

# TERRY CARR FOR TAFF



MESH-





In the forties, Terry Carr was one of the most frequently-found names in prozine letter columns. In the fifties, he began and brought to a memorable level his career as a fanzine-publisher and writer. In the sixties, he's grown into an author and editor of science-fiction--you can see his name in prozines now, on the contents page, and when you pick up the latest sf novel from ACE, he just might have bought it, in his capacity as assistant editor.

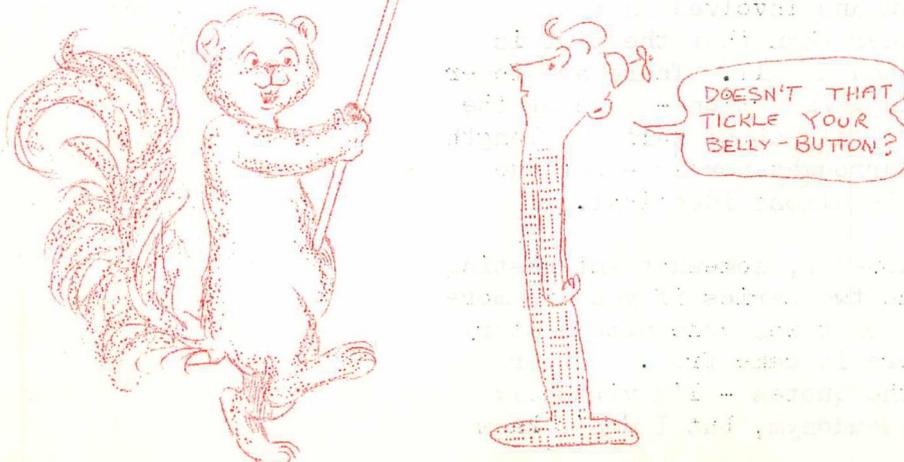
I first met him in 1954, some months before the Frisco at the Sir Francis Drake. We met again on several occasions, not the least memorable being the most anonymous: we were two of the eleven (or was it thirteen?) fans packed into a room in the Hotel Leamington all during the 1956 Westercon weekend. That was the room where Darby White, then in the Marines, rotated slowly and endlessly beneath the television set in the corner while the rest of us sat up and talked until dawn.

In 1957 I moved to Berkeley and Terry and I moved into Barrington Hall together to start ourselves off at the University of California. We fanned like crazy while he pursued a degree in English and I slaved away at mathematics--we published the house newspaper, the Barrington Bull, for one thing. For another we began the weekly news fanzine FANAC, the newszine that chitter-chattered itself into a Hugo at the Detroit convention.

Terry's been to half a dozen world conventions, and many regional gatherings. Early experience has proved invaluable, because he now not only sits up drinking and talking all night--he like as not has to appear on a panel the next day. After a party-to-dwan in his room at the 1964 Oakland worldcon, I staggered off to my room to collapse until noon--but Terry and Carol Carr were up long before me.

You can't beat Terry Carr for good-humored, convivial fannishness; you can't drop an esoteric fanhistory reference he won't catch; and you probably can't find many people who count as wasted time spent with him. You can vote for him for TAFF, though.

— Ron Ellick





## BARTON WERPER - APPRENTICE IMITATOR

I thought about calling this "Barton Werper, Master of Imitation," after the manner of Lupoff's projected work on Burroughs, but after reading my way through Tarzan and the Silver Globe and Tarzan and the Cave City I decided it would be ill-advised to call "Werper" a master of anything. Even his imitation isn't very good.

In some places, of course, his imitation of Burroughs is excellent. These are the places where he copies an incident straight out of Burroughs, as for instance the incident with the old witch-doctor at the beginning of Silver Globe. That incident I recall in virtually the same words, from one of the real Burroughs novels. I don't have my collection handy out here, so I can't pinpoint the novel, but I'm pretty sure it was either Jewels of Opar or Golden Lion. Since I don't have the original, I can't vouch for the fact that the copying is word for word, but several of Burroughs' characteristic turns of phrase are certainly used. If it wasn't copied directly, it was read over several times and then written down from memory - it bears at least that strong a resemblance.

But for the most part, "Werper" only borrows plot-lines from Burroughs - the writing is different, the characters are different, the background is even different. Silver Globe is half of Jewels of Opar with an invasion from Venus (not Burroughs' Amtor, be it noted) thrown in in place of the villainous Ay-rabs of the original. Cave City is Forbidden City with the substitution of plume-headed cave-men for the humans involved in the original. Other than that the plot is hardly disguised at all. There are fewer characters and less action - each of the "new" books is only about half the length of the true Burroughs novels - but the overall plot is almost identical.

It is, however, somewhat interesting to compare the two series if you are more interested in what was done with a story line than where it came from. Werper (let's drop the quotes - I'm virtually sure it's a pseudonym, but I don't know



of whom) apparently felt that the family life of Tarzan was worthy of more interest than Burroughs had shown in most of the later books, so he gives Jane Clayton a much greater role than Burroughs had did in any of the series after Golden Lion, except for Tarzan's Quest.

He also gave her a good deal more jungle-craft than Burroughs ever did. She was far from helpless in the originals - in both Tarzan the Terrible and Tarzan's Quest she is shown surviving in the jungle with a minimum of civilized aids - but while she could climb a tree with a fair degree of celerity, Burroughs never let her brachiate along with the apes. Werper does. Werper also lets her communicate with the apes, which Burroughs never does - only Tarzan and Korak ever become proficient in ape-language, and Meriam (in Son of Tarzan) learns to communicate haltingly. Jane never does, nor do any of the Waziri - another change made by Werper.

It is in the character of Tarzan himself, however, that the greatest changes are made. Perhaps the changes are less in the character than in the emphasis that is put on certain aspects; still, the total effect is markedly at variance with the impression of Tarzan as I have it from Burroughs.

For one thing, Werper lays tremendous emphasis on the fact that Tarzan prefers his meat raw. Burroughs has been known to overplay this himself, but once in the course of a long book is not excessive. Werper mentions it at least twice in both short books, and it gives one the impression that Werper is somehow fascinated by the idea of bloody raw meat, pulsing with the just-spent life of its original owner. Maybe he's a werewolf. Anyhow, he lays what I consider undue emphasis on the trait.

He also makes Tarzan much less sophisticated than Burroughs does. Burroughs would never have had Tarzan challenge and fight the leader of a tribe of apes just to prove he could. He might, and frequently did, so fight when there was a reason, such as rescuing a fair maiden from a fate worse, etc., but just to prove he could? However, this action of Werper's Tarzan is consistent with his other actions - this Tarzan is a bit more Johnny Weismuller and a bit less Lord Greystoke than Burroughs'.



Occasionally, I find myself wondering if Barton Werper might be a woman. There is a thinly-veiled contempt expressed throughout these books for the traditional masculine virtues; it is more or less obvious that Werper thinks of Tarzan as a bit of a musclebound clod, albeit he can't say so about his own protagonist. I don't know if I'm attaching more significance to this than I should, but until the identity of Barton Werper is revealed, it's an interesting speculation.

The apes in the Werper books, besides

6 playing a greater role than they do in more than two or three of the originals, are much more advanced. Burroughs' apes were not unconvincing as slightly more intelligent gorillas; no one has ever seen such apes, but there is no real reason why they might not exist in some back areas of Africa. However, Werper's apes are so nearly human that it is very difficult to believe in them. They must be about on the level of Pithecanthropus or Peking Man in intelligence in order to do the things Werper credits to them, and yet they are well known to the African natives. And no one could possibly believe that apes like those were gorillas. Not apes that could lead whole armies of beasts, as in Silver Globe.



There is one rather jarring inconsistency in the pair of novels - in the first the leader of the ape-tribe is Nendat, and Jedak is his chief rival and Tarzan's enemy. Later on, Jedak is killed. In the second novel Jedak is the ruler of the tribe. So - what gives? It's a bit like the inconsistency of L. Frank Baum in indiscriminately switching the Munchkin and Winkie countries hither and yon from East to West of Oz. Inconsistencies like that bother me, and Burroughs was rather good at keeping them out of his books. Werper should be more careful. Of course, if he were the careful type he wouldn't have written these stories at all, because he's going to be sued and lose his shirt (if he's a woman that could be interesting...), but meanwhile one can enjoy panning his books.

-- David G. Hulán



41 Pierrepont St.  
Brooklyn NY 11201  
December 11, 1964

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Dear Stan,

TIGHTBEAM seems to be a lively letterzine, easily as good as some of the highly-touted letterzines in general fandom. I was delighted in particular with the last paragraph of Rich Wannan's letter. "If a hole in the ground deserves a bumper-sticker, then why not N3F?" strikes me as one of the funniest punchlines I've read this year -- and it's doubly welcome as an indication of a real sense of humor by N3F members about their organization, something which (by reputation, at least) the club is supposed to lack.

I don't want to get involved in the various discussions going on currently -- for one thing, I'm not an N3F member, so perhaps I'd best keep my mouth shut -- but since Dick Eney also sent along an issue of STUPEFYING STORIES commenting on this year's TAFF candidates, and I'm one of them, maybe I could say a word or two about that.

Dick's been more than kind with the egoboo for my professional writing, and I thank him for it. I wasn't quite as happy about his comment that professionals in the s-f field shouldn't run in TAFF, though. His comment that there's some sort of tradition in TAFF that pros don't run strikes me as dubious for one thing -- Forry Ackerman has run twice, you know, and Marion Bradley, who ran on the last U.S.-to-England slate, has sold about five or ten times as much s-f as I have. I didn't hear any complaints about their candidacies -- nor about the fact that Arthur Thomson has sold a respectable amount of artwork to professional mags in England.

Marion's candidacy in particular strikes me as having set a precedent that it's perfectly cricket for a professional to run in TAFF, as long as he or she is also an active fan. Dick's attitude seems to be that you can't be a fan and pro at the same time, but in this he shuts his eyes to a long line of people, from Bloch and Tucker to Marion Bradley, and, more recently, me among others. (As a matter of fact, a large number of people have been after Tucker to run in TAFF, and he's indicated his willingness to do so sometime -- and I haven't heard of anyone trying to head him off just because, in addition to being a fan, he's also an established pro.)

I considered this matter pretty seriously before accepting a TAFF nomination this year...in fact, when I was approached by several people before the previous TAFF race about running, I declined. My reasons then were (1) that I then held a job which kept me from being more than minimally active in fandom, and I think a TAFF candidate should be an active fan; and (2) that at that time I wasn't sure a professional should stand in TAFF. But subsequent to that decision I changed jobs and am now happily churning out fanzines right and left, and the second question was resolved -- for me, anyway -- by Marion's candidacy and Tucker's willingness to stand, and the lack of opposition to either of them.

So those are my feelings on the matter. I'm not running in TAFF as a professional writer or editor -- I'm running as a fan, which I've been for fifteen years and which I continue to be.

Best,



# the DRUIK DANGER

## CHAPTER III (CHAPTER II ON FLIP SIDE THIS ZINE)

"Now, Zhan," said Henry. The Druik gathered his thoughts, preparatory to launching a bolt of mentla energy. The mental vortex gathered momentum, building up the potential that would smash Meridy's mind to fragments. As if from a great distance, a rushing, gathering roar neared the surface of Zhan's mind and gathered there the searing turbulence and hurled it across the room. The crushing bolt fore into the mind of the princess.

Meridy had snuggled down against Henry after her interest of the earlier part of the evening, Sécator Marshall Short, had been carried from the room. As Zhan launched his bolt she casually wriggled to her feet. She turned and smiled sweetly at Henry. She held out her hand. "Are you coming?" she asked.

Henry's mind reeled. The bolt which could sear the mind of all but the most hard-cased of human mutes had not even been noticed by this creature! As though hypnotized, he got to his feet and followed the enticing blonde head. He, who could read the mind of human and Druik alike, could not receive a single thought which he was not intended to receive!

Zhan stared after the retreating earthman and his companion. This creature, whatever she was, was more dangerous to human and Druik alike than any other being in the known galaxy! And maybe--just maybe--here was the ally that would enable the Druik race to smash humanity. The message that he sent to his home world of Oringia upon reaching the ship began the first mobilization of that planet's fleet since the end of the war with Terra.

The second sun raised a green limb over the horizon at sevenhour. Before six the entire courtyard of the palace was aswarm with servants preparing for the hunt. The green-garbed dnefsthlia brought the long-barbed Kraef-spear and stacked them in neat piles. The eblovens were saddled with crimson leather, and stood stompling and snorking, waiting for their riders.

Henry stretched and yawned -- whatever else she might be, Meridy-á-llian was very, very, female, and the night's sleep had been rather short--feeling the lassitude of the previous morning's exercises seeping from him. He wished he could lie here for several hours yet, but the demands of protocol insisted that today was to be hunt day. Before he could more than move, a lithe blonde head peeked in the door. A laughing face greeted him. "My love," she said, "it is almost time for the hunt."

Mute Henry wondered just when he had been promoted. Last night, of course,

had been memorable, but he didn't know that anything had been said about love. He struggled erect, and Meridy handed him a long crimson tunic. "We wear these to the hunt," she explained. "Only the royal crimson will do honor to the Kraef-lings."

Henry draped the tunic over him, belted himself in with the silver cord that she extended to him, and wrapped it a dozen times around himself -- it was rather longer than he had any use for. With Meridy laughing merrily on his arm, he sauntered into the courtyard. The dnefsthilia were hanging onto the prancing mounts, and the air of excitement was shrp. Henry could feel it in the air but the exertions of the previous sleep-period had left him with a tranquil well-being that permitted no participation.

Llian-thu-llian suddenly appeared in the grand entranceway and a storm of excitement swept the court. The tall, proud fringeworlder looked truly regal in his crimson hunting garb. Behind him Marshall Abner Tso Short appeared, garbed in a costume identical to Henry's. Henry seemed to remember that there had been something important that had happenned the previous evening, but he could not quite pick on it. Something about the princess Meridy!... Ah, there was a wench!

With a shout of approbation, the ruler of Utgard swung into the saddle, and behind him the dnefsthilia assisted the Sector Marshall and Henry onto their mounts before swinging themselves into their saddles.

"Zhan," said Henry. "Where is Zhan?"

"He was taken sick," said Tso Short, "don't you remember, right before we left the party."

Henry thought there was something wrong with that statement, but the thought was cut short by a laughing voice on the adjoining eboloven. "The earth warriors will show us how to hunt," said Merridy. "They are great warriors."

The party soon left the cultivated fields of Utgardhelm behind, and the country grew rapidly rougher. Crimson leaves and mauve tree-trunks contrasted with the emerald of the sky and the sky-blue of what passed for grass on this world.

The trail wound suddenly down a precarious canyon and then sharply up to the bank on the other side. "Here is where the Kraef-lings are found," said Meridy. The dnefsthia were out in front, now, beating the bushes. A shrill scream announced

that they had found their quarry. A wave of retreating ebloven signified the withdrawal of the minions. From the bushes burst a creature that Henry would have sworn was all teeth. Sighting them, the Kraef-ling charged. Llian-thu-llian hefted his Kraef-spear, and waited confidently. "The first cast belongs to the Earth Marshall," he said.



Abner Tso Short brought the unfamiliar weapon into his right hand. He cast, and the spear sailed over the head of the charging beast. Five feet bunched as one, and the toothful pentapod was on the chest of the Marshall. "Earthlings are not great warriors," said Meridy. The ruler, waiting calmly the proper moment, cast at last, and the spear sped truly into the back of the carnivore. The creature shrieked and turned, in time to recieve Meridy's weapon in its chest.

Henry turned to his fallen comrade. Blood bubbled from the rent in his tunic throat. His chest had been clawed in a dozen places and the blood welled onto the crimson tunic. "We need help," he said. Llian-thu-llian turned. The dnefsthia had gone.

"I'll get them," he said, and turning, was gone in a pounding of hooves.

"Where is everybody?" said Henry.

"Only the nobles are allowed to kill the Kraef-lings," said Meridy. "The dnefsthia are watching for the Kraef."

A shout came from behind. "The Kraef!" said Meridy, and turned. Charging across the plain came a beast that made the nightmare creature at their feet look like an innocent kitten. A mouth of three-foot fangs were opened, while the gold-and-brown fur of the mother beast ringed it with a flow of surging muscles. "Mount," said Meridy, and turned, but too late. The riderless ebloven had bolted.

Henry gathered a mental bolt, but before he could launch it something settled over him like a great wet cloud. The Kraef charged on. "Come," said Henry, and turning, bolted in the only direction left to them.

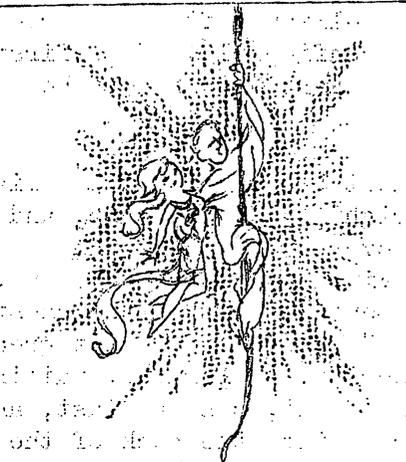
Before they had gone twenty paces, the canyon opened at their feet. "We are doomed," screamed Meridy -- but was the fear lacking in her voice?

Henry whipped off the cord that belted in his waist, tossed it over a rock, and grabbing the girl by one hand, and the cord by the other, leaped into the air just as the charging Kraef sprang.

Henry felt the whish of fangs going by his arm, then the sensation of a fall brought to a sudden and abrupt halt by a jerk that nearly ripped his arm from its socket. For a moment, he hung suspended, the rope wrapped agonizingly tight around his right wrist, while he clung desperately to the dangling girl with his left.

Back and forth, he swung, back and forth, and with each swing his grip seemed to weaken. Above him the baleful and horrid face stared down. With a soft sigh the pentapod bent over the edge of the cliff, and, hooking the rope under one of his great teeth, he began to gnaw.

-- Al Lewis  
(TO BE CONTINUED --?)



WATCH FOR NEXT  
ISSUE'S THRILLING  
EPISODE BY... YOU?