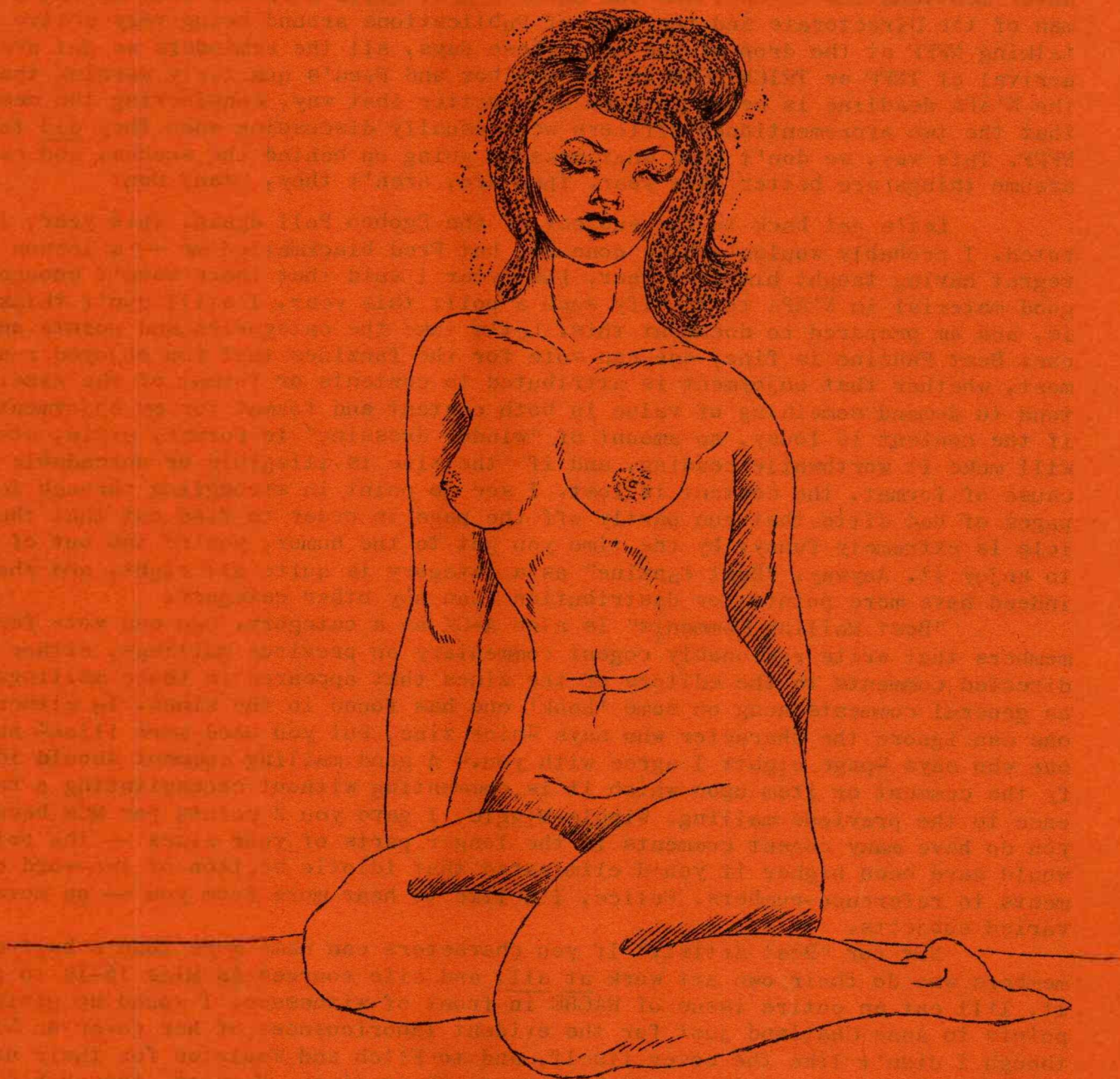


# РАЧЕ

13





This is RACHE 13  
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## THOUGH HE MIGHT BE LESS HUMBLE...

Things have been rather dull around Los Angeles, Neff-wise, for the past few months. The only officers we have left in the area are the President, who is seldom seen and even more seldom heard, the head of the Manuscript Bureau who never mentions the Bureau, and the OE of N'APA. Quite a chance from having a Chairman of the Directorate and the Head of Publications around being very active and talking NFFF at the drop of the hat. These days, all the reminders we get are the arrival of TNFF or TRIGHTBEAM in the mailbox and Fred's quarterly warning that the N'APA deadline is near. Perhaps it's better that way, considering the mess that the two aforementioned officers were usually discussing when they did talk NFFF. This way, we don't know what mess is going on behind the scenes, and can assume things are better this year. They are, aren't they, Stan? Don?

Let's get back to the subject of the Egoboo Poll again. This year, I voted. I probably wouldn't have done so, but Fred blackmailed me — a lesson I regret having taught him last year. Last year I said that there wasn't enough good material in N'APA to justify such a poll; this year, I still don't think there is, and am prepared to document this. Let's take the categories and points one by one: Best Fanzine is fine; one can vote for the fanzines that you enjoyed reading most, whether that enjoyment is attributed to contents or format of the zine. I tend to demand something of value in both content and format for my enjoyment — if the content is lousy, no amount of "window dressing" in format, style, etc. will make it worthwhile reading, and if the zine is illegible or unreadable because of format, the content is lost. I see no point in struggling through ten pages of bad ditto that run partly off the page in order to find out that the article is extremely funny; by the time you get to the humor, you're too out of sorts to enjoy it. Anyway, "Best Fanzine" as a category is quite all right, and should indeed have more points for distribution than any other category.

"Best Mailing Comments" is also A-OK as a category. One can vote for the members that write reasonably cogent commentary on previous mailings, either as directed comments to the editors of the zines that appeared in those mailings or as general comments hung on some 'hook' one has found in the zines. In either case one can ignore the character who says "nice zine, but you need more illos" and the one who says "page eight: I agree with you." A good mailing comment should identify the comment or item upon which it is commenting without necessitating a reference to the previous mailing. Wiggle-Miggle, I gave you 2 points for MCs because you do have many cogent comments in the longer parts of your zines — the points would have been higher if you'd eliminated that idiotic section of two-word comments to reference-numbers. Felice, I'd like to hear more from you — on more varied subjects.

Now for "Best Artist." If you characters can name more than a half-dozen members who do their own art work at all, and cite sources in Mlgs 16-19 to prove it, I'll eat an entire issue of RACHE in front of witnesses. I wound up giving points to Anne Chatland just for the evident laboriousness of her cover on NIEKAS, though I didn't like the cover itself, and to Fitch and Woolston for their use of cuts in printing decorations and borders on their zines. Harness, though his contributions to the N'APA mailings were quite poor compared to what he can do when

he wants to make the effort, and Wilimczyk, whose contributions were too few in number (not in quality), are our Best Artists. On the basis of so few people doing their own artwork, 20 points is too many for this category; half of the points assigned to "Best Fanzine" (i.e., 15) would be plenty.

"Best Fiction Or Poetry." Here's another laughable one. It's the only category on which I couldn't use all the points no matter how hard I tried. (In spite of Fred's allowance of half the available points to one person, I refuse to give more than one-third.) Even giving Johnstone 8 points for his story in GIMBLE, I had to stretch like hell to give out 14 more points, leaving three left. I suppose it is a question of defining "good" fiction, but almost all the N'APA fiction has been of the calibre that would get rejection slips from ESOTERIQUE or REALM OF FANTASY. And the poetry — ECCCHHH. I found a few that were fair, one more story that was good, and let it go at that. I would suggest limiting this category to 15 points at that most — there just isn't enough of the material written by the members to justify 25 points.

"Best Articles" is only slightly over-expanded. The problem here is that few members write long enough items to call them articles. Of the ones I voted for, Meskys, Carr, Patten, and Irwin have legitimate claims to the "article" tag, but I stretched a few points to include Castora's fairly lengthy remarks on comics and some of Dave Hulan's drawn-out remarks on a couple subjects under "articles." I suggest a limit of 20 points.

"Best humorist"? I found three genuinely funny members; the others I have listed because I found them funny even though I'm sure they weren't trying to be funny at all; I have a weird sense of humor. Again, a 15-point maximum is suggested, to ease the strain on the member trying to remember (even with re-checking the mailings) what was humorous.

The "Free Points" category is a catch-all, of course. You can vote for the member you think deserves points even though he didn't put anything in the mailing worth a damn; you can use it for the items that don't fit elsewhere — such as Don Franson's useful but uncomment-provoking indexes. But 30 points is far too much. If you gave someone half these points it would be equivalent to giving someone half the points for "Best Fanzine" — grossly unfair to the people you voted as having the "Best Fanzines." I suggest 10 points total for the giveaways. Most of the free points I voted were for persistence and determination in spite of mediocrity — such as Belle Dietz's beautifully repro'd PEALS with the total lack of interesting contents — a waste of effort that should be appreciated somehow. Red Avery got his points for the Bjo cover, an item not easily obtained these days, especially on ditto.

And finally, in spite of all this complaining, let me say one complimentary thing: N'APA is definitely more deserving of having an Egoboo Poll this year than it was last year. About two more years and it may be up to where it deserves one point-blank.

And now I think it only fair to reveal my voting on this poll — just so the appreciation will be visible, and not filed away in the Poll Results:

<u>Best Fanzine:</u>	Patten	7	<u>Best MCs:</u>	Carr	5	<u>Best Artist:</u>		
	Fitch	6		Meskys	4	Harness	6	
	Carr	5		Hulan	4	Fitch	6	
	Wilimczyk	4		Patten	4	Wilimczyk	3	
	Wilson	3		Wilson	3	Woolston	3	
	Meskys	3		Russell	2	Chatland	2	
	Labowitz	2		Wilimczyk	2			
				Rolfe	1			



Best Fiction Or Poetry:

Johnstone	8
Labowitz	5
Primm	3
Armistead	3
Franson	3

Best Articles:

Meskys	8
Carr	5
Patten	3
Irwin	3
Castora	3
Hulan	3

Best Humorist:

Weber	4
Roberts	3
Wilimczyk	3
Harrell	2
Harness	2
Hannifen	2
Baker	2
Forman	2

Free Points:

Franson	6	Bowers	3
Bailes	5	Carlson	3
Katz	5	Kohn	2
Dietz	4	Avery	2

## A MONOGRAPH ON ASHES

EXCALIBUR 5 (Katz/Bailes) Gentlemen, I congratulate you on your improvement in repro from the dittoed CURSED. But I still wish you'd pay more attention to margins. I have been getting the last year's worth of N'APA zines ready for binding the other day, and had to give up on Mailing 18 until I could get hold of the Surplus copies of CURSED 4 and assemble a copy in which the print stayed on the page. If your duper doesn't feed uniformly, you will have to allow for the fact by typing on less of the stencil -- such as, from line 5 to 57 or whatever. And check your pages when collating -- throw out those that do run off the page.

My thanks for the compliment on my Fafhrd costume, but the Sinestro you put in second place wasn't Bill Osten. It was Al Kuhfeld, publisher of GOD COMICS. (I don't know if you saw a copy at the con, but several were circulating; it's extremely funny, if somewhat sack-religion-ous.)

Len, your anti-Amazing verse is pretty good, and I think I may have gypped you out of a couple points on the Poll. Try again this year, why don't you -- and watch the scansion when you write a parody. Having to cram in extra syllables detracts from the enjoyment of the thing.

NEOFAN (Hannifen) As you have offered your reason for running for OE, I might as well do the same: I was, as you surmised, collecting APAs. I know of no instance in which one fan was OE of three different APAs at the same time, and as I had already broken the record for consecutive SAPS OEships, I thought I would have a go at the three-at-once record. I had little hope of winning, as I knew all along that Fred was running, and I've yet to find a case in which an OE wasn't re-elected unless he'd fouled up in extremis. I'll wait, hang on to the two APAs I've got (if I can), and try again if Fred decides not to run one of these years.

BAYTA 1 (Bowers) Being as how I can never find time to write letters of comment these days, and only manage to keep myself on the DOUBLE-BILL mailing list with tradezines to Mallardi, I think I will take this opportunity to thank the other half of the editorship for his work on the zine, which I do appreciate getting the zine, and think it is one of the best to come out in the past few years. It should place in the top ten of the Fan Poll with little trouble -- it got one vote here, at least. And I hope that monster Annish doesn't do you characters in -- Annishnesia has killed off more fanzines than parental problems or feuds. Keep them coming, Bill.

I may be unusually obtuse, but Deckinger's "Shadow of a Fix" is quite incomprehensible to me.

I agree almost 100% with your comments on the Kennedy assassination — the revolting rush to rename things after JFK — Kennedy Memorial This-and-Thats — was far too much for me. I think Elmer Perdue handled that situation nicely in his FAPA comments: "I do know a woman who runs a cat house in Copper, Wyoming. So help me, if any political entity of county size or larger is renamed Kennedy, I shall ask her to discontinue 'Fanny Belle's' and start using the 'John F. Kennedy Memorial Sporting House.' I shall be happy to print calling cards for her use."

One small item: Ancestor worship is based primarily in Japan (Shintoism) — and in New England. (Bostonianism)

GEMZINE 4/38 (GM Carr) Though I am certain Pat McLean's suggestion — that the N'APA members act as substitute TB publishers when no one else volunteers, and do so in alphabetical order — will not be accepted, I wish to state an opinion on it. Said opinion is that we'd lose a lot of N'APA members under that plan — or else we'd get a loused-up TB schedule. When publishing is forced on someone (If you don't publish the next TB, you'll get dropped from N'APA) he will resent it, and probably drop from N'APA, publish a minimal TB (6 pages and a cover), or stall the TB so long it's almost time for the next issue. If the membership wants TB, it can publish the thing — if the N'APA section of the membership want TB, they can volunteer to publish it. Frankly, I don't read TB, even though I have a complete collection of the thing from its first issue, and I have absolutely no interest in publishing it. I wonder how much interest the rest of N'APA has — especially those who have been in NFFF more than a year or two.

If I remember to send Pat a copy of this, this will serve to inform her that The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe is the first of the seven "Narnia Chronicles" by C.S. Lewis — at least in order published. The others, in the same sequence, are Prince Caspian, The Voyage of the Dawn Treader, The Silver Chair, The Horse and His Boy, The Magician's Nephew, and The Last Battle. (In chronological order, there is only one change: The Magician's Nephew goes first.)

Having some extra time, I got out my old moth-eaten Bible (which, like Ted Johnstone's copy, is filed under "J" in the fantasy collection) and followed your arguments with Chuck Peterson. Being interested in the arguments per se, rather than with their subject matter, I'm curious about one thing: Do you have a concordance to work from? (I assume you're using the Douay version.)

It is very interesting to the apolitical person to see how the various factions reacted to the Kennedy assassination. Without exception, the left-wingers pounced on the accusations of the left and yelled that they were being persecuted, that the leftists couldn't possibly have done all that they were being blamed for. Likewise, the right-wingers pounced on the accusations thrown at the political right, and said the same thing the left said. To the apolitical, it was quite obvious that accusations were being flung to both sides, either of which could have been to blame. Oswald was accused of all sorts of Leftist tendencies — Fair Play For Cuba Committee, trips to Russia, etc. — so obviously it was the communists and leftists that were responsible. Ruby, on the other hand, must have been paid by the Right to Hush Things Up; etc. etc. etc. Pfu. Perhaps it is a pity I don't have a political affiliation so strong that I have to defend it against hordes of vicious attacks. Perhaps. But I doubt it.

AUTHOR INDEX TO F&SF (Franson) How come this is published by the NFFF? Anyway, it is a useful item for bibliographers — especially since the 2nd volume of the Index isn't in sight yet.

"I helped Ted lose a point on the Purity Test" ... Owen Hannifen

BOOK OF THE UNDEAD (Castora) In regard to current comics, the collecting and appreciation thereof: I have been wondering with greater frequency and greater seriousness during the past six months or so as to just how long Marvel Comics can ride the current boom and bring out more costumed hero comics with greater frequency and bigger ballyhoo. I admit that their stuff is the best on the market -- with a few possible exceptions such as the new Hawkman -- but can it last? I dunno; I'm just content to buy a couple copies of most of their mags, read them, and file them away. Some day I'll sell the second copies for ridiculous prices. (When the issue of Avengers that brought back Captain America hit the stands, the dealer told me that some character bought about a dozen copies and said they'd be worth about a dollar each. I figure he's right, and it won't be much longer than a year from now, either.)

I wish you had made (and kept) that New Year's resolution about giving up games. I have enough problems playing Italy against your Austria-Hungary in the one LASFS game, that I don't need more of them playing Italy against your France in the second game. Why don't you quit, huh? Please?

FENRIS 6 (Hulan) Well, you fink, since you've given away the fact that I enjoy dropping deadwood from an APA, I might as well admit it. There are damn few people in the memberships of the APAs for whom I'd go out of my way in order to keep them in. This won't help my chances for election to N'APA OEs-ship, I guess, but that's the way it goes.

INTERIM (Irwin) In case you missed my comment earlier, GOD COMICS is published by Al Kuhfeld of Minneapolis. Issue 3 was circulating at Discon, and there hasn't been another one yet.

VAUX HALL FANATIC (Johnson) Seth, if there is already a lack of publishers for TIGHTBEAM, where do you propose to get the publishers for a letterhack zine? Except for this problem, I think your ideas are quite suitable for such a zine. I'm perfectly willing to receive another zine from the NFFF, though I admit I might not get around to reading it, either. (The reason I don't read TB's is that I would have to go back and read all the ones I put aside for lack of time; otherwise I wouldn't be able to follow the arguments.) The idea of proportional payments on the part of the participants is the basis of the Shadow FAPA, where the waiting-listers send 110 or so copies of their stuff to a central person who assembles and mails it out to FAPA and the FAPA WL. then bills the participants for the costs. In the case of your N3F Letterhack zine, they would also have to be billed for publication costs. You'd need an editor who could handle ditto or mimeo, probably, as some characters would invariably send their stuff on the wrong kind of stencil/master, and it should be someone with a good amount of experience in publishing, to take care of the problems of stencils the wrong size, stencils typed on between the wrong lines, etc. Good luck in finding such a publisher -- just don't look at me when you're hunting.

PHIL KOHN SAYS (Kohn via GMC) As to the "LASFS Marching Song" that begins with "Francis Towner Laney lies a-mouldering in the grave," it is a rather long story. If you have read FANCY II you have some idea as to the force of Laney's attacks on the LASFS. These attacks brought reaction and counter-reaction -- and they are still doing so. The Reaction has generally been along the line of "LASFS is still successfully extant, in spite of Laney"; the Counter-Reaction has been "Laney's gone, but the blankety-blanks he tried to show up are still here -- proving there's no justice."

The "LASFS Marching Hymn" [not "...Song"] appeared in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 54 (January-February 1961), and was credited to Steve and Virginia Schultheis. Its theme was definitely that of Reaction -- but that wasn't how the original idea



was intended. The original idea was that of Counter-Reaction, and said original idea belonged to Ted Johnstone. Perhaps the following dialogue from SAPS will tell the story better than I can:

Lee Jacobs: Thank you TED JOHNSTONE, for the lyrics to the Wrai Ballad et al. But how about publishing that stirring LASFS bit of folk-art which starts out with: (a la Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Francis Towner Laney lies a mouldering in his Grave  
Francis Towner Laney lies a mouldering in his Grave  
Francis Towner Laney lies a mouldering in his Grave  
But the Las-fass marches onnnnnn!

CHORUS

4sJ, Dougherty and E-vans,  
4sJ, Daugherty and E-vans,  
4sJ, Daugherty and E-vans,  
The Las-fass marches on...

which I think you wrote also.  
[MRAOC 3, SAPS 54, 1/61]

Ted Johnstone: Yeah, I wrote "Francis Towner Laney Lies A-Mold'ring In The Grave," and the chorus was "Forry, Daugherty and Evans," not 4sJ... That doesn't scan worth a crudzine. Anyway, Steve and Virginia Schultheis picked it up and wrote half a dozen verses to it, a few of which even hint at the nasty subtle feeling the original was supposed to have. Heigh ho. Just as long as I get credit for the original idea... [MEST 6, SAPS 55, 4/61]

F. M. Busby: My considered opinion of "the nasty subtle feeling the original (of the LASFS Marching Song) was meant to have" would make a good commercial if you ever wanted to sell it in quantity — "Unbelievably Cheap, and 100% SAFE." I find it indicative of the Laney Impact that 3 years after his death, people are throwing rocks at his grave. Of course, graves don't usually strike back. Actually, quite a bit of that song reads like a good-humored parody of the "nasty, subtle feeling", and possibly the parody is what you personally dig the most. I hope; because you, Ted,, are yourself showing the basics of a fine Laneyesque iconoclasm every now and then. (Or did I interpret "Nasty subtle feeling" just backwards, all along?)  
[RETRO 21, SAPS 56, 7/61]

Ted Johnstone: Dammit, Buz, the multi-versed "LASFS Marching Song" was written by the Schultheises! All I wrote was "Francis Towner Laney lies a-mould'ring in the grave...but the LASFS marches on!//Forry, Daugherty and Evans...the LASFS marches on!" Effem, think back and remember what you know about 4e, Daugherty and Evans — and what kind of name they gave the LASFS — and then re-examine the song. [MEST 8, SAPS 57, 10/61]

F.M. Busby: Yep, I had your role in the "LASFS Marching Song" completely backward; found this out too late to correct it in the previous mailing. OK, I apologize and state for the benefit of latecomers that Ted Johnstone was not throwing rocks at Laney's grave...OK?  
[RETRO 23, SAPS 58, 1/62]

Satisfied, Phil Kohn? And just out of curiosity, whom have you asked about this

matter that you haven't got an answer? Anyone in Los Angeles? Why not?  
Any more questions?

MICKEY 2 (Kusske) In commenting on the fact that Seth is opposed to monogamy but is unmarried, you ask how one can be opposed to something he has not experienced. It's easy: one is opposed to things about which one has learned through others' experiences. Examples: drug addiction, dictatorship, etc. One may not always be "right" in ones opposition -- but then, even when one has experience in the matter he may misinterpret the experience and still be "wrong" -- right?

A very sage comment on obeying laws that contradict ones ethics (not "morals" -- those are public; ethics are private). Ever read a story called "In a Good Cause"? [Asimov, in Healy-McComas's New Tales of Space and Time paperback] It advances this idea quite nicely.

FOOFERAW 10 (Patten) Johnstone didn't introduce the term "69" to fandom, I'm afraid; the Cult was using it quite some time before TAJ got in. However, you may be right about one thing -- he will probably be quite glad to take full credit.

That's not a bad idea -- chipping in to buy Kaymar a new cover illo. Tell you what -- someone provide the stencil and postage/handling, and I'll get him the illo, already stencilled. I am getting rather sick of that one he's been using for the past 10 or 11 years.

A few other suggestions on what to show Bailes&Katz as examples of full-color ditto work: SEXY VENUS, CANDY FANTASI, SATA ILLUSTRATED.

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# MASTERS of the MICROCOSM chapter two

As Harvey, foreman of the Royal Shipyards, raced for the gate to spread the alarm that Dnieppuh had been invaded by three wizards from Schnapp, the Three called upon their powers to stop him. The Master of the Crowns, Count Ivan of Han, was of little use. When the problem arose he yelled "Seven!" and sat down to survey the bottlements. Duke Tredon did better: the Master of the Stones yelled "Throwing!" and stood poggng rocks at the fleeing figure -- unsuccessfully. "You should have something to hurl the rock with," said the Count, looking up, "Though you're not too good at throwing a missile, you're usually pretty good at slinging it." The Duke hesitated, considering the advisability of throwing a rock at the Count, but unable to decide whether or not he'd been insulted.

The third Wizard, however, was still at work. When the Rings of both Green Lanterns failed to work on the fugitive, the Master of the Rings thought a second, then yelled "Hunter Hawk!" This time, two rings appeared, one on each hand, and he crooked the ring finger of his right hand at the fleeing figure. A beam lashed out again, and this time the figure stopped. Even at a distance, the Wizards could see a stony, gray tone come over the foreman. No alarm would be given yet.

"We'll leave him for you, Mr. Chigs," said the Baron. "Use him for a door-stop or something; I'm afraid he'll be just taking up space in the organization for quite some time. Now, if you will lead us to the Buhlrawz, we shall be on our way.

The manager of the Royal Shipyards led the Wizards to the Great Ship and watched as they entered and raised the ship. Then, still in a trance-like state, he walked back to the factory under the hot afternoon sun and disappeared. That P.M. was the last ever seen of him.

When the whistle blew again at 2:00, the shipyard workers began to struggle back to their jobs. Usually they straggled back, but after a 180-minute lunch-hour it was more of a struggle. Bertie Caije was the first to get back, and it was he



who discovered the loss of the Buhlawz. He didn't discover that it was stolen -- just that it wasn't where it should be. He wouldn't even have discovered that, if he hadn't decided to look for minute holes in the superstructure; workers in the shipyard paid little attention to the Buhlawz, now that it was finished. Anyway, he did discover that the ship wasn't where it should be, and went to find out where it had been moved.

The office clerk, Khent, wasn't much help. He had no idea where the manager or the foreman were, and, privately, he hoped they were both gone for good -- then the Owners might act on a previous suggestion and combine both jobs into that of a Superintendent. If they did, clerk Khent would be Super. He ignored the questioning of Caije and was about to tell him to get out, when another worker burst into the room. It was O'Hay, a part-time worker at the shipyard.

"Mr Khent! Harvey's out by the side gate, and someone's turned him to stone! He hasn't moved for the past 20 minutes while I sat watching him, so I thought I'd better tell someone about it."

"Mr. O'Hay," replied Khent, "I have had enough nonsense for today. First Caije here says he can't find the Buhlawz, and now you say the Foreman's stoned again. Well, I don't care how drunk he is, you're not supposed to waste time watching him -- not company time, anyway. You'll be docked 20 minutes' pay. Now both of you get out of here!"

O'Hay, who usually worked only as the spirit moved him, had several times admitted that his life and effort were cursed in Dnieppuh, and he longed to wander in other lands. But the emigration lists are long in that land, and there was little he could do but wait. Unless a miracle happened, he was stuck in the same dull place for another couple years.

So, as he pondered the disappearance of the Buhlawz and the petrification of the foreman, it occurred to him that this might be part of his long-awaited miracle. If he could prove himself worthy of emigrating, he might bypass the regular lists. He headed for the nearest phone.

"Royal Palace, Office of the Chatelaine...hey, Anne, it's for you." The voice on the phone changed to that of a husky woman. (Bossing a castle is no light-weight job.) She listened to the story of the strange events at the Royal Shipyard, then ordered O'Hay to the castle in person.

When he got there, he was ushered into the conference room. "The Prince is out to lunch," said the Chatelaine, "But I have summoned the Prime Monster and the Secretary of Warp to hear your story and decide what should be done about the situation. The Prince doesn't go in much for making decisions, anyway -- and with the Buhlawz gone, he'd be even more hesitant. Now, let's hear what happened."

O'Hay told his story again, while the others listened. Then the Prime Monster spoke. "Sounds like the work of Schnappsites," she said. "I was there once, but they revoked my visa. This sort of thing is one of their dirty jobs, I'm sure of it. What do you think, Wooly?"

The Secretary of Warp looked confused. "Quite right, quite right, Jeem. Exactly as you said." He went back to sleep.

O'Hay turned to the Chatelaine. "Are there any other advisers we can ask about this? I'd like to hear more opinions, just in case."

"Ridiculous!" snorted the Prime Monster. "Wooly and I are the oldest citizens of Dnieppuh, so we are the advisors to the Prince. Anyone else is just a young whippersnapper, and shouldn't try advising until he's as old as we are!"

"That's reasonable -- I suppose," said O'Hay. "Anyway, what are we going to do about the situation now? How can we get the Buhlawz back, and what shall we do about the foreman?"

"Well," began the Prime Monster, "first we should get..." but here she was interrupted as the building shook and trembled, and a huge shape could be seen through the window, turning for another run. "They're using our own ship against us! Everyone into the storm cellar!"

# the SCREEN SCENE <sup>by</sup> Dian Pelz

Perhaps the most interesting movie now on the screen is the latest import from Italy, "Goliath and the Cat Women". Starring Reginald Denny and Gina Lollabrigida, with the inimitable Wally Cox as the fierce warrior king of the Huns.

The movie opens on the sunny shores of southern Rhodesia, where the child Goliath has been abandoned on a hillside to die due to a prophesy that he will someday murder his father and marry his mother. Rescued from the elements and raised to manhood by an aging she-wolf, Goliath dedicates himself to the elimination of tyranny and injustice. He journeys to the Fertile Crescent, where he joins a band of rebels. Together with these men, about 200 in all, he storms mighty Babylon - liberating the slaves and leaving the city in flaming ruin. Having freed the beautiful Princess of Nogala from the Babylonian dungeons, he aids her in recovering the last will and testament of her Uncle, the previous king. Having secured the will, and placed the rightful heir to the throne of Nogala in power, he stows away aboard a ship laden with youths and maidens destined for slavery and death in the island fortress of Crete. After heading a revolt against Minos, King of the island, and slaying the frightful monster that lived in a maze beneath the city, Goliath marries Medea, daughter of the King, and goes with her to seek the Golden Fleece. When they at last locate the treasure, it is guarded by Argus, the monster with a hundred eyes. Goliath slays the monster, thus winning the undying hatred of Isis, who changes Medea into a heifer and causes Goliath to be pursued and tormented by the Eumenides. He flees to Sparta where he lures away the Spartan Queen, Helen, contracting to deliver her to Attila the Hun at the neutral meeting point of Troy. However, once in Troy, Goliath renounces the prospect of monetary gain and trades her to the Marquis de Sade in return for the freedom of the Sabine Women. While escorting the women to their homes, Goliath manages to elude the Eumenides, transferring their attentions to a young man named Orin. Having eliminated the curse that had harried him, Goliath journeys to Florence where he becomes a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci. Having studied with the great master for several years, Goliath leaves his tutelage to travel to imperial Rome. Rome at this time is on the verge of civil war. Siding, as always, with the oppressed, Goliath becomes a gladiator and joins the underground movement to remove the mad Nero from the throne and replace him with the young Charles Darnay. Narrowly escaping death at the hands of Nero's mercenaries, Goliath leaves the city after accomplishing his mission, and boards a Viking longship - paying his passage by composing a song in honor of the crew. The captain of the ship, Eric the Red, transports him to Denmark, where he befriends the anguished young prince Hamlet, and uncovers a plot by two palace nobles to take over the throne. While searching for one of the men involved, Goliath becomes lost in the maze of tunnels beneath the castle. He finally makes his way to the surface in the small town of Hamlin, where he rids the city of a plague of rats, winning the gratitude of the populus. Always loathe to sit back and bask in admiration, Goliath leaves the city to join Caesars legions in their campaign against England. Finding the way of a soldier not to his liking, Goliath leaves his comrades and goes to London - there to at last meet his mother, who rules as Elizabeth I, the Virgin Queen; and his father, William Shakespeare. Part of his destiny is fulfilled when the Bard dies of dysentery after drinking rum with Goliath all night. The movie ends as Goliath receives the royal summons, and prepares to meet the woman who will be his bride. This movie is exceptional in acting, plot, and direction and is certainly the best thing Disney has ever done.