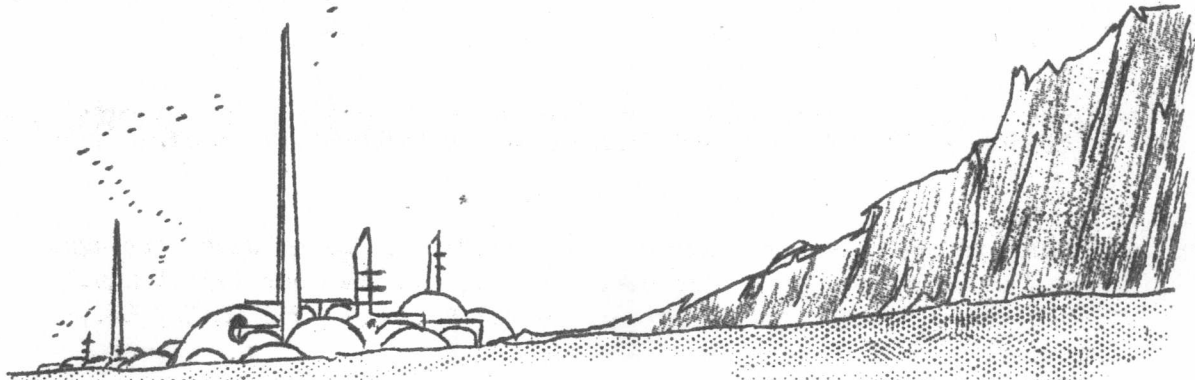
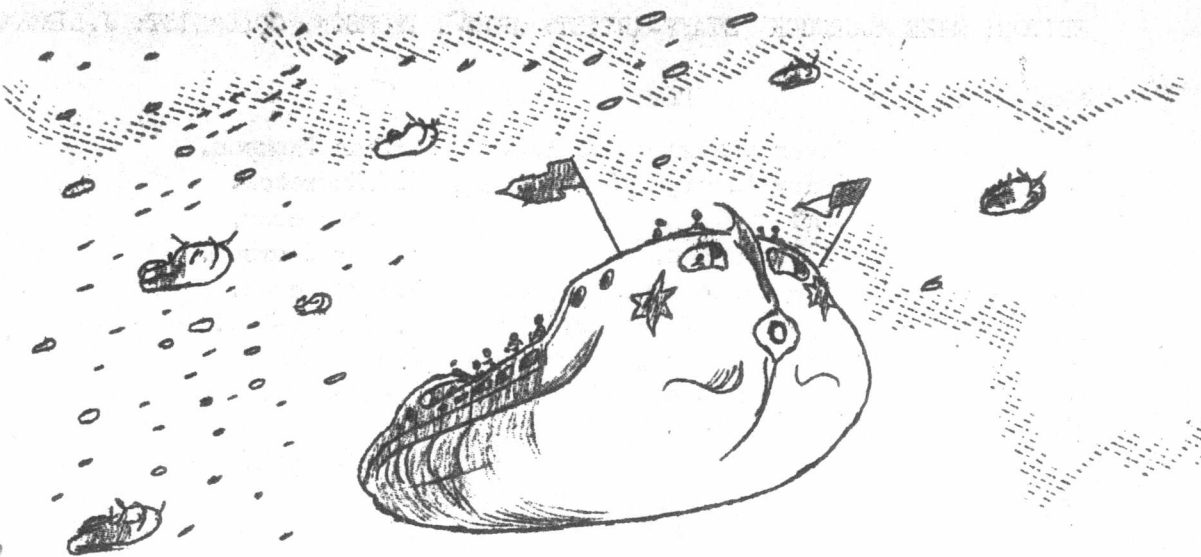


More

burroughsania



Atom

VOL. 1. NO. 8.

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EDITOR: MIKE MOORCOCK STAFF-ARTIST: ARTHUR THOMSON. COLUMNIST: J. LINWOOD

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THIS ISSUE: 23 Quarto Pages.

Burroughsania, an amateur monthly magazine for Edgar Rice Burroughs enthusiasts, is price sixpence. This is the November 1956 issue. All contributions should be sent to M.J.Moorcock, 36, Semley Rd., Norbury, London, S.W.16. (England). The editor accepts no responsibility for unreturned manuscripts or art-work not published in Burroughsania or Untamed. 29th September 1956.

VOL. 1. NO. 8.

BURROUGHSANIA

VOL. 1. NO. 8.

HELLO BURROUGHSANIANS (AND OTHERS),

Only one more issue to go and it'll be the December ish. Unfortunately the Annual won't be appearing owing to lack of orders. Instead a Christmas Number of swollen proportions will appear as well as a NUMBER 9a for regular subscribers. 9a will feature all the things designed for the annual which are now impossible to feature except in an issue like 9a. There is a limited edition of 20 copies.

You'll see some pretty awful spelling in Ron Bennett's letter in this issue. This is mine - not Ron's! Sorry, Ron, I don't know what I was doing.

FANTASY AND JAZZ FAN is supplemented in this issue.

Another error is Jim Linwood's column - it's upside down. Sorry Jim. I seem to be making a hash of things, don't I?

Unfortunately MJMZines will be less frequent from now on. Also fewer are being published. I'm dropping FENTASY and BOOK COLLECTORS' NEWS. FENTASY hasn't come out yet but it will do sometime, don't worry. THIS WILL BE THE ONLY ISSUE. For the time being, anyway. The reason? This typer of mine. At the moment it's held together by bits of string and is going on a long vacation very soon. Thus I'll only be able to use my firm's typewriter. I won't be able to work week-ends, of course, and as most of my work is done at week-ends or evenings this will curtail my literary activities a great deal. Probably have a new typer some time in April or May '57.

There's a prize for spotting the Deliberate Mistake contained in this issue. It will be announced what it was in the BUMPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

All for now,

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In answer to the enquiries of "What has happened to B.Kidd's column" - Bruce has gone GAFIA and won't be contributing to fanzines from now on. Jim Linwood takes his place.

(3)

Typed 23rd. September '56
by Mike Moorcock at 36,
Semley Road, Norbury, S.W.
16. Issue for November
1956. Companion to "Fantasy
and Jazz Fan", "Untamed" and
"FENTASY (No.1)"

AN MJM PUBLICATION

As I've got a blank page here I'm starting a poetry page which I had plans for in the New Year. The page proper will begin in the New Year so this might as well be a 'feeler' - if you like it let me know.

THE FORGOTTEN ONES

by M.J.Moorcock.

We ruled the world when it was young,
We hewed it fit to suit our ways,
The ballads then our praises sung,
But we have come to desperate days.
For memory of man is short; and he no longer knows his Gods.

Our figures rust in darkened holes,
Our faces thick with grime,
No longer do we own men's souls,
As in another time.
We are forgotten effigies of things which we were not.

Our armour melted in the pot,
And baubles soon became,
Our carven shields began to rot,
And we are things of shame.
But Pride still stays where else has gone, and we remember, still.

Gods of Old - but ruling none,
Deities of men, long dead,
Gods of Moon, of Storm, of Sun,
Living souls were once our bread.
Still we hope - a hopeless hope - for Man cannot remember.

But soon - or many years to be,
We'll once more walk the Earth,
And Man will cringe in ecstasy,
His Blood will bring our Mirth.
We will rise again, oh Man, and you shall kneel again.

27th September 1956.

A word from our sponsor:

ONLY N E S C A F E CAN GET THIS RESULT - THAT'S WHY MOST
POETS DRINK WHISKY.

If you have a poem of the same kind as the above, something connected with the supernatural - or maybe a poem about Burroughs' Mars - anything like that - send it in. If I consider it good enough it will be printed in this POETRY PAGE.

READERS! DON'T FORGET TO SAY WHAT YOU THINK OF
THIS PAGE



NUMBER TWO

Masters of Fantasy

A Merritt

by FRANK VERNON -
LAY

In the words of that noted Merrittophile G. Gordon Dewey "Abraham Merritt was a legend in his time: The Lord of Fantasy. His feet were firmly planted behind one of America's most important editorial desks of the newspaper world, but his heart - his heart was ever succumbing to the call of the Snake Mother, and his head inclining to the tinkle of invisible elfin bells. The lure of the lore of long and long ago was strong within him - and communicated itself evocatively to his myriad of admirers".

He was one of the most famous of the Munsey authors ((Edgar Rice Burroughs was another. ed.)) and his portraits of Evalie, Sharane, Norhala, Santhu, all witch-women of almost legendary beauty, in his wondrous happenings outside normal space and time have seized upon the minds of his readers so that his books are amongst the most reprinted of any of the Munsey Classics and enjoy a steady sale to-day. Lucky indeed is the fantasy lover who comes upon The Ship of Ishtar or Conquest of the Moon Pool for the first time.

THE EDITOR REGRETS

THE EDITOR REGRETS THE UNUSUAL
ERRORS IN THIS PAGE AND OTHERS
BUT AT TIME OF TYPING HIS TYPE-
WRITER IS ONLY HELD TOGETHER
BY PIECES OF RATHER WEAK STRING.
(The usual errors regretted too)

Merritt was born on January 20th 1884 in Beverley, New Jersey, of Quaker parents. An ancestor was John Fennimore Cooper, author of America's first "classics", among them being "Last of the Mohicans", "The Pathfinder", "The Prairie" and others. The family soon moved to Philadelphia where Abraham studied law, but at the age of 18 he joined the Philadelphia Inquirer as a reporter, later becoming night editor of that paper. He took one year off to go

REGULAR SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE NUMBER 9a WITH THEIR CHRISTMAS NO.

on an archaeological expedition to the Yucatan and many vacations were spent studying customs and traditions of the American Indians. In 1912 he joined the American Weekly and became editor of the Sunday Newspaper Magazine from 1937 until his death from heart failure aged 59 on 21st of August 1943.

He wrote several monographs on archaeology and witchcraft in which he is reputed to have done much experimental work. In his garden he grew various poisonous plants and herbs and whilst experimenting with mandrake (a root with a remarkable resemblance to a newborn human child which is said to scream with fury when pulled from the earth and always associated with witches' spells) he was inspired to write *Burn Witch Burn*, a horrific yarn featuring the awe inspiring witch and doll-maker Madame Mandelip.

His first story, *Through the Dragon Glass*, was published in 1917 and then followed "People of the Pit", "The Moon Pool", "Conquest of the Moon Pool", "Three Lines of Old French," "The Metal Monster", "The Face in the Abyss", "Ship of Ishtar", "Woman of the Wood", "Seven Footprints of Satan", "The Snake Mother", "Dwellers in the Mirage", "Burn Witch Bunn", "Creep Shadow", "The Black Wheel", "The Fox Woman", "The Drone", "The Last Poet and the Robots" (later renamed "The Rhythm of the Spheres") "The White Road", and "When the Old Gods Wake". The last two were incomplete being drafts of the first chapters of new novels, the latter presumably a sequel to the Snake Mother which was in turn a sequel to "The Face in the Abyss":

"Burn Withc Bunn" was made into a film starring Lionel Barrymore and the title altered to "The Devil Doll". "Seven Footprints to Satan" was also filmed but better forgotten, ranking among Hollywood's worst efforts.

His stories, however fantastic, were always correct in detail and one always had the impression that he was telling of things he knew to be true, and many of his readers never tire of rereading their favourite yarns.

- FINIS -

THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THE "MASTERS OF FANTASY" SERIES
WILL APPEAR IN OUR BUMPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE IN DECEMBER.

+ + + + + + + + + + + +

EXPIRING OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

Many six month subbers have failed to re-subscribe. If you don't want B'ania any more please notify me either way. Please - don't cross Postal Orders as they're practically unusable. (Vile Huckster)



FROM JAN JANSEN (OF "ALPHA" BELGIUM) After receiving No. 6.

....."Burroughsania" is still in the throes of deciding whether to be solely a collector magazine or a fanzine isn't it? As a collector zine it's OK. Of course, as a regular fanzine it's still way off, but the point is what are you intending to do? I could give you a list of Flemish editions of ERB which might be interesting to collectors but dreadfully boring to most fans (including me). Devoting a magazine to ERB is very nice, but how are you going to fill it? Especially if you insist on monthly publication? The quality of writing is sorely absent, and how to get it when sticking to ERB? Frankly, I can't help you any in that respect, don't know enough about either ERB or collectors of his stuff. And I know even less about the OBB field.

((Well, Jan, I don't agree with you about the quality of the writing. Does it matter whether I make up my mind about it being a collectorzine or fanzine - it can be a bit of both with the fanarticles interesting the ERBcollectors and the ERB articles interesting the fen. What do ERB fen think about a list of Flemish titles?))

FROM JHIM LINWOOD (NOTTS.)

.....I saw Archie ((Mercer)) last Sat., he, another fan (Vic Curtis) and I had a jam-session and a chat about S.F. I noticing an ERB book on Archie's shelf said "I think ERB is pap-for-paranoids". A long drawn out No---o-o came from Vic Curtis, Archie said "Well unklke most authors he does keep you interested in the story right to the end." So I retreated from the conversation.

I apologize for my remarks about Vargo ((VARGO IS GOOD prev. letter)) I was basing my beliefs on a few pubs written under the pseudonym "Volsted Griban" but Archie sez Ted Tubb wrote a few of them. So now I say "Vargo stinx".

"Unknown" was a far better mag than "Weird". R. H. Howard I believe is one of the most sexy and sadistic writers I have ever come across. He does for Fantasy what Micky Spillane and Hank Janson ((which 'Hank Jansen')) have done for detection

WANTED

FOR SALE.

F. VERNON LAY, 167, Wafford Rd., Harrow, Mddx. ARNold 6508 requires the following. Any reasonable price paid.

E.R. Burroughs.

Llana of Gathol - Land that Time Forgot - Back to the Stoneage - Tarzan Twins - Land of Terror - Beyond Thirty - Seven Worlds to Conquer.

Talbot Mundy

Told in the East. The Nine Unknown. Gup Bahadur. Mystery of Khufu's Tomb. Purple Pirate. Diamonds See in the Dark. Thunder Dragon Gate. and any magazine appearances.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries. Many. Fantastic Novels 1940 Vol. 1

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5

1950 Vol 4

Nos 2 and 3.

Avon Fantasy Reader Nos 6, 8, 16, 14 Magic Carpet and Oriental Stories all issues.

A. Merritt's Fantasy July 1950. Strange Tales June 1932, Jan '33. Golden Fleece Oct. 38, Nov 38 Jan 39.

Wanted to buy always in fine cond. only; science-fiction and fantasy.

Astounding S.F. Unknown and U.

Worlds. Aughtentic S.F. New

Worlds. Science Fantasy 2, 3, 4.

Out of this World. 1, 2

Supernatural Stories 2, 3.

Tales of Tomorrow.

Worlds of Fantasy. Wonders of the Spaceways. Futuristic Science stories. Strange Tales. Fantastic Adventures. G. Swan mags.

Condition must be excellent.

Wanted. some back issues of Galaxy Nebula and Astounding. Apply Jhim Linwood, 10, Meadow Cotts., Meadowfield. Notts.

For Sale. Bound.

"Son of Tarzan"

"Tarzan and the Forbidden City"

"Beasts of Tarzan"

"The Cave Girl"

"The Land That Time Forgot"

S.A.E. Please, to Mike Green, 81, Parchment Street, Winchester, Hants.

For Sale.

"Fighting Man of Mars" one page missing - 6d. (large ed. Brit.)

Mike Moorcock, 36, Semley Rd., Norbury.

"Beyond Thirty" G. Locke. What offers? Apply G. Locke, c/e Burroughsania.

L. FLOOD, 10, Sicilian Avenue has many pre-war fantasy magazines. Also Avon Fantasy Readers and a copy of Scientist's Revolt in Fantastic. Also many Burroughs books paper-backed and bound practically every easy-to-obtain book in good condition. (This ad. is put in by Mike Moorcock to help collectors. I suggest you contact Mr. Flood if you have any fantasy book you want to obtain. Many ex-library fantasy books for sale.

Wanted No. 1 Burroughsania for subscriber. URGENT. 1/6 paid if in good condition. Apply Mike.

ERBania. From Pete Ogden, 3, Belgrave Rd., Blackpool, Lancs. No. 2 soon out price 1/- for twenty pages.

ADVERTISEMENTS FROM SUBSCRIBERS ARE FREE

You need n't have exploynd about Archie's handwriting in No. 6 y'know - you could easily have edited his letter, ((Sorry, Archie))

Now this competition looks good and I'm certainly going to enter. If I can manage this today, I'll enclose my piece. Of course there is one subject tailor made for me - Bradbury, naturally.

Loved Bruce's letter in the same issue. MAD the most wonderful satirically minded magazine he's ever seen? Well, I could mention Lil Abner and the Shmoos to start with and probably go right through the range to Jerome K. Jerome's THE IDLER, or doesn't that count? Of course to a ppreceate MAD you have to know the American comic field as that's what they appear to satarize most of all. The trouble is that the magazine is slanted to a poor intellectual group. This is proved by the endless repetition of explanation in the dialogue. Pity the publishers think all their readers are morons. Perhaps we could get Bruce interested in Bernard Shaw or Congrieve. Or Evelyn Waugh?

The best part of his letter was his appeal to send Bradbury material to him. He's welcome. Do by all means send everything to him. All Bradbury cuttings, photos etc. The stories you can send to me. I pay for them.

PASSING SHOW? Well, I once had a pile of these but they dwindled and dwindled, more's the pity. MODERN WONDER too. Of course I wasn't a fan in those days. Di you know that PASSING SHOW is the ILLUSTRATED of today?

Well, you've found a buyer for SCOOPS 1, if you still have it, or would you prefer to trade ((WATCHA GOT? watcha want? WATCHA GOT? watcha want? WAT.....))

And so to the present issue which shows a marked improvement in layout. The acquisition ((what's acquisition?)) of Arthur Thomson is a unestimable help. Thanks indeed for the advert in PLOY but a SAE isn't necessary. 2½d either way won't break me and I'm always interested to receive letters. Make life worth living and all that.

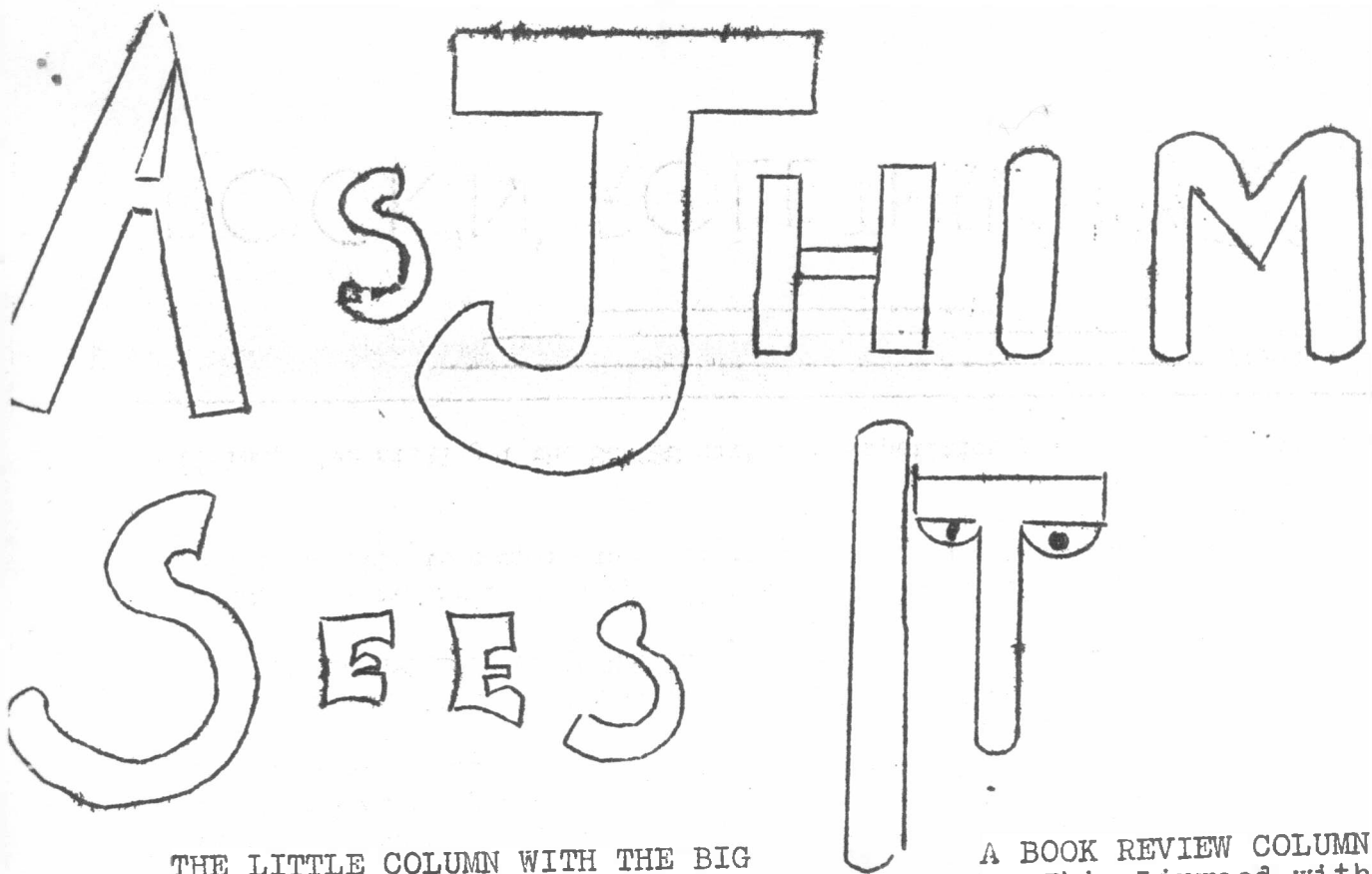
Burroughs in ARGOSY? I have about 70 ARGOSYs and have never seen this ((THE AMERICAN "ARGOSY" PUBLISHED BY FRANK MUNSEY?)).....

Yes, I too remember the tripey JUNGLE and PLANET comics though I'd like to see them now just to be able to compare them with other literary gems of the age.

"RON"

((Yes, I've still got the SCOOPS with the competition page cut out unfortunately))

ROCK'N' ROLL THRO '56 ADVERT



THE LITTLE COLUMN WITH THE BIG NAME (if it didn't have such a big name we could make a larger column)

A BOOK REVIEW COLUMN
By Jhim Linwood with an article thrown in some -times.

LATEST BRITISH TITLES

"Of All Possible Worlds" William Tenn.
Michael Joseph. 12/6.

This collection of yarns first saw print in Pocket Book form in America and in British book form it loses none of its former glory. Tenn is one of those authors whose works dwell on the line between fantasy and S.F. This book is suitable for all type of fan. It contains 7 various tales plus an excellent introduction by Tenn. I found "The Tenants" an excellent Fantasy terror tale, the best in the book, with "Down Among the Dead Men" rated second. A book you must read.

"To the Devil - a daughter" by Dennis Wheatley.
Arrow Books. 3/6.

Here is an out of the ordinary fantasy story by "The Prince of Thriller writers." It concerns the efforts of a Devil-worship cult to procure the blood of a young virgin for android manufacture. S.F. fans will revel in Wheatley's weird-fantasy version of android making. A book you can't put down. Get IT!

NEXT MONTH - MORE REVIEWS AND "THE VAMPIRE IN MODERN FANTASY"

WINNING ENTRY TO
OUR COMPETITION
RAY BRADBURY!
BY RONALD M. BENNETT

First of all, let us meet Ray Bradbury. While a writer should be judged on the merit of his stories, and I hope to do this, it is always interesting to probe into the background, to go behind the scenes and meet the entertainer.

Raymond Douglas Bradbury was born in a small American town in Illinois some thirty-six years ago. From the very first, the art of story-telling-filled his life. His mother and aunt introduced him to the fantasies of L. Frank Baum, Edgar Allen Poe and Edgar Rice Burroughs. When his family moved to Arizona the twelve year-old Bradbury began to fulfil a personal need for more stories of this type by using a toy dial-typewriter to write sequels to the Burroughs epics. He also confesses an interest at this time in the glitter of the carnival and sleight of hand magic. Both interests have since served him well as a writer. His interest in story-telling also won him a job reading comic sections over a local radio network.

When his family moved to Los Angeles in 1934, Bradbury was already familiar with the scienc fiction of the old pulps WONDER and AMAZING STORIES. In 1937 he joined the thriving Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. During the four years he was with the Society up to the outbreak of the war, Bradbury gained a reputation as a practical joker and a zany humorist.* His youthful enthusiasm soon matured, however, and after he had contributed to POLARIS, SHANGRI-LA, THE DAMN THING, SUN TRAILS, and other Los Angeles magazines of the age, Bradbury produced his own fan magazine, FUTURIA FANTASIA which ran to four issues and featured material by Henry Kuttner, Henry Hasse, Hans Bok and Ross Rocklynne, other fans who have since progressed in the professional field.

In the early forties, Bradbury left the Society and devoted himself to writing of a more serious nature, a medium which could allow his poetic imagination a desired expression. Being familiar with the science-fiction pulp magazine, he contributed extensively to these and it is a credit to his writing that he has since graduated from the lurid covers and untrimmed edges of PLANET and THRILLING WONDER to the cream-finished pages of the widely circulation national markets of COLLIERS, ESQUIRE, and SATURDAY EVENING POST.

*The same writer of whom THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION (13 March 1954) can say "he holds no hope for the future."

RAY BRADBURY. Cont from page 10

Of the short story writers of the nineteen fifties, Ray Bradbury stands out as the most versatile and also the best. A veteran writer of over fifteen years, Bradbury has added polish to his earlier imaginative fantasies and is young enough to improve even further. Mention has already been made above to his interest in the carnival, which appears in such stories as *THE DWARF* and *THE SECOND HOUSE OF USHER (CARNIVAL OF MADNESS)*. His interest in Mexico and the old Californian cultures is used as background to such tales as *INTERVAL IN SUNLIGHT*, *THE FOX AND THE FOREST* and *THE NEXT IN LINE*. This story smacks in style and dialogue of Hemingway and indeed other writers of the short story have left their impressions on Bradbury's work.

Compare the moving, yet artificial sketch of a dwarf who realises suddenly that he is misshapen in Oscar Wilde's *THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA* with the description in Bradbury's *THE DWARF* of the attitude of self-pity and the creation of sympathy within the reader:-

"When the truth dawned on him he gave a wild cry of despair, and fell sobbing to the ground. So it was he who was misshapen and hunchbacked, foul to look at and grotesque. He himself was the monster, and it was at him that all the children had been laughing, and the little Princess who he had thought loved him - she too" (Wilde)

" 'Hello, hello!' shouted Ralph. 'It's free, on the house tonight! Special for old customers!' The Dwarf looked up, startled, his little black eyes darting and swimming in confusion. His mouth formed the work thanks and he turned pulling his tiny lapels tight about his convulsing throat. Looking back he gave a little nod, and then scores of dozens of compressed and tortured faces, burnt a strange dark colour by the lights, wandered in the glass corridors . . . There was another scream, and another and still another, and a thrashing and a pounding and a breaking, a rushing ricocheting from mirror to mirror, shrieking hysterically and sobbing, tears on his face, mouth gasped open, came Mr. Bigelow . . . The morror had been changed. The new mirror made even normal people small... God, what would it do to a dwarf, a tiny dwarf, a dark dwarf, a 'lonely dwarf' ?" (Bradbury)

Edgar Allan Poe also influenced Bradbury. A high-standard example of this influence, a direct influence, is shown in the story of imperative hurry to conceal all traces of a murderer's fingerprints by that murderer:-

RAY BRADBURY, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.

"He plished the floor wildly, woldly. He rolled the body over and cried on it while he washed it, and he got up and walked over and polished the fruit at the bottom of the bowl. Then he put a chair under a chandelier and go up and polished each little hanging fire of it, shaking it like a crystal tambourine until it tilted bellwise in the air. Then he leapt off the chair and gripped the door-knobs and got up on other chairs and swabbed the walls higher and higher and ran to the kitchen and got a broom and wiped the webs down from the ceiling and polished the bottom fruit of the bowl and washed the body and . . ."

"The Fruit at the Bottom of the Bowl" - Poe at his ferish best - by Bradbury.

Although Bradbury's versatility has resulted in his experimenting with fields of writing such as the mystery, the influence of his early associations have been most marked, with the result that most of his writing enters the field of fantasy known widely by the derogatory term of "science-fiction," though Bradbury is no scientist and if scuh a field tends to combine the scientific with the fictitious, the emphasis in Bradbury is his quality for the literary. That science-fiction is of such low repute to the reading public's majority is the fault of the field itself in catering for a demand for stories of little human interest, little characterisation, but of intense action. Modern science-fiction, has to 'live down' this reputation, and many modern S.F. writers are trying to raise the literary standard of their field by presenting a human and plausible plot, with its psychological problems either in a generally-agreed-upon world of the future, near or distant, or in a world of the unusual and unlikely situation set in a world of the present day.

The majority of Bradbury's stories (for example THE THIRD EXPEDITION, THE FOX AND THE FOREST or AND THE MOON BE STILL AS BRIGHT) fall into these last-named two categories.

Bradbury's prose style nears poetry in a manner comparable to that of H.E. Dates:-

"...col as mint by a shining pool." (THE APRIL WITCH)

in his description, avoiding clichés almost rēgorously:-

"...the air was the blend of the dead and the living, of the rains and the dusts, of the incense from the church, and the brass smell of the tubas on the bandstand which pulsed out vast rhythms of 'La Paloma.' "
(THE FOX AND THE FOREST)

Christopher Isherwood has said of Bradbury, "His is a very great and unusual talent." Anthony Boucher, critic, editor and short-story writer has said, "Bradbury has imagination and poetic sensitivity. He has a warm feeling for people... He has a literary integrity of a high order, and an intense desire to utilize popular fiction to express the ideas that seem to him to need saying."

RAY BRADBURY. CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

The proof is Bradbury's anthology THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES. Ignoring completely the scientific fact that man could not live in the oxygen-less atmosphere of Mars, Bradbury chooses this planet for his setting of the future when Man will have escaped the boundaries of his native world. Bradbury understands the mercenary side of human nature. He tells of the exploitation of the planet by the settlers from earth, the commercial luxury of the cities and the red tape; a satire on our own civilisation. The lessons of AND THE MOON BE STILL AS BRIGHT are not to be denied. In this story comes the Fourth Expedition from Earth to Mars. One of the crew, Spender, has a certain compassion for the dead planet and turns renegade:-

"There'd be time later for that; time to throw condensed-milk cans in the proud Martian canals; time for copies of the New York Times to blow ... across the ruins of the old Martian valley towns."

Spender is the sentimentalist filled with a nostalgia for Mars as though it were his own home. His comrades get drunk on their first night on the new planet. Spender asks, "How would you feel if a Martian vomited stale liquor on the White House floor?"

Bradbury understands also the warm, the tender, side of Life. His descriptive passages are like those lazy, summer Sunday mornings at home, warm and sunny, tempered by a refreshing breeze:-

She was that woman who always seemed to be passing by on days when the shade was green under the tunnels of oaks and elms in the old town, her face shifting with the bright shadows as she walked, until it was all things to all people; she was the fine peaches in summer in the snow of winter, and she was cool milk cereal in a hot early summer morning."

(A STORY ABOUT LOVE)

Important, indeed to a short story writer is the ending, for a brisk climax to a tale can present an added impact to the reader. Guy de Maupassant employed device in THE NECKLACE, Ambrose Bierce in A HORSEMAN IN THE SKY, Somerset Maugham in RAIN and O. Henry time and time again (for example THE LAST LEAF). Bradbury's endings usually taper away into anti-climax, as do most episodes in life, incomplete and lacking tension, yet THE WHOLE TOWN'S SLEEPING is an excellent example of how ingenuity can employ successfully this 'snap-ending' device, even today, when so many stories and their trade secrets are becoming speedily hackneyed. This story tells of two maiden ladies who fear an unreprimanded murderer. The reader follows one of them home, through a narrow ravine. Each heartbeat echoes with fear. Is someone following her? At last she reaches home safely:-

"She caught her breath and almost laughed at herself.
'It stands to reason. If a man had been following me,

RAY BRADBURY. CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

he'd have caught me. I'm not a fast runner. There's no one on the verandah or in the garden. How silly of me. I wasn't running from anything except me. That ravine was safer than safe. Just the same, though, it's nice to be home. Home's the really good warm, safe place, the only place to be.' "

Thus reassured Lavinia and the reader with her turn into the house. Bradbury now bursts the long-awaited bombshell:

"She put her hand out to the light switch and stopped. 'What?' she asked. 'What. What?' Behind her, in the lack sitting-room, someone cleared his throat...."

Bradbury was later commissioned to write a sequel to this story. The fact that the second story (AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE MONTH OF JUNE) was in no way as successful as its predecessor is representative of the impact this device can have on the reader when employed intelligently.

These, then, are the basic qualities of Bradbury's writing, his poetic prose, his depth of thought which sees science destroying civilisation through mis-use and his plotting, which employs an unusual variation of a familiar theme. When Bradbury is bad:-

"Let us imagine a Jack-in-the-box, stuffed, compressed in upon itself, its head heard against a locked lid. Oh, how the springs ache to relax, to fling the Jack out of the box, bang! but no, all is tension and imprisonment... Anyway, here is the boxed Jack, coiled and tightened and neurotic, hand crushed to locked lid, waiting and waiting to be shot out} as from a cannon..."

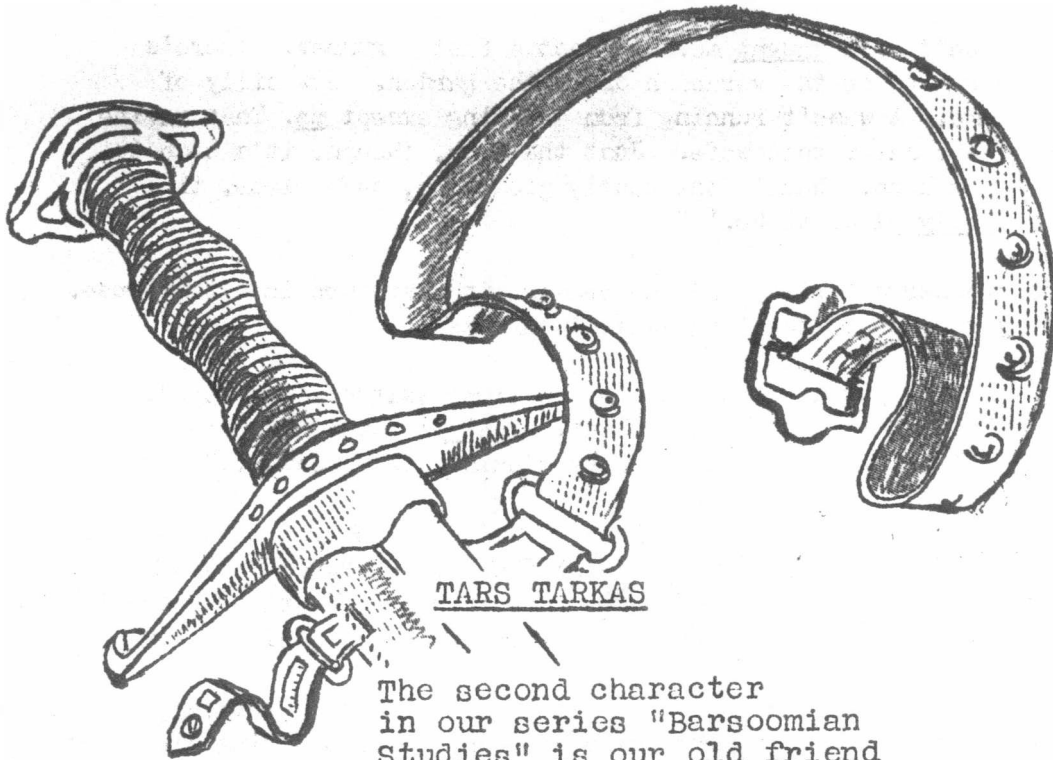
(JACK-IN-THE-BOX)*

he is no worse than a hundred, perhaps a thousand, other writers of the day who, through popularity and frequent publication are deemed good! Nicholas Monsarrat, John Masters, Anthony Boucher, Fredric Brown, Agatha Christie, Nevil Shute and the rest.

Bradbury at his best stands out as the short story paragon of the era, a writer striving to attain a literary standard known only too well by masters of the Maupassant-Tchehov genre of the short-story, but far remote from the stereotyped horrors published daily in commercially minded periodicals of the present day.

- FINIS -

* This passage is taken from the original version of the story in the AVON FANTASY READER. It has, happily, been rewritten out of the story which appears in THE OCTOBER COUNTRY. Ron Bennett.

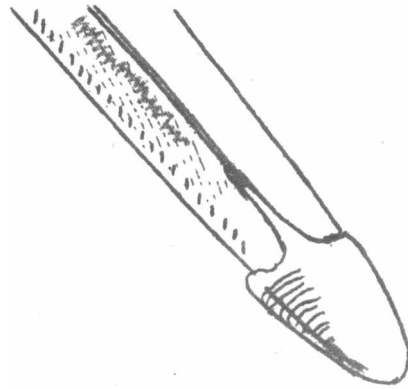


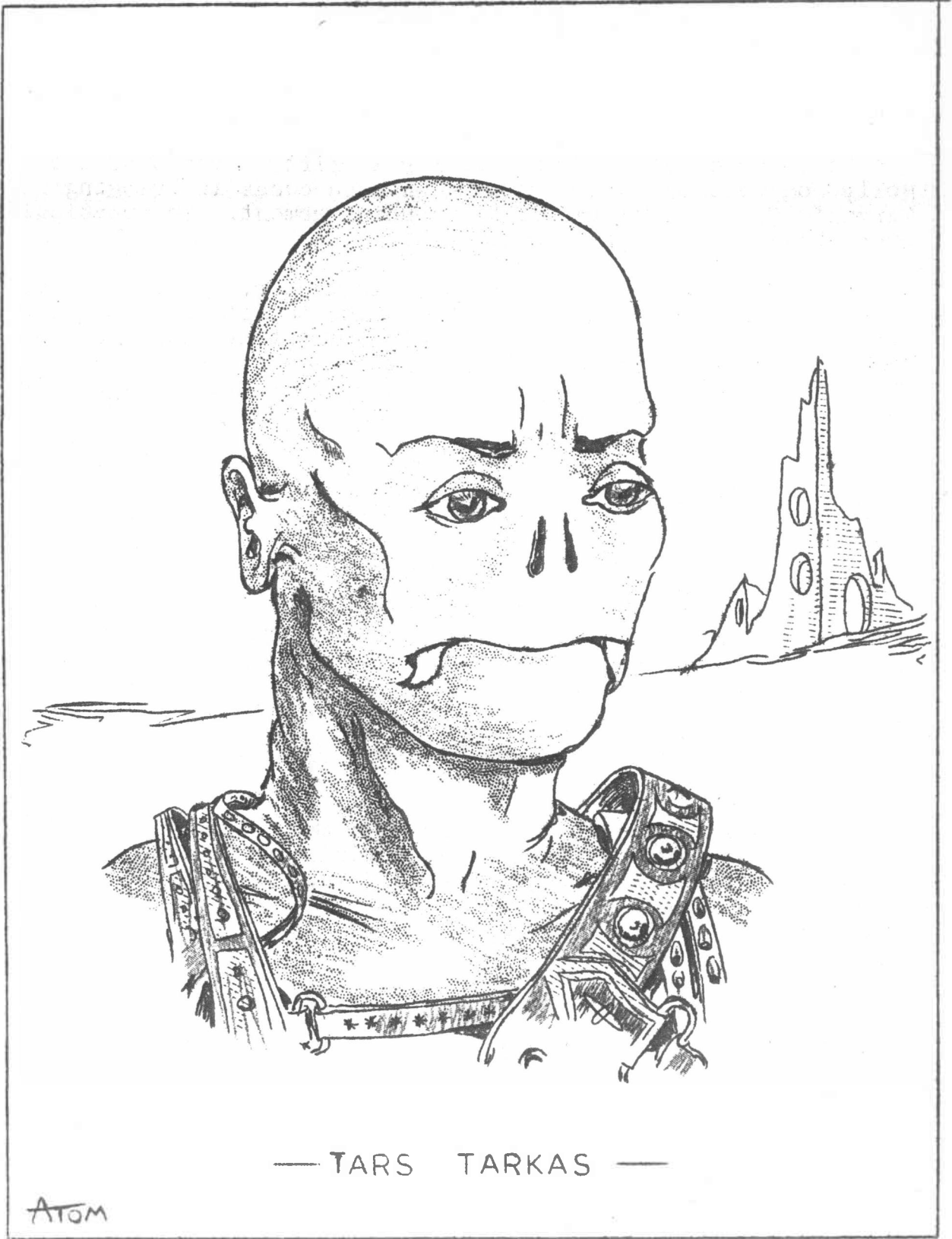
TARS TARKAS

The second character in our series "Barsoomian Studies" is our old friend Tars Tarkas. Drawn of course by Arthur Thomson.

Tars Tarkas, jeddack of Thark, has been featured in almost every John Carter story and is the Warlord's dearest friend.

For a copy of this drawing, suitable for framing, send 2d. stamp to cover post to Mike Moorcock at Number Thirty-Six.





— TARS TARKAS —

ATOM

LITTLE NKIMA THE MANU. by
M. J. MOORCOCK.

Surprisingly enough, little Nkima has only appeared in eight adult Burroughs stories. These will be listed later.

Like the good old seventh Cavalry in fifty percent of the Hollywood western epics, Nkima always succeeds in bringing Tarzan's faithful Waziri at the crucial moment. In practically every tale this is his sole purpose.

Nkima, when upon the shoulder of his master, is as brave as Tarzan, fearing nothing, hurling insults to all; but, alas, when away from the lord of the jungle his heart turns to water and he trembles at every sound and movement and it is then that he realises that he is only a little man and does not really mean the things he said to the larger monkeys and Numa and Histah.

Nkima is the only animal Burroughs has used the 'sympathetic' approach with. He has laughed at Nkima as we have but he has made us love the antics of Nkima. Jad-bal-Ja, Tarzan's only other animal 'friend' is in an entirely different category and Burroughs never was able to pierce into the feelings of Jad-bal-Ja we mistrust him as I think ERB did.

The eight stories Nkima appeared in are "Tarzan and the Lost Empire," "Tarzan the Invincible", "Tarzan's Quest" and "Tarzan and the Leopard Men - in magazine form "Quest of Tarzan", "Tarzan and the Champion", "Tarzan and the Jungle Murders".

In Tarzan and the Lost Empire we are first introduced to Nkima thus:

"Nkima danced excitedly upon the naked, brown, shoulder of his master. He chattered and scolded, now looking up inquiringly into Tarzan's face and then off into the jungle. 'Something is coming, Bwana,' said Muviro, sub-chief of the Waziri. 'Nkima has heard it.' "

How Nkima became attached to Tarzan is never explained - he is just - there, and Burroughs fails to give any explanation for his presence, nor has he done so in any other books in which Nkima is featured.

The second tale in which Nkima appeared was "Tarzan the Invincible" in this we get to know the little monkey better, in fact the first chapter bears his name. The little was more of a title than a description and we always think of Nkima not just as Nkima but as Little Nkima. Here is a phrase from Chapter One of "Tarzan the Invincible."

CONTINUED OVERLEAF.

"The world into which little Nkima had been born seemed a very terrible world indeed, as he spent most of his waking hours grumbling about it, in which respect he was quite as human as he was simian. It seemed to little Nkima that the world was populated by large, fierce creatures that liked monkey meat. There was Numa, the lion, and Sheeta, the panther, and Histah, the snake - a triumvirate that rendered unsafe his entire world from the loftiest tree top to the ground. And then there were the great apes, and the lesser apes, and the baboons, and countless specimens of monkeys, all of which God had made larger than He had made little Nkima, and all of which seemed to harbour a grudge against him."

The next story was "Tarzan and the Leopard Men" in which Nkima proves of use in getting Tarzan out of yet another native hut. Apart from "Son of Tarzan", "Tarzan and the Leopard Men" was the first Burroughs story I read and so Nkima has been with me all the time and I regard him as part of the Tarzan tales just as I regard Jane, although she, too, featured in very few Tarzan stories if you think how many have been written. An article on this angle of the Tarzan saga will appear in a later issue.

After "Leopard Men" came "Tarzan's Quest" where again he plays a useful part. You can see that Burroughs only included the monkey to ~~help~~ the plot evolve as he is not included in any of the stories as an inactive companion, the basic plot always evolves around him. As for the other three stories in magazine form I can't say. I haven't any of them to refer to - I've only read two and glanced through the other. In "Tarzan and the Champion" he acts in his usual role of Waziri getter but the other I can't say what he does.

Nkima makes the perfect 'rounding off' of a story:

"Do not thank me, my friend," said the ape-man. "Thank little Nkima!"

I think that this kind of ending was used a couple of times as well as others similar in climax. Perhaps someone lucky enough to have the three magazine stories could let me have details.

"With "Quest of Tarzan" we heard no more of the little monkey although if Burroughs had written a few more Tarzan stories before his death I feel sure that he would have included the lovable animal in them. The little manu we have learned to smile at - but sympathise with as well.

- FINIS -

Mike Moorcock.

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