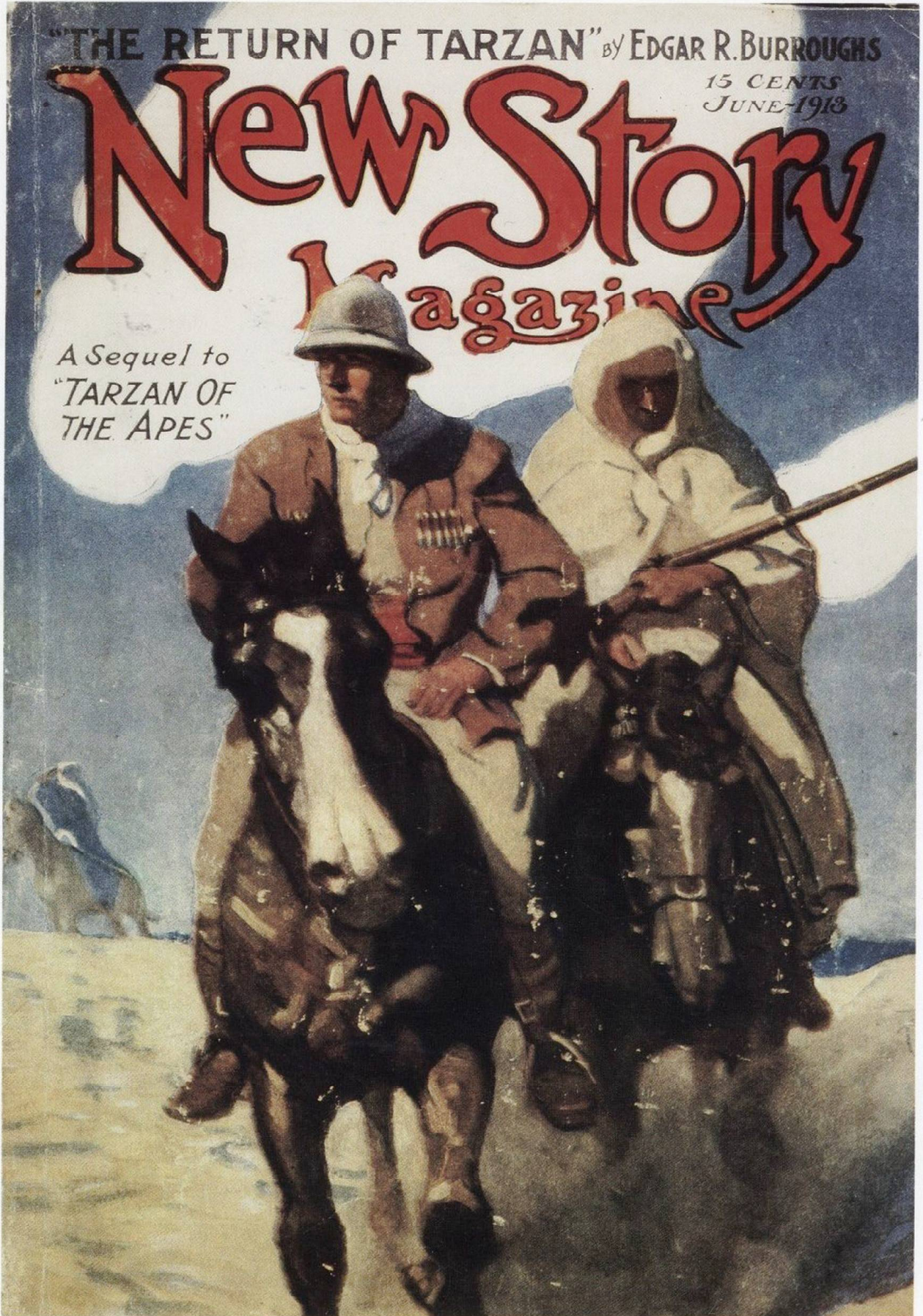


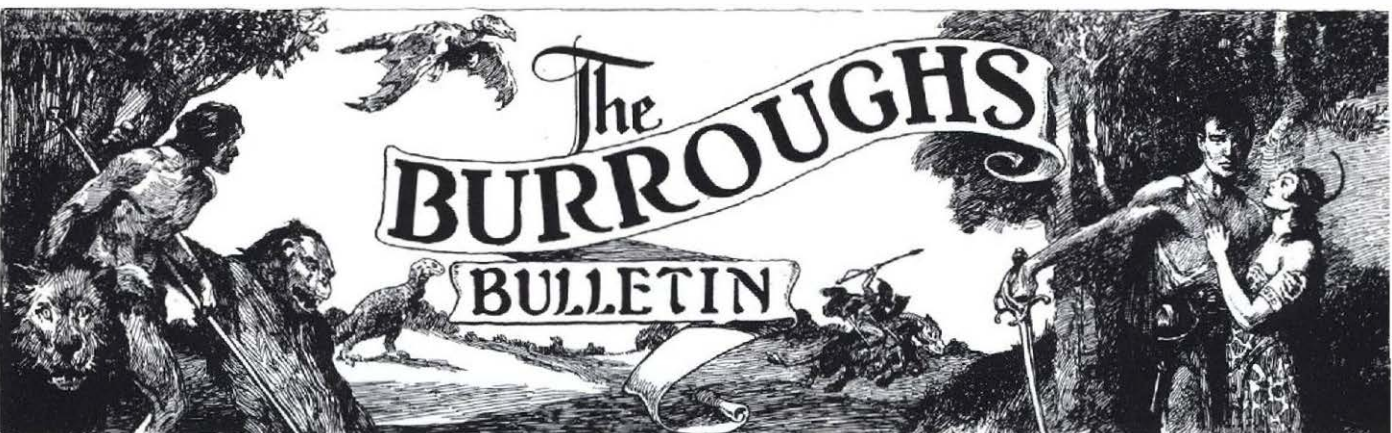
"THE RETURN OF TARZAN" BY EDGAR R. BURROUGHS

15 CENTS  
JUNE-1918

# New Story Magazine

A Sequel to  
"TARZAN OF  
THE APES"





NUMBER 5 (New Series)

JANUARY, 1991

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"The original and only authorized Burroughs fanzine"  
 Founded in 1947 by Vernell Coriell (1918-1987)

## EDITOR'S PREFACE

KAOR, BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES!

Many artistic roads converged to make **THE RETURN OF TARZAN** the classic it has become. On the "High Road" was its author who promised his readers at the end of **TARZAN OF THE APES** that there would be a sequel, and who kept that promise. Along the "Low Road" came two of the finest contemporary artists ever to visualize the author's image: N.C. Wyeth and J. Allen St. John. For Wyeth, **THE RETURN OF TARZAN** would remain the only Burroughs book he illustrated. For St. John, it would become the first of many.

It seems appropriate in this issue to dwell on these two great artists of **THE RETURN OF TARZAN**, and to link them to the present through Bob Barrett's article on Barclay Shaw, the current artist for the 25th Ballantine printing of the story. Our front cover illustration is Wyeth's first painting for the June, 1913 cover of **NEW STORY MAGAZINE** which began the serialized version of **RETURN**. On the back cover is Barclay Shaw's 1990 illustration for Ballantine. We wish we had space to bring you the hundreds of illustrations for this story that appeared during the seventy-seven years between Wyeth and Shaw. But the tradition is in good hands, and we are indebted to Barclay Shaw for the loan of his original transparencies for this issue.

Sprinkled throughout the article on St. John by his pupil and friend, George E. Turner, are samples of St. John's drawings for the chapter headings of **THE RETURN OF TARZAN**. Reading this book for the first time as a small child, I was struck by St. John's imagery which set the mood for each chapter. I'm sure I didn't realize that I was looking at the birth of a legendary collaboration between author and artist. All I knew was these simple line drawings helped form my image of Tarzan. That image never left me. The drawings were reproduced for this issue from the artist's original proofs which were his gift (in 1954) to our founder, Vern Coriell. It is a privilege merely to touch them.

Rounding out our tribute to **THE RETURN OF TARZAN** are an account of the first silent film version of 1920, and a bibliographic overview of the book's printing history by Septimus Favonius. We are especially indebted to Tom Willshire for his delightful closing remarks at the 1990 "Normal Bean" convention in Chicago, and to Bob Barrett for permission to use his ERB letters with the article on N. C. Wyeth.

We extend our heartiest best wishes to all ERB fans as we begin a new year, our forty-fourth year of publishing. For those critics who claim that everything has already been said, we can only quote from the master himself: "The best we can hope to do is garb the same old themes in new and attractive clothing." Happy New Year!

George T. McWhorter  
Editor

# N. C. WYETH

(1882-1945)

by  
George T. McWhorter



N. C. Wyeth 1916

NEWELL CONVERS WYETH, along with his close friend, Frank E. Schoonover, were both outstanding artists of the famous "Brandywine School" founded by Howard Pyle, and under whose master hand they both learned their trade. Andrew Wyeth once said of his famous father: "It's astounding how quickly he learned to paint under Pyle; he just tore through the training and was off!"

Wyeth was born on October 22, 1882 in Needham, Massachusetts, then a rural district where his father earned his living as a grain dealer. If artistic genes can be inherited, Wyeth probably got them from his mother whose family came from Switzerland and included many artists. Wyeth (called "Convers" by his family) began drawing in early childhood and left Needham High School after only two years to study art at the Mechanic Art High School in Boston. Although his father objected, his mother's warm support rendered the venture a "fait accompli" ... so off he went. After high school, he continued his art training at two other Boston schools, The Massachusetts Normal Art School and the Erik Pape School of art. In 1902, at

the age of 20, he made his big move to Wilmington, Delaware, to continue his studies with Howard Pyle. (The photo on the next page shows him on the week he left for Wilmington .)

Pyle's classes in 1902 included about a dozen gifted young men and women who paid no tuition but formed a close artistic commune by sharing in the chores and chipping in to pay the heating, equipment and modeling fees. Wyeth spent the winters in Pyle's Wilmington studio and his summers in the Brandywine Valley, sketching and painting to his heart's delight. Pyle taught them to draw from plaster casts and figures, gave them weekly compositions to critique, and took them on a variety of excursions through the countryside where they sketched until



N. C. Wyeth, age 20

dark. Under these disciplines, Wyeth's talents took wings.

Pyle urged his students to "live their paintings" and to bury themselves in their subjects. In 1904, after two years of training with Pyle, Wyeth scraped together his meagre savings and went West to a ranch in Colorado. An ancestor, Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth, had been a pioneer explorer in the Oregon territory, and N. C. Wyeth was eager to follow a similar trail. He sketched cows and cowboys and rugged landscapes and was improving rapidly ... until somebody stole all his money and he was forced to get a job as a government mail rider to New Mexico. Here he discovered the Navaho Indian reservation and became fascinated with their colorful traditions and way of life. He lived among them, remembering his teacher's admonition to bury himself in his subject. The result was that he finally returned home to his beloved Brandywine Valley with a huge number of drawings which he sold to Western magazines. Publishers began to notice him, and in

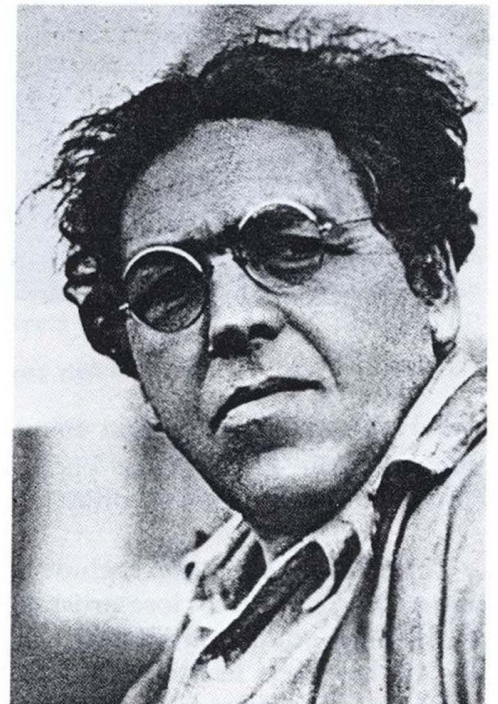
1906 he landed his first commission as a book illustrator.

That same year he married Carolyn Bockius of Wilmington and they settled in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania to raise their family of five children (three of whom became artists). His active career continued for more than four decades. Many top ranking magazines published his work: SCRIBNER'S, HARPER'S, SATURDAY EVENING POST, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, COLLIER'S, and others. His paintings were almost larger than life and seemed to leap off the page.

Meanwhile, his book illustrations were geared primarily to the children's market. In 1911 he illustrated Robert Louis Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND, which made his name famous almost overnight. He relived his Navaho experiences for Fenimore Cooper's LAST OF THE MOHICANS and THE DEERSLAYER, and, like his friend Schoonover, was held in high esteem for his depiction of pirates. Even those books done exclusively for adults had to have an adventurous theme before he could find the necessary inspiration to do them justice.

In 1913, when A. L. Sessions of NEW STORY MAGAZINE invited him to illustrate "*The Return of Tarzan*" by ERB, I'm sure it was just another assignment for Wyeth, one of many which came flooding into his studio. He did two cover illustrations for the story, one for the first installment (June, 1913) and one for the third installment (August, 1913). This second painting is more familiar since it was used as the dust jacket illustration for the McClurg first edition of 1915. Wyeth had titled it simply "man in jungle with bow and arrow," which was probably a verbatim instruction from the publishers which he followed dutifully without any particular involvement in the story line (the second installment, incidentally, has no cover illustration).

Burroughs fans love to tell the story of how ERB tried to buy the Wyeth Tarzan illustration for his own rapidly growing collection of original art. He wrote to ALL-STORY's Thomas N. Metcalf asking what price he might be expected to pay for the Clinton Pettee "Tarzan" and the Wyeth "Tarzan." Metcalf hedged a bit, but finally opined that \$25 ought to be enough to offer



N.C. Wyeth, ca. 1930

for the Wyeth. However, NEW STORY's A.L. Sessions informed him that Wyeth's asking price was \$100. Since this was beyond ERB's means at the time, he had to pass it up (see his attached letter marked "Exhibit C").

Fifty-two years later, when a Wyeth painting of Tarzan appeared as a tiny inset photo in the October, 1965 issue of AMERICAN HERITAGE, ERB's son Hulbert determined to locate the original and buy it. Fortunately for Hully, he found a modern Sherlock Holmes in Henry H. Heins who tracked the painting down to its resting place at the Graham Gallery in New York (an interesting account of this sleuthing is contained in the Porges biography, EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: THE MAN WHO CREATED TARZAN, page 724). The result was that Hulbert Burroughs bought the painting for \$1,500. Porges relates that it was a triumph for the folks at Tarzana to own the same painting that ERB had been too poor to buy in 1913. It makes a good story, but as the attached letters prove, it was not the same painting. If Hully thought the price a bit steep, he might take consolation in the fact that today, the Wyeth "dynasty" (like the Barrymores of stage and screen, the Garcias of grand opera, or the Bernoullis of mathematics) is so well-established that the painting is easily worth twenty times what Hully paid for it in 1965.

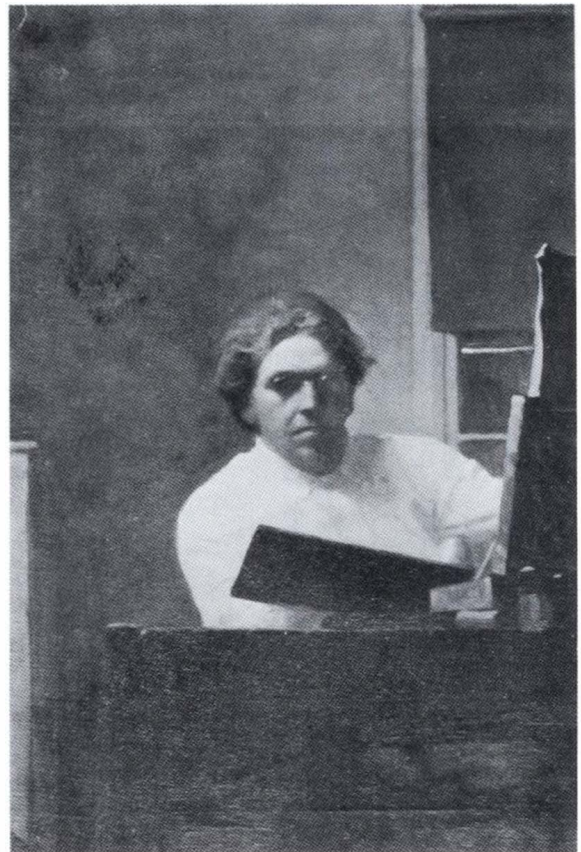
Wyeth's work continued to expand into other areas. Of special interest to me are his mural paintings, one of which I used to see at the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C., when I sang there as a boy. It is a triptych for the Chapel of the Holy Spirit.

A few days after his 63rd birthday in 1945, Wyeth was killed when his car hit a train near his home at Chadds Ford. He was a bold artist who "lived what he painted" in true Brandywine tradition. His writing style was as full of resonant imagery as his paintings. In a letter to his wife in 1934, Wyeth sums up his life in art:

"Like a great solemn backdrop beyond it all, like the miracle of a great sky of towering clouds are the vivid memories and searing thoughts of Home. I dare not let myself go on what has become the painfully searching and beautiful obligato of my life. Its remote yet immediate strains persist like the sublimated rumble one hears from the bowels of Niagara."

Here, indeed, was an artist.

... George T. McWhorter



N.C. Wyeth, self-portrait, 1913

May 14 1913

Mr. A. L. Sessions; Editor,  
Street & Smith, New York City.

Dear Mr. Sessions:

THE WORLD wants an official line from Street & Smith to the effect that I control all the serial rights to The Return of Tarzan except the first serial rights which I sold to you.

Will you kindly assure them, in the enclosed envelope, that you purchased only the first serial rights, and if you can give them permission to commence publication earlier than August 5th I shall appreciate it. Will you be so good as to forward me a carbon of your letter to them.

I am very much stuck on Mr. Wyeth's June cover. Is it possible to purchase the original?

Cordially,

2008 Park avenue.

THE NEW STORY  
MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT  
29 29 SEVENTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

June 4, 1913.

Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs,  
2008 Park Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Burroughs,-

After consulting with Mr. Wyeth, our art editor informs me that you can have the original of the Tarzan picture for \$100.00. If that is satisfactory to you, please send a check, drawn to the order of Street & Smith.

I believe the proofs of all of "The Return of Tarzan" will be in my hands in a few days, and as soon as I get them I will forward them to you without delay.

Sincerely yours,

*A. L. Sessions*  
Editor.

June 14 1913

Mr. A. L. Sessions,  
79 Seventh avenue,  
New York City.

Dear Mr. Sessions:

I want to thank you for the trouble you have taken relative to the cover design by Mr. Wyeth. I am afraid, however, that Mr. Wyeth wants it worse than I do, so I shall be generous and let him keep it.

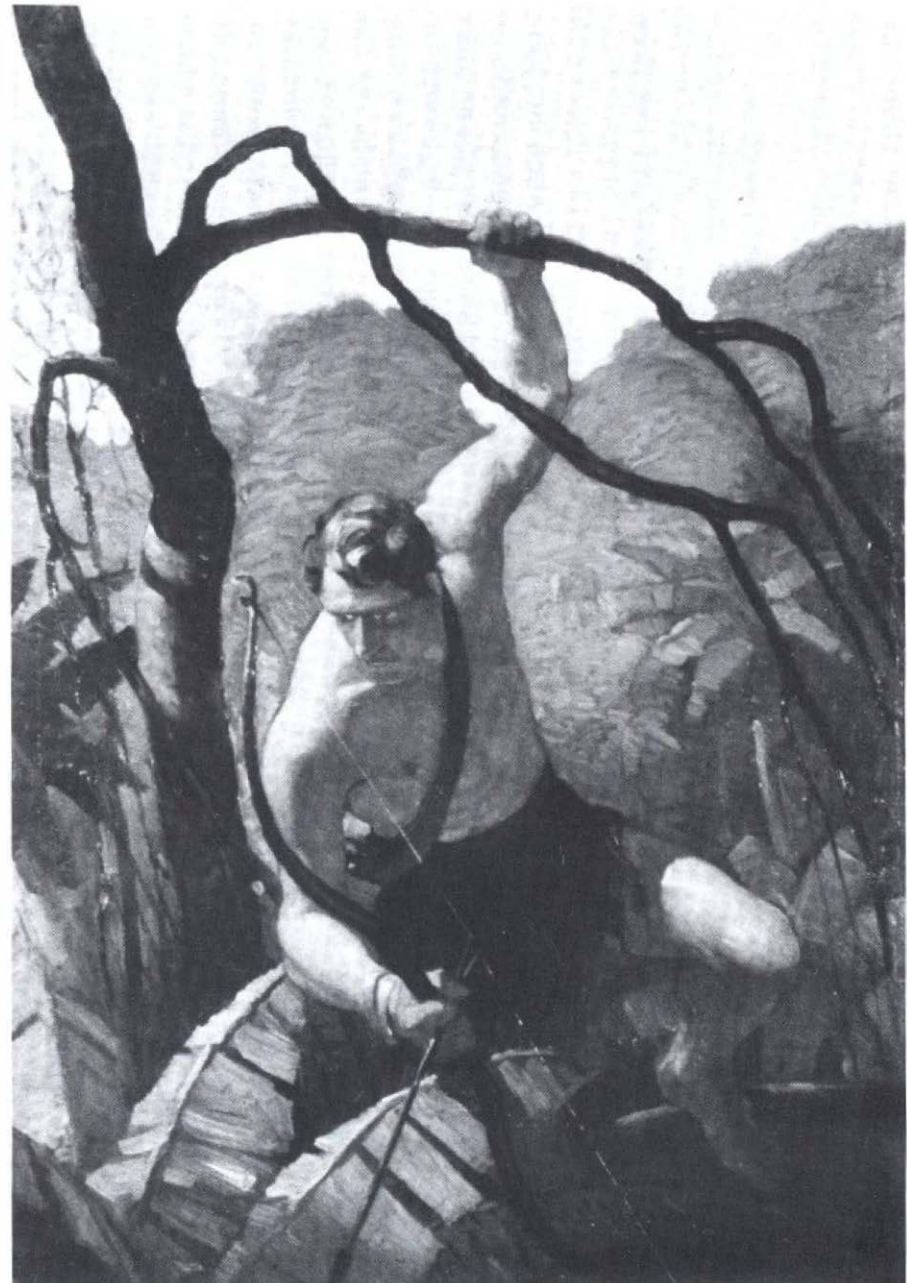
Cordially,

*Edgar Rice Burroughs*

EXHIBIT "C"

ABOVE: ERB's final correspondence regarding purchase of Wyeth painting.

RIGHT: Original painting for THE RETURN OF TARZAN, photographed by Hulbert Burroughs in 1965.





# ST. JOHN: ARTIST, TEACHER, FRIEND

by  
George E. Turner

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was written and sent to Vern Coriell in 1963, and has been edited for publication by Robert R. Barrett)



Drawing of J. Allen St. John  
by George E. Turner

"I consider J. Allen St. John one of the greatest illustrators in the United States." So spoke Edgar Rice Burroughs in reference to the man who had illustrated most of his books and many of his magazine stories. Needless to say, fans all over the world heartily concurred. For many years St. John has been a giant among illustrators, a pictorial stylist whose work has influenced several generations of artists.

St. John further distinguished himself as a portrait artist, genre painter, and teacher. In the latter field he had few equals, as indicated by the successes of his many students. Anyone fortunate enough to have studied under him received not only the best of technical instruction, but can boast memories of a truly colorful and impressive mentor.

My first meeting with St. John followed WWII when I became a student at the American Academy of Art in Chicago. I had been studying at a larger and more famous school, but changed schools after the first year when I learned that St. John was on the American Academy faculty.

I was delighted, on that first day, to see the magnificent cover for **TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION** prominently displayed at the school. In reproduction, this appears to be a delicate pen drawing, but the original is actually very large, perhaps 30" x 40", and is rendered in brush and ink. In the classroom was another Tarzan illustration, also very large and rendered in watercolor wash, showing Jane being carried in the arms of the Ho-don pithecanthropus, Mo-sar. I seated myself at a bench easel and waited, feeling apprehensive and very much alone in a crowd.

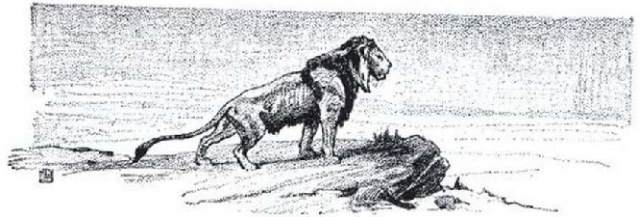
When St. John entered, my first reaction was one of surprise; I hadn't realized he was such an elderly man. He was quite handsome and distinguished looking: tall, white-haired, with youthful eyes. He wore a green corduroy shirt and a brown tweed tie. His hands shook constantly. The other students, most of them repeat customers, greeted him warmly.

The model had taken her position on the dais and we all began to work, a series of five-minute sketches. St. John sat down at one easel and began sketching on a student's paper. When the pencil touched the paper his hands stopped shaking. He spent considerable time with the first student, then moved on to another. Later he noticed me and came over to introduce himself. He seemed pleased to have a Texan in the class. His manner was friendly and filled with old-fashioned charm.

The next day he took a look at the work on my easel and made some very uncomplimentary remarks. It seemed I was doing everything wrong! By the time my shortcomings had been thoroughly scrutinized and exposed I felt like hiding under a rock. At 10 p.m. I left the class and wandered, sick at heart, to a nearby drugstore and stared rather blankly at the magazines while drinking a coke. I wondered if I should take up farming or accounting or some other occupation that did not require artistic ability. Upon leaving the store I saw St. John walking toward me. I started to speak, but my voice stuck in my throat. Apparently he did not see me, so I made myself as inconspicuous as possible and vanished into the crowd.

Plodding into class the third evening, wholly without enthusiasm, I was intercepted by St. John who smiled broadly, offered me a smoke, and asked me if I had enjoyed my drink at Walgreen's. He obviously realized that he had cut me up considerably, and was anxious that I should not take his criticisms personally. Then he sat at my easel for perhaps two hours and showed me some of the finer points of figure drawing. These were probably the most important fragments of knowledge I was ever to inherit. Here, in one evening, I received more pertinent instruction than had been granted me during the several years I had attended college! I still have these sketches and treasure them highly.

He preferred that we use the Pluvius Pencil for sketching rather than the traditional charcoal. The "Pluvius" was a soft, responsive pencil with a special lead that prevents smearing. He did not allow the use of the head as a unit of measure, deeming it more important that the eye be trained visually, without the "crutch" of mathematical scaling. He insisted that the head be drawn last, so the student would not malproportion the figure by trying to make it fit the head. He always sketched the head within a circle. He never lectured to the class; all instruction was imparted to the individual pupil through demonstration and quiet conversation. When working, he usually whistled, hummed, or sang softly. The tunes were mostly Gay Nineties numbers like "Tell Me Pretty Maiden, Are There Any More at Home Like You?" ... or bits of operettas.



THE RETURN OF TARZAN  
IX  
Numa "El Adrea"

He loved funny stories. At break periods he swapped jokes with the students and with another instructor, Will Mosby, who possessed a prodigious repertoire. St John revered womanhood, and disliked any humor which tended to tear down the image. For years he was

a "L'il Abner" fan, but developed a sudden antipathy to the strip when a Sunday page depicted Daisy Mae as a fool.

Another taboo subject was that of age. Although he sometimes made light of his own advanced years, he would become angry at any allusion to this by others. One night he appeared shaken and angry because a pictorial magazine article about an elderly architect ended with the subject walking into the sunset.

Fiercely proud of the people of the British Isles, he resented any jokes at their expense. When I told him a story extolling the love-making prowess of the French, he did not laugh. The story went like this: A Frenchman was accused of having seduced five women in widely scattered parts of Paris in a single day. To the judge's amazement he admitted his offenses. "But that's impossible" the magistrate sputtered. "How could you do it?" The prisoner replied: "Easy. I have a bicycle." St. John snorted when I told him the story. "That's a lot of bunk," he said. "Only an Irishman or an Englishman could do that!"

I soon found that my teacher was a hard taskmaster. One student persisted in drawing the model in an abstract "expressionist" manner, much to the chagrin of the master. He tried by various means to suggest that the young man should learn to draw the figure in a more representational manner. One night he suggested that the student visit the display of portraits by John Singer Sargent at the nearby Art Institute. "These will, perhaps, show you what I mean," he explained.

"But I don't WANT to paint like Sargent," the student protested.

"Don't worry," St. John chortled, "you never will."

On another occasion he met one of his former colleagues from the Art Institute who had capitulated to the "modernist" movement. "How are you, old man?" the fellow asked. "Still painting like Hell, I presume?" "No," came the reply through clenched teeth, "but YOU are!"



THE RETURN OF TARZAN  
X  
THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

He reddened and moved away. Once more I began to contemplate the life of a farmer, but about a half hour later he sauntered back, beaming. "So you think the old horse should choke, eh?" he said, and burst out laughing. This moment seemed to mark the turning point in our relationship; apparently he liked a bit of spunk in a student, and I suddenly became one of his favorites. I was forthwith invited to his home studio and was presented with an inscribed copy of THE PORT OF PERIL, Otis Adelbert Kline's John Carter-like novel which St. John had illustrated.

The teacher's bearing toward me continued to alternate for some time between warm interest and seeming indifference, the amateurish quality of my work and a reticent, bashful attitude earning me many a rough moment.

One night I was working on a casein painting when I accidentally squirted out a large quantity of white paint from the tube. "That's enough white to choke a horse," St. John grumbled. "Any horse who would eat that junk ought to choke," I retorted, in none too pleasant a tone.

The visit to the St. John home was a rare treat. His wife, Ellen, proved to be a lovely and charming woman, possessed of exceptional wit and knowledge. Both home and studio are in the Tree Studio Building at 3 East Ontario, on the near North side. The huge studio is an artist's paradise, with its lofty ceilings and magnificent windows. It is flooded with sunlight during the working hours. In the center of the room was a massive easel and an Arthurian chair where he sat while working on most of his paintings over a period of more than thirty years. Behind the studio are split-level living quarters, and in the courtyard a large garden complete with sculptured fountain (the garden was destroyed some years later to make way for some new construction). A finer setting for creative work could not be imagined.

We drank Scotch, of a brand with which I was unfamiliar, but which was the finest I've ever tasted. He loved good liquors but deplored drunkenness. "Drinking is fine," he said, "but one shouldn't do any serious work at it."

In the months that followed I learned much about his working methods. He used live models whenever possible. His work was done in almost every possible medium. The Burroughs covers and other early bookjackets and color illustrations were oils on canvas. All lettering on these was painted in by St. John, rather than being stripped in by other artists as is the usual practice.

Black-and-white plates were rendered in a variety of media: oils, temperas, watercolor wash, carbon pencil, ink-pencil, brush and ink. Canvases used in oils were usually mounted to a solid backing (masonite) rather than stretched on frames. In wash drawings he used the clear-wash technique; that is, letting each application of light washes dry before adding another, until the finished picture is made up of many layers of transparent tones. For these and the halftone pencil drawings he used a cold-pressed illustration board.

Most of his pen drawings were rendered on Strathmore medium-surfaced bristol, using a small, slightly flexible pen (Gillott, in the ones I saw him working on). He grouped his lines so that they gave a painterly, rather than linear, effect. This is perhaps the most difficult of all pen techniques. He had no patience with those who insist upon exploiting a medium as such, saying that the observer should be impressed with the excellence of a picture, not with the medium used.

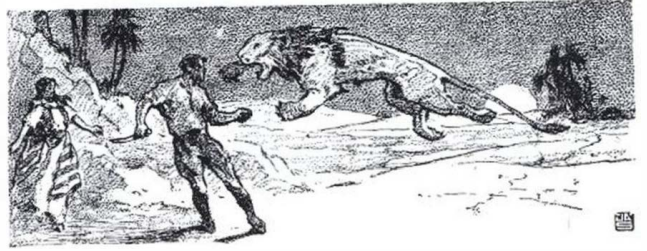
The Ziff-Davis covers for **AMAZING STORIES** and **FANTASTIC ADVENTURES** were mostly rendered in tempera paints (opaque watercolors) and casein paints. His color comprehensives for these (beautiful works in their own right) were drawn with a Pluvius pencil and colored with splashes of tempera. He personally preferred those to his finished covers because they were his own conceptions, unchanged by editorial hands. Interiors for the Ziff-Davis magazines were variously done in pen and ink, dry-brush, or pencil on Roscco Stip-board or Bainbridge Coquille. These are grained papers which permit a pencil drawing to be reproduced in a line engraving rather than as halftones.

He preferred to make originals considerably larger than reproduction size, although not normally to the extent noted in the **TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION** cover, which was made for a special exhibition that toured the United States.

The superlative paintings of mythological characters which were used by **FATE**, **OTHER WORLDS**, and **MYSTIC** magazines were commissioned by Ray Palmer. These were casein paintings on illustration board, and the originals are stunning. The best of these was a personal favorite of the artist. He painted it one Sunday "just for fun" and called it "Ave Pan." It depicts a particularly evil-looking satyr carrying a nude girl on his shoulders and cavorting before a statue of Pan. I suggested that it might make a good **FATE** cover, but he did not wish to sell it. Later he did release the cover rights only and the painting appeared on **FATE**. The

small reproduction, on the September, 1950 issue, does not do justice to the original.

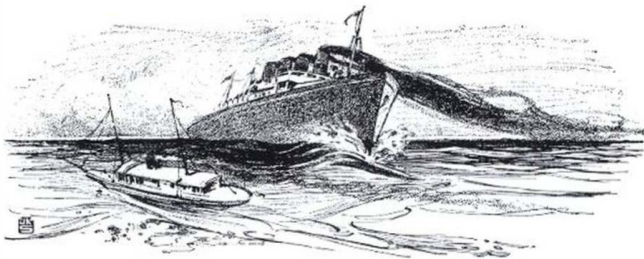
I mentioned that St. John preferred to use live models. In the case of some prehistoric monster or mythical beast he often sculpted the creature, lighted it, and painted from that. An example was the flying Mahar of Pellucidar, which was fiendishly difficult to draw without some kind of model. In such creatures he always tried to include some semblance of the human; this, he felt, made the monster more frightening than a mere brute animal could be.



THE RETURN OF TARZAN  
XI  
JOHN CALDWELL, LONDON

In addition to his illustrations he painted many works for gallery exhibition, both in oils and watercolors. Among the most impressive of these are a series of watercolors painted during a Moroccan trip, and others made during several Paris sojourns. He also made many sensitive pastel (colored chalk) sketches. The primary difference in his gallery work from that intended for publication is that the colors are more subtle and varied in the former. A simplified palette made color reproduction easier for the engravers.

He was very fond of Burroughs. The day the author died, St. John seemed very upset. He talked at length about the man and his amazing rise to fame and riches. He was also a good friend of the late Otis Adelbert Kline, whose works he also illustrated. He had many close friends in the art field, but like anyone who is outspoken about his beliefs, he also had enemies. Many of the latter were accrued during his last years as a member of the faculty of Chicago's great Art Institute.



THE RETURN OF TARZAN  
XII  
SHIPS THAT PASS

He had been with the Institute for many years before his decision to leave its hallowed halls. The move came about because he resented the increasing trend toward modernism at the Institute. One of the new instructors cornered him in the hall one day and said, smirkingly, "I understand you liked the Valesquez exhibit." St. John's reply was that he deemed Velasquez to be one of the greatest of all artists.

"Give it up, St. John," the young man ridiculed. "The world has passed you by!" Whereupon the young man learned that a dedicated artist would defend with his fists the good name of another artist, even one dead for centuries!

Attempts to bring St. John around to the new order met with a stubborn refusal until eventually it was decided that a co-instructor would be placed in the classroom to help in his re-education. One day St. John was detained at the office and the situation was explained to him; when he arrived at the classroom it was rocking to the recorded strains of "Amaryllis." The model, a ballet dancer, was leaping about while the youthful instructor was exhorting the students to "try to catch the lines of motion" . . . whereupon St. John felt compelled to accept an attractive offer from Frank Young, president of the American Academy of Art. St. John's reenactment of the ballet caper was a riot.

He had an absolute hatred of "modernist" art trends, which he called "a sinister racket." The filthy stuff was to be found in abundance in most of Chicago's galleries, much to his horror. "It must be assigned to its proper place," he said, "down the drain." Some of the measures he recommended were not intended for publication. Once he gave me a severe tongue-lashing for not striking a professor who chided me for my "classical" leanings. He also accused me of having masochistic tendencies because I attended a show of modern French artists.



THE RETURN OF TARZAN  
XIV  
BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE

His contempt for many eminent artists indicated to some observers a massive conceit. Actually his intolerance of slipshod or "sick" art was the result of devotion to his craft, not self-esteem.

One night I arrived at school early and found him sitting alone in the lobby, with head bowed and hands hanging limply over his knees. He looked up as I entered, his face bearing an expression of sadness to the point of despair. I asked him what was the matter. "THAT," he replied, gesturing toward a painting on the opposite wall. It was a magnificent illustration by Harry Anderson, a former student who had become one of the top illustrators. "I could paint for another sixty years," he added, "and never be able to paint like that!"

"Nonsense," I said. "Your work is just as fine as his! You have a different way of working. He belongs more to Mosby's school of painting than yours." He smiled wanly. "There's something in what you say," he agreed with obvious reservation. "My approach is more like Gannam or Blossom." I soon steered him to other subjects and we talked for some time, but his eyes kept straying back to the Anderson painting and the rueful expression lingered.

On another occasion he joined a throng of students who were admiring a watercolor by a distinguished faculty member. Apart from the others, I mentioned to St. John that I thought it a beautiful piece of work; he said nothing. "Don't you like it?" I asked. "I'd rather not say," he replied. "It might be considered bad form to make light of the prima donnas." Bill Stebbins, who overheard, interjected the statement that "even a cat can look at the queen." Smiling rather grimly, St. John replied, "In this case he'd say, My, my, queenie, what ugly legs you have! Meow!"

On the other side of the coin, he had great admiration for many of his colleagues. Perhaps first on the list was Will Mosby, who teaches at the Academy, an illustrator, muralist and portrait painter whose skill is almost a legend among professional illustrators. Considerably younger than St. John, Mosby's talents and wonderful personality were highly prized by the old gentleman. Their joke-swapping sessions were a nightly ritual. Others for whom St. John expressed a fondness were Haddon Sundblom, Henry Blossom, John Bannam, William Meade Prince, Gil Elvgren, Will Foster, Frank Godwin, Matt Clark, Rico Tomaso, Alex Raymond, Wendell Kling, Harold von Schmidt, and Harold Foster. He respected Virgil Finlay's great technical skill, but felt that his work was often too detailed for comfort. He considered Douglas Crockwell to be one of the greatest of all. His admiration for Norman Rockwell was also great, but to the exclusion of the overly photographic SATURDAY EVENING POST covers. He didn't care for the later POST type of cover at all, but was appreciative of the work being done in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of that time. He felt that much current illustration lacked imagi-

nation and "pattern." "A close view of two people kissing is not the most you can get out of a story," he said.

His favorite classical artists were Michelangelo, Da Vinci, Hals, Rembrandt, Sargent, Whistler, Reynolds, David, Brush (one of his own teachers), Velasquez, and others.

Nicolai Fechin, a white Russian who emigrated to this country, was an artist's artist, not too well known to the general public, but revered by those in the profession. Mosby considered him the greatest (then) living painter, and St. John was almost as enthusiastic. Once we were discussing Fechin. "He's Russian, isn't he?" I asked. "Hell no!" St. John exploded; "He may have been born in Russia, but no Russian could paint like that!"

In 1928, when Metropolitan News Syndicate decided to bring out a Tarzan cartoon strip, they naturally approached St. John about drawing it. Although the financial reward was tempting, he turned the offer down because he felt that the constant deadlines would work him to death.

Among the younger illustrators whom St. John recommended as candidates for the job was Hal Foster, a former student from the Art Institute days, then residing in Chicago. He eventually got the job.



THE RETURN OF TARZAN  
XVIII  
THE LOTTERY OF DEATH

In 1951 I returned to Texas to a career in commercial art, continuing to correspond with the St. Johns. A journey to the World Science Fiction Convention took me again to Chicago a couple of years later, and I found St. John to be as active as ever, still keeping a schedule that would tax a much younger man.

My next visit, in the spring of 1956, was a different matter. At the Academy I learned from Frank Young that St. John had retired from teaching and was staying exclusively at his studio. Young explained that St. John had become so feeble that Young had to assign students to help him to and from work. Much as he hated to see his old friend retire, he was greatly relieved not to have the worry of a possible accident on the treacherous subway stairs and platforms. He said that St. John was a tremendous drawing card, and when he left the school a lot of students left too.

Mosby was solemn. "When he's gone it will mean that a great era of illustration has gone too," he said. I phoned the studio. St. John seemed delighted that Leona (my wife) and I had come to see him. He was characteristically busy and suggested that we come to the studio at six o'clock, at which time he expected to be finished with a painting then in progress. When we arrived, he and Ellen greeted us like long lost relatives. He was putting the finishing touches on a large oil of Tarzan and Jane swinging through the trees. It had all the vigor and beauty of the similar work he had done some thirty years ago. He explained that it and another painting, depicting a green warrior with lance in hand and mounted on a charging boat, were commissioned by a fan who had been dismayed to learn that none of the original Burroughs illustrations were now available. (At this point a chill went over me as I recalled that I had given an original Tarzan book illustration to a former girl friend years ago.)

The studio was still a place of activity and wonder. In the center of the big room on a massive easel was a life-sized portrait of Albert Schweitzer, commissioned by an admiration

society; on the walls were many notable mementos of a colorful career: Ave Pan, with its joyous evocation of ancient gods; a tenderly beautiful portrait of a youthful Ellen; Burroughs covers; street scenes of Paris, Chicago, and Morocco; vast landscapes in oil and watercolor; and more ... all beautiful and breathtaking.

The St. Johns treated Leona royally, and she realized that all the nice things I'd said about them were true. There was no vintage Scotch this time ... doctor's orders. Instead, we had sherbet and soft drinks. The doctor had also ordered "no smoking," but this strict edict the old gentleman would not endure. He enjoyed a smoking break more than anyone else could.

His spirits seemed high, but he was unhappy with his recent work ... which looked fine to me. He said he was at his best between the ages of fifty and sixty-five. Lately he had cut his work schedule to three hours per day, but continued to stick to it regularly.

His caustic wit had mellowed considerably. He still had nothing but contempt for the modernists, but no longer wished to burn them at the stake. Despite his bitterness toward the Art Institute's fondness for "expressionism" he continued to make an annual donation to the venerable institution. He seemed gay and full of jokes, but made reference to the fact that his life must soon end. He could not agree with the orthodox religious views of life after death, but felt that there must be something beyond. He had followed the spiritualist movement with interest, even entering into discussions on the subject with his friend, Conan Doyle; but this he could not wholly accept either.

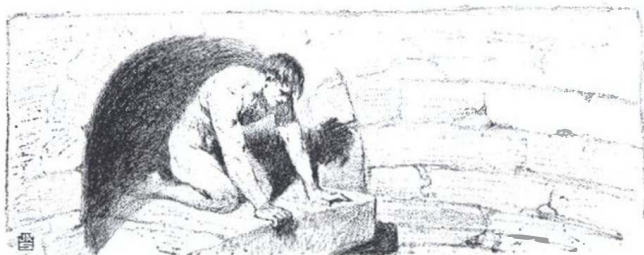
Fearing that our visit would tire him unduly, we finally made an excuse to leave. Opening a drawer in his desk, he brought forth two cover comprehensives, both of Otis Adelbert Kline's GRANDON OF VENUS ("Buccaneers of Venus") subjects. "These are the only ones left," he said. "Please take one with you." After some thought we selected one depicting Grandon in battle with a great scorpion. This he inscribed:

"To Mr. and Mrs. George E. Turner with affectionate apologies  
J. Allen St. John."

The four of us took a stroll through the garden and then made our farewells. Our business trip was a short one, and we would not be able to accept his invitation for dinner next evening. He stood in the center of the garden, waving at us and smiling. It was the last time we saw him.

Just before Christmas Ellen wrote: "J. Allen fell against a table edge, rupturing a blood vessel in his thigh. X-rays, then to bed for a long spell, and all that goes with it. He is still weighed down with the shock but will be able to write to you soon, I hope." We had told her that we would name our expected second child after him should it be a boy. "He was pleased as punch at the prospect of a namesake and we look forward to the arrival of J. A. or Laura Marie."

Our boy was born on January 31, but in a state of poor health. For weeks it looked as though we might lose him, so we did not notify the St. Johns for fear that such news would further depress J. Allen. When our son was out of danger we wrote them that J. Allen now had a godson. In a few days we had a letter of congratulations from the St. Johns, with a \$20 bill attached ... "to begin the boy's



THE RETURN OF TARZAN  
XXII  
THE TREASURE VAULTS OF OPAR



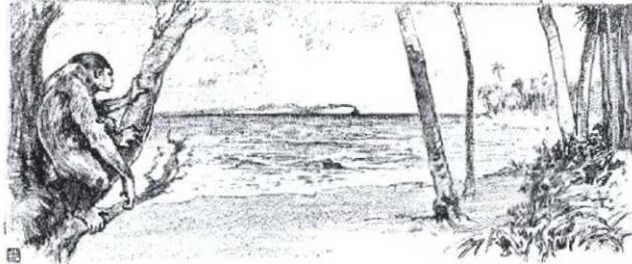
educational fund." The godfather was still in the hospital, but seemed to be improving.

A few days later we received another letter from Ellen St. John. "My beloved Jim passed away last night," it began.

In the maelstrom of thoughts that churned through my mind I kept hearing Mosby's voice saying, "... a great era of illustration has gone too."

And so it has.

... George E. Turner



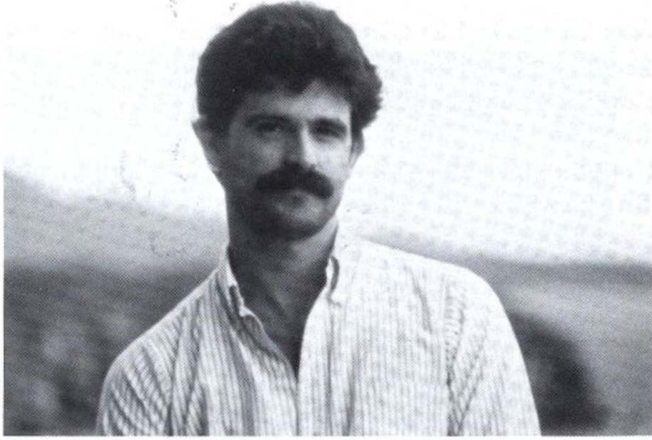
THE RETURN OF TARZAN  
XXVI  
THE PASSING OF THE APE MAN

*St. Allen St. John* →

● Quotable Quote from ERB:  
"Bedridden cripples sometimes forget their afflictions  
when their house catches fire."  
TARZAN AND THE LION MAN

# BARCLAY SHAW ... TARZAN ARTIST OF THE 1990s

by  
Robert R. Barrett



BARCLAY SHAW, cover artist for the new Ballantine series of Tarzan books.

Back in the early 1960s when Ace Books decided to begin reprinting the novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs, they packaged them for a period look. They commissioned cover art in the J. Allen St. John mold by Roy Krenkel and Frank Frazetta. At the same time, Ballantine Books began to reprint the Tarzan and Mars stories by ERB. Ballantine wanted a modern, up-to-date look for their editions so they commissioned cover art by Richard Powers and Robert Abbott. Through the years Ballantine has continued to give their Burroughs editions a look that would appeal to today's readers.

When Ballantine/Del Rey selected Barclay Shaw to do the covers for their new Tarzan editions, out-of-the-blue as it were, no one was more surprised than the artist. Although used to receiving commissions from Del Rey for their science fiction and fantasy titles, Shaw had not given any thought to doing Burroughs, and had not sought the commission.

However, when contacted, Barclay accepted ... feeling that he might be able to do something new with the character. Having first read TARZAN OF THE APES when he was about ten years of age, Barclay was not unfamiliar with the stories of ERB. Having accepted the cover assignment, he decided to re-read several of the novels. He was pleased to discover that they held up very well, and that, in his opinion, ERB's first novels were better written than the later titles.

Barclay Shaw was born in Bronxville, New York, in 1949. He received his education at the Kent School in Connecticut and at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, graduating with a B.A. in Philosophy and Religion in 1972. Upon graduation, he worked for the New York sculptor Joseph MacDonnell for two years. In 1974 he moved back to Hartford to do his own sculptures. He moved to Aspen, Colorado in 1975, but, one year later, he moved to Boston where he went to work for the Charles Webb Furniture Company as a woodworker.

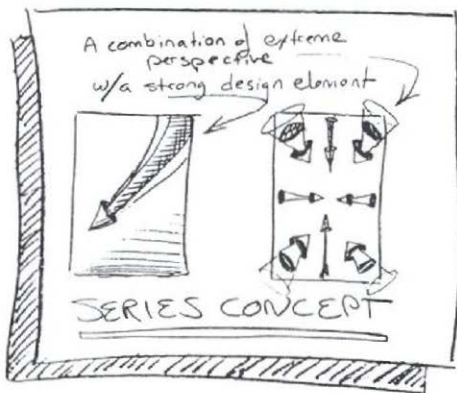
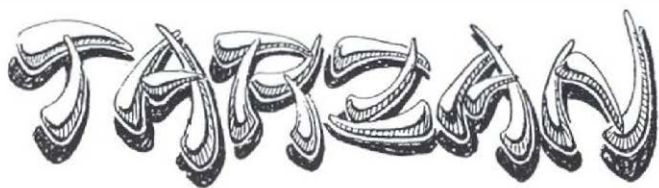
Barclay returned to school in 1977 as a student at the New England School of Art and Design. His instructor was Bhub Stewart, a well-known writer in both SF and comics fandom. Impressed with an airbrush painting of a space ship that Shaw had done, Bhub Stewart remarked that he thought he should give some thought to a career as an illustrator in the science fiction field. Stewart went so far as to help him solicit work in that field.

Shaw's first commissions were for CINEFANTASTIQUE magazine and THE MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY. His first book cover was for Gordon Eklund's GARDEN OF WINTER. It was in the early 1980s when he collaborated with Harlan Ellison for a series of covers for Ellison's books that saw the turning point in Shaw's career. Aside from the praise for their quality, the covers brought him to the attention of the art directors for major

publishing firms. He became noted for symbolic or psychologically ominous covers. While also comfortable depicting dashing adventure, and scenes out of epic technological grandeur, it is the slightly dark, out of kilter conceptual approach that one associates with him ... as his Tarzan covers reveal.

In October of 1983 Barclay married Kathleen Lake. She is a graduate student in Environmental Studies at Yale, and also acts as a frequent model for many of her husband's paintings.

Barclay was assigned the first six Tarzan covers and asked to complete them in eight to ten weeks. His working method is to make up several preliminary sketches first. After they have been approved he will draw the image on 28 x 46 inch illustration board, using photographic references. For Tarzan, Shaw photographed popular New York model Fabio. He then fully shades his drawings and glazes over it with a single unifying color, fixing the drawing and giving a colored undercoat to play off in the finished painting. Most of the basic painting is then completed with brushes. He will then touch up the painting with an airbrush. He paints with acrylics but utilizes oils when modeling flesh tones.



TARZAN logo can be moved to accommodate type

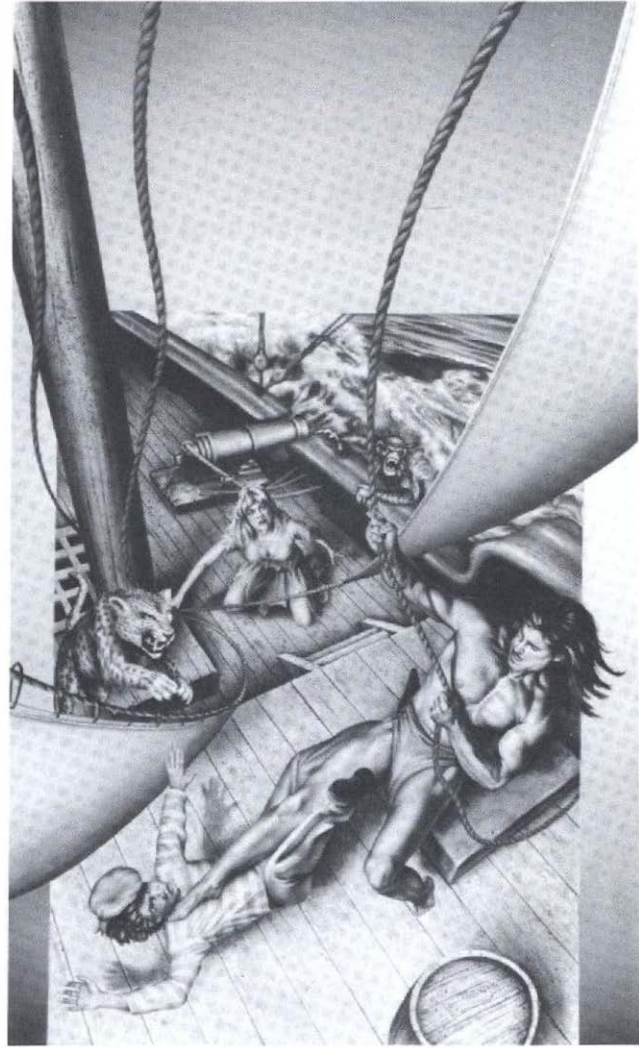
Illustration inset w/protruding elements to emphasize the perspective

Tarzan series concept by Barclay Shaw



TARZAN & THE JEWELS OF OPAR

by  
Barclay Shaw



THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

by  
Barclay Shaw

Barclay's first concept for the Tarzan covers was to combine paint with three-dimensional materials such as gluing sticks, leaves, grass, ivy, or anything that would lend a look of reality to the painting, simulating vines and trees. However, the tight deadline given him by Del Rey precluded the use of this technique. Barclay was able to execute one concept painting of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in their MGM movie roles as Tarzan and Jane, using this 3-D idea.

Staying with the basic 3-D idea, Shaw decided to execute the Tarzan covers using a downward perspective, as if the viewer were far above the action taking place. He then framed the action with various elements breaking out of the framing device. These paintings combine the aspects of photorealism and surrealism and are different from anything else that ERB fans have come to expect. An unusual aspect of Shaw's covers is that he creates his own textures rather than trying to copy those of nature. As a result, the familiar takes on a decidedly different appearance.

Barclay Shaw's first six Tarzan covers are fresh and innovative. If he is allowed to complete the series, it will be exciting to see what future plans he has for the Lord of the Jungle.

... Bob Barrett



"The Son of Tarzan" and "Jungle Tales of Tarzan" by Barclay Shaw

# "RETURN OF TARZAN" BECOMES A MOTION PICTURE

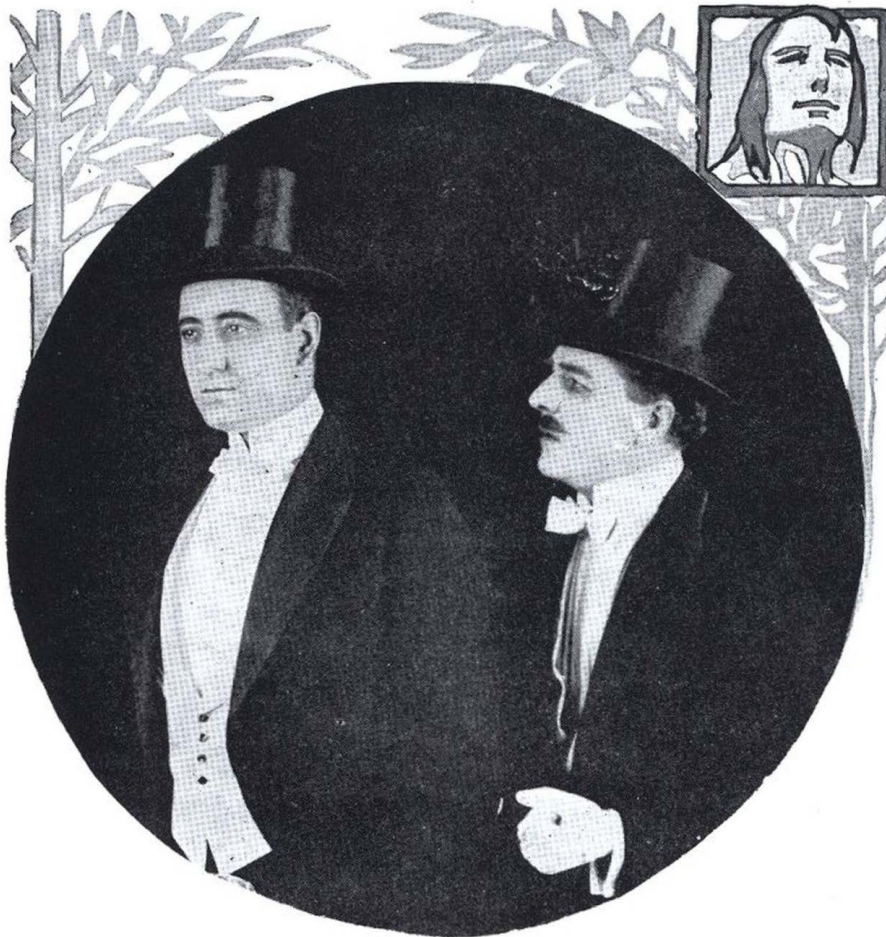
by  
Lord Passmore of Ghenzi

In 1919, ERB sold the rights for a third Tarzan movie, loosely based on "The Return of Tarzan." Three months before "Return" was scheduled to open, the producers (Weiss brothers of Numa Pictures) sold the production to Goldwyn for distribution. They immediately changed the name to "The Revenge of Tarzan," on the theory that the public might think it was a re-run of an older film. They needn't have worried. The two previous films, **TARZAN OF THE APES** and **THE ROMANCE OF TARZAN**, both starring Elmo Lincoln, were still playing in theatres across the country when "Revenge" opened on July 20, 1920.

Elmo Lincoln was under contract with Universal, was busy making serials, and couldn't be released to play the lead, so a new actor had to be found. The Weiss brothers decided that Elmo didn't look good in formal wear (required for several scenes) so they found a new actor named Joseph C. Pohler. He was a New York City fireman with no previous acting experience, but he was tall and muscular and looked good in formal wear ... so they hired him at the princely salary of \$100 a week plus wardrobe and travel expenses. Then they changed his name to "Pollar."

Karla Schramm was hired to play Jane to replace Evelyn Fariss, who had resigned after one month on the job when she discovered that they were using real lions on the set. Paul D'Arnot was played by Franklin Coates,

and the villain Rokoff by Armand Cortez. Olga deCoude was played convincingly by Estelle Taylor who later married the great prizefighter, Jack Dempsey (to whom ERB referred in **TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE** as "a knight of the squared circle").



Tarzan and D'Arnot in Paris (film still)

The screen adaptation was made by Robert Saxmar who opened his script with Tarzan and Jane on an ocean liner to France, where Tarzan has an amour with Olga and gets pushed overboard by Rokoff. He ends up in Africa where he has a few adventures, and then goes back to Paris to look for Jane. She isn't there, having been shipwrecked off the coast of Africa along with Rokoff and his side-kick. So Tarzan goes back to Africa, just in time to save her from a stalking lion. Bouncing back and forth across the ocean was only one indication of the patchwork scripting, and the MOTION PICTURE HERALD opined that the bloom was off the rose and the novelty of Tarzan had worn off. However, other reviews were favorable, even laudatory, and the public was satisfied.

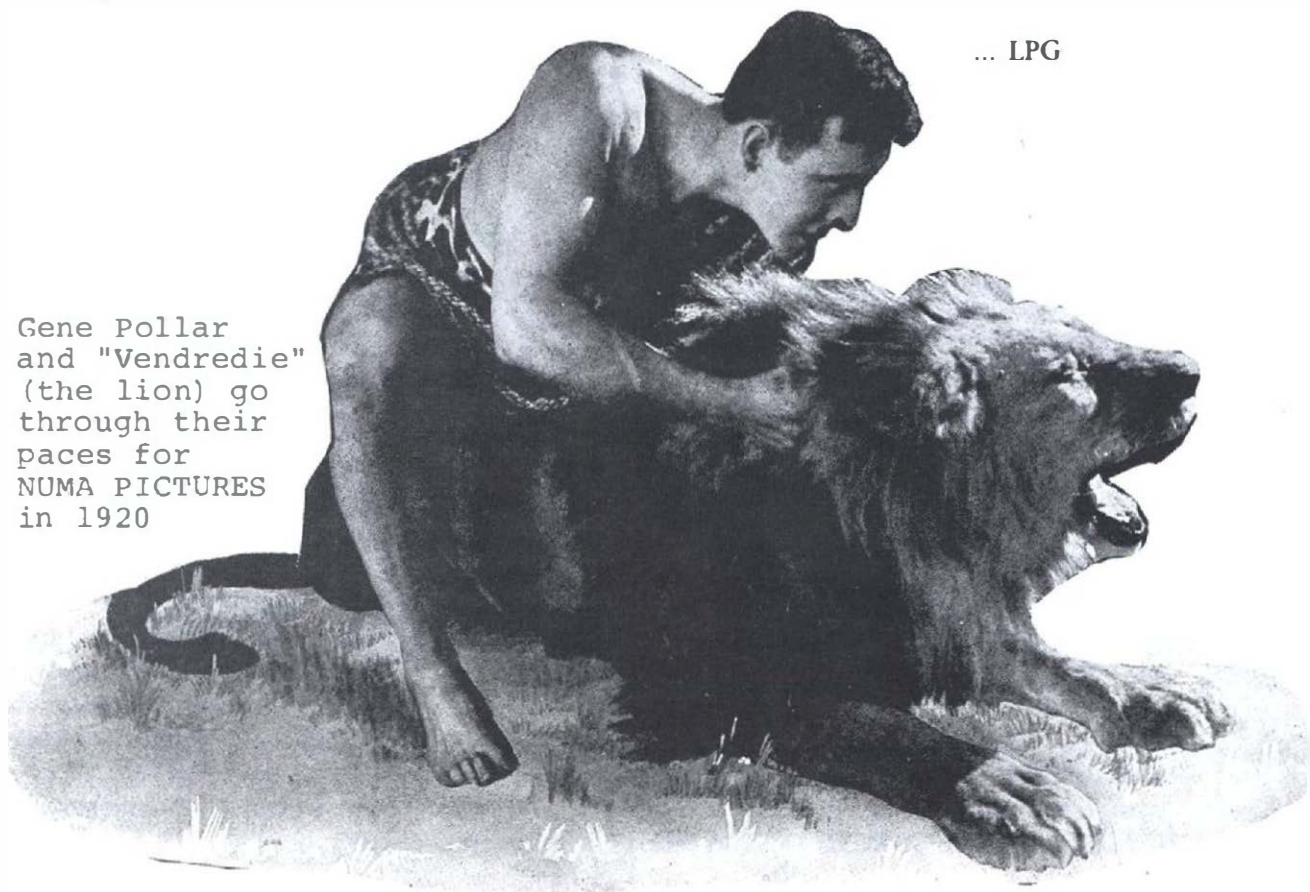
For its time, it was a low budget film, even though fifty tons of banana trees, palms and other tropical vegetation had to be transported to locations in Florida and California for the jungle scenes. The "Paris" scenes were shot in New York City. In its final version the film was cut from nine to seven reels.

Actually, the film did so well at the box office that Universal offered Gene Pollar a two-year contract at \$350 per week to make more Tarzan films. But the Weiss brothers at Numa Pictures got greedy and refused to let him go unless Universal paid them \$800 per week (out of which they offered Pollar his customary \$100). The result was that Pollar's acting career came to a screeching halt after one film, and he went back to New York City to his fireman's job where he remained until 1944, dreaming of what might have been.

An "Exploitation Campaign Book" was sent around to theatre managers with wild promotional suggestions, such as hiring a man, woman and child to live in a cabin in the woods, dressed as scantily as possible, and telling everyone they got the idea from reading the Tarzan stories. Also included are photos rarely seen today, but a copy of this book has survived and we are reproducing some of the pages here, courtesy of ERB's grandson, Danton Burroughs.

... LPG

Gene Pollar  
and "Vendredie"  
(the lion) go  
through their  
paces for  
NUMA PICTURES  
in 1920



# BOOK WINDOW DISPLAY



## A STRIKING CUT-OUT

The window cut-out illustrated on this page stands three feet, nine inches high and is two feet, four inches wide.

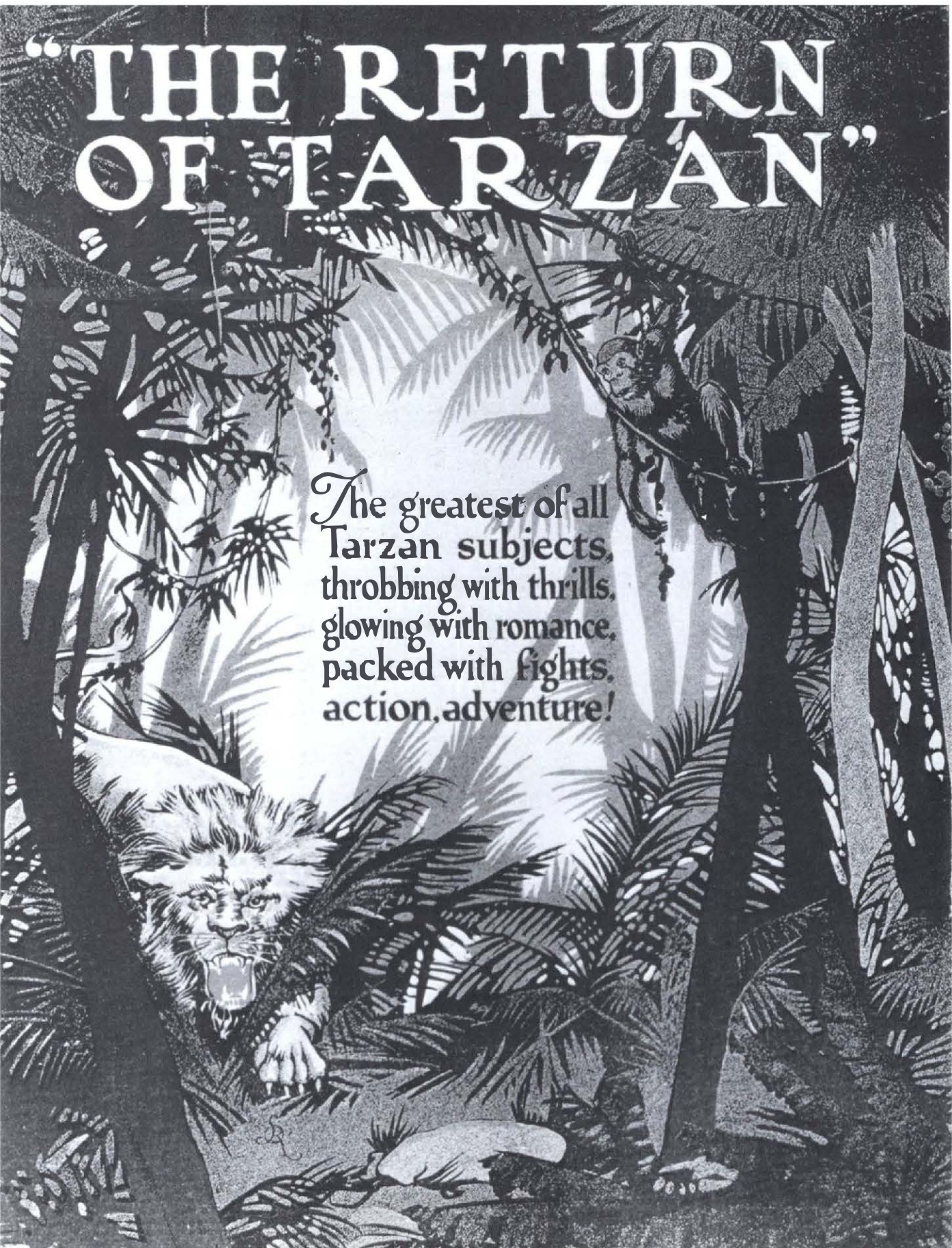
It is made in yellow, orange, green, blue and black. The figure of Tarzan is movable, and can be made to swing from side to side from the branch, if so desired.

You can obtain this remarkably fine display from your local exchange, if you will first arrange with local book-dealer to procure a showing of Tarzan books from the publisher, A. L. Burt & Co., 114 East 23rd Street, New York City.



# "THE RETURN OF TARZAN"

*The greatest of all  
Tarzan subjects,  
throbbing with thrills,  
glowing with romance,  
packed with fights,  
action, adventure!*



# "THE RETURN OF TARZAN"





Gene Pollard up a tree with "Joe Martin"  
the famous acting orangutan



"Olga de Coude" (Estelle Taylor) gets  
rough time from her villainous brother  
"Rokoff" (Armand Cortez) in 1920 film



Karla Schramm as "Jane"

**"BETTER  
than  
'Tarzan of the Apes'  
See the  
New York Evening Journal."**



# HERE ARE THE PEAKS IN THE OF INTEREST RETURN OF TARZAN"

Let them form the foundation  
of your campaign. EXPLOITATION

## AUTHOR

Edgar Rice Burroughs is the creator of Tarzan, the most popular character known to modern fiction. The publishers of the Tarzan books keep thousands of copies in stock to meet the everyday demand from all parts of the world.

**CAST** Gene Pollar, who plays Tarzan, is remarkably well suited to the part. He is six feet, three inches tall, beautifully formed and handsome—just the sort of bronzed demi-god that lovers of Tarzan have pictured in their imagination. He is supported by a cast of popular players, including Walter Miller, Karla Schram, Armond Cortez, George Romain, Estelle Taylor, Donna Ramirez and Peggy Hannon.

## HIGH SPOTS

"The Return of Tarzan" is frankly sensational. But so bizarre and different is the theme upon which it is built, that the picture is lifted high above the ordinary melodrama.



Lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, apes, chimpanzees, orang-outang and numberless small animals are seen throughout the film in their native haunts. The famous Joe Martin, most intelligent ape in the world, figures largely in the action.



There are actual fights between Tarzan and two full-grown lions, in which the mighty ape-man, battling with his bare hands, slaughters the savage beasts. There is another thrilling moment when Tarzan, surrounded by hungry lions, is rescued by a huge elephant who hears his call for help.

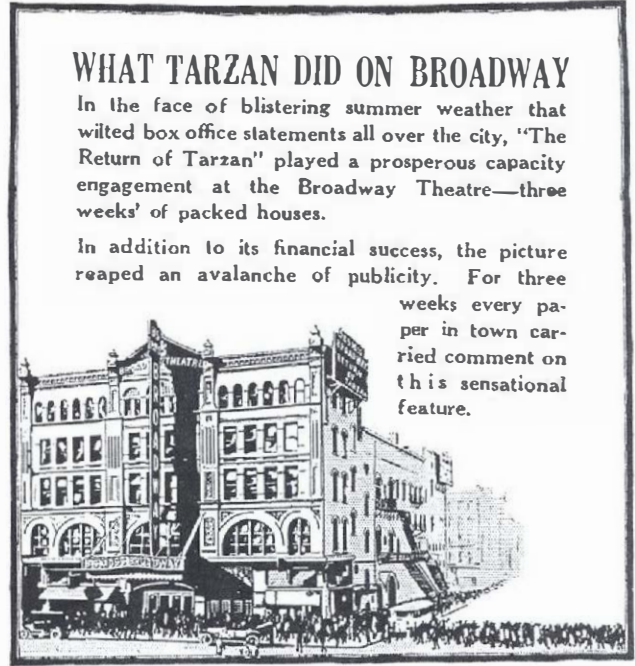


New York, London, Paris, Algiers and the African Coast are in turn locations for the exciting action, and the plot bristles with such events as a desperate fight between Tarzan and a gang of ruffians, a duel between Tarzan and a jealous husband, hand-to-hand fighting between Tarzan and a crowd of savage fanatics.

## WHAT TARZAN DID ON BROADWAY

In the face of blistering summer weather that wilted box office statements all over the city, "The Return of Tarzan" played a prosperous capacity engagement at the Broadway Theatre—three weeks' of packed houses.

In addition to its financial success, the picture reaped an avalanche of publicity. For three weeks every paper in town carried comment on this sensational feature.



If ever a picture deserved exploitation, this one does! And when we say "exploitation," we don't mean a puny, weak-kneed murmur of advertising, but a roar, an avalanche, a utilization of every trick in the magic bag of showmanship. If you follow the campaign outlined in this press book, sprinkle it with local applications, freshen it with your own ideas, strengthen it with your own enthusiasm, you ought to be able to hang up a house record on Tarzan that will stand for many months to come! And that's neither a boast nor a promise, but a solid, recognizable fact.

## DIRECTOR

Harry Revier has made Tarzan live on the screen. Working in the open with a large group of wild animals is not the easiest of directorial problems, yet Mr. Revier has produced a masterpiece of realism which the public will not forget. The jungle scenes, the shipwreck, the fights in the underworld of Paris, the love scenes—all have been enacted with splendid power and scrupulous attention to detail.





## THE RETURN OF TARZAN BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

(A SEQUEL TO "TARZAN OF THE APES.")

### BIBLIOGRAPHER'S CORNER

by  
SEPTIMUS FAVONIUS

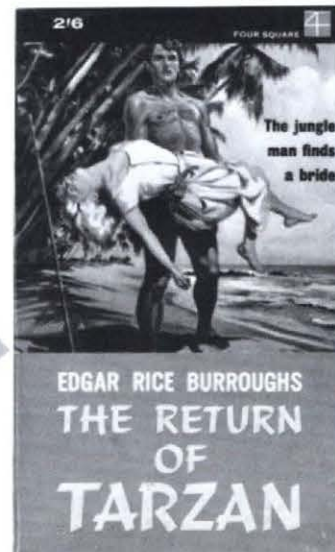
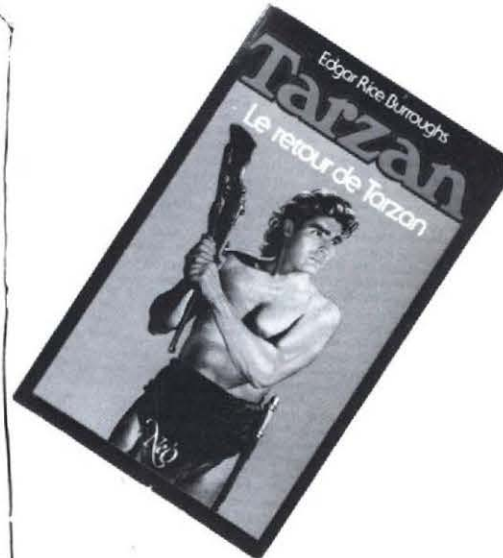
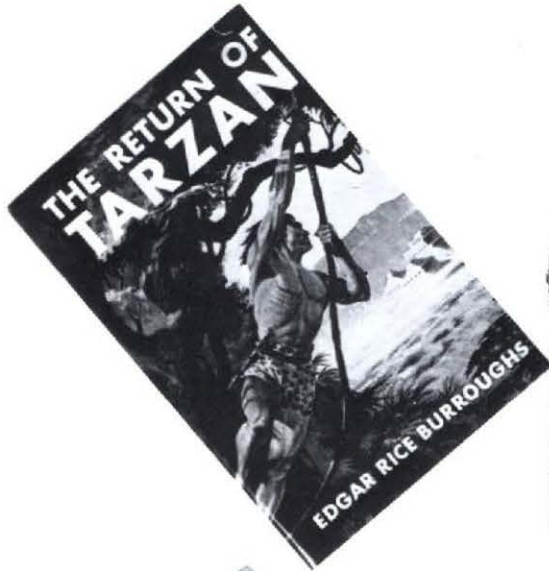
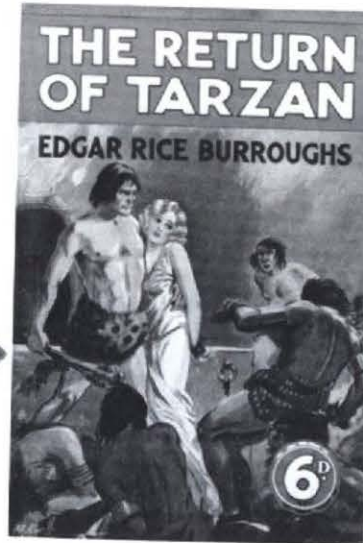
THE RETURN OF TARZAN has a curious history. ERB was still new at the writing game and depended on his editor, Thomas Newell Metcalf, for encouragement and plot ideas. Much correspondence issued between author and editor about his sequel to TARZAN OF THE APES (which ERB had called "*Monsieur Tarzan*"). ERB took Metcalf's advice on certain points, such as having Tarzan give civilization an honest try before renouncing it and returning to the jungle. His first outline was sent to

Metcalf in early October, 1912, only to be rejected (Metcalf objected to a repetition of the "coincidences" of shipwreck and mutiny which appeared in TARZAN OF THE APES, and he disliked the cannibalism scene). On December 5, 1912, ERB sent in a revised outline which introduced the Arabian and Opar sequences. Then he began working on the story full time, and finished it in mid-February, 1913. But it was rejected by Metcalf, and ERB was crushed! He told Metcalf he was ready to quit and thanked him "for his many courtesies during the period of my incursion into litrachoor." To his credit, Metcalf wrote back ("for the love of Mike, don't get discouraged!"), but the damage had been done, and the story was still rejected. ERB's next move was characteristic of him. On the theory that Metcalf wasn't the only catfish in the sea, he sent the story to another magazine editor: A.L. Sessions of NEW STORY. On February 4, 1913, Sessions offered him \$1,000 for first serial rights, which was more than Metcalf could have afforded. ERB accepted by return mail, and the story (then titled "*The Ape Man*") was retitled THE RETURN OF TARZAN and published in seven monthly installments, from June through December, 1913, in NEW STORY MAGAZINE.

N.C. Wyeth was hired to illustrate the front covers of the first and third installments, while an unknown artist created the black-and-white headpiece which appeared at the top of each installment (see above). It was later published in book form by A.C. McClurg on March 10, 1915, with N. C. Wyeth's second NEW STORY cover illustration (August, 1913) as the cover design for the dust jacket. There was no frontispiece, but J. Allen St. John made his debut in the ERB arena as the artist for the 26 chapter headpieces, each a work of art in its own right. 15,000 copies were printed in the first press run, bound in dark green cloth with gold lettering on front cover and spine. At least five subsequent press runs were printed in 1915, marked "Second Edition" or "Third Edition" (up to six). The first state of the dust jacket is marked \$1.30 on the spine, while later print runs were marked \$1.35. The flaps are bare, while the back cover carries a brief synopsis of the plot enclosed in a box.

In 1916, A. L. Burt began reprinting the book in identical bindings and dust jackets. Grosset & Dunlap did not begin printing the book until 1927 (issued in red bindings but with the same dust jacket illustration). The story has been continuously in print for 75 years, the most recent edition coming from Ballantine Books in 1990, with new cover illustration by Barclay Shaw (see back cover). A wartime paperback edition for the Armed Services was issued in 1944, but dated 1915, and is another rarity on today's market of ERB collectibles. The pre-publication paperback review copies issued by McClurg are also rare, and had no illustrations on the covers or spine.

... S. F.





BOB HYDE (age 15) makes like Tarzan in 1940

\* \* \*

Bob was President of the BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES from 1950 to 1987, and is now Chairman of the Executive Board

# "WHAT IS A NORMAL BEAN? A MANIFESTO"

by  
Thomas D. Willshire



(EDITOR'S NOTE: This address was given at the second annual "Normal Bean" Conference in Chicago, October 20, 1990. The author is a member of the triumvirate of "Normal Beans" who founded the group as a Chicago chapter of the BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES in 1989. He is now a member of the professional staff of B. Dalton Booksellers in New York City. His cofounders are

Mitchell Harrison and Alan Freedman. The photo above was taken from the proceedings of the first annual conference in 1989. Shown (left to right) are Mitchell Harrison (at the podium), flanked by award recipients Bill Ross, George T. McWhorter and Clarence "Bob" Hyde. In right foreground are guest speaker Philip José Farmer and Mrs. Farmer. (A bedizened "Bolgani" is in the background.)

\* \* \*

JODADES! This is the second annual Normal Bean dinner, and I have been asked by Alan Freedman to make the final comments of the evening.

"Normal Bean" ... as every schoolboy knows, was ERB's choice of pseudonym for his first published story, "Dejah Thoris - Martian Princess" which appeared under the title of *"Under the Moons of Mars"* in the February, 1912 issue of the ALL-STORY magazine. Burroughs wanted to convey the idea that the author of this romance ... of many-limbed green warriors, egg-laying maidens, and the greatest swordsman of two worlds ... was the possessor of a normal noggin.

As publishing legend goes, an unnamed, over zealous editor erroneously "corrected" the nom de plume to read "Norman Bean," thus rendering the pun meaningless. ERB's pseudonym never appeared on any of his later published works that have become famous. However, Normal Bean DID make an appearance as the author of a number of humorous poems written anonymously by ERB for the CHICAGO TRIBUNE in 1914-1915. In the verses that saw print, "Normal Bean" commented on everything from the alien ways of Southern California, as seen



through a mid-Westerner's eyes, to the lifelong dull ache that is the physical manifestation of Chicago Cubs fandom.

A year and a half ago I was living in Chicago and managing a B. Dalton Bookseller not far from here. One of my customers was Alan Freedman, a Chicago lawyer, ERB enthusiast, bon vivant, and our able host tonight. He, in turn, introduced me to Mitchell Harrison, the greatest printer (in my mind, anyway) since Gutenberg ... if not M. A. Donahue.

The three of us journeyed west, not long after, for an afternoon talk on Tarzan and Edgar Rice Burroughs at the Oak Park Historical Society, presented by Gerry Spannraft. After observing the healthy number of local ERB fans, I casually suggested we gather together to celebrate the master in his home town. Mitch and Alan concurred and encouraged me to proceed. Soon they were full-fledged co-conspirators in the affair.

The event we chose to honor was the 75th Anniversary of TARZAN OF THE APES ... in hardcover. The real diamond jubilee of Tarzan, its magazine appearance two years earlier, had been ignored by the media and by ERB, Inc.

We decided to give ourselves a name to convey the illusion of a sanctioned event. After all, this was shortly before the revival of the BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES, so there was no active organization to seek sanction from. So we sat around and suggested names to each other.

We wanted a name that would stress ERB as a Chicagoan. This wild, woolly, windswept and manifestly magnificent metropolis has a way of engendering a fierce chauvinism in even its adoptive residents. Mitch was a native here while Alan and I were immigrants. All three of us were intensely proud of our favorite writer's connection with this town.

You may boast about his educative years in Michigan, his rowdy years in Idaho, his adventurous years in Arizona. We boast the years in which he began to write! You may claim his ashes in San Fernando Valley, but we claim his heart.



The "Normal Beans" of Chicago  
(photo courtesy of Mitchell Harrison)

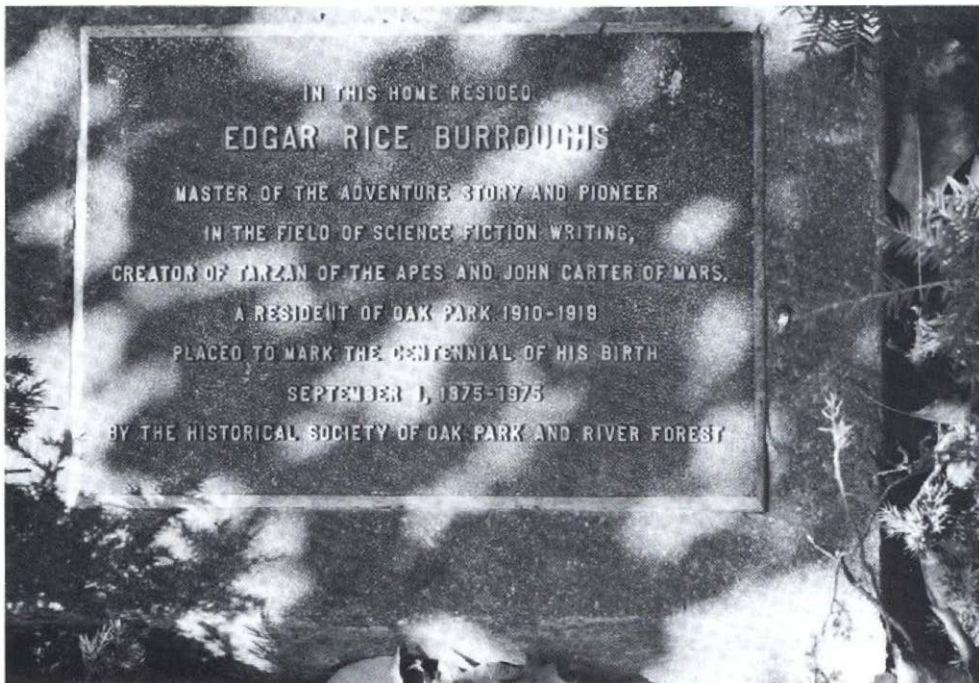
So, after trying out every possible name from "The Muckers" to "The State Street Irregulars," in a flash of inspiration I suggested the "Normal Beans." It was perfect ... ERB's original writing name and one that had appeared only in Chicago.

Initially, there was no intention of making the dinner an annual event. Whenever Alan and Mitchell and I got together, the Beans were in session. Early this year, when I relocated to New York City, I consigned the Normal Bean Dinner to that part of my brain-attic reserved for happy memories. When, at the Louisville Dum-Dum, Alan said he was going to throw a SECOND dinner, my response was "right, Alan, have another beer! You're talking silly."

Alan is a hard-working and tenacious man, but, after all, it was already September and he was talking about a date in October ... only a few weeks away. Well ... we did it, ably assisted by Kevin Toelle, Bill Ross, Bill Waters and Gerry Spanraft. With that accomplishment, the Normal Beans Dinner is now an annual event, the showcase for a bona fide organization that has awards and everything. Neat!

But, who are we? Alan and I have agreed on one thing, so far, with the blessing of George McWhorter. We are the Chicago Chapter of the Burroughs Bibliophiles. All aspiring beans may take step one for membership by giving George his \$28. Beyond that, it has yet to be decided who we are. It will be decided, I think, by the original Beans as well as those who worked on this year's affair. Them that doeth the work maketh the rules.

For my own part, I'd like to see membership be something special, tied to Chicago, and indicating a true love of ERB and his home town. I'd also like the Normal Beans to be devoted to things other than the collecting of Tarzan underwear. Tarzan underwear is all well and fine, and probably has its place ... presumably in Tarzan's wash ... but let's remember that Chicago is a literary town, and what the apeman's father wrote is at least as important as what he licensed.



Highlight of the Normal Bean tour of Oak Park

Hopefully, the Normal Beans can be the first of many local chapters of the BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES, prefiguring chapters in other centers of fandom, like California and Florida and Tasmania. Each chapter would develop its own unique flavor, leading to an active and vital fandom.

Until the Normal Beans decide for themselves ... and as a new New Yorker it may not be my decision ... what a regular member is, let us reflect on the Normal Beans who are somewhat irregular, but not abnormal. We know our regular members: they are the winners of this dinner's highest honor, the "Beanie," and are the guests of honor from BOTH dinners: George McWhorter, Bill Ross, Bob Hyde, Michael Conran, Phil Farmer and Tim Conrad.

Then there are those who are the children of ERB's normal noggin: Billy Byrne, Maggie Lynch, Bridge, Jimmy Torrance, Julian 9th, Danny "Gunner" Patrick, and S/Sgt. Tony "Shrimp" Rosetti of Cicero, local boys, all. There is Old Normal Bean, or Norman Bean, himself, Edgar Rice Burroughs. He stands at the head of an illustrious line of one-time Chicago residents, now gone: Fred J. Arting, J. Allen St. John, Hal Foster and Johnny Weissmuller. These are the spiritual members of our organization. Chicagoan Burne Hogarth is our living spirit.

Tonight we make a point of honoring the first of these, Fred J. Arting, the Chicago designer who created the silhouette that graced the jacket of the A. C. McClurg first edition of TARZAN OF THE APES. If J. Allen St. John's "Gold Lion" is the official symbol of the BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES, Arting's rendering is its unofficial banner. Arting's life and career were masterfully detailed in the most recent BURROUGHS BULLETIN in an article by Kevin Toelle, from research by Alan Freedman and George McWhorter, and in an accompanying article by Bob Barrett.

Suffice it to say that Arting created the only work for which he is likely to be remembered at a studio not far from here, on Madison Street. Fred J. Arting rests today in Chicago's historic Graceland Cemetery, forgotten by everyone except those who know him through Edgar Rice Burroughs.

So, to commemorate this evening, I contacted my friends at Penguin Bookshop and secured comp copies for everyone at this Normal Bean Dinner. We also had a special stamp made up with which to impress the title pages of each copy, and are presenting this stamp to George McWhorter. Arting's cover now appears on the first edition of TARZAN OF THE APES and the latest to date: 1914 to 1990. This is what I call continuity.

Once again, I'd like to thank the organizers of this year's Normal Bean Dinner for a really classy evening, and I'd like to thank all of you who, like me, came some distance. I tried to send my astral self à la John Carter, but alas, Amtrak must stand in for the old Indian necromancer.

In Pellucidar there is no time, but in the limerick room of Binyons, Cronos holds sway. Therefore I officially, albeit reluctantly, close this evening's festivities. See you all again soon, ... and JODADES!

... Tom Willshire



## LETTERS to the *BURROUGHS BULLETIN*

Another great issue of the **BB!** Barrett's article on Schoonover is outstanding, though I did a double take at "the dying sun of Mars" on page 10. Of course, that was Schoonover, not Barrett, but it strikes me that here on Earth we share that "dying sun."

ERB's Pearl Harbor story was right on time for the anniversary this weekend, and something I'd never read before in such detail. He and Hully had an amusing time in all the carnage, and the SNAFU was only typical of what would follow as the war progressed.

I came across something interesting this past month, though perhaps I'm the last one, as usual, to hear about it. I learned of the secret dedication in **SWORDS OF MARS** in a recent catalog from Katie Books in Ventura, CA, which spoke of "a secret message" in "the first letter of each beginning paragraph." I finally realized they were referring to the chapter initials, and, sure enough, there it was: TO FLORENCE WITH ALL MY LOVE. ED. Since ERB and Florence were already married by the time the book was published in February, 1936, it struck me that there really wasn't any need for concealing such a dedication by then ... so I checked the magazine serialization in **BLUE BOOK** to see if it were there also. The magazine editor had apparently shuffled things around a bit, but enough was in place to show the concealed dedication. And of course, at that time, ERB was still married to Emma. Aha! The first installment in November, 1934, went only as far as "TO FL," but the December issue took it to "ORENCE." It hardly seems likely that Emma would have looked for this and deciphered it herself, so it's probably only a coincidence that she filed for divorce the same December.

Henry H. Heins  
Albany, New York

I wanted you to know that **OUR FAVORITE MOVIES: TARZAN THE APE MAN** Featurette has been completed for TNT, and that several photos you lent me have been included. The Featurette aired on TNT on November First, Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, and was followed by the 1932 movie **TARZAN THE APE MAN**. Thanks for facilitating the use of this material so quickly, and for the booklets you gave me. They helped considerably in researching the subject. I hope we can do it again soon.

Carl Lindahl  
Communications, Inc.  
Golden's Bridge, New York



Your members might be interested to know that in 1976 Watson-Guittill published a large monograph entitled **FRANK SCHOONOVER: ILLUSTRATOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN FRONTIER**, written by Cortland Schoonover. It sold for \$35. Among the many reproductions of his illustrations is a B&W full page halftone of the dust jacket for **A PRINCESS OF MARS**. Also, Schoonover wrote the course in illustration for the John Herron Art School of Indianapolis in 1931. The sketch of John Carter appearing on page 5 of **BB#4** was used as a visual aid in this course. Issue #4 featuring the ERB eyewitness account of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor arrived in my mail box on December 7, 1990 ... another Burroughs coincidence! Bob Barrett's article on Schoonover was, for me, the highlight of the issue, along with the color dust jacket. All the best ...

Harry Habblitz  
Sarasota, Florida

I've decided to champion a cause. I want to get a book on St. John published. A comprehensive and authoritative look at his career. Not a coffee table book at all, but a reference book. What do you think? I'm trying to enlist help now. My part in the whole thing would be more like that of an Executive Producer: I put the people and information together and finance the whole thing. If it takes off, I think I could recoup part of my investment. Bob Barrett told me about your project to do a St. John Bibliography, but I'm looking at something on a much wider scale with national distribution. I don't believe that either of the projects would hinder the other. So, what say?

John Fuller McGuigan, Jr.  
Durango, Colorado

(EDITOR'S NOTE: I say, "right on, John!" The world has waited far too long for such a book, and you're the man to do it!)

Bob Barrett's article on Mattingly and Pellucidar in **BB#2** was great, and I am looking forward to his article on my Tarzan covers. As you can guess, those covers were a dream assignment for me and I am very lucky to participate in the Burroughs legend. I'm very impressed with your publication. Everything from art and copy, to layout, to stock is beautifully done! I'm pleased to enclose my subscription.

Barclay Shaw  
Sharon, Connecticut

Bob Barrett's article on Schoonover was a fascinating trip back through time to see the artist at work, proving that he researched his subjects thoroughly before starting to work on an illustration. Alan Freedman is to be commended for his research on the "McClurg Royalty Payments to ERB" as well as his "McClurg Speaks" in the previous issue. Proof positive that even after forty years of ERB fanzine articles someone can still come up with a topic that hasn't been touched before. Amazing!

I hadn't heard that Ed Emsch had died. He was one of my favorites from my SF reading days of the fifties and sixties. Very sad. Another great talent gone.



Psst! I'm not really "Cheta."  
My name is "Jiggs II."

The photo of Brix making like Rodin's "The Thinker" always struck me as unusual, but I assumed the publicity was trying to promote his image as an intelligent Tarzan as opposed to his predecessors. I was also surprised to read the text under the Buster Crabbe photo.

What are you trying

to do, start a Korak time-paradox with Jiggs/Cheta? If Jiggs is 56, he was born in 1934. How could he have been old enough to appear in **TARZAN THE FEARLESS** in 1933? If anyone really cares, there were three Jiggs! The chimp in the Crabbe photo is #1. He served several Tarzan masters, including Crabbe, Weissmuller, Brix and Morris, ... as well as one mistress, Dorothy Lamour in **JUNGLE PRINCESS** (1936) and **HER JUNGLE LOVE** (1938). He died and is buried in the Hollywood Pet Cemetery.

Jiggs #1 was replaced by Jiggs II ... who spoiled further Tarzan films until his owner-trainer Tony Gentry went into WWII, leaving Jiggs II to an unknown fate at the Baltimore Zoo. So, presumably, the chimp now living with Gentry who recently celebrated his 56th birthday is Jiggs III. He entered show biz in the late forties and probably appeared in the last two or three Weissmuller films, and possibly all the Lex Barker films. Gordon Scott had a younger chimp because, by then, Jiggs II would have been twenty years old.

D. Peter Ogden  
Editor of **ERBANIA**  
Tampa, Florida

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Was Jiggs III the chimp who bit Mike Henry on the chin, causing him to have plastic surgery on his face? If so, Mike should have used the Weissmuller technique of making friends with all the animals before shooting began!)

The current **BB** is very impressive. I think your idea of an "Advisory Board" comprised of myself and other tired veterans of the group is a good one, and I'd be happy to serve on such a board if the suggestion is followed through. Meanwhile, good luck with the election of the five-man Executive Board proposed in **BB#3**.

My book, **UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS**, will be translated into Italian and published by the leading Italian publisher Mondadori. It will include the history of the Munsey magazines. There must be a strong interest in Burroughs there. I'm also actively engaged in writing a comprehensive piece on "The Science Fiction of Nat Schachner." He was the most prolific science fiction writer in the world during the thirties ... although not the best ... and I've gone through some 83 of his stories! He later made a critical reputation with his biographies of Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, as well as scoring with a number of historical novels. Why am I writing up Schachner? His 94-year old widow asked me the same question when I interviewed her, and I replied: "Because I discovered you were still alive!"

Sam Moskowitz  
Newark, New Jersey

Thanks for the latest **BB** which, as usual, is a fine publication. I was excited by the review of the **CHRONO-LOG** of the Tarzan series. Unfortunately, no street or P.O. Box address was given for "Waziri Publications." I tried to get the address through the Spokane operator, but she said she had no listing for "Waziri Publications."

Philip José Farmer  
Peoria, Illinois

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers may order copies of the **CHRONO-LOG** from Alan Hanson at his home address: N. 12007 Atlantic, Spokane, WA 99218.)

I hope you'll keep us all informed on the new Tarzan comic books from SEMIC. I wrote the SEMIC people and they told me the comic would be available in the USA. Can that be true?

Erling B. Holtmark  
Iowa City, Iowa

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes, there will be an American distributor. Tom Yeates, the artist for the series, called last night to say that negotiations are currently under way with DARK HORSE. We will let you know if DARK HORSE will be the distributor. Tom says they are running behind schedule with production.)

Since Roy Krenkel was so active in Burroughs fandom in the sixties I had hoped that Vern Coriell would have devoted a special issue of the **BB** to him. His issue on St. John stated that OTHER issues were to follow, but I don't know if any were ever published. The news of the St. John pictorial bibliography is most welcome, and I'm behind you 200 percent! I realize the cost of publishing today must be staggering, so I hope everyone gets behind this. I have the **ECLIPSE** edition of Roy Krenkel and study it almost every day. He was to St. John what Al Williamson is to Alex Raymond ... and they all influenced my childhood greatly. One more thing: Do you know of anyone who has a G&D or McClurg **CAVE GIRL** for sale? Best wishes ...

Don Wetzel  
Miami, Florida

Keep up the great work with the **BB**! My subscription renewal cheque is enclosed. I just signed a deal with Universal to write the next Conan movie. All the best ...

Chuck Pogue  
Hollywood, California

I'd like more information about your illustrated **CATALOG** of the ERB Memorial Collection: size, shape, number of pages, price, when and where available, etc. Enclosed is a picture of ERB that I cut from a poster showing Herman Brix as Tarzan. The rest of the poster got lost ... but maybe you already have this picture? My 1991 subscription renewal is also enclosed.

William P. Hicks  
Atlanta, Georgia

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Greenwood Press is the publisher, but they didn't screen the 650 black-and-white photos in the **CATALOG**, so I asked them to "do it right, or not do it at all!" They never replied ... but in an earlier correspondence they said the publication date would be December 31. As soon as I find out if they "did it right" I'll know whether or not to encourage the **BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES** to invest in a copy. Sorry to be so indefinite, but I died a thousand deaths when I saw the photos reproduced like black blobs on the page! Life is too short for such nonsense.)

As usual, your good judgment and good taste keep producing these eye-appealing, dazzling issues with lively material and compelling visual images. The old covers are just great to see, and the slick feel makes for a durable life. Your insert on ERB's credo as a writer ("I have no illusions of the literary value ... etc.) makes me quite sad. I'm dismayed at his grim assessment, really superficial and self-deprecating, of his talents. I sense his retreat into the shadows of inferiority without a searching, probing introspection ... a diminution of his aims and possibilities. He seemed to be leaning on well advanced popular clichés of morality; credos for Babbitts and boosters of Baseball and barn dance hurrahs. Little did he KNOW his talent and inner force which activated and energized his imagination. His philosophical and literary insights seem to be left blunted, or inconclusively nurtured. A great pity and a great sadness to see this in him!

Burne Hogarth  
Los Angeles, California

**BB#4** was a delight! Bob Barrett's revelations about Frank Schoonover were most enlightening and well presented. Barrett's continuing research on ERB artists is important work and has yielded important information over the years. Time marches on, and the stories of many of these artists would be lost forever were it not for Bob's patient and persistent digging.

The same can be said for the indefatigable Alan Freedman! This latest McClurg piece should satisfy the doubting Thomases out there once and for all. Bob Zeuschner's article had an unusual angle and will undoubtedly stir debate. He's mistaken, however, in stating that **THE WIZARD OF VENUS** and **THE MAN-EATER** have never appeared in hardback. While neither have been issued **ALONE** between boards, **WIZARD** was included in **TALES OF THREE PLANETS** (Canaveral, 1964) and **MAN-EATER** made its debut seven years earlier in **BEYOND THIRTY AND THE MAN-EATER** (SFFP, 1957). Keep up the good work. The new "Golden Age" of ERB fandom may be just around the corner!

Kevin Toelle  
Wheeling, Illinois

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Bob Zeuschner says "You're correct, of course. The context was separate hardback books for each title, but to make it completely clear, I should have included 'alone' as you suggested.")





"Tarzan and the Waziri" by Tom Yeates





I've been a diehard Burroughs fan for about two years, and am writing to find out how to join your organization. I recently came across a Burroughs series that I was totally unaware of when I bought a second-hand copy of **ESCAPE ON VENUS**. I'm very excited about finding the other books in the Carson Napier series. Could you please send me a list of the other books in the series, and tell me where I could order copies?

Chris Tollinson  
Tupelo, Mississippi

(EDITOR'S NOTE: I told Chris that Ballantine would be issuing the *VENUS* stories in 1991 with all new cover art by Richard Hescox. In the meantime, he could probably locate copies in the used-book market. But, if anyone would like to help out our new recruit, drop him a line at 707 Lumkin Lane, Tupelo, MS 38801. Thanks.)

I'm enclosing my BB renewal check for 1991 with thanks. I now have a complete set of the Tarzan books in first editions, having acquired my **TARZAN OF THE APES** recently. Actually, **TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE** was the hardest for me to find. Mike Shaw got one for me. I recently did a book fair in Glendale, and John Miller, Mike Shaw and I did a talk on ERB. I did the general bio, Shaw talked on the "doo-dads," and Miller talked on the books. The people loved it!

David Lemmo  
San Diego, California

Sorry we had to pass up the Louisville Dum-Dum. Marie and I had planned to drive to Louisville, since I hate flying and the train service to Cincinnati is not that good, but it's between 900 and 1000 miles from here, and the doctor says it's too soon after my quintuple heart bypass surgery to be making such a trip. It's been 20-25 years since I last attended an ERB convention, so most of the fans must doubtless think of me as long since mummified. I have thoroughly enjoyed the "new stuff" on McClurg and Fred Arting by your Chicago lawyer, Alan Freedman.

Henry H. Heins  
Albany, New York

*M. Jean C. Tarzan*

