

ISCARIOT 13



REG
661

ISCARIOT 13

SEPTEMBER 1964

MANAGING EDITOR

Al Andrews
1659 lakewood Drive
Birmingham 16, ala.

PUBLISHER

Richard Ambrose
P. O. Box 44253
University of Alabama
University, Ala.

Iscariot is published quarterly for distribution through
THE SOUTHERN FANDOM PRESS ALLIANCE.

Iscariot is published by said coeditors. All material should
be submitted to the managing editor and an acknowledgement of
all submitted material will be promptly sent to all cont-
ributors. Iscariot may be had for Letters of Comment, written
material, artwork, or if need be, the sum of 20¢.

ART CREDITS - - - - -

Al - art in Slaughter Row.
Larry Montgomery - 33.
Robert Gilbert - Cover, 3, 6, 14, 15, 35.
Dick Ambrose - 18, 21.

CONTENTS - - - - -

Confessions of an Ex-Con	Al Andrews	2
The Horror Scope	Hank Luttrell	6
Shortest SF Murder Mystery	Wayne Underwood	11
A Change Of Pattern	Bill Plott	12
Once Upon A Saga	Dale Walker	16
Slaughter Row	Al Andrews	24
The Mumbling Masses	Readers and Al	33

CONFESSIONS

OF AN

EX-CON

al andrews

It was six in the A.M. when Gung'ho (nee Larry) Montgomery and Lord of the Maroon Stencil, Dick Ambrose, gunned Larry's black, squat Volkswagon into my driveway. A few moments later after entering my pad, Larry announced:

"It's August."

"The 22nd thereof," said Dick.

I considered arguing the point and demanding all sorts of evidence, references and authorities --- and I'll argue just about any point at an unghrully hour like six in the A.M. --- but being the loveable chap that I am, I let it pass. Mainly, because it was the 22nd thereof.

Then, of course, Larry and Dick sang in a breathy chorus the final stanza of the date: "In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty-four." Admittedly, it was a great opening for a theological debate, but being the lovable chap that I am, I once again let it pass.

Yes, it was Saturday, August 22nd, 1964; the day Larry & Dick had driven up to Birmingham to transport me to Anniston, Ala. to attend the Deep South Con II. And so, with mad haste and burning determination, we ensounded our personages --- and my huge briefcase jammed-crammed packed with fanzines --- into Larry's long, red Volkswagon and gunned off in a mighty roar. (I never knew that a Volkswagon would do 95 mph, but I know it now ... believe me, I KNOW IT NOW!)

We landed on the outskirts of Anniston a few minutes later and proceeded with swift dispatch to the woodland summer-home (well, really it's a condemned rabbit-hutch of Dick Ambrose to pick up those Absolute-Must items that really make a fan-con a fan-con, i.e. a light-box, stencils, shading plates, styluses, Egyptian dancing girls and old Mugh wine. However, Dick's dear-old dad was using some of these items, so we proceeded to the motel with the light-box, stencils, shading plates and styluses.

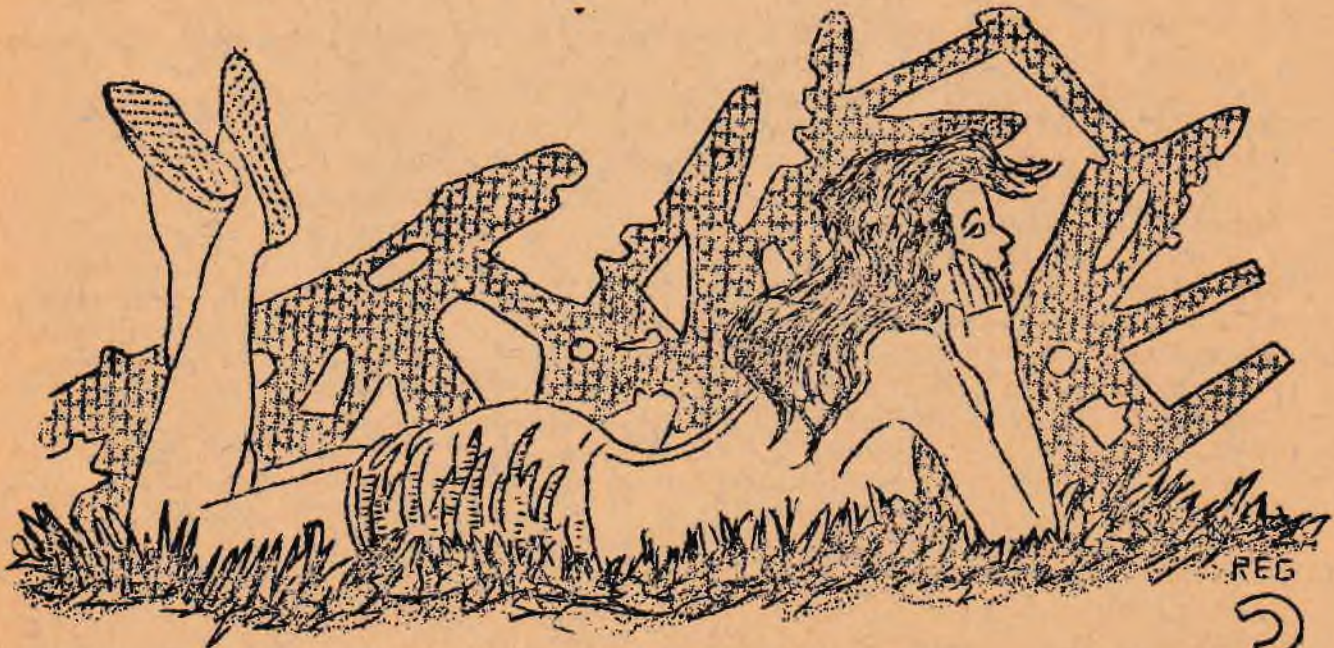
Upon arriving at the motel in Larry's moderate-length, purple Volkswagon we found Rabid Rick Norwood and Shorty-Bill Gibson immersed in the most fannish of fannish pursuits ... in short, the clods were asleep. We tactfully set their beds afire and they decided to arise. Dick went out and brought back breakfast for one and all and we set to eating our crittled greebs with fannish gusto. (Funny, but I never before noticed how much

crottled greebs taste like bacon. They even look like bacon, but then who believes in crottled bacon-greebs.) From that moment on I could give you a point-for-point, event-by-event chronology of what took place at the DEEP SOUTH CON II, but you wouldn't believe me. And you would be most astute in not believing me, because I would be lying most of the time. It is far beyond the powers of mere mortal fan to set in accurate order the mad, wonderful fannish melee that consumed Saturday and Saturday night at the DEEP SOUTH CON II. Rather, memory offers to my mind only a fine fannish haze through which can be seen in retrospect the faces of some tru-fans who are darn nice guys to have fun with, Yet, I must admit that some are a little "odd".

Now, take Rabid Rick Norwood for example. Rick is a down-to-earth, rational, common-sense fellow, who believes that Tarzan is real and Edgar Rice Burroughs was merely his writer-agent. He also says there is a Gridley wave and there is a telegraph cable from Pellucidar to the outer-Earth. He exhibited a short length of cable and then screamed, "This proves it! This proves it, you unbelievers you!" Then I believe it was Dick Ambrose who said, "Well, you can't beat herd, cold, scientific facts like that."

But the DEEP SOUTH CON II was a sf-fans' con and Larry Montgomery, the ~~1967~~ fan who put the DSC II on is a very sf-orientated fan. And I am sure Larry feels no ill will towards us, his fellow sf-fans, for refusing to sign his petition for the organizing of a SOUTHERN BLACK MUSLIM AMATURE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Personal aside: Larry, we also still feel that it would be somewhat unwise to nominate George Lincoln Rockwell for TAFF to the next London-Con.



3

Now, not that all the foregoing is not gospel-truth you understand, but there is a little incident that actually did happen that really broke me up, and I would like to recount it to you here ... and hopefully it will come across on paper as amusingly as it did in the flesh at the con.

A little after mid afternoon on Saturday, while Larry was away from the motel for some reason or other, there came a knock at the door of our motel con-room. Upon opening the door we beheld a fine fan who said, "Hello, I'm Lee Jacobs." Now, any fan who has been in fandom for several years knows of Lee, although they may never have met him personally, so for the neo-fan I'll just say FAPA, SAPS, LASP and let it go at that. At any rate, Lee had been living in California, but he had very recently been transferred by Lockheed Aircraft Corp. to Marietta, Georgia, which had put him in driving distance of the DEEP SOUTH CON II in Anniston So, he had driven over and dropped in on us, much to our surprise and delight.

After Lee had been there for a little while, Larry returned and naturally, an introduction was in order. So: "Larry meet Lee Jacobs." Hands were shaken. But by something in Larry's manner you could tell that he just couldn't place the name "Lee Jacobs" ... twenty-three hours without sleep does tend to make one's power of re-call a bit fuzzy. Unable to place the name, Larry tried the query:

"Did you drive over?"

"Oh, Yes," assured Lee.

"Where are you from?"

"California," replied Lee with complete nonchalance.

The thought that someone had driven over 2000 miles just to attend his small, hastily announced fanclave completely croggled Larry. In strangled awe, Larry croaked:

"California!"

To which Lee added the beautifully croggling coup de grace:

"Well, sure. After all, It is a con."

But, now, back to Uncle Al's "Fiction & Fact Almanac".

Sub-title: "Minutes of the DEEP SOUTH CON II". Lower--than-sub title: "But where was I shen that happendd, Al!"

Bill Gibson yelled, "Project!" and we agreed with his marvelous, sense-o-wonder proposal to build a tower to the moon ... using empty Coke cans, the contents wh which we consumed in considerable number. The project Coke-Cans-to-the-Moon tower met with one successful failure after another. Project was abandoned. We did succeed in building a pyramid of Coke cans on a table top. This pyramid of cans was knocked over at least four times, producing the most Roscoe-awful sound you ever heard. Relax, Les Paul, I don't think we've found the sound.

Rick Norwook kept trying to hawk ARGOSY, GOLDEN BOOK and ADVENTURE mags, so e back to 1922 in good condition. Rick and Larry traded loads of sf & horror comics to each other. I traded Gibson some WEIRD TALES for an original framed illo by Leo Summers. And trades and deals were in the air back and forth day and night, but I can't remember all of them.

We held an informal "business meeting" of the SPPA, from which emerged a couple of proposed things which you will hear

about in the not too distant future. We also difinitely decided not to institute impeachment proceedings against Lordly OE Joe Staton. Then we decided that we couldn't decide why anyone had decided not to decide to impeach the OE. But it's profoundly important and vital decisions like that that keep the SFFPA running smoothly! ... I think. Also, we voted not to take over FAPA, SA^{PS}, N'APA, NAPA and APA 45; so apa-fandon, rest easy. We also overwhelmingly voted not to raise the minumum activity requirement of the SFFPA to 100 pages of original work by each member for each mailing. But we did vote to stomp the guy who made the proposal.

And we produced a one-shot called CONglomeration (which SFFPAers will receive free). This zine production was a wild and merry thing. Stuff written off the top of the head; Gibson drawing Norwood, Montgomery and Ambrose taking turns at a hot typer reaming out a wild yarn; stencils being cut; and all the while a full-scale fanfab on a multitude of fannish topics was in progress. Once you have experienced a fan-con (large or small) you learn an elemental truth. The main element that keeps fandom an alive organism is fanfab, whether in print or in person. It is fandon's life-blood.

Friends, it was a wild gig, a swinging affair, a bang-up time; in short, IT WAS A CON.

P.S. --- I don't want to blow the horn too early, but Larry, Dick and I will be getting together for some planning-conferences in the next few months to plan for a DEEP SOUTH CON III for 1965. This DSC II was a hastily announced thing, but DSC III will be announced months ahead of con time, so all of you can take plans to attend if possible. The time, place, etc is yet to be decided upon, but we will keep info. in our SFFPA-zines. So, start thinking about attending the DEEP SOUTH CON III in 1965.

!+!
+!



The Horror Scope

hank luttrell

Not too long ago a magazine appeared on some news stands across the country dated August 1963. It was digest-size and 130 pages. Its title was the MAGAZINE OF HORROR AND STRANGE STORIES, and was edited by Robert A.W. Lowndes, who at other times, under different publishers, edited FUTURE, SF QUARTERLY, ORIGINAL SF STORIES AND the short-lived DYNAMIC SCIENCE FICTION.

The first mention I saw of this magazine was in Buck Coulson's YANDRO. Interested, I looked around a bit, but it soon became saddeningly apparent that the news stands in my home town (St. Louis, Missouri) were not among those chosen to be graced by this new entry in the fantasy field. Undaunted, however I set out to find the publisher's address. I was soon to find this to be Health Knowledge Inc., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. Health Knowledge, Inc. is a rather despiriting name for a publisher of a horror magazine, but with courage only slightly tainted with misgivings, I wrote the publisher to inquire of the fee asked for thier journal of the strange and horrible. I was informed that I could save 50¢ by subscribing to 6 issues of their magazine, by paying only \$2.50, rather than the \$3.00 the issues would cost on the newsstands (as if I could buy them on the newstands).

Well, being an avid fan of Health Knowledge, I rolled up my mattress, extracted the necessary tokens of exchange, and entrusted it to the US mails.

In return, I recieved copies of #1, 2, and 3. Later came #4 and most recently, #5.

By in large, I rather like the material with which merry ole HK has thus far filled by mail box. This being the case, let's take a look at them, issue by issue.

August, 1963, Vol. 1, # 1

This issue contains mostly reprint material, from such sources as WEIRD TALES of 1927, the books, THE KING IN YELLOW, by Robert W. Chambers, CAN SUCH THINGS BE? by Ambrose Bierce, and others, Here, too, were Frank Belknap Long, H. G. Wells, and Mark Twain with reprints. Wallace West was there with a story which editor Lowndes says was rejected from WEIRD TALES because it was too horrible.* Well, be that as it may, the story wasn't too bad. In among the reprints were new stories by Robert Silverberg, Don Wollheim, and Edward Hock.

All of these stories were "new" to me, so my evaluation of Vol.1, #1 is based on the effect each story had on me for the first time, rather than a "reflective" reading of a number of familiar reprints. In any case, there is a high enough percentage of good material to warrant buying the magazine. Most of the stories were very readable, and many good. The Frank Belknap Long story was to me quite a surprise, for before this, I had never read a story by this author that I liked.

November, 1963, Vol. 1, #2

This issue leads off with another Frank Belknap Long reprint, which, wonders of wonders, I liked even more than his story in #1. This issue also contained a "non-fiction" feature concerning "Hungary's Female Vampire." Many readers protested to this, and Mr. Lowndes has suggested that in the future, He might publish non-fiction studies of horror and strange stories, and leave the studies of strange happenings, and such to other magazines.

Among the reprints are THE RED ROOM by H. G. Wells, A TOUGH TUSSELE by Ambrose Bierce, CLARISSA by Robert A. W. Lowndes, add THE STRANGE RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES by Rudyard Kipling. Don Wollheim, Edward Hock and possible others have new stories.

* Ed. Note: I think in more precise terms than "Horrible" West's story contains an element that Farnsworth Wright may have felt was a morbid indecency. HL: Okay, but Mr. Lowndes said, "Horrible".

February, 1964, Vol.1, #3

The lead story this time was "THE SEEDS OF DEATH" by David H. Keller. This story, out of all those thus far published and discussed, is my favorite. Perhaps many of you have read Dr. Keller's THE GUEST OF THE COUNTESS in the fanzine, STRANGER THAN FACT #2. The first part of the fanzine story seems to be an early form of the first several pages of the Prozine story. However, the ending is completely different.

The other reprints present were by H.G. Wells, S. Baring-Gould, Ambrose Bierce, Mary Wilking-Freeman, and Robert W. Chambers (the later being more from THE KING IN YELLOW) There were new stories by Robert J. Burks, and others.

May, 1964, Vol. 1, #4

In #4, again, most of the stories are reprints, Of the new stories, I thought one was extremely nice. This was BEYOND THE BREAKERS by Anna Hunger. Another new story was by Attila Hatuany (a new Hungarian author, says Mr. Lowndes.) One story seems to be reprinted from a fan publication; LAST ACT: OCTOBER by "Tigrina" Can anyone supply a history to this story and author? Mr. Lowndes didn't.

There was one story in this issue with which I am familiar. This was WHAT WAS IT? by Fritz-James O'Brien, which has appeared in Damon Knight's A CENTURY OF SCIENCE FICTION. Other stories included A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT by Richard Marsh (from THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN, a British book published in 1900 by Methuen & Co.), THE TRUTH ABOUT PYECRAFT by H.G. Wells, THE MARK OF THE BEAST by Rudyard Kipling, and THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH HOUSE by H. P. Lovecraft.

In addition to the fiction, Lowndes includes in every issue, an editorial, and a column called "It is Written," This latter being a letter column of sorts. "A letter column of sorts" because Lowndes limits this feature to only a few pages, and merely lifts quotes from the letters of several readers. He writes most of it himself, in answer to the questions and statements made by letter hacks. He also runs a Reader Preference, and wishes readers to write in suggestions for reprints.

In summary, I would like to say that I think Lowndes is a fine editor, and while his magazine isn't at present what I would like it to be, I think it shows great promise. Perhaps the main reason THE MAGAZINE OF HORROR isn't what it might be is that it may be palgued with a microscopic editorial budget. The most effective answer to a microscopic budget is good sales and I think THE MAGAZINE OF HORROR deserves the support of fandom.

This magazine represents a long hoped for resurgence of horror-fiction and is almost the only publication in the US that is solely devoted to this type of fiction. (Yes, I know of the thing called TALES OF HORROR FROM THE BEYOND, published by Charlton Publications, but maybe if we ignore it, it will go away. Maybe that isn't fair-- I haven't read it -- but I don't see how Charlton could publish anything of merit.) With the demise of Weird Tales, the citadel of horror and supernatural fiction fell. Perhaps the MAGAZINE OF HORROR and some way take it's place.

Complete contents of The Magazine of Horror

#1

INTRODUCTION	RAWL
THE MAN WITH A THOUSAND LEGS	Frank Belknap Long
A THING OF BEAUTY	Wallace West
THE YELLOW SIGN	Robert W. Chambers
THE MAZE AND THE MONSTER	Edward W. Hoch
THE DEATH OF HALPIN FRAYSER	Ambrose Bierce
BABYLON:70	Donald A. Wollheim
THE INEXPERIENCED GHOST	H. G. Wells
THE UNBELIEVER	Robert Silverberg
FIDEL BASSIN	W. J. Stampoer
THE LAST DAWN	Frank Lillie Pollock
THE UNDYING HEAD	Mark Twain

#2

INTRODUCTION	RAWL
THE SPACE-EATERS	Frank Belknap Long
THE FACELESS THING	Edward D. Hock
THE RED ROOM	H. G. Wells
HUNGARY'S FEMALE VAMPIRE	Dean Lipton
A TOUGH TUSSLE	Ambrose Bierce
DOORSLAMMER	Donald A. Wollheim
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR	George Wright
THE OTHER ONE	Jerryl L. Keane
THE CHARMER	Archie Binns
CLARISSA	Robert A. W. Lowndes
THE STRANGE RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES	Rudyard Kipling

#3

INTRODUCTION	RAWL
THE SEEDS OF DEATH	Dav'd H. Keller
THE SEEKING THING	Janet Hirsh
A VISION OF JUDGEMENT	H. F. Wells
THE PLACE OF THE EXTIONS	Arthur J. Burks
JEAN BOUCHON	S. Baring-Gould
THE DOOR	Rachel Cosgrove Payes
ONE SUMMER NIGHT	Ambrose Bierce
LUELLA MILLER	Mary Wilkins-Freeman
THEY THAT WAIT	H. S. Chibbett

THE REPAIRER OF REPUTATIONS
IT IS WRITTEN

Robert W. Chambers
Readers letters and
editors comments

#4

INTRODUCTION
BEYOND THE BREAKERS
WHAT WAS IT?
LAST ACT: OCTOBER
A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT
A DREAM OF FALLING
THE TRUTH ABOUT PYECRAFT
THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH-HOUSE
THE MARK OF THE BEAST
IT IS WRITTEN

RAWL
Anna Hunger
Fitz-James O'Brien
Tigrina
Richard March
Attila Hatvany
H. G. Wells
H. P. Lovecraft
Rudyard Kipling
Readers letters and
editors comments

#5

INTRODUCTION
CASSIUS
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
FIVE-YEAR CONTRACT
THE HOUST OF THE WORK
THE BEAUTIFUL SUIT
A STRANGER CAME TO REAP
THE MORNING THE BIRDS FORGOT TO SING
BONES
THE GHOSTLY RENTAL
IT IS WRITTEN

RAWL
Henry S. Whitehead
H. L. Miller
J. Vernon Shea
Merl Prout
H. G. Wells
Stephen Dentinger
Walt Liebscher
Don Wollheim
Henry James
Readers letters and
editors comments

According to Science Fiction Times, This is the contents for #6

INTRODUCTION
CAVERNS OF HORROR
PRODIGY
THE MASK
THE LIVE-AFTER-DEATH OF MR. THADDEUS WARDE
THE FEMININE FRACTION
DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT
THE PACER
LOVECRAFT AND 'THE PACER'
THE MOTH
THE DOOR TO SATURN
IT IS WRITTEN

RAWL
Laurence Manning
Walt Liebscher
Robert W. Chambers
Robert Borbour Johnson
David Grinnell
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Excerpt from Derleth art.
H. G. Wells
Clark Ashton Smith
Readers letters and
editors comments

SHORTEST SCIENCE FICTION MURDER MYSTERY EVER TOLD.

Grandad, a millionaire,
Was shot while in the den.
The clues: a gun, a strand of hair.
Send for the I. B. M.

Wayne Underwood

A CHANGE OF PATTERN

Bill Plott

EPOLOGUE

adventure. 1. that which happens without design... 2. Risk or jeopardy: danger; peril. Obs. 3... a bold undertaking, in which hazards are to be met and the issue hangs upon unforeseen events; a daring feat.

-- Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language, 2nd Edition Unabridged.

When buying a paperback book, I seldom take the publisher's jacket blurbs too seriously. These producers of economic literature for the masses have a tendency to frequently overrate their material.

Consequently when the front page blurbs of the Ace edition of ERB's THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT rather solemnly declared that the book was "Unique, even for Edgar Rice Burroughs", I didn't give it more than a cursory thought.

However this book is different and unique although the story pattern is basically the same as other Burroughs books: win the girl -- lose the girl - regain the girl and live happily ever after. The method of story telling is quite familiar also: a strange manuscript is discovered and presented by the narrator. And the lost world is typical of ERB-type lost worlds: it is filled with pre-historic reptiles and primitive peoples.

The story concerns Bowen Tyler, son of a wealthy submarine producer, who is on a ship bound for Europe during the hectic U-boat days of World War I. When his ship is torpedoed and sunk, Tyler miraculously finds a life boat from the mother ship.

And miracle of miracles, this life boat was unscathed in the turmoil and destruction experienced in the sinking of his ship. Bowen sits in his life boat with his big dog, Nobs, surveying the strewn wreckage and corpses in the water about him. Suddenly, one of the corpses moves slightly indicating a spark of life remains. He pulls the "corpse" aboard and discovers a beautiful young girl miraculously spared by the Hand of Providence.

After a few days at sea, they are picked up by a Dutch freighter. They are scarcely settled down when there appears a German U-boat. Strangely enough it is the same U-boat that sunk the other ship they were on. An interesting point, however, is the fact that Bowen Tyler realizes that this U-boat was built at his father's shipyards and Bowen himself took her out on her trial runs! Yes! And this coincidental knowledge, as we shall see, of submarines proves to be of enormous importance later.

The Germans pull along side of the freighter and demand it's surrender. (Why they didn't sling a tin fish and sink it, we'll never know.) The Dutchmen, however, being men who hate to give up without a fight, engage in hand-to-hand combat with the Krauts and overwhelm them. In the melee the freighter is sunk.

So they all transfer to the submarine and guess who has to take command since the Germans can't be trusted -- uh-huh, our boy Bowen. And as it turns out, the German commander happens to be a chap by the name of Baron von Schoenverts. He was the betrothed of the beautiful girl, Lys La Rue.

The proposed marriage, however, was arranged by an aunt without the girl's consent and since the Baron has sunk two ships from under her in a matter of days, she doesn't exactly swoon over him at their first face-to-face meeting.

Occupying a captured German submarine has its problems. They can't get any English or neutral ships to come close to them even when they fly the Union Jack from their conning tower. So they drift helplessly trying to make contact with anyone except Germans. During this aimless drifting circumstances lead Bowen to suspect Lys La Rue of espionage efforts with Schoenverts.

Lys gets teed off by Bowen's suspicions and gives him the cold shoulder even after everything is straightened out and she is proven innocent of such dastardly crimes. Phase one of the Win-the-girl and lose-the-girl game has begun.

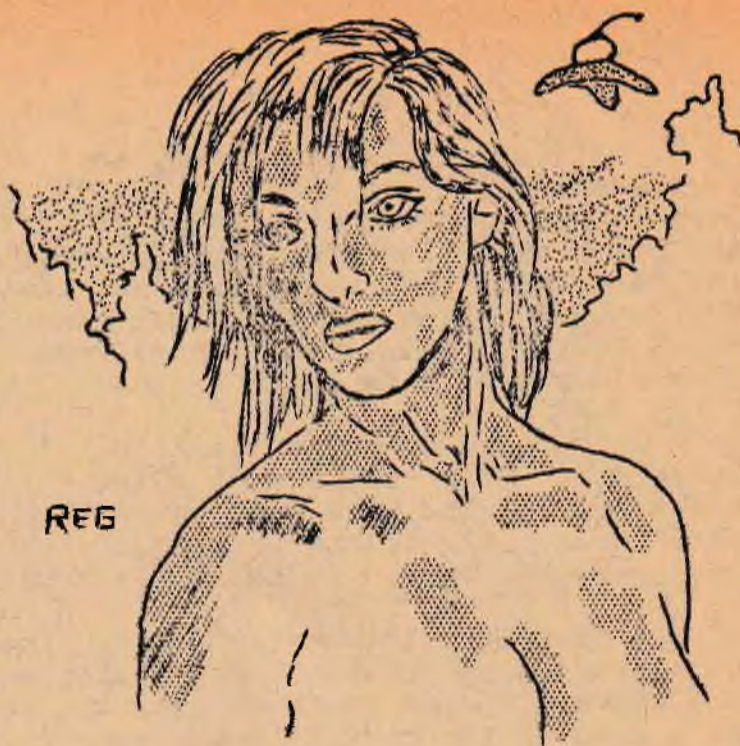
At any rate the sabotage efforts by a disgruntled crew member (who, of course, is later caught and severely punished before he expires from a nasty gunshot wound) has left the submarine without proper navigational instruments. When they seem to be heading north and northwesterly, they are in reality swinging due south.

At last, they come upon a deserted island surrounded by massive peaks. They are short of food and completely out of water (their stores were poisoned by the saboteur). They must find water in order to sustain life, but apparently there is no access to the interior of the island.

The discovery of an underground river flowing into the sea them no choice except to try to enter the interior by means of the submarine. They are successful, but they realize that they don't have enough fuel left to reach civilization, so they are stuck in

Caspak (the name that they later come to learn from the interior of the island).

With this frightened realization, the Germans and the Good Guys all decided to be good friends in fight side-by-side in this perilous struggle for survival. All goes well until crude oil is discovered and refined by the Germans who steal the submarine, shell the fort that all have mutually constructed, and chug off never to be seen again.



During this vicious treachery (ERB always manages to get that last stab at the Germans in his books) Bowen has finally convinced Lys of his passionate love for her -- so he goes through a series of kidnappings, each of which seems to be the end of True Love.

At the end he regains her. They are sitting on a peak, looking out at the Pacific Ocean. They finish the manuscript, put it in a bottle and fling it out to sea, doubting that civilized man will ever see their words. They alone of the some dozen and a half people from the submering are apparently the only ones left alive. And they are stranded in this desolate land that time forgot.

This is one of the striking things about the book. The ending, as usual, leaves Burroughs wide open for a sequel. But there is a hopeless feeling of defeat. Bowen and Lys have not organized the primitive world into modern society as David Innes and Dian the Beautiful did in Pellucidar. They alone with nothing but the clothes on their backs.

And Lys seems a little more human than some other Burroughs females. After going through the constant threat of death so many times in such a short space of time she has developed a definitely cynical philosophy of life. And when she is uncerimoniously thrown into world "Striped to the bone of...savagery and brutality" she becomes a well of cynicism.

She voiced the following description to her lover: "I realize as never before how cheap and valueless a thing is life.

Life seems a joke, a cruel, grim joke. You are a laughable incident or a terrifying one as you happen to be less powerful or more powerful than some other form of life which crosses your path...You are a comic little figure, hopping from the cradle to the grave. Yes, that is our trouble -- we take ourselves too seriously."

Bowen succeeds in winning her away from such a self-damning philosophy of life, but he also seems to succumb to it in the long run. This sort of atmosphere seems to pervade the whole novel throughout.

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT is a typical Burroughs adventure novel. You get into it and you don't want to put it down until you finish. I daresay it is the best Burroughs that I have read. I'm not sure if that opinion lies in the adventure itself or in the philosophical undertones that flow through the book.

After reading Lys La Rue's grim little definition of life, I looked up from the book in shock and asked myself in all seriousness: "Is this Burroughs?"

Yes, It's Burroughs and it is excellent reading purely for the sake of adventure. But my enjoyment was enhanced by the element of reality that lurked at the turn of every page. Despite the usual cliches and absurdities of the hero's prowess, there was something that about him seemed a little like the common everyday man.

Reccomended reading.

EPILOGUE

It is Burroughs, therefore there is a sequel. I had planned to incorporate the sequel into this review... until I learned that there are still two others in the series. So I think 'll leave it as it is...give Land a try, you'll probably enjoy it.

As for the sequels... read at your own disgression.



Once

III

Upon

a Saga

Dale L Walker

At what exact spot on the coast of Africa were Tarzan's parents set ashore from the Fuwalda? What became of Black Michael, the burly black mustacio'd mutineer -- captain of the Fuwalda who befriended the Claytons? How many Barsoomian heads in a mile? What would a map of Barsoom look like? Did Burroughs really write "John Carter and the Giant of Mars" -- surely the worst story to appear under his name? What happened to the solutions to the four mystery puzzles ERB wrote for Rob Wagner's Script Magazine??

If the foregoing questions haven't already been answered, you can bet they soon will be and if you're interested in such little mysteries of the Burroughs canon, you might acquaint yourself with ERB scholarship.

It's a bit hard for me to imagine anyone poring myopically over the writings of Edgar Rice Burroughs to purposefully compose a scholarly monograph. For me, Burroughs great value as a fantacist is that he can be read suddenly and with an utterly blank mind -- how else to really enjoy escape literature? But then, until I read a copy of the Baker Street Journal, I thought Sherlock Holmes belong to that same leisurely school. I was wrong, of

course, and as it turns out, Sherlockians hold the nit-picking record of the civilized world...they have even examined their hero's teeth ("The Dental Holmes", by Charles Goodman, D.D.S., in Profile by Gaslight)...and in all the grand history of fiction, what other sidekick has rated a biography except Doctor John Watson? (Doctor Watson: Prolegomena to the Study of a Biographical Problem, S.C. Roberts, London, 1930.) As Edgar Smith, in his Baker Street Inventory puts it, "...the corpus of learning surrounding and adorning and giving perspective to the Sacred Writings is a living, growing, fluid thing, and where its spread may some day reach is beyond recording or surmise."

Burroughs scholarship is also a living, growing, fluid thing but with notable differences: The ERB canon, for one thing, is immense in comparison to the four novels and 56 short stories in the Sacred Writings of Sir A.C. Doyle. They too, there's the vast diversity of Mr. Burroughs' prolific output. There are something like 25 Tarzan novels to deal with, about ten Mars and four Venus novels, six or seven on Pellucidar, 3 or 4 westerns, another 13 or 14 miscellaneous books that fit no special category, many short stories that, until recently, never appeared in book form, and a handful of non-fiction pieces straight from the master's own dictaphone.

Burroughs scholarship (or Holmesian and Shakespearean) and its written products have only the narrowest of esoteric interest, of course, and I suspect only a niggardly number of those really study these studies with index finger and oscillating head. But some of it is valuable, even fascinating, for all that.

I've never read the Burroughs books closely enough to appreciate much of the scholarship in my own collection. A cataloguing of the ape-words in the Tarzan books (compiled by Tom McGeehan), for instance, leaves me cold and I am equally disinterested in the gigantic task Henry Heins, R.H. Schlutter and Larry Ivie seperately undertook in mapping Barsoon from evidence in the Mars novels. The genealogy of the Graystoke nobility will barely lift my eyelid and an index of the first lines of the Tarzan comic strips from the year One will lift it not at all. On the other hand, anything contributing to the small existing store of information on Burroughs himself perks me because it seems the great hiatus in ERB studies is the missing biography of the author. It's a bit astonishing, I think, that such a book has not been written.

While rambling around on the subject of ERB scholarship, there are three pieces deserving special mention here (no doubt ther are many more, but these are impressive even to the most languid of Burroughs fans.)

Last year, Dick Luboff (now ERB editor for Canaveral Books) published David G. Van Arnam's The Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Antor. Donald Wollheim contributed the introduction, Luboff the preface and afterword and an essay "But was it Science-Fiction",

Larry Ivie a gorgeous foldout map of Barsoom and an accompanying article, Van Arnam two articles on Mars and a Venus as ERB described them, and some grand artwork by Roy Krenkel, Robert Stewart and Al Williamson. The 84-page Guide (Richard Luboff, 210 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N.Y., \$2) is the best single collection of studies on the Mars and Venus stories -- indeed, I suspect it is the best of all such Burroughs scholarship to date. Van Arnam's "The Martian Odyssey of Edgar Rice Burroughs -- Over the Dead Sea Bottom -- by Thoat and Zitidar" contains a brief biographical sketch of ERB that is concise and literate although containing nothing new. His "Brief Barsoomian Baedecker" and reflections on the need to translate the Barsoomian Haad into Earth miles (ERB supplied two totally different translation into feet) is certainly good and written with a classic sense of scholarship. Then there's Van Arnam's glossery of Martion place names which he says "is designed to completely reliace the one Burroughs himself gave at the back of Thuviz, reprinted at the end of the Dover three-volume edition", runs from Aanthor to Zor and, I'm sure, does replace all similar glosseries gone before. Van Arnam's potpourri of comments at the end of his glossery are excellant too:

i.e. "I commend to you, first, the title 'Jeddak', probably the best invented synonym for royalty I have yet heard (far better than Kline's 'Rad,' 'Vil', 'Zovil', 'Sovil', 'Movil', 'Novil', etc., pitiful imitations). 'Thoroxus, mightiest of the five oceans.' 'Panthan', term for a soldier of fortune. 'Jetan', Martian chess... Then the name for Mars itself, 'Barsoom'. 'the incomparable Dejah Thoris'; and then the epic swing of that thunderous title, 'John Carter, Jeddak of Jeddaks, Warlord of Mars!' That's the moxie, baby, that's the clear quill!"



More on this remarkable book in later installments of OUAS.

Secondly in my three esamples of fine ERB erudition is John Harwood's The Literature of Burroughsiana (published by Camille Cazedessus, 2350 E. Conocour Drive, Baton Rouge, La., 1963, but out of print now). Harwood's Literature is a beautiful 105-page professionally -printed book the same size as Caz's ERB-dom fanzine, and it's purpose was to set down for the ERB collector and scholar an index "of magazine articles, book commentaries, news items, reviews, etc. related to the Life and/or Works of Edgar Rice

Burroughs." Harwoods masterpiece is the patient product of 24 years of research, according to the blurb, and I con't doubt it for a minute, Henry Heins (of whom more later) wrote the introduction, Harwood the commentary, Caz the forward, and then the l'stings -- name of articles, what publication, page number, and the whole ball

of wax. The cover of this significant contribution to ERB lore, by the way is the famous St. John portrait of Burroughs, and the title page is by Krenkel.

Item three, subdivided into three parts, are the ERB bibliographies.

* * * * *

3 ERB BIBLIOS: In 1956, the pioneering Burroughs biblio, prepared by Bernell Coriell (founder of the Burroughs Bibliophiles) appeared in "Burroughs Bulletin #12". It listed the grand-daddy of all Tarzan books in this fashion:

TITLE: Tarzan of the Apes FIRST EDITION: 1914-McClurg
COLOR: red SIZE: 5 x 7½ ILLUSTRATOR: Fred J. Arting

Then, in 1962, Bradford Day of SF and Fantasy Publications (who performed another notable service by publishing ERB's rare The Man Eater and Beyond '30') re-issued his biblio. The same entry was expanded to this:

TARZAN OF THE APES			Jungle Adventure
McClurg Chigago	1914	400	Front. Africa
McClurg			
A. L. Burt			
Grosset and Dunlap			
Methuen			
("I had this story from one who had no business to...")			
Tarzan of the Apes	-MAGAZINE-	All Story	10/ /12
Tarzan of the Apes	-POCKETBOOK-	Pinnacle	
Tarzan of the Apes	-POCKETBOOK-	Armed Services Edit.	

the copyright page of the first issue of the first edition has "W.F. Hall printing Co., Chicago" in script type.

Cover red with gold letters.

Common
Excellant

But 1962 was to be a signal year for Burroughs scholarship and while Day's handsome offset pamphlet enlarged the sum of information originally gathered by Coriell, yet another ERBiblio appeared in September, 1962...and this one perhaps the ultimate instance in refined Burroughs study to date. The Golden Anniversary Bibliography of Rev. Henry Hardy Heins (pastor of a Lutheran Church in Albany, N.Y.) is printed on a heavy mint-green paper using an electronic mimeo process for maximum readability. The very first entry -- that of Taraan of the Apes -- lists all that Coriell and Day listed and everything else possible to list including explanations of the three varieties of the McClurg first editions (actually four, including the extremely rare pre-publication paperback edition); the Canadian editions, the British editions, the different dustjackets, the Magazine appearance, the copyright renewal, pictures of the first editions, and reviews of the book; the total covering nine big pages including superbly reproduced photogra s.

When Rev. Heins magnificent book was finally made available in 1962, only a handful of the swelling number of reprints from Canaveral, Dover, Ace and Ballantine were listed. Then too there was that startling announcement this year that the Burroughs brothers had found a number of their dad's unpublished manuscripts in the ERB Inc. safe. So, grand and seemingly complete as the matter of ERB biblios stood in 1962, the last two years have added more entries and a new stock of information on the canonical works of Mr. Burroughs. To take care of these new developments, the indefatigable Henry Heins will re-issue his Golden Anniversary book, fully expanded and, this time, printed between hard covers by Donald Grandon. The price is a stunning ten dollars but I, among many, have bought one and knowing Rev. Heins, would recommend it. (send \$10 to Rev. H.H.Heins, P.O. Box 9005, Albany, N.Y.) My last card from the author calls for an appearance late in July and it will be fodder for this column next time.

* * * * *

ERB FANZINES: Speaking of some of the trappings of Burroughs fandom -- the scholarly papers, biblios, and so forth -- it seems to me about time to mention something about the primary ERB accoutrements -- the fanzines. Camille Cazedessus lists several new entries into the field in the March, 1964 erb-dom ("The Burroughs Reader," "Thuria", "ERB-Quarterly") but I think there are actually three principal Burroughs-devoted amateur magazines still going strong, if sporadically.

The oldest is "The Burroughs Bulletin" and its supplement "The Gridley Wave", published and edited by the founder of the Burroughs Bibliophiles, Vernell Coriell. The 'Bulletin' is an irregular, thick, offset, collection of articles, great illustrations and many, many rare photos on ERB and his books and is the official publication, along with 'GW' of the ERB Club. BB #14, the last one printed, featured the following: "A Map of Barsoom" by Frank J. Brueckel; a pictorial review of "Tarzan Goes to India" by Maurice Gardner (author of the Bantan books); "Some ERB Letters" by Stan Vinson; a profile of Al Howard -- BB member and notable collector and writer on Burroughs; "A Scholarly Analysis of the Females of Barsoom" by John Howard and H.W. Starr; an ERB Encyclopedia, Part I; a Tarzan Comic strip by Tex Lowell; and the concluding scenes of ERB's rare The Oakdale Affair.

The upcoming 'Bulletin #15' will feature the controversial "Tarzen on Mars" pastiche by Jonn Bloodstone (a pseudonym for Stu Byrne, if that helps).

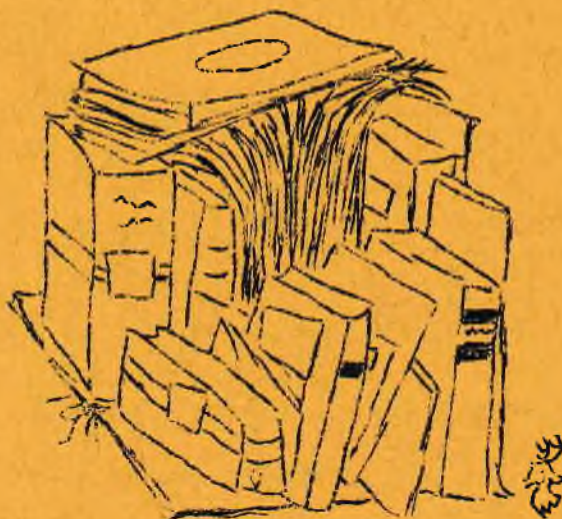
"The Gridley Wave" is a smaller edition of the Bulletin and, while still irregular in publication, does appear more often than its companion. The last, #13 for January, 1964, contains ERB's little essay on "Entertainment is Fiction's Purpose" and another non-fiction incunabulum "How Tarzan Kept the Wolf From the Door."

To receive these two very fine and authoratitive fanzines, you need only join the 800+ membership of the Burroughs Bibliophiles by sending \$2 to 6657 Locust, Kansas City, Mo.

- Camille Cazedessus' ERB-don (4 for \$1, 2350 E. Contour Dr. Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70809) is a fairly recent (May, 1960) but consistantly good, offset, regular, ERB fanzine which occasionally carries articles on other fantasy writers. ERB-don regularly carries Lupoff's Canaveral Press Reports, reprints of rare ERB comic strips, art by Krenkel, Franzetta and Neal McDonald and each issue containg Tom McGeehan's "House of Info" listing of current literature on the Man and his Writings.

I detect a certain pleasant undercurrent of rivalry between ERB-don and Vern Coriell's fanzines, but both are the better for it and both top any list of any kind of fanzines. ERB-don is a Hugo moninee anis year and deserves to win.

"ERBANIA", third of the big three Burroughs-oriented fanzines is Pete Ogden's Mimeo's, usually brief, sparsely illustrated and most irregular-appearing zine. It's not nearly as impressive as the others mentioned above but it often contains accomplished writing and good fantasy articles on the Conan Sage and other Sword and Sorcery literature. Last issue was December, 1963. Subscriptions \$1 to D. Peter Ogden, 302 E. Osbourne, Apt. 15, Jacksonville, Florida.



In passing this phase of Burroughs fandom, I want to mention one final fanzine -- and a real bad 'un -- dealing with Burroughs, at least superficially. This is NORB'S NOTES which you might have seen hawked in "Fantasy Collector" for "\$1 contribution". Actually the buck is a contribution which would do better at your favorite charity. N's N is a hectographed crudzine with maximum show-through, completely illegible gaps, occasional good art work (Prosser) mixed with always deplorable reproduction, adolescent fiction ("Torch Costigan, Earthman") and only rarely a good non-faction piece dealing with Burroughs. There is a strong current of animosity apparant in N's N toward the Burroughs Bibliophiles and I understand there is some long and bitter lost controversery between Norb Reinsel and the BB's in which he split the blanket with the club. But fan squabble not with standing NORB'S NOTES needs something more than a \$1 contribution to fix it up. But if you still have a dollar to contribute, contribute it to C. N. Reinsel, 120 8th Avenue, Clarion, Pa.

* * * * *

Stanleigh Vinson of Mansfield, Ohio, must have the greatest single collection of Burroughsiana in the world. In a recent letter to me (and on short notice) Stan was able to list the following off the top of his head:

- 1 All first editions, most with dustjackets
- 2 All reprints (about 300 volumes) except 5 or 6
- 3 Foreign editions (about 600 volumes) from 34 countries.
- 4 About 50 autographed editions -- autographed by ERB, that is, and John Coleman, Hulbert and Joan Burroughs.
- 5 Original art -- about 25 by St. John; a dozen Matanias, others of Schoonover, Krenkel, plus original daily and Sunday comic pages by Hal Foster, Hogarth, Celardo etc.
- 6 99% complete collection of Sunday comic strips.
- 7 Near complete original magazine versions
- 8 Fourteen 16 m.m. complete Tarzan films, 2 old eight-hour serials.
- 9 3,000 movie stills, lobby cards, press books, 22 x 28-cd 27 x 41 posters, 41 x 81 posters, 81 x 81 posters and 14 x 22 window cards.
10. 500 magazines with articles on ERB and works.
- 11 90% of comic magazines
- 12 Recordings of first Tarzan radio program, tapes of 2nd program.
- 13 The only known copy of ERB's "Wild Animals in Pictures"
- 14 Pre-publication books, Armed Services Editions, letters.

And this listing is incomplete. Stan's book-lined study, with his St. John paintings on the walls, zebra-skin and other wild animal hides on the floor is something out of one of ERB's daydreams.

Anybody wanna buy a bunch of old dog-eared paperbacks?

* * * * *

The flow of ERB paperbacks seems at a stanstill at the moment. The latest in my collection are Ballantine's Apache Devil and The War Chief (the two ERB westerns dealing with the Apache adopted son of Geronimo, Shcz-Dijiji) and Ace's Beyond the Farthest Star complete in one issue of Blue Book Magazine, January, 1942 and not in book form until this year.) Ace titles now number 36, Ballantine 34. I understand the first edition of the first ten Tarzan books under the Ballantine imprint (the subsequent editions were numbered on the spine) are now collector's items. And, Ballantine Tarzan #17 (Tarzan and the Lion Man) is expected to be a rarity one day. #17's spine-number is black in a white circle... all the others are white in a black circle.

* * * * *

Despite the Plethora of hardbound books from Canaveral press, many fans -- according to Vernell Coriell -- are still dis-satisfied with the art work going into them. Maklon Blaine's talents, I'll admit, were misplaced in the Canaveral Burroughs'

editions, but who can argue about Frank Frazetta, and Roy Krenkel? Ace covers, with these two fine artists, continue to be great. Ballantine's? Acceptable.

* * * * *

In July, 1963, Jock Mahoney and his press agent came to El Paso to promote Mahoney's second Tarzan film, "Tarzan's Three Challenges." I interviewed him at the Hilton Inn for KTSM Radio for perhaps an hour and the one nubbin of news I was able to pry from him was that his Producer, Sy Winetraub, was interested in looking over the fabled Angkor Wat in the Cambodian jungle as a possible Tarzan film location. Nothing has happened though. It appears there will be no Tarzan film this year at all and that situation could mean that Mahoney is Kaput. There is absolutely no truth, I can state authoritatively, in the rumor that Sal Mineo is seeking the role if Mahoney gets the axe.

* * * * *

Next installment of OUAS will contain a long review and discussion of Henry Heins' GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY BIBLIOGRAPHY; and something more on the books themselves.

* * * * *

EDITORS NOTE

Extra copies of this article have been printed by ISCARIOT and are available on request, IF the request is accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope --- We suggest a long or flat-mail envelope, and 10¢ postage per copy requested.

We also have on hand a good supply of Part I of this series. Sent on request; same requirements, but only 5¢ postage per copy.

Send all requests to:

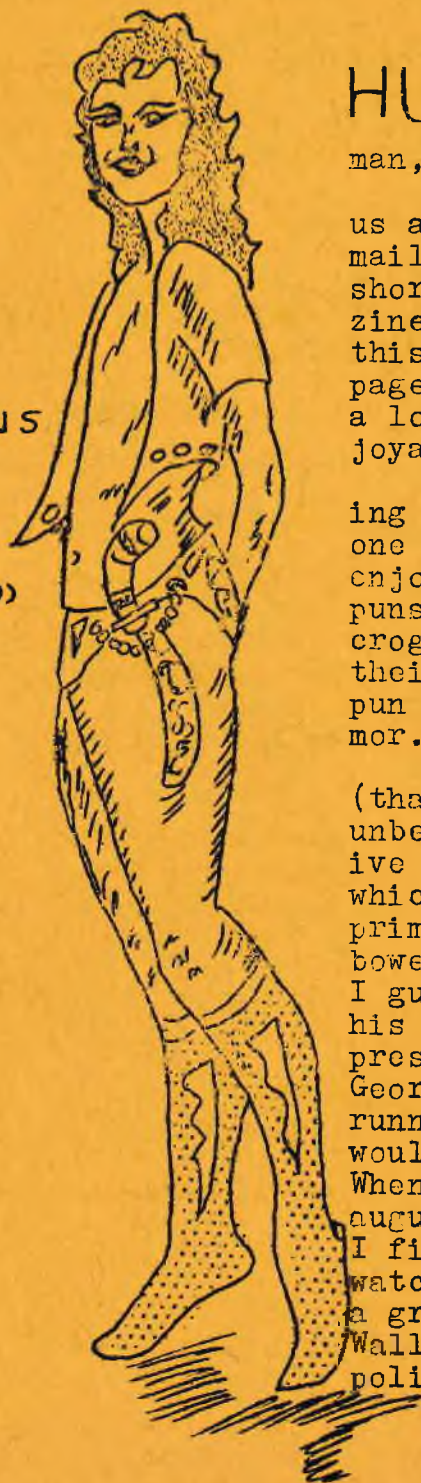
Al Andrews
1659 Lakewood Drive
Birmingham, Alabama 35216

Slaughter Row

FANZINE REVIEWS

BY AL ANDREWS

"But,
John,
if
one
is
oviparous
who
needs
them?"



HUCK FINN

(#1. Lynn Hickman, 500 North St., Hannibal, Mo.)

Hello, Lynn, glad you are with us and hope to see you often in the mailing. Hope you don't mind my shortening the title of your SFPA zine; I had to do so to get it in this particular spot on this lead-off page of my MCs. You packed in quite a load this mailing and all were enjoyable.

HF #1. & 24. were both interesting and of course well reproed, as one expects a Hickman-zine to be. I enjoyed the FEGHOOT bit. The Feghoot puns do make one groan and are rather croggling, but they are fun. I guess their "wide stretches" to make the pun is an integral part of their humor.

Yes, the "Little Fighting Judge" (that's Gov. George Wallace to you unbelievers) did make rather impressive showings in the three states in which he ran in the presidential primaries. Of course, now he has bowed out of the national race, but I guess he has figured he has carried his point. You know, if in a national presidential race there were only George Wallace and say Ross Barnett running, I know what I would do. I would move ... LIKE OUT OF THE COUNTRY. When I first saw Wallace (his TV inaugural address) and heard him speak, I figured him for a clod; but having watched his political maneuvers over a greater period of time, I find that Wallace is a very shrewd and clever politician. He is a very careful

planner and each move is calculated to build an effective "image" in the "Southern mind". Even when he knows a certain move will have no actual gain (like his "stand in the school-house door" at the University of Alabama), it is carefully planned in detail to build and enhance George Wallace's political image in the South. Of course, the fortunes of politics is always an uncertain thing and can literally change over-night for a politician, but I look for Wallace to run for the U.S. Senate as soon as his term as governor is over. I think his strong showing in those presidential primaries has convinced him that he can move up to politics on a national level ... which is probably the reason he ran in those primaries in the first place, to test his drawing power on a national basis or "semi-national" basis.

Incidentally, in case anybody (you millions out there who wait with bated breath) wonders, I am a political neutral and take no active part in politics. My interest in politics is somewhat "academic" and my remarks are simply objective observations, though I may fun-around with the political razzle-dazzle occasionally.

"Mr. Chairman, fellow delegates, I wish to place in nomination the name of George Lincoln Rockwell as RULER OF THE WORLD."

JD-Argassy #60 was a delight indeed. The artwork is one thing that makes JD-A such an outstanding publication. That Barr on Page 6., I've gone back a dozen times to gaze at it in muted awe ... plus showing it to sundry people, with the cry: "Now, that is artwork!" But of course, I couldn't repro such fine-line work with a mimeo, but my admiration of such splendid art is great. I do wonder, however, why you didn't erase the pencil sketch-lines on some of Eddie Jones' illos; the last one in the portfolio is very noticable in that respect.

The Derleth piece on WEIRD TALES was top-rate and most informative.

(Incidentally, Lynn, what is my status as to receiving future issues of JD-A? Many moons ago I sent you \$1.50 for 5 issues and thus far /counting this #60/ I've received 3 issues. The reason I ask about this is that none of the boxes on Page 35 were marked, so I don't know where I stand. Drop me a card and let me know, please.)

"Let's put a naval blockade on Switzerland. Barry."



"There has been some question as to how you stand on extremists groups, Senator."

25

There
is no
sex in
science
fiction

DOL-DRUM

(#3. Dave Locke, P.O. Box 335, Indian Lake, N.Y.)

Interesting issue, Dave; a bit spotty in parts, but interesting enough

to strain a bit to read.

Dave, I think the three points you surmised as the reason for some joining the SFGPA are quite accurate.

I know this is true in my case. As for association

Bill Plott and I are long-time friends, then I

found Dick was interested in sf&f, and they were followed by my meeting Hulan, Norwood and Montgo-

think the second point of exclusiveness is true not in the sense of any "Rebel yells" and all

Rather it is simply that the now defunct SFG

build up an active fandom in this part of the

so the offspringing SFGPA has followed the

old SFG, which at one time was the "mother

Yet, I think "exclusiveness" of some

factor in any kind of club. And cer-

with a number of SFGPAer, in the sense

face-to-face way, keeps me in the

an "attachment" for the SFGPA be-

right from the start. Bob Jennings

the formation of the SFGPA; in

start an apa in conjunction

kind enough to stencil and

ISCARIOT. Bob and I talked

apa group --- and I gladly

because I didn't know beans

a well-liked zine going.

and has only missed one

feel that I am a part

ISCARIOT would truly

the fannish scene

part in a then

mery. I

also, but

that jazz.

set out to

country, and

lead set by the

organization.

sort is always a

tainly friendship

of knowing them in

SFGPA. Also, I do feel

cause of being in it

was the prime mover in

fact, it was his idea to

with the SFG. And Bob was

run off the first issue of

about the formation of an

let Bob do most of the talking

about fan-pubbing while he had

ISCARIOT was in the first mailing

mailing since. So, I guess I do

in a close sense of the SFGPA. And

never have reared its fannish head on

had it not been out of a desire to take

fledgling apa.

While there is certainly much to be many-membered apa, I feel that a smaller generate a bit more "drive" and this, if can lead to better overall quality of the the apa.

Your remarks to Arnie Katz are well taken very sound and intelligent. I have a greater respect for one Dave Locke after having read those remarks.

However, Dave, I must say that I am greatly disappointed in you degenerating the wild cry of that fearsome creature into nothing more than a lowly fox. Why, didn't you tell us the truth: how in your midnight search you encountered the Loch Ness Monster, who in reality is a visitor of a master-race of another planet who came to Earth in a flying saucer, and how he gave you this message to deliver to mankind and ... a fox! Oh, how the mighty have fallen!

said for a large, apa tends to well directed, produce of

and are spect for

THAT!

WARLOCK

(#4. Larry Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Avenue, Anniston, Alabama.)

WARLOCK is a zine that steadily improves each issue. This time the improvement was that it attained a nice balance of varied material. There was editorial remarks, fan humor, fiction, poetry, book-review and ml-coms, plus varied pieces of artwork by a number of contributors. The quality of any or all of this material maybe argued, but the pleasant and improvement aspect is BALANCE. Before, for example, there has on occasion been a glut of fiction. WARLOCK has continued to take on the direction of a genzine, and, if that is its intended goal, then #4 is the best issue thus far. The feature that struck me most forcibly this issue was John Putnam's gruesome but gripping verses of THE VICTORS.

Thanks to your suggestion that any fen coming to Alabama visit me, I have been storned by 30,000 praise-maddened fen and am hiding under my bed at this very moment whilst typing this stencil. But seriously, if any of you fen (SFFA or non) do make it to Alabama and the vicinity of Birmingham, I would enjoy your dropping by. My telephone number is 879-1461 --- it isn't in the book under my name, so immediately inscribe it upon your forehead in flaming red lipstick. Now, do that.



"Now will you believe me, Tanz-bhaby, you just cannot hang by your tail!"

I hope ISCARIOT can earn a top-10 rating from you this issue. I have thought of working out some sort of numerical rating system for SLAUGHTER ROW, but I just can't seem to find the criterion on which to base a rating system for SFFA-zines. Like people, they all have their own personality, so I just chat rather than attempt to rate, though rating

does have merits and is interesting. And I'm just filling out this line all the way across the stencil because I think it looks better that way, although it has utterly nothing whatsoever to do with the plot. See, now, doesn't that look better?

As to whether ISCARIOT can get the material to fit its new policy, I still have some doubts, but I am hopeful that it can. I know what we want to run in ISCARIOT and I can and will explain where we want the emphasis to be put on any material that is written for ISCARIOT. (Anybody that wants to know about that "emphasis" just drop me a letter and tell me what kind of material you want to submit and I'll reply with a letter of explanation.) This # 13 is closer inline with that emphasis than any issue thus far, but ISCARIOT still hasn't acheived what I want it to. Related to this is a question asked me by Dave Locke in DOL DRUM #3. and I would

like to entertain that interesting question here. Dave asked: "But, Al, if someone wrote you a really good article about, say, scuba diving or a really humorous piece of material about a visit to the doctor, would you reject it?"

Yes, I would reject it. I would admire its good qualities and appreciate the author's giving me an opportunity to read it. I would promptly return it to the author with suggestions of other SFPA-zines that he might submit it to. BUT I would reject it. ISCARIOT's "policy" is not an affectation, but is a "direction" in which Dick and I want the zine to move. This new "policy or direction" is that its contents will concentrate and illuminate the FIELD OF SF&F LITERATURE, doing so from numerous aspects and approaches. This is what we want, whether we can achieve it only time will tell. We do not scorn material that doesn't fit into this endeavor, but we do want to try to achieve what we are working toward, so material not within this pale does not lend itself to this kind of an achievement. Of course, in time we may decide that we cannot achieve our goal or that this achievement is not worth the effort; if so, we will again change or perhaps revert to the genzine format. We would particularly appreciate hearing from SFPAers and nons as to their reactions to the material we run and our new "direction" in general.

WORMFARM (#3. Bill Gibson, 415 First Street, Wytheville, Virginia.)

Repro terrible, contents horrible, fanned profusely; apologetic and some kinda nut. Now, Bill, WORMFARM wasn't that bad, in fact, I enjoyed it throughly. The repro was good and the contents struck a number of comments from me. Incidentally, congrats on winning BEST CARTOONIST in the Ego-boo Poll; you most definitely deserve it and win it hands-down.

Hey, fill us in on this new job as a cartoonist on a local paper. What is the name of the paper? What type of cartooning are you doing for them --- political, local-color, a strip or what? (And when Plott buys out the Scripps-Howard and Hearst syndicates you can become head-cartoonist for him. Uh, don't give up the local job just yet however ---- I think there are a few minor details Plott has to clear up before he takes over.)

The Ingersoll quote was interesting ... and also amuses me as does most of the late Robert G. Ingersoll's works. If the serpent (i.e. Satan) was the schoolmaster of man to whom Mr. Ingersoll ascribes such a meritorious line of learning, I wonder who was the glorious schoolmaster who filled out man's curriculum with such studies as murder, violence, hatred, fear, greed, lying, cheating, stealing and so on?

Well, neither you nor Larry will be troubled with the Chosney-Andrews religion "argument" this issue, because Chez hasn't penned a reply... at least, not this issue... (#13). What is "honest and true Christianity"? In the context in which I used the phrase ISCARIOT #11. Page 26. Last sentence of my editorial comments, (mid-page.) was to differentiate Scripture-based Christianity from assorted commercial philosophies. No doubt, at one time or another



"Follow-members of the rules committee, send him his two bucks back, yes.... but can we really tell Billy Graham he is 'undesirable'?"

you have received a circular or brochure telling you how --- for a small fee --- you can learn to free your Astral Soul so that it may ascend the Seven Levels of Cosmic Knowledge and find the unlimited mental power of the Universal Mind. Such is not "honest and true Christianity", and I don't think that would class it within "the basic Christian concept" --- the latter being your phrase, so if you would like to clarify, be my guest.

I enjoyed the Coke-bottle bit muchly. Say, I've some great news for you! I've hatched up this new batch of home-brew and I'm looking for someone to try it out on. Now, Plott, Ambrose, Hulan, Norwood and

myself will arrive in Wytheville at what's that? But why are you moving to Alaska, Bill?

About the rider, SRITH #1.; I always thought it was other fcn than the faned himself who added riders to the fanzine. Like, I don't know; I'm just trying to find out what the norm is for riders. Anyone know if any rider has ever gained wide-spread popularity in fandom?

Incidentally, where do you get that thickness of paper that you used for a back-cover? How much does it cost? Would that kind of paper take mimeographing okay?

All in all, a pleasant issue, Bill.

INVADER (Joe staton, 469 Ennis Street, Milan, Tenn.
Oh, yas, dis is #3.)

Gorshes, but I wish you had been mean, hateful and churlish to me last time, so you could apologize to me and tell me how sorry you are. I mean, it feels so ghood to be apologized to, because then I know that the other person has finally realized what a WONDERFUL fellow I really am. And while I know you hope I will go on for page after page extolling my many other MAGNIFICENT qualities and virtures, I will instead comment on INVADER #3. ---- and through this great disappointment you can be mean, hateful and spiteful to me in #4. and then apologize to me in #5. Now, dwell on that, Joe-bhaby.

Did you notice how mean our out-going OE was to you in the OO for the 12th Mlg? He didn't even list you in the Roster of Members! So, obviously, you are not one of us. True, you're now our lordly OE, true you won BEST FICTION WRITER, true you won BEST ARTIST; but you're not one of us.

"How did you go this long in the SFFA without realizing that

I was a 'talented' artist?" Oh, about three years. "Don't you look at the pictures in the zines?" Yeah, and I can read to. You see, Joe, there is a difference in "realizing" you are a talented artist from seeing your illos in other SFPA-zines and knowing you are a talented artist because some of your illos are in ISCARIOT. (Methinks there's a "message" there.)

Most people say: "I've nothing against fan-fiction, but....", well, though I hate to break the norm, I'll say flatly that I do have something against fan-fiction. And that is mainly that it is illy done and doesn't merit the space it requires to print it. Yes, there are exceptions, but ROCKS is not one of them. A kid likes rocks, finally goes to college and is cited in the newspapers as a promising student of Geology, then in the last paragraph is in a mental institution. Like, why? The writing itself is fair, but the "plot" (or whatever Mr. Raines thinks it is) is muddled, confused and worse. At Biology Mr. Raines is no doubt a whiz, but at writing a story with some sense to it he is gee whiz. As to THE REVENGE OF GODFREY GOPHER: Joe, you must be a fanatical devotee of fan-fiction. I am sorry, but none of the material in INVADER #3 showed me anything. And, honest, I'm not playing hoary-ole-make 'em-eat-dirt fan. I like you, I like INVADER, but not this issue. I will say through that the layout was neat, the print readable, and I liked the logos on the cover and the green paper.

ZZ (#2. Len Bailes, 1729 Lansdale Drive, Charlotte, N.C.)
The cover is awful. Write Robert E. Gilbert / 509 West Main Street, Jonesboro, Tennessee 37659/ and ask him to do you a cover of some sort. REG is a ghod guy and will probably send you one or so. I won't say anymore about this cover on #2. ---- because I might lose control.

ZZ is up this issue, and through only an editorial and extensive ml-coms, I found it interesting and an improvement over that quick-shot #1. Repro is quite readable. There are scattered points I want to comment upon, but you'll have re-read ZZ if you want to reference these comments.



"...but why are there always only red purtians?"

I find it amusing sometimes when fans get into a hassle over ole ERB --- and I don't say that in any condescending way, because I think friendly hassling over the merits of ERB are ghod, clean fannish fun. Personally, I find ERB was a pretty good sf&f-adventure author, despite his ultra-Victorian romance and use of the same basic plot for each book. I am particularly interested in seeing whether ERB fans --- specifically the 300+ Burroughs Bibliophiles corps --- will be enough to ram a poor piece of Pellucidar through for a Hugo.

Strangely enough ... in relation to your wanting to see some info on HH Heins Biblio ... Dale Walker had planned to do a through job on that publication for his Part II of ONCE UPON A SAGA, but unfortunately he hasn't (nor has anyone else) received their copy. Dale now plans to have a go at it in Part III of OUAS, nevertheless, you'll find a lengthy and informative Part II in this issue of ISCARIOT on the available ERB-bilio materials.

Thanks for rating ISCARIOT Number 1. in the 11th Mlg. We had a somewhat light ISCARIOT #12., but this #13 is well packed. Hope also that you will find the return of the Andrewsian-toons amusing. I would be interested in knowing which ones you found amusing and which ones you didn't.

MC (Jim Harkness, 112 West Harding Street, Greenwood, Mississippi:
Glad you made it in, Jim, with this post-mlg'd MC-zine, al-
I wouldn't have know from whom it came had it not been for the Greenwood, Miss. postmark. You should have had a return-address on the bc-cover or in your logos-squib or somewhere.

Well, we made the 150 page goal you exhorted us to acheive, although it took Hickman's JD-A, which I doubt will be a regular in the SFPA mailings, so now what pagedage would you have us go for, O Caller of Numbers? Notice how we hit your exhortation right on the nose? How's that for following instruction, bhaby?

Incidentally, I heard through Staton that you were going to have to drop out of the SFPA; have your plans changed? Hope so.

SPORADIC ○ ○ (#11. Bill Plott, P.O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama.)

A very pleasant cover ... I don't know particularly "why", but it is just pleasant.

Hey, that is a clever one, Bill-bhaby! I mean this one of the marriage-hoax. Knowing you as well as I do, I know you wouldn't really have time for marriage what with your being such a devoted worker in the Communist Party and fund-raising activities for the Black Muslims ... I understand you almost raised enough to buy the guns. But this marriage-hoax is a clever ploy. My, ny, what will that fannish Billy Joe Plott come up with next?

The article on the Doukhobors was interesting, although one-sided. There are a few points that McLean failed to bring out or perhaps the author was not aware of these points. To properly understand the trouble between the Doukhobors and the Canadian government one must understand their basic beliefs. They believe that Christ is reborn in each individual and gives direct revelation through "the voice within" ... which is a view, though watered down, that is condoned and held in a number of Christendon's leading denominations. But with the Doukhobors this belief makes unnecessary any need of a church, clergy or the Bible. This belief leads to the view by the Doukhobors that they should acknowledge no human leadership, therefore schools, governments and man-made laws are rejected by them. They refuse to record statistics, take oaths or own private property; maintaining that all things should be held in common and wish to remain separate ... at least, this was their

231

beliefs in their early days in Russia, although there has been some modification by individual Doukhobors. And of course, such beliefs were in opposition to the ideas of the Czars' desire to reform the Mujiks (common peasants), so the Doukhobors were hotly persecuted in Russia. In 1899 Canada opened land-grants to the Doukhobors in Canada --- 160 acres to each man, on the condition that certain nominal homestead duties were performed within three years. About 7500 Doukhobors came to Canada.

For three years things were fine; the zeal and industriousness of the Doukhobors were amazing ... in some cases where they did not have horses the women even put themselves in plow harness to break the tough sod. At the end of the three years was when the trouble struck. The government of Canada said each Doukhobor must sign for his own land and take an oath of allegiance. Here was the clash with their beliefs.

One: All things should be held in common.

Two: Not acknowledging any human leadership.

(As to this second belief, it must be said that although the Doukhobors always decried human leadership, they were /shall we merely say/ always "dependent" upon strong personalities whom they sometimes exalted as Christ incarnate and followed with blind tenacity.) In this crisis some of Doukhobors yeiled to the demands of the government, while others disassociated themselves and formed a group known as the Sons of Freedom. And from that point on the history of the Doukhobors in Canada has had its highs and lows (which I won't attempt to go into here), but it has been this "radical" minority group, Sons of Freedom, that have battled the government with its tactics of nude parades, burnings, explosions, etc. In all fairness to the Doukhobors in general, it must be said that they have many admirable qualities. They are industrious, scrupulously clean and mind their own business. They raise their children under the firm hand of parental discipline where obedience is demanded and this close-knit family life does safeguard against delinquency. Many own nice homes, send their children to schools and colleges and get along with their neighbors. In short, all Doukhobors are not members or supporters of the fire-brand Sons of Freedom, and the Doukhobors have won concessions from the government of Canada over the years. The reason that I have held forth to some length here about the Doukhobors is that I felt that author McLean did not (perhaps, simply out of lack of information) differentiate clearly between the radical minority, Sons of Freedom, and the Doukhobors in general in Canada.

The accompanying drawings were a waste of pages and time. As a whole SPORE was good as always.



"You say the Anglo-fan,
Nayland Smith, will
be at the con, eh."

THE MUMBLING MASSES READERS AND AL



Sub-Title: HOW EMPTY WAS MY LET-COL.
---- sub Sub-Title: AND HOW IT
STAYED THAT WAY ... PROBABLY.

Have you ever wondered why it is that ISCARIOT doesn't sport a big, lengthy, multi-fenned let-col? Well, do that! And while you are about it, I'll toss in a few thoughts of my own along that same line.

One possibility for the light turnout in ISCARIOT's let-col is that ye testy ole ed (Andrews) freely intersperses his editorial comments in the letters and often does so with words that may be viewed as possessing a "cutting edge". And in this same regard, he has not the slightest reluctance to present a view which is at odds with the view of the letter-hack or which is put forth in said letters. That is one possibility. I'm not going to change one whit, but my "cutting edge" is one possibility. But as I have said a number of times (in print, at that) that this let-col is open to all sorts of views and letters are seldom "cut" (deleted). I sometimes cut out personal chit-chat, but never any material on which I intend to comment in print or which is a view on a matter that the letter-hack wishes to express.

Incidentally, often when I comment at length it should be considered a compliment to the letter-hack, even though I diametrically oppose his view. After all, if I didn't find his view "interesting", I wouldn't waste time, thought, stencils and pages in commenting thereon.

Another possibility is that ISCARIOT is just plain dull, but if that be the frightening case I would appreciate letters letting me know.

Yet, there is a third possibility that I think goes far in

explaining the lightness of ISCARIOT's let-col. And it is this. ISCARIOT prints only 70 copies per issue, 20 of which go to the SFPA mailing, thus leaving Dick and I 25 copies apiece to distribute as we wish. But out of our combined 50 copies we first take copies which have been bought and contributors' copies; and from paying customers (a practice we definitely discourage) and contributors one seldom expects to receive a LOC ... a hard fact of the life-of-a-faned. Also, biting into those combined 50 copies, which can be called "general circulation" copies, are the trade deals Dick and I have respectively. Once again, it is a hard fact that faneds with whom you trade zines seldom feel any urge or necessity to LOC a zine which they are regularly receiving by means of a trade.

We thoroughly enjoy any and every LOC we do receive ... and give free copies of ISCARIOT for same ... , but mainly because of our extremely limited distribution of general circulation copies we don't garner many LOC. So, when we have a few LOC, we flash a let-col; and when the mails brings naught, we go sans let-col.

This trip we do have a let-col Three cheers, hip-hooray, yea team, and all that big, hot, fat jazz. And leading off is:

GENE KLEIN: 33-51 84th Street, Jackson Heights, New York, NY 11372.

In your 11 ish you introduced your new policy, and a pretty good one at that. I am holding the 12th ish in my hand, and the only part of your new policy I can see is the "Books and Box Scores". Although it is one written with great reason, this is the only part of your policy in this ish. ##### Quite true, Gene; it has taken us a bit longer to get ISCARIOT into the line of the "new policy" than we expected. Our #12 was to carry more material, but this material was unfortunately delayed. However, I think you will find our present 13th issue's material in line with our announced policy of concentrating on the field of sf&f literature. Let us know how you liked this 13th issue. #####

Another thing I would like to point out. Although you do give concise reviews of fanzines, you do not give us the address and the cost. ##### The addresses are given in this issue. You can usually get a copy by asking the faned of a particular zine to send you a "sample copy". Then as to whether you get the next issue by loot, LOC, contrib or some devilishly clever fannish ploy is your problem. #####

You could improve your zine by having some more of your unique drawings; and why not have some more articles? ##### As evidenced by the contents of this issue, we are yours but to command, sir. #####

Now, to further review the 12th ish. Cover: very imaginable, although you could put something like --- "June Issue" or "12th ish, better than ever!" ##### We usually do have the issue number on the cover, but Dick probably inadvertently left it off. But a "better than ever" blurb, nay, nay. Such is rather neeish and we had rather let our readers decide the merit of a given issue. ##### Contents Page very good drawing. "Books and Box Scores" handled very well. "Slaughter Row", as I have mentioned before, does not give any info as to how we may obtain the zines. ##### Now, you know. ##### Despite this, you do review them quite well. ##### Gene, I thank

you for the compliment concerning the writing "Slaughter Row", but I would like to point out that SR is not strictly fanzine reviews. Rather SR is mailing-comments on the zines in the mailings of the SOUTHERN FANDOM PRESS ALLIANCE. There is some difference between "reviews" (as commonly seen in fnzs) and "Mlg-coms" (as found in apazines). But, nevertheless, I am glad you found SR of interest. In short, mlg-coms may offer be "discussion" without direct reference to the material discussed, which would be thoroughly confusing in a regular "fanzine review". ##### "Remarquez les Ghoules" I can truthfully say is the best article in the ish. It is the most unique one I have seen. ##### Dick thanks you and is probably doing double backflips in his unbounded joy. ##### Finally, "The Mumbling Masses" presented some very good opinions from the readers. I recognized Mike Deckinger's name from a letter he wrote to a fanzine: OUTRE', and Bill Plott.

One more thing before I leave you alone. I was most happy to hear you say you wished Caz's zine ERB-dom should win the Hugo. I received ERB-dom, and agree with you one hundred percent. ##### I'm torn with indecision on this. ERB-dom as a specialized zine on a field that forms a "fandom within Fandom" it richly deserves a Hugo. But for a zine that does a truly outstanding service to all of Fandom my hopes ride on STARSPINKLE for a Hugo. Oh, woe is me; there just aren't enough Hugoes to go around it seems. ##### In spite of all, your zine is quit a good one. ##### That's what the man said ... and spelled it ... , so now you figure it out. #####

RICHARD O. MANN (Bryan Hall, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Michigan.)

As for ISCARIOT, the cover this is impressive -- two color work always impresses me. More? ##### Two-color always impresses me too, but Dick is the one to say about "More?" #####

Hummm. I see you've gone humorist on us. I like it that way, but it is something of a shock to see staid old ISCARIOT (based on a long-standing tradition of one issue that I've seen) with all that light-hearted frivolity in it. ##### What was so humorous in No.12 ? #####

Your comments on the mc's and high page counts inspires me toward comment. I've had a little experience with it now, and I've read mailings from most of the big groups around, SAPS, FAPA, and N'APA. (And I forgot that one OMPA one I've got.) In your apa it would seem to me that high page count would not be important. ##### I agree. ##### Heck, with only 20 members, you can't expect the same output that a 40 member organization puts out. I notice that a lot of semi-genzines are run through SFPA, and then the high page count would mean little, especially in light of the fact that you are publishing mainly for egoboo. I mean, you can only say so much for a zine, and then



REG

you're through, and anymore pages wouldn't necessarily increase your enjoyment of the thing. However, when you add more members there are more potential commenters there. In FAPA, the 65 members make it difficult to fully comment on the mailing. This is based on the six recent mailings that I was fortunate enough to acquire. SAPS and its 36 members usually get something like 10 pages of comment, and I know that in the 40 member N'APA I got about 7 to 10 pages of comment this time. ##### I left out Richard's estimate of the FAPA number of pages of mlg-coms, so in casing you're keeping score, Richard said: "In FAPA ... most zines would average something like 6 to 8 pages of mc's each mailing." ##### I don't know what it is for the SPPA, but from the few zines I have seen, about 10 or 12 pages from the last 3 or 4 mailings, you prolly don't get but 5 pages of comment. So, membership doesn't make a whole lot of difference each time, up to a certain limit where you just can't comment on everything, and the whole thing dissolves into a genzine trading society.

Now that I've learned to handle (in SAPS) the mc's, I average about a third of a page each, on other zines that are almost entirely mc's. On a semi-genzine type I can usually go on for a half or whole page. We'll see what happens in the SPPA, but I have an idea that if I do get into the thing, your page count may go up just a little. Not much, but a little.

I see that Arnie Katz is up to his old tricks. He's one of the sort that likes to reform things. If I get into the SPPA, there won't be a noticeable increase in the volume of the voice (s) crying for improvement. Like, I'll be happy to be in a small, really in-group apa for a change. I like the SPPA mentality.

Ah, a little controversy. This is the way I like to see a "fight" or "feud" handled. You and Locke seem to be sticking to the friendly (or at least civilized) disagreement stage. Keep it that-a-way. ##### Well, why should I get enraged or nasty after all, everyone knows that Dave Locke is a dirty, rotten, low-down, lying, sneaking

Again, I can't think of a doggone thing to say about Dick's article. Interesting and entertaining, surely, but that's all I can say. ##### Oh, I don't think Dick will be too disappointed. After all, you could have said it was dull and boring, so sometimes compliments --- though brief --- are well appreciated. #####

Letter col is good -- short, yes, but good. I wish you could think of a better way to differentiate without using all these silly "shouting" capital letters. Myself, I think that setting comments off like this (()) is perfectly distinguishable. I used that method in ROM 2, as you will see if and when it arrives. ##### Okay, I stopped "shouting" ... Better? ROM 2. did arrive, nucho good.

#####

I suddenly found what little corflu I had left had caked up (I added a little : alcohol -- the "rubbing" kind -- but it doesn't bring about the necessary fluidity. So, this is sans corflu. Anybody know a sure remedy for caked corflu? Help, HELP!

36