

Burroughs



Vol. 2. No. 14

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INDEX



BURROUGHSANIA IS PRICE 6d. EVERY MONTH (even tho' the months it appears are different from the ones on the index). FROM MIKE J. MOORCOCK @ 36, SEMLEY ROAD NORBURY, LONDON, SW16, ENGLAND. ISSUE NO: 14 (New Series) FOR JUNE 1957. ART-WORK, ADVERTISEMENTS AND MATERIAL TO DO WITH BURROUGHS AND OTHER FANTASY WRITERS WELCOME ALTHOUGH THE EDITOR RESERVES THE RIGHT TO OMIT ANY ADS. HE DOES NOT CONSIDER SUITABLE. ART-WORK THIS ISSUE BY JIM CAWTHORN, BILL HARRY and a little by ROTSLEK. Index design Arthur Thomson.

EDITOR - M.J.Moorcock. ART-EDITOR - W. Harry. STAFF-ARTIST - J. Cawthorn. All material copyright. One of the MJM Four.

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A smaller issue this month due to Dick Penfold's BURROUGHS AND HIS BEMS not being ready at time of publication - which I hope will be on time for once. I will be on holiday 22nd June to 29th. Just made it.

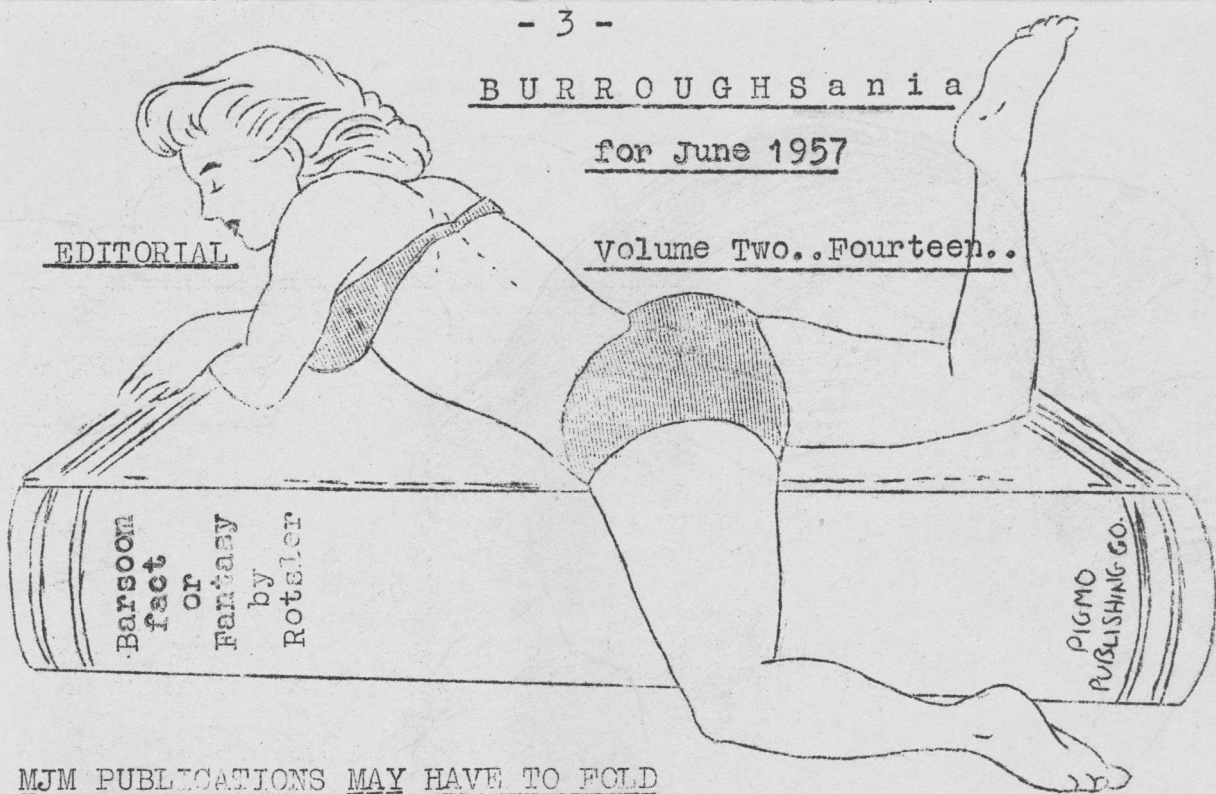
VOL. 2. NO. 14.

BURROUGHS a n i a

for June 1957

EDITORIAL

Volume Two..Fourteen..



MJM PUBLICATIONS MAY HAVE TO FOLD

There is a slight chance that the 'MJM' zines will be folding in the next month or so owing to an offer recently received of a job involving professional writing.

Naturally, I must place my career before my amateur hobbies but even if I do fold 'MJM' publications I shall endeavour to keep B'ania going if nothing else.

The reason is that I have to rely on the kindness of my present firm who loan me their duplicator. When or if I leave I shall no longer have access to it.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

If you have paid a subscription which has not yet run out please notify me.

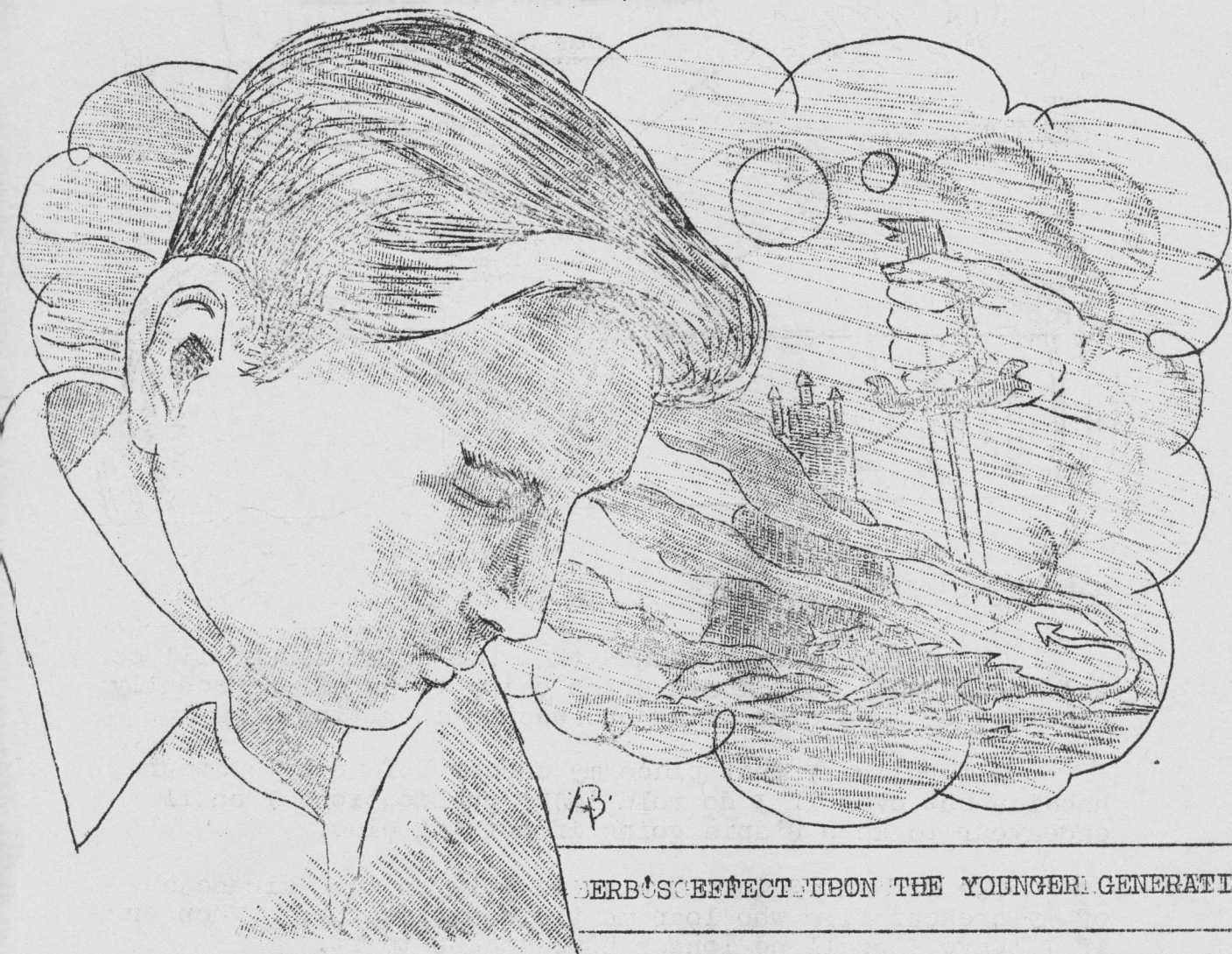
DON'T WRITE 'FINIS' YET

But don't say 'goodbye' until you hear definite news that I will be folding. I thought it best to warn you.

NEW ARTIST TO BE FEATURED REGULARLY

You will be pleased to hear that Jim Cawthorn is to be featured regularly in B'ania. His fine art adorns the covers and interior of this issue. You will be pleased, also to learn that Bill Harry (an expert on layout) has become General Art-Editor of MJM zines - two scoops.

All the best, *Mike*
No, I don't know what she's doing here either.....



ERB'S EFFECT UPON THE YOUNGER GENERATION

BURROUGHSania Reprint No. 2

From Number 5.

Among a fantasy writer's following, especially one so easy to read as Edgar Rice Burroughs, there is sure to be a large percentage of young people aged from twelve to sixteen years old. Most of these are boys - the supermen of the ERB books make it easier for boys to associate themselves with them than girls.

In the course of bringing up a child in a normal family, the question eventually arises as to what kind of literature a parent should allow their child to absorb. Naturally, a certain amount should be factual and informative - although dry facts should never be recommended - enough text books are circulated in school. But what of books to be read solely for pleasure, relaxation and escapism?

The unimaginative, the pseudo-intellectual, the over-fond parent or the parent who regards all fiction as useless will undoubtedly condemn the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs as 'cheap blood and thunder'



and forbid his offspring to read Burroughs. This, as everyone who knows elementary psychology will agree, is wrong - so, also, is the generally used description "cheap blood-and-thunder".

Let us then seek to explain why a typical Tarzan or John Carter novel is good, healthy reading for an adolescent.

Firstly, although many readers disagreed with me, Burroughs has a very good and economical vocabulary, rarely found in present day Science-Fiction stories, the characters,

when not speaking in monosyllabic grunts are mouthing scientific jargon which few adolescents understand - and probably few adults. Burroughs' vocabulary helps the young reader improve his own vocabulary in a very pleasant way. One of the finest pieces of prose of its kind written in the last twenty years appears in a recently re-read scene from GODS OF MARS - and I think I can say that I've read practically every kind of literature.

In every way - the descriptive work, the choice of words, dialogue (rarely very good in the stories of similar writers) - his stories sparkle with his perfect control of the written word. A reader of this fragment can transfer to his own vocabulary at least ten words, any one of which will do the work of five others. An adolescent reader of most of Burroughs' novels should, if of normal intellect and reasonable education, have a more comprehensive vocabulary by the time he is seventeen, than will a majority of lads of the same age who have never read Burroughs (or one of the few other writers of whom I can think).



Secondly, the "psychological influence" of Burroughs' adventure stories, chiefly his characters, have upon the normal young mind is very great as a rule. Every young person models himself upon some great hero or heroine usually fictitious. Jesse, James or Robin Hood, thieves both, aren't really the best examples although I doubt whether any youthful Dick Turpins or Sam Bass become thieves. Environment is the factor which counts mainly in this case. But back to the article.

The youth who aspires to become a second Tarzan or John Carter will not roam the streets looking for an outlet for his energy in dancehalls or street corner fights but will, in most cases, take up some healthy sport such as fencing, archery and other sports which were once designed to teach the youngster the arts of battle but which are now, in most civilised countries, purely sport with no practical object attached to them save that of 'keeping in trim' both mentally and physically.

Burroughs' characters are perfect examples of manhood, and the normally impressionable youngster will, in seven cases out of ten, try to follow in the footsteps of his hero or heroes.

It is often being said that the 'superman' type of hero tends to glorify violence in the eyes of the child or adolescent and I know one or two people who have quoted this to me regarding Burroughs' writings.

This may be the case with some heroes, found in comic books, cheap paper backs and the poorer pulps, but is definitely not the case with Burroughs' heroes.

Although violence, bloodshed, warfare, takes up a great deal of their lives, death of an opponent is nearly always a clean sword-thrust. Compare this with the macabre means used to deal death in the comic papers, the paper backs, the pulps, anything from a fairly quick death in boiling acid (slowly from the feet first) to slow torture on various parts of the body.

"He kicked him in the groin then aimed a vicious kick at the side of the head....."

These heroes combine force with mercy, and violent and bloody careers with a fine sense of chivalry.

A story which comes to mind at the moment is THE CAVE GIRL where the hero starts off as a cowardly weakling and finishes up as Thandar, the Cave-Man.

I guarantee this does more to encourage the boy, who fears that he is similar to Waldo Emerson Smith-Jones in the opening of the book to get up and do something about it than any number of "You Too Can Have A Body Like Mine!" and "Man be Big" advertisement.

Yes, Burroughs has done a lot for the younger readers of his stories - whether they realise it or not.

Of course, I am not suggesting that a boy who reads Burroughs will take up the sports mentioned and one who doesn't will not but I am sure the stories do a lot to help.

Reprinted from July 1956
Revised and corrected in
June 1957.



Heading by Jim Cawthorn

By M.J. "Witty" Whitmarsh.

The ancient race of yellow men, the first inhabitants of the planet, who once ruled the whole of the planet, have long since died out but for the few who live on the far side of the Great Ice Barrier, beyond the Carrion Caves, their only protection from the Green Men - and extinction.

These people; the first pair of whom were one of the four original fruits of the Tree of Life; were, so the ancient Barssomian chroniclers say, a happy, laughing race who loved the fine arts, and hated war and the misery it brought. They loved the arts and they loved pleasure but not to such a degree that they were lazy, on the contrary they were a most industrious race. When the great god Shaikan cut the first man and the first woman from the Tree of

Life, he placed them in a beautiful forest which abounded in all kinds of luscious fruits. This forest was called Gandarmus and was on the shores of ancient Barsoom's greatest sea, Throxus. He left the two people for three years to see what they would make of themselves without his guidance. When he returned, the mighty Shaikan found a great transformation. Where there had been primitive forest, there was now a small but well constructed dwelling-place and neatly tilled fields.

"These," said Shaikan, "are the best of my creations and shall rule the whole of Barsoom for me."

So, by their industry and hard work, did Darmas and Farina win Shaikan's greatest gift to mortals, mastery of a world.

In the days when old Barsoom was in the prime of her life, great seas rolled where today are the great plains, the realm of the green hordes, and wonderful forests garnished the banks of the seas. The people built their cities on the banks of the seas. Today the cities are deserted save for the white apes and tribes of green men. But in the old days the cities were bustling with activity, and the ports were crammed with ships of skeel and sorapus, loading and unloading cargoes from every part of Barsoom. The cities were compact and economically designed with shining buildings sweeping cleanly into the sky like great lances. Towards the end of their empire, the yellow people built high walls around their cities to protect themselves from the ver increasing attacks of the green tribes. The inner buildings of the cities were ten or fifteen stories high, constructed of highly polished ornately carved ersite bedecked with brilliant stones; one could see a city for many miles on a sunny day its buildings sparkling in the sun.

The walls in the inside of even the houses of the humblest people were covered in beautiful murals which told the stories of their heroes and deities, depicted scenes of rare and wonderful beauty - mountains, rivers, lakes, canals, oceans, meadows, trees, flowers, winding roads, sun-kissed gardens, hunting scenes showing beasts long extinct and ships of many designs, all done with such delicate beauty that it warms the hearts of all who see them.

In their early days, the yellow men wore long flowing robes and a short sword and dagger for protection against any beast that might attack them. But as the race began to decline and the attacks of the green men became fiercer, the long toga was left off and a short tunic, like the garments of today was worn in its place. It was made law that ever adult, male and female, must wear a short and long sword and carry a lance when outside the city.

As the great seas began to recede, the cities had to follow them, in doing so they spread out, and therefore became more difficult to guard against the attacks of the Tharks or the Warhoons. As the oceans shrank and the cities followed them, the lifeline of this great people was, slowly but surely, being severed: the cities sprawled and the population shrank, partly due to the attacks of the



green men, who were now so firmly encamped from the rears of their cities that they could not be dislodged, and partly due to the lack of food (which was becoming more difficult to grow in the barren soil). The white apes, also, were a menace and as the rears of the cities became unpopulated, the white apes and green warriors took root and many sallies, all unsuccessful, were made to rid their cities of the menace.

This once 'all powerful' people now had to beware of even the attacks of the Thurds, the smallest and least significant among the tribes of the green race. Now, even the dullest of the yellow men could see that their race was fast being snuffed out: in the front by the recedence of the seas, and at the sides and rear by the encroachment of the green hordes, and all the horror and suffering that accompanied them. The only safe way to go out was in parties of no less than twenty and heavily armed, and as the seas and the life blood of the people were nearly gone, it seemed that there was not much left for which to live.

This decline took nearly a quarter of a million years; a long time in which to be slowly murdered. About three hundred years before the end it was decided that something must be done - so after many long years of arguement it was decided that the race must humble itself and run from the green hordes. So the whole nation, or most of it, for there is a story that a small band of people stayed behind in one of the cities and that they still live in the heart of once mighty Horz, moved out of their hereditary homes. The old books and histories, but especially the murals and mosaics, tell us of the wanderings of the remnants of this once great race, harassed at every step by the green hordes, and even by the fast growing race of warlike red-men, until after many hundreds of years of aimless wandering, with pitched battles with the Tharks and Warhoons whenever they met, they found their way to the Great Barrier Cliffs, into their future home - the fertile valley they called after their race - Okar. Here, at the north pole of the planet which they had once ruled from pole to pole, after nearly six million years, the race of yellow men had come almost to its end, but not quite, thanks to the wise guidance of many great statesmen the race has begun to recover again.

At first, the uppermost thought in the minds of ever Yellow man was the reconquest of Barsoom, but now all such thoughts have vanished from most, but there are, as in every fallen race, a few who still dream of the recapture of the empire of the yellow men. The majority, however, are quite satisfied with their lot, and in fact no one has passed through the Carrion Caves since they first settled in the Valley of Okar.

As has been said, after many years of wandering, the yellow people came upon the entrance to what are now called the "Carrion Caves", before it could be discovered to where the caves led, they were overtaken and set upon by one of the greatest hordes of green men that Barsoom had ever seen, all the tribes had united in one last effort to exterminate the Yellow people whom they feared and envied. There were men from many tribes, the Tharks and the Warhoons predominated - in alliance for once, the tribe of Torquas and the Thurds, warriors from many of the smaller tribes, all had united against the yellow men to wipe them out entirely. The two armies met, and the yellow men were finally victorious. The man in command of the forces of the yellow people was Kovan Dhar, one of the greatest generals who ever led a Barsoomian army, ranking with the great John Carter.

Kovan Dhar formed his troops into an open box, into which the green men charged. When the blind rush of thoats and warriors was over the box closed and the yellow people pressed in on the trapped warriors. In the fighting more warriors, both yellow and green, were killed by the panic stricken Thoats than were killed by the fightin men of either side; but thanks to the cunning of Kovan Dhar, the yellow men were victorious.

After the battle of the Great Barrier Cliffs, the saviour of the yellow race, ordered that all the bodies of the dead, both yellow and green, should be piled inside the great caves, which gave access to the valley of Okar; so that the stench of rotting fæsh might warn away all enemies and potential explorers.

From that day the people of the Valley of Okar have brought all their dead, and their waste stuff; in fact anything that will add to the stench, and dumped it in the Carrion Caves. Almost from the day of that great battle, the caves have been inhabited by the great arctic Apts; and now it is almost certain death to go too far into the caves.

To call the people of ancient Barsoom 'yellow' is not quite right. It is only since they have been living at the pole that they have acquired the distinct yellow colour. In the old days their colour was a dark shade of white - not the pink of Anglo Saxon skins put definitely white, not the white of an albino.

The yellow people now dress in suits of heavy skins when hunting outside their cities, and are armed with two swords, one with a hook at the end, a short javelin, and a cuplike shield, the concave end of which turns outwards towards the enemy; this strange shield is wonderful protection against the curved swords, in addition to these weapons each man carries a dagger, worn in the harness which is covered by the skins when hunting. The ordinary harness of the yellow man is little different from ours, perhaps a little more ornamental - for the sake of ornament.

The modern cities of the yellow people are made of concrete, everything, houses, streets, plazas are roofed with glass and over the whole city is a dome of glass, thus the cities are centrally heated. Their transport is noiseless and are like gas-filled balloons just touching the ground.

They are quite up-to-date in many aspects of science and recent intercourse with the other races of Barsoom is increasing their scientific knowledge immensely. But the yellow men of the once 'forbidden' valley are vastly changed from the Yellow men of old Barsoom and it seems that the prophecy of the god of war, Harkron, that these people would be exterminated, would almost be true.

+ + + + + F I N I S + + + + +

That was the second in a series of articles based upon information to be found in Burroughs books about Barsoom. The first, Fruit of the Tree of Life, was purely my own (Mike Moorcock) composition, having very little data from the Burroughs books included. This, as you have seen, has been used as a basis for Witty's article - he has used 'Shaikan' and Harkron plus a little bit of my tale and, by hunting through the Burroughs books and filling in gaps with his own imagination has composed a very plausible history of the Yellow Men of Barsoom.

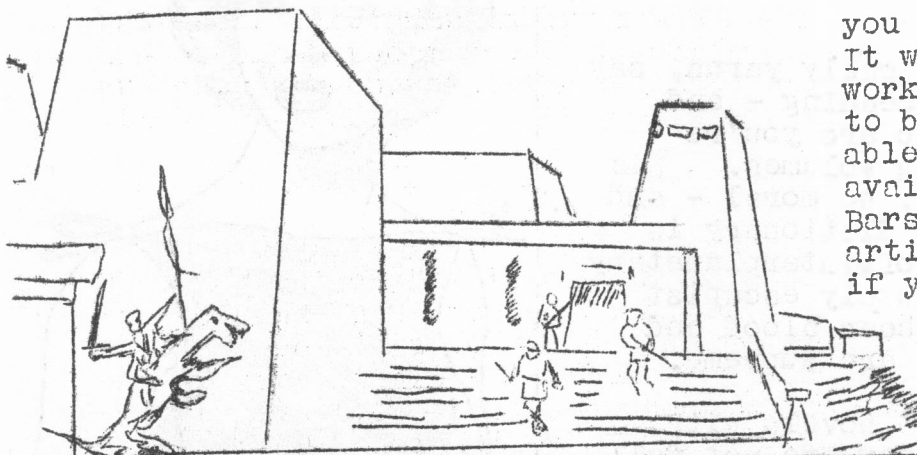
I will probably do some more 'legends' but a few suggestions for future articles in the same series are mentioned below:

THE RISE OF THE RED MEN OF BARSOOM

HOW THE GREEN RACE SPREAD - ITS PROBABLE ANCESTRY

THE THERNS OF THE OTZ MOUNTAINS

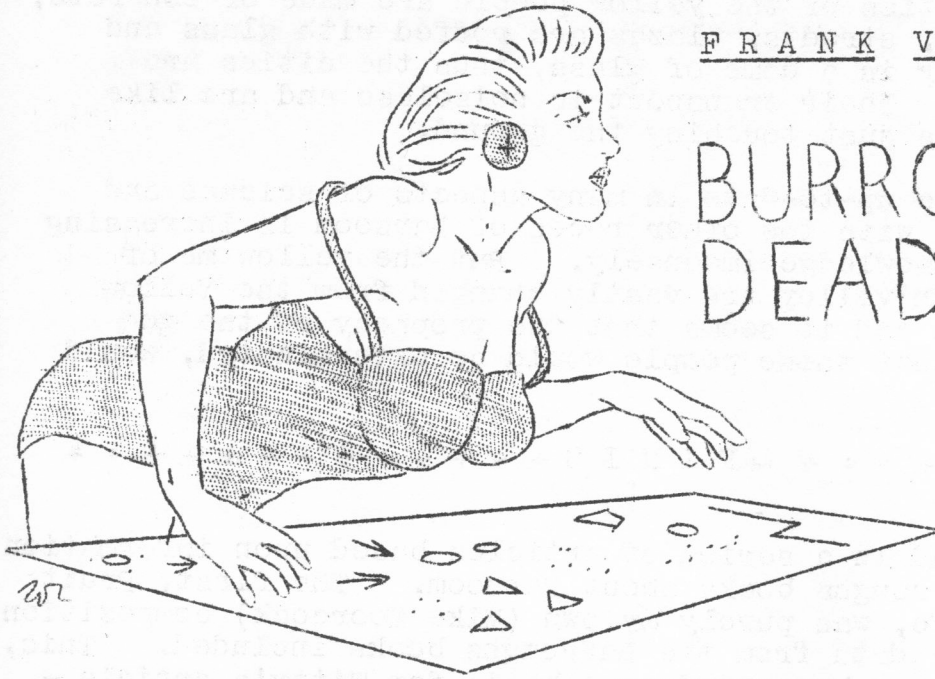
BLACK PIRATES OF BARSOOM - HOW DID THEY COME THERE ?



(Stencil cutting and extras by R. Lumley, based on a drawing by Jim Cawthorn).

you know the sort of thing. It won't mean a lot a hard work and you don't have to be a great writer to be able to assemble the facts available in Burroughs' Barsoomian novels. An article like this will, if you co-operate, appear every month. I hear that Witty is working on another so that will probably be the first of the planned series to appear.

FRANK VERNON LAY



BURROUGHS IS
DEAD —

It is the fashion today to dismiss Burroughs with a half-sneer - "Uh! Burroughs - read 'em when I was a kid, not bad, out of date of course." And yet is this true? What is the real test of a writer's worth? Surely the length of time his work endures is an important factor - and today Burroughs books are read more than ever. They have been translated and pirated into practically every language and appeared on screen and television times without number. The demand shows no sign of abating. His imitators are legion and Tarzan is known in every language, in fact is now part of the English language.

Take up one of his early yarns, say PRINCESS OF MARS, start reading - and before you know where you are you're looking for the following volumes. His books contain no message, no moral - and no difficult words. No dictionary is necessary nor text-book of interplanetary travel. They are absolutely escapist fiction, if you like - sheer blood and thunder and as such they are supreme.

Contrast Burroughs' novels with today's efforts. When they are not full of blood and sadism, a dictionary is needed to understand the erudition, that is of course when they do make sense. In quite

LONG LIVE
BURROUGHS!

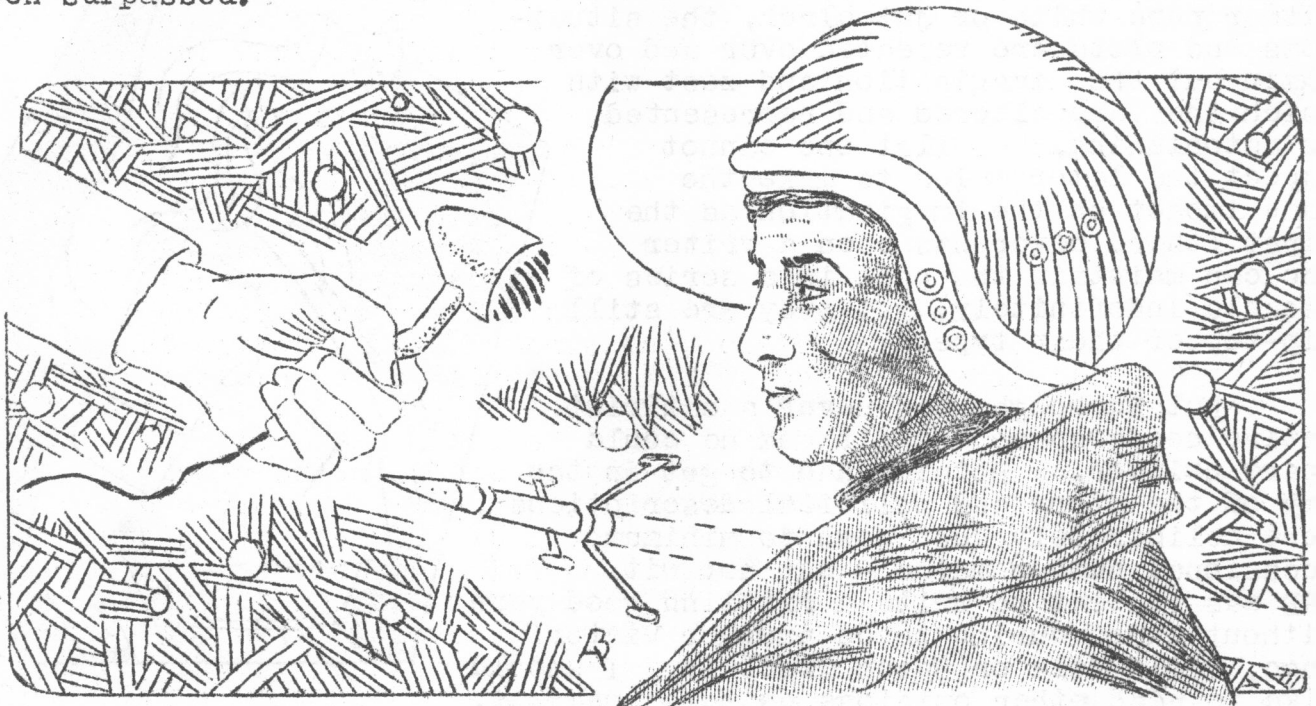


a lot of cases they don't even pretend to do that. Well, if I want that sort of reading there are plenty of books that can give it to me and which will at least teach me something at the same time instead of throwing at me a farrago of scientific jargon that when boiled down to plain English could be well described by an old but very popular four letter word.

We are told that Science-Fiction has grown up. In my opinion, it has grown down. When the fiction becomes too scientific it is no longer fiction and should not be described as such. I can read the latest book on rocket-travel or flying saucers with great pleasure but when a few odd characters are thrown in (generally fugitives from a physiatrist's case-book) and it is called Fiction, the picture is entirely different. The science either becomes a nuisance, obstru~~cting~~cting the story - or the characters do not live and as fiction the book fails in its object.

I am very often told that Burroughs' science was weak. Well, that may be. I'm just as unconvinced that any other writer knows more about what life on Mars is like just because he happens to mention the distance from the sun and the probable amount of oxygen on that planet. The reality may be entirely different to anything anyone has yet suggested - one has plenty of choice as very few astronomers agree about anything. Personally, until I am offered something more concrete in the way of evidence - I'll accept Burroughs' ideas. They are just as likely to be right or wrong as anyone else's'.

To my mind, Burroughs was a master of the macabre, an imaginative genius of the first order and the plausible way he has of making the impossible seem only too probable has never been surpassed.



The gift of creating immortal characters is given to very few writers and Burroughs with Tarzan primarily and John Carter secondarily, has joined the ranks of the Immortals, long may he reign.

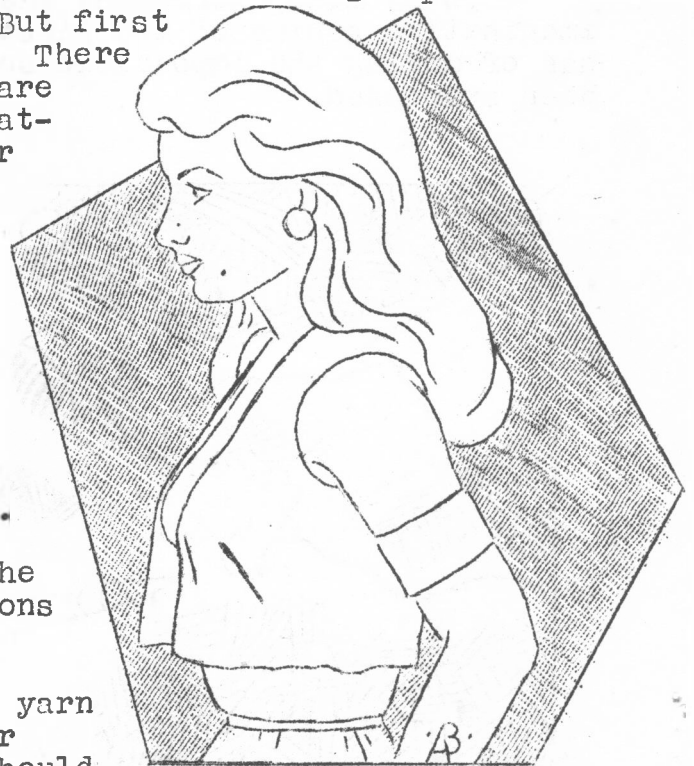
Since writing the above, I have read Robert Lumley's article in Burroughsania No. 13 and whilst I am always open to be convinced, I do not feel that he has in any way proved his case.

That Burroughs did have religious and political convictions well, one of his earlier stories (never in book-form) entitled THE GIRL FROM FARRIS'S would seem to give this impression. As a story it was a flop and ERB was wise enough never to repeat the attempt.

As ERB has told us himself, he came into writing because he was certain that he could write better trash than the trash already published in the pulps. How well he succeeded. There are few authors who have written for the pulps who have succeeded in creating a character who is known the world over. Max Brand with Dr. Kildare and C. S. Forester with Captain Hornblower have come near it. But the films helped Kildare and Tarzan was famous long before he reached the screen.

It is true that in THE MUCKER and THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL we do get glimpses of another Burroughs - the Burroughs who loved poetry, the open air, beauty, justice and freedom and at a later date I hope to go into more detail on this question. But first and foremost Burroughs wrote for money. There is no message to read. His characters are either pure white or jet black, the situations and plots are repeated over and over again but the imagination and zest with which they are altered and represented is astonishing. Whilst one cannot expect the later tales to make the same impact on the imagination as the first (there never has been a writer who can maintain the pace in a series of sequels indefinitely) yet they are still tip-top of their type.

But Burroughs was never a satirist. Satire needs space and wit and he could spare neither. Nothing had to get in the way of the story and political descriptions were deliberately kept down to minimum. Occasional humour maybe - but not wit. ERB was content to write a rattling good yarn without endeavouring to be another Victor Hugo, Emile Zola or Upton Sinclair. I should like to read other opinions on this subject.



ADVERTISEMENTS & ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR SALE

Have you seen the 'New Look' Tarzan Adventures - featuring club pages with articles about Burroughs etc. on them - if not, well why not buy a copy it's only 6d.

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THE OTHER 'MJM' magazines -

TYPO the fanzine is 6d. for 30 (app.) pages and Number 2 is due out soon.

JAZZ FAN is for Jazz Fan and this issue is 14 pages on all kinds of jazz, including skiffle.

FANTASIANA is a checklist mag. This issue (no. 2) contains checklists on ROBERT E. HOWARD, THE AVON FANTASY READERS, ASTOUNDING and LILLIPUT. It's worth getting if you're a collector.

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READY SOON (if circumstances permit) - a complete checklist and cross-index of the first volume of BURROUGHSANIA - no charge to subscribers - 3d. to non-subscribers.

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SERVICES EDITION OF "RETURN OF TARZAN" in mint condition. A collector's item, any reasonable trade offer accepted.

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THERE ARE NO ADVERTISEMENT RATES TO Burroughsania or to TYPO (if ads are run) but for JAZZ FAN rates please see that magazine.

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WANTED

Llana of Gathol; Land of Terror; Tarzan Twins; Back to the Stone Age. Ray Bowen, "Glenavon" 5, Cumberland Avenue, Gravesend, Kent.

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Witty Whitmarsh has a long want list so if you have anything for disposal - let him know. Among his most desperate wants are a great many of the AVON FANTASY READERS - if you have any of these at all, please let him know. Also wants one or two AMAZINGS for the 1936 (I think) period. WEIRDS, if cheap, will also be welcome and a letter to 60, Rickman Hill, Coulsdon, Surrey ('phone DOWNLANDS 2956 - dial DL5 for exchange) would be appreciated if you have anything for disposal.

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Wanted desperately

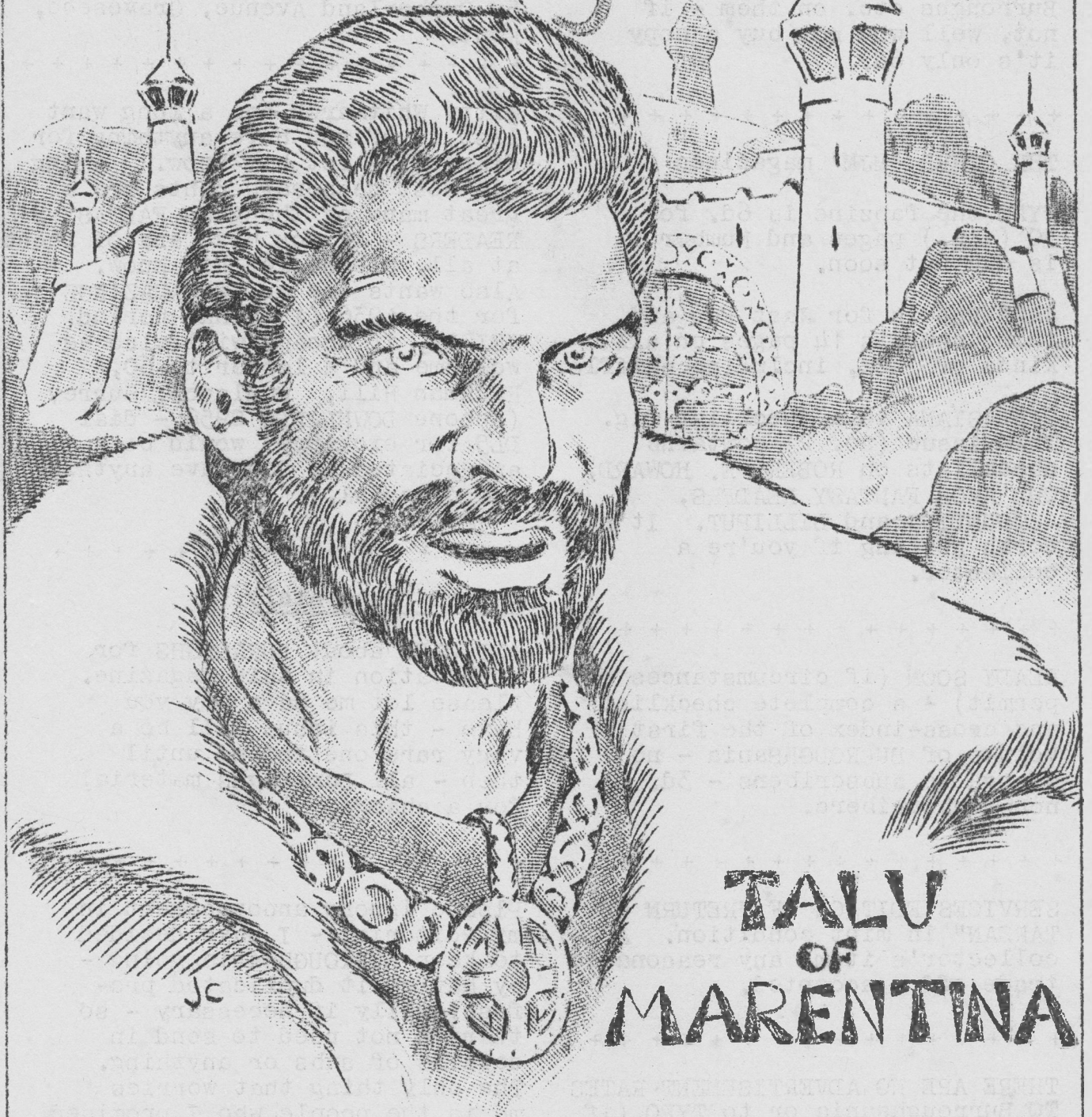
ARTICLES about BURROUGHS for publication in this magazine. Please let me have any you have - this issue will be a very rare one indeed until then - all Burroughs material for a change.

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Please ignore announcement in my editorial - I have decided to keep BURROUGHSANIA going - by having it duplicated professionally if necessary - so there's no need to send in details of subs or anything. The only thing that worries me is the people who I promised I would run there zines off for them. I may be able to get a duper - but can't be certain.

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Burroughsania



TALU
OF
MARENTINA

Jc