it extremely interesting. RATINGS: #2, B/; #3, C.

-- David A. Halterman

Nine Princes in Amber, by Roger Zelazny (Doubleday & Co.; 188 pp.; $4.50).

The publisher ballyhoos this as a tale of "science fiction-fantasy". It's pure fantasy. What else can you call a story created out of a Tarot deck? That's what Zelazny has done.

What's more fantastic, his fertile imagination and unassailable writing talents have created a believable fantasy.

Corwin, a Prince of THE Blood, wakes up amnesic. How he recovers not only his memories but very nearly takes over Amber the Beautiful, the only real city from which all others take their being, is a holy-grail-type quest through all manner of Shadow Lands--and everybody knows where they lie. Even communication--via a pack of Tarot cards in the nine Princes' images--is thaumaturgical.

Yet the storyline has something for almost everyone: enough blood to satisfy the most bloodthirsty; sufficient enchantments and curses to please the metaphysically-minded; and even a spot of tenderness now and then to lighten the darkness naturally attendant upon magic-to-magic duels for power between equally-unprincipled but somehow likeable brothers.

I found it engrossing. Mayhap, think you, I was ensorcelled as well?

-- James R. Newton

A Feast Unknown, by Philip José Farmer (Essex House).

Take two superhuman heroes of the first half of our present century, THRUSH 30,000 years old, a good deal of sex, and what have you got? What else but Philip José Farmer's latest commentary on modern man, A Feast Unknown.

In some 280 pages of autobiography, Philip destroys the illusions of our youth with a more reasonable explanation of John Clayton, Viscount; Lord Greystoke (that is, for the uninformed, Tarzan of the Apes). We are told not only of Lord Greystoke's real name, Lord Grandrith, but also of his essential illegitimacy by his supposed father's brother (Jack the Ripper). The Apes who raised him weren't apes at all, but missing links, and the witch doctor who made him immortal never really existed. He is supplanted by the Nine, a semi-mystic group of earlier generations who evidently do rule our world.

We were also startled to learn of our Lord Grandrith's brother, Doctor Caliban, who, if we have read the story correctly, is not only the original Doc Savage (who happily has his reputation left largely unsullied), but the real Lord Grandrith.

It's a pity more people probably won't be able to get hold of this book, because there is a sadistic streak in each of us that would like to see some of our illusions shattered; if for nothing else, A Feast Unknown is very good for that.

Those who are anticipating the book from our first paragraph's mention of sex shouldn't, since the sex referred to is of a neurotic strain used to hold the plot together. (The plot is quite good; we noticed nothing in the book not pertaining directly to the gestalt.) Of course, one doesn't find this out until one has finished the story and read Theodore Sturgeon's postscript (which, incidentally, is the highlight of the book).

After giving the matter much thought, we endorse the Feast as worthy of the distinguished attention of TWJ readers if their budgest can stand the $1.95 the book costs. To find it I can only recommend your nearest neighborhood porn shop.

-- Robert Weston

Lords of Creation, by Eando Binder (Belmont B50-852; 50¢).

A man of the Twentieth Century (1970, to be exact) was placed in a state of suspended animation in a 1950(!) time capsule. He is revived in the year 5000, to find himself in a second stone age. All the metals and fossil fuels were used up long before; and, with the exception of the land of Antarka, no trace remains of a once great technology. The great cities of before have been destroyed in war; the skyscrapers of New York have crumbled and rusted. All that is left to the people is stone, and wood, and the bones and skin of animals.

Fortunately, our hero knows how to make crude iron from the rusted debris of the cities. (Heroes of this kind of story almost always do.) When an enemy tribe attacks his adopted group, he forges a sabre and charges off to battle. He acquits himself well (all Twentieth-Century scientists know how to fence and ride horseback), but the tide of battle still turns against him and his people, the Noraks. So, in an amazingly short time (most amazing, as I see it), he equips the Noraks with swords and iron-tipped pikes; and soon the battle is won.

He decides that the Noraks have been giving tribute to the people of Antarka long enough, in the form of slaves and food, and resolves to unite all the tribes of North America together in a rebellion. He soon succeeds, with the help of iron weapons, and his great oratory, in forming the greatest army the East Coast has ever seen. (All Twentieth-Century scientists have charisma.) Unfortunately, swords are relatively ineffective against armed aircraft; and his army is dispersed, and his person taken prisoner.

He is taken to Antarka, escapes with the aid of the Queen of the city where he is held (all Twentieth-Century scientists are great lovers), finds a cache of machine guns, and....

Get the picture?

With a few small differences, this story has been told a thousand times in science fiction. Not that readers get tired of it, exactly. It never ceases to amaze me, however, that every person who gets into a situation of this sort--in the future, the past, on another world, or whatever--knows all the right things, and always reacts in the same basic way. Not that I'm complaining, mind you; if they didn't, the story might be pretty dull.

While I'm on the subject of sameness, let me propose another point. Why is it that made-up names of characters almost always sound so alike from book to book? Men always seem to have names like Mal Radnor, Sam Ongor, Jon Darm (a reincarnated French cop?), and so on. Women usually have names like Sharina, or Ermaine--flowing, and soft, and without last names, unlike the men. It would not surprise me to find the exact same letter combinations in a story by Edmund Hamilton, Manly Wade Wellman, or any other of the old masters. It's no big thing, really, but I sometimes wish authors would be a little more original in their christenings.

The story is recommended for those who like a good old-fashioned yarn, like they wrote back in the Twenties and Thirties. Because it reads like a yarn of the Twenties and Thirties. Because it probably started out that way, originally, even if it does have a copyright date of 1966. Enjoy, but don't expect a splash from the New Wave.

-- David A. Halterman

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QUICKIE REVIEWS OF OFF-THE-SHELF SCIENCE FICTION PAPERBACKS --

World's Best Science Fiction 1970, ed. Donald A. Wollheim & Terry Carr (Ace Pub. Corp.; 349 pp.; 95¢) -- Latest omnibus edition in "World's Best" series presents thirteen stories of space exploration, strange future societies, compelling visions of the far future, with nearly half new to American readers. Well-done anthology.

A Thunder of Stars, by Dan Morgan & John Kippax (Ballantine Books, Inc.; 200 pp.; 75¢) -- Humanitarian decisions made by specially-qualified Space Corps to protect star colonies raise hatred in worlds affected. Good space epic.

Dune Messiah, by Frank Herbert (Berkley Medallion Books #01847; 256 pp.; 95¢) -- Sequel to Dune, which won both Hugo and Nebula awards, continues epic of imperial intrigue among the stars. Slower than Dune.

Star Rogue, by Lin Carter (Lancer Books #74649; 190 pp.; 75¢) -- It's depressing to be an immortal. Pure space opera.

Sam Weskit on the Planet Framingham, by William Johnston (Tempo Books #5335; 154 pp.; 75¢) -- A whacky space mission kids young and old will enjoy.

Solution T-25, by Theodora DuBois (Curtis Books (Modern Literary Editions Publishing Co.); 221 pp.; 75¢) -- A Handful of Americans left after the bombings tries to develop Solution T-25, a fantastic weapon that is the final hope to defeat the occupying enemy. Logical but slow-moving.

Orbit 6, ed. Damon Knight (Berkley Medallion Books #01848; 222 pp.; 75¢) -- Twice-yearly effort continues to collect new sf works. Some new, mostly familiar names. Of variable interest.

The Man Who Fell to Earth, by Walter Tevis (Lancer Books #74650; 189 pp.; 75¢) -- Alien refugee from a dying world seeks help, but finds only Earthian mistrust because he's non-human. Bitingly real.

The Year of the Quiet Sun, by Wilson Tucker (Ace Science Fiction Special; 252 pp.; 75¢) -- The Bureau of Standards sponsors a top secret project to survey the future of government via newly-developed Time Displacement Vehicle, finds a savage land in the year 2000. Exciting.

Time and Stars, by Poul Anderson (Macfadden Books (Macfadden-Bartell Corp.); 190 pp.; 75¢) -- Second printing reissues six intriguing tales of machines that think, aliens far superior to man, shipwreck on an uninhabited world, others. Typical Anderson: excellent.

This Business of Bomfog, by Madelaine Duke (Curtis Books; 224 pp.; 75¢) -- In which persons convicted under the Adult Delinquents Act are rehabilitated through social re-education. Muddled.

-- James R. Newton

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-- DLM