

Urbania



LIANE

JC

GUILTY

EDITORIAL

In my last editorial I stated that ERB was on trial in this country. He has now been found guilty, guilty of still being a best selling author, and to give evidence I would like to quote from a letter from Mr Gordon Landsborough, Managing Director of Four Square Books. "I was sure I was on a winner with Tarzan. In fact the results have been remarkable. We have probably more correspondence about our two Tarzan books than from all our other books put together. I am frankly astonished, but I am certainly going to do my best to enlarge this interest. Later this year I shall be publishing at least two more Tarzans, and probably four. I am looking at Burroughs' Martian series with a view to publishing them, too".

"I am enclosing a pull of a special publicity leaflet which I am sending out which in itself tells the story. I think that one book will sell another and when I have a number published I intend to have a big drive to sell the series to the public. My own opinion is that there is still a quarter of a million potential in every Tarzan book".

The following is an extract from the publicity leaflet mentioned by Mr Landsborough.

"There has been astonishing reader reaction to the two Tarzan books we published recently. We have received more fan mail than for all our other books put together. Does this mean that we are slipping up somewhere? Tarzan has sold by the millions throughout the years. If our Tarzan books received better display, would they again sell in hundreds of thousands? I've an idea they would. I think that one Tarzan book would create a demand for all the later Tarzans. I'm so sure of this that I am going to publish right through the series. Will you co-operate, please? Will you put our Tarzan books forward in your displays to see if we can generate this enormous reader-potential?"

This circular must have had some effect on the book-sellers, because it must be impossible for a shop to have on display even half the pocket-books in print, yet nearly all the book-shops in the Lancashire area have the two Tarzan books on display. It is not often that a pocket book gets mentioned in a literary column, but these two books were discussed in an article entitled "How Does Tarzan Keep Going", in the Robert Pitman Book Page, Sunday Express, March 22, which dealt with the popularity of Tarzan through the years.

The next to Tarzan books to be reprinted by Four Square will be Tarzan the Magnificent and Tarzan at the Earth's Core in August and October respectively. It is a pity they could not have gone through the series in chronological order, but they are welcome in any form, and there is no need for me to comment any further that ERB is still as popular today as he ever was.

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OTIS ADELBERT KLINE

IN MEMORIAM

by E. HOFFMANN PRICE

Mid-summer of 1926, I went to Chicago to meet Farnsworth Wright, who with Weird Tales had but recently moved from Indianapolis, Ind. The encounter is described in No 2 of the late W. Paul Cook's The Ghost, which contains Chapter 1., of my series, "The Book of the Dead." This is relevant only because Wright presently phoned Kline saying, "Come down as soon as you can. E. Hoffmann Price is here."

Tall, thin Wright towered over us all, reducing us in scale so that all other's heights seemed much alike, yet my recollection is that Kline was appreciably above my five foot seven plus a fraction. Though seven years and two days my senior - he was born July 1, 1891 and already showing signs of putting on weight, Otis and I had as to appearance, more likeness than difference - dark hair, ruddy - olive complexion, full fashioned nose. One detail has escaped my memory: whether his eyes were blue-gray, or brown. His expression was open-faced, self assured, hearty and cordial: a man who knew his way around, meeting life and the world with confidence and loving both.

Characteristically, Otis invited us to dinner. Little time was lost in closing the editorial rooms at 450 East Ohio Street.

He took us in his Willys-Knight sedan to his home at 4333 Castello Avenue, which in those days was well away from Chicago's nightmarish downtown confusion. The front was deceptively self affacing and modest. Crossing the threshold was a dramatic step.

First "Curley" - Mrs. Kline, smooth and lovely and soft - voiced and gracious, her youthful face seeming ever younger because of that exquisite silver-pearl, prematurely gray hair; "Jimmie" - Ora Fay, the tiny, dainty blond daughter; Elinor, the more robust seeming brunette, and "Buster" - Allan the son, colored very much like his father.

There was the dining room, and that long, long table I was to know so well, during the couple of years Otis and I were neighbors. And then, on the second floor, and overlooking the street, was the land of wonder: the first studio I'd ever entered. A glance at the titles of his library made me drool. By now, I knew that meeting this man was a significant event.

Prohibition, remember? That queer, warped and vicious expression of the American passion for minding other peoples' business, reforming other people, supervising their lives? Otis had not got around to taking cognizance of that lunatic law. Mrs. Kline came up

the stairs to bring into the studio a tray on which was not A bottle, but numerous bottles. Otis gestured in that lavish, lordly way the very memory of which has brightened the thirty two years which have marched past since our first meeting.

Every free man in those days had liquor, if only to show contempt of the fanatics who had enslaved the land - but Otis had GOOD liquor. As good, in fact, as the dinner, which like all of Mrs Kline's kitchen magic, was memorable.

How we managed without block and tackle to quit the dining table and get back to the studio is no longer clear, but we did. Turkish and domestic cigarettes; cigars; and, an assortment of new pipes, and an assortment of blends of tobacco. When I had finished my first pipe, Otis took it and carved my initials on the bowl and set it in the rack with the other guest-pipes, to await my return.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Kline came up with liqueurs - benedictine, chartreux, cacao and all the rest of the customary as well as the unusual things on the list. The Otis touch, the thinking in terms of a la carte.

In due course, Farnsworth Wright and the business manager of Weird Tales, Bill Sprenger, bailed out. I didn't. Otis made it clear that we still had much to discuss. Which we had.

Moslem customs. The Arabic language. The art and science of the sword.

Midnight.

"Time for a bottle and a cold joint," he remarked.

Whether she had been previously briefed, or was merely psychic was never clarified, but he had barely spoken when "Curley" came up the stairs with two bottles, a haunch of mutton and a leg of veal. And, genuine Mocha coffee. He was in the spice and extract business and thus knew the source of things.

We hewed cold joints and dipped our beaks into the 16-year of Zinfandel which he had made, and had aged in the cellar. Once red the wine had from age become tawny brown and wonderful. The other bottle contained a younger wine, still red.

Then the swords-----

He had heard that I had been the lesser member of the West Point duelling sword team which won the intercollegiate championship in 1923. "No epees," he said, cheerily, "but maybe these sabres will do."

One had to humor such a perfect host,

"En garde!"

Right there in the crowded study.

I'm glad that the old master, Louis Vauthier, Cercle de l'Escrime de la Madeleine, wasn't there to see my performance. That man

of iron would out of his generous heart forgiven me, but the sight would have hurt his feelings.

A master of the sword would have made an ape of Otis.

But Otis made a monkey of me.

The collegiate fencers, being well schooled, were predictable because their moves were conventional. Otis was unschooled, unpredictable, agile, aggressive, self assured. And swordplay, without mask or glove and in a crowded room, disconcerted me. All this, I later learned, came out of his planning The Swordsman of Mars - he wanted a bit of a workout, and then, some atmosphere! Happily I did have sufficient presence of mind to compare the sabre with the tulwar and the scimitar, weapons which Otis did not have at hand. It was very much more comfortable, getting things back on an academic basis.

Presently, Otis went to the basement for more wine. We drank and we drank, until the rising sun reached into the study-library-armory. Then he drove me to the South Shore station, and the interurban train which took me twenty miles to Hammond, Ind., and the job that financed my playing at being a writer.

During our two years as neighbors, we had many such meetings. And when I was transferred to New Orleans, Otis joined me and Robert Spencer Carr and others of the Vieux Carre crowd for a week of festivity which did not noticeably interfere with the primary purpose of his trip----calling on customers, the principal one being a certain Mr Brown, an ice-cream magnate who lived in a palace at Rosa Court, just off Upper St. Charles Avenue. In business as in hospitality, Otis was large scale, somewhat bigger than life-size!

Finally, as is the way with business partnerships, there were differences. Otis sold out his interest, and devoted his full time to fiction. His output was no more than two or three serials (or equivalent lengths in hard cover format) annually, with of course shorter pieces. That I am in mid-1958 asked to write of a man whose fiction career ended in 1933 suggests that during his day as an author, he made a deep impression. Let me give an example:

Farnsworth Wright, telling me of one of the many crises which had promised to finish Weird Tales, said that but for the drawing power of several of the steady contributors, the magazine would never have pulled through. He did not give any one of this handful preeminence over the others, knowing how silly such discrimination would have been.

In effect, he said, "This one was not producing at the time, and That One hadn't quite arrived. But Otis had reached a new peak of popularity. We'd been through previous bad stretches, and knew just about how long a circulation slump would last. A six - parter

would do it, and Otis gave me a synopsis, then set to work."

"Ordinarily, I will not feature a serial until the entire MSS is in my hands," Wright continued, "but this was an emergency. So, I published several parts before the final installments were done. Pneumonia almost did it! For Otis, and for us."

"The devil you say!"

Wright nodded. "You never heard? He never mentioned it?"

"This is all new."

"In hospital, Otis finished that yarn. How he did it, no one knows, least of all he himself. He was like a zombi, functioning automatically. He lived through it and so did Weird Tales.

"Its a wonder they let him do it."

"They had nothing to say about it. Something drove Otis. He would not be stopped, and he was not stopped."

My best recollection is that the story was The Bride of Osiris. *

Despite my having sold Weird Tales, Oriental Stories, and Magic Carpet a total of twenty yarns, during my amateur years, as a professional writer, in mid-1932, established two unpleasant facts. The first was that my fantasy sales had given me not even a dime's worth of prestige in the general pulp field. Second, I had to get acquainted with the long list of requirments as to treatment, pace length and tabus. This was sharply in contrast to dealing with Farnsworth Wright, whose editorial policy was, "I have no editorial policy."

Otis coached me as to market requirements and proved his points by selling the MSS I had rewritten in response to his suggestions. He had so many editorial contacts that he could not satisfy the demand for his own work. It was easy and natural for him to offer stories by friends whose style and treatment he liked. Finally, since he could not produce a quantity of fiction sufficient to maintain his family in the way to which he had become accustomed, he turned from writing and began to major as author's representative. Unlike so many who loved to write, Otis was realistic. And, he was a superb salesman!

*Looking through an index of Kline tales, The Bride of Osiris is listed as a 3 part serial. The only 6 part serials featured in Weird Tales were Tam, Son of Tiger and Bucaneers of Venus, both were published at the height of his career; but Bacaneers of Venus is reputed to have been refused by Argosy because they preferred to use Pirates of Venus instead. However the real reason that Bucaneers of Venus appeared in Weird Tales instead of Argosy with the rest of his Venus novels, is probably due to the account above rendered by Mr. Price. On the other hand, it might have been Tam, Son of Tiger.
..DPO.

In the spring of 1933, it seemed that I had arrived as a fictioneer: three novelettes and two shorts sold in one week. This false dawn was followed by the darkness of a bad slump. Nosing my Model "A" Ford northward that autumn, I drove the thousand miles from New Orleans to Chicago, somewhat to humor my secondwife, Wanda, and somewhat to confer with Otis. While she was visiting her and no doubt trying to decide what to do when our fiction business folded, I was Kline's guest for three weeks.

We discussed several collaborations. We teamed up and wrote an installment of a fantasy serial to which several others were to contribute, each author, one chapter. This was for an amateur publication. We called on several of the few editors who had not yet moved their offices to New York, the fiction capital. Each of these contacts finally paid off. Otis never doubted that I'd make the grade. Looking back, I marvel more now than I did then at his optimism. The years have made me appreciate, more and more his generous friendship, his fine hospitality and his gracious wife.

1933 was World's Fair in Chicago, "Century of Progress." Otis, having made the rounds of the exhibits relating to the Near East, took me for a tour of that portion of the fair. It is my impression, blurred and vague, that he either had, or was going to have, one of his stories used as the basis for a concession that featured the prehistoric world and primitive man. Though ever more deeply involved as a literary agent, he still assembled material against the day when he could afford the time to write fiction again.

Another discovery was Hassan's place, far down town, the social centre of a colony of Syrians, Egyptians, Hindu Moslems, Arabs from el Yemen; Turks and Persians and Armenians gathered there.

Otis hailed each acquaintance in an appropriate Arabic dialect, from Syrian to Mognrebi. One one group, we had coffee. With another, we smoked a narghileh, while Otis tried to get the words of a Turkish song, and to make musical notations. Then, as a gourmet, he got a recipe:

"Crush several cloves of garlic," Hassan said, "and fill the bowl with yoghurt. Add some tahini (crushed sesame seed), a dash of red pepper, and whip it till it's like this-----"

We liked the sample.

The man went on, "But don't eat it unless you can spend the next couple of days in the country. Your friends won't like you."

After a quarter of a century, I still recall Otis, ruddy, glowing with good friendship and the joy of living; gesturing as he changed a stanza or two of that Turkish ballad. Only the chorus remains with me: "Yok, babajeem, YOK!"

And in another corner of Hassan's smoky loft, we sat in on a

dissertation on Moslem theology. Otis was a scholar as well as a bon vivant.

Depression or no, those were the days, and rich. I drove back to New Orleans for a fresh start. I did not know that never again would Otis and I drink to the sunrise, or see each other face to face.

Early 1934, Wanda and I headed for the Pacific coast. The final lap of the long trek was financed by one of those checks which Otis managed to collect from the receiver of a publisher who had gone through bankruptcy. This was not notable, except for one curious detail: the story had been sold for \$100, payable on publication. The check Otis got was for \$125! Whether a fluke, or a result of skillfully pressuring the receiver, I never learned.

The writing business began to pay off.

Otis sent me a synopses, characterization sketches and "treatments" of several yarns he had long hoped to complete. One was a serial, "Satans on Saturn", published in Argosy. Several were novettes for the detective story magazines.

For me, collaboration is usually a losing deal. Working with Otis was one of the few exceptions. Out of appreciation of his good fellowship, I would happily have collaborated at a financial loss and still counted it a genuine gain, since those joint efforts enabled him to get into print in spite of the ever increasing demands of his literary agency. But the way things worked out, the foundation material which he supplied was so stimulating that I was able to grind out the finished copy at such a speed that splitting the check still left me with a good profit.

In addition to domestic marketing, Otis, always a good promoter, became a specialist in foreign rights.

The final step was moving from Chicago to Short Beach, Conn., and opening an office in New York. Eventually, he sold the home I remembered so fondly. When I got the news, I had a feeling of sadness somewhat like that at the death of a friend. I wrote condolences, as it were, on the passing of 4333 Castello Avenue.

In 1944-45, Otis and I exchanged a good many letters regarding a proposed collaboration - his idea and plan, of course. This was to be a story of Central Asia and Tibet, a blend of science and the outright supernatural, in which Shiva the Destroyer would appear, either off stage, or actually on the scene. "Broken Wheel" was the working title. We had never attempted a project quite as difficult.

Time and again, the deal was tabled. However, this seemingly impossible project was so intriguing that we brushed aside a proposed adventure novelette of the Caribbean area, a story that could

readily have been completed and marketed.

Otis was leading his usual busy, high pressure life. The years since 1926 had been adding up; we lived zestfully as ever, but without the magnificent extremes of the old days. Because of a heart condition, there were diets and various restrictions. Meanwhile, he was "arriving"--- and where competitors had at first soothed themselves by damning with faint praise, and by polite disparagements, they ended by forgetting business rivalry, and recognizing him as a good operator, accepting him as a good friend and valued associate. His family was growing up. "Jimmie" was married, and starting a family of her own. There were snapshots from time to time, of him, and of the youngsters, now as old as I had been when Otis and I first met. Life in the new home was good.

And we'd finally get Broken Wheel turning smoothly.

But just what Otis and I could finally have devised concerning the greater and lesser gods was not to be decided. There came an airmail, telling me that Otis had died October 25, 1946. A heart attack finished him very swiftly, or was it a cerebral hemorrhage? All I know certainly is that death had taken a loyal and generous friend.

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TARZAN

HE

{ 1917-
-1959 }

12TH

BY

D. PETER OGDEN

For the first time in over twenty years there will be two actors playing the role of Tarzan on the screen. While Gordon Scott is over here at Shepperton Studios making TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE for Sol Lesser Productions to be released by Paramount, in the States Metro-Goldwyn Mayer are remaking TARZAN THE APEMAN with a handsome, blonde giant by the name of Dennis (Denny) Miller who will swell the ranks of screen Tarzans to a round dozen.

Miller is in his early twenties and was born in Bloomington, Indiana, he inherited his love of athletics from his father Dr. Ben Miller who was coach at Bloomington High School at the time. Before moving to California, the Millers also lived in Silver Springs, Md. and New York.

Denny had been interested in basketball all through his school years and while attending Los Angeles University High he made the All City basketball team. Then came the Army, where he served part of his two years in Germany and attained the rank of corporal. He kept up his interest in basketball and football whilst in the Army and after he was discharged (Illustrations based on stills by kind permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

he waited three years before matriculating so that he could play on the same team as his younger brother Kent at U.C.L.A. (University of California at Los Angeles). At U.C.L.A. he was considered one of the greatest basketball players ever to play there. He was still attending U.C.L.A., but working for Beacon Van & Storge Co., moving furniture, when he was spotted by a group of agents and received business cards off five of them. He favored one who took him to Universal-International for a screen test and later signed a contract which M-G-M bought from U-I in June 1958 with the Tarzan role in mind. He received voice and dramatic training and a small role with Frank Sinatra in "Some Came Running".

Judging from photographs Dennis Miller seems to have an excellent athlete's physique for the role, he is six foot four in height and weighs 212 lbs. It is just a pity that he has blonde hair, but maybe the film producers will decide to dye it. Starring with Miller as the sixteenth actress to play the ape-man's mate will be Joanna Barnes.

You may wonder why M-G-M should choose to remake TARZAN THE APE MAN, "because the film producers have run out of ideas for Tarzan", has been sarcastically suggested by one film magazine, but I cannot see that being the reason. My guess is that the producers wish to recapture the Weissmuller popularity and whatever your views of Weissmuller of Tarzan are, there is no getting away from the fact that the M-G-M Tarzan films were very well made and very popular with the average picturegoer. Let's try and find out why?

The year is 1932, there has not been a Tarzan film since the end of the silent era three years ago and in those intervening years the cinema industry had made ^{great strides} in film techniques. M-G-M decided to make a Tarzan film, they had some excellent footage of African photography left over from TRADER HORN and they made good use of them, and the back projection shots were no more glaring than they are today. Eventually the film was released and though the representation of Tarzan was a disappointment to Burroughs' fans, it was well received by the average public. And only naturally because the film was very well produced and the supporting roles were well acted. Weissmuller must have made a clean cut and imposing figure to an audience whose last memories of Tarzan were poor old Frank Merrill weighed down in a double-breasted loin-cloth that hung down to his ankles. Also probably due to the fact that the movies were entering a period of too talkative talkies the appearance of a strong and silent and uneducated ape-man was a welcome relief to the picturegoers. Their memories of the original Tarzan must have been vague, so they accepted this illiterate apeman for what he was.

Sol Lesser must have realised this for when he entered the Tar-



zan field the following year, he featured yet another 'silent' apeman, Buster Crabbe in TARZAN THE FEARLESS.

M-G-M and Weissmuller returned with TARZAN AND HIS MATE which was an even greater success than the first film and by the time that Burroughs decided to make his own films it was too late, Weissmuller was firmly established and they didn't stand a chance. To Burroughs' fans Herman Brix couldn't have been better, but to the average audience this wasn't the Tarzan they had grown used to. They had also grown used to perfection in their film making and unfortunately the Burroughs-Tarzan films were lacking in the quality of their sound-tracks. Actually filmed on location in the jungles of Guatemala under harsh tropical conditions, the inferior equipment of the times were unable to cope with conditions that with today's equipment would be child's play and consequently the soundtracks suffered, so that in parts of the films it is very difficult to make out the speech. Probably due to this many film renters would not take a chance on the films and so film making was not a financial success to ERB.

Success followed success for Weissmuller, TARZAN ESCAPE'S, TARZAN FINDS A SON, TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE and TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE. Home life for the apeman had been established and the public had become enamoured of the hen-pecked apeman, his nagging wife, adopted son, pet chimp and tree-top house, so that in the meantime when Sol Lesser had another attempt without these accessories the film was a dismal flop. Then after ten successful years M-G-M decided to relinquish their option on making Tarzan films and Sol Lesser finally got on the gravy train by purchasing the contract. The Sol Lesser films were just as popular as the M-G-M although not as well made and Weissmuller's triumph carried on until 1948 when he retired gracefully from the scene.

When Lex Barker took over the role the character of "Boy" was dropped from the films, presumably because Johnny Sheffield now looked old enough to be Lex Barker's father, but it is interesting to note the influence of the popularity of Boy on certain items. The Dell TARZAN comic still features Boy and the original Dutch TARZAN comic introduced Boy to their strip one or two years ago, yet it is over ten years since Boy appeared in a film. Sol Lesser attempted a substitute for Boy in TARZAN'S SAVAGE FURY and again in TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE but neither have caught on, although I believe that the introduction of Tarzan's adopted son in the latter film was originally intended for a "family" type TV series featuring Tarzan, Jane and Tarta which never materialized. But getting back to Lex Barker there was little difference in the characterization of Tarzan as played by Barker and Weissmuller, although at times it looked as

(continued on page 23)

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* 'THE BURROUGHS' POPULARITY * *

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***** by J. Bill Parnsworth

This article is more or less an answer to John Harwood, Jeremy Barry and Albert Gechter with reference to the lack of interest in the writing of ERB, that exists today. Personally I think they've missed the real reason for this lack of interest.

I grew up reading ERB's books, principally during the late 20s and throughout the 30's. The basic reason that children's books, such as the Tom Swift series and the Bobbsey Twins, are continuing in popularity with today's children is this: We read them as children, they were about children, by that I mean the characters were children who never aged, regardless of how many years the author was engaged in writing about them; so today, when we want to buy a book for a child we think, 'I read these when I was a kid. It's a child's book.' We wouldn't think of buying them a book that we would read at our present adult age.

Now that's the point. We who were readers of ERB's books as children have continued to read and reread them and in actuality, although many fans probably wouldn't admit it, we still enjoy them. WHY?

ONE: Because ERB's characters weren't children, they were young yes, but grown men (except for two or three stories). Their ages were never given, we aged them in our minds; just as Tarzan's height was never given.

Two: As ERB continued to write, his stories were, in many instances built up with backgrounds of current events, from before World War One, through World War Two and beyond World War Three. Both Tarzan and John Carter had children who grew up so that Tarzan, Jane and John Carter continued to pace us by growing older as we grew up. I'm sure that no true fan of the Tarzan stories ever kept thinking of Tarzan as a youth or a 23 year old man, but instead with each new book or adventure kept mentally maturing him into a man in the prime of life.

THREE: ERB had the ability (and it is rare) of making us, as children, wish that we were as strong as Tarzan and as good a swordsman as John Carter. As adults he makes us wish that we were as agile (at 35 just try jumping from the limb of a tree) as Tarzan and as courageous and determined as John Carter, so that we too might become the ruler of a nation or world or carve an empire for ourselves. Don't fool yourself, all men have these ambitions; yesterday, today, and tomorrow. When they stop our civilization will follow in the footsteps of the cities of Mars and ancient dead oceans.

It's not the ERB movies that has dampened the reading of ERB's books it's this:

Let your mind carry you back a few years, yes to childhood. On a cold, wet day you stayed in the house. There was no T.V. to watch and afternoon radio was given over to "soap opera" romances. Can you imagine a 13 year old kid listening to "John's Other Wife" or "Doctor Mary's Broken Home"? Hell No! So what else could you do? YOU READ? You're young, you've got red blood you want something exiting, that will fire the 13 year olds imagination, you want an adventure story. Were there any better ones than ERB's, if so I couldn't find them. Where did you get the book? At the LIBRARY. In the 30s who had \$2.00 for a hard bound Tarzan book. Not us, so we were exposed to the libraries whether we wanted to be or not. Today when you go to the library you're lucky if you can even find the librarian. Remember there were no pocket books in those days. Only the pulps and since you read the pulps, when you went to the library you looked for authors that you were familiar with, not book titles. Now and this is another important thing to remember, ERB was one of the very, very few few pulp authors whose novels were published in hard bound covers.

TODAY libraries are empty. Children don't read, why should they when they can just sit, eat and watch TV. They don't have to trouble to even picture in their minds the action, scenery, or even visualize what the characters look like. It's all right there in front of them. They don't have to bother with turning the pages.

TODAY the high school parking lots are so jammed with cars they are overflowing. When I was in high school there were about 15 kids with cars. It was either walk or stay home; well, you stayed home once in a while and READ.

TODAY most families belong to some kind of book-of-the-month -- club. Son doesn't have to search in the library for his own books, he can read the ones that come in the mail.

TODAY there are all manner of pictorial magazines with few words and many pictures to cater to any reading habits he might have.

TODAY the pulps are almost gone. It's strictly a pocket book world.

TODAY dad doesn't buy the pulps he watches TV. In our youth all dads read pulp magazines of some type.

I hope all of this hasn't been too boring to you, but I think that any young man today could read an ERB book and enjoy it to the fullest. In closing I might mention that from 1940 through 1956 Zane Grey's books were practically non-existent, but the operator of one of our local book stores tells me that they are now being pushed in p/b form and are selling like hot cakes. The same would happen to ERB's books if they started to appear on the pocket book shelves.



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 * LIANE, JUNGLE GODDESS *
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reviewed by Michael Thompson

To Thoren the jungle was a wonderful thing, alive with colour and human feelings. Thoren was an artist; not an artist with canvas and oils but a photographer and a good one. But to the rest of the safari the jungle was a stinking sweat-hole, rift with sudden death either from wild beast, or more dangerous and deadly, the savage tribes with their spears and poisoned arrows.

The one member of the safari who didn't side with the others, was Jacqueline Goddard, the only woman present who also happened to be the doctor. Jacqueline was infatuated with Thoren and always agreed with him. However it seemed, strangely enough, that Thoren was the only one who did not realise Jacqueline was in love with him.

Thoren and a hunter are on a photographic tour, and as they had wandered far into hostile territory, they are about to return when Thoren spots a yellow ball of fur snug in the shade of a small tree. Far removed from his fierce kinsfolk who roam the plains and veldt, the lion-cub sleeps soundly until Thoren picks him up with the intention of taking him back to the camp.

Black faces in the dark jungle beyond are grim behind their masks of red and ochre; spears at the ready the savages charge. Surprised at seeing Thoren go down beneath a host of shiny black bodies, the hunter flees back to the camp, convinced he has seen the last of his friend. Thoren too believes he is finished. Spread-eagled and bound with tough vines, he lies helpless at the mercy of a huge savage holding a sharp knife too near his throat to be comfortable.

From the jungle emerges two figures and Thoren can scarcely believe his eyes. One is a half-naked warrior and the other is a girl, beautiful and white. On seeing Thoren she gives a command to the warriors who loosen his bonds and step back. With fierce eyes upon the white man the girl picks up the sleepy lion-cub and with the savages following meekly at her heels, disappears into the jungle.

Amazed Thoren returns to the camp, but none believe his strange tale of the beautiful jungle-girl. Determined to prove his story, Thoren again ventures out with his camera and the hunter. This time no savages attack and it is by a small pool that they see the jungle girl swimming in the limpid waters. Exciting at proving his story true Thoren takes pictures as they move closer, but alert, the girl sees them and vanishes into the jungle. Anxious to evade the two strangers she abandons her jungle cunning and is ensnared in a strong net left by two of the safari's hunters. They carry her away, but the girl's bodyguard, Teleky, wounds one of them in the arm with a poisoned arrow.

Arriving at the camp, his arm swollen to twice the normal size, he is operated on by Jacqueline, who saves his life. As the operation draws to a close the savages launch their attack on the abductors of their goddess. Thoren scares them away by playing a tape-recording of their own tribal drums through a loudspeaker.

The danger past, Thoren and Jacqueline set about trying to teach the jungle-girl English, which she picks up gradually. They find she is very intelligent and she soon conquers her fear of the white - men around her. During one of these lessons Thoren notices a medallion which the girl wears around her neck and on examining it finds an ornate letter "L" engraved on it. Puzzled, as the medallion is obviously of no native make, Thoren decided to call the authorities on a twoway radio and discovers that several years ago the family of the son of a wealthy Hamburg businessman called Amelongen were lost at sea off the coast of Africa. The young daughter of the family was called Liane, and Thoren finds that the girl responds to this name as if it were once familiar. Excited, Thoren plans to return to Hamburg to see if Amelongen can identify the girl.

Thoren, Liane, Jacqueline and another member of the safari leave in a jeep, unknowingly followed by Teleky, Liane's bodyguard. When they board a boat, so does Teleky with the lion-cub, but he is found by the crew who are going to throw him overboard as a stowaway. Before they can do so Liane intervenes and Thoren offers to pay for his passage. Arriving at a port they are met by swarms of pressmen and photographers and Amelongen's nephew, Victor Schoninck, to whom Thoren and Liane take an instant dislike. Schoninck recognises in Liane a threat to his inheritance and tries to take her away, but Thoren will not let her go unless he accompanies her.

Leaving Jacqueline on board the boat, Thoren, Liane and Teleky, travel in Amelongen's private car to the old gentleman's estate in the country. There they are introduced to Amelongen and his old friend Professor Danner, a doctor. They are shown to their respective rooms and in the morning, whilst Liane swims in the big lake in the grounds, Thoren and the old gentleman set about proving the girl's identity. Amelongen says the medallion was a good sign, but Thoren discovers a faint jam-smeared fingerprint on a letter from the girl's mother and advises Amelongen to have them verified by an expert.

But lurking in the trees is Schoninck and when Thoren and Amelongen go into the house he snatches the letter and screwing it into a ball gives it to a pet dog to chew up. Before it can be destroyed, Amelongen re-enters the garden to retrieve them and wonders how the dog got hold of them.

Thwarted, Schoninck attacks Liane in her room, but she is saved by Teleky who almost kills Liane with his knife. The nephew accuses

Teleky of attempting to murder him and Amelongen makes the black keep away from him.

The next morning Amelongen is found dead in his locked room. When the door is forced a bloodstained knife is found on the floor-Teleky's knife. It was concluded that the killer must have entered by the window and when the police arrive Schoninck accuses Teleky of the murder, as he is the only one capable of making the steep climb to the window. And he say the native tried to kill him with the same knife.

Teleky is arrested, but the alert police inspector, aware that Schoninck stands to inherit Amelongen's fortune should Liane fail to prove her identity, is not convinced. He proves, with the aid of a piece of string which Schoninck leaves hanging from his pocket and a pencil found near the door, that by looping the string around the end of the pencil and passing the pencil through the hole in the key, the door could be locked from the outside. Unfortunately for the killer, explains the inspector, the pencil is left unretrievable on the other side of the door.

In panic Schoninck knocks the inspector down and dashing from the room, locks the door behind him. Liane, agile as a jungle beast, scales the ivy-covered wall from the window and intercepts Schoninck as he makes for the parked cars. He knocks her down and drives away, Thoren gives chase in another car and after a thrilling chase Schoninck is drowned when his car crashes over the parapet of a bridge into the river below.

Later, her fingerprints verified, Liane inherits the vast Amelongen fortune and she and Thoren are married. They return to the jungle however, bringing medicine and other civilized benefits to her tribe and Liane is reinstated as Liane, Jungle Goddess.

Taken lightly the film is quite good and the acting is far superior to most epics of its kind. There are some wonderful shots of the African veldt and jungle, and the scenes of the native village are really authentic. I don't know whether the film was shot on location, but it certainly seems like it.

The language barrier is overcome by one of the most expert pieces of dubbing I have ever seen and heard. See it if you get the chance.

CREDITS

Thoren	Hardy Kruger	* Producer	Helmuth Volmer
Liane	Marion Michael	* Director	Eduard Von Borsody
Jacqueline	Irene Galter	* Screenplay	Ernest Von Saloman
Teleky	Peter Mossbacher	* Photography	Burno Timm
Amelongen	Rudolf Forster	* Music	Erwin Malletz
Viktor Schoninck	Reggie Nalder	* From the book by	Anne Day-Helveg
Professor Danner	Rolf V. Nauckhoff	* Gala Film Distributors,	(German)
	*****	* *****	

BURROUGHS CONFIDENTIAL

by Joseph W. Miller THE DELAYED RECKONING

With the thrust and riposte of a master swordsman, Burroughs tantalized and sustained his readers' attention as he wove his tales of struggle and conquest. The heroes of his novels usually enter into our vision in satisfaction with their lives and at peace with the world; but some event occurs, some malevolent force enters that disrupts their serene existence and the struggle begins. The parents of Tarzan witness a mutiny and are placed, benevolently but undesireably, ashore on the dark and isolated coast of Africa. John Carter has his prospecting interrupted by a band of roving and belligerent Indians, and as he takes refuge in the musty cave a whole new world of fierce combat begins to sound before him, anticipated by the eerie, uncanny rustling behind him that seems to emanate from no earthly source.

But if the battle waged continuously against an interminable array of antagonists were all that the stories of the author had to offer, they would differ little from those of a hundred other popular writers of adventure. There is an element compact in all the author's works that has a powerful attraction for the reader, perhaps the strongest attraction that fiction is capable of. This is the well known dramatic principle of "recognition!" For no story can hold our attention with greater ease than that in which the hero has been underestimated or misunderstood, and must finally be recognized for what he is. How we stir with suspense as the lonely outcasts outside Tarzan's hut read the carefully printed notice that this cabin is the property of "Tarzan of the Apes", and anticipate their meeting with the inarticulate but well-lettered ape-man. And who has not thrilled as John Carter fights his way through the hordes of black warriors of Issus, past the prostrate and corrupt figure of the goddess herself, to the door behind which lies Dejah Thris, the wife who has long thought him dead? Or the tense scene in the humid jungles of Africa as the charging Tantor bears down relentlessly upon the fleeing Meriem, deaf to the cries of its lord and master, Korak, and then the sudden descent of the ape-man, the "only" Tarzan, from the overhanging branches into the middle of the elephant's path, in direct view of his long-absent son? Or that most satisfying and yet most unnerving scene in all Burroughs' works, the unmercifully delayed recognition by Henry III of his forgotten son Richard, the infamous Outlaw of Torn who has terrorized for years the staunchest military, and who now battles for his life against the only man who could ever be conceived of as his equal?

Examples could be supplied endlessly; the fact is that Burroughs recognized a prime sense in his readers - the sense of justice - which is probably the most dramatic sense we have. During what years of wandering from job to job, seeking a more intense existence himself, this sense of justice was incubated into the author, we can only guess. He wanted to be thought highly of, to have people admit to one another that here was a noteworthy man, but the answer was not to be found in existence as a cavalry officer or a policeman. The aura of glory that surrounds the career of a popular author may have been for seen; in any event, Burroughs was eventually to receive the respect and adulation in real life that his characters received in their own private worlds, but this recognition was to be delayed, just as it was held back from his various created characters.

For there is no suspense exceeding that which we feel as we watch the victim of human injustice or error triumphing over his enemies. We know something about Tarzan which his enemies and very often his friends, do not know: as he strides into the bloody arena of Nemone, Queen of the City of Gold, greeted by the jeers of a thousand spectators clamoring for his death, we are in possession of knowledge which the crowd is not. We have witnessed the fateful struggle with Terkoz, the battles with the crooked men of Opar, the fight with the lion, leopard and gorilla, the deathless combat with the tailed men of Pal-ul-don, with the weird half-men who inhabit the mountains of Pellucidar and the savage onslaught of the civilized apaches of Paris.

When the outspoken swordsmen of Mars spit and curse and banter at the tight-lipped John Carter, we know that a reckoning will come: the spectators will soon know that the Warlord of Mars has been in their midst.

Burroughs never pushes his moment of recognition beyond its dramatic potentiality, never dwells on it too long - but it always comes. It may take an entire novel of events to render it possible; but as, say, William Clayton crumples and casts away the short, misdelivered telegram that has named Tarzan the actual Lord Greystoke, the reader knows ultimately that the truth will come to light; justice must occur. But in the meantime we are ready for the tale of how the hero was scorned, mistreated and wrongly thought of; we are ready to sit quietly over the pages of The Return of Tarzan and behold the slow steps by which he attains recognition. "The web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," Shakespeare once observed, and the last stitch is the one that finally counts. The hero is inevitably recognized for what he is, and in this recognition lies the reader's dramatic sense of relief and satisfaction.

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TARZAN THE 12th continued... if the producers were trying to get back to the Burroughs' Tarzan by occasionally refering to him as Lord Grey-stoke, but little came of it. Gordon Scott's Tarzan has broken out of the rut a little by getting him away from the 'home life' and having him wander around the jungle at will, reminiscent of the later Tarzan books, but now with the remaking of TARZAN THE APEMAN it looks like we gone full circle and are back where we started from. It is over ten years since Weissmuller made a Tarzan film, yet his influence still prevails and whether Dennis Miller's interpretation of Tarzan will be a dead ringer of Weissmuller's remains to be seen, any how let us hope that competition between the two films companies will result in better made Tarzan films, if not a perfect Tarzan.

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EDITORIAL continued... I would like to apologize for the upside - down page some of you received in the last issue, was just one of those unfortunate accidents, however Alan Dodd who mimeos the zine offered to re duplicate the page, I didn't want to put him to the extra trouble, but before I could inform him, he had done them and sent them off to me. In the meantime though I had already mailed some of the faulty copies, so if you received one of these you will find with this issue a corrected page which I hope you will be able to insert OK. How do you like Jim's drawings of Dennis Miller instead of reproduction of stills which are not too good at the best of time due to my limited means of reproduction. I was so pleased with his LIANE cover that I suggested he do the Miller illos as well. Please let me know which you would rather see. BPO

