



**THE 200-INCH TELESCOPE
AT THE PALOMAR OBSERVATORY**

(from a painting by Chesley Bonestell)

astic reviews which the book received when it first appeared in this country. The reviewer notes the author's knack, like Defoe's, of telling a far-fetched tale so that it seems like a sober record of something that has actually happened.

Yes, Defoe. Consider for example the calm, compelling description of how at last it came about that the Tribe, the survivors, found no more water running in their taps. Thus it had to happen. A weakness in a small pipe, which would not have mattered had those who should have cared for it not perished, brings about that end, which pushes the community yet another step nearer savagery.

But the most impressive result of Mr. Stewart's method comes, as it should, in his final pages when Ish, his principal character, fading from old age into death, finds himself quasi-divine and hands over the emblem of his authority to the representative of a new generation which has come to the starting point again in the vague formulation of a primitive religion. This is a fitting close for a vision which in its wide sweep covers all the possibilities of a gigantic theme without ever departing from the sheer facts of what might have been reality.



ARTHUR C. CLARKE