

ZINGARO



ZINGARO

5

This is, as you can see, ZINGARO #5, an agglomeration items of varying degree of interest, which is published more or less quarterly by MARK IRWIN, 1747 Elmwood Dr, Highland Park, Ill., 60035. ZINGARO #5 is being published in hopes of being destributed in the September 1965 mlg of N'AP, but at this time that is in doubt. ZINGARO is also available for trade, LoC, or contribution, and for those who desire, I will sell copies at the rate of 25¢ or 5/\$1. This particular issue is the 2nd Annish, and sells for a special price, 35¢. Since ZINGARO is very much in need of material to publish in future issues, I would much prefer contributions or trades as a reason for distribution. In addition to the above, ZINGARO is also destributed to members of FAPA, and the FAPA wl, of which I am a member in good standing.

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*The new artwork by Walt

Artwork

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The Editor Speaks

Well, here goes another issue of ZINGARO, this one somewhat belated, but still coming out to all my fannish friends. A lot has happened since I started to work on this issue. It has been delayed for 3 months, mainly because of my school, and so it becomes my annish. At this time, I have just finished typing the first 5 or 6 pages, and have stopped to peruse the latest issue of AMAZING, And FANTASTIC, the first issues by Sol Cohen, their new publisher. To put it bluntly, I am appalled(?) by what I see. AMAZING has added 32 pages, so has FANTASTIC. But have they really? Not a bit. Just for the hell of it, I spent a few minutes comparing them with typical issue from Ziff-Davis (typical meaning the first issues I picked up. Comparison issues are Amazing for March 1965, and Fantastic for June 1965. The score runs as follows:

	AS 3/65	AS 8/65	FA 6/65	FA 9/65
EDITORIAL	1	2	0	1
PICTURES (Illustrating Reprints)	2	7 (1)	0	9 (8)
ADDS	8	6	4	7
ARTICLES & FEATURES	13	11	0	2 (reprint)
COVER	4	4	4	4 (1 reprint)
FICTION: New	103	97	123	58
Reprint		36		80
Contents page	1	1	1	1
Total	132	164	132	164
New	132	127	132	73
Reprint	0	37	0	91

So much for the claim of more pages. As for his other claim of the new zines having more stories, he is closer to the truth. Both of the AMAZINGS have 5 stories, a "Fact" article, and "The Spectroscope", but 2 of the stories in the new issue are reprints. The old FANTASTIC has a Novelet, 4 shorts, a Vignette, and a serial. The new FANTASTIC has a short Novel, a Novelet, 3 shorts, and a feature, and all but the short Novel are reprinted. Big bargain. It gets even bigger when you consider the price. The old Ziff-Davis versions went for \$4/12 issues (\$2.99 for 13 issues if you used the coupon in back), the new issues come out half as often, and, with the same newsstand price of 50¢, you can subscribe for \$2.50 for 6 issues (\$4.50/12 issues plus 1 back issue if you use the coupon.) I've seen some fanzines that give you a better bargain than that. If there's no improvement, as soon as my subscription runs out, Mr Cohen has lost a customer whose been buying both zines since 1950.

For the first time in several years, I attended a Midwestcon. This year, the gay gathering broke with tradition and held itself somewhere other than the North Plaza Motel. In fact, it was held at Holiday Inn North, a real way-out place (about 25 miles

r maybe even 30 miles from the airport), and about 12 from the center of town. As is usual, it was a no-program convention, supposedly, but there was a bit of confusion on this point. At first, we were informed that there would be a banquet, but no regular program. Later, we were informed that there would be a short program, but no banquet. Finally, when the time came, we did have a short program, consisting of a few short speeches and some very interesting movies, lasting a total of about 2 hours. The funny part was that the motel listed this as a banquet on their bulletin board(I had heard some nonsense that this was because they wouldn't let anyone use their banquet halls for anything but a banquet. Aside from this, a lot of fun was had by all. The weather was perfect, and fans preempted one of the tables at the poolside for themselves. Most of the day was spent there, even I managed to get a slight case of sunburn. A few of the more enterprising fans brought typers and even a mimeo to the poolside and published a newsheet, but they finally had to move the mimeo indoors, when the wind started blowing all the sheets around.

There are the usual parties, the most popular of which were given by the local group, and there was one folk-sing that was also quite popular, at least with me. I had brought with me a small tape recorder, so I could tape some of those folk songs, but to my great annoyance, it was completely inoperative. Since I had only purchased it the previous day, you can imagine exactly how annoyed I was. There was very little luckstering, besides Howard Devore and myself. I managed to sell some of my duplicate copies of UNKNOWN and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, and a few others, but nobody seems to want FWS. The only thing really objectionable about the whole affair was the service in the motel dining room. At one time, I had to wait 40 minutes for a sandwich and a glass of milk, at a time when less than 1/3 of the tables were occupied. If I had known of any other nearby place to eat, I would have gone there. Although the motel is very convenient for drivers(being on an expressway exit), and for fliers(being one of the stops of the airport bus), it is hell on anyone who wants to do any sightseeing, being miles away from anything at all.

Although I don't know the outcome yet, there should be a very noticeable improvement in my mimeography for this and future issues. At the present time, I have just sent my machine out to be cleaned, oiled, and to have the dent taken out of the drum. I'm even going to have the tired old line cord removed and replaced. Unless and until it comes back, I'm out of luck. I'm paying for this with the proceeds from Merlin Press (it's first professional job, printing business forms on a cost-plus basis). It looks as if I'll have a fairly steady income from this source, but none from the fans who I started the whole thing for. Of course, I really can't blame them, since ZINGARO wasn't exactly noted for the quality of its mimeo work, but that will be different, now(I hope).

Right now, I'm busier than a one-armed paperhanger, what with school and getting ready for my annual party this week, and I really shouldn't take time to do this. This is the first one I've had in quite some time, because of my Army career, but they are going to again become a regular feature.

Now that our latest space shot has gone so far in proving the absence of life on Mars, I am wondering about the changes that will occur in SF stories. At one step, all those Martians of Bradbury, Wells, Heinlein, and hundreds of others, are wiped out, by nothing more than a few photos that show us that Mars cannot support life as we know it on its surface. So they will all have to go underground. Here is another snicker for those people who are so egotistical as to believe that life exists only on Earth. Of course, we SF fans know better, but it is still a hard blow to our beliefs.

It's been a week since I started this page, and since then, my annual party has come and gone. Considering the circumstances of rain and my living so far out in the Chicago suburbs, it was quite well attended, about 20 people getting together for an afternoon of food, fannish talk, and folksongs. Just wait til next year.

Boy, are those guys at Speed-O-Print sneaky. I sent my drum to them for repairs, and they just gave me a new one. Oh joy, oh rapture!

This seems to be a do-it-yourself week around here. At the moment, I have to be very careful where I set my elbows, because my room is so crowded that the Diplomacy set I am making is right next to my typer, and the parts are still wet. ((Yes, you too can make your own Diplomacy set. Just send \$12.95 and 3 boxtops from Whackies to...)) Anyway, I may not have the neatest set, but it is certainly the cheapest, and the most colorful.

I made a very annoying discovery yesterday, when I went down to the basement to get some old books. I went to move a carton, which had gotten wet during the last basement flood, and when the bottom fell out of it, I discovered that all the books in it were moldy. I wound up throwing out two whole cartons of pocket books (luckily, none of them were part of my collection of SF)). It's probably just as well. Now I can have that much more space to fill with new books.

Recently, a taped performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Utopia Limited" was given on WMT, the local fine-arts FM station, and I attempted to tape it for my G&S collection. According to the papers, and also to one of the station staff whom I called to check, it was to last 2 hours, from 1 PM to 3 PM on Friday afternoon, so I loaded up my recorder with a 2400 ft tape, and had my brother stand by at home to record the program, while I went to work. I wasn't too sure, so I also took a portable recorder to work with me, and recorded it on 2-600 ft rolls, with intermissions. It turned out that the show ran 27 minutes overtime, and my brother missed about 10 minutes of the last act between changes of the tape. So now I'm going to have a real tricky time trying to splice 10 minutes of a really miserable recording into the missing portion of the last act as recorded through our high-fi set. But I do have a complete recording of the operetta.

Members of the Burroughs Bibliophiles may be interested in a little project which I am working on in my spare time. I am compiling an Encyclopedia (Concordance, Index) to Burroughs' Mars, listing all persons, places and things mentioned in the books of the series. I have no idea how long this will take, but it promises to be quite a project, since I am very busy with school.

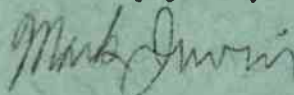
The current issue of our local paper has a perfect example of unconscious humor in one of its headlines. In big, bold letters on the front page, it says "COPS CATCH ROBBER" as if it were a surprise of some kind.

This issue is somewhat of a disappointment to me, because I had hoped to have some feature articles, which have been delayed. I did manage to include 2 pages of pictures taken at this year's Midwestcon, though. As is usually the case, I am in need of material for future issues, and would appreciate anything I can get, fiction, articles, poems, artwork, even letters for the lettercol. I am still looking for a co-editor, so that I can expand the size and scope of ZINGARO, but without any luck, as yet.

One question I would like to ask my readers. Some time ago (in VO #2, to be exact), I published a set of rules for the game of Interplanetary. I have been thinking of reprinting them, because I have had a few inquiries about them lately. What do you think? If enough people want me to, I will be glad to do so. I still have a few copies of my rules, as previously published, but I will update them if I get enough response to warrant reprinting.

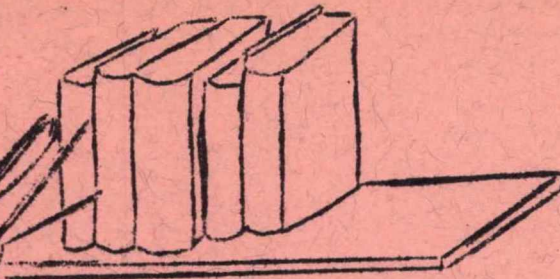
It looks as if I should sign off now, I'm getting close to the bottom of the page. So, Happy Fanac to all you people out there, and I'll be waiting to hear from you.

Fanatically yours,



MARK IRWIN
Editor, Publisher &
Chief Typist,
ZINGARO

The Book Shelf



THE LOAFERS OF REFUGE—Joseph L Green, Ballantine U2233, 50¢, 1965, 160pp. Actually, this book consists of several novelets which had previously appeared in the British magazine "NEW WORLDS". The almost-human Loafers, with their strange mental abilities, and the way they get along with the human colonists (who are gradually getting to learn that they too have mental powers of their own), seem to provide a plot and background which parallels that of Zenna Henderson and her "People," to some extent. The big difference, of course, is that here it is the Earth people who are colonizing. This book is to be read, and enjoyed.

ULTIMATUM IN 2050 A.D.—OUR MAN IN SPACE(Jack Sharkey—Bruce W Ronald), Ace M117, 1965, 45¢, 120 + 131 pp. The first half of this book was previously published in one of the Z-D twins a few years ago, but my records aren't up to date, as yet, so I don't know when. The story takes place 90 years from now, after the Atomic War, when all the survivors live in a single indestructible city, ruled by a tyrant in the name of the ultimate in democratic societies. There's not much action here, but then, the stage is very narrow. The other story here is by a new author, and is an intergalactic spy thriller, a sort of space-age James Bond. All the elements of a good story are here. I would like to see more from this author, but not if he plans to make this the first of a series.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING—J. R. R. Tolkien, Ace A-4, 1965, 75¢, 448pp. I was very surprised to hear that this book was to come out in paperback format, and even more so when I was able to get a copy at our local RR station. I don't think there is any real need to say anything much about the plot of this book, which is the first in the "Lord of the Rings" trilogy, except that it is one of the best fantasy stories I have ever read. I am eagerly awaiting the publication of the other two books in the series. The only sour note is that the cover picture was done by someone who looks as if he hadn't read the book. Oh, well, you can't have everything.

BEWITCHED—Al Hine, Dell O551, 45¢, 1965, 157pp. As you may have guessed, this book is based on the new TV series of the same name, and consists of 11 episodes from the show. To anybody who has seen the TV program, I need no recommendation to let them know how funny this book is. How in (or out of) the world could the story of a perfectly ordinary advertising executive (who just happens to be married to a witch) not be funny?

PLANETS FOR SALE—A.E. van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull, Book Co of America (014), 1965, 50¢, 171pp. This is reprinted from ASF, where it was published about 21 years ago as the "Arthur Blord" series, Arthur Blord being a typical super-duper Intergalactic business tycoon, and having typical super-duper Intergalactic business tycoon adventures.

The Bookshelf(Cont'd)

THREE AGAINST THE WITCH WORLD—Andre Norton, Ace F-332, 1965, 40¢, 189pp.

This is the third book in a series, the first two of which detailed the adventures of Simon Tregarth in the world of Estcarp. In this book, his three children use their unusual mental abilities in an effort to solve some of the mysteries surrounding the country. The author has a unique talent for character and place description, but in the matter of plot, there is something lacking. I will admit, though, that there is plenty of action for any Sword-and-Sorcery fans, like me. It is obvious from the end of this book that there will be at least one more in the series.

DR. BLOODMONEY, or, How We Got Along After the Bomb—Philip K Dick, Ace F-337, 1965, 40¢, 222pp.

This is a not-so-typical after the bomb story. From the title, I expected a cornball sequel to Dr Strangelove, but there is happily no relation between them. In part, the plot revolves around one Walt Dangerfield, whose erstwhile flight to Mars had been accidentally cut short, and who remains in orbit as a sort of super disc-jockey-in-the-sky, playing tapes from his library, and passing messages between the scattered survivors on Earth. Among other characters are Mr Tree, who is actually Bruno Bluthgeld, formerly a nuclear Physicist, and Poppy Harrington, who, although he is physically a help-~~less~~ cripple, actually has some mental powers which are quite remarkable, in addition to delusions of grandeur. All in all, this book makes unusual, if not good, reading. The basic after-the-bomb plot is given a few new twists, for a change.

THE SPELL OF SEVEN—Edited by L Sprague de Camp, Pyramid R-1192, 1965, 50¢, 192pp. Continuing the latest trend, we have here another collection of Sword-and-Sorcery tales. Seven tales of wizards and warriors, of swashbuckling adventure, of heroic deeds. From "Weird Tales" and "Science Fantasy", and other places they come; Conan, Fafhrd, and Eiric of Melniboné, all here for your amusement, and they should succeed in this job. Each story has a special introduction by Mr de Camp, and both the stories and their introductions are interesting reading. This is worth it at twice the price.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES—Richard M Elam, Jr, Lantern Pocket Book 50096, 1964, 50¢, 192pp. This collection of 11 stories, for the most part previously published in "Boys Life", is quite interesting in its way. Frankly, the stories are written for younger children, but the style is that of an earlier era in SF, when every super-duper gadget had to have its workings explained. Today we understand how a raygun or a space drive, or a time machine works(or at least they have become stereotyped, so no real long explanation is needed), but these stories, set as they are in the near future, try to show what will happen in the next few years, or may be even happening right now. They are written in simple, straightforward language, and are excellent reading for anyone under the age of about 12 years.

YOU GAVE MEN—Laurence M Janifer, Lancer 72-789, 1965, 50¢, 158pp.

Quoting from the jacket blurb, this is a book about "...a worlds where pain and torture are essential to the upkeep of civilization." True. I also found it a book that is trivial, obnoxious, and, of course, a great deal lower in caliber than that of this author's usual works. If you like garbage, I recommend this book wholeheartedly.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. --Michael Avallone, Ace G-553, 1965, 50¢, 160pp.

For anyone who watches the program this book is based on on TV, there is no need for an explanation of the situations encountered, for they are the typical ones used on every show about Secret Agents. This borderline case concerns a plot to sow the germs of a madness-producing disease among the enemies of THRUSH. Need I say More?

THE

SORCERER

Escapes (con.)

BY Ben Solon

(As you may recall, the end of chapter 1 left Ithkel and his merry men and the Gates of Nerid, where they are being attacked by the sorcery of Yunir. Now go on with the story.))

The Guardsmen threw down the ram and scattered, fleeing into the tall grass at the edge of the Gash. Most of them escaped the doom that Yunir sent against them, but some did not: a pale, greenish mist enveloped the luckless Guardsmen caught within the Gash. It swirled about them; ten miniature whirlwinds dancing around ten Guardsmen. Their screams smote the ears of all, and Ithkel clenched his fist in impotent anger.

The mist vanished, blown away by the rising East wind; of the Guardsmen, only charred bones and melted armour remained.

Ithkel rose out of the grass and, raising his arms, spoke words of fearful power. The darkening skies brightened, for they were lit by hundreds of blazing globes. The fire-balls smote against the walls of Nerid and expanded into multi-colored flame that burned the very stone of the Tower. For an instant, Nerid was a pillar of fire.

Lightning knifed through the heavens and thunder rolled: the East wind brought rain to the aid of Yunir. The rain came in torrents, and the bare earth of the Gash became a quagmire. The Guardsmen were half-blinded by the rain that beat against the visors of their helmets, and they were damp and chilled as well, for the merciless rain seeped into the chinks and greaves of their armour. The vari-colored flames sputtered and died. Their passing marked that of the rain.

Again lightning flashed, but lightning of a different sort than that which heralded the coming of the rain: this lightning came out of the ground, and smote the heavens. The earth split asunder and out of it came a black-winged shape, a-drip with the slime of Hell.

"Vanoch!" cried Ithkel. But his cry was lost amidst howling of wind and demon.

From the Tower, Yunir's mocking laughter could be heard, for it drowned out both wind and demon, and he said: "Who is the fool now, red-robe? Flee before I blast your very soul. Ankesh is mine, to do with as I will. Run and hide! Do you not know death when you see it?"

Ithkel said nought, but from his out-flung hand there came a white fire, and it struck Yunir down where he stood. But the Master of Nerid was not dead, though he was sorely hurt, and he crawled into his cell to lick his wounds.

Overhead, Vanoch dipped and wheeled like some monstrous vulture that surveys its feast before settling down to dine. Then, it gave a cry like that of a lost soul and dropped like a bolt from the heavens. Again it cried out, but this cry was one of delight: the delight of the hunter for his prey. The wings flapped, and the wind of them was foul, and within their folds Vanoch gathered its victims.

Powerless to save them, Ithkel stood rooted to the ground and clenched and unclenched his fists. "Erlík!" he cried. "Erlík, aid me now and I give you soul and blood—the soul of twenty, of fifty men—only aid me now, great Lord of Hell. Aid your servant, oh Master of the Seven Darknesses!"

For an instant, all was still; the quiet was broken only by the slobbering of the

feeding demon. Then, the ground shook, and a vast blackness arose and hovered over all. Inward it came, and Vanoch gave back before it, for this was its Master, Erlik, Lord of the Black Throne. But Erlik grew vaster yet, grew until he blotted out the stars, and then he swept over Vanoch. The demon vanished within that blackness and was swept away. Erlik and his slave returned to the nether realms from whence they had come.

Eyes wide with horror, Tongish, Captain of the Guard, approached the red-clad wizard. "What do we do now, red robe?" he asked. "Ten of our number are dead, thanks to Yunir's sorcery, and five more fell to that—thing. We are but five and twenty against four hundred—four hundred backed by necromancy of a dreadful power. Armed men we could fight until we fell, but not vile sorcery."

"I will take care of the necromancy, and the four hundred as well, if need be," replied Ithkel. With that, he gave a great blast on the horn that he carried.

In the city, the horn was heard, and the gates were thrown wide and a great host of horsemen came riding forth. All the men-at-arms that Eshon could spare rode to the Tower.

But even as they did, Yunir struck. The Gate of the Tower was flung open with a clang and the Surdan, howling like beasts, charged out. Three hundred of them were in that first assault; enough, and more than enough to deal with Ithkel and his men. Had they been ordered to kill, a third of their number would have sufficed, but Yunir had other plans for these rash fools.

Tongish and his men did not care that they had no hope of victory; here was a foe of flesh and blood, a foe that could bleed and die. With deep, rolling shouts they fell upon the Surdan, and the warriors of the Surdan gave way before them, thinking to retreat into the Tower and then capture the Guardsmen and the red-robed wizard that accompanied them.

There was a clatter of hooves, and the drawing of the swords of the men of Ankesh was like a glitter of stars. Crying out in hate and fury, they hewed the footmen of the Surdan where they stood. Only then did Yunir understand what had, and was, taking place; the small company of Guardsmen was but bait to draw him into expending all his power, and when this had been done, the main force of Eshon's men would strike.

The Surdan reeled and fell back against the Tower. If they could but gain the Gate, they could hold off any siege that Eshon might mount, and when Yunir recovered, they would raze Ankesh to the ground and plow salt into the earth so that nothing might grow there and all would shake at the mention of Yunir the Nigromancer. But they could not gain the Gate: the horsemen of Ankesh had surrounded them, and they were caught within a ring of steel, a ring that was ever tightening.

Ithkel was now mounted on a fine stallion from Eshon's own stable, and armed with a sword he had taken from one of the fallen. A spearman rushed him, but the wizard was too quick for him. He half fell in his saddle, and with a twist of his blade sheared away the man's face. Screaming horribly, he fell, and Ithkel rode over him and left him crushed and broken in the mire that surrounded the Tower. He swooped upon a second foe, his sword held out like a lance, and took him full in the throat. But as he did, Nistik, the Captain-General of Nerid, rushed in and plunged his spear into Ithkel's horse.

The stallion screamed and fell, and Ithkel was thrown clear. Nistik drew his scimitar and closed in for the kill, but Ithkel, ready for him, parried his descending blade close to the hilt and then twisted his sword so that the keen edge slashed the warrior's throat. Nistik cried in pain and horror and fell to the ground; his life's blood slowly ebbing away and adding to the sea of mud and filth around Nerid.

All about the Tower, the battle raged and ebbed. Hard fighting and labor was yet to be had, though, for the warriors of the Surdan were bold, fierce men, and grim in despair. And so, in this place and that on the broad Plain of Gorag that lies between Ankesh and Nerid, they fought and died, while the night wore on and gave way to the red and swollen sun that rose in the East.

And after the battle was done, and the heads of the men of the Surdan rode on the spear-points of their slayers, Eshon and his men returned to Nerid. A watch had been mounted to prevent Yunir's escape, and the Captain reported that there had been no movement from the Tower since Ithkel had vanquished the Nigromancer.

"Yunir waits within, like a cornered rat," said Eshon.

"Aye," replied Ithkel. "But a cornered rat still has fangs and claws and can still bite and scratch his way to freedom."

"What are we to do?"

"Wait. Before assailing the Tower, allow me to gaze into the Eye of the Cyclops, for it will reveal all which has happened since I struck down the Master of Nerid."

"I ride for my chambers in the city, and will return with new council before the sun sets."

"So be it. The men of my Guard will watch and wait til your return, Ithkel."

Yunir was hurt, terribly and painfully injured. Ithkel's blast had not harmed his body, which was protected by mighty spells, but had nearly shattered his mind. And what was worse; he could not, save by dint of great effort, work even the weakest of cantrips. His men were either slain or had deserted him, and while his foes could not enter the Tower, he could not escape. He was doomed. He knew it, and he knew that Eshon knew it, too. Eshon! The king that he had so long enslaved would drag him from the Tower to the city, and he would be stoned from the city gate to the palace, and then--the Halls of Pain. He had to escape, but how?

And then, he felt the presence of another. But that's impossible, he thought, there is no one, save myself, in this accursed Tower.

"The Eye of the Cyclops pierces all barriers, Yunir of Nerid."

"Who? Where are you--who are you? Speak!"

"I am Ithkel of Uganistan, whom men call Wizard of the Scarlet Mantle"

"You have dared to spy on me--to mock me?"

"You are in no position to make charges, Yunir, your doom is nigh. When the sun sets, I will return, and lead an assault on Nerid. The men of the Surdan are slain or run away; few barriers can you set up against us. You are doomed...unless--."

"Unless? Unless what?"

"Unless you agree to my terms."

"Which are?"

"That you reveal the hiding place and means of guard of the treasure of Nerid. In exchange, I will allow you to escape."

"And if I do not agree?"

"Then you may die in the Halls of Pain as you deserve."

"I see that I have no choice," replied Yunir. Reluctantly, he gave Ithkel the instructions by which he might, with no danger to himself, gain the gold that had been extracted from Eshon and the folk of Ankesh. "Now then; how do I escape?"

"It has been arranged. Merely take ten steps forward."

"But there is a wall three paces from where I stand. How am I to walk through a solid wall?"

"The wall is illusion, as you will see."

Yunir rose from his couch and took three steps. That brought him to the wall. He took a fourth, and passed through the wall; six more brought him to the tenth step. He took it. He was hurled in four directions at once. He was broken down to the component atoms that made up his being and these were hurled to the very ends of Eternity. He was frozen by ultimate cold, charred by heat such as is only found in the bellies of the youngest, hottest stars. He was thrown into Infinity. Alien emotions, emotions that humans cannot even begin to comprehend, surged through his being. He changed.

He stood upon a heaving, twisting mass of "land" that extended in all directions. There was no horizon, in all directions there was nothing; nothing save the squirming, itching "land."

"This is a new, unformed plane of existence. Here you shall be as a god. Create, destroy, and entire infinity is yours for all time, that you may work your will upon it. But I warn you, Yunir, any attempt to leave this plane will utterly destroy it and hurl you into Ultimate Chaos, where all time and all space are One."

"Leave me to myself, Ithkel."

Yunir stood upon his whirling island in space-time, and surveyed his yet unformed domain. Long did he gaze upon the whirling chaos of a yet unformed Infinity. And then there was the sound: the Sound of Creation. It was all sounds that ever had been, and all sounds that ever could be; the sound of infants begging to be born, and of ancient beings begging for death, for an instant or for an eternity, reckon it as you will, this Sound resounded through Yunir's being.

As swiftly as it came, the Sound was gone, and Yunir of Nerid spoke the first words of a creator in his yet unformed creation: "A god must have a throne, let there be a golden throne cast in the image of that of Erlik."

The throne existed, but it was not the god-throne that Yunir had called into existence; it was not the throne of his imaginings. It was disproportionate--wrong.

Yunir tried to alter the throne to fit the image he held in his mind's eye, but no matter how he tried, the throne was still--wrong.

Cursing, he cancelled the throne's existence. "There is more to being a god than meets the eye," he said to himself. "I must need more practice. Perhaps if I tried my skill with living creatures..."

As he spoke, Yunir called into existence the woman of his twisted dreams. In his imagination, her features took form. She was the creature of a thousand dreams, desirable beyond all other women, for she was the Primal Woman.

"Exist, O child of my dreams, and love me forever."

The woman existed. A gibbering idiot thing, with mismatched features Yunir's woman stumbled toward her creator, dragging her useless leg.

"No! No!" shrieked the sorcerer. "Stay away."

With a look of despair that went deeper than any that could be imagined by a human, sane or insane, the woman shambled away.

Yunir cancelled her existence.

"Who is god here?" he cried aloud. The silence of Infinity answered him not. Who is god? The mocking silence was his only answer.

He began to laugh. "I know what is wrong," he chirped, wiping the drool from his chin. "I have no worshippers. To be truly a god, one must have worshippers."

With a wave of his hand, he created a temple. Vast it was, towering thousands of feet above his head. Mighty pillars, a hundred feet around, supported the vaulted ceiling. Throngs of worshippers prostrated themselves before the idol of the great God Yunir.

His confidence restored, Yunir strode across the heaving "land" toward the temple.

"No!" he cried.

The pillars of the temple coiled like living things, expanding and contracting. The building was unstable, it flowed across the "land", leaving a trail of slime in its wake. Like the god-throne and the woman, it was--wrong.

Yunir fled.

He ran as though all the demons of all the Hells that ever were or ever could be pursued him. Hours, days, weeks, or perhaps years later, he stopped running. His mind was unhinged. Panic, creeping, crawling panic, began to eat at the edges of his mind. He brushed them aside, burying his fears beneath other thoughts, but worm-like they gnawed their way to the surface of his consciousness. Rivers of sweat poured from his body.

And then he felt the Eye of the Cyclops. "Ithkel," he cried. "Ithkel, what is wrong? Why have you sent me to this awful place? Why?"

"You wished to escape, and I gave you an escape. You sought to escape your doom, but you, above all, should know that you cannot escape what awaits you. You fled from the torments of the Halls of Pain, and infleeing from destruction of the body, you came to that which will destroy body, mind and soul."

"But why is all that I create deformed?"

The Eye of the Cyclops appraised him for a moment, and Ithkel answered, and having answered, he withdrew the Eye.

And now, Yunir knows why he cannot create beauty, and this truth has made him mad. From his lips there comes nought but soft, meaningless laughter. About him dance gibbering, drooling replicas of himself, and over and over, they repeat Ithkel's answer; "Nothing is wrong, O fool. Know you not that a creator can only create in his own image?"

As the sun set, Ithkel rode forth from Ankesh, and came again to Eshon, where he waited by the Tower.

"What council does the Eye of the Cyclops bring, Ithkel? Are we to throw down the Tower and plow the ruins into the ground?"

"If you wish, but do not look for Yunir; he has escaped."

"Escaped? How? The Tower is ringed with men, not even a field-rodent could slip past them."

"Yunir escaped by means of sorcery."

"I like this not, but I am glad that he is gone and will trouble Ankesh no more. And now, Ithkel, for your payment."

"I will have none, save that you leave the Tower to me for a day and a night, after which, you may do with it as you will."

"That is strange payment, but I will do as you ask."

With that, Ithkel turned and strode through the frowning gate.

"You are Viran of Glymar, whom men call the Wizard of the Many Colors?" asked Eshon, King of Ankesh, of his caller...."

#

MIDWESTCON PHOTO GUIDE

Following page 12 are 2 pages of photos taken at the 1965 Midwestcon. While I actually can't recognize everyone shown here myself, it is the general opinion of the Chicago SF Society (otherwise known as "George's Gang") that the subjects in question are to be identified as follows: 1. Ed Wood, Janet Hunter, Bill Mallardi; 2. ?, George Heap, Joni Markwood; 3. Alexei Panahin, Joe Hensley, ?, Dave Kyle; 4. your genial editor, Mark Erwin (notice how I craftily managed to be the only one who got a solo picture); 5. Rich Brown, Roger Zelazney (behind the cigar), ?; 6. Cindy Heap, Roger Zelazney, Banks Mebane; page 2--7. ?, Bill Mallardi, Mike Domina, Marsha Brown; 8. ?, Ben Jason, ?; 9. Ed Wood, ?; 10. Joni Markwood, Cindy Heap; 11. 2; otherwise unidentified members of the local fan group; 12. 3 unidentified members of Cincinnati fandom.

I still have some pictures that haven't been developed, but the roll of film is still unfinished. All the better B&W pictures of the 2 rolls I finished at the Con are shown here. Next time I try this, I may have pictures on opposite sides of the same sheet, to save pages, if I can get a paper that won't print through.

BOOKS by BROOKS

[rick brook's, THAT IS]

SUBSPACE EXPLORERS—Edward E Smith, PhD, Canaveral Press, 1965, \$4.95, 278pp

This is the first of Doc Smith's "Subspace" series, and it's main fault seems to be too much introductory material. Chapters of background material tend to slow up the flow of the story.

The first part of this book ran as a novelette entitled "Subspace Survivors" in the July '60 issue of ASF. Due to a disagreement on the development of the series, the rest of the series did not appear in Astounding/Analog.

SUBSPACE EXPLORERS takes place approximately four hundred years in our future. The Communist East, and the West, form the two main power blocks of Tellus, no others being mentioned. Tellus still contains a sizeable portion of the population, but the ninety-five Outplanets have drained her of mankind's most venturesome and daring types.

The West has become corrupt and stolid, while the East has its most dictatorial government since the time of Stalin. Communism has proved impossible to transplant to the Outplanets.

The development of the Wesley Subspace Drive and the Chaytor Effect engines a couple of hundred years earlier has given man the freedom of the galaxy. However, there are always dangers in every mode of transportation.

Carlyle Deston, First Officer of the starliner PROCYON, and his side-kick, Second Officer Herc Jones, with their wives-to-be Barbara Warner and Bernice Burns, are shipwrecked on a subspace trip. Shipwrecked with them are assorted no-goods (four, to be exact), and Andrew Adams, of the College of Study.

This little group will be able to make it to the nearest sun in slightly over a year under planetary drive. There they can restore the subspace communicators to functional condition. The question that worries them is why hasn't any other ship been heard from after being lost in subspace.

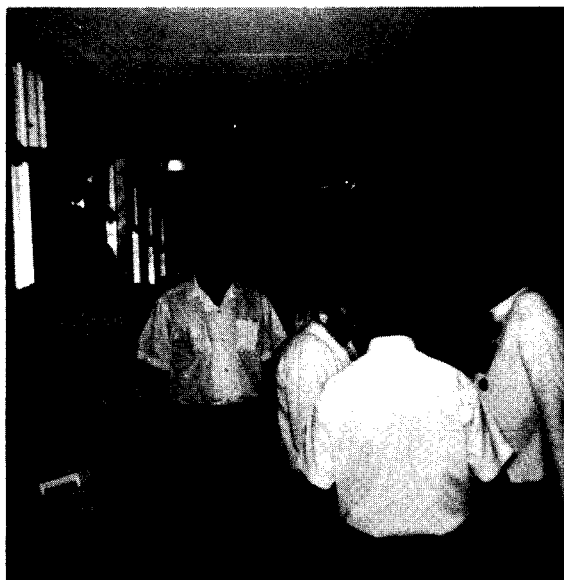
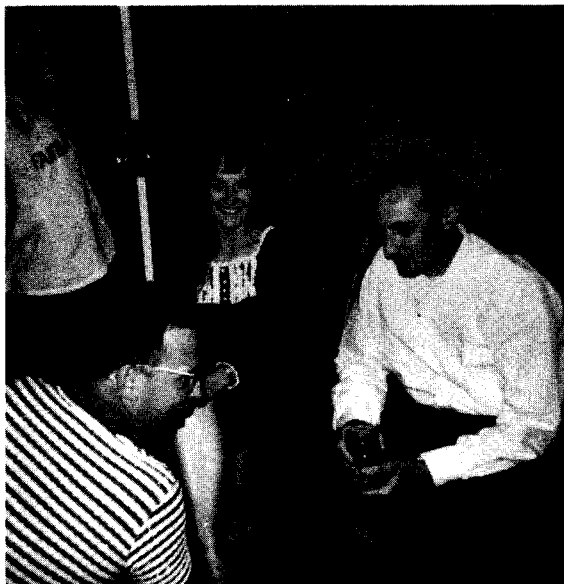
This story isn't quite up to the high standards of the "Lensmen" series. For one thing, it has been edited too much. The planet Rhenia Four, and the climatic battle of the book are treated almost in passing. However, Doc Smith's worst is better than most writers' best, and this book is far from his worst. The other books of this series should be well worth waiting for.

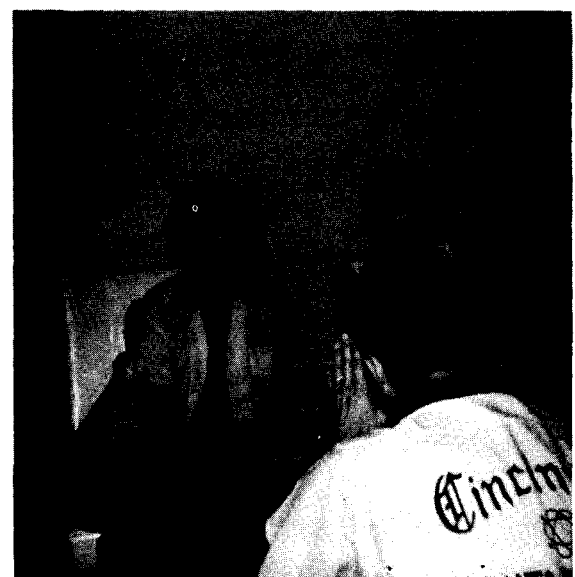
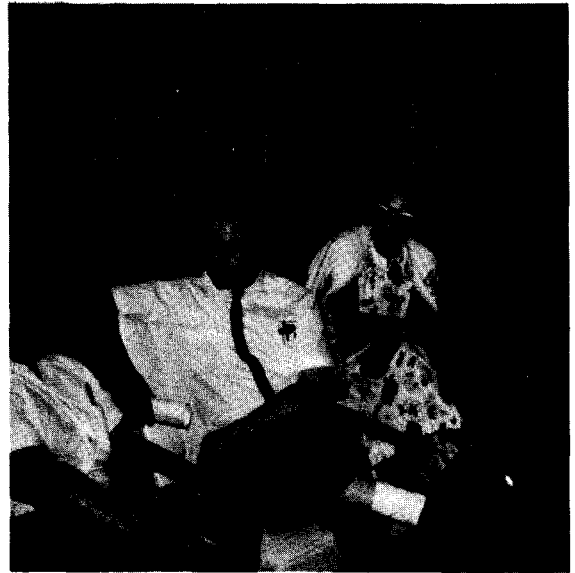
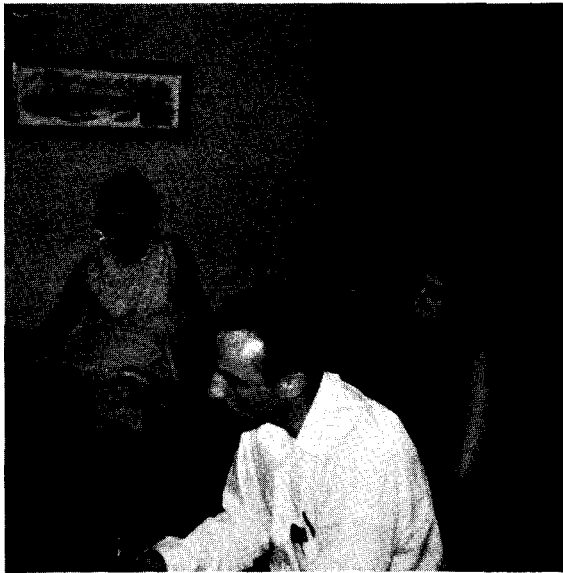
OF WORLDS BEYOND—edited by Lloyd A Eshbach, Fantasy Press 1947, \$2.00, 96pp.

The '47 Fantasy Press edition is now out in a softcover edition at \$1.95 from Advent. This book is subtitled "The Science of Science Fiction Writing," and is a collection of seven essays on writing SF by seven of the better known names in the field.

Robert A Heinlein leads off "On the Writing of Speculative Fiction," and gives his rules for SF. It ends up with the following advice: "Bue if you will follow (these rules) it matters not how you write, you will find some editor somewhere, sometime, so unwary or so desperate for copy as to by the worst old dog you, or I, or anybody else can throw at him."

"Writing a Science Novel," by John Tain, lectures on, naturally, the science in SF, and its proper amount in a story. This is a good, detailed chapter of advice.





"The Logic of Fantasy" is Jack Williamson's contribution to the book. In fantasy, anything goes. Or does it? Here is a study of the limits of fantasy.

A E van Vogt has a piece on "Complication in the Science Fiction Story." Here is the most mechanistic approach to writing in the whole book set down in meticulous detail. If you need rules, here a dozen pages of them.

"Humor in Science Fiction" is L Sprague de Camp's chapter, and he expands it to a study of humor in our culture. Scattered throughout the essay are numerous tips on writing humor.

"The Epic of Space" by Edward E Smith, is, for me, the best chapter in the book. Besides his own writing, he stresses that of other writers, such as A Merritt. The chapter also has tips on such knotty problems as motivation and avoiding loose ends.

"The Science of Science Fiction Writing", by John W Campbell jr, closes out the book by looking at writing from the editorial side of the desk. His main advice? Study the experts not to see how, but why, they wrote the story that way.

Here is a very good book on SF writing. Read them all, but the last two chapters are worth the price of admission.

THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL--Heinlein, Kornbluth, Bloch, & Bester, Advent '59, \$3.50, 160pp.

Advent Publishers have also seen fit to re-issue THE SCIENCE NOVEL: IMAGINATION AND SOCIAL CRITICISM in paperback, at \$1.95. Here are ten pages worth of introduction by Basil Davenport, and 4 essays based on talks given by the authors at University of Chicago.

As Mr Davenport says in his introduction, here is a book you can argue with.

Robert Heinlein's chapter on "Science Fiction: It's Nature, Faults, and Virtues," starts with a definition of SF and proceeds to survey the field. Then he wanders to prophecies, professional scientists and engineers in the field, and SF as literature. He does it rather well, too.

"The Failure of the SF Novel as Social Criticism" by C M Kornbluth is the chapter that will probably reap the most argument. Kornbluth's modern literary criticism admittedly puts him out on a considerable number of limbs. Contrast his outlook on the value of SF with that of Heinlein in the previous essay.

"Science Fiction and the Renaissance Man" is Alfred Bester's contribution to the book. His theme is that SF is a pleasure of the renaissance man to be indulged in when you are feeling calm and euphoric.

"Imagination and Modern Social Criticism", by Robert Bloch, is a relief after Bester. Bloch starts out with a slightly tongue-in-cheek survey of the mainstream novels before the war and broadly hints that SF now has the field of social criticism largely to itself. He then surveys SF as social criticism and comes to the conclusion that SF is a flop.

This is a good book with all of the five contributors having something to say. Buy it, read it, and write letters to the editor of your favorite fanzine about it.

DAVY--Edgar Pangborn, Ballantine Books, U6018, 75¢, 1965, 265pp.

Here is a book that has been noised about as a possible Hugo candidate. I found it disappointing.

"The Golden Horn," in the Mag of F&SF, Feb. '62, slightly diluted, forms the first part of this book. The book then rambles from point to point until it finally tapers off at the end. It is a point in Pangborn's favor that this would be the way his chief character would write.

Davy is a bond servant in a post-atomic war civilization. He and his golden horn roam what is now the northeastern United States and finally sail to the Azores & beyond.

His stay with Rumley's Ramblers is well treated. The big disappointment is the passing treatment given to the country of Kwin and Nickie, his wife. The whole heart of the story that Pangborn has been building up to for almost 200 pages is scrapped, just as though he grew tired of writing it. Pangborn then proceeds to kill off the heroine and loses the hero at sea.

This book is very good in places, but it suffers from the same fault that GLORY ROAD does. It fails to hang together.

The Growing Pile

Fanzine Reviews by M. Erwin

1. YANDRO #145--Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt 3, Hartford City, Ind, 47314. This issue contained a column by Ted White, and article "Au Fait Worse Than Death (on a few hints on how the pros write), by John Berry, and some addenda to the 3d Convention Annual. All this in addition to usual editorials, book reviews, fanzine reviews, and letters. Somehow, it gets a bit monotonous saying what an excellent issue the current YANDRO is, every month. But what else can I do, because it is so far above the large majority of fanzines.

2. YANDRO #146. This issue features a long review of "The Children of the Atom," by Wilmar Shiras, a somewhat dated book, but noted from a different viewpoint than the usual. The cover is fab. Buck, I've also noticed the difference in thickness of mimeo paper from different sources. The only problem with it is that the thicker paper makes it harder to staple my zine.

3. YANDRO #148. Featured are an article by Lewis Grant "The Great Celestial Clock," in re our calender. Also, a long review of Russell Kirks "The Surly Sullen Bell", for which I don't care. The cover is miserable, but the artwork is good. Buck also here announces his new address(See above.). I can't find out where #147 is, so no review. Before I forget, YANDRO is available for 30¢, 4/\$1, or 12/\$2.50.

4. KIM CHI #5--Pat & Dick Ellington, 1941 Oregon St, Berkeley, Calif., 94703. Produced mainly for FAPA mlg 111, this zine looks like my impression of the typical FAPazine. Contains mlg comments, and assorted news and notes.

5. TRUMPET #1--Tom Reamy, 6010 Victor, Dallas, Texas, 75214. Published 4 times a year, available for 50¢ (5/\$2), or for contribs, trade or LoC. TRUMPET is subtitled "The Pretentious Fanzine" and lives up to it. It is actually offset, on heavy, slick paper. Contents include dated, but well-done movie reviews, some short stories, 4 pages of "Pop Art" cartoons, and the usual editorial ramblings. This "fanzine" is a lot better worth its cost than some of the prozines I've seen on the stands. I hope you can keep the same quality, Tom.

6. STARLING #4--Hank Luttrell, Rt 13, 2936 Barrett Station Rd, Kirkwood, Mo, 63122. Published quarterly, STARLING is available for 25¢ or the usual. Contains a short by David Hall, an article "The Action Again, by Clay Hamlin, one on forming an SF society by Dwein Kaiser, and some book reviews, and LoCs. An interesting feature of this issue is a look back into some of the old pulps, a review, as it were, of what they were like in those days. This, and the story, are the only redeeming features.

TGP (Cont'd)

7. DREADFUL FANCTUARY—Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle Dr, Garden Grove, Calif, 92640. Available for trades, contribs, printed LoCs, or 25¢(5/¢1), this zine can best be described by the first word in its title. Dittoed, it contains 4 stories(ecch), one missing page, book reviews, fanzine reviews, letters. The high point of the issue was a review of "Day of the Triffids" (The movie) that expressed my feelings exactly. If you want to show a great improvement in your next issue, Gregg, please get yourself a few new authors. Oh, yes, another thing, Don't be so Gosh-wow, boy-o-boy.

8. LIGHTHOUSE #12 Feb 65. Terry Car, 41 Fierrepont St, Brooklyn, Ny, 11201. Postmailed to FAPA mlg 110, this and other issue of Lighthouse are available for 25¢ or the usual. Aside from the usual editorial ramblings, this issue contains 13 pages of mlg comments alone. Also you will find an article on the problems of a person trying to buy corflu, by Redd Boggs, and some notes on current Western novels, by Ted White. The main feature, of course, is an article by Gina Clarke called "Just Good Clean Fellowship" in which she tries to show that the Tolkien trilogy is a Fagg book. I am greatly impressed with the quality of this zine, and especially with the humor displayed in it. It also seems to be notable for its excellent mimeography and freedom from typos. So far, I've made six (whoops, seven) in this paragraph alone(I will admit that this is much worse than usual. I just had an impacted wisdom tooth removed, and find it very hard to concentrate. It gives me a good excuse for not doing any homework for a while.

9. STARLING #6—Hank Luttrell. Featured here are some notes on the British "Supernatural Stories", and a short story depicting what might happen if fans of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones took over the world. Quite an improvement over #4. Very funny.

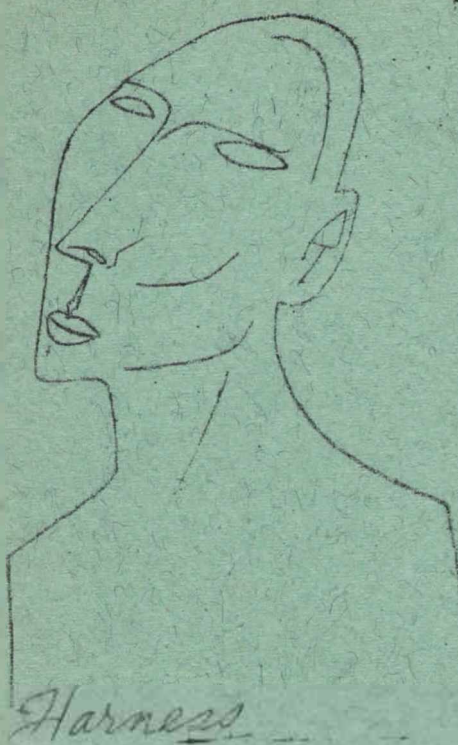
10. THE BREENIGAN AFTER ONE YEAR—Jack Speer, 2034 Kiva, Santa Fe, NM. This item was postmailed to FAPA #111, and is, I hope, the final word on the Breen affair. The controversy has taken up too much time and energy to waste any more on it, and will not be fully settled to everyones satisfaction. Why can't some folks know when to quit beating a dead horse?

11. CADENZA #11, May 1965—Charles & Jane Wells, 815 Demerius St, Apt M1, Durham, NC, 27701. Distributed through FAPA mlg 111, also for 15¢(8/¢1), or the usual. Mainly letters, this issue also features a short by Jerry Page, "The Armadillo Once Again," and some math notes by John Boardman. This is one of the few FAPAZines I've seen that doesn't have a set of MC's. But that is only temporary, while John is busy moving, he says. Both covers are by ATOM, and the front cover, when viewed sideways, looks like a picture of Super-Turtle.

12. LUNA #4—Franklin M Dietz Jr, 1750 Walton Ave, Bronx, NY, 10453. Published 4 times yearly, Available for 15¢ or 4/50¢, and for selected trades. This is a special issue, devoted to Hannes Bok, containing notes about him, several of his drawings, and some pictures of him. It is well worth the special price of 30¢ for this issue.

13. STOPTHINK #2—Nate Bucklin, PO Box 4, Dockton, Wash, 98018. Published infrequently, available for 25¢(3/60¢), or the usual. Main features are a con report which is quite good, and an article by Walter Breen "Some Practical Experiments in ESP. Nate is having some problems with his reproduction, and the foul shade of yellow he uses for most of the pages doesn't help any. This is one con report that I managed to get mentioned in personally, for a change. Maybe next issue you will have overcome your difficulties with the mimeo. Probably they are due because you, like me, neglect to put enough ink in the drum.

TOP (Cont'd)



14. THISTLE AND THORN #2, May 65—Oreath Thorne, Rt 4, Savannah, Mo, and Duncan McFarland, 1242 Grace Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio, Available for 25¢(5/\$1), or for any sign of interest. The main feature is an interview with Andre Norton, and a bibliography of her stories, by Tim Eklund. There is also a very unusual item, a round-table book review, a couple of shorts by Tim Eklund, and an article by Dale Tarr. I really don't know what to say about it, it seems a bit fuzzy to me.

15. THE GRYPHON #16—John Foyster, PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, AUSTRALIA. Published monthly. GRYPHON is available for trade or comment. It's very interesting to get some of the local news from such distant parts of the fannish world.

16. SAM #12—Steve Stiles, 207 W 80th St, New York, NY, 10024. The main item in this issue is another Con report, probably the last one I'll mention, for the last Worldcon. This one is probably the longest one I've ever seen, in a fanzine, running some 27 pages. Dick Lupoff really did it up brown. In

addition, are some miscellaneous items, and a lettercol. SAM is noted as one of the best examples of the excellent results one can get from color with a ditto, if he is willing to take the trouble. Steve reports that SAM will fold as a genzine, due to interference from his uncle Sam. Oh, well, another good fan goes to glory.

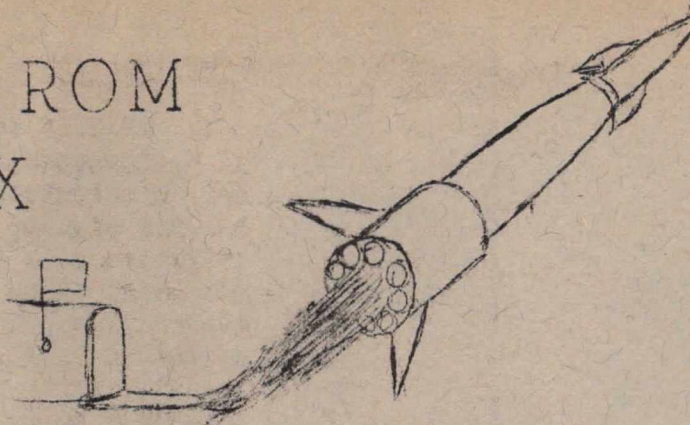
17. SCOTTISH—Ethel Lindsay. I am very confused with this issue. I think I have mentioned it before, but there is no date on it. Aside from the ATOM illos, there is a column by Brian Varley, some notes by Willis, and a fascinating lettercol. And so comes another missive from the far corners of the fannish world.

18. DOUBLE BILL #11—Bill Bowers & Bill Mallardi. Since Bowers is joining Uncle Sam's Armed Forces, send all mail to 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio, 44313. This is the second Annish, and sells for 50¢. Regular price is 25¢(5/\$1), or the usual means. This issue has the index to the DB Symposium, an article by Harry Warner called "Fans Make the Strangest Characters", a cartoon feature "Space Opera Primer," by Dick and Bill Glass, assorted short items and editorials, and a lettercol. There is a Jazz column (very strange, for a fanzine), and a tribute to Mark Clifton. I found particular humor in the story "Logic", by Bob Weinberg.

About this time, I am getting bored as hell with fanzines. It's been quite some time since the lastish of ZINGARO, and they have been really piling up. Some of these have been a bit dated, and I've missed some of the newer ones, but lets face it, I've been reading them constantly, all day today, and need a rest. So I'll save the remainder for nextish. You will probably find a few MCs on the last N'AFA mlg somewhere else. This is July 4th, and here is a fine way to spend a holiday. But my physical activity is limited by mental considerations, temporary ones.

MISSILES FROM THE MAILBOX

by
the Readers



RICH BROWN, 268 E 4th, Apt 4C, NYC, NY.

I think you missed a point in your reply to Harry Warner about whether or not there is a direct link between actions read about and actions carried out. "You say there's no connection between fictional and real crime, then you say that criminal types have a fondness for fictional crime, to some extent...if this doesn't mean that there is a direct link between the two, I don't know what you would call a link." Well, it's like this: while it's true that a pool table is green, it does not necessarily follow that everything green is a pool table. Similarly, it doesn't necessarily follow that because some criminals may read about crime, that everyone who reads it will be a criminal, and so there's no more link between reading about it and doing it than there is between smoking a cigarette (or putting on a pink bow tie) and doing it. The proof that there is no link lies in the fact that thousands of people have read about it -- smoked cigarettes/put on pink bow ties -- and have not gone out and done it. ((Sure, and right now I'm watching a crime movie on TV and reading a space opera, but I doubt if I'll ever either commit a murder or go to the moon. Obviously. mdi))

Aside from Wertham's inanities, in fact, the body of psychological thought on comic books is that they're beneficial; the violence portrayed in the old ones provided an outlet for hostilities, a sort of catharsis and empathetical setup allowing one to feel relieved at having been thru the experience without having caused any real harm. The same, of course, could be said of sex-books, and, in fact, has.

By the way, not all the comics trading is being done in "old" comics; have you seen any of the stuff put out by Marvel? Artistically, it's almost as good as some of the old E.C. (and by that I mean the good E.C. -- "Science Fantasy" as opposed to "The Vault of Horror"); the plots are head, shoulders, arms, torsoes, hips & kneecaps above any other "super heroes" line coming out these days; and, finally, the characters have character. They have foibles, make mistakes, get angry (at one another as well as at villains), have problems, experience feelings... well, just look 'em up. I realize it's silly; when the Comics Code cracked down, I packed away my E.C.'s and said the hell with it, I was getting too old to collect comic books anyway. Now I'm a member of the Merry Marvel Marching Society, and I never miss an issue of Thor, Spider-Man, Avengers, X-Men.

Who, or perhaps I should say what, gave Earl Evers the idea that it was a Grand Faanish Tradition to "award" lower-case names to fans for any reason? Whoever it was obviously didn't know what he/she was talking about; out of their rabbit-tailed little minds, is what they are. It's not a strictly faanish tradition, anyway -- e. e. cummings and archy, two imminent poets, come immediately to mind. damon knight is the only "fannish" practitioner that I can think of (and how many articles have you seen in fanzines by damon lately?) besides myself, and I don't think either of us have done enough "for" or "against" fandom (however these things are supposed to be 'awarded') to warrent it. e.e. cummings said, somewhere, that he didn't capitalize his name because doing so was "egotistical." (I think he also said somewhere that this statement was a



lot of phony put-on, but I'm vague on both sources.) archy was a Special Case -- he wanted to use capitals, but, being a cockroach, he couldn't operate the shift key mechanism. I don't know why damon knight doesn't capitalize his name--ask him and maybe he'll tell you. Evers says he did it because it was an "affection," tho I suspect what he really meant was affectation. And, last, there's me, rich brown. Whyfore the Small Letters? Basically, for the same reason I capitalized the first letters of the words "Small Letters." For effect. That and the fact that, when I started doing it, I preferred the way "rich brown" looked to the way "Rich Brown" looked. Somehow, those capitals give my name an ungainly and lop-sided look that I Just Don't Like. And, too, I do it for egoboo purposes -- which is not, as you might think, the fringe stuff like Bob Coulson asking what the hell I ever did that warranted using small letters. No, this is even bigger than Getting Your Name Mentioned in YANDRO; with my name spelled the way it is, I'm the only fan I know who was mentioned by name in The Lord of the Rings, This Is My Beloved, The James Bond series, the Lensmen Series, Catch 22, etc., etc. People keep popping up with rich brown hair or rich brown eyes (what they're doing with my hair or eyes

I'll never know) and why should I throw all that free egoboo away for nothing?

Gold Star Books are being supd; by Hully Burroughs, Canaveral Press, and I think Ace and Ballantine--but it probably won't keep them from publishing more. The question is whether the copyrights that lapsed in some of the Tarzan books (due to incompetence on the part of the man who was supposed to renew them--not Burroughs) allows others to use "Tarzan"--the-character, or whether the character is still protected by the books on which the copyrights have not lapsed. Best Wishes, rich brown ((So, the mystery of the ages is finally solved. Non-capitalization forever! Some of those so-called "good" F.C. comics weren't so good either. I occasionally look at some of those Marvel comics, and I agree with you about the new super-hero type they have. But you may remember a character called "Captain Marvel", who was just as "Human" as these modern Marvel characters. On the other hand, one company has brought back an old friend, "The Shadow," only they have turned him into a costumed super-hero. This sure ruins him for all of his old fans. I had heard of the suits being instituted against Gold Star Books by the Burroughs Brigade, and they seem to be doing some good. Whereas they had published six books in about 3 or 4 months, I have only seen one more since then. I can't remember the title, the book itself is down under a pile of other more or less unreadable books. While we're on the subject of old series characters, I saw something that should make you shudder. The book is called "Frank Merriwell Returns", or some such nonsense, and is billed as a continuation of the series that starred that character who had such superior athletic powers that he was never beaten in any sport, and was such a super-boy-scout that it was almost sickening, Frank Merriwell. I bought this book to see what the new author had done to the character, and found only a pale shadow of the original, with all the fun of laughing at the hero gone. So much for "new" authors, for old series'. mdi))

GREGG WOLFORD, 9901 Joyrillo, Garden Grove, Calif, 92640

Somehow, I felt GAMMA 3 was a step down for the little mag--rather than up. For the most part it was very bad SF or some "literate" fantasy--but nothing of the quality of, say, the Ploch and Materson items in #2.

You know how to tell an LFBobster from a regular(if there is such a thing) fan? Just read his comments on a Werper book. You find the Gold Star books "stupid" and among the worst books you have ever read. Well, I haven't read any of Mr Werper's novels--but I DID read some of the Tarzan books, the Grade "A" things which you claim have been defiled...and I found them totally "stupid" and among the worst books I have ever read. ((GAMMA is supposed to be coming up bimonthly, but I haven't seen an issue for some time. Can anyone tell me where I can get it? In re the Tarzan books,

you have not read my statements accurately, and/or have misinterpreted them. I never claimed they were "Grade A" or said they had been "defiled". The Tarzan stories are typical adventure tales, set in Africa, which I find interesting and humorous to read because of the omnipresent chase, capture, escape, recapture, etc, etc, in the plots of the stories. Besides, if you haven't read the Gold Star Books, how can you compare them? I like Burroughs. I don't like Werper, mdi))

Well, SF is back on TV next year--with "My Mother, The Car" (no, not Carr--which would be about a descentent of G.M., but CAR, the gasoline-type), about a man whose mother dies and is alter reincarnated--as a car...and "Lost in Space", formerly titled "Space Family Robinson", which will also be useful in promoting extreme nausea among SFans. Funny, the only TV show I ever considered worth the air time--and it wasn't Twilight Zone, altho TZ was sometimes fairly good--was That Was The Week That Was. In their next-to-last show, the TW3-ers had some interesting comments (and a song) about the space race and that stuff. I'll miss TW3. Even the 27 shows I managed to tape are little consolation.

I will refrain from reading "Sorcerer Escapes" until both parts are here. The last time I read a serial it was in Chet Gottfried's Mirific--and the fink never completed it! Besides, I don't care tooo much for sword-and-swordery, anyhoo. Still, I'll read it when I get part 2, and then comment on it.((I don't know how you'll like it. In fact, I don't even know if I'll like it. Ben decided to revise it at the last minute, and I returned my copy to him. If he doesn't make my deadline, I'll use the old version. mi))

Well, Mark, I just noticed that you send out Zingaro to the N'APA wl, which is nice. I wrote Patten a li'l while back, and shortly I myself will be on that furshlugginer wl. So I hope to see a whole bunch more Zingarows. I also sent yecchworthy Fanctuary to you((I hate to do it, but I agree with your opinion of your own zine. mi)).

Quid Me Vexat

Gregg Wolford

ERIC BLAKE, PO Box 26, Jamaica 31, NY

I realize that this comment on the third issue of Zingaro is quite delayed((Not as much as this issue of Zingaro is. mi)), so please accept my apologies.

You still seem to be having technical problems with the duplication of Zingaro, and I found some of the pages difficult to read.((I know. I discovered that there seems to be a low spot on the drum, which causees some of the trouble, so I can't fix that unless I get a new drum. The rest is just due to you're getting pages near the end of a run.mi)

Your review of fanzines includes a number of interesting-sounding publications of which I had not heard. There seem to be a great number of Burroughs fanzines available. Could you tell me which two or three are most worth subscribing to?

While considering the fallibility of Burroughs heroes, Rich Brooks missed David Innes. Unlike John Carter, David Innes didn't always "take the last trick". I believe that at the end of one of the Pellucidar stories, Innes is left in jail and needs to be rescued in the next novel.

This may be why the Pellucidar stories seem to be less popular than Burroughs' other writings. Most readers wish their heroes to be heroic. Innes usually defeats his adversaries, but his works are not lasting, and too many "subsidiary" heroes such as Gridley and Von Horst are introduced. Carter cuts a much better figure as Warlord of Mars, than does Innes as Emperor of Pellucidar. Yours truly, Eric Blake
((I'm sorry that I can't help you very much. I haven't had much contact with the Burroughs fans since the time I almost joined the Burroughs Bibliophiles. Can any of my readers help both of us? John Carter didn't always take the last trick. At the end of "Gods of Mars," Dejah Thoris, along with Thuvia and Phaidor are trapped in the Temple of the Sun, in a room that can't be opened for a whole year. Naturally, they are all rescued in the next book, but not by John Carter. Well! By the way, while I write this, I am watching a gruesome epic on TV called "The Curse of the Faceless Man," about a 2,000 year old statue that comes to life and murders people. Typical grade Z stuff. mdi))

MEMO (Cont'd)

CHET GOTTFRIED, 1665 Johnson Ave., Elmont, NY, 11003.

I think Zingaro is a pretty good fmz, at any rate it was entertaining, and what more can you ask for?

I didn't particularly care for the cover, is it supposed to be male or female?((Why don't you ask the artist? MI)) How about a movement in which the cover of the fmz is related to the contents? That way there either will be more improved artists(?) or more irate authors and less artists.

I really enjoyed your editorial, and think it highlights the issue. You covered a lot of ground, but made sense in almost everything you mentioned. One thing about "The Sorcerer Escapes" now, without commenting directly on the story. I've noticed for some time now that the terms sorcerer, warlock and wizard have been interchanged by many authors. Being interested, I did a little research, and found out the following: The warlock is a servant of a devil, having little power of his own, almost always for evil. A sorcerer practices pure magic, with no help from demons, except those he has a bond on, and a wizard is an accomplished sorcerer. From the story, then, I would say both were warlocks. Not that I'm criticizing the story(not yet, anyway) I just thought I'd drop that in.

You covered a relatively large number of books, fairly recent too, considering what I've been subjected to recently. I agree with most of your reviews, except that of Russian SF. While it has been several months since I read it, I thought it was pretty good, taking into account that Russia hasn't the experience with SF that we have. To your complaint about Russian authors favoring communist philosophy, what do you expect them to do? Look at all the propaganda our own writers are turning out. How many stories have you read in SF mags about the short war which Russia quickly loses and the whole world becomes democratic and licks the nasty aliens? Also, in the group of stories, one was against communism. How many current SF authors wrote against democracy lately? I also disagree with the author's purpose whom you said used Leinster's "First Contact". To me, he appeared to be criticizing the story. "The father of modern rocketry" all depends on which side of the iron curtain you happen to be on, and which German scientists you got. Besides, who is winning the "Space Race?" By the way, while you here people complain of all the money the gov't is wasting on space, almost no one mentions how the gov't caused us to lose a two year jump on the Russians on account of tradition of the armed forces. I mentioned the above not because I'm pro-communist(anything but, the way the term is used these days), but because I didn't think you gave the book a fair break at all.

There could be some really good SF shorts on TV, if done correctly. You needn't have many special effects for certain short stories that could be done within a half hour show. All subjects have the same trouble with TV, look at the western, as a field that has lost almost all respect, even more so than SF.



MEFM(Cont'd)

I didn't particularly care for the first half of the serial "The Sorcerer Escapes," by Ben Solon. I've grown tired of the antagonist that threatens the entire world, and of finding the one person that might be able to end the reign of terror. B. Solon also seems to be borrowing from myths. The way the story was written was rough, going from one passage to another. I don't dislike amateur fiction, I like to see it in fmz, because to me it represents someone trying, even if it isn't any good. Besides, if a person keeps writing, sooner or later he has to improve. CHET

((You must remember that all authors borrow from each other, to some extent. There aren't that many original plot elements going around any more, after 2000 years or more of fiction writing. Naturally, you might expect a Russian author to favor communist philosophy, but that doesn't mean I have to like the stories they turn out. As you are no doubt aware, we are now winning the space race. I doubt if there will be any chance of getting fanzines in general to have covers related to the contents. Even prozines can't do it all the time, and they pay their cover artists. Why should a fan artist who gets paid only in egoboo attempt something a pro can't do? Besides, you leave open to question whether you want the artist to illustrate a particular single feature, or the type of contents the magazine has in general(((?))). In regard to your remark about the western having lost most of its respect in the TV field, let me remind you that BONANZA is quite far up on the list of the top 10 shows(last time I looked, it was #1). mdi))

CUYLER WARNELL BROOKS Jr, 911 Briarfield Rd, Newport News, Va, 23605

Your REG cover on ZINGARO #4 is quite good, tho the repro on my copy left somewhat to be desired. Like most of Gilberts illos, it's a little hard to decide what it's supposed to depict. Maybe the main figure is a female orc and the flying creature is a Nazgul. The man is either a statue, or his clothes are inside the building being pressed.

I haven't seen TIME TRAVELERS yet, some say it's good, some bad, guess I'll have to see for myself. I see every SF or horror film that comes around, I can't seem to help myself. I even went to see MY BLOOD RUNS COLD, though I should have known better, with Troy Donahue init. I thing you're wrong about SF fans being mostly teenagers((Where did I say that?)). I would guess that the average age at Disclave was well into the twenties, at least. I haven't read any of the books you review, and don't intend to, either. I don't see why all the fanzines even give Werper's trash the recognition of mentioning it. There are relatively good SF books being written, such as Janifer's YOU SANE MEN, Lieber's THE WANDERER, Pangborn's DAVY.((You have to remember that everyone doesn't see these things in the same light. Admittedly, the Werper books are trash, but everyone doesn't just ignore them. I, for one, mention how bad they are in my book column just to warn others not to read them. In addition, tastes differ. Those three books you mentioned, while you may have found some sterling qualities in them, I found interest only in the last one, and actually disliked the others. The quality of the writing is not the issue here, with me, because I was not in sympathy with the plot to the extent that I could understand what the author was trying to say. This, to my mind, is what makes a story good or bad. The audience must be able to understand the author, and if they can't, they can't enjoy the story. mdi))

Harper's "Frayed and Narrow" reaches the usual conclusion that good TV SF is unlikely, if not impossible, but I don't agree. I liked many of the old TWILIGHT ZONE shows, also THRILLER and WAY OUT had some good ones. Most of the OUTER LIMITS that I saw were pretty bad, but I didn't get to see the Fall-64 shows as I was at school. I've heard that some weregood.

The Ben Solon fiction is way above average for fanzine fiction. Almost as good as some of the stuff by Jakes that's coming out in FANTASTIC these days. I hope you continue to get it and run it to the end.((Latest word from TVland is that this fall, the local TV station, not to be confused with the 3 network stations, will be rerunning the old shows from the TWILIGHT ZONE and the OUTER LIMITS. This is in addition to all the new network fantasy & SF shows coming on the screen. Sounds like a busy season. mdi))

MFTM(Cont'd)

Hope you do better with the Midwestcon at a Holiday Inn than we did at Disclave with a Howard Johnson's. They closed the party at 1AM, and wouldn't allow any room parties. Still, I had a good time, got tapes of Chuck Rein and George Heap singing Green Hills of Earth, Elbereth Gilthoniel((Who's that?mi)), The Grand Canal, High Fly the Nazgul, and one Chuck just wrote, Oh The Planets We've Seen. Been trying to get Chuck to tape some without party noises, but he says it's hard to sing to a tape recorder.

Phil and I(Phil Harrell) meant to leave here about noon Friday and get to Disclave at the start, but it took much longer than we thought to put together his VENTURA II. We didn't leave until 11:30 Friday night, and got there about 4AM, to find everything shut down, which I thought very odd. Turns out it was the management's fault. But VENTURA II was a big hit the next day, at \$1. per. It has over 100 pp, mostly pro authors, an art folio, and a wraparound full-color cover by Tim Dumont. It took me 5 minutes to collate and staple one copy, after we had the system worked out. Phil and I working together could do it in 3 minutes. Best, NED

((My comments about the Midwestcon are otherwheres located in this issue. One of these days, I'm going to have to attend some of the other regional cons, but not right yet. When I threw my party, I managed to get about a half-hour of tape of miscellaneous songs, using the same machine that proved so refractory during the Midwestcon, but I haven't actually listened to them, and don't know what is really on the tape. Since most of our local group is not fannish enough to know many filk songs, most of the contents are probably folk songs, instead. As I've said, just wait til next year. mdi))

STEPHEN PATT, 6106 Westcliff Dr, Baltimore, MD, 21209.

Yours was the first fanzine in the stack of fanac I received bearing the title, "June N'A PA Mailing." I think I expected quite a lot from ZINGARO; more than I should've. However, I wasn't disappointed, tho I would've if almost any other fanzine had been first. The cover must've been gerat, originally, but I'd estimate it lost over 40% in highlights and detail thru reproduction. Oswald Elliff turned out to be a corresponding member of the Balto((?)) SF Society, so I wrote to him in March or so. He seemed interesting, and absolutely starved for SF material.((For those of you who didn't read last issue, Mr Elliff is a member of the La Plata SF Society, and his address is Calle 2 #270, La Plata (BA), ARGENTINA, as close as I can make it out. mdi))

I must agree with you as to "The Rest of the Robots" being the best buy yet. Taken separately, as Asimov's robotic stories had to be taken, that "sense of wonder" cropped up nicely; taken in a collection like this..!!

Why the devil Pyramid put out Galactic Patrol, then First Lensman, I'll never understand! I don't mean this a criticism, I'm referring to the order of publication, which seems thoroughly botched up. Then again, at least they were careful enough not to republish the Bobbaey twins by mistake((Maybe not, but another publisher is bringing back Frank Merriwell. mi))

I enjoyed Harper's "Frayed and Narrow" to the extent that I learned something from it, not often a case with fannish articles, in which one most often finds himself either laughing-over hysterically and profiting none, or forcing himself thru by sheer dint of beany-power in order to increase his fannish knowledge.((Whew!! mi)). A most scholarly, and well-thought-out report, David.

In The Growing Pile, you mention Steve Pickering, who I must question here and noe: Mr. Pickering, if you are a Hoax, then that explains your unnaturally verbose manner, and symbolological form of writing. I think that Asimov created you while resting in between "Science" articles.

I found "The Sorceror Escapes" a pleasant pieve; unusual in that connection between Erlik of the Black Throne and The Wizard of the Scarlet Mantle, which enhanced the interest be several degrees.((There seems to be a word or so missing here. mi))

Mark, I sincerely hope you made it to the Midwestcon, as your report on this would be the outstanding feature of ZINGARO((For my Midwestcon, see TES, but I'm afraid you will be disappointed, since the lack of formal program makes for rather dullish reports.mdi))

MFTM(Cont'd)

I think Nate and I have about the same problem, as we both live in primarily unfannish towns--matter of fact, the only fannish towns I know of are Sausalito and San Francisco. I carry around something like "The Planet Buyer," and all at once (a) some middle-aged stout fellow comes over and sneers in my face, "Oh, you read the monster junk." (b) a group of 5 year-olds led by an aged 6 year-old screech "BLEAH! I'M FRANK-ENSTEIN!", and the next-door neighbor makes circling motions around her head, and hides the hand pointing to me. I'm getting sick of it, but there's nothing I can do but take the disintegrator out of mathballs..... Sincerely, Stephen M Patt

((So you enjoyed the first chapter of "The Sorcerer Escapes, huh? I wonder what you think of the conclusion. Today is August 31, and I just got the revised copy of the story yesterday. With my deadline less than a week away, I was worried about not having it intime, but it did come. You may notice that there is a complete change of style in this part, which is to the improvement of the story, in some ways. Here in Chicago area, I have the same problems you do, except people are a bit more sophisticated, they substitute for "monster", "that crazy Buck Rogers". mdi))

% % % % % % % % % % % % % %

AHF

In addition to all those kind people who I have mentioned in this issue so far, in the long, long period since my last issue, I have also received some communication from the following people: Ruth Berman, Mathew Drahan, Mike McInerney, Stu Hoffman, Howard Devore, E E Smith, Bob Tucker, John Isaac, Alex Eisenstein, Lewis Grant, Martha Beck, Donald L Miller, Durk Pearson, Ed Wood, Fred Patten, Ted Johnstone, Art Hayes, Tom Dupree, Lee Jacobs, John Boardman, Charles Wells, Cindy Heap, Kris Carey, Paul Wyszowski, Stephen Barr, and, as usual, a few whose names I don't have on hand at the moment.

& & & & & & & & & & & &

THE LAST MINUTE, Sep 1, 1965

This has been a last-minute issue in more ways than one. I sent my movie review column out for printing and just got it back today. I am still not sure if I will get this issue done in time for the current mailing, but I will try.

I have been promising for some time to have a long article in ZINGARO, and had hoped to have it for this issue. Unfortunately, it just arrived yesterday, and there is not only no time to type it up, there is also no room in this issue, which I am limiting to 30 pages. So, starting in the next issue, there will be a very interesting (to me, at least) article on "The Case For Going to the Moon." But more about that next issue.

I was kind of disappointed when I finally got the conclusion of Doc Smith's new novel, "Skylark Duquesne," because, during the whole of the preceding chapters, he had brought in all sorts of characters, enough for several complete books, but most of them seemed wasted. Just as you get deep into the plot and all its sub-plots, Doc decides that the story is long enough, and winds the book up with a bong; the bang of an exploding universe. Don't get me wrong, I really liked the story, my only gripe is that it should have been twice as long, or maybe even three times as long. For a while, I had thought that Doc was slowing down, but with this latest Skylark, and the "Empire of Earth" story in IF, and "Subspace Explorers," his stories are better than ever.

You may have noticed that 3 pages of this issue were done with a different typer. I managed to use a little of my lunch hours, and did them on an electric typer at the office. I think that will be my next project, to get myself an electric typer.

This issue is rather poor in artwork, quantity-wise, that is. One reason is that I just didn't have the time to insert any into the latter pages. The main reason, of course, is the usual complaint of many fan editors, lack of material. My readers ask me "Why don't you have more fiction?" or "How about some interesting articles?", and so

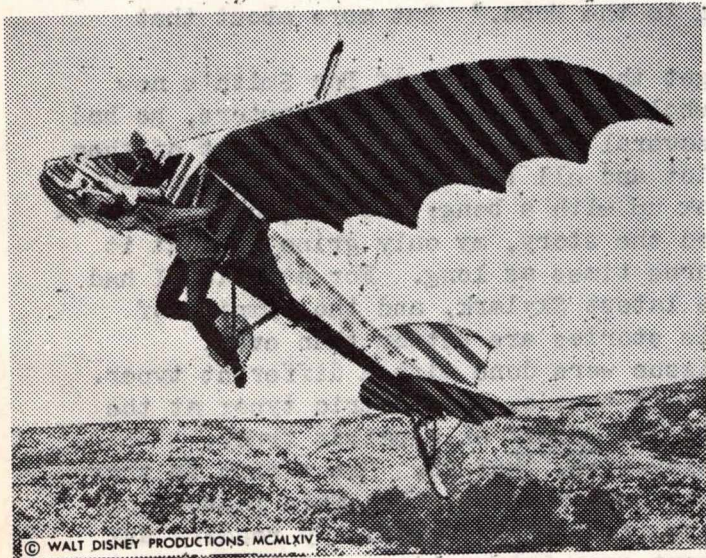
In "The Monkey's Uncle," Walt Disney has another Wild and wacky comedy in the same zany vein of "The Shaggy Dog," "The Absent-Minded Professor," "Son of Flubber," and its predecessor, "The Misadventures of Merlin Jones." All the ingredients of screwball screen entertainment, including an original story, a capable cast and painstaking production, are in the best tradition of Disney comedy.

The picture reteams two of the Burbank producer's most talented and popular stars, Tommy Kirk and Annette--Tommy as the mixed up, mental marvel of Midvale College, Merlin Jones, and Annette as his beauteous sweetheart, Jennifer. In the picture, Jones is pressured into saving the football team. First, he invents a new method of sleep-teaching, then tries his best to unravel the mystery of man-powered flight. Both have hilarious results.

Walt also signed a solid supporting cast for the wacky comedy. Leon Ames repeats his role of a hard-pressed judge who lets nothing short of football, stand in the way of justice. Arthur O'Connell shows his funny side as an addle-pated New Englander with an extravagant bent. Leon Tyler and Norman Grabowski play muscle-headed boobs who serve as guinea pigs for Jones' crazy experiments, and last, but not least, a chimp named Judy steals scenes like a veteran.

In color by Technicolor, "The Monkey's Uncle" was directed by Robert Stevenson. Ron Miller co-produced the Buena Vista release with Walt Disney.

TAKE-OFF into the way-out blue yonder is accomplished with a flying contraption that could only happen in a Walt Disney comedy.



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© MCMLXIV WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

LANDING, in a hog wallow, brings to an end one of man's most glorious (and hilarious) experiments in flight. The scene is from Walt Disney's Technicolor feature, "The Monkey's Uncle," starring Annette, Tommy Kirk, Leon Ames and Cheryl Miller.



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LULLABY LEARNING — Merlin Jones, the campus kook, tries to inject information electronically into the sleeping minds of football players

The Silver Screen(Cont'd)

Tomb of Ligea--Produced by American-International, starring Vincent Price, Elizabeth Shepherd and John Westbrook. Produced and Directed by Roger Corman.

Edgar Allen Poe's dead walk again, courtesy of Roger Corman, Vincent Price and A-I. This tale of the macabre features Mr Price as an archaeologist, of sorts, whose wife had died, after promising to return to him soon. When he meets and marries a charming young woman, she is soon terrified half out of her wits by various things that happen to her. Mr Corman makes effective use of the terror that can be evoked by the sheer surprise of a commonplace thing occurring with no warning, at a time when the suspense has been previously built up. This movie is also referred to as "The Tomb of the Cat," for obvious reasons. This film is excellent in some respects, but it would be nice if the director were a little better.

HERCULES AGAINST THE MOON MEN--Governor Films, starring Alan Steel, Jany Clair, Anna Maria Polari. Produced by Luigi Mondello.

This is another of the flood of incredibly cheaply produced Italian costume epics which are flooding our neighborhood movie screens, and the living-room Cyclops. They are beginning to reach pretty deep for plots, and any day now I have been expecting something like "The Son of Hercules Goes to Mars," but this will do until it comes along. In this "monster," the evil Queen of Samar is sacrificing men, women and children to the creatures which came to Earth in a giant meteor, and are hiding in a nearby mountain (isn't there always one handy?) until they can get enough energy stored up to revive their dead Queen, who will then proceed to call down the moon to destroy all life on Earth. As expected, our Hero manages to foul up their plans quite thoroughly. As expected, garbage.

SHE--Released by MGM, stars Ursula Anders, and Peter Cushing.

This adaptation of the book by H Rider Haggard is fascinating, to someone who has read and enjoyed the book. Unfortunately, I only read the book, and did not like it, particularly.

I am sorry that I haven't any more movies to report on, but during the last few months I was very few shows, and in fact, these are about the only ones I saw at all. My TV column has nothing to report this time, since the new shows aren't out yet. I've been getting the chance to see all the episodes of BEWITCHED during the summer that I missed during the year because of school. The screen should be quite crowded this fall, what with Bewitched, MY FAVORITE MARTIAN, MY MOTHER, THE CAR, LOST IN SPACE, I DREAM OF JEANNIE, and probably a few others. Our local station is going to show reruns of the hour long TWILIGHT ZONE and OUTER LIMITS shows, plus all the childrens shows that are SF oriented, all the Chicago fans should be quite happy with the TV season this year. Next issue, I will report on the new season, and how it really looks, after I have seen all the new shows.

on. I try, and I've found material in some places which are different, to say the least. But the main source is always the readers.

In order to forstall any comments about poor reproduction on the front cover, I would like to state that I am aware of this, and there is nothing I can do about it, because it was stenciled too lightly by the artist.

This issue of ZINGARO brings to a close 3 years of my publishing fanzines, and I am happy to say that I have enjoyed every minute of the time spent on them. UNIT ORDERS and INTERIM are done with (although I still have a few copies available). ZINGARO will continue to be published, but on an irregular basis, especially since I hope to take 5 or 6 hours in night school this semester. I'll know more about that next week, when I register for the Fall term at IIT.

Just recently, I finished a small project, and I would like to announce that I am interested in joining a game of postal Diplomacy. I have heard that the game is quite interesting, but have had no opportunity of playing, since not only does nobody around here have the game, they don't even carry it in local stores. I finally wound up making a set for myself.

I discovered that the performance of Golbert & Sullivan's "Utopia Limited", which I mentioned earlier as having taped, is also available on records, supposedly in a version with complete dialogue, but my trust in the words of the personnel at the local station has been sadly strained, and I will check further on this. I think I had better close now. Besides running out of stencil, time is also running out. I have to finish running off 5 more pages, then collate and package the N'APA quota of ZINGARO tonight, so I can mail it tomorrow. Who knows, it may even get there in time.

ZINGARO #5

FROM: MARK IRWIN
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