

Burroughhsania



VOLUME
18

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BURROUGHSIANA (6d.) is a companion to RAMELE AVILION, BROOD etc and is published by Mike J. Moorcock from 36, Semley Road, Norbury, London, S.W.16. Issue for April-May 1958.

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Subscriptions to Burroughsiana are 5/- for 12 issues.

We must apologise for holding over M. Whitmarsh's article BURROUGHS AND HIS DEMS 2 and also WHO WILL TAKE HIS PLACE by Frank Vernon Lay. These are now scheduled for the Summer 1958 issue of Burroughsiana.

Trades welcome but money always acceptable.



4th April 1958.

Dear Readers,

I'm having a hectic time of it at the moment - so I'm hoping that you'll forgive the lateness of this issue. It's almost two years to the day since the first of the new series appeared - and I don't think 18 issues out of 24 months is bad.

I've just finished a larger than usual RAMBLER, a book of talking blues WE'RE TALKING TO YOU, several broadsheets and as soon as I've completed the stencils for this I'll be starting on AVILION. After this comes BROOD. Pant....

Professional writing is taking up a lot of time at present too. With luck, I'll be able to try free-lancing in several month's time.

Apologies to anyone who has written me a letter and has had no reply - it's difficult to keep a tag on every letter that I get and sometimes they get lost and I can't remember who sent it etc. Great apologies to one Swedish fan who wrote to me - I'd like to write to you, mate, but I don't remember your name.

SFAIRA - I feel awfully guilty about this - Lars Helander's magazine will be underway just as soon as I find time to do it. The circulation's so much bigger than mine that it means lots long duplicating time and the way things are at present I can only affo to dupe it where I do for an hour at the most. Sort of dupe and run set-up.

Heigh-ho for the Good Old Days when I set-about compiling - library lists because I had nothing else to do. Today by the way is Easter Friday - it snowed heavily last night.

BAN THE BOMB is a slogan which maybe is worth considering.

Maybe.

Mike

TARZAN ADVENTURES BULLETIN

A short review of the British Tarzan magazine.

Over the past few months, I have endeavoured to get the 'life' into TARZAN that Alistair Graham had started to do before he left.

According to the letters received, I have succeeded. But unfortunately this has not been enough to stop the rot which is affecting almost every magazine in Britain. The circulation is still good, being the best of its type - but it isn't what it was six month's ago.

The Hogarth-style covers (one is illustrated overleaf) have been very well-received and Ken Lewis (the artist responsible) has been asked to do some more.

Stories still continue to have mainly a fantasy or jungle content. Recent tales popular with our readers were THE PURPLE GALLEY, a long 'Sojan' tale, serialised in 5 episodes, the 'Cliff North' stories written by Sydney J. Bounds, the 'Handar the Red' tales written by Jim Cawthorn and the K. L. Bishop (me) jungle stories.

Jim Cawthorn's PERIL PLANET - a science-fantasy adventure strip in four episodes was immensely popular and we hope to feature some more similar strips.

There is, however, the danger of overdoing the fantasy stuff so I don't plan on having too many s-f type strips on the back pages.

I am now running a series of science-fantasy book and magazine reviews interspersed with other reviews. All the British ERB titles including the four new paper-backs put out by W.H.Allen will be dealt with.

Some time ago, I ran a column dealing with fandom, also a two-page spread with photographs of the Worldcon. Publishing addresses of fanzines may help to attract new blood into fandom.

Fan-artists illustrating regularly for TARZAN include Jim Cawthorn (now a full-blooded pro, free-lance), Bill Harry and Arthur Thomson.

Soon to be featured will be some of the early Foster and Hogarth strips - though not as much as we'd like. Reason is that United Press haven't their old files of material. The stuff featured will be from the Spanish edition which I am at present translating.

Unfortunately we require no more stories from ANYONE - that includes the regulars. Articles still acceptable of 700 words or 1,500 words. Address (not to my home, please) 33, Brooke Street, London, E.C.1. Address them to me.

The specimen of the Tarzan cover was drawn by Bill Harry from an original by Lewis and I think you'll agree that it is a fine piece of work. Proving Bill as a real master of a medium which is fast becoming an art. - Mike Moorcock. April 1958.

TARZAN

ADVENTURES



FANZINE REVIEWS



A few short reviews for
the convenience of new
readers.

Mike Moorcock.

JC

PLOY from Ron Bennett, 7, Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks. Price 1/- per copy, 5/- for 6. No. 12 now out.

This is fast becoming my favourite fanzine.

PLOY it is rumored, is going monthly so, the rumor says, is HYPHEN.

Something had to be done when D'iana stopped going monthly I suppose.

Ploy, edited by one of Britain's most active fans, is near to being, in my estimation, Britain's No. 1 fanzine. It has a certain vitality which others of its type lack. Ploy always has surprises and variety of course means surprises.

ORION from Paul Enever, 97, Pole Hill Road, Hillingdon, Middlesex. No price listed on No. 20 but if you send 1/- I should think it will be OK.

Another of my favourites, illustrated throughout by Atom. Not such a good Berry story as usual - well-written but not so well plotted. Fanlights dripped egoboo for Burroughsiana - altho' Orion and D'siana seem both to be dropping into the very abyss of irregularity (as the preacher said) ((or was it the doctor)) (((Anyway it was someone))). An interesting letter column was followed by a very good book review by Sandy Sandfield - Sandy can write a good book review and unlike most it kept me interested.

Other fanzines received with thanks: FLAFAN, FFM, SEXY VENUS, METRO-FAN, VOID, HYPHEN, RETRIBUTION, PERIHELION, BLUE MOON, NuFu, another Swedish fmz which I can't remember, OFF-TRAILS, SCIENCE-FANTASY NEWS, BIPED, MOTLEY, CARAVAN (not s-f from Lee Shaw, N.Y.) etc. etc. For all those unmentioned upon please accept the excuse that with three amateur, one pro and several other things to keep going it is difficult

FILM REVIEW

TARZAN

AND

THE LOST SAFARI

MIKE MOORCOCK

It is usual these days when describing a film which has a West End showing to use a number of adjectives which have become especially reserved for describing such films.

TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI is Hilarious.

I didn't laugh so much since - well, since TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE.

Where can I start ?

With all those so-convenient vines dotted about just where needed and resembling just what they were - good strong ropes ? Nowhere else could these be found - only by a river or up a cliff or from a tree from which Tarzan has to swing.

With the rubber crocodile ? Which looked more like an alligator - probably brought cheap from the people who made Huckleberry Finn.

With Tarzan's now familiar vocabulary ?


With his explanation of his birth in the jungle - "I was raised by Kerchack" ?

With the mangy lion supposed, I gather, to represent the 'magnificent black-maned lion Jad-bal-ja' ?

Or with the plot ?

Hah! Plot the studio laughingly calls it. Never have I seen a film (even another TARZAN epic) which underestimates the public's intelligence so much

Oh for the skill of S.J. Perelman - it overwhelmed me - but I'll try my best.



RETURN
TO PROPS

The only worthwhile reasons for spending your 3/- or what ever it is now - is for some decent shots of animals and African landscapes - obviously library sequences.

Back to the 'plot'.

About an hour away from a release from the boredom of this 81 minute film, Robert Beatty shows up.

How he has got into the country riddled with bloodthirsty woad-bedecked extras who are called by the script-writers 'Oparians' we're not told.

The Oparians have several bad habits but show surprisingly good taste in their intention to sacrifice all the cast apart from Orlando Martins and Bob Beatty.

Any white man or woman entering Opar territory is sacrificed out of hand. 'Tusker' Hawkins (Mr. Beatty's alias for the purpose of this film) however, not only is tolerated by them but by adroit use of hypnotism (my only explanation) bosses them around for most of the picture.

His taste obviously being marred by his sojourn in the wilds, Mr. Beatty casts his rugged and drooling countenance in the direction of Betta St. John who plays (it's all money, I suppose) Diana Penrod.

Half way through the picture, Hawkins corners her and gives forth with approximately this dialogue:

"Howsabout you and me hittin' it off together baby? I know where there's a thousand years stock of ivory. Leave these poor bums - whaja say?"

Betta, with a lack of Good Common Sense which would have made her Pioneer ancestors turn in their graves, says:

"No dice brother, go take a dive in a snake-pit." (Several of which are liberally dotted about the set for use in forthcoming movies).

She is not, obviously, just playing hard to get and stalks off leaving 'Tusker' musically grinding his teeth.

Naturally, Diana makes no mention of this to the other members of the party and they continue to put their trust in him to get them out of these particular woods.

Yolande Donlan as Gamage Dean is meanwhile making one wonder how she ever got married to four husbands if she can make passes at nothing better than our current Tarzan.

Eventually they arrive at a certain gorge which they find is blocked. Tarzan, his brain obviously doing overtime (I suspect the gave up trying to teach him his lines at this stage) reasons that Mr. Hawkins is not a Good Man. He overpowers him and trusts Dick Penrod (Peter Arne) and Carl Kraski (George Coulouris) to

guard him while he scrambles up a convenient rope to find another way out.

While he is away and we are being treated to some rather nice bits of African scenery, the party is at last waylaid by the Oparians who have been busily lurking in nearby bush for most of the picture.

There is a way through the rocks, a hidden passage.

Of course.

After being yoked together, the members of the lost safari (how they got lost is not explained) wind up in the Oparian village where we are treated to a brief sacrificial dance.

Tarzan in the meantime has not, as we all hoped, decided that the party could fend for itself and gone home, but overpowered several native guards, disposed of them by chucking them in the convenient gorge, captured a drum and, as soon as he has set fire to the village with a light (sic) beats out a message that Hawkins is the culprit. He, by the way, conveniently

forgot all he'd learned about drum messages while in the early part of the picture the Oparians were telling their buddies that Hawkins was leading the whites into a trap. The natives (why they didn't do it to start with beats me) turn on Hawkins as well as rushing to save their village - leaving the captives unguarded. They're subsequently rescued by Tarz.

There is a bridge across a gorge and Tarzan gets the party across before it burns down (the whole set having been soaked in kerosene). Robert Beatty runs after him and just as they almost make it, the bridge crashed down leaving the two clinging to it but unable to climb it. The natives on the other side are just about to hurl their spears when they decide to throw one at Beatty who gurgles happily and falls into the gorge with a sigh of relief.

Now that Beatty is disposed of, the natives allow Dick Penrod to rescue Tarzan and hurl their spears as soon as he is safely behind the rocks - betraying, I suppose, a previously unsuspected humanitarian impulse - either that or they were blinded by the kerosene fumes.

And so the party moves off into the rising sun (an original twist?) leaving Tarzan to wave his last goodbye....

THE END.

(Yes.....).





THE



TRADING POST

WANTED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

All books by A. Merritt excluding THE MOON POOL THE FACE IN THE ABYSS & THE METAL MONSTER.

Apply Witty Whitmarsh, 60, Rickman Hill, Coulsdon, SURREY.

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BOOKS ON GAELIC and FASCISM for research purposes only (I'm not a fascist) apply: Alistair Graham, 18, Perrymead St., Fulham, S.W.6.

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Inexpensive books by L. S. De Camp and also copies of the Nyberg-De Camp 'Conan' tales. Also urgently wanted books on Mythology and Folklore, Folkmusic etc. Especially interested in Renyard the Fox legends, Teutonic Romance and Mythology. Celtic Romance and mythology. Irish songs of resurrection. Apply Mike Moorcock, 36, Semly Road, Herbury, London, S.W.16. (Pollards 8161).

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WANTED All copies of B'ania. 1-12 and 16 and 17. Willing to pay 6d. a piece for good copies. Have many Science-Fiction books FOR SALE, Bradbury, Heinlein, Verne etc. and also a few Avon Fantasy Readers. Will take B'antias and other ERB fanzines apt from ERBania in part exchange. Apply Pete Mansfield, 14, Whiteford Road, Slough, Bucks.

If you are interested in folkmusic RAMBLER from the same address as this magazine prints articles of all kinds about folkmusic and the current folkmusic scene in England. Contents of No. 14 (now out of print) included articles about Spanish music, the negro badman Stackolee, Jazz, Dominich Behan, the Irish folksinger and other features. No. 15 for May 1958 will cost 3d (5d. by post) and subscriptions are 3/- for 12 issues or 5/- for 12 by post.

Broadsheets (EASTER REBELLION 'FOGGY DEW', QUAIL HUNTER'S BLUES, JESE JAMES, THE TORRINGTON VICOTYR etc.) are available at 1d. each from this address.

Once a month, a book of six songs written or sung by well-known folksingers is issued, this is price 3d and prints only the text. The first - WE'RE TALKING TO YOU, a book of talking blues, is now out of print and we expect the next one to go as fast as the first. Sub rates are same as RAMBLER and this book is more or less a supplement to RAMBLER.

AVILION - soon out we hope - will cater for the mythology fan. Articles will be on a variety of subjects for the first issue. Price 1/- - orders but not money accepted - pay on receipt.

BROOD IS COMING! Details later.

Advertising in any MJMzine is free. To private advertisers that is.

For convenience of French readers

Tarzan et l'homme lyonnois. le bon mercer.*

THE GREAT LION MAN SWINDLE!

by Archie Mercer.

One of the criticisms most often levelled against Edgar Rice Burroughs is that his plots are predictable. This, of course, is not necessarily a weakness - it all depends on what sort of story one's dealing with. Some types of story would make the interest hinge on whether; ERB stories usually hinge simply on how?

Anyway, to my mind, the most disappointing Tarzan story I've ever read, if not the most disappointing of all ERB's stories, is one in which he - apparently deliberately - runs of course, abandons his plot in midstream and fails to substitute an acceptable alternative - fails, one might almost say, to plot the climax of the book at all.

The book in question being TARZAN AND THE LION MAN.

The story opens with a short chapter taking place in a Hollywood studio office, that is pretty near satire with its type-cast magnate, yes-men etc, but is strictly relevant to the (genuine) plot. The project is to shoot a jungle picture to end all jungle pictures, right in the heart of the least civilised part of Africa that can be found. And the opening chapter-scene effectively launches it on its way.

The director of the film, who is also the boss of the expedition, is a toughish character named Tom Orman, who has already had jungle experience. There are several other featured male characters tagging along, of whom the only two essential to the plot are Bill West, a personable though shy photographer, and Stanley Obroski, a magnificent hunk of beefcake who is in actual fact a first-class coward, and who is the Lion Man of the title.

There are two women along with the expedition: the star and her understudy. The star, Naomi Madison, is a spoilt darling;

* TARZAN AND THE LION MAN by the good Mercer. Translation for convenience of English readers.

Rhonda Terry, the understudy, on the other hand, is presented to us in contrasting light as very much of a Good Thing, and an asset to the expedition - and is, of course, the story's main heroine.

So we have the expedition, weighed down with sound trucks and allsorts, ploughing into the heart of virgin Africa with an escort of Negroes and Arabs. The negroes comprise armed askaris and heavy-duty labourers. The Arabs are all mounted, and seem to have been taken along purely for the sake of the - original as always - plot; they seem to have no function as regards the expedition whatsoever.

Their purpose, plotwise, is soon to become apparent though. Preliminary shooting of the film takes place all along the trail, and the film-plot involves an old map purporting to show the way to a certain Valley of Diamonds. The map is an actual genuine specimen, found in a Los Angeles junk-shop, which the script man hung his story around, and the actors stage scenes in which they try to steal it from each other. The Arabs, however, don't quite understand what's going on - only one of them speaks English and not very well - and think it's genuine. So they take the opportunity to abscond, taking with them the map AND the girls - the latter both as qualified map-readers and as potential trade-goods.

That, however, is a comparatively minor mishap: things are going rapidly haywire all along. An untamed cannibal tribe through whose territory the expedition is passing takes a dislike to them and attacks them sporadically as they go. During one of these ambushes, Stanley Obroski the Lion Man runs off and hides, and gets left behind in consequence. Orman has started drinking too much and drives the negro labourers with a lash - which they don't appreciate, and eventually desert in a body.

There is also a tribe of gorilla-men, ruled by a mad biologist known as "God", who live in the Valley of Diamonds - yes, you guessed it, the map just happened to be of the same locality - which joins in the fun. And - did I hear anybody mention Tarzan? Yes, he's around - after all, it IS his book - keeping a benevolently disinterested eye on things. Jad-Bal-Ja, his Golden Lion, is with him - the latter is in fact introduced to the Lion Man, who is of course terrified of the beast but even more terrified to run away from his rescuer (Tarzan, who else?)

So we have the following parties, all chasing each other round the jungle: the expedition main body, the 'Lion Man', the two women, the Arabs, the hired negroes, the cannibal tribe, the gorilla-men (in at least two rival factions), Tarzan and Jad-Bal-Ja. And for several chapters they variously contrive to capture each other, rescue each other, wipe each other out, and generally perform a sort of unmusical chairs. Eventually the situation sorts itself out with the absconded Arabs and negroes all virtually annihilated, the remains of the expedition reunited except for Rhonda Bill West, and the 'Lion Man' (who's got lost again), Rhonda in the hands of the Gorilla-men, Tarzan off to the rescue, and Bill - who loves Rhonda, in spite of certain misunderstandings that have arisen between them - swearing to follow.

There - we have it. All the ingredients of a typical ERB-type tale. All is now set for the thrilling climax, which must surely follow as night follows day. Rhonda in durance vile threatened with a fate even worse than THAT, Bill will obviously come to her aid in the nick of time and they'll escape together. The 'Lion Man' meanwhile will be placed in such a position that he has to perform some deed of superlative daring in spite of himself, or seem to - probably connected with Jad-Bal-Ja, to whom if you remember he has been introduced. J-B-J appears in camp, Stanley walks up to him and tells him to scat, J-B-J scats as per schedule, something like that - so that Naomi Madison (who has already redeemed herself during the expedition's Dark Days) can fall happily into the arms of a Man. There is one final glorious free-for-all during which Tarzan covers the retreat of everybody else, and then they all live happily ever after. Simple, and eminently satisfying.



I know that. You know that. ERB knows that. But he's feeling in one of his antisocial moods that afternoon. Aaaaaah, he mutters, to hell with it all. To hell with the readers too. Let's do something DIFFERENT today.

So the story turns sharp left - or possibly right - and continues in an entirely different direction.

Bill West, having spent all night trying to climb an escarpment, retires defeated and rejoins the expedition, taking no further significant part in the action. Tarzan indeed penetrated to the gorilla-men's city, helped by their domestic strife, and rescues Rhonda in as thrilling a sequence as one could wish for, returning her ultimately to the expedition unharmed. Not however, before she's been abducted by yet another surprise party to the action, a renegade mob of sub-standard gorilla-men from the other side of the valley - having, I should say, no connection with the civil war among the gorilla-men proper. These renegades include a beautiful and intelligent human-type girl, whom Tarzan captures - whereupon she says that by the laws of her tribe she is his and changes her allegiance accordingly, thus facilitating the repatriation of Rhonda. This wild girl also comes along with the expedition being provisionally paired off against the Irish assistant-director, name of Pat O'Grady. The Jad-Bal-Ja angle is abandoned altogether, so is Stanley Obroski - except that Tarzan's feats are put down to him after he has supposedly gone mad, the two being somewhat alike. He eventually dies in the jungle.

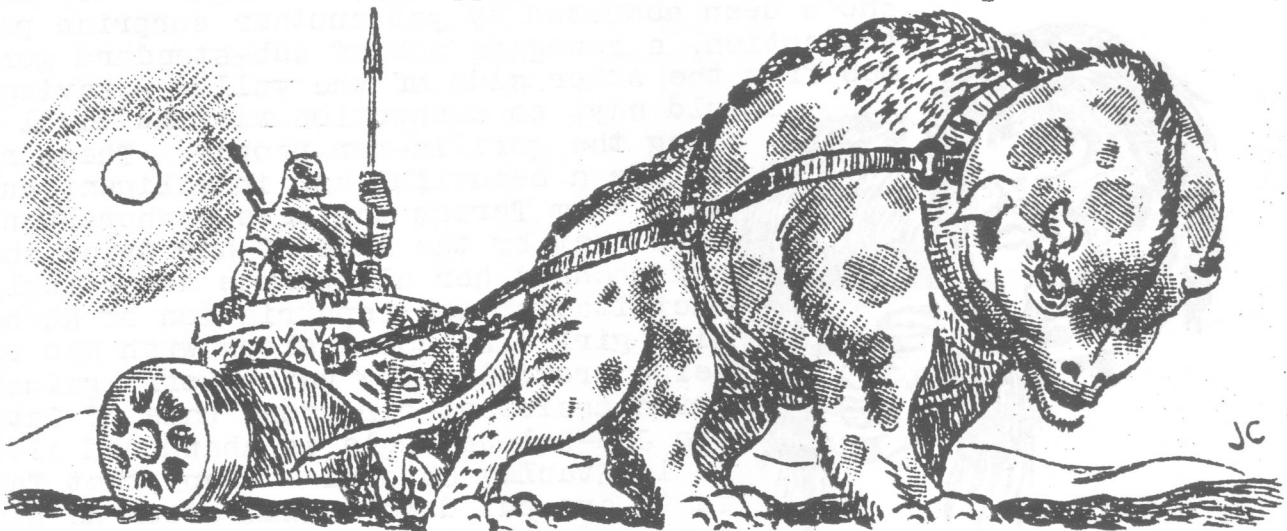


And Rhonda eventually married Orman. He has, admittedly, redeemed himself to a certain extent, having sworn off drink and broken the remaining bottles once it was finally brought home to him where he was leading them, and thereafter having laboured mightily to pull things together again. Nevertheless, he has a hell of a lot on his conscience, and he's certainly no fit husband for such a girl. Still and all, Hollywood being Hollywood, it may not last - there is that.

And thus, by means of a combination of sleight-of hand, anti-climax and positive misdirection of the reader, Edgar Rice Burroughs has brought the story to a conclusion - any resemblance between which and the conclusion it OUGHT to have had being purely coincidental. But there is still room for another chapter, so, still in his anti-social mood, he writes one - which is pure satire throughout. Tarzan pays a visit to Hollywood. He hears what has become of his acquaintances of the expedition - the wild girl incidentally has become an overnight success. Then he hears that one of the studios is casting for a new Tarzan film - he's living incognito - and an acquaintance persuades him to take an audition for the title role. He is turned down - not the type they're looking for at all - but accepts instead the part of a white hunter who has to be rescued from a "wild" lion by the picture's Tarzan - an ex-adagio-dancer. Something goes wrong, the lion charges out of turn, and Tarzan goes into his lion-killing routine by force of habit. He then gets fired on the spot, for killing the studio's best lion.

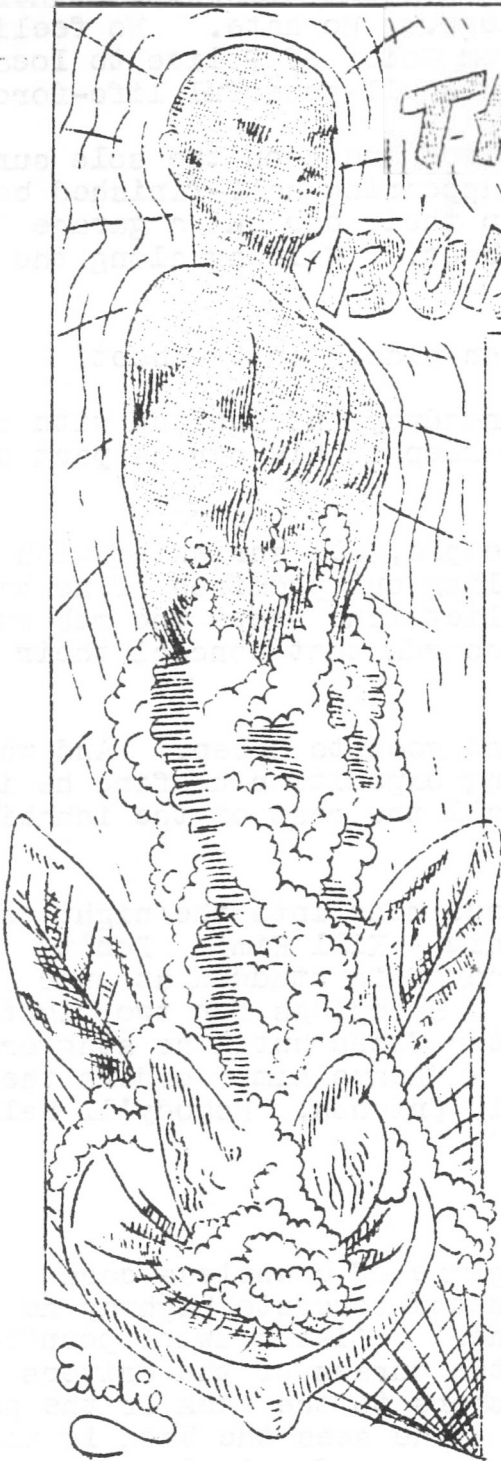
Taken by itself, the chapter is great fun. Taken as an epilogue to a Tarzan book, it's unusual, but definitely to be commended.

But coming as it does after the almighty fizzle-out of the story proper, it's almost completely wasted. The story annoyed me and I just can't appreciate that kind of thing when I'm annoyed.



That kind of thing would never be permitted to happen on Barseom!

- Archie Mercer.



THE INVASION OF THE BODY-SNATCHERS

A FILM REVIEW BY ALAN DODD

Jack Finney's horrifying little serial comes to the screen as a sweating feverish story laced with frustration and more than a touch of panic. It builds up slowly climake after climax, with a maddening slowness. With infinite patience as if explaining to an idiot child the film unfolds a story that to the average layman, unfamiliar with the basic plots of science-fiction, must have found uncanny in its concealed menace.

The action takes place in a small Californian town where a young doctor has returned from a medical convention to find the people of his town are claiming that the other half are imposters. There is nothing anyone can put their finger on. But people have changed. Outwardly they remain the same. But they seem to have - no emotion.

Unknown to the doctor and his girl friend some seeds from space have landed in a nearby farmer's field. These produce a pod. A pod the size of an elongated medicine-ball. One of these pods is placed in the basement of each house. It bursts at night. And like an embryo bursting from a womb with a glittering froth of bubbles a duplicate of the person above is conceived. An exact duplicate.

When the victim sleeps, so the duplicate takes over, absorbing the cells and the mind, leaving the person unchanged physically, save for his now non-existent humanity. There is no grief. No happiness. No love. No hate. No feeling. Nothing. And the whole town from Chief of Police to local psychiatrist is in the grip of this all-powerful life-force.

The doctor and his girl friend are soon the sole survivors of the pods and suddenly appearing half-finished bodies and they attempt to leave town in their car but a garage attendant is seen unlocking the boot. Halfway along the highway they stop.

A twin pair of pods has been placed in the boot!

These are hurled into the roadway and ignited with a flare that the doctor appears to keep in his car as part of his ordinary medical equipment.

Pursued by a mob of townspeople, all shrieking with the fury of a lynch-mob, but calling out promises of no harm, the couple take refuge in a derelict mine where the mob run back and forth over the rickety boards that conceal their hiding place.

But the girl is tired. And goes to sleep. And when the doctor returns from a scouting expedition he find he is kissing a THING. A THING like all the rest of the inhabitants of Santa Mira.

He staggers from the darkened mine into the night to the screams of the girl's "Kill him - Kill Him! Don't let him get AWAY!" The gaunt canyon is studded at once with a myriad of hunting shapes. Sleepless for two nights and exhausted completely the doctor flees until he staggers onto the main highway from town. "Leave him," orders the chief pursuer, formerly one of his friends, "Nobody'll believe him."

And nobody does.

Reeling drunkenly mid the glare of countless cars' headlights reflecting to and from the concrete highway he boundes between one car and another. Like a dwarf pounding on a window pane he is lost mid the curses of the drivers in too much hurry to stop. He clambers to the back of the passing lorry but recoils in horror as he sees the back is now loaded with the very pods he has come so far to leave.

At the hospital he is humoured as insane. But then a man is brought in who has been involved in an accident. He had to be dug out from a pile of the very pods the doctor had mentioned.....

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

The small-town atmosphere of this film, made mainly on location is remarkably well captured and the feverish excitement mounting in a series of climaxes is well brought out. Special effects are kept to a minimum and horror is produced out of the ordinary and out of the everyday. There is the constant feeling that you are watching alone, surrounded by idiots, and only YOU are capable of understanding the true reality of what is going on. A few may not have the patience to watch such a story unfold, but for those that do there is a wealth of terror in every tiny incident. Look carefully.

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FANZINE RECOMMENDATION

RETRIBUTION. No. 7. From John Berry and Arthur Thomson. 31, Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland. 32 pages + supplement four pages. 36 pages in all.

This issue, in my opinion, is the Best Yet - particularly liked Bob Shaw's A CHANCE OF A GHOST and Archie Mercer's TRAIL OF THE ROGUE HUNTER.

Why it should be the BRY I don't know, but it certainly is - the NON-SHAVER MYSTERY was milder Berry than usual but just as good as usual. An excellent issue all round.

BRE Pocket Book RECOMMENDATION

RETURN TO TOKYO NO. 1 by L. Ron Hubbard. Panther book 1957. Price from most newsagents - 2/-.

Whatever else you say about Hubbard - you must admit that he can tell a good story, a story which will keep you interested from start to finish.

In a way this book is reminiscent of Leigh Brackett's THE STARMEN. It has the same "spacemen-are-a-race-apart" them running through it, although for different reasons.

Alan Corday, the central character, is shanghaied aboard THE HOUND OF HEAVEN, skippered by a Nemo-like personage by the name of Captain Jocelyn.

Nemo's presence in the author's conscious or sub-conscious mind is very apparent but Jocelyn is a good character - the best, perhaps, in the book.

I can thoroughly recommend this book and I enjoyed it from start to finish. Well-worth getting with an ending I didn't expect.

Mike.

BURROUGHSANIA



PHAI DOR

JC