



The Latest
DIRT
from
Hollywood!

'GLOM'
#8
FAPA (July 47)

Publisher:
Forrest J Ackerman

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THE 5th HORSEMAN (Broadcast 16 Aug 46 on NBC)

This program was on life after an atomic war, and it wasn't pretty. I like most people have pictured the A-war as everything going up in one big BOOOOOM. But that isn't quite what would happen. There would be some people left to carry on. Maybe a third of the population.

The play started in a camp or station in the middle of the country somewhere. They were asking this fellow questions. It seems he was a salesman and hadn't been home when it happened. His house and the rest of the city were blasted and burned, and there was no trace of his family. He had wandered around the country in his car, till finally he could get no more gas.

The station was cut off from everything. There was no electricity, phones or radios. The railways were blown up in places. And there was no more gas for the cars. The men were put to work cutting wood for the winter. All thru the play you could feel how discouraged the men of the station were.

Winter came on, and with it sickness. A third of the station died for lack of medicine. But a radio station had started again and they got a little news, mostly bad. Washington was in ruins as were the other big cities; weeds were growing up in them. And the Eastern countries (India, China and Japan) had formed a world government, and had made America a protectorate.

One of the little things that showed the change was when one of the men said he wished the radio station would play music like they used to before... And the others wondering if they had any records or anything to play them on.

Another thing they were worried about was the teaching of the kids to

remember civilization and the other things. They wanted everyone to teach or write down all he knew, as most of the books and colleges were destroyed. There were others of course that were more worried about the present and said let the future take care of itself.

Finally near the end when the people were about starved, and were ready to start out and try to walk to the next station thru the snow, a train arrived. The tracks had been fixed.

It ended with the fellow saying in a hopeful voice that a train was coming in every 2 weeks now. And they had some seed and were planting it. They had news, too. There were some small factories starting up. And they hoped to have electricity in a few years. And they had reopened the coal mines and hoped to reach one third of prewar production in a year. But he said it looked like we would have to submit to the Eastern Powers, as they had the ships and the men, not having been in the war.

After hearing this I began to wonder, who would be the lucky ones in an atomic war, the ones that survived or the ones that didn't? We saw what a mess it was here (Los Angeles) when the street cars stopped a few days, and the tug boats in New York. What if every one stopped! In our life we have come to depend upon the other fellow for everything. What would we--you--do if all the other fellows were turned to atoms?

I'm just an average fan, with not too much brains, but it seems there should be something we could do. Something practical to help. Here we are, a group of roughly 1000 fans, in all parts of the country, and we all know the danger of an atomic war. Yet what do we do to stop one? We all have read and heard articles about how to handle atomic power, and the bomb. Yet our Government goes blundering on, with John Deez yapping about high prices, and not thinking in five years he might be higher!

Why don't some of the fans with IQs of 100 and better try to work out a plan that will help rather than worrying about Russia. They won't start anything for a year or so, and if we get a good idea, the people working on it, they may never. People keep saying we must make people realize the danger of an atomic war, and how to handle the problem, yet they don't say what I or the next guy can do to help. Come on, you Slans--give with a few ideas.

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This is the best part of the issue, where I manfully refrain--for pages & pages--from reprinting reams & reams on the Aerial Dreams.

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Interest has been evinced in some quarters in the occasional articles (mainly cinemarticles) I have occasionally (redundancy abundance) in such periodicals as V and Filmagazine. Following is a sample (fantasy) of one of my submissions, the product that French fan Georges Gallet takes and translates. I try to write in a sort of simple, idiom-less English, interspersed with what few French words I do know, in what I fondly imagine is a Gallic style. And it comes out like on the following page.

LE "PAP" DE TARZAN EST UN GRANDPERE
Une Entrevue Exclusivé Avec L'Autor Mondfameuse
Par Forrest J Ackerman

OUI, aujourd'hui the creator of Tarzan, the superman of the jungle, is a grandpère. In fact, Edgar Rice Burroughs has 4 grandchildren, the oldest of which is a young lady of 16 years!

I have just interviewed him in his home in Tarzana. Yes, an entire town on the outskirts of Los Angeles, Californie, has been named in tribute to his immortal character. Here the 71-year-old writer, who is a legend in his time, lives in a charming 6-room home on a country lane. His residence is surrounded by a colorful garden and green lawn. A family orchard and servants' quarters are located at the rear. On the floor of his living room is a luxurious zebra rug, and the chairs in the dining room are covered with black and white calf-skin.

He invites me to the porch, on which he receives the press. It is a room of unusual ornamentation. On one wall he points out a golden brown cloth woven of palm fibre from the Hawaiian Islands. On another the eye is attracted by an American Indian Chief's woven wool blanket, colorfully decorated. There a painted tiger slinks across a Japanese silk screen. M. Burroughs sits beside a huge vermilion jar decorated with black elephants, monkeys and other denizens of the jungle. A pair of oriental statuettes on horseback are poised on twin tables on either side of the room.

And just outside the porch, in the corridor, one observes a shrunken human head! Yes, it is one of the South American souvenirs of savagery: The dark brown head of a very dead human being, now no larger than a grapefruit, with its lips gruesomely sewn together and its long native hair falling blackly down over a non-existent neck and shoulders...

In answer to my question of how long he had been writing, M. Burroughs informed me that it was half his life ago: He began when he was 35 with an other-world adventure entitled "Under the Moons of Mars", to which he signed the nom-de-plume of Normal Bean. That name was quickly forgotten, but the magic of Edgar Rice Burroughs has blossomed and blown to the 4 corners of the earth. "I believe I have written 62 books," said the author, who has had so many published that he can no longer be certain, "and they have been translated into French, Chinese and dozens of other languages, including Esperanto and even Braille for the blind." He has described adventure the most daring, romantic and diverse: In Peliucidar, the world at the hollow center of our earth...in the forest fastnesses of deepest Africa...in the craters of the moon...on the red sands of two-mooned Mars...on the planet of peril with its prehistoric conditions, Venus...and even outside our universe, "Beyond the Farthest Star"!

M. Burroughs has his own 16 mm. motion picture projector, and on Saturday nights shows films for his family and friends. He invited me to stay and meet his sons, John Coleman and Hulbert, and his daughter Margaret, and to see a screening of one of his pictures which was made in Guatamala, "Tarzan and the Green Goddess". Altogether, he told me, 18 Tarzan films have been made, and negotiations are going on at the present time for the distribution of "Tarzan Finds a Son" in France.

Vive le Tarzan! (FIN!)

U may blame (or praise) AE van Vogt & Arthur (I almost wrote Author--well, that in time, that in time) J. Cox, who have (pleasantly) interrupted me while cutting stencils in the LASFS clubroom, for the fact that this ish is 2 pages shorter than I had pland. And if U can parse that sentence, U're a better slan than I am, Gunga Djinn. I've a feeling I've said that same thing before, under similar circumstances, but I positively offer no reward for the cad who digs up the previous usage and quotes it back to me.

And now Gus Willmorth and his bride-to-be are in the clubroom talking Philcon honeymoon plans with me. If this continues U'll never get to read the remaining article, not that it woud much matter, it now being a year out of date. I'll tell U how it came about: At the eleventh hour, pre-Pacificcon, (and it really was around 11 a.m.) Walt Daugherty suddenly approached me to turn out one page explaining to the layman what the purpose of the Convention was, some little one-sheet that could be lying around in the Hall for the benefit of the mystified person who might wander in. So I betook me to Al & Abby Lu Ashley's bed room, where Speer & Tuck & Other Famous Fen were batting the breeze, and started to compose. As I recall, Bob came along after awhile, looking over my shoulder and kibitzing, and finally I turnd the job over to him. He re-wrote what I wrote. Then Andy Anderson, dissatisfyd with the Acker-Tucker collaboration, created his version from bits of ours. There was more to it than remains below--I seem to recall, finally, cutting a stencil--but the stencil was never mimeod, and the following is all that remains for posterity of the triple-threat broadside:

WELCOME to the 4th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION.
This is the annual meeting of fans of the futuristic and/
fantastic. Readers of science fiction stories and /weird
tales are convening here these 4 days to meet in person//
many of their favorite authors, talk over stories and//
ideas, discuss things to come and things "out of this///
world".

Postponed for four years because of the war --a///*
war which brought to pass many *~~*****~~*
startling weapons and///*
innovations long ago predicted in science-fiction--///*
this convention, for the first time, may regard con-///*
tact with the moon not another ficticious "thing to///*
come" but an event of the past. The convention may///*
regard atomic power not as just another milestone to///*
the future for which we*have been waiting, but some-///*
thing which occured last year.

You are expected to take it from there: you are*****
here, the coming wonders of the immediate tomorrow are***
not just beyond your finger tips but here, now, but in***
The minds and on the lips of all of us about you.

* * *

24 July 47. No, Milty, the above muddle is not oferd as a
model for your introductory pamphlet... #



E. HORTON '31

