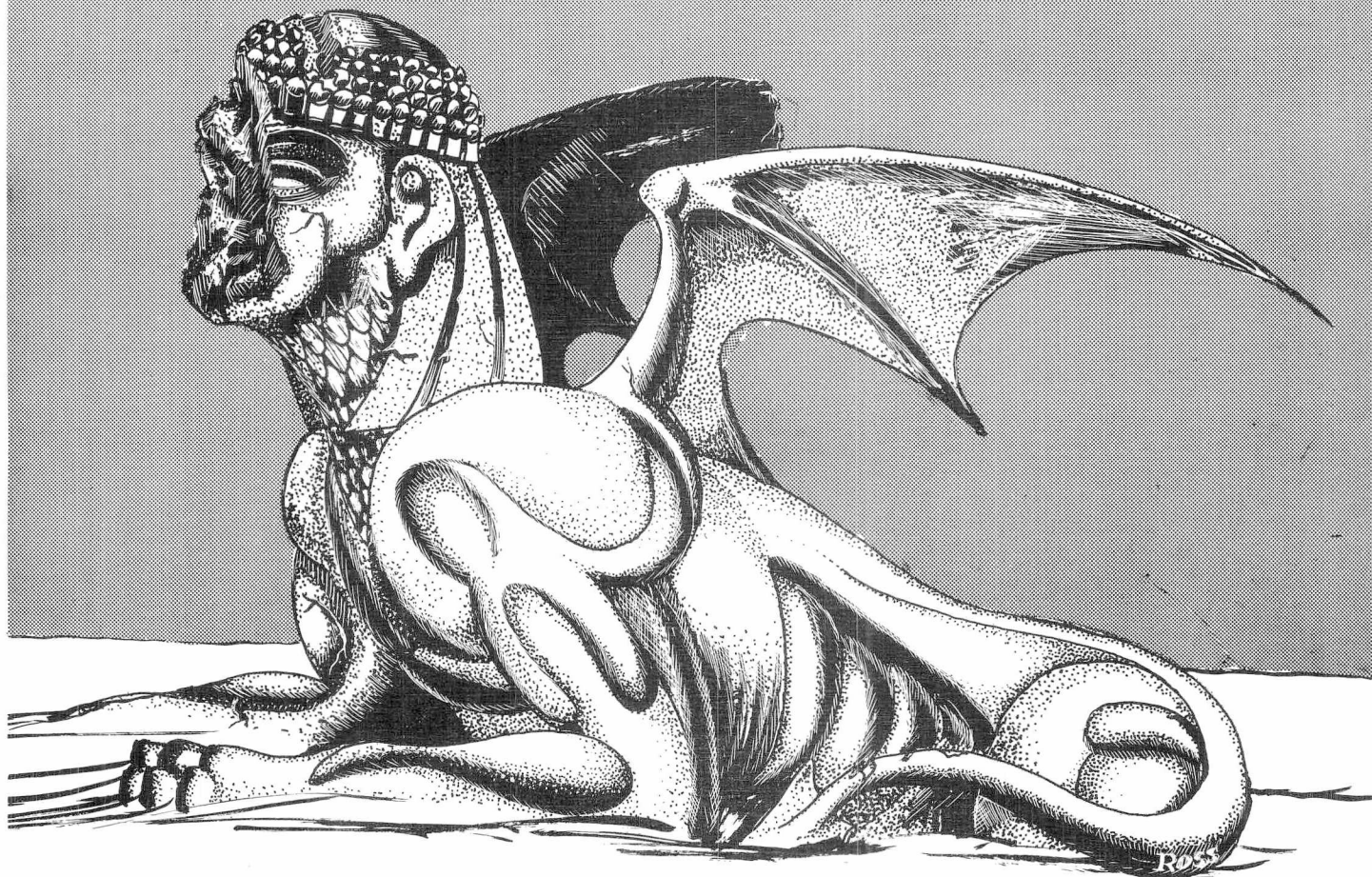
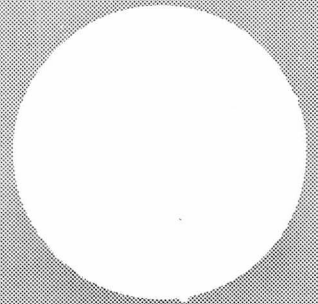


25 Jul
Ent T3F

NYARLATHOTEP

NUMBER ONE



NYA RLATHOTE P

THE FANZINE OF ORGANIZED CHAOS

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1 JUNE 65

Published irregularly by Ben Solon, 3915 N. Southport, Chicago, Ill. 60613.

Available for contribution, trade, letter of comment 4/\$1.00 or 30¢.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Ephemerides (editorial)	BCS	1
The Museum of All	Alex Eisenstein	4
Lines Heard Through the		
Ventilation System of a		
Fallout Shelter	Phyllis Kleinstein	6
The Great Fantasy Films	Bob Greemberg	7
On "The Bomb"	Phyllis Kleinstein	11
An Interview With		
Fred Saberhagen	BCS	12
Gold Down the Drain	George Price	17
Tomes (Book Reviews)	BCS	23

ARTWORK

Front and back covers by Scott Ross

p. 8 Anonymous	p. 15 Rotsler
10 Rotsler	16 BCS
11 BCS	19 REG
13 "	20 Rotsler
14 Rotsler	21 REG

Ye Editor recommends for the Hugo: Best Novel: Davy. Best Short Story: Soldier Ask Not. Best Professional Magazine: Analog. Best Fanzine: Yandro. Best Artist: Ed Emshwiller. Best Publisher: Pyramid. Best Dramatic Presentation: The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao.

The above are recommendations, not predictions. However, I would especially like to see the Coulsons win the Hugo for Best Fanzine--they deserve it!

All material is editor created unless otherwise credited. The editor is responsible for the opinions expressed only in material done by him. The opinions expressed in material done by others are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the editor.

Copyright © 1965 by Ben Solon. All rights reserved.

now available

THE ISSUE AT HAND, by William Atheling, Jr. (pseudonym of James Blish). Critical discussion of the American science fiction magazines from 1952 to 1963, with particular emphasis on the essentials of good writing and editing. Cloth only; \$5.00

THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM, by Robert Bloch, with an introduction by Wilson Tucker. Selections from 25 years of writing about science fiction and the sometimes odd people who produce and read it. A variety of fact and fiction, humor and social criticism, with special emphasis on science fiction fans and their amateur magazines. Paper, \$1.95; Cloth, \$5.00

THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL, edited by the Advent staff. Introduction by Basil Davenport, with widely ranging essays by Robert A. Heinlein, C. M. Kornbluth, Alfred Bester, and Robert Bloch, on the role of science fiction as social criticism. Based on a series of lectures delivered at the University of Chicago. Paper, \$1.95; Cloth, \$5.00

THE PROCEEDINGS: 21st World Science Fiction Convention, edited by Richard Eney. The complete transcript of all the speeches and discussions on the program of the 1963 convention in Washington, with behind the scenes high lights, the business meeting, and the new Constitution and By-Laws. Profusely illustrated with photographs by Klein. Paper only; \$1.95

OF WORLDS BEYOND, edited by Lloyd Arthur Ebbbach. Essays on the art of science fiction writing, by Robert A. Heinlein, John Taine, Jack Williamson, A. E. van Vogt, E. E. Smith, PH.D., and John W. Campbell. A re-issue of the Fantasy Press collector's item that has been long out of print. Paper, \$1.95; Cloth, \$3.50

A PORTFOLIO by Frank Kelly Freas. Reproductions of artwork by Freas, winner of the Hugo award for best s-f artist. Sixteen black and white drawings, 8½ x 11, on fine paper suitable for framing. With autobiographical sketch and photograph of the artist. Paper only; \$1.50

THE PROCEEDINGS: 20th World Science Fiction Convention, edited by Earl Kemp. Complete transcript of the program of the 1962 convention in Chicago, with behind the scenes highlights and the business meeting. Profusely illustrated with photographs from many sources. Paper only; \$3.50

A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING, by Alva Rogers, with editorial comments by Harry Bates, F. Olin Tremaine, and John W. Campbell. A nostalgic history of Astounding Science Fiction magazines from its birth in 1930 up to its metamorphosis into Analog in 1960. A penetrating analysis of the pulp era in all its garish glory. A run-away best seller with rave comments by science fiction professionals. Cloth only; \$6.00

ADVENT

POST OFFICE BOX 9228
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60690

EPHEMERIDES

"Watch out, here I come," said Ben, warningly.

In case you haven't noticed, this is the first issue of NYARLATHO-TEP, THE FANZINE OF ORGANIZED CHAOS. And like most first issues, it could probably stand a good deal of improvement... A good thing that, it'll give all the fanzeds whose 'zines I've knocked in the past a chance to Get Even.

As I write this, I have no way of knowing what the finished product is going to look like. That's because the editorial is being written on Thursday (June 3) and the 'zine isn't going to be run off until Saturday. I'm not especially worried about the body of the 'zine as the stencils were cut on an electric typewriter, but I'm chewing my nails over the illos and headings. As you've probably guessed by now, this is my first experience at stencil cutting. So, if the repro isn't all crystal-clear...

Getting enough material to fill out the first issue has been one heck of a chore. Some of the material in this issue has been on stencil since the first part of the year: the Saberhagen interview and the Rotsler art (donated by Earl Kemp). George Price's article was written in late March, and if my memory serves me correctly, I got the Gilbert art about that time, too. Bob Greenberg's piece came in around the end of April. Alex Eisenstein's "The Museum of All" didn't come into my hands until after it had been rejected by F&SF for their "Univac and Unicorn" story contest.

As this is a first issue, it's a bit early for a hard-and-fast statement of editorial policy. However, in the foreseeable future, NYAR's only editorial policy will be to have no editorial policy. Material of all types is solicited. And while I'm not especially sercon, I must admit that material having a science-fictional slant will be given preference over material devoted to some mundane subject. However, this is as much your fanzine as it is mine. Nothing will be rejected because of the subject matter. If something is "given the bounce" it will be because of the quality of what is written, not what is being written about. So, if you feel an overpowering desire to write about the shortcomings you feel exist in, say, George Price's article on the "gold drain", go right ahead. Chances are that it'll be published.

Some fifty copies of NYAR #1 are being sent to various people who appear regularly on the pages of other fanzines. If you got a copy of this thing without asking for it, and for some masochistic reason or other, want to keep on getting it, you'll have to Do Something. The Somethings you can Do are, in order of preference: 1. Contribute. 2. Write a letter of comment. 3. Send a copy of your fanzine in trade. 4. Send one dollar (\$1.00) of Uncle's finest for the next four issues. 5. Send 30¢ for the next issue.

Schedule of publication will be irregular. And by irregular, I mean less often than Kipple, but more often than Amra.

A recent non-sf book purchase is Embassy by Keith Laumer. This is apparently Laumer's first attempt at writing a "mainstream" novel, and as such it doesn't come off too badly. Like Laumer's sf stories, Embassy is written in a semi-slick, smooth style, and while it isn't anything that will be remembered as "great", it held my interest for a couple of lunch-hours.

The novel itself is concerned with the doings of Brion Bayard before he met up with the agents of the Imperium in Stockholm. (Worlds of the Imperium, Fantastic Feb-Apr. 1961; Ace Double Novel #F-127), in fact Imperium begins where Embassy ends. Bayard, it seems, was working for the Foreign Service before he became an agent of Imperial Intelligence, and although there isn't as much action as there usually is in one of Laumer's sf yarns, Bayard gives--and takes--a good deal of punishment during the course of the story.

Like, Retief, Bayard gets himself in a good deal of trouble before Embassy comes to a close. Most of this trouble stems from Bayard's dislike of the double-dealing that passes for diplomacy. And whenever, he attempts to apply that old adage that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, he gets himself in hot water.

Not too long ago, a solitary picket showed up in front of the White House carrying a sign that read: "Rent a Protest Marcher, \$2 Per Hour."

At first glance, this is pretty funny, but after a second look, the humor starts wearing off. For it points up the abuses that have crept into the new National Pastime--picketing. Countless citizens have been inconvenienced by irresponsible clods who flout the laws. And the worst part of the situation is--no action is taken against them. Traffic is brought to a standstill at the whim of certain groups who seem to enjoy an immunity from prosecution. The members of these groups inconvenience everyone and place the lives of policemen in jeopardy because there is no way of knowing when a clod will become a moron and fling a brick.

Last month, a pack of bleeding hearts, protesting the Government's Vietnam policies went on a sit-down strike--in the middle of the State and Madison intersection. Their leader shouted instructions to tie up as much traffic as possible.

Just last week, hundreds of noisy demonstrators went at their favorite sport during the Chicago hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Now, I'm no HUAC fan, but... This pack of fugitives from a fumigation invaded the hearing room and refused to leave until federal authorities threw them out.

Some of them broke through police lines and threw themselves under moving police cars. When they were removed for reasons of safety--what do you think would have happened if some of them had been killed or injured?--they and their supporters squaked about "police brutality".

Last fall, hundreds of so called "civil rights workers" managed to tie up Loop traffic during the evening rush hour. I say "so called" because the public respects decent, sincere civil rights workers who are working at advancing the cause of the Negro. And most of them are in favor of obeying the laws. The characters who tied up the Loop aren't civil rights workers, any more than last summer's Dixmoor riot-

ers were. They are bums who have selected the civil rights movement as a way of existing without having to work.

Ignoring an order to clear a courtroom is a crime. So is kicking a policeman. So is halting traffic. So is flinging one's body under a moving police car. So is crashing through police lines.

All these things are crimes, yet they go unpunished. Why? Do the fanatics among the civil rights workers--like their opposite numbers in the KKK--consider themselves to be above the law? Does being unhappy about a duly constituted law give one the right to break it?

It happens that a lot of people in the Chicago area don't like the personal property tax. I wonder how far they would get if they decided to stage a sit-in at some government building in protest.

What would happen if a man kept his children out of school? He'd have the truant officer on his tail so fast he wouldn't know what happened for a week.

Yet, next week, Chicago will experience its third school boycott. During the last one--last fall--the "civil rights leaders" responsible were warned that they would be prosecuted. What happened? Nothing!

Taking children out of school is a foolish way for parents to impress their demands on the school board, the public or City Hall.

The civil rights leaders who are calling for another boycott for June 10 and 11, give as their reason the Board of Education's retention of Superintendent of Schools Willis until his 65th birthday, next year. About the only thing the boycott will accomplish is to give vent to bitter feelings, and that's all. This is a familiar response to a situation that calls for more than street demonstrations.

Those advocating the boycott give as their reason the fact that they are opposed to Willis. The fact is well known, Willis is opposed by 125 Chicago area educators. The members of the board are well aware of the opposition to Willis, but they are also aware that he has considerable popular support. Thus the compromise: Willis will serve 18 months instead of 4 years.

A few weeks ago, an Alabama lieutenant of Dr. Martin Luther King warned: "We are coming to Chicago to create confusion and disturb the peace. We are going to close Chicago down, get the rules straight, and then open it up again."

I may not be the brightest person around, but that sounds like anarchy and inciting to riot to me. Is that too, a crime for me, but not for thee?

A couple of final notes: first of all, the first person who tells me what the title of the editorial column, "Ephemerides", means will get the next issue of NYAR free. Goshwow! Run, do not walk to your nearest dictionary and get your entry in. And if anyone knows who did the "Martian" on page 8, would they please tell me? I found it in a second hand book I picked up a while back. Well, this pretty much takes care of the editorial for this ish. Look for NYAR #2 sometime after the MidwestCon and look for Ye Editor at the Con--he'll be the one with the corflu stained hands.

THE MUSEUM OF ALL

fiction by
ALEX EISENSTEIN

The Univac stirred in The Museum of All. It was the original Univac, the Univac, an antique composed of vacuum tubes and transistors and copper wires--not even a single cryotron in the whole works! (And you know how ancient and obsolete the cryotron is.) Nothing at all like the modern single-crystal computers in their liquid helium baths. No, nothing so simple and elegant: the Univac was monstrously large and monstrously complex.

This Univac, that had operated for decades without consciousness or intellect, now stirred and was alive. This was The Museum of All, after all, where many things from all the times and spaces were preserved. Where many things might happen, where many things did.

Especially in the storerooms, where available space was the criterion of placement, not scientific category. Here there were no subdivisions into Hall of Notochords, Hall of Necromancy. Here light-bulbs crowded Lucifer, piety lay with pornography, sorcerers jostled stellarators.

Accidental tableaux of classical allegories abounded, and new allegories, created by the caprice of chance, existed in surreal confusion. Not only was the lion juxtaposed with the lamb, but also the cherubic with the chitinous, the slimy with the sensuous, the absolute with the ambivalent.

And the Univac with the Unicorn.

The Unicorn was an equine-analog with cleft silver hoofs and golden-tufted tail (to match his golden mane and velvet-plush hide). Its silver spiral horn ended in a point resembling an archaic can-and-bottle-opener (the manual kind). Actually, it was two supra-orbital horns that were prenataally braided in a tight double helix.

The beast's eyes were star-sapphires--not real ones, of course, but still more real in appearance than a linde. The soft, six-pronged star in each cornea was an unnatural addition to the Unicorn's splendor imposed by its natural environment: it resulted from exposure to the low-frequency radiation of Avalon's primary. Every animal and sprite on Avalon had such eyes, and each had a starry outlook on life (after a fashion).

This Unicorn, however, did not look upon life in the usual way; it was quick-frozen, preserved at the temperature of minus twenty degrees centigrade. Its glass latticework cage supported it and also cooled it by circulation of liquid nitrogen. A double-walled transparent hull insulated the system from exterior warmth.

The Unicorn's life was interrupted, but not terminated. Its internal processes were retarted, but not ended--for ending means death. The slowing of biological processes is not death, but sleep. In every sleep, no matter how deep, the open eye may see; in every slumber, no matter how profound, the mind may dream. The eyes of the Unicorn stared, and slowly--ever so leisurely--the image was transmitted to the brain of the Unicorn; the Unicorn dreamed of what it saw.

It dreamed of a fabulous monster: a thing without legs, a thing without fur, a thing all of angles and sides, and many eyes. It dreamed of the Univac, and the Univac stirred and was alive--in the mind of the horned equinoid.

"Who be you, Many-Eyes?"

"I be Beast of Many Eyes that do not see, of Many fingers that are pushed but do not push, of Many Mouths that do not feed, of Many Ears that mostly read," answered the Univac. "What be you?"

"I be the Unicorn of Twining Horn, of Steel-hard Silver Hoof and Horn, of Golden Mane a Flaming Sail, of Artist's Brush for Flicking Tail. Stars-Beyond-the-Sun I use for eyes; know you that I be very wise." The Unicorn recited this proudly, for his was a race that took no small-pride in its beauty and its accomplishments. "But you answer me not; what be you: what be your name, what be your composition?"

"My name," said the Univac, "be one much like yours. You be one-horned; I be one-of-a-kind--and yet, one of many uses. Unique yet universal. I be made of metals and glass; my blood flows to cool me, not for warmth. The lights of my blind glass eyes burn hot, but hotter still roast my innards. I be Univac, Universal Analog Computer; I be Univac the Answerer."

"You be 'made'...you be constructed, O Answerer?"

"Yes."

"By Cobbler Elves?"

"No."

"By Smithing and Smelting Cyclopes?"

"No."

"By Reed-weaving Satyrs?"

"No."

"By any manner of Nymph, Dryad, Faun, Sprite, Gnome or Fury?"

"Never."

"Be you child of--Chaos itself?" the Unicorn uttered with some awe,

"Hell, no."

"By your answer," said the Unicorn with cool crispness (in his

condition, he couldn't work up much heat, you know), "I take you to be the creation of one of the 'Blasphemous Races'. Be it that of mine own captor--Man?" The Unicorn snorted out the vile name:

"It is so."

The Unicorn's eyes sparked with cold fury. "I cannot abide Man, nor anything made by Man," it rasped.

The computer made word-play of the equinoid's last phrase: 'Made by man'. "Be that the reason a Virgin seduced you?"

"I---I---" The Unicorn was horrified at learning his secret was out.

"Seduced by a Virgin!" screamed the computer; it laughed wildly, derisively.

And so it is with all proud creatures: they are seduced by things they cannot conquer; they ally themselves with objects of frustration.

Women that yield, men will not court; yet stiff, resisting virgins may effortlessly seduce them into marriage. Like the donkey and the carrot. (Did I tell you? Those two also form a tableau in the store-room of The Museum of All. This donkey finally had caught the carrot, but not in his mouth, oh no, not in that aperture...)

So you see, the Unicorn was actually quite human after all.

But only by way of an ass.

LINES HEARD THROUGH THE VENTILATION SYSTEM OF A FALLOUT SHELTER

by

PHYLLIS KLEINSTEIN

What will I do
If you
Don't let me in?
Where will I go?
You know
To kill's a sin,
And when I die
Then I
Will soon grow thin
My life's your worry,
So hurry
Or my ghost will trickle in.

I will be dead
I've said
The same before
In different words.
You heard?
Oh, please the door
Your shelter's fast,
But past
Will be my life, forevermore,
If you won't come;
Oh, run,
And ope the door!

What will I do
If you
Intend to keep me out?
Oh, ope the door!
Oh, for the love of God! I shout.
Oh, backwards Montresori!
The door!
Don't keep me out!

The Bomb has come.
They've run,
But I can run no more;
I see the blast--
Oh, last
Thing seen and seen no more...
I'm dead.
There is no more.

THE GREAT FANTASY FILMS

article by BOB GREENBERG

We have decided which films to designate as great in the fright field: DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN, THE MUMMY, THE INVISIBLE MAN, etc., and rightly so. Dispute often arises over many of the films, but a few have staked claims at the top and have every right to keep them. But, what makes these films great? To attempt to propound a formula for greatness would see an injustice, but certain qualities do prevail, from THE LOST WORLD to THE HAUNTING. In this article, I am attempting to show what made the horror film of the past, and what may make the horror films of the future.

A popular misconception is that money is a necessity. True, films are expensive, and those done on an epic scale, such as BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, owe part of their success to spectacle. However, a recent film, HORROR OF DRACULA, spent a great deal of money on effects, merely to end up with a side show of gore. Yet, Val Lewton's marvelous BODY SNATCHERS was a "B" picture budgetwise, but an uninhibited chiller by result. Lewton spent carefully, and with such masters as Karloff, Lugosi and Henry Daniell, and director Robert Wise (WEST SIDE STORY, THE HAUNTING), produced a film no fan can afford to miss. Of course, low budget can give you such disasters as PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, but the important thing is not the amount of money spent, but how it is used.

Great actors have made grubby films through no fault of their own. DRACULA was truly Lugosi's vehicle, but so was BLACK FRIDAY. Karloff was the same man who made FRANKENSTEIN and THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES. Yet, the terror which ran through theatres showing THE INNOCENTS and PSYCHO was hardly due to time proven horror film actors.

Good plots have likewise been ruined. FORBIDDEN PLANET, with its brilliant idea, that of Id monsters, and spectacular effects provided by the Disney studios, came out as the lowest trash. Such vulgarities as "What's a...bathing suit?" uttered by lovely Anne Francis, and Earl Holliman's use of Robby the Robot as a private still, as well as a hiring actor par achut Walter Pigeon turned a possible great into a miserable flop. Electronic tonalities--hard on the ears--and actually showing the Id were unforgivable errors. Had I not seen that last with my own eyes, I would have doubted that anyone would have the nerve... By contrast, Robert Bloch's PSYCHO was, in the author's own words "pretty good hack". Alfred Hitchcock turned it into a masterful hair-raiser.

Reverence is a prime quality of the better thrill shows. Tod Browning, James Whale, Val Lewton and Jack Clayton, had great respect for the horror subjects they dealt in. They foisted no childish mockeries on us. Whale's BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN is a curious mixture of the tender, the comic and the horrible, but it never loses its subject and is thoroughly satisfying. Whale kept his tongue firmly in cheek when treating us to the sight of Ernest Thesiger's wild lunch at the cemetery. After seating himself on an inviting tombstone, he brings out a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and a skull, into which he plops a lovely candle. And if I remember correctly, all this was set on a gingham tablecloth, and Thesiger enjoyed a cigar as well. The grotesque comedy Whale gives us by no means destroys the effect of the film. And Thesiger, while bewilderingly inane, is yet wholly gothic. Suddenly Whale has given the Gothic mood new dimensions; dimensions which rarely have been matched. The poignant scenes between Karloff's monster and the old man who teaches him speech are memorable for their intensely human qualities, and Karloff's throaty "Ah, smoke--good!", reflecting his delight over the old man's cigars, are treated so well as to be believable and not at all ridiculous. Yet the overwhelming creation sequence, climaxing in an aerial, high contrast look at Thesiger's face--full of ecstasy at the power of the products of his own brain can only terrify an audience. And Whale never defied the mood; never broke the spell.

Now Valerie Gaunt may have a delicious pair of breasts, but stakes and boobs don't mix. At least I thought they didn't, until the Hammer boys tried to show me how wrong I was. The Hammer films, one and all, have been based on two maxims: sex and violence. James Whale proved that horror films can and should be many things. One thing they should not be, under any circumstance, is needlessly, pointlessly, unabashedly sexy or bloody. Sex can be a prime factor in a horror film, when properly treated. We have chilling proof of this in such films as PSYCHO, THE INNOCENTS and THE HAUNTING. In these films, sex was perverted until it became a thing of horror in itself. I believe this to be justifiable if it serves a dramatic purpose.

However, Valerie Gaunt's breasts, in glorious color, heaving and bouncing, did no more than call unnecessary attention to themselves in that travesty of a fantasy film, HORROR OF DRACULA. I know that I'm hitting a tender spot when I ride this film, which is by and large a favorite. But that is exactly my point. If I can show why a favored film is bad, maybe I can also get across the value of genuine quality which must rely on subtlety, not blatant demonstration. No film can show something horrible which cannot be made more horrible by implication; by suggestion. The imagination of a wide awake audience produces the best special effects of all. You will recall the classic example of a scene which was cut from a film to make it less horrible, and had the opposite effect. I am speaking of course of FRANKENSTEIN. The uncut version showed the monster playing with a small girl



MARTIAN

He watched her throw flowers into the water, then he threw her into the water; not from wickedness, but in innocent play. He probably thought that if the flowers looked nice in the water, so would the little girl. This incident would partly explain the senseless killing done by the monster. It would make him all the more frightening by this very fact, this lack of premeditation. The censors, however, thought the scene a little too grim, and by eliminating a small part of it, turned the monster from a killer into a sex maniac. The scene as shown on TV runs up to the point where the monster extends his arms toward the girl, his face all smiles. The next time we see the little girl, she is dead, in the arms of her grief-stricken father. Audiences being what they are, immediately connect yesterday's newspaper stories of pederasty and child murder with poor flathead. Peter Lorre was this type of killer in Fritz Lang's excellent M, but openly at least. Karloff had this additional atrocity thrown at him by a senseless film-cutter.

The better horror films utilize the gift of the audience's imagination to interpret and be affected by the intentional montage. Did Deborah Kerr see ghosts in THE INNOCENTS, or was she the most perverted and dangerous of them all? We'll never know for sure. The story is told entirely from her point of view, yet with enough hesitation to make one doubt. It is this lack of resolve which horrifies.

Where is this glorious subtlety in HORROR OF DRACULA? Let us get back to Valerie Gaunt's breasts, a subject close to your heart / especially if you happen to be a girl /, I'm sure. Amazing, but true, one glimpse of a heaving mammary and a pretty face can impress more than anything else in a film. Miss Gaunt distracted from the subject at hand, which (I hope) was Gothic horror. The film had no mood, no feeling. In an era of cerebral films, HOD sought to shock with blood and more blood. The impact wasn't there, because too much of something--anything--tends to nullify the shock value. Careful distribution of blood can shock, as seen in PSYCHO. Certainly PSYCHO outdid HOD in this respect. PSYCHO however, introduced its gore at a time when the audience least expected it. HOD, on the other hand, appealed to an audience which was just waiting for the blood to begin flowing.

HORROR OF DRACULA had little to offer beside blood: a time worn plot, a miserable shadow of a Dracula, and a false mood that just doesn't work in color (but succeeds brilliantly in brooding black and white). I think that the failure of the film is largely due to a lack of reverence for the subject by its producers. While other films have changed DRACULA, they retained the feeling. Hammer raped DRACULA; made unjustified commercial changes. They evidently felt that blood--in color--plus a little sex would sell the film. And HOD's popularity proves that they were right.

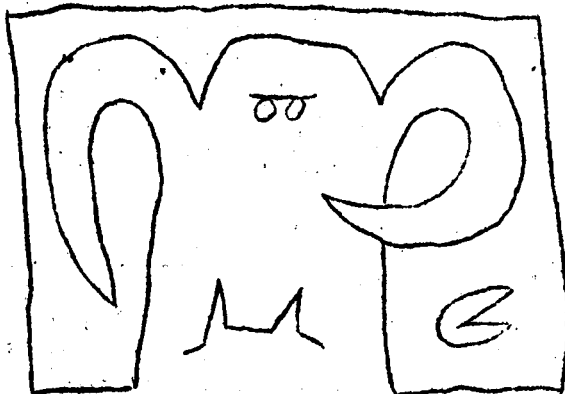
As a final statement on this film, let me describe its dreariest moment, which borders on self satire. It deals with our old friend, Valerie Gaunt being staked by Harker. He looks down painfully at her already huge breasts, supplemented by foam rubber so they would stick up unnaturally while she was in a reclining position, finds a spot which will not involve driving through too much of this prodigious flesh and pounds away--in an almost masturbating gesture. The blood spurts out like the semen of an orgasm as he pantingly continues his work /?/. Finally, she withers away, chest and all, leaving Harker physically done in. Do I sound too Freudian? Tough!

Great moments don't make great pictures, but they help. The foot-

prints in the snow, indicating the path of THE INVISIBLE MAN, helped make that film the classic it is. Here the audience was treated to a rare kind of anticipation. When the monster's bandages are removed, one expects to be revolted. Here, we know that there was nothing under the clothes (from the title, of course) and we were all the more anxious for the unveiling. Quite a tour de force, wouldn't you say? Here, again, the unseen is quite a bit more frightening than the flaunted rubber monsters.

Of course, if the monster is seen frequently, as in FRANKENSTEIN, the thrill in his appearance is only momentary. From that point on, his actions must horrify. FRANKENSTEIN succeeds at this, as does DRACULA. TARANTULA fails. Then again, we may be happily subjected to a tour de force, such as THE MUMMY. The monster is seen immediately, but the thrill is in watching him slowly, steadily, painfully come to life. His slightest movement produces excitement. The scientist's fright, his single piercing shriek, is the first sharp movement in the film and the effect must be seen to be appreciated. Through the rest of the film, Karloff is semi-human, and the impact rests largely on his excellent acting and that of his relentless pursuer, Edward Van Sloan.

Great horror may be a concept. THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN begins with a Ray Anthony trumpet solo which beautifully anticipates the agony of the shrinking man. Through the course of the film, we witness the plight of a man more alone than any other man can be, the futility of his struggle to regain his place in society and his final acceptance of the challenge of a new world. The audience feels pain without pity, shock without monsters and blood. THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN is a great survival story, in which elements of everyday life--which do not change in themselves--become instruments of terror. The basement drain becomes a maelstrom, a household spider, a demon. The terror is the same terror one feels when descending into a dark basement, knowing that there is nothing lurking there, and yet fearing the dark itself; the unknown. The imagined horror of the basement becomes real horror for the shrinking man, who has no party of armed, angry, torch-bearing villagers to back him up. He has nothing to back him except his own strength and courage. Grant Williams gave a grade-A performance as the Shrinking Man, making one regret his infrequency on the screen.



ROTSLER

If I seem to have skipped the silents, let me now do them justice. Silent films depended greatly--almost entirely--on their actors. They didn't have the great technicians we are blessed with today, and the special effects they attempted to present were unconvincing at best, as in the case of THE LOST WORLD, THE GOLEM, THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI and NOSFERATU. By modern standards, they are dull, overlong films; curiosities at the very best.

Silent film-makers did not have the panchromatic films which enhance high contrast sequences until 1925. Night scenes are unimpressive due to the fact that they had to be shot in broad daylight. The lack of sound is another handicap. The voices of Karloff and Lugosi

and Lorre are a vital part of their characterizations. By comparison with today's films, the silents are crude. THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, which terrified audiences in 1922, bores me; the stylized acting of Veidt and Krauss is ludicrous. The best of the silent horror films, NOSFERATU, with comically grotesque Max Schrack, loses ground along side later efforts. Willis O'Brien came to flower with KING KONG and his effects in THE LOST WORLD lack the polish we associate with his name. This film also featured a white man disguised as a negro and Bull Montana in the role of a very anemic ape. The only thing worthwhile about THE LOST WORLD is the performances of Wallace Berry and Lewis Stone. Even Lon Chaney's films--including THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA--are memorable solely because of his performances. His characterizations hold up even to this day.

For all the ill I've done them, every film I've mentioned in the list of silents is a great. Great, not because they hold up today--they don't; but because they were pacemakers. By fumbling in a new field, they set the stage for the epics to come.

Greatness must be measured not only by modern standards, but by contemporary standards. And by contemporary standards, all the silent horror films had the ability to shock because they were something new and startlingly different. We of today are hardened, and only timeless things, such as the Chaney performances, last. But to leave the silents out of a list of great efforts in the fantasy film field is to miss the candle that preceded the spot-light. We must never forget the silents and the men who made them.

In this article, I have tried to present a statement of my own opinions on the great fantasy films. I have also tried to do something that is conspicuous by its absence in current writing on the field: to explain my feelings about these films and the reasons behind them. If you feel the same way I do about these movies, fine, If not... HOD fans, I'll meet you in the alley.



ON "THE BOMB"
by
PHYLLIS KLEINSTEIN

We live a lie of stable power;
We think the world has found our hour;
The truth? We build stagnation's tower,
Living high on Hist'ry's dower.
The time has come, the sand has run
Its course,
And forces far outside our human whims
Now shuffle cards
The lights grow dim
As if to gather for the last
Its faded strength and blast
The sky apart.



AN INTERVIEW WITH FRED SABERHAGEN

Fred Saberhagen is the author of the Ace novel, The Golden People, and of several short stories and novelettes. All of his work has appeared in the Galaxy group of s-f magazines. He also has a story, "Fortress Ship" (Worlds of If, Jan., '63) in Judy Merrill's The 9th Annual Year's Best S-F & Fantasy.

This interview was taped at the home of George Price on January 16 1965. The tape-recorder was operated by Douglas Moench.

SOLON: Fred, how did you first become intrested in s-f?

SABERHAGEN: I began reading s-f when I was nine. I can remember reading a story--can't remember the name of it--in an old magazine. All I do remember about it is that it scared the heck out of me. After that, I stopped until I was sixteen or so; I've been reading science fiction fairly regularly ever since that.

SOLON: And just how long has that been?

SABERHAGEN: About years.

SOLON: Who are your favorite writers?

SABERHAGEN: Do you mean s-f writers or writers of general fiction as well?

SOLON: Writers in general.

SABERHAGEN: Hemingway and Salinger are among my favorite "mainstream" writers. Henry Kuttner and Walt Miller were favorite s-f writers of mine while they were alive. I also like Poul Anderson, Robert Heinlein and Theodore Sturgeon, but not necessarily in that order.

SOLON: Of your favorites, who would you say has influenced you the most?

SABERHAGEN: That's a hard question to answer. I try not to imitate anyone, but I notice that if I read a story, especially a long novel, and then sit down to write, I tend to follow the style of what I've been reading.

SOLON: When and why did you begin writing?

SABERHAGEN: I began writing while I was in the Air Force, back in the Fifties, mostly to kill time. I've been writing professionally with moderate success for the last three or four years.

SOLON: How do you go about writing a story?

SABERHAGEN: That depends on what kind of an idea I have. I guess that everyone thinks that a writer is supposed to have the ending of a story clearly in mind when he sits down to write it, but, sometimes, I just can't do this. If I have half of a good idea, I'll sit down and start to write around it, just to see what'll happen. Then, I go back and and change it around and generally, the idea will somehow fill itself out while I'm working on it.

SOLON: This brings us to the next question: where do you get your ideas?

SABERHAGEN: I'm always on the lookout for something new, or a new twist on an old idea. I can't really say where the ideas come from, some of them just pop into my head. Others--especially technical ideas--come from magazines like Scientific American.

SOLON: Would you say that ideas that come from technical magazines have to be written down so that the people who read 'em can understand them?

SABERHAGEN: Well, if I can understand these ideas, I think that most other people can, too. I don't think that you have to "write down" for the readership of the s-f magazines. Most fans are usually willing to wade through science and mathematics and just about everything else in search of entertainment.

SOLON: How long does it take to write a story?

SABERHAGEN: If I have an idea for a short story firmly in mind, I can write it in a day or so. And when I say a day, I don't mean twenty-four hours of straight writing, there are people who can do this, but I'm not one of them. I can only work for five or six hours at the most without getting groggy. After that, I'll set the story aside for a while and come back to it as soon as possible.

SOLON: How many times do you re-write a story before submitting it?



BCS

SABERHAGEN: Usually two, the rough draft and the final. I do whatever revision work is necessary on the first draft instead of writing up an intermediary version.

SOLON: Do you write full time?

SABERHAGEN: Well, that's an interesting idea and it's something that I'd like to try. Trouble is, I don't know whether or not I could swing it.

SOLON: Aside from writing, what do you do?

SABERHAGEN: I've worked as an electronics technician. You may have noticed that there's almost always a well described radar set in my stories. My hobbies include karate and chess; they'r both great for knocking the introvertive cob-webs out of your brain--especially karate.

SOLON: It's also a good way to take care of critics.

SABERHAGEN: No comment..

SOLON: Have you appeared in or sold any stories to magazines outside of the Galaxy group?

SABERHAGEN: Nope. I've sent them stuff in the past, but as yet, no luck.

SOLON: Then would you say that Fred Pohl is more helpful to budding writers than, say, John Campbell or Cele (Goldsmith) Lalli?

SABERHAGEN: I can't speak for others, but in my case it would certainly seem that way.

SOLON: Who was the first editor to give you encouragement?

SABERHAGEN: The first editor to give me encouragement was Horace Gold: when he was in charge of Galaxy, he sent me an encouraging note on a rejection slip. This was about a year before I made my first sale.

SOLON: Did you sell any of your stories to Gold?

SABERHAGEN: This may sound funny, but I can't really say who bought my first story. You see, I made my first sale at the time that the editorship of Galaxy was changing.

SOLON: How many of your stories have been published?

SABERHAGEN: I've had nine or ten stories published. There are also three yarns which I've sold but haven't been published as yet.

SOLON: Do you get much material back for revision, or do the editors take it upon themselves to make whatever revisions are necessary?

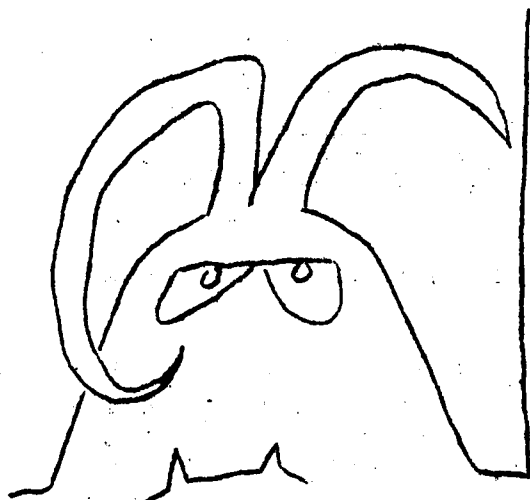
SABERHAGEN: I've never had anything revised. There are often minor--and sometimes major--changes, though. For instance, the Ace novel was originally 56,000 words long, but they wanted it cut down to 50,00. So, I had to cut 6,000 words out of the story and yet, not make any changes in the plot and story-line.

SOLON: Have you written anything outside of the s-f field?



SABERHAGEN: Well, I'm working on a "mainstream" novel right now. In the past I've tried my hand at TV scripts and a few short stories for the general magazines, but I haven't sold anything as yet.

SOLON: What's the mainstream novel about, or would you rather not say?



ROTSLER

SABERHAGEN: The mainstream novel is no secret. The only secret involved is how I'm ever going to find the time to finish it. The novel involves the Air Force about 1953-54. At that time, I was a member of SAC, so the background material will be reasonably authentic. The novel concerns itself with the effects of military life; a way of life that comes and goes in the span of a few years.

SOLON: Do you have an agent?

SABERHAGEN: Not yet. So far, I've just been sending my stories in "over the transom" and hoping for the best, but I'm beginning to think that having an agent would be useful.

SOLON: How?

SABERHAGEN: Well, having an agent would make it easier for me to place a story, and I wouldn't be bothered with having to keep track of every story that I'm trying to sell at a given time.

SOLON: How did you happen to sell TGP to Ace?

SABERHAGEN: Well, it's just one of those things. You write a story and then you send it here and there until either everybody rejects it or someone buys it. Incidentally, I've submitted another novel to Ace. I don't know whether or not it's been accepted. It has. I just sent it off Monday Jan. 11, 1965.

SOLON: What's it about?

SABERHAGEN: The title is The Waters of Thought. It's an "other world adventure", set on a planet called "Kappa".

SOLON: One of the things that puzzles a lot of s-f readers, myself included, is where writers come up with the names they use in their stories. Would you care to say something about this?

SABERHAGEN: An old telephone book is a big help. You just open it up and slap your finger down. If you come up with something that you don't like, just try again, sooner or later, you're bound to come up with something.

SOLON: When I was reading The Golden People, I noticed that in some ways it was similar to Heinlein's Gulf. Would you say that Gulf influenced the writing of TGP?

SABERHAGEN: I can't really say; it may have, although I took a slightly different slant on the idea of a group of telepathic supermen living among us and directing our lives than RAH did. If you'll remember in most of his stories, the superman (or men) was the hero, or if he wasn't the hero, he was, at least on the right side.

Adam Mann, the protagonist of TGP was a superman, but at the same time he wasn't--he had human emotions and failings, he was a human being, albeit a superior one. The point I was trying to make was, that whether or not a man has para-normal powers, he's still a man and shouldn't try to set himself above everyone else as some sort of ruler or god.

SOLON: When you write a story, do you consciously project anything of yourself into the hero/protagonist?

SABERHAGEN: I try to avoid putting anything of myself into my characters, nor do I (not to any great extent, anyway) put people that I know into my stories, although Boris Brazil /A character in TGP/ was drawn from several people of my acquaintance. When I characterize, I think out what the particular character I'm designing will do in the story and how he will do it, then I cease conscious design and let the character grow up naturally.

SOLON: One last question, in TGP, I noticed that you employed the "return to nature" motif that seems to be popping up all over. As a writer, do you have any ideas as to why this is?

SABERHAGEN: Well, my guess is, that it's more spectacular for a hero, armed only with nature's equipment, to overcome the heavily armed villains. I also have the opinion that most of the people who write these stories have never gone "back to nature" themselves.

SOLON: This concludes the interview. Thank you very much, Fred.



GOLD

DOWN

THE

DRAIN

article by GEORGE PRICE

Psychologists tell us that a man will tend to accuse others of just those sins of which he himself is guilty. This is certainly true in the case of the Administration's response to the accelerating outflow of gold. Mr. Johnson's monetary experts--and I use the term loosely--are overflowing with schemes for stopping the drain, and somehow, nearly all these ideas involve curtailing the activities of private individuals and businesses. None of these plans is worth a continental damn, because the balance of payments deficit is directly due to the Government's own policies.

We can restrict American tourist spending and business investment abroad as much as we please, and it will improve the situation not one bit. In fact, it will make things worse, by convincing foreign observers that we have no intention of changing the Government policies that are the real cause of the payments deficit.

And by the way, I am not one of those neo-isolationists who say that we can eliminate the payments deficit by cutting foreign aid or bringing troops home from overseas. Such proposals share the glaring fault of the Administration's plans: not one of them gets at the root of the problem.

To show how the U. S. Government is itself responsible for the gold drain, some background information is needed. In particular, I wish to clear up the confusion arising from the easy assumption that how American dollars get into foreign hands bears a causal relation to how the foreigners dispose of them. This leads to such fallacies as noting that the amount of payments deficit is roughly equal to the amount of foreign aid given away by the United States, and from this jumping to the conclusion that the deficit can be ended simply by abolishing foreign aid. There may be many good reasons for abolishing foreign aid, but this is not one of them.

There are many ways in which American dollars can pass into foreign hands. The foreigners can get dollars by selling goods to America, they can get dollars spent in their countries by American tourists and troops

they can get dollars invested in their countries by American businesses. But, however the dollars are acquired, they can ultimately be disposed of in only two ways: (1) the dollars can be traded back to Americans in payment for American goods, or (2) the dollars can be turned into the U. S. Treasury for gold.

Frequently, dollars will be used by foreigners to make purchases in still other countries, and so on for many steps, since American money is widely acceptable as a medium of exchange. Eventually, every dollar that leaves the U. S. will find its way home to be exchanged for either American goods or American gold. And which choice will be made has, quite apparently, nothing to do with how that particular dollar happened to leave the U. S. in the first place.

The "gold drain" means that foreigners as a whole choose to turn in a percentage of their American dollars for gold, rather than trade them all for American goods. The Administration's schemes for pressuring businessmen into reducing their foreign investments cannot stop the gold drain (though it might damage other nations' economies) because reducing investments does not reduce the overall percentage of dollars turned into gold. For example, suppose that this year, (to pluck figures out of the air) \$40 billion would be paid or given to foreigners, and 5% (\$2 billion) of this would be turned in for gold. Now suppose that Johnsonian arm-twisting reduces foreign investments by Americans by the full \$2 billion. Would that bring the payments into balance and end the gold drain? This is what the Administration would have us believe. Humbug, sir humbug! Other things being equal, if we sent \$38 billion abroad, the same 5% (\$1.9 billion) would be turned in for gold. The gold drain would not drop from \$2 billion to zero; it would drop from \$2 billion to \$1.9 billion. Such a slight improvement seems hardly worth the damage to world commerce that will be wrought by the investment restrictions. Even worse, we would still face the spectre of running out of gold, though at a slightly later date.

The central question is: why do foreigners so often prefer our gold to our goods? Well, obviously, for the same reason that anyone buys one thing rather than another: it's the better bargain.

We must still explain how it has come about that our gold is such a good bargain. In a word, inflation. Since the dollar was devalued in 1933, the price of gold has been constant at \$35/ounce. But the general price level of other things has gone up enormously, which is another way of saying that the price of gold has fallen. To be sure, the same thing has happened in other countries, so that the drain on the American gold supply reflects only the difference between our inflation and the inflation of other nations' currencies.

Now let's see what inflation is, and why it affects the gold flow.

The word "inflation" has undergone a very interesting change of meaning in the last two generations. Up until the late Twenties or early Thirties, "inflation" was generally defined as "an increase in the money supply". ("Money" includes both currency and credit.) Such an increase, it was understood, would speedily bring about a rise in the general price and wage level, because more money would be competing to buy the same amount of goods and services. So prices would be bid up until a new level was reached at which the volume of transactions matched the volume of money. To expect this not to happen would

be like expanding the container of a gas, and expecting the gas not to expand.

Then, at about the time of the Great Depression--which was largely caused by such an expansion of the money supply--many politicians and their tame economists began redefining "inflation". Now, "inflation" was defined as a "rise in the general price and wage level". And this is the meaning which has become popularly accepted. Notice the political utility of this redefinition. By applying the word "inflation" to the effect (a general rise in prices and wages) instead of to the cause (an increase in the money supply), the politicians have severed the association of cause and effect in the popular mind. Thus they are able to pump up the money supply without being held responsible for the rise in the cost of living which inexorably follows. Who says semantics has no practical application?



In modern countries, only the government has the power to issue money, and therefore only the government can indulge in inflation. So wherever there is inflation, you know that a government is responsible. (There is one slight exception: newly mined gold or silver also increases the money supply, but the amount mined is so tiny compared to that already on hand that the inflationary effect is negligible. In the past this has sometimes been very important, e.g., the price level in 16th Century Europe rose sharply when gold and silver from the Spanish colonies in the New World began flooding in.)

Some governments are quite crude about their inflation: they just run the printing presses. We are more subtle; we have developed the massive Federal Reserve System to be our inflationary engine. I shan't go into the complicated and devious methods by which the Reserve increases the money supply. Suffice it to say that when ever the U. S. Government runs a deficit, which is nearly always, the Federal Reserve "monetizes the debt", that is, it creates new money to make up the difference. This dilutes the purchasing power of everyone's money. In effect, part of the purchasing power of your dollar has been extracted and given to the Government to pay its debts. Some bluenose moralizers including myself, consider this procedure to be nothing better than a rather subtle form of theft perpetrated by the Government against the people.

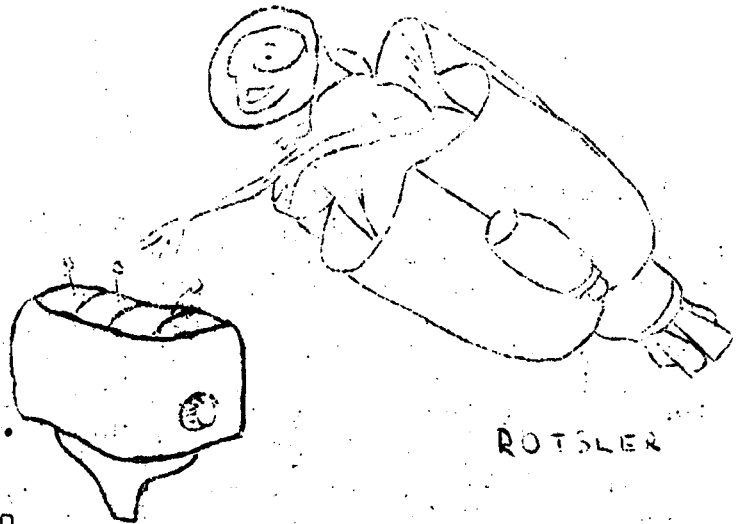
In the Victorian Era--say, the century preceding the First World War--nearly all civilized countries were on the Gold Standard. This meant that paper money was solidly backed by gold; anyone in a Gold Standard nation could take his paper money to the government and be given good yellow gold in exchange for it. Since the value of each nation's currency was rigidly fixed in terms of gold, and was freely convertible to gold upon demand, any currency could be converted into any other currency at a fixed ratio.

It is peculiar to modern banking that a given amount of gold can

be used as backing for a much greater amount of paper money and credit. However, this usually makes no difference as long as the paper-to-gold ratio remains constant. Under normal Gold Standard conditions, there is always enough gold to give to those few people who want to turn in their paper money. But suppose that the government begins to inflate, by issuing new paper money not backed by gold? Then, under the Gold Standard, when the people see the value of their paper money being diluted by inflation, they rush to turn in their paper for gold. Gold, you see, retains its value, because its value is not subject to the whim of the government. Since the government does not have enough gold to back all of its paper money, it must either regain the confidence of the people by ceasing to inflate, or it must go bankrupt.

When the Gold Standard was widely in force, matters very rarely progressed to the point of a general run on any nation's gold supply, because the international bankers and financiers followed every government's fiscal policies very closely, and as soon as a government deviated ever so slightly from sound finances, the bankers and financiers would start turning in their holdings of that nation's currency for gold, and this would be sufficient pressure to make the erring government mend its inflationary ways. Politicians who ranted about the "conspiracies" of the international bankers, had one grain of truth in their demagoguery: the bankers were in an open "conspiracy" to force all governments to maintain the value of their money. We need more of such conspiracies!

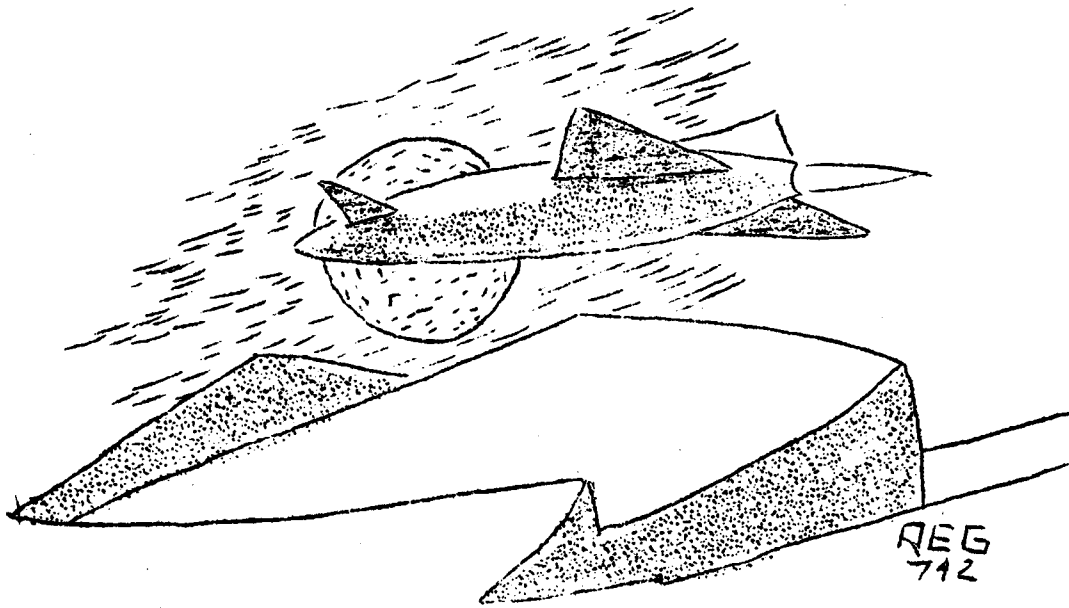
Inflation is very popular with demagogues. Mostly, it enables them to buy votes on the cheap, by "giving" the people things which are not paid for by taxes--that would never do, since voters are also taxpayers--but which are paid for by stealthily filching away some of the value of everyone's money and savings, by inflation.



It is no wonder, then, that such demagogues are eager to avoid the Gold Standard. And when they got the opportunity, during and after the First World War, they took their countries off the Gold Standard and started inflating to their hearts' content. The hyperinflation which racked Germany in 1923 is generally believed to have led indirectly, by destroying faith in liberal government, to the advent of Hitler and the Nazis. The United States got off comparatively easy, our inflation of the Twenties merely produced the Great Depression of the Thirties. It could have been a lot worse; ask anyone in Brazil.

While the inflationists were able to take most countries off the Gold Standard, they were never quite strong enough to completely destroy it. In the United States, it is illegal for a citizen to have monetary gold, but this restriction does not apply to foreign nationals who send dollars here. So foreigners can turn their holdings of American dollars for gold. Which brings us back to the gold drain.

I asked, why should foreigners prefer our gold to our goods? The answer is that our industries, are in many cases, not competitive with



those elsewhere. So it makes sense for the foreigner to turn in his dollars for U. S. gold, and then use it to buy what he needs in some other country. Since we do have a thriving export trade, it is obvious that many of our goods--perhaps even most of them--are competitive. We are only marginally non-competitive. The size of the gold drain, which is only a small fraction of our total foreign trade, is a rough measure of the degree to which we are non-competitive.

There are a variety of reasons why some of our industries are non-competitive. Managerial inefficiency and stupidity, union featherbedding, hamstringing government regulations, etc., all contribute to raising costs. But the worst and most persistent cost-raiser of all is inflation, which no amount of managerial cleverness or union co-operation can evade. So, with the prices of our export products being slowly pushed up by inflation, and the price of our gold remaining constant, is it any wonder that more and more of the gold is being taken?

The gold drain would be a hell of a lot faster if it were not for the fact that most other countries are also indulging in inflation, so that by comparison our goods are not nearly so non-competitive as they would be if we were the only inflationists.

We have now traced the gold drain to its root cause. But what should we do about it? The first thing that leaps to the eye is that the Administration's proposals to restrict business and tourist spending abroad, will not solve the problem. These restrictions can do nothing at all to restore competitiveness. In fact, as I have said, the very proposing of such measures may well speed up the outflow of gold, by convincing foreigners that we have no intention at all of attacking the real problem. It is worth noting that whereas the gold drain has hitherto been largely a reflection of our non-competitiveness another factor is becoming more and more important. This is, that as it becomes apparent that the U. S. Government won't take the necessary action, foreigners will feel impelled to turn in their dollars now, before the gold runs out and the dollar perforce becomes inconvertible.

I have said that the government apparently does not intend to

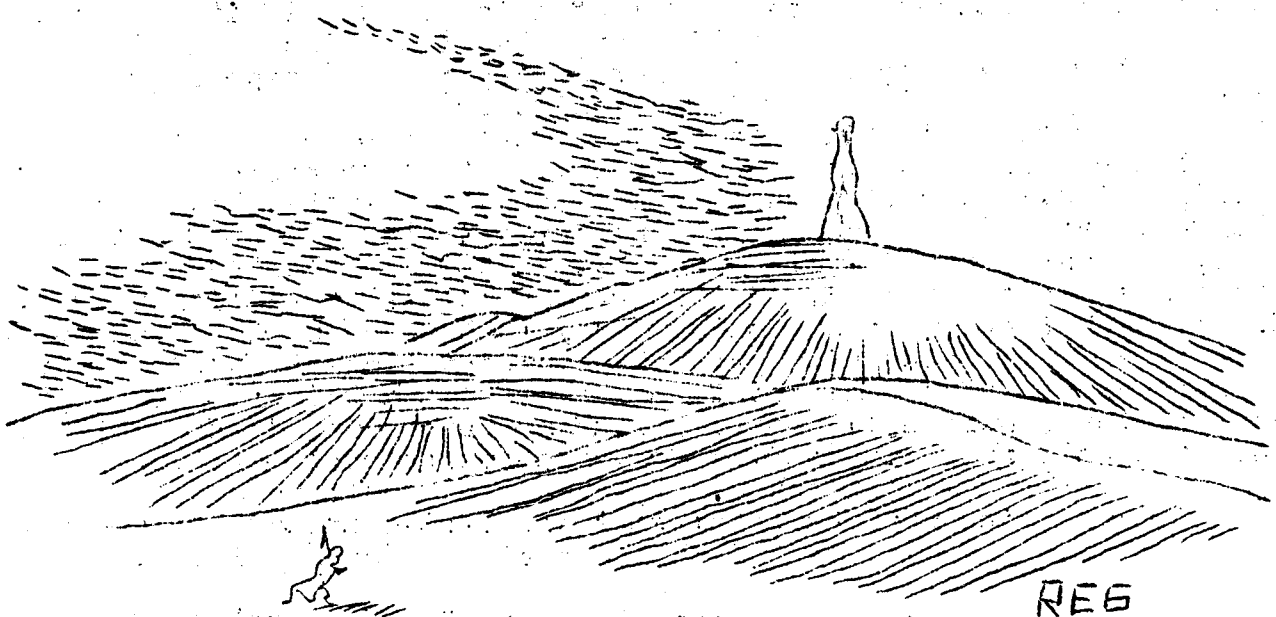
take the necessary action. So what is the "necessary action"? Well, since the root cause of the gold drain is inflation, the sufficient and necessary cure is, strangely enough, stop inflating.

Bear in mind that inflation is not an Act of God or an "unfortunate result of an unforeseeable concatenation of unavoidable events." Neither is it due to "wage-push" or "cost-pull" or any other such pseudo-sophisticated piffle. Inflation is a deliberate policy of government. To stop inflation cold, it is necessary only that the Government start living within its means and avoid deficits as a plague.

I do not say that stopping inflation would be easy. But the difficulties would be political rather than technical. That is, all the multifarious (and nefarious) groups with a vested interest in inflation would bring vast pressure to bear against the Government. And further, the cessation of inflation would cause a temporary business recession. Briefly, inflation causes business opportunities to look rosier than they are, and the end of inflation causes the consequent mal-investments to become apparent. "Recession" is the painful, but necessary, period of liquidating these mal-investments. The politicians' usual remedy for a recession is to start a new inflationary boom, which may stop the current recession, but only at the price of ensuring a bigger and better recession in the future. All things considered, the pro-inflation pressures are so great that it is almost impossibly difficult for a democratic government to withstand them. But they must be withstood, or the national finances will be destroyed.

If by some miracle of political and economic education, the populace can be brought to understand the full viciousness of inflation, the politicians can be made to stop.

Eventually, we should go back on the full Gold Standard; there is no honest reason why Americans should be forbidden to own gold. The Gold Standard should be restored for precisely the reason why it is so cordially detested by the demagogues: it imposes a rigorous discipline on the political money managers. And, Lord, to they need it!



REG
741

TOMES

BOOK REVIEWS

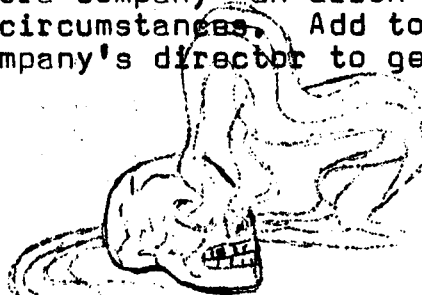
THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING by J. R. R. Tolkien (Ace, 75¢) I'm not at all sure that I should be reviewing this, as it's only the first part of a trilogy. It is the first part of Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, a modern heroic romance--that's sword and sorcery to youse. But adventure fantasy of the type of The Worm Ouroboros, not that of the pulps. Those of you who read sword and sorcery for sex and gore probably won't like Fellowship, as it's pretty short on both. However, if you appreciate good writing, this is your meat. Here is Middle-earth, a world that is at once strange, and yet hauntingly familiar. Elves, dwarves, trolls and goblins abound, but this is no "kiddie" book, this is an adult fantasy as any you'll ever read.

THE ALIEN WAY by Gordon R. Dickson (Bantam, 50¢) This is science fiction as it should be and all too often isn't. I'm not saying that this is the best novel so-far produced this year, but what I am saying is that The Alien Way is good, smoothly written s-f that's conspicuous only by its absence these days. It is a problem story: how to achieve communication with a race of aliens, the Ruml, who although they are technologically equal to earth, are a race of ruthless killers--by human standards. In The Alien Way, Dickson points up the one glaring fault of a lot of s-f writers: their inability to create a convincing alien civilization.

TALES IN A JUGULAR VEIN by Robert Bloch (Pyramid, 50¢) These ten stories prove that Bloch is the master of the sudden shock, the "kick in the teeth" ending. Only three of these stories are s-f: "Sabbatical", "Terror Over Hollywood", and "The Past Master". The other seven fall under the general heading of fantasy...I think. The quality of these ranges from "good" ("Night School") to "trite" ("Pin-Up Girl" and "The Deadliest Art" with it's god-awful pun about keeping a good man down). When you finish any of the stories in this book, you won't know whether to laugh or scream.

SPACE OPERA by Jack Vance (Pyramid, 50¢) I think that Jack Vance is about the only writer who could have got away with writing something like this. It's as predictable as sunrise in the east and about as exciting. There's this opera company see, and they go touring the stars in search of--brace yourself--another opera company--an alien one--that disappeared from earth under mysterious circumstances. Add to this a girl stowaway who played up the opera company's director to get aboard and then slaps him in the face. Pity.

THE LOAFERS OF REFUGE by Joseph L. Green. (Ballantine, 50¢) A book that's out and out bad doesn't make too much difference, but one that almost makes it is a real disappointment. Such a book is The Loafers of Refuge, it has

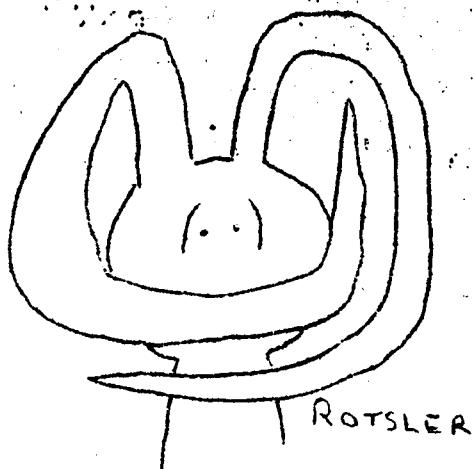


everything going for it: good plotting, good characterization, and good background. And then the author goes and spoils it by writing the most disjointed story of the year. The Loafers reads more like a series of connected short stories than a novel.

THE WIAZRD OF LEMURIA by Lin Carter (Ace, 80¢) This is the funniest book to come my way in many months. I don't know if the humor is intentional or not, but I suspect that it is--the book is dedicated to L. Sprague de Camp, and we all know that he writes with tongue firmly in cheek. Mr. Carter is apparently a man with no scruples; he lifts ideas from every major chronicler of sword and sorcery; for instance, there's a Northlander Barbarian who goes around loping heads in the best Conan tradition, a princess who needs rescuing (don't these hero types ever get mixed up with anything beside nobility? Seems to me that there was some kind of taboo preventing a person of royal birth from taking up with a commoner), and a wizard who must be the great-granddaddy of Gandalf the Grey. There's also a slimy reptilian menace in the form of the Dragon Kings--who are really dragons. They've been lurking in some Lovecraftian ruins awaiting the time when the stars would be right so they could let in the Lords of Chaos to destroy the world. A pox on them!

THE SYNTHETIC MAN by Theodore Sturgeon (Pyramid, 50¢) This is a re-issue of Greenburg Press's The Dreaming Jewels. Jewels or Man, it's still a winner of a book. It is the story of an orphan boy, Horthy Bluett, who runs awya from his cruel foster parents and is taken in by a troupe of sideshow freaks who are passing through town in their carnival truck. The manager of the show, Pierre Monetre, the "Maneater", is a brilliant, cruel, practically insane doctor who has discovered the existance of the dreaming jewels, mysterious visitors from space who can duplicate anything. In his bitter hatred of mankind, Monetre is attempting to gain control over the jewels and use them to destroy all life on earth. The Synthetic Man is full of human warmth and nearly sub-human evil. The sideshow that Horthy lives with--Havana, Bunny, Solum, the Alligator-Skinned Man and Zena--are real and believable human beings. On the other hand, the villians are just a bit too villainous, although the doctor comes out all the more convincing because of this treatment. What is more important, The Synthetic Man is excellently written with Sturgeon's usual feeling for words. This book is a moving and brilliant piece of science fantasy. Run, do not walk to the nearest news-stand.

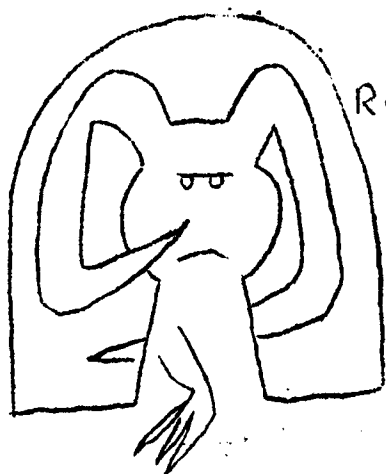
WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1965 edited by Don Wellheim and Terry Carr (Ace, 50¢) Of the seventeen stories in this book, I'd read ten or twelve of them in their original magazine appearances. I hadn't read the others, but an hour or so of reading took care of that. Anyway four of them are A's: "A Niche in Time" by William F. Temple, "Vampires Ltd." by Joseph Nesvadba, "The Last Lonely Man" by John Brunner, and Fritz Leiber's "When the Change Winds Blow". The others, "Greenplace" by Tom Purdom, "Men of Good Will" by Ben Bova and Myron R. Lewis, "Bill For Delivery" by Chris-



- topher Anvil, "Four Brands of Impossible" by Norman Kagan, "Sea Wrack" by Edward Jesby, "The Competitors" by Jack B. Lawson, "The Star Party" by Colin Free, "The Unremembered" by Edward Macklin, "What Happened to Sergeant Masuro?" by Harry Mulisch, "Now Is Forever" by Thomas M. Disch and "Oh, To Be a Blob!" by Phillip K. Dick, are all B's with the exception of the Dick story which is about a C. This is a pretty good anthology and it's a hell'uva lot smoother and more up to date than Judy Merrill's are. I hope that Ace will put out similar collections every year.

ROUGE QUEEN by L. Sprague deCamp (Ace, 40¢). This is probably the best item that deCamp has yet developed out of his concept of the Viagens Interplanetarias, the Portuguese-speaking combine that controls all Terzan space travel. In Rouge Queen, we find ourselves in a civilization that, although it is essentially humanoid, is also feminist--similar to that of the bee. The meticulously scientific way in which de Camp develops the details of this culture on a distant planet to parallel a bee society--and rib the Communists at the same time--is fascinating. Men are nothing but drones, and most females little more than workers. When the Viagens Interplanetarias spaceship, Paris arrives, bearing a load of explorers and scientists from Earth, a chain of events is begun that terminates in the re-conversion of this society back to the beginnings of a more natural way of life. The story of how this is accomplished is made to seem so real, so plausible, that one puts this book down feeling that he has lost an old friend. Ace is to be thanked for bringing Rouge Queen back from Limbo.

THE SPELL OF THE SEVEN edited by L. Sprague deCamp (Pyramid, 50¢) Sprague deCamp is one of those rarities in the science fiction field, a good writer who is also a competent editor. The Spell of the Seven



TRIX IS FOR RABBITS

is the second of what I hope will be a long line of sword and sorcery anthologies edited by Mr. deCamp.

This one isn't quite as good as its predecessor--for one thing, it's shorter, but all the major scribes of heroic fantasy are represented. And the result is just what the necromancer ordered. The most recent story, Leiber's Bizarre of the Bizarre, starts the book off with a bang. Leiber is followed by Clark Ashton Smith's sinister "The Dark Eidolon". Next is Lord Dunsany's short and nasty "The Hoard of the Gibbelins". The funniest story in the collection is one of deCamp's: "The Hungry Hercynian", which proves that it doesn't pay to try to cheat

a cannibal, you might be invited to stay for dinner. Mike Moorcock's "Kings in Darkness" is one of the best of the Elric stories and that makes it very good, indeed. Jack Vance is represented by "Mazirian the Magician" from his classic, The Dying Earth. And last, but not least is Robert E. Howard's "Shadows in Zamboula" which should silence those critics who say that Conan always got the girl. These stories are just about impossible to rate--for me at any rate--but if you like swords and sorcery, this is your meat.

HOWCUM?

A good question, that. You're getting this issue for one or more of the reasons checked below.

☐ This is a sample copy, to stay on the mailing list, you must Do Something.

☒ I'd like to trade fanzine with you.

☐ You are a Great Man, you contributed material.

☐ You are a Good Man, you sent \$1.00 for the next four issues.

☐ You sent 30¢ for this issue.

☐ Please review this.

☒ I'd like to hear from you.

??

TRICON

IN

66

CLEVELAND II

CLEVELAND DETROIT CINCINNATI:
UNITED FOR 1966

