

aybe

Thirty One

MAYBE

#30, which
you asked for,
is out of print
& an inf-edition

like #32 so I've
sent #32 instead, ~~damn~~

MAYBE, Worlds of Fandom---#31
Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt.Bk.Bg.
Chattanooga, Tennessee37402

and

Dennis McHaney
3883 Goodman Circle
Memphis, Tennessee38111

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An M in the circle means you got this issue at
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this issue--done in Memphis--send all LettersOfComment to McHaney. Normally LoCs are
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of BABY is John A.R. Hollis, 1106 Frances Av., Nashville, TN 37204. As soon as the
backlog is used up, BABY converts to strictly a local (being a 300 mile radius of
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have a fan in the area like that) by Bryan Jones who should have his ad on page 20.
Page 20 also has a Foster illo. Page 9's illo was originally an adv in STRAWBERRY
FIELDS, Memphis Underground paper heavily infiltrated by fen, but it has been
doctored.

- Contents..page 2 Koch rambling on as you can see.
3 THE EVOLUTION OF MICHAEL MOORCOCK by Andrew Darlington,
with a preface note from Ed Conners.
8 STREKKIN' by Jim Meadows III.
10 THE LORD OF THE RINGS VUED by Steven Beatty.
13 WHERE ARE THE SANDS OF YESTERYEAR? A LAMENT FOR THE PRINCESS
BEAUTIFUL by Thomas Burnett Swann.
15 SCARCE AS HEN'S TEETH by Darrell C. Richardson.
17 LETTERS from Lester Boutillier about Cons & Hugos.
Allen Geenfield about scattered subjects.
19 McHaney gets his turn to ramble.



the evolution of michael moorcock

Andrew Darlington

First...a note from:
Ed Conner

1805 N. Gale
Peoria, Ill.61604

Thought it might be of interest to you to let you know that Andrew Darlington has sent pieces of material to different fanzine editors without letting some (or at least, all) of them know he has sent it to others.

I was bug-eyed to see his piece "Magic-The Once &, etc." in Maybe 27, since I had it from him not much more than...er, 6 weeks or so ago, wrote him a letter letting him know that I planned to use it (and a couple of other more minor items), and probably WOULD'VE sometime later this year. Now, I'll simply throw his other stuff away and forget about it. I have so much stuff anyway that I worry about alienating people by rejecting their stuff, so I should feel irked at individuals like Darlington. I don't anymore, tho--a couple of years ago I and Schalles and somebody else got a submission of the same piece from a fan in the U.S. Navy in Spain; HE printed it. The "author" forgot to mention that he'd submitted the thing to other fanzines (Subsequently he had several very professional pieces of poetry published in several different fanzines, in the US and Australia; the instant I read the things I was certain I'd read them in some old prozines like Famous Fantastic Mystery or Weird Tales, etc., but aside from letting the editors of a couple of the fanzines know of my suspicions I didn't pursue the matter). Of course, I'm sure that Andrew Darlington must have merely forgotten to inform us of his multiple submissions, and I'm certain this case that all of the stuff is his own work.

Well, just wanted to let you know. Someone perhaps should tell him that even fanzine-editors like to know about multiple submissions.....Ed Conner

((I realized it was probably a multiple submission when I got it because of the tissue-paper carbon it was on. I've also seen his same material show up in different places before. My theory is, if the readership doesn't overlap, multiple fan article submission is no big deal. But your letter will probably teach Andy that the readerships-especially editors reading themselves-does overlap..IMK))

Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote for two reasons. The first was for for money. The second-the obvious enjoyment he derived from the elaboration of his myths. It would be vastly over-rating the importance of literary technique or scientific accuracy if these concepts were placed as even close tertiary considerations in his novels.

For those who like family trees, Michael Moorcock must be considered somewhere in line of direct descent from Burroughs. He drew directly from the tradition-even to the extent of writing his own series of Mars stories true to the John Carter mythology dedicating them to Burroughs. There is a story that Moorcock wrote, one of his early

novels, when pushed for cash, in three days.

Moorcock has since pushed back the confines of this mould, to expand into other areas of creative writing. Yet the twin principles of money and enjoyment stand out as strongly as they ever did in the writing of his predecessor. A brief glance at the styles that finger-print both writers works can prove illuminating.

The discovery that all of the Burroughs novels had the same basic plot was, perhaps, my first experienced critique of literary criticism. The characteristics of the societies of Carter's Mars (Barsoom), Carson Napier's Venus (Amtor), and, in SWORDS OF MARS, even the society of the Martian moon Phobos (Thuria), were interchangeable. The pattern of capture/escape repeated itself in eternal recurrence across endless pages of pulp fiction. But this discovery did not damp my schoolboy appetite or my enthusiasm for more. The appeal was, and remains, inexplicably masochistic.

Much the same comments will suffice for Moorcock's Elric of Melniboné and the Dorian Hawkmoon novels. There is a higher level of superficial sophistication on the science fiction audience had grown more selective in the period between the publication of Burroughs' first UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS (reprinted as PRINCESS OF MARS) in 1912, and the Moorcock stories of the fifties and sixties.

An added flirtation with metaphysical concepts, the confrontation of the forces of Order and Chaos, the spice of Apocalypse. Yet they all serve merely to veneer the same plot inevitabilities that hallmarked the fiction of Burroughs. The fast moving action never relaxed for long. Whether it took place in Elric's world of barbarism and the decay of empires, or in the world of Dorian Hawkmoon, Duke of Köln.

The latter novel series began with 'Then the earth grew old, its' landscapes mellowing the showing signs of age, its' ways becoming whimsical and strange in the manner of a man in his last years. A description strangely reminiscent of Jack Vance's THE DYING EARTH. Moorcock's Runestaff series continues as Hawkmoon resists the forces of the Dark Empire, running through a series of novels, THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL, THE MAD GOD'S AMULET, and THE RUNESTAFF.* The action is set in locations with names, despite the immense passage of time supposedly elapsed, that are strangely familiar. Granbretton (Great Britain?) is the spawning place of the forces of the Dark Empire. Köln (Cologne?), Narleen (New Orleans?) and the Kamarg (the Camargue Mistral lands of South France?) occur in those days of the distant future. The action develops within a finite number of variations. Becoming almost as inevitable, once the characteristics of the genre are assimilated, as predictable in a sense as those of a Zane Grey western. There are even

the recurring images regurgitated whenever they are calculated to have the most striking effect. The severed wrist pulsing blood while its' owner vainly attempts to reconnect the hand seems to be one of Moorcock's favourite clichés.

Yet, to be fair, these novels were never intended for intellectual scrutiny. They were meant to entertain, to be popular - and to make money. A precept that has been more than adequately fulfilled. A glance at any "W.H.Smith" stall on any British rail platform in the U.K. will confirm this. Similarly, to continue the Burroughs Analogy will ultimately be self-defeating. Moorcock is an eclectic writer. He draws upon many

(*In the U.S. THE MAD GOD'S AMULET was THE SORCEROR'S AMULET, and THE RUNESTAFF appeared here as SECRET OF THE RUNESTAFF. Third in the series was actually SWORD OF THE DAWN, which may not have been released in the U.K.--D.McH.))

fields for his themes. THE WAR LORD OF THE AIR for example, is openly advertised as being 'a scientific romance in the tradition of Jules Verne.'

In an early SCIENCE FANTASY article Moorcock traced the Faust myth in fiction. From Mary Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN in 1817, he commented that 'in FRANKENSTEIN we see the early development of one of fantasy fiction's largest sub genres - science fiction', through Charles Maturine's MELMOTH THE WANDERER in 1870. Into Oscar Wilde's PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GRAY, 1891, Mervyn Peake's brilliant TITUS GROAN trilogy, Tolkien's RING cycle, and to the latest product of the Faust mould - Elric.

Yet this self-confessed eclecticism is proof, not of plagiarism, but of Moorcock's very real love for his chosen medium. A love that has been fed back to enrich the medium. Brian Aldiss acknowledged Moorcock's help and enthusiasm in the writing of BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD, the psychedelic tour de force. The messiah-character of this novel, Colin Charteris, reveals more than a casual nod in the direction of Moorcock's anti-hero Jerry Cornelius.

From another direction, the rock group Hawkwind drew their name from that of Dorian Hawkmoon. A favour that Moorcock repayed by scripting a 'sound pollution' strip cartoon advertisement for the band in the underground newspaper FRIENDS. A role he had earlier assumed while working with artist Malcolm Dean to produce the JERRY CORNELIUS strip for the largest of the 'alternative press' organs, INTERNATIONAL TIMES. Within this bizarre sequence of graphically represented events many of the seeds of potential disregard of convention, that had been betrayed in his earlier writings, flowered in no uncertain manner. One particular quote from an "Aspects of Fantasy" article, written by Moorcock many years previously, proved to be especially prophetic. 'Many young fantasy fans,' he had written 'often share their enthusiasm for the genre with a taste for the erotic fantasy of Henry Miller, Jean Genet, William Burroughs, and others. Certainly the link is obvious in Burroughs' (William!) NAKED LUNCH, THE TICKET THAT EXPLODED, and SOFT MACHINE which are works of sheer sf and the most brilliant ever to appear. His Faust is the whole human race rolled into one.'



Sometimes Moorcock's novels have transcended their self imposed limitations. His quasi-religious BEHOLD THE MAN for example won the 1967 Nebula Award, ranking with the best sf ever produced in Britain.

For the introduction to BEST SF FROM NEW WORLDS vol I and II (Panther 1967/8), he pointed out that a '...story should contain an idea (essential to sf) and that the form and style should suit the idea (i.e. the idea should not be twisted to suit the form).' 'By idea,' he explained 'we do not mean merely a technical gimmick of some kind, but the presence in the writer's work of a serious intention, a wish to say something about the human condition.'

The Jerry Cornelius story THE FINAL PROGRAMME (originally in NEW WORLDS 65 & 66, then MAYFLOWER pbs) goes beyond its ephemeral mid60's flirtation with Eastern mysticism and instantly dated the pop lyrics. It will ultimately be judged rightly as a classic of its type; imagination and settings are limited by neither logic nor plausibility, soaring beyond all the bounds of genre and tradition.

Of his earlier writings FIRECLOWN rivals his present-day output in terms of plot settings and originality without extending to the brilliant excesses of Jerry Cornelius. An early blurb of this time ran 'If the annual British SF convention offered a yearly award to the new author most likely to succeed (as the Americans then did) we feel that young professional Michael Moorcock would easily qualify for 1962.'

This was the period following Moorcock's stint with IPC's juvenile publications, an editorship of the original TARZAN WEEKLY which lived by reprinting American strips around an ideological nucleus of E.R.Burroughs. The magazine ran from 1937 to 1957, and has recently been relaunched on a less ambitious scale. In 1961 SCIENCE FANTASY issue 47 contained "The Dreaming City," the first story to feature the doom laden Faustian albino Elric of Melnibone. This was followed by "The Stealer of Souls" in no. 51., "Kings of Darkness" in no.54., "The Flame Bringers" no.55., "The Greater Conqueror" in no.58., "The Dead God's Homecoming" in no.59., "Black Sword's Brother" in no.61., "Sad Giant's Shield" in no.63., and "Doomed Lord's Prayer" in no.64. Later these stories were collected into THE STEALER OF SOULS, STORMBRINGER, and THE SWORD OF THE DAWN published by MAYFLOWER. This blitzkrieg series established Moorcock as a force of considerable stature.((*))

By 1967 he was able to write 'there is a new spirit in science fiction these days, both in this country and in the United States, and so far it has only been given a strong voice in the British magazines.' He went on to liken J.G.Ballard to James Joyce, pointing out that there is 'no longer any division of quality between science fiction and general fiction.'

By the following year Moorcock had acquired editorship of NEW WORLDS, guiding it into its most experimental period aided by an Arts Council Grant.

THE BLACK CORRIDOR, THE ETERNAL CHAMPION, and PHOENIX IN OBSIDIAN followed through MAYFLOWER. A large proportion of Moorcock's output of this period, and the earlier short stories reprinted into collections, can be placed firmly in the mainstream of a much more traditional form of writing entertainment. The same kind of appeal found by the children listening to the Sailor's Tale in the CHILDHOOD OF RALEIGH painting. That is, the epic journey theme that is at least as old as the Odysseus/Aneas stories of the return from the siege of Troy. Variations on this theme have cropped up right thru the development of literature. It could be argued that the whole glut of 'space exploration' novels are merely an updating of this classic and infinitely flexible theme. The 'fantastic voyage' was already established as a literary vehical when Swift used it as the basis for his political satire GULLIVERS TRAVELS. Or when Coleridge cast the Homeric myth into a nineteenth centurysetting for the "Rhyme Of The Ancient Mariner." The early 50's produced a glut of "space opera" of the type ranging from Flash Gordon to the works of E.C. Tubb equipping the eternally wandering Odysseus with space suit and blaster pistol (but often retaining his sword and the monstrous appearance of his enemies!).

In THE BLOOD RED GAME and THE SUNDERED WORLDS (In 1963 numbers 31 and 32 of the "Science Fiction Adventures.") Michael Moorcock used the 'epic voyage' theme crewed by the whole population of a destroyed Earth. James Blish's CITIES IN FLIGHT stories gave the theme a further twist.*[[2]]

The prospect of nuclear war during the early sixties spawned a whole mythology of fiction. Writers gleefully destroyed civilization to repopulate the Earth with mutants snatched directly from Midieval print of Hell. The prospect for re-incarnated Odysseus legitimized by science was enormous. John Wyndham's THE CRYALIDS rose above the general level of this form of setting, and more recently Delaney has successfully resurrected the theme in THE JEWELS OF APTOR.

.....FOOTNOTES

((* There is some confusion at this point, perhaps caused by either title differences in U.S. & U.K., or by confusion as to whether or not stories have appeared either re-titled, or reworked and retitled, and used by different publishers. [[2]] Blish's books pre-dated Moorcock's by several years and probably actually influenced Moorcock, if there was any influence-D.McH.]]

Although there was an unspecified hint of nuclear apocalypse in the Hawkmoon series typically Moorcock discarded this 'excuse' setting his Elric tales not in the collapsed civilization of the future, but of the distant past. Yet the theme remains both as familiar and as new as it has appeared throughout history, in its' many guises. THE DREAMING CITY, the first Elric story had the albino sword-wielder mustering an invasion fleet of barbarians. Their objective was to sail to, and destroy Imrryr, the last city of the Melnibone empire that flourished for ten thousand years, and died long before Ur, or Egypt took the first faltering steps to rediscovery. The analogy of Viking raiders plundering the tottering civilizations of Roman Britain is perhaps not totally irrelevant.

But future technology, whether progressing or decaying, still provided variations aplenty on the theme. In Hal Clement's excellent A MISSION OF GRAVITY, the epic voyagers were centipede-like travellers guided by a radio controlled Terran robot on a super Jupiter-type planet. John Christopher's THE WORLD IN WINTER [[THE WHITE VOYAGE?]] used epic voyagers travelling over a glacial Europe in hovercrafts.

Moorcock predictably carried the 'new ice age' theme a step further. In THE ICE SCHOONER, he lifted the voyagers ships onto whale bone runners that allowed them to continue their epic journey over the frozen oceans of the world. This mode of travel had, however, been used previously in a short story called "Barrier To Yesterday" by Bob Shaw, published in Nebula no. 16, long before Moorcock's novel was serialized in SF Impulse. Moorcock's yarn of the travels of Konrad Arflane in search of the fabled city of New York makes powerful reading despite the anti-climatic ending.

Perhaps attempts to fit Moorcock's work into firm literary traditions, or attempts to ascribe his originality of influences, are ultimately futile. Analogies and chasing such derivations are interesting, and even relevant, but do not really add much, or significantly detract from the pleasure of reading the novels. Moorcock is obviously a writer who recognizes and loves the science fiction heritage, and the roots of that heritage in the greater literary tradition. He uses these influences, and drawn from the tradition as all receptive and aware writers must. Yet he keeps his mould flexible, clothing established themes in stimulating new garb, using the literary barriers as exercises for hurdling.

Perhaps Moorcock has yet to realise his full potential as a serious novelist of ideas. Perhaps the best is yet to come. Moorcock at present must find himself in a position to place a greater emphasis on prestige, and the breaking of new grounds in literature and science fiction, than in the immediate demands of finance.

Yet, on present evidence alone, Moorcock is surely one of the most interesting writers working today.

-o0o-



STREKKIN'

JIM MEADOWS III

Star Trek fen are more organized than the sf people. ST people have less to clutter their hobbies with. SF fen get their stuff from various prozines, books, tv, movies, spread all over the place. So their zines are unorganized and spread out. ST people go from 79 hours of 16 mm color films, seen for the most part on the tube. This is supplemented by less than 15 books, MAYBE a bit more. ST fandom is younger and smaller. They have a more sercon air. Few trek zines can be gotten for the usual. Letter columns are rare. Everybody is pretty serious, even when they're being funny. And if not sercon, then hero worship, Spock freaks, and those kind of fanzines have a very nervous taut form of organization.

Again and again I say, if people want to look for good sf on the tube, they shouldn't forget NET Playhouse. The series is dead now, or almost so, with maybe a few projects each year, now that NET (now WNET, a station in New York City) does so little networking, but some good stuff has surfaced there, a great version of 1984, Vonnegut's BETWEEN TIME AND TIMBUKTU, and various plays by lesser known people, dealing with man/dolphin communication, overpopulation, youth, and one show hosted by Vonnegut which dealt with short sf films. It's possible that these shows are still available for broadcast, if you just jump on the public station in your area.

In fact, PTV may be the best place for sf if things go right. In commercial tv, severe limitations are set on any series, and about all that has any freedom are specials and tv movies, and these have troubles too. PTV is unlikely now, what with Nixon's henchmen on the Corp. for Public Broadcasting board choking off funds for whatever goes against their political grain; and the field of fiction series have always been left alone by PTV, except for the BBC mini-series, and WITW's "Bird Of The Iron Feather" (and maybe Kukla, Fran, and Ollie?). However, all we have to do is yell loud enough.

Hey, how about sf on radio? X-1 is being revived.

If you would be interested, Gene Roddenberry is interviewed in a current issue of SHOW magazine, mostly concerning another series (not GENESIS II), although just about everything else is touched on, as well.

Hey, Ms. Ruskinn, Paramount would revive STAR TREK for a price. The price will have to be pretty high, though. After the series was terminated, Paramount destroyed all of the Enterprise sets, and there's nothing more expensive than an sf set to rebuild. So, for a new pilot, Paramount was asking for a lot of dough from NBC, more than NBC really wants to spend. And Roddenberry, who owns half the rights, doesn't want to do a pilot. As far as he is concerned, those three years of STAR TREK can serve as pilots. He wants more security.

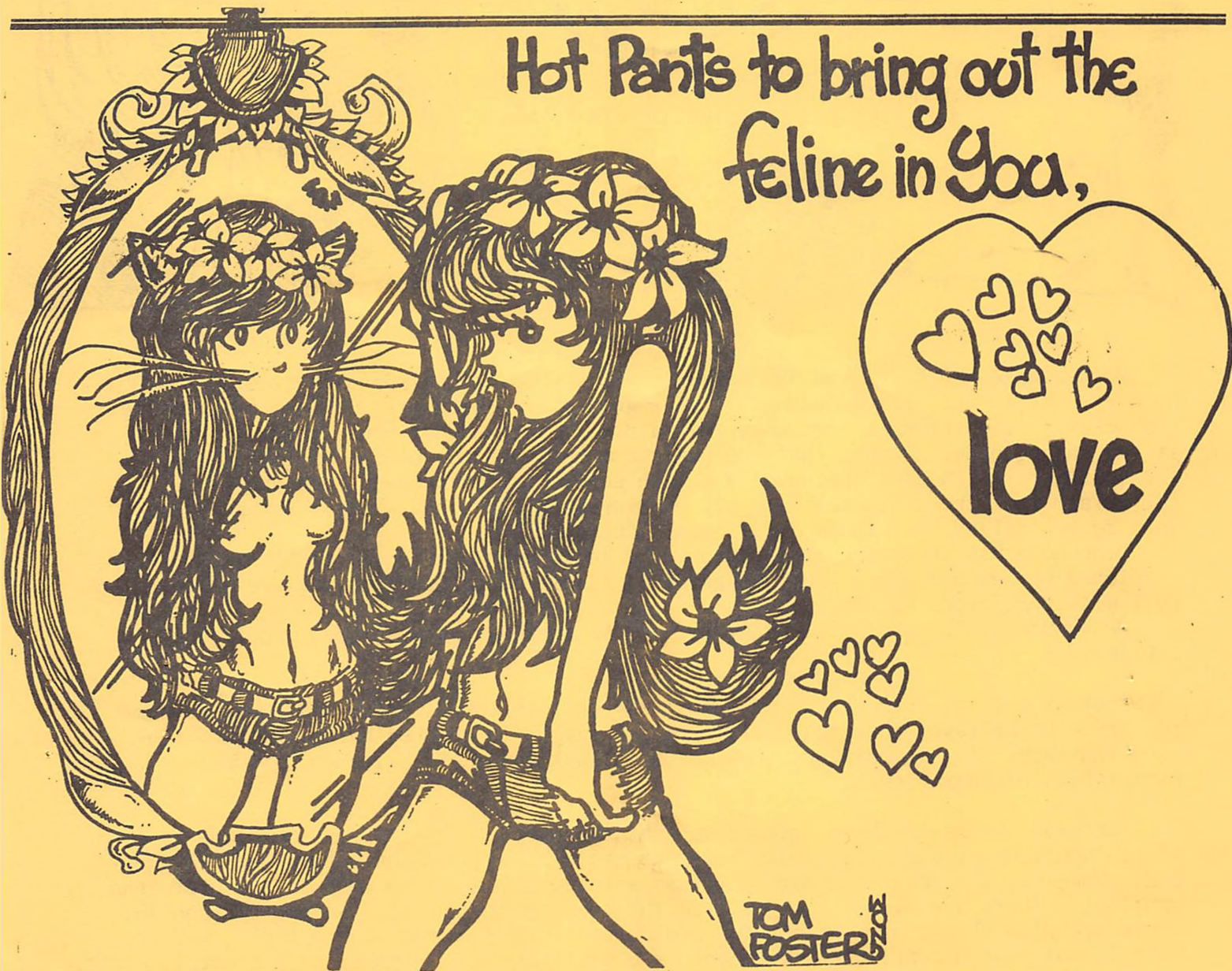
As for the willingness of the original cast, well they 'd better be pretty damn willing or else David Gerrold and Ballantine are going to be up to their neck in lawsuits.



According to Gerrold's THE WORLD OF STAR TREK, the entire cast would like to do it again. Some of them, like Nicholle Nichols, do complain of not enough to do on the series, but they have enough faith in Roddenberry that the mistakes of the old series would be taken out of the new. As for Nimor and Shatner doing one shots for TV series, so what? That merely means they're getting work where they can find it. Both actors have been supplementing this TV work with small time stage jobs(not small parts, small companies). And Shatner has been doing commercials for margarine and trade schools, so I doubt if he's exactly overbooked.

-o0o-

((Had this space been longer you would have been subjected to an IMK concocted pun somehow involving Felicia Fehghoot, a faned who hates "some" trekkies--McHaney, a faned who loves trekkies--Koch, and some contrived situation which would involve the substitution of flames for clothing and would end with, "...you could call that a modesty blaze." Fortunately, this space is not that long and you need only be informed that the illo below is not so much coincidence should it resemble any person known or unknown, , ,but wishful thinking. In any case once must not expect too much from space fillers typed at 1:47 in the morning. IMK))



illustration

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VUED BY
STEVEN
BEATTY

TOM FOSTER ILLOS
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Most people who have read J.R.R. Tolkien's THE LORD OF THE RINGS either love it or hate it. It is well liked because it is a good story, with original and interesting characters, celebrating a reverence for nature. On the other hand, those who hate it say, among other things, that the basic concepts are too simple and childish. The hostile critics call the novel a simple confrontation between Good and Evil. They claim that the characters are all portrayed in black and white. Edmund Wilson, in a review called "Oo, Those Awful Orcs!" charges:

"The hero has no serious temptations; is lured by no insidious enchantments, perplexed by few problems. What we get is a simple confrontation...of the Forces of Evil with the Forces of Good...."

He accuses Tolkien of presenting life as "a showdown between Good People and Goblins."

Another critic, Anthony Bailey, complains that THE LORD OF THE RINGS has no complexity. He believes that the characters are simple in the beginning and that they stay that way. In his opinion, they are all black and white, with no "gradual exploration of character."

The main thesis of these critics is that the plot of THE LORD OF THE RINGS is a simple confrontation between characters who are all good and characters who are all bad. However, the characters are not that simple, and there is more to the plot than conflict. There are elements of evil in the good people and good in the bad people. There are also characters who develop and mature in the course of the story, and the plot is not just a conflict between good and evil--it is an example of the heroic quest.

The development of the character of Frodo Baggins, the hero of the story, is an important element of THE LORD OF THE RINGS. He begins as a typical Hobbit, is forced to make decisions with far-reaching consequences where no alternative is all good or

all bad, and matures into a self-sacrificing hero.

The story opens with Frodo only an ordinary hobbit. These hobbits live a rustic life in a sheltered land, unknowing of and uncaring about what happens beyond its' borders. Frodo is not a hero by birth, and he is not an obvious heroic character. His heroism is the slowly developing result of his acceptance of responsibility.

This responsibility includes making important decisions. Frodo must make difficult decisions where no choice is obviously right or wrong. The universe of THE LORD OF THE RINGS has a complex moral scheme. Frodo must find his place in it, and the right decisions are seldom easy.

One decision he faces repeatedly is what means to use for good ends. He must decide whether or not to allow the corrupting Ring Of Power, evil in itself, to be used to defeat Sauron, the present incarnation of evil. Sometimes he can choose only between degrees of evil. In order to avoid imminent capture by enemies, he uses the Ring several times for the power of invisibility it confers, but this carries the risk of becoming enslaved to the Ring or of giving away his location to Sauron.

These decisions shape Frodo's personality. By the time he returns from his quest to destroy the Ring, he is much different from what he was the year before. Compassion replaces insensitivity. He increases in pity, mercy, and heroism. He changes from a typically childlike hobbit into a mature adult in the human sense. He becomes rational, responsible, and aware of the world outside his homeland. In the words of Marion Zimmer Bradley, Wilson's statement that Frodo is unchanged is "manifestly ridiculous." Frodo pays for his victories. He wins peace for others, but in the process he loses his ability to enjoy himself.

The critics hostile to Tolkien state that the plot of LORD OF THE RINGS is a simple confrontation between good and evil, that is actually only part of the plot. Another way of viewing it is as a quest story.

As W.H.Auden defines it, the quest tale is an image of each individual's life, a representation of personal existence and experience. THE LORD OF THE RINGS as a quest shows the development of personality from childhood to adulthood. The childlike hobbits symbolize the child's personality which must give way to the mature man, represented by Frodo after his quest. Neither childhood or adulthood is intrinsically evil. The process of maturing is a quest of the individual into his own mind. Self knowledge is the goal of this quest, not the defeat of an external evil.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS also represents the development of personality in another way. The Elves must fade away to make room for the Age of Men. This is not as simple as a child maturing into man, because the elves are more mature than men in most ways. They realize that their time must end, and they accept this fate, regretting it but not trying to change it. This theme could be considered a conflict between the two ages, but since neither is in itself evil, it is not a conflict between good and evil. It is the story of the end of an era.

If THE LORD OF THE RINGS were a simple confrontation between good and evil, one would expect all the characters to be portrayed in black and white. This is just not so. The characters have conflicting tendencies and desires within their own personalities. On a larger scale, neither side is a monolithic bloc, and the line between them sometimes wavers.

The characters usually have mixed motives. Most of them have both good and evil elements. For example, the Dwarves are often motivated by revenge and greed. The traitorous Boromir, who attempts to take the Ring from Frodo and use it for his own advantage, begins with good intentions, and finally gives his life attempting to defend the hobbits.

The men of Gondor and Rohan, the highest men of middle earth, have decayed from what they once were and have become infected with evil. Even men who dedicate themselves to the struggle against evil are contaminated by it.

Even the highest are tempted by evil, and even the lowest show signs of good. The Elves, the highest creatures of Middle Earth, have indulged in evil. Lured by their desire for knowledge, they co-operated with Sauron to forge the Rings Of Power. At the other end of the scale, the mean, wretched Gollum occasionally has good impulses.

If there were a clear-cut division between good and evil, then each character would know which side he was on and would stay there. This is not the case. There is a noticeable lack of solidarity among the servants of evil. The Orcs often get so involved in their own quarrels that they are unaware of their captives escaping or their enemies approaching.

There is also disunity on the side of good. As one example, the Elves and Dwarves are notorious for not getting along with each other when they place their own interests above the common good.

We have seen that the characters of THE LORD OF THE RINGS are complex and changing, and that the form of its plot is the quest. The imaginative characters and the heroic romance tale are two of the many reasons why the book is so popular.

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FOSTER ILLU
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WHERE ARE THE SANDS... OF YESTERYEAR?

A LAMENT FOR THE PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL

If this is the age of the anti-hero, it is also the age of the anti-heroine, and no where does she flourish so prominently and so ignominiously as in the movies. One of her attributes is a plain, if not downright dowdy face, and at no other time have so many plain women starred in so many unglamorous pictures; for example, Barbra Streisand in *THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT* and Liza Minelli in *THE STERILE CUCKOO*. Both actresses are talented and versatile and superbly deserving of stardom, but sometime I suspect that if they had been beautiful, they would not have become stars. It is possible that the success of *LOVE STORY* and the personal triumph of Ali McGraw, whose talent is equalled by her looks, may reverse the trend, but at the moment, beauty continues to be a liability in an actress who aspires to dramatic or comic heights (that is to say, beauty in the classical tradition of finely proportioned features and rich coloring; in the tradition of Hedy Lamarr and Greta Garbo).

There was a time, however, when both beauty and talent were required for major stardom (Bette Davis was a rare exception), and nowhere was the happy combination of looks and talent better displayed than in the Arabian fantasies which proliferated during the Forties. Today we often use the phrase "Sword and Sorcery" to describe novels by writers like Edgar Rice Burroughs, but similar alliterating "S & S" were applied to these film fantasies. "Sword and Sand" or "Sex and Sand" epics were the specialty of Universal Pictures and in fact they are sometimes credited with saving the studio from financial ruin.

A typical Sword and Sand epic might contain an American which could pass for Arabian; a sprinkling of mosques and minarets in the foreground, with skillfully painted backdrops to suggest a sprawling Baghdad; an abundance of agile camels, or one charismatic camel with an appeal comparable to that of Tarzan's Cheetah; flying carpets, genies, and conjurations to open mountainsides or metamorphose one's enemies into asses; stalwart heroes, generally played by Jon Hall or Turhan Bey, with Sabu for a sidekick; and most important, imperiled princesses of consummate beauty. "Flame haired" Maria Montez was the undisputed queen of the harem until she quarreled with her studio and found herself supplanted by "raven-tressed" Yvonne DeCarlo. Both actresses were so bewitching to the eye that audiences, as well as producers and directors, sometimes forgot that they could act as well as languish alluringly on leopard skins. Maria Montez was equally sinister and seductive when she played the wicked sister in *COBRA WOMAN* (she also played the good sister); and Yvonne De Carlo played the title role in *SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED* with a subtle shading of wit, wonder, and wantonness.

The best of these pictures did not star the stalwarts of the field, however, nor was it filmed by Universal. Columbia's *A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS* probably contained the most exciting swordplay, the most lavish sets, the most flamboyant desert sequences of any Sword and Sand picture made in the forties. The hero was Cornell Wilde who had recently become a star as Chopin in *A SONG TO REMEMBER*; his sidekick was a funny Phil Silvers instead of a straight Sabu; but it was the heroines who dominated the film: Adele Jergens and Evelyn Keyes.

Adele began her show business career as a stand-in for Gypsy Rose Lee. When Gypsy fell ill before a performance, Adele took her place and stripped so beguilingly that a Columbia talent scout lured her to Hollywood, where the studio trained her in low-budget serials until she was ready to play the Princess beautiful in a major pro-

Thomas Burnett Swann

duction. An impressionable high school boy at the time, I recall that when she parted the curtains of her sedan chair and lifted her veil, there was a simultaneous gasp from the audience--lusty men and envious women--followed by a reverent silence, and I for one concluded that Helen Of Troy must have been a blond closely resembling Miss Jergens. The mere intimation of her navel was more titillating than all of Raquel Welch(I never thought to question platinum-blond hair and Nordic features on an Arabian princess). Her performance consisted of more than provocative unveilings, however. Her voice was soft but superbly modulated; her gestures and expressions lent a sinuous grace, a hint of sweet depravity to what could have been a conventional role. Adele could act.

And then there was the genie from the inevitable lamp, but this genie was not inevitable. She was Evelyn Keyes, whose piquancy was, in its' own way, as arresting as Adele's opulence. Girls springing out of lamps have become commonplace since the TV series I DREAM OF JEANNIE, but Evelyn, I think, was the first girl genie in films, and certainly the prettiest. What is more, she proved herself a resourceful comedienne, flashing sly predatory looks at Cornel Wilde even while pretending to help him win the hand of the Princess, and speaking her lines with an irresistible squeak.

Like Dorothy Lamour's jungle movies, Sword and Sand epics were pure escapism. They neither ennobled, enlightened, nor satirized; and they did not presume to be historically accurate. But they allowed their heroes to be unabashedly heroic and their heroines to be unabashedly beautiful. Perhaps we are more mature than the audiences of the forties when we profess to find "character" in Liza Minelli's or Barbra Streisand's face; when we argue that an outsized nose or lack of a chin--in a phrase, "expressive plainness"-- allows us to concentrate on performances and not features. But it seems to me that we are over-compensated for our earlier worship of beauty, our cult of the Love Goddess; we have cultivated a positive mistrust of beautiful faces and come to assume that great beauty signifies small talent. Consider Stella Stevens, who is allowed to display her impressive dramatic talents only in films like TOO LATE BLUES and THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE, where her beauty is deliberately concealed by the Herculean efforts of cosmetician, costumier, and cameraman.*

Why can't beauty and talent be recognized and applauded in the same woman? Why can't we have our Garbos along with our Minellis and Streisands? If A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS were filmed today, Barbra Streisand would probably play the Princess and Phyllis Diller, the Genie. Allow me, however, to fantasize myself the producer. I would cast Stella Stevens in BOTH roles. As the blond Princess, she would be incomparable; as the red-haired Genie, she would be merely transcendent; but in neither instance would she remotely approach the anti-heroine. Rather, she would be the Sleeping Beauty, awakened by the nostalgic kiss of one who remembers a time when all princesses were beautiful.

* In RAGE, where Miss Stevens played a jaded Mexican hooker, her face was doused with water in freezing temperatures; when the water froze, her flawless skin looked suitably cracked and weatherbeaten.

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"—scarce as hen's teeth"

A Putnam first edition of THE SHIP OF ISHTAR is scarce. The Weinbaum memorial Volume, DAWN OF FLAME, the complete "Cosmos," 1923 WEIRD TALES; Lovecraft's THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH, and THE OUTSIDER: as well as copies of THRILL BOOK are suitably dubbed as rarities. However, some of these items have at least been SEEN by fans. But how many collectors own or have seen BEYOND THIRTY or THE MAN EATER by Edgar Rice Burroughs?

Using the pseudonym Morman Bean (it was intended to be "Normal Bean") Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS for Bob Davis' 1912 ALL STORY. The first story under his own name was a novel called TARZAN OF THE APES, in the October 1912 issue of the same publication. Due to a difference of opinion, a rival publishing company, Street & Smith, bought the sequel and published it as THE RETURN OF TARZAN in NEW STORY MAGAZINE during 1913. THE OUTLAW OF TORN followed in 1914. In the meantime, the title of the magazine changed to ALL-ROUND MAGAZINE, and in the February 1916 issue appeared a complete novel by Burroughs called BEYOND THIRTY. This was later reprinted in the BOSTON SUNDAY POST.

BEYOND THIRTY is a long fantastic novel of the future. As a background to the tale, the author gives us some history back to 1922. (Remember that this story was written in 1915 and at that time America had not yet entered the First World War). It seems that by 1922 the isolationists had won over the country and with the war going on, all human intercourse between the Western Hemisphere and the Eastern Hemisphere ceased. The story opens a couple of centuries after this great event. By this time the great Pan-American Federation was formed which linked the Western Hemisphere from pole to pole under a single flag. For two hundred years no man had crossed 30° W. or 175° W. Beyond was the great unknown. Europe and the eastern hemisphere had been wiped from the maps and the history books. Death was the punishment for anyone going "beyond thirty." The first man to go beyond and live was Jefferson Turok, a young lieutenant in the Pan American Navy. In 2116 his boat is blown by a hurricane beyond thirty and across the Atlantic. The rest of the tale concerns his weird adventures across the jungles of Great Britain, Europe, and Asia; his romance with the descendant of the British Queen, and his ultimate return to Pan America. This is not a bad fantasy tale at all, and I have often wished that Mr. Burroughs would polish it up to be reprinted in some other publication like FANTASTIC NOVELS.

The oldest and rarest of the little known works of Mr. Burroughs has an intriguing history. By 1943 I had gradually acquired an almost complete Burroughs collection. I had all Burroughs published books in the first edition including the rare "Tarzan Twin" books. In addition I had all of his writings in their original magazine appearances except one serial part of OUTLAW OF TORN and one part of THE RETURN OF TARZAN from NEW STORY. This magazine collection included all the subsequent reprints of his tales from even such obscure periodicals as TRIPLE X and MODERN MECHANICS AND INVENTIONS. On top of all this, I had Burroughs books in more than twenty foreign languages. Mr. Burroughs himself considered this the world's greatest single collection of his works and was even kind enough to add several items to it. But then he gave me a piece of news that made me very unhappy. It seems that I had missing from my set a serial called BEN, KING OF BEASTS, which had appeared in 1915 in the old NEW YORK EVENING WORLD. This began a long search for this elusive tale. After more than a year during which I had written to more than 500 collectors and dealers, I was beginning to believe that this story was in the same class as Lovecraft's THE NECROMONICON. I had gradually become acquainted with more than 200 fantasy fans and collectors, mostly through correspondence. None of them had a copy of this work. Then a New York agency offered me BEN, KING OF BEASTS for \$300.00! When I finally traced this offer down, it developed that they would furnish me the item if they could find it.

DARRELL C. RICHARDSON

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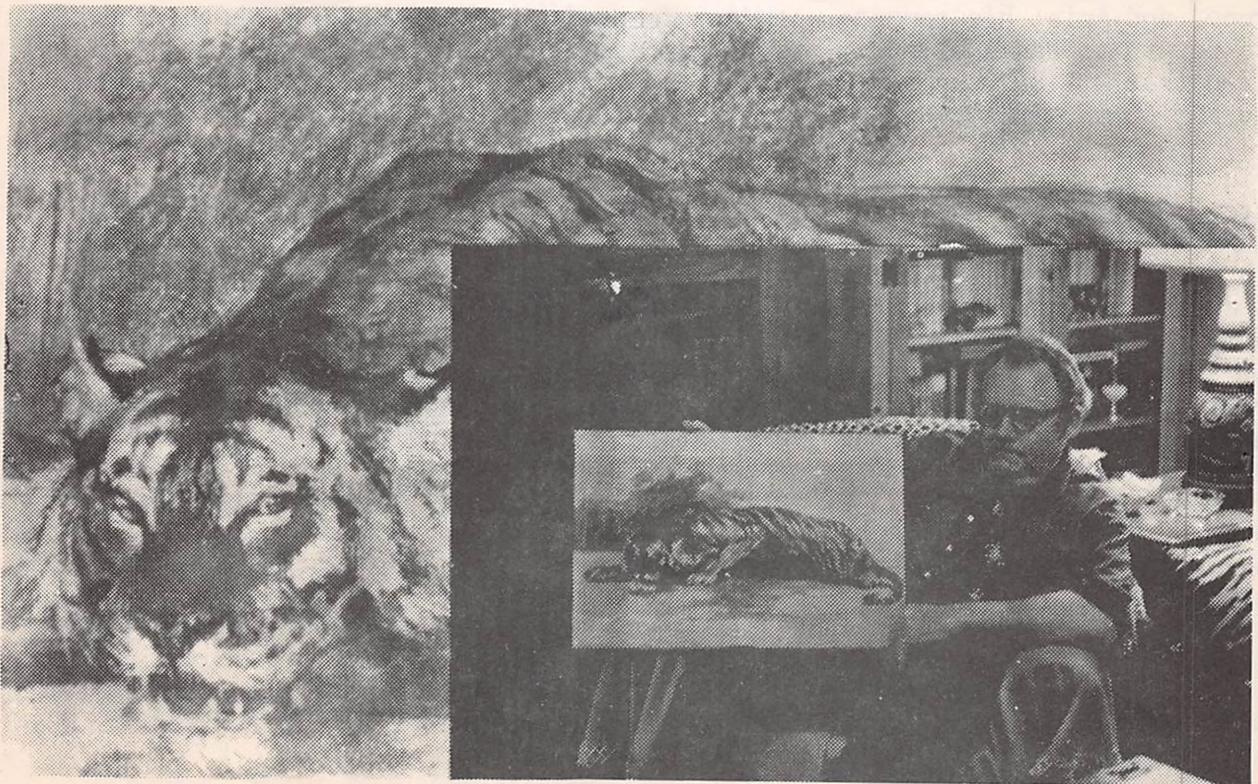
This article originally appeared in THE FANSCIENT, NO. 8, SUMMER, 1949.

Then I did something which I should have done at first. I checked all the file sources of THE NEW YORK WORLD in existence. There were less than a dozen files in the United States and none of these was complete. Even the Library of Congress had only a few dozen copies. It turned out that only one file covered the 1913 to 1918 period. I hired a research man to index for me all the novels that appeared in THE WORLD from 1913 to 1918. Some dozen serials turned up by Burroughs. All of the titles were familiar except one. This serial, entitled THE MAN-EATER, appeared November 15-20, 1915. My theory was that this was either a hitherto undiscovered story or it was the long-lost BEN, KING OF BEASTS, printed under a different title. Now I had something definite to work on. In a short time I had copies of the WORLD with the serial parts of THE MAN-EATER. I eagerly gave the tale a quick perusal. After a few chapters, a character called "Ben, King Of Beasts" and I realized that my long search for this almost mythical story had ended. Ben, incidently, is a large, black-maned lion.

It seems that the title of this story was changed by the editor just before publication, and years later, when an index of Mr. Burroughs work was required, he dimly remembered it as BEN, KING OF BEASTS and thus it became known. Not bothering to keep copies of his own works, he could not check and be sure of the title. It is lucky he remembered it at all-otherwise it might still be in the class of Erle Cox's mythical tale OUT OF THE DARKNESS and H. Rider Haggard's KING OF KOR. I believe this story of the search for BEN, KING OF BEASTS is comparable to Dr. A. Langley Searles' discovery of EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS from the files of the NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL.

In regard to the story itself, little can be said in the way of praise other than to note that the novel has value from the standpoint of studying the early style of the world's most widely read fantasy writer. The work is not strictly fantasy, being a romantic and adventurous melodrama set partly in Africa and partly in the state of Maryland.

I have furnished six collectors with photostat copies of these rare tales. One of these six was none other than Edgar Rice Burroughs of Tarzana, California. It is not known that any other copies exist.



Darrell C. Richardson at home. Painting by J. Allen St. John. Photo by Tom Foster.

LETTERS

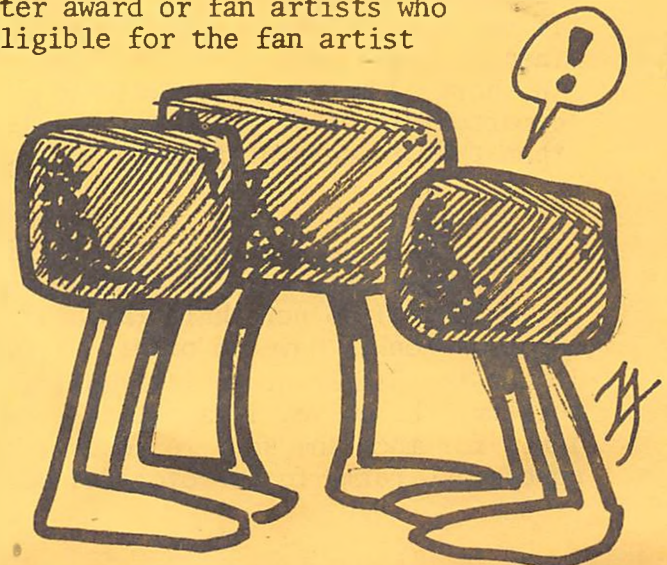
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Since MAYBE seems to be sort of a forum, I'd like to sound off on some things I've been thinking about lately concerning the World-Con and the Hugos. As you may have seen, I had a letter in the March issue of AMAZING STORIES in which I said that I was boycotting Torcon 2 over some recent practices at Worldcons. Well, that letter was written a long time ago, and I've since decided that a boycott was not the answer. So I've sent in my money to the people up in Toronto and given them my support for the con, as well as urge everyone else who hasn't done so yet, especially wary fans, to do the same. But there are still some things I don't like about the World Con. Aside from the things I talked about in my letter in AMAZING, there is the matter of the rotation system that bugs me. I agree that the World Con should be a WORLD Con and at some times be held outside the U.S., but with the present system it's very possible that close to a majority, at least, of the cons in the near future will be held outside the U.S. and we faced the very serious prospect of having the World Con outside the country two years in a row, Australia in 1975 and Stockholm in 1976. And since the vast majority of the fans, pros, and fanac are in the U.S., I feel that this is a bad situation. I'd prefer a different rotation system, one which would cover periods of four years, the World Con to be held alternately in the western U.S. (the 13 western states plus the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Kansas), the eastern U.S. (all the states formed out of the thirteen original states plus Florida), the central U.S. (the rest of the country), and the rest of the world. So in the fourth year of every rotation all the non U.S. cities that wanted to bid would be bidding against each other. This would assure both that foreign countries would host World Cons regularly and that they wouldn't take over almost completely from U.S. cities.

And on the matter of the Hugo ballot, I have two strong objections to the present breakdown of categories. The first is the Best Editor Award, which Harlan Ellison, a non-magazine editor, got substituted for the Best Magazine Award. I'd like to see it go back to being the Best Magazine Award, and even this year I voted for Ted White, Ben Bova, and Ejler Jakobbson, in that order, for Best Editor. And my other objection concerns the fan writer, fan artist, and pro artist categories. I don't see any justification for the practice in past years of allowing fan writers who've done professional writing or editing to be eligible for the fan writer award or fan artists who have done professional drawing or writing to be eligible for the fan artist award. I think those two awards should go to fans, PURE FANS, fans who've NEVER done any professional writing, drawing, or editing in the science fiction field. I DON'T think Terry Carr, for instance, should be eligible for the best fan writer award. To me, because he's a pro as well as a fan he's primarily a pro and secondarily a fan.

You said in your fanzine review section that TITLE should be nominated for a Hugo, and I've heard a number of people, from John Robinson to Lynne Norwood, say that LOCUS, for instance, SHOULDN'T be nominated this year for



a Hugo because it won last year and the year before that. But if a fanzine is the best, and if you're going to go around "giving everybody a chance" you'll eventually start scraping the bottom of the barrel, and that's very akin to Tricky Dickie saying that the Senate should nominate Judge Carswell because "even the mediocre deserve to be represented." The way for a fanzine to win first, second, or third place is to become BETTER than the previous years three winners. Sure, there are a lot of fine and even excellent fanzines around, but there are only a handful I'd consider nominating for a Hugo. It may be too bad the winners are limited to three, but in making my nominations this year I considered LOCUS, GRANFALLOON, SFC, SPECULATION, IS, YANDRO, OUTWORLDS, STARLING, and, of course, ENERGUMEN, and I would up voting for ENERGUMEN, LOCUS, and SFC in that order. Next year I'll probably nominate LOCUS first, SFC second, and one of the others third, although which one I don't know, probably YANDRO. That's it. If GEORGE wins next year I probably will be more saddened than pleased. I DON'T think it will EVER be Hugo material, and I don't even nominate fansine or apazines that I edit or contribute to just because they're even partly mine. I nominate based on quality. And this year I nominated three fanzines because they had the highest quality in the past year.

((Tho fanzines should be nominated for merit--I went for SFC, TITLE, YANDRO, and OUTWORLDS--there remains the question of what is a fanzine and what not. Perhaps a new category should be added: split the fanzine category into (a) Under 500 and does not break\$. (b) Over 500 circulation or breaks even\$. IMK))

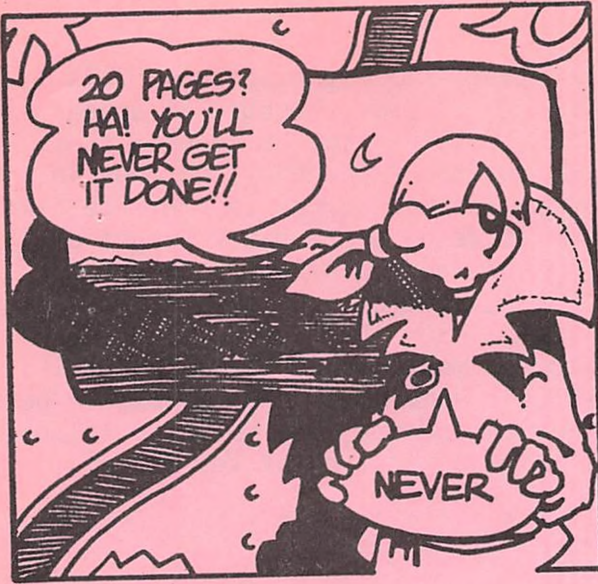
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Yeah, of course I know what you mean about ideology overwhelming the stories. It should be noted, however, that (A) The actual number of these stories of mine is quite small, (B) that all of the recent ones have been published in a political magazine (PRELUDE), with the exception of A FINAL HURRAH, which appeared in the OWLEXANDRIAN INITIATE, which was a balanced general publication, and finally, (C) Some of my best stories have been non-political, including "The Man In the Next Cell," "The Saucer Lecturer," "The First Law Of Physics," and, more recently, "The Death And Burial Of Count William." I'm quite proud of these latter, and, as I noted, none are political stories.

In point of fact, I am of more than one mind on this ideological story business. On the other hand, I am sympathetic to the concept of stories existing for their own sake, rather than as platform for ideological statement. On the other hand, simply because it is the current fashion to submerge ideology and emphasize plot or characterization in no way reflects some absolute norm. It is, certainly, the current taste in America, but this proves nothing whatsoever. If one is orientated towards that fashion, then an "overplay" of ideology "gets in the way" of the story. But, in theory, if one were to imagine a society which had a taste for ideological stories, the current fashion might seem to "have characters getting in the way of the concepts." It is, in short, a matter of orientation. I would suggest, however, that one of the unique opportunities that fanzines have is to provide a stage for stylistic orientations other than that in current fashion in the commercial media.

One point about the contents of MAYBE26. You stated that you considered the difference between Sam Konkin's organization and my own is "nitpicking." In a way, I really wish this were true, because let me tell you, I feel extremely isolated politically. I do not share the vision of the future that the "right wing" libertarians such as Konkin have to offer. I feel that their conceptualization of "the good life" is not too different in its implications from what I find wrong about the present society. Likewise, I cannot make common cause too easily with the left wing libertarians, for much the same reason. I am an individualist anarchist, which means I oppose ALL forms of coercion and conditioning, whether coming from the state, or from



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