

of the jungle. At this point of the story there is a general "Let's kill Tarsan" cry, and the meaning of it is clearly obvious, whether taken in the context of jungle or race struggle.

(Place next sentence before previous) Jane, as the daughter of the jungle, thus mates with the untouchable, and is cast out from the jungle.

In conclusion, one can gather from this two-sided struggle that there is a deeper side to Burroughs, much as there is a deeper side to Coblenz in some of his fine novels of civilizations within the earth. Perhaps that's one of the basic reasons why I like ERB, other than the fact that I have profited to the tune of \$200 from him; he is basically simple, and the political issues that Burroughs puts within the stories help me to appreciate him to a greater extent than I would otherwise.

Perhaps it is because of these innate political strifes that I have recently asked John Boardman to marry me. My psychiatrist can see no other answer.

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Well, I hope you liked that reprint, gang.

You know, it's very odd, but I seem to get contributions from the oddest people. I've repeatedly asked Bjo and Harness and Rotaler for artwork, so today I got in the mail ... some artwork from Bill Pearson. Well, you can't have everything. But I sure would like to. How about it, you West Coasters out there?
.....publications

DEGLER! 68

This is Degler! #68, published for the special Welcome Len Bailes party by Andy Porter, 24 east 82nd street, Ny, NY, 10028. Doom Durper Serv.
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As you may have noticed last night, I had especially lousy duplicating on the last Degler!, a result of using the black masters coupled with a new brand of Ditto Fluid. The final result, as you all could see, was show through in large quantities. The extra small type of my Royal Portable didn't help any thing either. I think that I'll stay away from the black masters for a while.

Plans announced in the last Degler! haven't materialized either. My original plan was to go to a special summer session at NYU and then re-enter this fall; this has deteriorated to the point where I will be working this summer and maybe taking some non-matriculative courses at some other school during the winter. If all plans go according to the way they want to go (i.e., in all directions) I'll probably be graduating from college at the tender age of 24 or 25. This is slightly different from my plans up to several months ago, but that's the Way It Goes. I think.

Further plans to cut down fanac are under study and/or alteration at this point. With a summer of work rather than schooling, several things have changed. First of all, plans for the Petrofan are coming up for review, but I doubt whether I'll change very much as to what I intended to do in the first place; I have no real interest in under-

taking another fannish burden that I'll feel bound to carry on when I run out of time to do it, as I will eventually. What I'll most likely do is publish an occasional METROPOLITAN BULLETIN or something like that for when I go to ESFA or Lunarians or things like that; it'll have news of meetings and books and the like, and will be entirely free, as the outlay will be so small it will be ridiculous to charge for it.

Algol will still come out, though of course (why of course? Well, it's the sensible thing to do) the pagecount will be cut down a lot. It's really too much bother to try to put out a zine with 50+ pages per issue and a postage cost of 10-12¢ per copy. What I'll aim at will be 30-40 pages of a bit of everything, with less of an emphasis on fan fiction or faan fiction; there was entirely too much of that in the last issue. And the editorial, or at least personal section will be larger, much larger in fact, than it is now.

I'm not too sure what the fate of the Pro-Artist Symposium is. I'll probably write up final questions and get some help from various pro's. What I mite do is wait for the fall before sending it out, because when the thing gets in full gear it'll most likely take severaol months to organize. If and when it sees print it'll be mimeographed for wider distribution.

I'm thinking of including in it fans who work in the professional art field tho aren't artist, such as Bergeron, Wilimczyk, and private Stiles. Anyone have any suggestions? I'll be quite willing to hear them, either in writing or at FISTFA/Fanoclasts. This will of necessity be terminated here; stay tuned for an article of some sort.

This is really what you call kind of odd; I've looked through all of Algols #s 1-6 and the only really reprintable item was the Lupoff thingum. Which just goes to show how really forgettable those issues were. So now I go into #7, and grab out a thing called

JUNGLE TALES OF WHITSSKIN by Dave Van Arnam

Ezra Pound, James Joyce, Dylan Thomas, Christopher Fry, James Branch Cabell, Robinson Jeffers, ER Eddison, William Hope Hodgson, Lord Dunsany, and E. E. Smith, Ph.D.

Yes, and Edgar Rice Burroughs. What is the congruous element among all these writers? Simply that they are all hacks. Unfortunately, Burroughs' prose style is not in the same league with the rest, not even Doc Smith. ERB contented himself with a workmanlike prose and concentrated on telling a story as well as he could, which (with some recurring & unfortunate plot tricks) was even worse than the efforts of Doc Smith. I guess the only common denominator is that I like all these writers verymuch.

To justify me placing ERB in such companym, I doubt that I could go to a better (sic) text than JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN, which contains most of the devices Burroughs found necessary in telling his stories.

The greatest advantage these stories have over other Tarzan books is that they are clearly miniature tales of the struggle of the (black man) (Tarzan) against the brute forces of the jungle (the Whites). That the whites never understand is clear throughout all of ERB's stories, and this problem is never solved, although in effect Tarzan does marry Jane, a daughter