

ISCARIOT

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Iscariot is published quarterly ((?)) for distribution in THE SOUTHERN FANDOM PRESS ALLIANCE and some friends in general fandom.

ALL material for contribution should be sent to the managing editor. An acknowledgement of submitted material will promptly be sent to the contributor. All material which will not be used will be returned post paid.

Iscariot can be had for Letters of Comment, trades, written material and/or artwork. Subscriptions are no longer available except for a first issue basis at twenty-five cents. (See Revelations.)

CONTENTS

COMMUNIQUE	JERRY BURGE	COVER
REVELATIONS	AL ANDREWS	2
BURROUGHS BIBLIOBOOBS	TOM DUPREE	7
FOR MOTHER, GOD AND COUNTRY	BILL PLOTT	10
HERO OF THE HYBORIAN AGE	LEWIS HARREL	13
AMPHIPOKI	BILLY PETTIT	21

All interior art is by RBERT E. GILBERT.

To discover why you are receiving this, and in some cases this is a mystery even to the editor, check the small letter somenlace on the address label. If it doesn't show up on the table below, then we made a typo and you will have to guess. Since both of us are trading, the name checked below tells you who is or wants to trade.

T = Trade

TR= Trade Requested

C = Contribution (prose, art, loc)

CR= Contribution Requested

S = Subscription (one issue only)

M = Miscellaneous: For some reason you or "yours" is somewhere in this issue praised, pounded or totally ignored.

ANDREWS _____

PETTIT _____

EDITOR'S NOTE: (AA) On some of the labels I've put an M when actually I'm reciprocating for a zine you sent to me, but for which I didn't choose to establish a trade. (Hereafter there won't be this long delay--missing 2 issues has me badly disorganized.) M is also on the longer subs, taken in before the one-issue policy. Those longer subs however are recorded and will be honored.


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IscarioT is published primarily as an apazine for participation in the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and a limited number of copies are distributed among various friends and enemies in general fandom. IscarioT may be obtained for contributed material, trades, locs or subs. All material, locs and subs should be sent to the Editor.

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***** REVELATIONS *****

An editorial by Al (take note of that cruel OE Joe Staton and heartless EO Dave Hulan; like, I need the page-count, men!), composed of wild and sundry departments.

Department of IscarioT has a NEW PUBLISHER: As you countless avid readers of this sterling journal may have noticed, we haven't been around for the last six months. (He waited until the cheering had subsided, then continued:)...The reason for this is that IsT missed the 14th and 15th Mlgs. The 14th Mlg was missed simply because I failed to get my share of the stencils typed in time for Dick to run the issue off; the 15th Mlg was missed due to the P.O. losing the typed stencils I sent to Dick. Hopefully, IsT will make the 16th Mlg.

For sometime now Dick's interest in sf&f and fanac has been on the wane, and academic and other interest have demanded more and more of his time. As I told Dick from practically the start, whenever pubbing IsT had lost it kick for him and there were more important things to which he wanted to devote that time, just speak up and let me know. So, it has come about that he has finally decided to make the break, by resigning from the SFFPA and giving up the pubbing of IsT. Dick and I will always be good friends and I sincerely wish him the best in his chosen pursuits.

I want to take this opportunity in print to say a huge THANKS to Dick Ambrose for the fine job he has done in pubbing IsT in the past. Not merely the man who turned the crank, but a guy with

whom it has been a genuine pleasure to exchange ideas and "shop talk" in our editorial conferences. Dick typed many stencils, devised the layouts, cut pre-drawn artwork and is a talented artist in his own right, contributing his own artwork to numerous issues. And add to all this the plus of his writing and contributing an article series, editorial and fiction. And, there were many favors and extra work that Dick did that cannot be seen by the impersonal print in a fanzine. Dick Ambrose, good friend, trusty publisher, fine co-editor, artist, writer, IscarioT will miss you. THANKS again, Dick.

As chance and a ghod fansman would have it, Dick's bowing out as my publisher did not throw me into a blind panic. And, that ghod fansman is Bill Pettit. Bill has visited me a dozen or so times here in Birmingham and I mentioned the possibility that Dick might someday decide to no longer be the publisher of IsT. Bill, volunteered to take over as Publisher in the event that Dick did gafiate. I'm delighted that Bill will be sharing the issuing of IsT with me. He is a mature, knowledgable fan, collector and publishers, in addition to being a darn nice guy to have as a friend. And so it has come about that IscarioT has a new publisher.

Department of PROJECTED CHANGES for IscarioT: Well, first and foremost, we will certainly try not to miss mailings in the future; and particularly not get in the jam of having missed two in a row.

IsT will turn to using the methods of electro-stencil and photo-offset printing for a considerable amount of its artwork. In fact, in this present issue there is a full-page REG done by electro-stencil and (if it arrives from the printer in time) a full-page REG by photo-offset. And, perhaps a photo-offset cover; the cover is as yet undecide, but perhaps. And while we will still use a good bit REG (whose artwork we greatly admire), we will endeavor to use some artwork by other artists.

We will also increase the number of copies printed per issue of IsT. Formerly, we ran a total of 75 copies per issue, henceforth we will increase the total run per issue to 100. This increase will spread IsT around general fandom a bit more and enable us to accommodate additional trades.

Department of TRADES, CONTRIBS, LOCS And SUBS: Trades: You can set up a trade for IsT with either Bill or myself; your choice we are both sweet, handsome, lovable, kind, charming and utterly wonderful, so it's a hard choice; but the choice is yours. Just send a copy of your zine and state that you are interested in a possible trade. You'll receive a copy of IsT and word as to whether we want to set up a definite trade. If we reject the trade, we are mean and dirty....and you can drum us out of fandom....or something. On the otherhand, if we express the desire to make the trade definite, we will assume that you agree, unless we hear from you.

Contribs: Free copy of issue in which your art or prose appears. Notification of acceptance or rejection of contrib within ten days. Rejected material returned postpaid.

Locs: A free copy of the issue in which you loc is pubbed. We, also, generally send a gratis copy, even if your loc is not printed for some reason or other for example, if we don't have a let-col in the next issue.

Subs: These we discourage, however if you want a copy of Ist and have no trade or contrib at the present to offer, we do allow a subscription for one issue upon receipt of 20¢. After that, if you want future issues of Ist, it's trade, contrib or loc.

Department of I've been reading HEINLEIN again: (Or: Robert A. Heinlein is not Brett Sterling.... Rheally?) Normally, I'm not an avid reader of Heinlein. Offhand I can recall a few titles of his that I read in the past such as PUPPET MASTER; SIXTH COLUMN; and some anthologies such as GREEN HILLS OF EARTH and REVOLT IN 2100 and a few solo stories, but I've never been anywhere near gung-ho Heinlein. Now, here of late I've begun to read a good bit of his work. I seem to be the only fan who read his recent novel FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD and enjoyed it. Individual fans I've talked with have abhorred it and every review or even mention of it in the fan press have trampled it solidly. But I think the difference lies in how one approaches the reading of FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD. If you approach this book on the basis of evaluating its philosophic import, you're in for a rough time. Heinlein shoves, forces and rams his (if Hugh Farnham's philosophy is substantially Heinlein's) philosophy down your throat until you gag on it. It is done neither deftly nor attractively, but is heavy-handed and overbearing. If Heinlein had intended Farnham to be the kind of character who would repel the reader, then one would certainly agree that he had succeeded in doing so admirably, but Farnham is supposed to be our sterling, likable hero. As a vehicle for proffering a philosophy FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD is unattractive and inept and, therefore, a regrettably lesser of Heinlein.

On the otherhand, FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD is an entertaining, if one is not concerned with the validity of the philosophy there expressed. I wasn't concerned with it, for I just do not need Robert A. Heinlein (or any other writer of sf) to expound philosophy to me. In FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD I was cognizant of the philosophy being there, but I wasn't overly concerned with it. Take away this concern, and you have left a rather interesting and suspenseful sf novel, which shows Heinlein to be the fine sf craftsman that he is. In fact, on the strength of my being entertained by FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, I bought h/cs of Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and GLORY ROAD. A good fan/friend has forecasted that I won't like STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, because of its philosophy; but once again I am not concerned with Heinlein as a philosopher, but only as an entertaining writer of sf. After all, only a shallow mind would seek philosophic enlightenment to any considerable

degree from a sf novel. As with fandom, neither is sf "a way of life"

I haven't yet gotten to reading STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, but I have finished reading GLORY ROAD. It is a truly entertaining delight. It is difficult to believe that Heinlein could have departed from his usual form of sf and have written this rocking-good sword & sorcery novel, which displays his usual careful craftsmanship and creates a distinctive elan all its own. Some fans feel that the last few chapters were unnecessary and that Heinlein should have left his hero to "live happily everafter", but personally, I feel that it was interesting the way Heinlein handled this "after" development.

Department of What Ever Happened to CHARLIE CHAN Fandom?: In all deference to ye olde Publisher Bill Pettit, who will not allow a boob-tube to enter the confines of his domicile, I do give in to watching the mindless wonder called television upon occasion. And, recently (for several weeks) the "Early Show" (4:00 PM) has had a spate of old Charlie Chan movies. I don't think too much of the movies themselves, but Charlie Chan to me is a fascinating creation in the field of fictional detectives. Despite the somewhat poor scripts of the movies the two actors who have portrayed Chan do succeed in presenting an interesting character. (The main trouble with the movies is that they have comedy-reliefs that serve to clog up the movement of the plot.) In the 1930's Warner Oland played Chan and in the 1940's Sidney Toler did the part. Both were good, but in a way I tend to like Oland better. Anybody know how many Charlie Chans there has been in the movies and when the first CC movie was made? Charlie Chan was a creation of the mystery-novelist Earl Derr Biggers and I've been wondering when Biggers began writing CC mysteries and how many he wrote. I've never read a CC mystery by Biggers, but I think it would be interesting to do so and see what sort of character his creator shows him to be. Anyone have any CC books by Biggers for sale... cheap? Very cheap, because I'm only curious rather than being greatly interested. Now, now, don't laugh at the idea of a Charlie Chan Fandom, after all, Tarzan and John Carter made it.

Department of some GOODIES from the OLD DAYS: Also, upon the face of the glowing mumbling monster (that's TV, you Mickey Mousers) we have here a show on Saturdays entitled The Unknown, which endeavors to show some "weird" movie each time. Naturally, the quality of the fare is inconsistent, but there has been some high-spots. And, strangely enough, those high-spots were horror movies of the 30's vintage. There are two that I really liked and urge all sf&f fans to see if the opportunity ever presents itself. One is the classic KING KONG. True, Kong is a bit fakey and the acting is typical early B-movie, but the making of such a movie at that time is a merit in itself, and its effectiveness still stands across the years. KING KONG is particularly a classic if you have the misfortune to see its sequel, SON OF KONG. SON OF KONG, which is miserable, cloddish; you can't even laugh at it,

rather you just groan.

The second oldie from the 30's that I want to particularly commend is THE ISLE OF LOST SOULS. Now, that title may mean nothing to you, but this movie was the film version of THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU by H.G. Wells. It had been a number of years since I had read Wells' novel, so I can't attest a point for point coverage, but generally the film version appeared to follow the book quite faithfully. Richard Arlen played the hero, Bela Lugosi played the lead Moreau-creature (a wolfish type) AND Dr. Moreau was portrayed by none other than the Charles Laughton. Laughton was truly magni-

ficent! Under the consummate skill and artistry of Laughton, Moreau came alive in all the facets of his character. This is not a film about which I would simply say, "See it, if you have a chance."; but rather, "Somehow make an opportunity to see it."



Department of HOW DO I FINISH OUT THIS STENCIL?: I am not given to writing long, rambling editorials, but I needed four pages of my own stuff in this issue or get booted out of the SFPA. Naturally, you have adored every word of it OF COURSE, YOU HAVE! ... but I like to be honest with my devotees.

Department of BURNING QUESTIONS: Is "Peyton Place" really science fiction? Will the United States ever have a Negro President again? Will Little Orphan Annie ever marry Daddy Warbucks?

Department of THE END:
And so it is.

REG
791

THE

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BIBLIOBOBS

by TOM DUFREE

The people in science fiction fandom today are of many types with many different interests. In fact, the only thing which binds most of them together is the fact that they enjoy reading science fiction, fantasy, or speculative literature. Because fans are of different types, it follows that they should have different specific interests. There are comic fans, monster fans, motion picture fans, ASTOUNDING fans, Avram Davidson fans, and.....

Edgar Rice Burroughs fans.

Now I, dear reader, would be the first to congratulate Mr. Burroughs posthumously if the musky vaults of the Burroughs estate were to produce something of a higher literary caliber than that which has been found there in the past few years. But it appears that nothing of that nature is in sight. A frighteningly major example of this took place in 1963 when the atrocity "Savage Pellucidar" was found, dusted off, published in AMAZING, and instantly nominated for a Hugo for "The Year's Best Work of Short Fiction." But even Mister Burroughs did not suffer from such a pernicious delusion of grandeur when he wrote the story. Apparently Burroughs himself realized that it was an extremely poor story and consequently did not even try to market it.

And I would be one of the first to give praise to the novels of Mister Burroughs if it turned out that Hollywood was "butchering" them when Johnny Weismuller swings from vines as his mode of transport, displays his tonsils so eloquently at the slightest chance, and in general presents a fairly poor picture of Tarzan, the "English lord." But, sadly, the Hollywood versions of Tarzan appear to be exactly the sort of farce that we read in our Edgar Rice Burroughs collectors' editions.

But I cannot judge an author or his works on the basis of what might be; only what is. And I can see now that, as the

publishers Canaveral, Dover, Ace, Ballantine and the rest seek to clean up on the present Burroughs revival, the only thing I can do is reflect on what a silly thing it all is.

Let's look at what a science-fiction book is supposed to have (as far as the science-fiction-appreciating public goes). It should have (1) a certain amount of plausibility--it should not be a "might happen if..." story...it should be a "can happen" story. It should contain (2) a central idea of wonder or center of interest which also contains credibility. A third element is (3) a common, normal look at what goes on--the science fiction element should be the source of wonder only, and the reaction to it should be as normal a reaction as the author can envision. Finally, it should contain (4) a central character or characters. This character does not have to be a person; it does not even have to be an animate object--but it should be there. This character should be a normal character, with credibility to it. If the character is a BEM, the author must write normal reactions to his occurrences. And--this is important --if the character is a person, he must act like a normal person.

And now compare, if you will, the Edgar Rice Burroughs novel THUVIA, MAID OF MARS, which Ace Books has labeled, with all of the other Martian books, a "science fiction classic." Not merely a science fiction story or novel, mind you, but a science fiction CLASSIC. The first item I named in the four elements that legitimate science fiction should contain was plausibility. The story of THUVIA is set on Mars, which is well adapted to life. Good enough. The hero, John Carter, Virginia gentleman, is mysteriously teleported there by some strange power, and finds Mars to be divided up into civilizations (getting wilder as we go along). The young lass of the title, Thuvia, can control lions and wild animals at will (oh yes, there are lions on Mars). Carter does battle with several adversaries, such as Green Martians. And we see that the "canals" on Mars were not vegetation or soil cover at all, but rather a huge Elephant Graveyard for Green Martians.

The second element is a central idea of wonder. In THUVIA, this is clearly the civilization of Mars, an implausible thing at the start. This reader does not wish for a moment to doubt there could be life on the Red Planet, but Mister Burroughs has treated Mars like an African jungle in this "science fiction classic." The whole central idea is faulty to the science fiction reading mind.

*** Surely the four traits I have named are not the only traits which comprise a science fiction tale, and I feel certain that science fiction readers can propose and give valid support to many more; I have merely set forth these four as basic elements which I believe characterize legitimate or "true" science fiction works, and surely "science fiction classics."

Then, third, we must have a common, normal look at what goes on. Mr. Carter was abnormal, to say the least. He never was shocked in the least, beyond a flinch, at anything he saw, and he struck his adversaries with such force as to knock their teeth in, while with the other hand he was opening doors for ladies, in the true virginian gentleman tradition..

And finally, the characters. Credible characters. Not even the most staunch devotee of Mister Burroughs' writings can say that his characters were any more than a stereotype--a stock bunch of people. John Carter was as good a man as lived... unnaturally good. The Green Martians were the meanest, blackest-hearted villians anyone has ever run across. They had none of the mixed, good-and-bad traits which characterize the normal character.

If this were not a typical case, I would gladly eat my words. But there are nine other books in the Martian series, and they are very similar in nature. Probably the nearest to credibility is THE CHESSMAN OF MARS, in which Mister Burroughs does a little explaining of the culture of Barsoom. But even here the other traits of a science fiction story are missing. There are other series of Burroughs books, of course; there is the Pellucidar series, set inside the Earth, which scientists have long known is molten hot with lava. And since the Tarzan books are not even considered science fiction by many members of the society of Burroughs admirers, there is no use discussing them in the pages of ISCARIoT.

The most amazing fact behind the Burroughs revival is that so many fan groups have sprung up so soon over so little. There is the Burroughs Bibliophiles, whose membership roster of 1000-plus enjoys several fanzines devoted solely to Mister Burroughs' works--a shuddersome thought at the outset--; there is the fanzine ERB-dom, which has been nominated for a Hugo this year, and only lost to the fanzine of the sword-and-sorcery addicts, AMRA. ERB-dom was, incidentally, the driving force behind "Savage Pellucidar's nomination for the Hugo. So great has the response been that a rival group, the Burroughs Bibliophobes, has been tossing its name around. "A joke," says one of the instigators. Various encyclopaedists of the genre have brought out bibliographies on ERB, and the author is generally enjoying a state of fame now that he never achieved in his lifetime.

These people who call themselves "science fiction fans" should be warned that they are not reading science fiction when they tackle Burroughs, There is little use discussing science fiction on the same level with jungle-fiction (whether the jungle be in Africa or on the sands of Mars). Let it be known that fandom has taken a literery leap backward by enjoying the Burroughs revival.



FOR
MOTHER
GOD
AND
COUNTRY
BY
BILL
PLOTT

One of the most interesting things to me about collecting and reading old pulp magazines is the advertisements, particularly those issues that were published during the Second World War. I always find the ads pleading for individual contributions to the "war effort" fascinating testimonials for an era in our history that I can scarcely remember.

When ever I go to a book store and thumb through old hardcover books, I usually notice that a lot of them will have a few lines of type on the flyleaf explaining how the volume was published in accordance with wartime regulations governing the use and shortage of paper. And then there was the Armed Services editions of books, published exclusively for military personnel.

But can't you just imagine the deep sense of pride and importance a kid must have felt during the war when Captain Marvel, or the Shadow asked the kid in his own magazine to save paper or buy War Bonds in order to help the war effort. It was probably something like a vision of the Virgin Mary or something.

A few years ago I came across a wartime oddity that I have never seen mentioned in *The Fantasy Collector* and have never found in any second hand book store during all of my

excursions as Traveling Fen -- a series of tiny little books called "Quick Readers."

My father used to keep a toy rack of sorts in his store. This rack contained dozens upon dozens of little odds and ends in plastic bags priced from 10¢ to about a dollar or so. Apparently these were surplus stock items from large toy manufactures, and the distributor bought up the stocks, bagged them and sold them to small retail merchants throughout the southeast and perhaps nationally.

Among the toys to be found were plastic soldiers, small dolls, tea sets for little girls, coloring books, and cheap mechanical animals and cars.

One day I happened to notice some 10¢ bags that contained tiny little books. Naturally my fannish collector's instinct led me to an immediate investigation... Thus I discovered the "Quick Reader" books published during the severe paper shortage era of World War II.

"Quick Readers" were minute 3" x 4½" paperbacks designed to look like regular bound books even though they were center-stitched like comic books with two metal staples. At one time I had two of these little gems and narrowly missed an opportunity to acquire another one -- some unaesthetic little kid bought the third one an instant before I could wrap my grubby collector's paws around it... Now I have only one: Cat and Mouse by Hugh Pentecost.

This particular volume was published in 1944 by Royce Publishers in Chicago. Like all "Quick Reader" titles, it is illustrated although there is no credit line given for cover or the interior artist (who appear to be different people). Cat and Mouse contains two full page and 14 one-half to one-third page illustrations -- all of them poor when compared to even the lowest form of pulp illustrations for that period. The cover is a colorful early-paperback job of poor quality but good reader attraction for the mystery fan. Also the cover is drawn in such a fashion that it overlaps into a wrap-around cover with the spine appearing to be the flat spine of a regular hardbound book.

Although there is no special notation of such, I'm certain that this title as well as all "Quick Reader" titles is condensed or abridged from the original story. Cat and Mouse is 125 pages and contains about 20,000 words. Now Hugh Pentecost may have written the original story at that length but I daresay Gulliver's Travels and The Bible contain somewhat more than 20,000 words in the original editions!

I don't know just how many titles Royce published in its "Quick Reader" series, but this copy is #128. Inside the back

cover is what appears to be a partial list of other volumes available. This list contains 24 titles beginning with #101 (Stories of Guy De Maupassent) and running through #149 (Camille by Alexander Dumas).

I suppose it would be reasonable to assume that Royce started their numbering at 101 or 100 and worked up from there. I really doubt if they started at #1 and had worked up to 149 titles by the time Cat and Mouse was published. Assuming that my above hypothesis is correct, I'd say that Royce probably published about 50 -60 "Quick Readers" during the course of the war.

Cat and Mouse, for the benefit of those interested in plots, is a spy story and a pretty good one too. The hero, John Guthrie, comes to town and finds a scientist friend dying of injuries received in a mysterious explosion. Since his friend was working for the government, old John decides that the explosion was no accident and begins to investigate. If you want to know more, go to your local library and dig up the original.

Here's a list of the illustrated "Quick Reader" titles listed in the back of the above book:

- #101 Stories of Guy De Maupassent
- #106 Great Short Stories by Maughan, Hurst
- #108 Self-Pronouncing Webster's Dictionary
- #109 Bushido by Alexander Pernikoff
- #124 Fifteen Short Short Surprise Stories
- #125 Strictly on the Funny Side
- #127 Celebrated Stories Made Into The Movies
- #128 Cat And Mouse by Hugh Pentecost
- #132 Ill Be Glad When You're Dead by Dana Lyon
- #133 Gentlemen Prefer Blondes by Anita Loos
- #134 Mr. Pinkerton: Passage for One by D. Frome
- #135 Humorous Ghost Stories
- #136 Gulliver's Travels by Jonathan Swift
- #137 Bedside Bedlam. Humor Anthology
- #138 Mademoiselle De Maupin by Theophile Gautier
- #139 One Side Please. Humor Anthology
- #140 The Best of Edgar Allan Poe
- #141 Quick Reader Bible
- #142 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde by R. L. Stevenson
- #143 Great Comedies Made Into Movies
- #144 Unforgettable French Love Stories
- #145 The Dead Man's Tale by Hugh Pentecost
- #148 Blind Trail at Sunrise by W. C. Tuttle
- #149 Camille by Alexander Dumas

And thus ends the saga of the "Quick Readers" -- another bit of vanish, vanishing, vanished Americana.

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HERO OF THE HYBORIAN AGE

BY
LEWIS HARRELL

Here is the fabric of the epic Conan mythos the lands, peoples, adventures, stories, novels and authors, compiled for us by Lewis D. Harrell. We believe this listing of Conan (and King Kull) stories and novels to be accurate and complete. Mr. Harrell, who has an encyclopedic knowledge of the sf&f field, has been a reader and collector for over 30 years and his shelves of thousands of volumes is a glory I have viewed with mine own eyes. (AMA)

The magical pen of Robert E. Howard gave us Swords and Sorcery in abundance with his stories of a time that antedates even our myths and legends, not to mention recorded history. His "Great Cataclysm" occurred somewhere around 18,000 B.C., and this appears to have been a falling in and settling of the earth's crust. At any rate, the surface of the whole world seems to have been affected. Existing mountain ranges were either razed or altered. Some parts of some mountain ranges were thrust even higher, and some were shock down to flat plains. Ocean beds were changed and continents took on new shapes, or subsided until they were buried beneath the sea.

According to Howard's "The Hyborian Age", very little is known of the epoch preceding the Cataclysm, yet some scraps of information veiled in legendry seems to have somehow survived. They tell of a King Kull of Valusia who must have had his existence several centuries before the event that changed the shape of the world. A little more is known of the time immediately preceding the event, and it seems that their civilization had been on the wane for its last few hundred years. Though it was still considerably above savagery, it was slowly waning, and the civilization was dominated by the kingdoms of Kamelia, Valusia, Grondar, Thule, and Commoria. These people of these kingdoms spoke a similar language, arguing a common origin, but there were other kingdoms, equally civilized, but inhabited by different and apparently older races.

The barbarians of that age were the Picts, who lived on

islands far out on the western ocean; the Atlanteans, who dwelt on a small continent between the Pictish Islands and the main or Thurian Continent; and the Lemurians, who inhabited a chain of large islands in the eastern hemisphere.

Then came the Cataclysm that rocked the world. Atlantis and Lemuria sank, and the Pictish Islands were heaved up to form the mountain peaks of a new continent. Sections of the Thurian Continent vanished under the waves or, sinking, formed great inland lakes and seas. Volcanoes broke forth and earthquakes shook down the shining cities of the empires. Whole nations were blotted out, and their people destroyed or scattered.

After the Cataclysm there was a time about which practically nothing is known, but gradually there were remnants of the different peoples who emerged from an age of darkness as tribes. Eventually, around 15,000 B.C., nations begin coming into existence, and what is now called "The Hyborian Age" was ushered in.

The greatest hero in the history of the Hyborian Age, oddly enough, was not an Hyborian, but a barbarian. Conan the Cimmerian; thief, assassin, mercenary soldier and brilliant general, who finally hewed his way to the throne of the greatest kingdom of the west. Conan was born on a battlefield during a fight between his tribe and a horde of raiding Vanir. While he was still a boy, his grandfather told him about raids into the Hyborian nations, and Conan was eager to grow up and do some raiding and traveling of his own.

More than likely, Conan received his first experience of blood and battle at the siege of Vanarium, a Border Kingdom city situated between Gunderland and Cimmeria. He was only fifteen years old, but already stood six feet tall and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Several months later he made a journey beyond the boundaries of Cimmeria, but instead of going south the way he had dreamed, he went north. There he spent some while among a tribe of the AEsir, fighting with them against the Vanir and the Hyperboreans. Finally, he was captured by the latter, but escaped southward and about a year after Vanerium he came into Zamora, one of the Hyborian kingdoms.

Conan was entirely lawless by nature, and when he reached civilization he found a most congenial life in that of a professional thief. However, Conan was still young; and being more daring than he was adroit at thievery, he had much to learn before earning a reputation among the members of his profession. His reputation came, but it was for being the most terrible and relentless fighter of his time and, eventually, his name was known in all the nations of the west. His reputation also spread to the south and was not entirely unknown even in the mythical east.

The era in which Conan lived is roughly estimated to be somewhere around 10,000 B.C.; an age of wizardry and sorcery. Demons



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755



of utter malignancy interfered in the affairs of humans, and Conan had many bouts with all forms of the supernatural. His barbarian nature was quite superstitious, and he hated and feared all things that were not of this world, but he never did let his fear stop him from performance of his deeds of danger and daring. And, in some way or another he nearly always won his bouts, whether it be sorcerer or demon, human or animal.

The stories of Conan that Howard wrote were not in any particular sequence. Once, when asked about this, Howard said he wrote the stories in the manner in which a person would, from time to time, relate tales of his past adventures or experiences. That is, he would tell about an adventure that had happened at some particular time in his life, but the next time he told some experience, it may be of a time preceding the one before, or it may be later, depending on what started him talking. Several of his stories were left as either just notes toward a story, or first-draft manuscripts. Years later, L. Sprague de Camp took these unfinished stories and edited and completed them for publication.

After Howard's death another story of Conan appeared in a book entitled "The Return Of Conan". This was by another author, Bjorn Nyberg, an officer of the Swedish Air Force. Nyberg was helped in the writing of this story by de Camp, whose name appears with Nyberg's as collaborator, but to Nyberg seems to go all the credit for this literary adventure. The ~~continuation~~ ^{continuation} behind the story of the first appearance of Nyberg's continuation of Conan's adventures is not clearly defined, but "Conan The Victorious", with four fairly long chapters, was published in Fantastic Universe magazine as a complete story. This was in 1957, and in the same year the hardcover book "The Return Of Conan" came out. This was "Conan The Victorious" as published in Fantastic Universe, but it had a Prologue and one chapter preceding and five chapters and an Epilogue following the part that had been a magazine story. The flavor of Conan is present there, and Nyberg and de Camp did a creditable job of following Howard's style.

Nearly a half-million words went on paper in the complete epic of Conan, and following is the sequence in which they should be read. There is a difference of opinion as to where the story "The Frost Giant's Daughter" should be placed, but it seems to fit better in the sequence as shown here than in the place others say it should go. All are agreed as to where all of the other stories fit. The way the stories are listed is the reading sequence, and the dates of their original appearance will show their published sequence.

THE HYBORIAN AGE (10,000 words) Not a story exactly, but a quasi-history of the background of Conan's world. Appeared in the book "Skull-Face and Others", but was never published in a magazine. Book was published by Arkham in 1946.

THE FROST-GIANT'S DAUGHTER (3000 words) Fantasy Fiction - August, 1953. Although this is the shortest of the Conan stories, it has the longest literary history. The title of the original manuscript was "The Frost-Giant's Daughter", and its hero was Conan. The agent allowed the story to be published in the Fantasy Fan for March, 1934, but as published it was retitled GODS OF THE NORTH and the hero's name was changed to Amra of Akbitana. Later de Camp rewrote the story into a somewhat different version, and the hero's name was changed back to Conan. This is the version listed above, and as shown, the title was that given it by Howard. The version that was published in the Fantasy Fan as GODS OF THE NORTH was revised again and published under that title in Fantastic Universe in the issue for December, 1956.

THE TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT (10,000 words) Weird Tales - March, 1933.

THE GOD IN THE BOWL (6,000 words) Edited and completed by L. Sprague de Camp. Space Science Fiction - May, 1952.

ROGUES IN THE HOUSE (10,000 words) Weird Tales - January, 1934.

THE BLOOD-STAINED GOD (6,000 words) Edited and completed by L. Sprague de Camp. Fantastic Universe - April, 1956.

QUEEN OF THE BLACK COAST (11,000 words) Weird Tales - May, 1934.

HAWKS OVER SHEM (12,000 words) Edited and completed by L. Sprague de Camp. Fantastic Universe - October, 1955.

BLACK COLOSSUS (15,000 words) Weird Tales - June, 1933.

SHADOWS IN THE MOONLIGHT (13,000 words) Weird Tales - April, 1934.

CONAN, MAN OF DESTINY (10,000 words) Edited and completed by L. Sprague de Camp. Fantastic Universe - December, 1955. In the book "Tales of Conan" this story is titled THE ROAD OF THE EAGLES.

A WITCH SHALL BE BORN (17,000 words) Weird Tales - December, 1934.

SHADOWS IN ZAMBOULA (12,000 words) Weird Tales - November, 1935.

THE DEVIL IN IRON (12,000 words) Weird Tales - August, 1934.

THE FLAME-KNIFE (31,000 words) Never published in a magazine, but was published in the book "Tales of Conan" by Gnome, 1955.

THE PEOPLE OF THE BLACK CIRCLE (32,000 words) Weird Tales - In three parts, beginning September, 1934.

THE SLITHERING SHADOW (13,000 words) Weird Tales - September, 1933.

THE POOL OF THE BLACK ONE (11,000 words) Weird Tales - October, 1933.

RED NAILS (31,000 words) Weird Tales - In three parts, beginning September, 1934.

JEWELS OF GWHLUR (17,000 words) Weird Tales - March, 1935.

BEYOND THE BLACK RIVER (22,000 words) Weird Tales - In two parts, beginning May, 1935.

THE BLACK STRANGER (28,000 words) Edited and completed by L. Sprague de Camp. Fantasy Magazine - February, 1953. In the book "King Conan", Gnome-1953, the story was titled THE TREASURE OF TRAN-ICOS.

THE PHOENIX ON THE SWORD (9,000 words) Weird Tales - December, 1932.

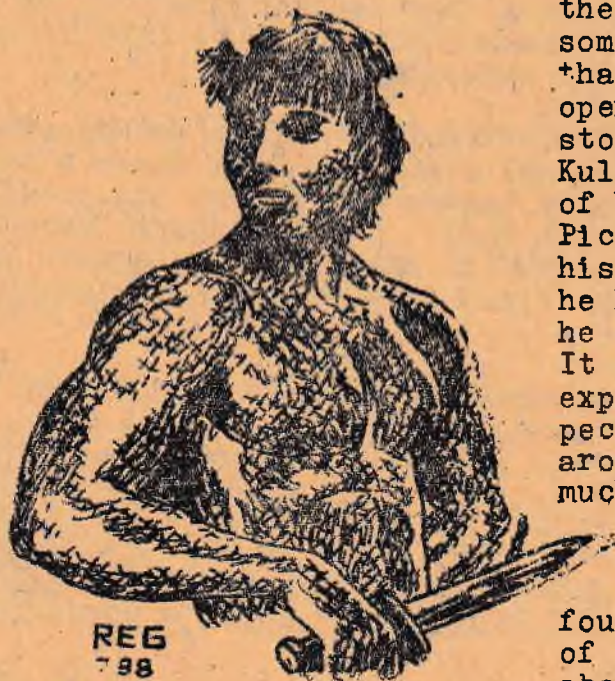
THE SCARLET CITADEL (16,000 words) Weird Tales - January, 1933.

THE HOUR OF THE DRAGON (73,000 words) Weird Tales - In five parts, beginning December, 1935. As a book this story was titled "Conan The Conqueror".

As before noted, there is another story by another author that follows in direct sequence to the last story written by Howard. Also, as before noted this story was by Bjorn Nyberg, and was titled: ~~the~~

CONAN THE VICTORIOUS, as published in Fantastic Universe for September, 1957. As expanded and published in book form, this story has about 50,000 words and the book is titled "The Return Of Conan" (Gnome, 1957).

Regarding the "King Kull", mentioned at the beginning of this article, Howard wrote very little. Kull was from the barbaric



nation of Atlantis, but had gone to the civilized country of Valusia and somehow had made himself king of that land. When the first story opens, he is already king, and the story deals with something between Kull and the Council of Picts, and of his friendship for one of the Picts. The second story of Kull in his original life is of a contact he had with a wizard, and the things he saw by the wizard's machinations. It may be that Howard intended to expand this series, but if he expected to do this, he never got around to it. Kull and Conan were much the same type of man and, in at least two cases they had parallel experiences: Both were barbarians, and both fought their way to the kingship of civilized nations. The stories about Kull are as follows:

THE SHADOW KINGDOM (About 12,000 words) Weird Tales - August, 1929.
THE MIRRORS OF TUZUN THUNE (About 3,000 words) - Weird Tales - September, 1929.

Also, there was a verse of 24 lines about King Kull titled THE KING AND THE OAK. This was published in the book "The Coming Of Conan" (Gnome, 1953), and may have been previously published in Weird Tales.

No other story of Kull in his original life was written by Howard. However, many ages later, Bran Mak Morn, king of the Picts, (who were then in the northern section of the island of Britain) called him back by wizardry to help him in his war against the Romans. This story was KINGS OF THE NIGHT - Weird Tales - November, 1930.

NOTE: The information in the part of the foregoing pertaining to "The Hyborian Age" and "Conan" was derived in its entirety from the several books about that swashbuckling hero. Indeed, a few lines, although not placed in quotation marks, are copied verbatim. The rest of it is a rehashing, more or less, of what has already been written by others and no plagiarism is intended. To the contrary, this has been written in an attempt to stir more interest in a character who swashed more buckles than any other buckle-swasher in fiction.

The notes on the first-appearance publication dates were taken from a collection in which all of them are contained. The note on THE FROST-GIANT'S DAUGHTER was taken from "Tuck's Handbook" (Second Edition). The word count of the stories was made by the writer of this article and, although believed to be fairly accurate, is nevertheless given as only an approximation.

The placing of THE FROST-GIANT'S DAUGHTER in the sequence as shown here is based on Howard's own statement that Conan's first journey out of Cimmeria was north instead of south, and that he fought with the AEsir against the Vanir. In the story Conan is described as a youth, and according to Howard he would have been about fifteen years old when he first left Cimmeria, but still "a formidable antagonist".

The hardcover books in which Conan appears are: (from "Tuck's Handbook")

THE COMING OF CONAN	- Gnome: N.Y. 1953 - 224 pages - \$3.00 (Howard)
CONAN THE BARBARIAN	- Gnome: N.Y. 1955 - 224 pages - \$4.00 (Howard)
CONAN THE CONQUEROE	- Gnome: N.Y. 1950 - 255 pages - \$2.75 (Howard)
KING CONAN	- Gnome: N.Y. 1953 - 255 pages - \$3.00 (Howard)
THE SWORD OF CONAN	- Gnome: N.Y. 1952 - 251 pages - \$2.75 (Howard)
TALES OF CONAN	- Gnome: N.Y. 1955 - 219 pages - \$3.00 (Howard
	&
RETURN OF CONAN	- Gnome: N.Y. 1957 - 191 pages - \$3.00 (Nyberg
	with help from de Camp)
SKULL-FACE and OTHERS	- Arkham: Wisc. 1946 - 501 pages - \$5.00 ---
	(Howard)

Editor's Note: As needless as this note may seem to the average fan, there may be some neo Conan-fan who will send off all his pennies to some dealer for a copy of SKULL-FACE and OTHERS (if one can afford this out-of-print rarity) thinking it is chock full of Conan. It isn't. "Skull-Face" is a contemporary fantasy-suspense novel by Howard, having nothing whatsoever to do with Conan or his kind. What in addition to the 10,000 word "quasi-history of the background of Conan's world" makes up the "and OTHERS" I don't know. Perhaps, some learned reader of Iscariot will be so kind as to inform us.

* AMPHIPOXI *

I.

HELLO

Dick Ambrose, the past publisher of Iscariot, recently decided to leave Fandom for a while. He and Al had been publishing together since the beginning of SFPA. Therefore Dick's absence will be a loss to the APA. I can not of course fill this gap. However I will try to do as good as he did and will appreciate comments from any of you.

My job takes into several different cities and Birmingham is one of them. I have been stopping in to see Al since about November. We generally find something to talk about, such as justice, sex, history, women, fans, art etc. Once Al tried to lead me into a discussion about science fiction but I realized he had been sick and didn't hold it against him. During one of these conversations he mentioned that he may need a new publisher. After making certain that he planned on having Larry Montgomery help put out his weekly, I said that I would be glad to help. And I am. As a fringe fan a quarterly zine might be a little fun. Especially since I don't have to type any stencils except for my stuff.

And speaking of stencils, some of you may have already noticed my lack of skill when using a lettering guide. I will apologise here and now but can promise nothing better than try harder in the future. Will all you old fans with years on mimeo stencils please send advice.

An apology is also in order to Mr. Gilbert for the rather bad typo I made when typing his name on the contents page. And I did this to the man who gave us most of our artwork..... Well that's one way to shorten a stay in fandom.

All of the artwork in this issue is electro-stencilled. The reason is again my singular lack of skill with a stylo. The large illo came out very poorly because of the type of ink I am using. It is a contact dry type and will not reproduce large areas of black, not even very heavy lines. However it is suited for another type of artwork, that containing very fine detail. If any of you have some good art that would not be too easy to stencil, submit it to Al and maybe we can get it set electronically. Please please send artwork. We promise to treat it right.

Some of you I have met during my travelling. (Hi Larry, Wally, Lee and Charles.) But for those of you I haven't met, may I introduce myself? Twenty-three years old, single (of course), and ex-Yankee. I have lived in Atlanta about a year, Minnesota before Atlanta, Huntsville before that and a nauseum back through 10 other states to Montana. Primary intrests are women and beer. Other intrests include folk music, entomology (that means bugs Arnie), and fanzines. While there is never enough of the first two, I have accumulated a sufficient quantity of the rest to satisfy the Collector's Syndrome. Besides, a complete set of QUANDRY is enough for anybody. (I don't have a complete set; but if I did, it would be enough.)

The cover of this issue is from a drawing by Jerry Burge. Jerry is a local fan artist and a rather good one at that. Many of you may remember Jerry from when the Southern Fan Group was in existence. Jerry was one of the people who helped found the SFG. This later died out and led to the formation of the present SFPA. Before that Jerry was active in the Atlanta Science Fiction Organization. This was back when ASFO was one of the more active clubs, and one of the pushers of the NOLAcon, the only Southern Worldcon. (Keep pushing Tom, we're with you in spirit at least.) Jerry's been in fandom almost as long as some people reading this have been alive.

The cover is just one of several drawings that Jerry has done for covers. Niekas has recently had two covers by him; Sci Fi Showcase had another. As I am able to finish printing them, others will be given to faneds. All of this is to promote a portfolio of Jerry's art. Hopefully by time this is mailed, enough will have happened to be able to give more details.

What do you think of the cover?

WREDDAYA I EARN HE CAN'T SING?

As mentioned before I enjoy folk music. Well enjoy is an understatement. I have a reasonable good start on a record collection and continue to expand it every month. One of the musicians that I enjoy hearing is Bob Dylan. Now not too many people seem to like Bob. They keep saying something about his singing. (I played one album for AL and what he said isn't even printable.) Personally I enjoy his singing and feel that he is one of the greatest talents of this generation. Since several of the members of SFPA are in college, it is very likely that they have also listened to some folk music. And it's even possible that some of them have learned that folk music is not what you see on TV every Saturday night. Or at least what you used to see. I've been told that the good guys won and Jack Linkletter went back to whatever he should have done all along.

Among my favorite singers are Joan Baez, Nina Simone, Bob Dylan, Yma Sumac, Barbra Streisand, Jody Miller, Judy Henske, and The Chad Mitchell Trio. I have all the records that these people have recorded; or anyway the ones currently listed in the Schwann catalog. I'm rather curious about your tastes in music. Would you like to trade tapes of folk or semi folk? Is there anybody besides Buck Coulson who has listened to Dylan and doesn't like him?

I have to admit that many of the songs on his latest album are pretty bad. The whole album appears to be a degeneration of his talent. There is none of truly great music like he has done in the past, such as DON'T THINK TWICE, BLOWIN' IN THE WIND, MASTERS OF WAR etc. The best song on the entire album is MR TAMBOURINE MAN and it is three years old. I would like to believe that this new album, Bringin' It All Back Home, represents a Blue period and not a complete burning out. But if it does indicate what has become of Bob Dylan, he is still great, if only on past merits. If you have never listened to him, by all means do. It will be a unique experience whether you like him or not.

I forgot to include Peter, Paul and Mary in my list. Their new album, A SONG WILL RISE, contains the best songs they have ever recorded. This is one group that has improved with time, not deteriorated.

YOU READ THAT CRAZY BUCK ROGERS STUFF?

This month marks the end of my first year in fandom. Like a few others I first became aware that such a group existed through an article in F&SF. This article was written by Terry Carr and gave a general idea of what a fanzine was. I believe that it appeared in the April 1964 issue. Like any neofan would, I immediately sent off for all the fanzines listed. Fortunately Yandro was on the list. I say that because it was the only one of six sent for that I received. As I was still curious about fandom, I subscribed to all fanzines listed in the next three issues of Yandro. This brought a little better results with about a fifty per cent return. Of course at this point I was hooked on the madness of fandom.

Because of time limitations I never got around to putting out my own fanzine. Instead, two things appealed more. First I tried to get some of the older fanzines and see just what had been going on. And second I attempted to contact some of the ex members of the now defunct ASFO.

Both met with success. My fanzine collection is now about 15 feet of bookshelf space that should be devoted to more important things. I have managed to obtain partial sets of all the better fanzines of the past three years as well as a large quantity of miscellaneous items as far back as 1938. But in spite of all I have so far managed to buy from various fans and dealers, I still need more to fill out the sets. I'm especially looking for the first ten Quandrys, the first three Hyphens, Peon, Spaceship, early Yandros and Crys (before issue 100 in both cases) and the first five Kipples. I would especially like to get the Kipples, as they are all that are needed to complete a set. If there is anybody reading this who is willing to sell or trade these items please write. As far as trading goes, I have many pre 1930 Amazings as well as just about everything published since 1950.

ASFO

My attempt to contact the local fans also worked out very well. They had maintain a loose contact through the past ten years and it was only necessary to meet one member to contact the rest. The first meeting at my apartment was somewhat of a shock, for Hank Rheinhardt, a Conan fan showed up complete with mail shirt, sword, hunting knife, bow and a armful of Planets. I was quite certain that he had the wrong apartment but let him in as he was bigger than I am. Jerry Burge came with Hank and brought some of his artwork. It was a joy to behold.

About ten minutes later the final arrival of the day knocked. When I answered the door, he shouted, "Lets put out a oneshot!" Of course Dian and Dave know that that this could have only been Lee Jacobs. (Yes, Arnie Katz, there is a Lee Jacobs.) Lee had been loaned to us by the West Coast to help shape up Southern fan. Dian, you are quite right. Lee does drink beer. Oh how he does drink beer. But I agree with him and Hank; beer does taste better when somebody else is buying.

Unfortunately, Lee left us to return that place called El AY. I'm still not too certain of the reason, but from a picture of Katya Hulan and Dian Pelz he sent, I'm able to get a good idea. Atlanta fandom just can't compete in that class yet.

WHO IS JOHN GALT?

Ayn Rand and her books have been around for most of the period of organized fandom. During this time she has been an on again off again topic of discussion. My own experiences with her works are rather narrow. It took five attempts before I was able to read THE FOUNTAIN HEAD. Then it suddenly clicked and I couldn't put it down. This was followed by ATLAS SHRUGGED and ANTHEM. Both of the latter seem to needlessly wordy. However FOUNTAINHEAD is one of the best pieces of mainstream literature I have read. The books are too recently read to form an adequate opinion of the philosophy she encourages. At this point I feel that it is wrong and very unrealistic, but I will have to think about them more to pick on specifics.

I ONLY WORK HERE

In this issue we have among other things, an article by Tom Dupree on some of the fans of Edgar Rice Burroughs. Upon reading this article, I find several things that I don't agree with, especially some of the argument presentations. However it is not my place to pick on our contributors. After they go to the trouble to write and in some cases, rewrite their material, I have no intention of showing my appreciation by stabbing them in the back at publication time. However, I do feel that some comments are needed on Tom's piece, and therefore leave it up to you to review. Al and I will be having a letter column next time, so your opinions, if rational or otherwise (those are the best kind) will be aired. I'm especially interested in what you have to say about the artwork and the overall layout. This is a first time and I do want it to be readable if nothing else.

I had been warned that typing stencils would be a new experience. After tonight I'm very tempted to make it a solitary one too. I've also been told that as a rule typewriters can't spell worth a darn. But that isn't the case at all. They can spell great; they just don't won't too. When our secretary uses this machine it never misspells or puts grammar errors on paper. But when I get through with the corflu, the stencil looks like a patchwork quilt. Maybe women have a way with machines. Look at all the experience they've had controlling men. A poor little machine doesn't have a chance against that kind of master. But then there's the case of women drivers to refute this. Could it be that a car is just like a cow or mule, who nobody can bend to their will? Then you would have machines that are smart and stupid, just like you have mules and foxes. A TV set would probably be the cat of machines, because it always does just what it wants too, regardless of who is adjusting it. Then the typewriter could be the Myna bird; it repeats what you tell it, but never makes any sense. And then you have staplers that bend staples, mimeos that chew up paper, and telephones that are always ringing the wrong number. What would they compare to?

After rereading what has been ran so far, I'm almost tempted to scrape the whole idea and go fishing. Never have I seen so many typos and wild spelling errors. Between Al and I are enough mistakes to do for the whole mailing. Some of them can be edited out, but others are so bad that you would have to change whole paragraphs to correct. Its a good thing the Egoboo poll doesn't have a Fugghead and Dud award. Cause if points were given for the worst typists, I've got you all beat.