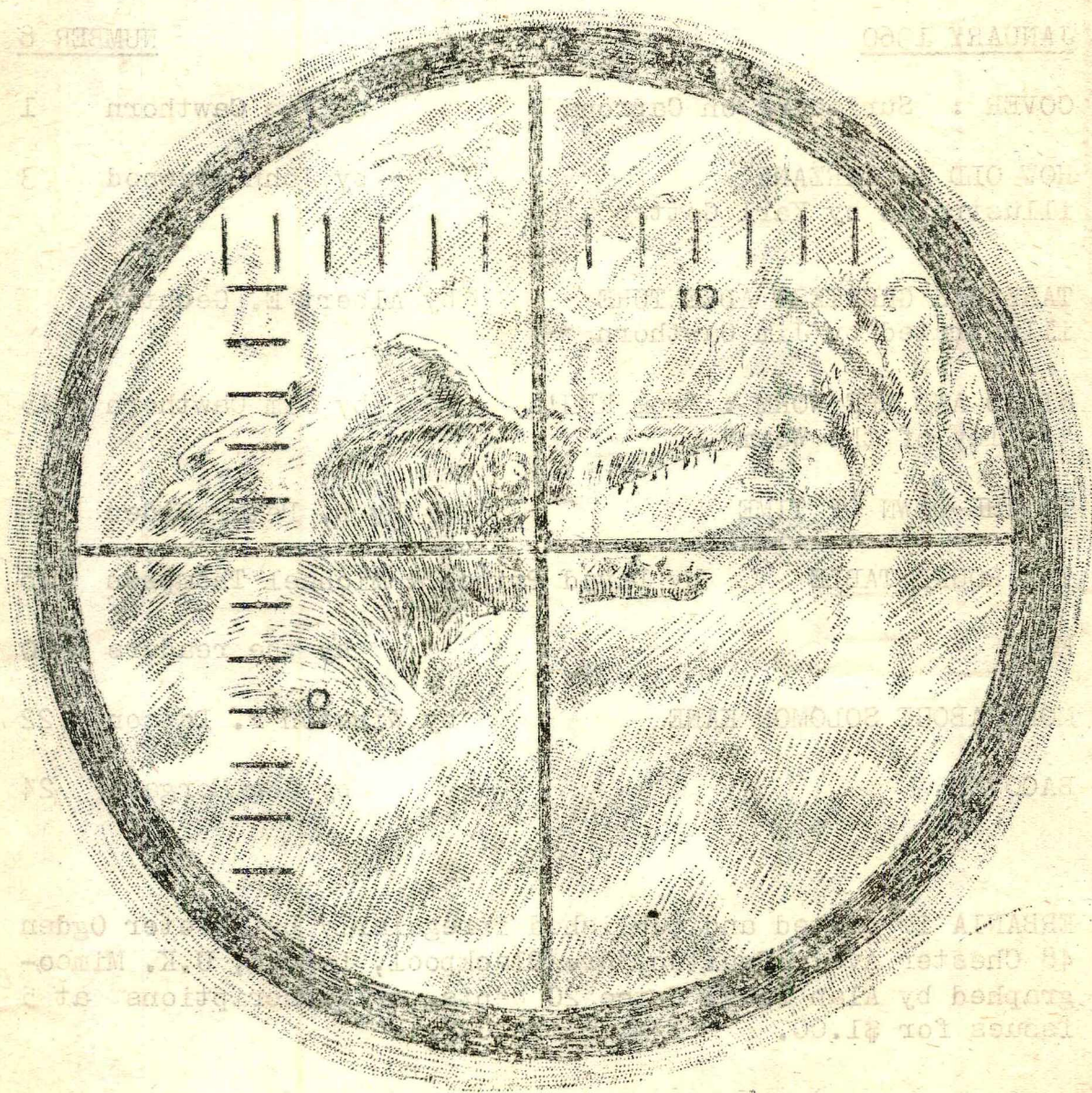


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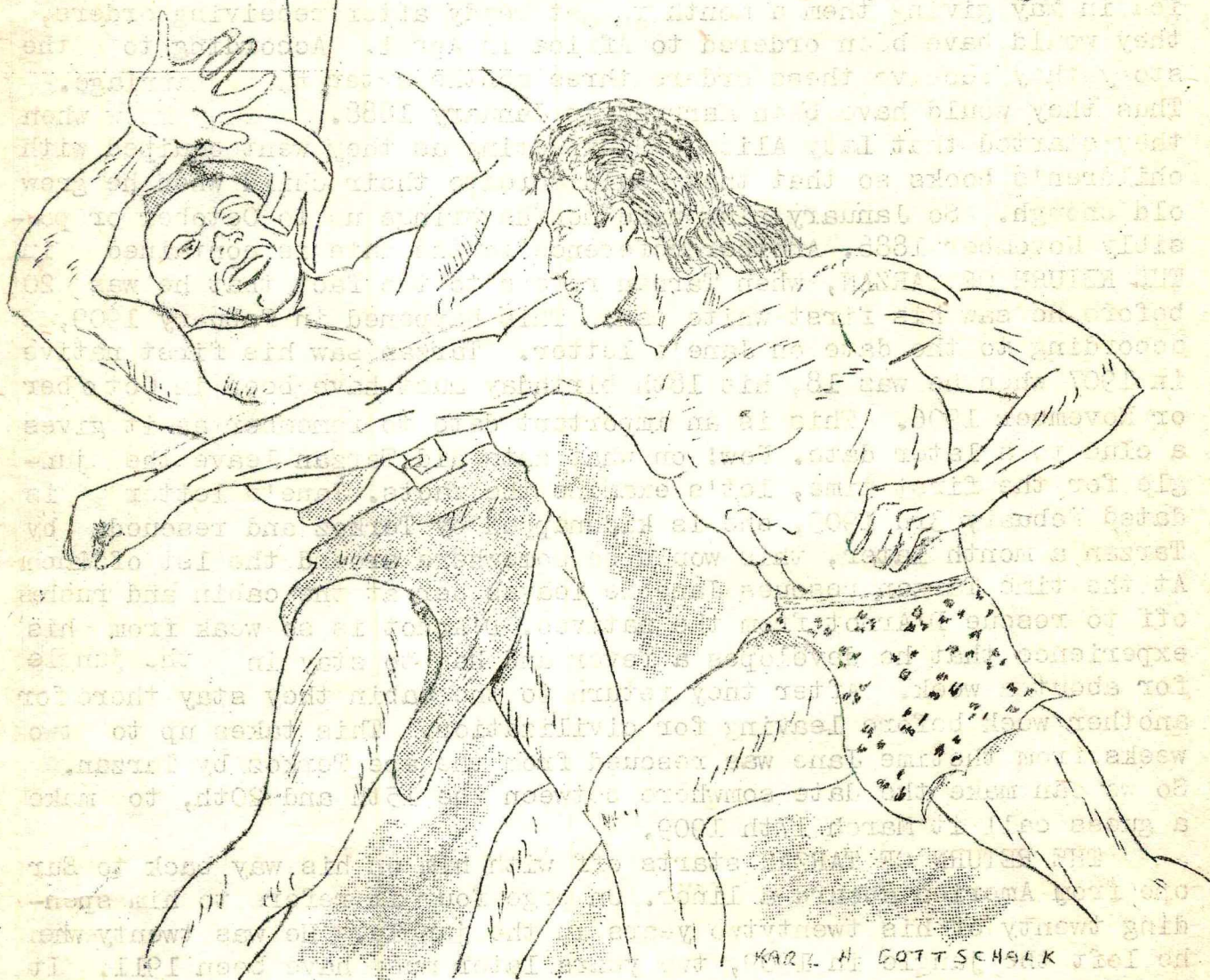
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HOW OLD IS

TARZAN



by **JOHN HARWOOD**

How old is Tarzan?" someone asks. A simple question. Feeling important and very learned you answer, "That's easy, Tarzan was born in the latter part of 1888 this is 1959, so Tarzan will be 71 years old around the end of the year". A simple answer to a simple question, but if you are a careful reader of the Tarzan books, you may or may not have noticed a fact that makes you doubt this. What is the fact? Well before you go into this lets go over the dates in the ape man series and see if we can discover an inconsistency.

The first date we come across in TARZAN OF THE APES is 1888, the year Lord and Lady Greystoke sail for Africa. They set out for Africa in May giving them a month to get ready after receiving orders, they would have been ordered to Africa in April. According to the story they receive these orders three months after their marriage. Thus they would have been married in January 1888. They know when they started that Lady Alice was expecting as they went equipped with children's books so that they could educate their child when he grew old enough. So January plus nine months brings us to October or possibly November 1888. Another reference to the date is contained in THE RETURN OF TARZAN, when Tarzan refers to the fact that he was 20 before he saw his first white man. This happened in February 1909, according to the date on Jane's letter. Tarzan saw his first native in 1907 when he was 18, his 18th birthday must have been in October or November 1906. This is an important date to remember as it gives a clue to a later date. Now! on what date did Tarzan leave the jungle for the first time, let's examine the facts. Jane's letter is dated February 3rd 1909, she is kidnapped by Terkoz and rescued by Tarzan a month later, this would be somewhere around the 1st of March. At the time Tarzan rescues Jane he leaves her at the cabin and rushes off to rescue D'Arnot from the natives. D'Arnot is so weak from his experience that he develops a fever and has to stay in the jungle for about a week. After they return to the cabin they stay there for another week before leaving for civilization. This takes up to two weeks from the time Jane was rescued from the ape Terkoz by Tarzan. So we can make the date somewhere between the 15th and 20th, to make a guess call it March 17th 1909.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN starts off with him on his way back to Europe from America aboard a liner. On page four it refers to him spending twenty of his twentytwo years in the jungle. He was twenty when he left the jungle in 1909, two years later must have been 1911. It also states that it is four years since he saw his first native in 1907, this again takes us to 1911. At the end of the book Tarzan and Jane marry and perhaps the next year sees the birth of their son Jack (Korak). The next book THE BEASTS OF TARZAN takes place two years after the events in THE RETURN OF TARZAN or in 1915. The book ends

with the death of Rokov and the capture of Paulvitch by cannibals. After captivity of ten years Paulvitch returns to London with the ape Akut in 1923. In 1923 Tarzan would be 34 and Korak a boy of 11. So Korak takes to the jungle at the age of 11 years. He meets Meriem a year later when he is twelve and she is eleven. When Tarzan rescues her from the Swede she is fifteen, then a year later Korak returns to his family or when he is seventeen. This brings the time up to 1929 when Tarzan is 40, at the end of the year in October or November he would have reached his forty-first birthday. Thirty years later, or in 1959 he would be 70.

Do I hear someone say, 'I told you so,' under their breath? Well don't crow yet. Remember I said something about a fact that makes you doubt the accuracy of this answer to the question. Here's the fact, KORAK, get it? Well that was the year Korak was born in 1912, he was one year old during the action of THE BEASTS OF TARZAN. Ten years later when he goes into the jungle with Akut he is eleven years old. Six years of jungle life brings him to the age of 17, this is in 1929. Still don't get it? Well here it is, in TARZAN THE TERRIBLE when Tarzan finds Jane she asks for news of Jack. Tarzan tells here he doesn't where he is at present, but the last he heard Jack was on the Argonne front. The first World War was 1914 to 1918, Korak was born in 1912. Was Korak a World War veteran in 1923 at the age of eleven, he must have been in the infantry.

Now to do some revising of dates. Say Korak enlisted in the army when he was 18 when the war started in 1914. Counting backwards we finally wind up with a chronological sequence something like this.

Tarzan was born in October or November of 1872. Along about 1891 when he was 18 he meets his first natives. Then two years later in 18-93, Jane comes to the jungle and meets Tarzan. Two more years pass and Tarzan returns to Africa in 1895, here after rescuing Jane from the altar of Opar he marries her. Korak is born a year later in 1896. It is two years from the time of Tarzan and Jane's marriage that Paulvitch falls into the hands of the cannibals for a ten year imprisonment, this brings us up to 1907 during which time Korak enters into his father's footsteps. Korak returns to civilization in 1913 after a six year stay in the jungle. The next year 1914 the World War breaks out in Europe and he enlists, he is now 18 and Tarzan is 41. When the War ends in 1918 they are 22 and 45 respectively. Say Korak leaves the army immediately and it takes him a year to locate his parents in Pal-Ul-Don, then Korak is 23 and Tarzan 46. Forty years later in 1959 Korak is 63 and Tarzan 85, 86 in October or November. This makes sense as far as Korak is concerned, but how about Tarzan swinging through the trees at the age of 86. Fantastic! but we know from TARZAN AND THE FOREIGN LEGION (page 259) that the apeman obtained the secret of

eternal youth from a grateful witch-doctor in his youth and to make doubly sure that he would not suffer the afflictions of old age, he took the eternal youth pills concocted by the immortal men in TARZAN'S QUEST. Anyway Tarzan swings on.

This brings us to another question, did ERB write a series of fiction books without regard to detail. Is Tarzan a figment of the authors imagination, or on the other hand was Burroughs hampered in his research by illegible records. If you remember the first book of the series TARZAN OF THE APES, you will recall that Mr Burroughs starts off with an account of how he happened to write the story. He tells us that he compiled his material from written evidence in the form of musty manuscripts and dry official records of the British Colonial Office and the yellow mildewed pages of the diary of a man long dead. Musty and yellow mildewed pages, doesn't this suggest that most of the writing would be faded and hard to read after such long years and the deplorable condition of the records. No wonder Mr Burroughs' dates should be inaccurate. Anyone familiar with research in old papers will know at once just how hard it is it must have been to comb out the facts from such shall we say junk. Mr Burroughs is to be commended on the job that he did accomplish and not be condemned for the natural mistakes he may have made. No matter what errors appear in the dates, readers of the books will still continue to enjoy them. Tarzan will go on entertaining his fans and more fans will be in the making as the years go on.

THE AGES OF TARZAN AND KORAK

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Age of</u> <u>Tarzan</u>	<u>Age of</u> <u>Korak</u>	<u>Revised</u> <u>Date</u>
1888				1872
Jan.	Lord and Lady Greystoke married.			
Apr.	Three months later Lord Greystoke ordered to Africa.			
May.	After moth (?) to make ready they sail from Dover.			
June	Arrive at Freetown month later and charter Fuwalda.			
2nd day	Black Michael wounded by the captain.			
4th	One of the crew wounded by mate.			
5th	Sighted battleship.			
6th	Mutiny occurred.			
11th	Land sighted.			
12th	Greystokes marooned.			
July	Cabin built month later.			
Oct/	Tarzan born on same day that			
Nov.	father and mothered attacked by apes.			

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Age of Tarzan</u>	<u>Age of Korak</u>	<u>Revised Date</u>
1889				
Oct/	Tarzan taken by Kala after	1		1873
Nov	death of parents			
1890	Nearly a year later before he	2		1874
Oct	learned to walk			
1898	Tenth Birthday	10		1882
1899	Excellent climber at ten, learns to	10		1883
	swim. Enters cabin. Kills gorilla.			
1901	Discovers pencils.	12		1885
1902	Kills Tublat	13		1886
1906	Learns to read and write after	17		1890
	years of study			
1907	Can read and write fluently. Natives	18		1891
	enter territory. Death of Kala.			
1908	Twentieth birthday	20		1892
1909				
Feb. 3	Jane comes to the jungle	20		1893
Mar. 3	Month later Tarzan rescues Jane from	20		1893
	Terkoz. Tarzan rescues D'Arnot from			
	natives and keeps him in jungle for			
	a week with fever. Returns to cabin			
	and stays another week before leaving			
	for civilization.			
Mar. 17	Leaves for civilization	20		1893
1911	Tarzan returns on liner from	22		1895
	America. Marries Jane			
1912	Korak born.	23		1896
1913	Tarzan marooned on Jungle Island.	24	1	1897
	Paulvitch captured by natives			
1920	Meriem kidnapped at age of seven	31	8	1904
1923	Paulvitch rescued after ten years.	34	11	1907
	Korak takes to the jungle			
1924	Korak meets Meriem	35	12	1908
1928	Tarzan rescues Meriem from Swede	39	16	1912
	at fifteen			
1929	Tarzan finds Korak.	40	17	1913
	Korak and Meriem married			
	World War begins	41	18	1914
	World War ends	45	22	1918
	Birth of Tarzan's grandson, Jack.	47	24	1920
	World War II begins.	66	43	1939
	Present time	86	63	1959

* * * * *

Reprinted from the BURROUGHS' BULLETIN (1947) by kind permission of Vernell Coriell, and John Harwood who revised the article.

TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE

The latest Gordon Scott epic is the finest ape-man movie in the series for a great many years. Sy Weintraub and Harvey Hayutin (who produced it) seem to be doing a much better job than Sol Lesser. They have indeed carried out their promise to make a more realistic and exciting kind of Tarzan film which would appeal more to grownups without giving up the younger fans either. Indeed, I greatly suspect an outcry will soon be heard from assorted pressure groups against making such a harsh and violent and savage adventure movie, denouncing it as unsuitable for youngsters in the audience, although the kids themselves are bloodthirsty enough to lap it all up with enthusiasm (the very same reaction has already occurred for "The Vikings"- also a successful movie of rugged and rough melodrama.) At any rate, most men and many women will probably like this picture.

The picture was filmed partly at Shepperton Studios in England, and partly on location in Kenya Colony, British East Africa; the pygmy sequence was made at the old familiar "jungle compound" in Hollywood, with midget actors. The color photography is in soft attractive pastel tints-and is quite attractive. The exiting script contains very few cliches and very little corn, and no loose ends. The director maintained a fast pace with plenty of fighting and action; "thriller diller" is the word for this one! As for Scott himself he has more dialogue than ever before and speaks complete sentences instead of broken English; the grim manhunt in which he becomes involved gives him little opportunity to clown and grin and pitch woo; this time, he sticks pretty close to the main business of the story, with a bare minimum of love interest and humor, and even does a fairly good job of acting for a change - which greatly surprised me. The plot is quite simple; it goes like this:-

Two years ago, a ruthless white hunter named Slade discovered two



reviewed by:
ALBERT E. GECHTER

prospectors working their claim, a fabulously rich diamond mine in the mountains, deep in the jungle beyond the jungle; Slade murdered them and blasted shut the mine entrance with dynamite to conceal its location.

A year later, a very rich, hard drinking, girl-chasing Latin-American playboy, Luis "Louie" Sanchez, came to Tarzan's jungle on safari in his private sports plane, with his current girl friend. The gloriously dissipated Sanchez was too drunk to shoot anything himself -he never even left his tent-he had Slade collect big game for him, for trophies. About this time, a rogue elephant was terrorizing the native villages. Tarzan was sent for, to help hunt it down, but he arrived too late. Slade and five other hunters went after the mad beast and only Slade and one other hunter came back alive; Slade killed the elephant, but only after he had caused the crazed animal to kill four of his companions by a clever trick. The other survivor denounced Slade to the authorities, who was arrested. Tarzan examined the sport and the other evidence and was convinced of Slade's guilt. But the courts exonerated Slade and set him free to murder again, on grounds of insufficient proof of guilt. The insane, sadistic, thrill-seeking hunter soon dropped out of sight, but Tarzan did not forget.

Another year passes; then a strange series of night raids on settlements and villages begins. Mysterious "natives" attack from the darkness, seizing valuable supplies and equipment, killing all who oppose them, then vanishing as quickly as they have come. The fifth such raid occurs at the Mandu Settlement Hospital. Four black warriors paddle quietly up in a canoe; they are well armed with modern rifles and pistols and plenty of ammunition; everyone else is sound asleep, but a restless infant patient wakes up, gets frightened, and starts crying. For a long while no one heeds this. The raiders break into the warehouse and bring outside packing boxes marked POLAR AMMON GELIGNITE EXPLOSIVES. The native operator at the hospital, a young fellow named Utambu, wakes up, sees the robbers at work, and grabs for his rifle. The leader of the gang rushes up to kill him, Utambu exclaims "Slade!", recognizing his true identity. Slade shoots him down and the raiders prepare to escape with their booty. The chief surgeon, Dr Quarles, now awake, comes outside and he too is murdered. The dying Utambu crawls to his radio and signals for help; his last words are: "We have been raided..Slade, Slade!" And then dies.

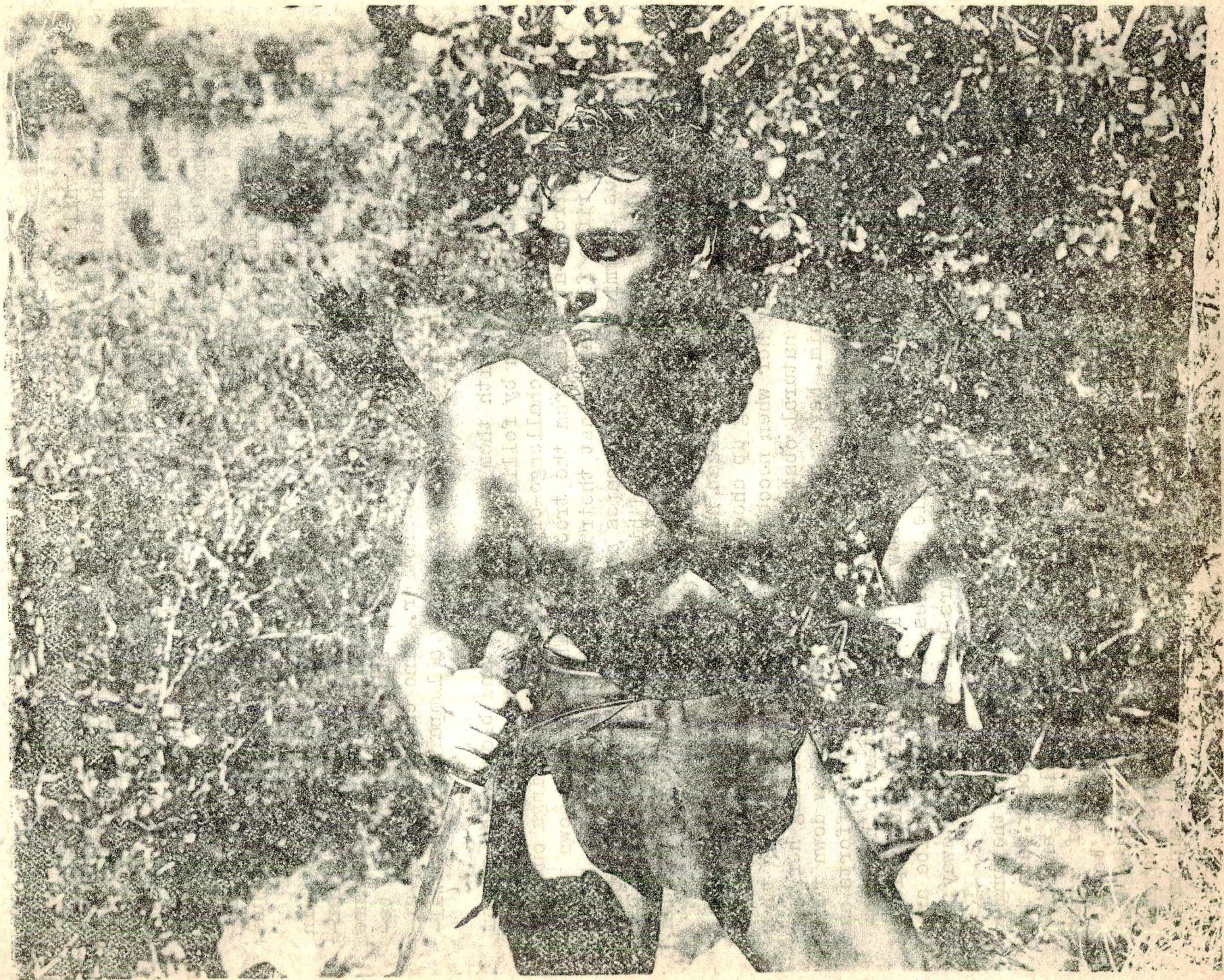
The raiders reach the safety of a waiting high-powered motor launch and scuttle their canoe; a blond attractive Italian girl is waiting for them. They wipe the dark paint from off their bodies and assume their own clothing. We see that Slade and his four followers are really white criminals who have temporarily assumed black native disguise. They are actually as follows:--(1) Slade, the leader, Tarzan's

old enemy; (2) Cara, a sexy Italian wench, his mistress; (3) Kreiger, a Dutch refugee diamond expert, skilled in mining and cutting precious gems; (4) O'Bannion, a scoundrelly Irish soldier of fortune; (5) Dino, an Anglo-Italian ex-convict who owns and operates the motorboat. This precious crew of riffraff are now ready at last to begin their journey by river through Tarzan's jungle to the mountains to find the hidden diamond mines.

At dawn, Slade sights Tarzan's treehouse and they slip quietly past it, floating by with their engines silenced. Tarzan and Cheta wake up, but the fugitives have already passed by and vanished, and Tarzan does not yet suspect. He swims in the river and then climbs out ready for breakfast. Then he hears a native drum message, telling about the murders and the raider's escape up the river. Cheta screams her protests, but Tarzan firmly and resolutely insists on leaving the chimpanzee behind this time. Tarzan sets out alone in his canoe, armed with knives, bow and arrows, for the funeral at Mandu for his friend, Dr Quarles.

The British District Commissioner is already there, investigating the crime, when Tarzan arrives. The commissioner assumes that Slade and his unknown accomplices are heading downstream towards the coast, and announces his patrols will block their flight, but Tarzan disagrees and insists that he will go and look for them alone in the wilderness upriver. The commissioner then introduced the ape-man to the American glamour-girl, adventuress and aviatrix, Miss Angela Loring, a sophisticated young blonde beauty, who has borrowed an airplane from her gentleman-friend Sanchez for an African joyride and is thrilled to meet the famous Tarzan; flying overhead, she had overheard Utambu's dying radio-message and had quickly landed. The commissioner has her testimony taken down in writing. The native villagers mourn for the murder victims, but Tarzan vows to avenge them and leaves at once to commence his relentless pursuit of the killers. Natives drums carry this news upstream and Slade hears it too! He resolves to waylay and kill Tarzan.

"Angie" Loring goes flying off alone over the jungle; she investigates from the air some great herds of wild animals; then she sees Tarzan's canoe down below on the river and so she gleefully "buzzes" him-not once but twice; she is about to soar away onward, when her engine suddenly goes dead and the plane crashed on a sandbar in midstream. The girl climbs out unhurt and starts to swim towards shore-and then a crocodile approaches, intent on making her his next meal. Just in time Tarzan paddles up and, seeing this peril, dives into the water, knife in hand, to fight and kill the great crocodile and rescue her. He brings her back to his canoe and has to take her along for the remainder of the chase.



Meanwhile the raiders are preparing to strike back at Tarzan. When Tarzan overtakes them, they are ready and waiting and the long fight begins. Tarzan prepares to attack, but Slade and O'Bannion stalk him with their high powered rifles. Tarzan is about to shoot O'Bannion with an arrow, but just then a venomous spider crawls up the ape-man's back; he brushes it off, but O'Bannion sees the movement and opens fire on him. Simultaneously Slade stumbles upon Tarzan's canoe and sets it adrift, stranding Tarzan and Angie in the jungle. Tarzan escapes through the trees to join the girl.

When the killers are not fighting Tarzan, they are engaged in drunken revelry, or busily hatching new schemes of double-cross, larceny and murder, or they are bickering over possession of the treasure or quarrelling over Cara's soiled favors - or some other shabby behavior. If it's not one thing, it's another. Dino chases angrily after O'Bannion into the jungle, gets clawed by a leopard and is swallowed by quicksand.

Tarzan catches up with them a second time and blocks the stream in front and behind them by felling trees across the channel, dropping them in their path. The challenge-cry of the bull-ape rings out, and he shoots arrows at them from the treetops. They pin him down however, with rifle fire and blast their way out with gelignite. There is a furious skirmish; Tarzan escapes again, bruised and badly wounded by the explosions which knocked him out of his perch, throwing him to the ground, but not before he has sent a barbed arrow through O'Bannion's black heart. The killers get away once more.

All through the chase, Tarzan has handled Angie with his customary rough chivalry, putting up cheerfully with her tantrums and weaknesses, assisting her when necessary, protecting her from the usual wild beasts and natural obstacles and bladdly ignoring her attempts to flirt with him. Never has he allowed her to slow down the chase and has grimly insisted on making her match his own efforts as far as possible. He'll aid her in return, but only after he has brought retribution to the robber gang. Now he lies wounded and helpless and alone, exhausted at last. Hostile pygmies of the Ogaju tribe are creeping up to murder him, but Angie appears and scares them away; she tends the jungle lord's wounds.

One morning, she leaves him and wanders along through the jungle and comes upon the motor launch at anchor near the riverbank. Cara is taking a sunbath on the upper deck and is half asleep. Slade and Kreiger are out somewhere in the jungle, looking for the site of the diamond mine. Angie goes quietly aboard to steal a penicillin bottle from the medical kit in the cabin, but Cara wakes up and screams in alarm and grabs up a rifle, firing wildly at Angie, who tries to run for it. She almost gets away, but Slade and Kreiger surprise and catch

her. Later, Tarzan awakes and missing her, goes to look for her, despite his wounds.

Slade thinks of a diabolical scheme to murder both Angie and Tarzan. He deliberately wounds a great black-maned lion, then lets it go, turning it into a rogue. Then he stakes out Angie, bound fast to a tree-trunk, as bait for the lion. He has already dug a concealed man-trap pitfall, lined with sharp-pointed stakes. Then to make doubly sure he waits in ambush himself with his rifle. Tarzan will come to save her and be killed - one way or another.

But the plan fails. Cara brags to Krieger that she knows where the mine is located. He begins to annoy her with his unwanted attentions and a violent quarrel follows. She runs away to find Slade and blunders into the path of the advancing, man-killing lion. She flees in panic and falls into the pit; too late to save her life, Slade shoots the lion. Meanwhile Kreiger, hoping Tarzan will kill Slade, and knowing that Cara is dead, sets Angie free.

Tarzan razacks the boat and finds no one there; he is heading in the direction of Slade's campsite when Angie finds him and they are reunited. Slade and Kreiger finally locate the blocked mine-entrance, and blast their way inside with the stolen explosives.

Several days pass and Tarzan begins to recover his health and strength. Grateful to the girl for saving him, he takes her in his arms and kisses her.

Meanwhile the two claim-jumpers are piling up a fortune in uncut diamonds, excavated from the lost mine. Inevitably they quarrel over it. Kreiger wants to dig some more, then leave, but Slade is again planning a violent death for the hated ape-man and now has little interest in either wealth or a return to civilization. Slowly Kreiger realizes that Slade is really a sadistic, homicidal maniac. Slade has fashioned a wire noose at the end of a long stout pole - the type used to snare wild animals but humans do not have fur or scales to protect their necks - and Slade plans to use it on Tarzan! Frightened and desperate, Kreiger tries to throw Slade down the mineshaft to his death, but Slade throws Kreiger down it instead! Now the diamonds are his alone and only Tarzan stands in his way.

Ready at last to take to the vengeance trail, Tarzan escorts Angie back to the motor launch which will take her down river. He asks her to wait for him at the nearest settlement, but she regretfully refuses; she explains that she could never be happy living out her life in the jungle as he does, even though civilization may not satisfy her any more with; so this is goodbye for them....

And now comes the final, climatic duel-to-the-death between Tarzan and Slade. From a position on a cliff-top, not far from the mine, Slade fires his rifle to attract Tarzan's attention. The ape-man comes

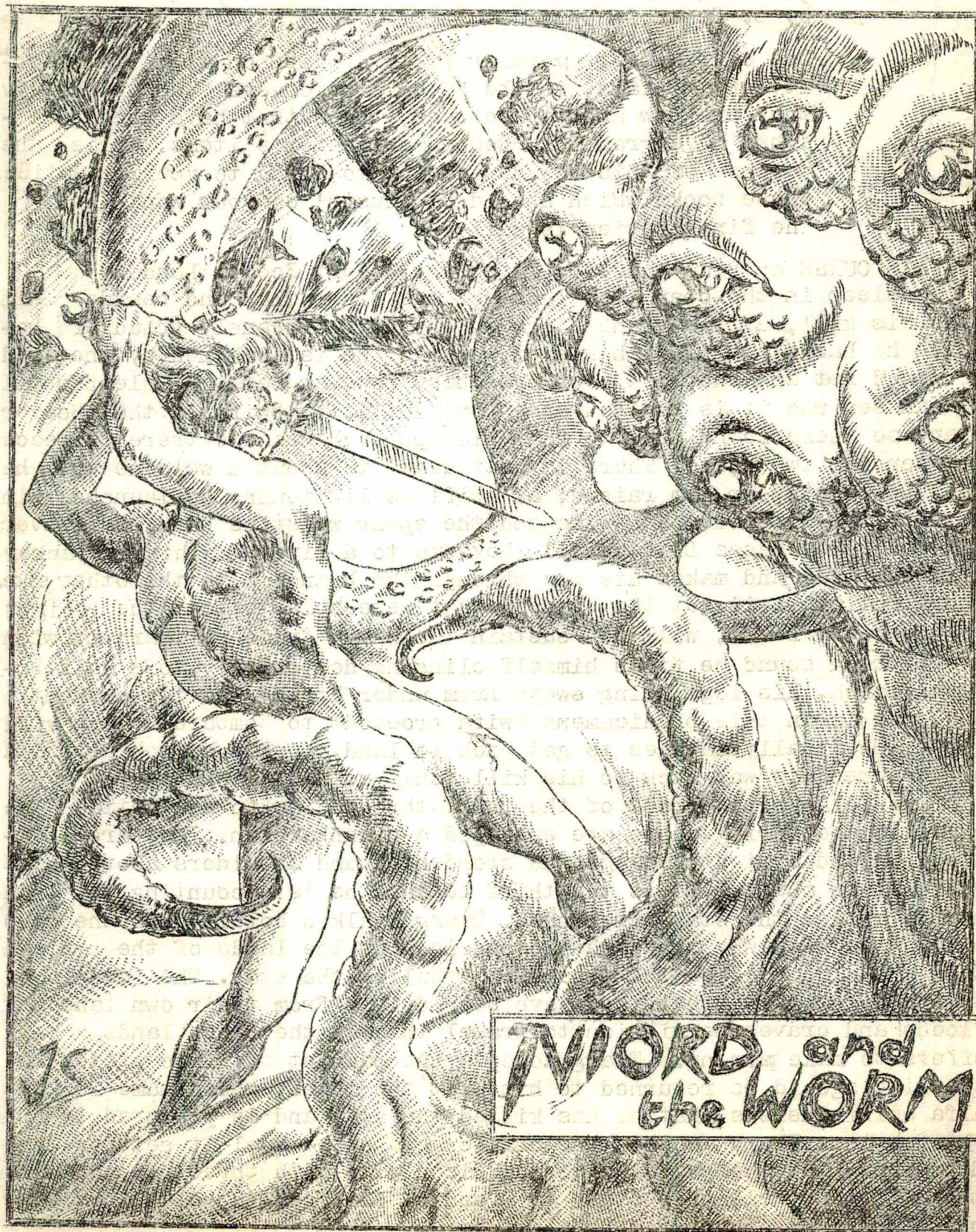
swinging from vines through the treetops. Slade opens fire on him; the challenge-cry of the bull-ape rings out as the jungle lord fiercely charges, dodging and running, shooting arrows as he comes, wounding Slade in the shoulder. Relentlessly, Tarzan scales the cliff, dodging bullets until Slade is out of ammunition. They meet hand to hand at last, but Slade surprises Tarzan with the wire noose and chokes him with it; yet Tarzan wrests the pole away from Slade, knocks him down and pulls off the noose. They wrestle and Slade tries to kill Tarzan with cactus and great rocks, knocking the knife from Tarzan's grasp, sending him sprawling on the ground. But Tarzan regains his feet; punching and wrestling the apeman regains possession of the wire noose and throttles Slade with it, then throws him from the cliff-top to his death on the rocks below. And the victory-cry of the bull-ape rings out over all.

Waiting anxiously at the boat, Angie hears this signal; relieved to know that Tarzan has won, she sadly opens the throttle and begins the long journey back to Mandu. Tarzan watches her go from the mountains; there is nothing left for him to do but resume his solitary existence as the fearless lone-hunter of the jungle in a world of beauty and dangerous adventure.

For the most part, I approve of this film, but I do not approve of having Tarzan stray, however briefly, from the path of strict fidelity to his absent mate Jane, Burroughs would never have liked that. But despite Gordon Scott's effort to emphasize the romantic loverside of Tarzan's character and his tendency towards low-comedy antics with the jungle animals this is essentially a Tarzan story in the true tradition, both he and the film-makers are to be commended for a well made film. But how on earth are they going to top it? Will the next picture be "Tarzan's Even Greater Adventure", perhaps? I wonder.

Tarzan	Gordon Scott	* Director	John Guillermin
Slade	Anthony Quayle	* Producers	Sy Weintraub
Angie	Sara Shane	* & Harvey Hayutin	
Kreiger	Niall McGinn	* Camera	Ted Scaife
O'Bannion	Sean Connery	* Music	Douglas Gamley
Dino	Am Mulock	* Story	Les Crutchfield
Toni	Scilla Gabel	* Screenplay	John Guillermin
			& Bernie Giler

* * * * *
 Photographs reproduced by kind permission of Paramount Pictures, who released the film * * * * *



VIORD and
the WORM

IN THE DAWN OF TIME

by D. Peter Ogden

One of the most popular forms of fiction with the majority of ERB fans, is the "prehistoric novel", unfortunately they are few and far between, those that have been published have gradually become collector's items. It is the purpose of this new department to bring to your notice those books which should be 'musts' on your want-list.

The first review is called

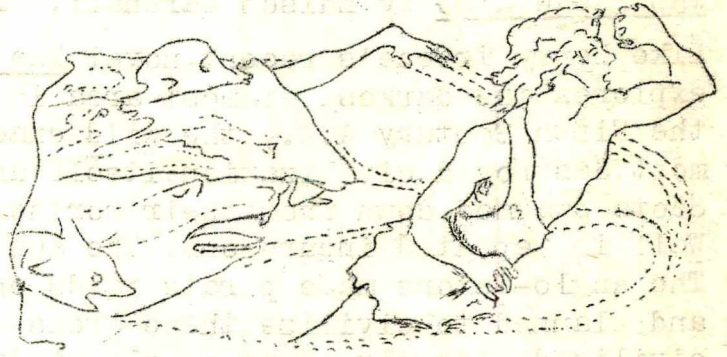
DWIFA'S CURSE by Blue Wolf. Published by Robert Scott, London.

Asleep in the open lies Tharg of the Bison Clan and beside him lies his kill, a fine young stag, which he is extremely proud of because he has slain it with his bare hands. He is awakened by the pad of naked feet and the rustle of branches, however he ~~ignores~~ sleep until he can see who it is that advances on him. It is Dwifa of the Beaver Clan, so there is no need to fear his approach because there is peace between the two clans. Tharg is just about to shout a welcome when he sees Dwifa's spear arm raised; as swift as lightening he launches himself in the direction of Dwifa and the spear whistles harmlessly over his head. He chases Dwifa until they come to a river, his attacker climbs a tree and makes his way through the branches to the other side. Tharg follows suit but the branches that were able to bear the weight of the wirey Dwifa, will not sustain the heavy frame of Tharg and with a rendering sound he finds himself clinging desperately to a half broken branch, his legs being swept from under him by the icy current. While he is in this predicament Dwifa proceeds to bombard him with rocks. He finally manages to get back to land, hurles a rock at Dwifa and resumes his way back to his kill, only to find it gone.

He follows the trail of the thief through the forest until he comes to a clearing where are encamped a strange Clan. They are clustered around a mighty savage who stood head and shoulders above the rest, it is obvious he is the thief because he is accounting to them how he killed the stag barehanded. Tharg stalkes boldly into the group wanting to know why they are trespassing on the lands of the Bison Clan and also accuses the savage of stealing the stag. The leader of the tribe explains that they have been driven from their own land by floods and craves permission to travel through the Bison lands and offers to make payment. Tharg accepts the payment but also states that the stag sould be returned to him, but the thief, whose name is Mat-alfa still insists that he has killed the stag and is prepared to fight for it. Tharg accepts the challenge and the duel it set for three days hence, he then returns to the Bison clan with three men to carry the gifts. He tells his story to Grannir, chief of the clan, his father Jurgal and other prominent clansmen.

The day of the fight arrives and it is a magnificent spectacle, it seems that Tharg must succumb to the might of Matalfa, but the cunning Tharg turns Matalfa's strength against him. However he spares Matalfa's life and in doing so stops bloodshed between the two clans. But later that night as Tharg and his companions are returning home, rejoicing as they go, they are startled by a cry in the night shouting, "The Ghost Wolves are on thy trail, O Tharg!"

Dwifa who is the witch doctor of his clan, places a curse on Tharg, however, Jurgal is also a magic-man of some repute and they plan to fight back, but during the fight Jurgal and some of his men are killed, so Tharg firmly believes that he is well and truly hexed. The clan do too and they banish him from the land, lest disaster befall them also. And so he sets forth to travel to unknown parts, but he is not destined to travel alone because his young wife Vaia insists on coming with him.



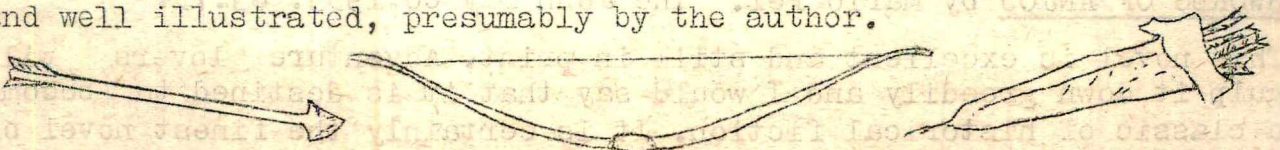
Matalfa has also been exiled for bringing shame on his people and he follows Tharg intending to abduct Vaia, but he is killed by Tharg.

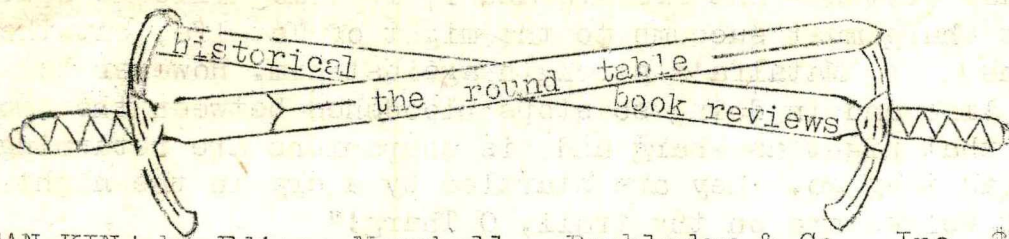
Later Tharg and Vaia are captured by a strange tribe and taken in to slavery. Tharg is set to work in a quarry, mining enormous pieces of stone which are later transported to a plain outside the village of the tribe, which is to be used as a temple. (Probably Stone-Henge)

Several events follow, during which Tharg and Vaia win the friendship of Vraha the King-Priest. Vraha offers Tharg anything he wants, but Tharg's only request is to have Dwifa's curse removed.

Later Tharg and Vaia return to their people taking with them the miracle of the bow and arrow which they have learned from the priest-clan, but arriving at the Bison dwellings they find the whole tribe living under the subjugation of Dwifa; due to the bad luck they had had after Tharg left, they came to the conclusion that Dwifa had put a curse on the whole tribe. They are ill-fed, having to give all their food to Dwifa, but under Tharg's leadership they are restored to strength and conquer the Beaver Clan bringing Dwifa to his knees begging for mercy.

This is an excellent example of a prehistoric novel being well-written and fast paced, it is probably the work of a well known author writing under the pseudonym of "Blue Wolf". The book is also profusely and well illustrated, presumably by the author.





THE PAGAN KING; by Edison Marshall. Doubleday & Co., Inc. \$3.95.

Like Henry Treece's recent novel The Great Captains, this new story explores the darkest dimmest area in the early history of Britain, the Fifth Century A.D., the wild chaotic era when pagan barbarism almost destroyed civilization itself and Christianity. The Picts and Scots swarmed down from their northern wilderness across Hadrian's Wall in repeated incursions. The men of Eire raided the Western coast. The Anglo-Saxons made pirate raids on the eastern and southern coasts and planned to civilize these areas with their own people. The half civilized, largely pagan people of Cambria and Cornwall were turbulent and warlike. Britain was divided into the continually warring realms of many uncounted small kingdoms, principalities and tribes, struggling among themselves for control of the island, ever since the the Romans had evacuated this far-off outpost of their empire and had themselves been conquered by Germanic barbarians.

But, fortunately for Britain, a great fighting hero arose to unify the island by force and lead the people successfully in their struggles to overthrow the tyrants, defeat the invaders and restore peace and justice to the weary land. This was of course the legendary King Authur. Most story-teller present him as a thoroughly medieval monarch, like the Plantagenets, but Edison Marshall (like Henry Treece and a few others before him) depicts Authur as the realman he may actually have been - a successful and courageous Romano-Celtic general and semi-barbaric chieftain of the Cymry - perhaps not even a Christian himself. Probably Authur was the first leader to successfully employ heavily-armored lancers on horseback in warfare in the British Isles, thus inspiring the knights of the Middle Ages.

At any rate, you need not fear that this book will bear very much resemblance to any other book you may have read about King Arthur. Marshall's version is drastically different from every other treatment of the legend, just as his previous novel The Viking had little in common with any other stories about Ogier the Dane and Morgan le Fay. Edison Marshall has written many other exiting historical adventure novels, but this is certainly one of his best.

SWORDES OF ANJOU by Mario Pei. The John Day Co. 1953. \$3.75.

This novel is excellent and still in print. Adventure lovers will gulp it down greedily and I would say that it is destined to become a classic of historical fiction. It is certainly the finest novel of

swashbuckling action, based firmly on medieval legends, to appear in recent years. In 1954 and 1956, it was reprinted as a paperback by graphic Books at 35¢, retitled Swords for Charlemagne.

This is a marvellous tale of dashing romance in the Eighth Century, A.D., during Charlemagne's wars in Spain against the Moors and Saracens. The great hero Roland and his friend Oliver and the Twelve Peers of France with the rearguard of the Frankish army are betrayed by Count Ganelon and ambushed and massacred by the infidels. The gallant brothers Thierry d'Anjou and Huon de Bordeaux try unsuccessfully to rescue them and then vow to avenge their fallen comrades. This is finally accomplished in triumphant conclusion, as the knights charge with couched lances against the foe, and steel clashes against steel in a combat to the death. Prominent among the characters are the great paladins, Guillaume d'Orange and Ogier the Dane and their enemy the Spanish hero Bernardo del Carpio. A Spanish princess and a Moorish harem beauty provide the love interest and the tale ends exactly as it should.—The author is a famous scholar and Professor of Romance Languages at Columbia University, New York City, who has devoted a lifetime of study to the background of this epic. DAVID PRINCE

RED QUEEN, WHITE QUEEN by Henry Treece. The Bodley Head. 1959, 15/-

Those of you who have already read the other Henry Treece novels reviewed in this column will know what to expect when you read his latest tale and for those who haven't yet had the pleasure you will be in for something new and exiting in historical fiction. Celtic Britain in 61 A.D. was a turbulent era; oppressed and beaten into submission by their Roman conquerors and arrogant tribes writhed under the yoke of near slavery. At last, their queen Boudicca, degraded by the Procurator General, Decianus Catus, the proud Iceni rose in rebellion against Rome. The tribes, fired by the news of Boudicca's victories, flocked to her banner and Nero's legions trembled from the wrath of the Red Queen.

Under sentence of death for duelling with his illegitimate brother, Duatha, a young Roman decurion Gemallus Ennius is reprieved on condition he undertake a mission to destroy the Red Queen. Gemellus agrees and with Duatha and two comrades rides east to the fortress of the Iceni. The events that befall them, before and after they reach the Red Queen, make this a fascinating and exciting story.

With the publication of Red Queen, White Queen, Henry Treece has completed his set of books covering the history of Celtic Britain, from the Stone Age men of 4000 years ago to the decline of the Cymry under Arthur. These books, to be read in this order, are chronologically as follows:— The Golden Strangers, The Dark Island, Red Queen, White Queen and The Great Captains. MICHAEL THOMPSON


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-from the readers

Dear Pete:

Thanks very much for ERBANIA 7, it was well worth waiting for - Jim's cover and interior illos were truly magnificent, and I for one prefer them to photos, like you said, you don't really have the necessary equipment for reproducing them clearly. The best illo was his full page plate of Dennis Miller on page 13 - one of his best pieces of work to my mind. His characters seem to come alive, the Farhrd and Gray Mouser engraving on page 17 was also wonderful - he seems to be using more detail and shading than in his earlier work - your mags must bring out his finer points! He really seems at home with the Howard-Burroughs combination - don't ever let him go.

The rest of the mag was just as good as usual and made fine, interesting reading. Your article on the latest screen Tarzan was extremely informative and Price's essay on Otis Kline was admirable - he obviously thought a lot of his friend. I like Kline's stories very much indeed and it is a great pity that his books are so difficult to find. But maybe some day they will be reprinted - let us hope so. Can we have more articles on Kline in future issues, please. What an intelligent man he must have been to speak all those Arabic dialects; an uncle of mine who served in Egypt during the last war told me that colloquial Arabic is one of the most difficult languages to learn. Joseph Miller's article on "the delayed reckoning" was more of the kind of think he should stick to - I like these analytical type of essays and they are far better than Mr Miller continually pulling Burroughs to bits.

Yours Sincerely, MIKE THOMPSON (Barking, Essex)

Dear Pete:

I found the new issue of ERBANIA very interesting especially the Price article. I saw the LIANE movie and found it rather good fun; I particularly approved of the heroine's realistic jungle costume!!! Fortunately it wasn't submitted to the Hollywood censors. The film contained some authentic African stock footage, but most of the jungle sequences were made on location in tropical gardens outside Naples, Italy - actually a public park. The shipboard scenes were taken in the Bay of Naples. Other scenes were made in Hamburg and at a West Berlin film studio. I wish Jim had drawn a portrait of Liane smiling instead of frowning. His illos were excellent as usual but I hope you reproduce photos from the movie next time you print a film review, no matter how well Jim draws the scene it just isn't the same. - There's a considerable amount of truth in what Farnsworth says; of course if ERB were still alive we would certainly have his

novels available in numerous cheap, popular editions in the U.S. Indeed, if only ERB, Inc. weren't sitting on the rights so no one else can use them, they would be published by many other American firms right now. Of course, the American copyrights will one by one begin to expire by about 1970, and the stories and characters will gradually go into the public domain for any publisher or writer to use, although they will still be protected in the British Commonwealth till 2000 A.D. And Joe Miller is right on target again as usual in his column.

Yours Truly, AL GECHTER (Gainesville, Florida)

Dear Pete:

ERBANIA arrived O.K. Was slightly disappointed with the reproduction of the Tarzan illos and Alan says he can't figure out what went wrong. Anyhow all the other items were up to the usual high standard. Michael Thompson gave an excellent summing-up of LIANE, which should give intending viewers a very clear idea of what they can expect. It was fairly good light entertainment, but I thought that the scenes of hand-to-hand fighting were almost all ludicrous; Continental film-makers rarely seem to achieve the realism in this line that come naturally to American producers. The article on Otis A. Kline was enjoyable, too, demonstrating again that the great characters in fantasy fiction are as often behind the typewriter as on the printed page. Not many of them make the grade both as author and representative though, I should think. Dennis Miller's forthcoming film sounds like the same old depressing mixture; chimps and all. Why don't they film such books as THE LOST EMPIRE and LORD OF THE JUNGLE?

Regarding "The Delayed Reckoning" — too true! ERB exploited just about every trick of the trade; only a natural-born storyteller could have got away with the strings of incredible coincidences featured so frequently in his tales.

Its good to know that 4-Square are pushing ahead with the Tarzan seroes, must remember to write them an encouraging letter! And also suggest that they consider LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, which I reckon ranks with TARZAN OF THE APES and GODS OF MARS, making the three greatest ERB books. Any arguments? Of course, you've probably read more of his novels than I have, but what would your three be?

Altogether, a varied and interesting lot this issue.

All the Best, JIM CAWTHORN (Gateshead, Co. Durham)

I agree it is a pity that the Tarzan illos didn't come out a little clearer. I guess the guy who invented stencils never realized that they would be used for such intricate art-work and you have certainly worked wonders with them. I suppose we can only expect it, that occasionally the stencil will not reproduce as clearly as it should.

(continued on page 23)

MORE ABOUT SOLOMON KANE

by Winston F. Dawson

Both Albert Gechter and myself were very pleased with the reception his recent "Solomon Kane" got from the readers, but unfortunately we both found out too late that there was one more published story in the series. I am sure you will be interested in this review of the one remaining story which is called

THE MOON OF SKULLS - This two part serial by Robert E. Howard appeared in the June and July 1930 issues of Weird Tales. It was the feature story in June and had a cover illustration by Hugh Rankin. Unfortunately Mr. Rankin had not read the story as Solomon Kane, Puritan adventurer, looks like a musical comedy pirate. Nakari, the savage queen in a costume of ostrich plumes looks eligible for the jungle chorus. The inside illustrations were by Doak, he didn't read the story either. The artists notwithstanding the story is a good one and there are descriptive passages which strike a very high level.

As the story begins Kane comes to the West Coast of Africa in a quest for Marilyn Taferel, who has been abducted from her home in England and sold to Barbary pirates. Hearing rumours of a white girl held captive by Nakari the black queen of Negari he makes his way towards the hidden city. Escaping a treacherous attack by her soldiers he accidentally enters the secret passageways of the city. He finds a hidden entrance to the inhabited portion of the cyclopedian palace. The palace could obviously not have been built by the savages who now rule the city. Evading the guards he makes his way to the chamber where Marilyn is confined. The Queen visits her slave and discovers Kane. Already impressed by his ability to elude her soldiers she becomes enamoured of him. She urges him to forget Marilyn, who is to be sacrificed, and become her consort. She envisions a vast empire, but Kane's principles force him to reject her. In a rage she pulls a cord and Kane falls into a pit beneath the room.

He escapes however and wanders through forgotten passageways. He comes to a cell, where he finds confined the last survivor of of the brown-skinned race that had founded Negari. This man who had been the high priest before falling victim to Nakari told Kane a strange story. Negari had been founded thousands of years before as a colony of Atlantis. When Atlantis was destroyed Negari became the capital of a vast African empire. The empire gradually dwindled however and the Atlanteans did too. The negro slaves however increased and finally rose and slaughtered their

masters except for the priests. For a thousand years the negro kings have ruled Negari. The ranks of the brown priests diminished and the remnants mixed with the natives. When Nakari became queen she slaughtered all but this one priest. He was tortured in order to wring from him the knowledge of the secret passageways. Now dying, he tells Kane that Marilyn will be sacrificed by native priests that night. He also tells Kane of a sacred skull the natives worship which they believe guards the fate of the city. He directs Kane to the sacrificial stone and dies.

Kane makes his way through the age old passageways to the sacrificial chamber; as the ceremony comes to a crescendo Kane's fires and chatters the skull the natives worship. In a mad frenzy the natives mill around and attack each other. Kane makes his way to the altar and rescues Marilyn. An earthquake adds a final note of destruction to the scene and as the city and its inhabitants perish Kane and Marilyn escape. He assures her that the Providence which enabled them to escape from Negari will enable him to bring her safely home again to England.

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KAOR continued..... I would hate to have to decide which three of ERB's books I would consider his greatest; it is an interesting point, and given some extensive thought would probably make an excellent article. If any of you have any ideas on the subject, let me have them, stating which three you consider his best and why! Now for the final letter in this week's column, is Bob Hyde with some interesting information.

Dear Pete:

You are doing a fine job on your zine. Keep it up. Here is something you might mention in ERBANIA. I have found out from John Coleman Burroughs that his father wrote poetry, under the names of Normal Bean, E. R. Burroughs and Ed. Burroughs and probably published in the Chicago Tribune between 1910 and 1918 and perhaps in the Pocatello, Idaho newspaper around the turn of the century. Apparently the family doesn't have any of this poetry and would appreciate copies of anything that is found. I had never heard that he had written poetry and I don't think anyone else had either.

Yours Sincerely, BOB HYDE (Pittsburgh, Pa.)

OPERATION STUPIDITY : Meaning your editor who has lost his mailing list, fortunately I have a duplicate but it is not quite up to date which means that one or two subscribers may not receive this issue. If you correspond with somebody who has not received a copy, will you please pass the word on and ask them to drop me a line.

