

# ZINGARO



# ZINGARO

# 3

Yes, you may believe your eyes. This amalgam is really and truly ZINGARO #3, otherwise known as Merlin Publication #8. ZINGARO is a periodical publication, which appears approximately every 3 months. This particular issue is being published for N'APA mag #23, although it may be postmailed to that mag if I get it lost in the Christmas rush. In addition, ZINGARO is sent to all those lucky people who belong to FAPA or are on the FAPA waiting list, or who send me LoCs, contributions of artwork, articles, poems, stories, or anything printable (this, naturally, is the most desired form of payment for ZINGARO, since I suffer from the chronic complaint of most fans, lack of material), or trades (which are also very welcome, and may even get reviewed). Those who decline the above methods of getting ZINGARO may also receive it if they cross my palms with silver, at the rate of 25¢ or 5/\$1. Back issues are available, for those who desire.

Due to various unforeseen circumstances (I was feeling too lazy), this issue does not contain the Con report I promised last time. I do have a list of available slides from the Costume Ball, and other assorted goodies as follows:

## PG

2	The Editor Speaks		
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## Artwork

Cover	Gilbert
p 5, 6	Dian Pelz
p 11, 15	Wellman
p 16	Gilbert

For those who are disappointed by the paucity of outside contributions, or the quality of the material which is contributed, I would like to remind you that (a) This is the best material I have, (b) I like it, or I wouldn't have published it (unless I have other reasons for publications), and (c) you are entirely welcome to contribute something better.



# THE EDITOR SPEAKS

BY

Mark Irwin

Saludos, amigos! Welcome to ZINGARO #3. Issue #2 is barely distributed (in fact, some of my more remote readers probably haven't gotten their issues yet, and I still haven't finished mailing out all the copies yet), and here I am already hard at work. Actually, #2 was very late, due to the Worldcon, and I had doubts that I could get another issue on time for the December N'APA mtg. Although I will not necessarily get this one done in time, it will be postmailed, so this is going to all members of N'APA.

This has been a hectic month of November. In fact, it is just about the fullest month I have ever had. In 3 short weeks, I have made my final escape from active duty with the US Armed Forces, completely wrecked my car, bought a new one (with my father's kind loan of the necessary), and gotten a job. Quite a load, huh? Fannishly, my life has been much less active. Besides receiving the usual quota of mail, and typing a few stencils for this zine, nothing. Tomorrow (Nov 21), I plan to attend a meeting of the big Chicago fan group, which meets at George Price's house. We shall see what happens there.

I just received my copy of the Discon Convention Annual, and was pleased to discover that I managed to get into at least 3 pictures, even though my appearance in costume in picture #265 went unheralded by whoever made up the list. On the other hand, I had to look hard to find myself in the two places where it was mentioned, since I really don't seem to look anything like my picture, at least in my own eyes. Also, I just found the B&W pictures I took at Discon, and, although only 8 of them came out, they are all perfect. They are all from the costume ball, except one which was, it seems, was deliberately aimed at someone's foot. These were much better than the ones from Pacificon, possibly because the latter were taken at greater distances. I took 3 different cameras to Pacificon, used up about 9 rolls of 127 and 35mm film, and wound up with about 110 slides and 14 B&W photos. At one time I had hopes of selling duplicate slides for the sum of 50¢, but since I just finished cataloging them, I may be a bit late. However, if anyone is interested, I will publish herein a list of all slides available, with title, name of person involved, or if unknown, description of costume, or of other activities. Most of them are of the Ball, in this group. As far as the Worldcon itself is concerned, I came, I saw, I went, to paraphrase a well-aged author.

This issue is somewhat of a disappointment to me. I had planned to write a long article on the fallacies involved in prognostication, but when I looked back at the angle I had planned on approaching it from, I found insufficient material to prove my point. So this issue is without any feature at all. I seem to be lacking in material again. Although artwork is no problem for this issue, I have nothing at all in the way of articles, stories or other features for this or next issue. Part of the problem, I'm sure, is that I am so slow at answering letters, and in writing them in the first place. So I have to make my appeals through this medium instead. I would indeed appreciate anything that is sent to me. Besides artwork, I need short stories of a suitable length (1-4 pages), articles on diverse subjects, poems, or anything of an SF-oriented nature.

Looking over the pages I have done so far, I noticed something interesting. In order to catch up with the stacks of books that have piled up since last May, I have 4 pages of book reviews. Most of the books, counting those I have not reviewed, seem to be somewhat insipid in nature. It is quite possible that I am outgrowing my taste

for SF. I hope not, though.

This may be a bit out of place, but I would like to mention another new book which I just got. It is called "Tarzan and the Silver Globe, published by Gold Star Books, and sells for 40¢ for 126 pp. The publishers herald it as the "First in the New Tarzan Series by Barton Werper." Any of the Burroughs fans who have read "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar" will probably remember that one of the antagonists was named "Albert Werper," so this is an appropriate pen-name. Unfortunately, this book bears little resemblance to any of the previous Tarzan books, retaining only the name and the background setting. He tries to bring in an interplanetary theme by having a spaceship land in the jungle, and making the high-priestess of Opar into a Venusian. It doesn't work. I would appreciate it if all the Burroughs fans in my audience would do me two favors. First, don't read this book. Second, write a letter to whoever controls the rights to the Burroughs stories and suggest that they sue. The original Tarzan stories weren't too bad, but these (if future stories in this series are as bad as the first one) will completely ruin the market for Tarzan stories.

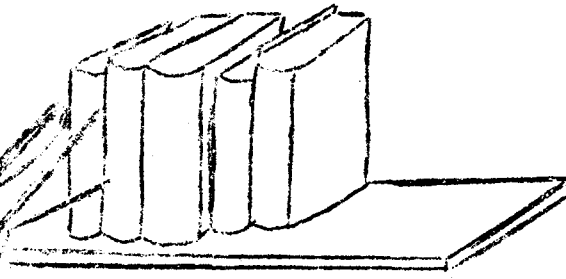
I have decided to take on a new spare-time activity. Lately, I have heard quite a bit about the problems that various fans have with getting their zines mimeographed, so I am hereby starting to have a mimeo service, to solve those problems. All you have to do is send me the stencils, and I will run them off on 20lb 8 1/2 x 11 mimeo paper, like I do my own zine. The fee will be 1 1/4¢/sheet (i.e., 100 cys of a 4 pg zine will be a cost of \$5.). For an additional 1¢/sheet, I will collate, staple, fold, and mail, if you supply the addresses. Otherwise, fees will include only postage to send finished sheets to you. Any finished zines mailed by me will be folded in half and stapled, like ZINGARO, unless other arrangements are made. If further information is desired, all you have to do is write to me.

So much for the commercial. I really hate to sound a bit mercenary, but I'm not the only one. I was planning to start having Redd Boggs mimeo my zine, until I was lucky enough to find a used electric mimeo.

Some time ago, I published a column by E E Evers. This issue, I have another, which airs some thoughts of his on the subject of joining the Army. Possibly it should be sub-titled "Caught In the Draft." He says he won't do any more than they can force him to do, but that covers quite a bit of territory. I just got out, and I've found that they can make it so unpleasant for you that you will do anything they ask, if it is at all within your powers. About the only way to get out of service is to be so stupid that you can't count to ten, and I'm not so sure that the requirements are as high as that, after some of the people I came in contact with. It seems as if 85% of the intelligence in the whole Army is concentrated in some of the commissioned officers; the rest is spread mighty thin. Since about 8 or 9 copies of this issue are going to people in the service, I will not say anything more. I don't want to disillusion any of the people I was in contact with while in the Army as to what I think of them. One thing, for anyone thinking of going in the service. Don't hope to get anywhere by merit alone. I was told that I had the highest IQ in our whole Brigade, but I was shuffled from post to post in the Chicago area, and spent my whole 3 years behind a typewriter, and wound up as an E3, while others with half as much time in service were promoted to E4 or E5. If this is the way they reward patriotism in this country for those who enlist in the service, how much worse can it get for those who are forced to serve? Oh sure, I joined only after I was called for the draft, but it was right in the middle of a school term when they called me. I thought I could sign up for a job in an area where my talents would be useful, but as soon as they found I could type, they made a clerk of me. A trained ape could do most of the jobs in a peacetime army, but they want men to do them. They should hire Johnson's "Idiot Squad" to do the menial jobs, and let the rest of the men fight. I'm sorry if I went a bit overboard here, but just thinking about the situation burns me up. I hope not to have much more of this nature in future issues of ZINGARO, since it is now about as distasteful to me as to you.

MARK IRWIN, Editor, Publisher  
& Chief Typist

# The Book Shelf



THE OFFENSE OF A ROOM--Ray Piner, Avon 81220, 1964, 50¢, 190 pp.

This is a long-delayed review of the second story about that cute, cuddly creature, Little Fuzzy. This book brings up the problems of what to do with the Fuzzies, and what happens when some criminals try to exploit them. While it is a long way from being bad SF, being part of a series leaves you with a feeling of incompleteness when you have finished the book. I have heard there will be at least one more Fuzzy book. I am interested to see what it is like. Meanwhile, I recommend this one to you.

JOY IN SPACE--Avram Davidson, Pyramid R-1069, 1964, 50¢, 159 pp.

This story was published in the Aug 64 issue of Worlds of Tomorrow, under the title "Valentine's Planet. Contrary to any other information contained in the book version, this edition is not a great deal different than the other version. In fact, I could detect no difference whatsoever. Although this story is much above the level of stories in say, ESF, and I enjoyed reading it, it doesn't seem half as good after I take a second look at it. Read the original version, and save money.

PEOPLE OF THE TALISMAN\*\*THE SECRET OF SIKARAH--Leigh Brackett, Ace 1101, 1964, 5¢, 128\* 95 pp.

All the sword-swinging readers of WMA should like these two stories of Martian adventure. Why bother telling the story, they are all about the same, and I still like to read them. They release all the tension built up inside one.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE EARTH--Alfred Bester, Signet D2474, 1964, 50¢, 160 pp.

7 short stories, 5 of them reprinted from leg of ESF, make this book an excellent example of the quality of Mr Bester's writing talent. Well-worth reading.

THE BILLING BROTHERS--Jack Vance, Berkley F1003, 1964, 50¢, 158 pp.

This sequel to "The Star King" continues the adventures of Kirth Gersen in his search for revenge, in the form of the death of the five 'Demon Princes' who had led the pirate attack that had killed his parents. Although there are probably many people who like Jack Vance, I feel a taste of intense dislike when I read one of his stories. This one is no different than the rest, especially since it is a sequel.

THE GEE BEE 1357--George F Smith, Monarch 164, 1964, 40¢, 128 pp.

Typical mad-scientist story. This time, he refuses to see the flaws in an atomic power plant, which proceeds to blow up, and blames his assistant, who is thereby discredited. Then a larger power plant explodes, driving the planet Mars, like a huge bullet, directly at Earth. Naturally, our hero is the only one who knows how to save the Earth, but his mad brother refuses to let him into the power plant to correct the dangerous fault which makes it inoperative. Guess how it all ends.





**A CENTURY OF GREAT SHORT SF NOVELS**—ed by Damon Knight, Delacorte, 1964, \$4.95, 379p.

This book contains 6 short novels. Two of them are classics, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" and "The Invisible Man". In addition, we also have Copek's "The Absolute at Large" (A story about a machine that, as a by-product of producing power, manufactures God), Robert Heinlein's superman story "Gulf", T. L. Sherred's "E for Effort," and one other, of little consequence to me. Aside from a slight dating of the first 3 stories, this is a worthwhile collection to read, even though the style is not that of contemporary SF writers.

**TRAIKER TO THE STARS**—Anderson, Doubleday, 1964, \$3.50, 176 pp.

The story of Nicholas Van Rijn, interstellar traiker of the 21st(?) Century, has been told in the pages of *Astounding* and *Analog*, and here, 3 of the stories are put together in one book. It's amazing how they managed to select what I consider the worst of the series for inclusion in this book. Although I wasn't impressed with this book, I had found some of the other parts of this series (notably "A Bicycle Built for Brew") to be quite good, and was disappointed. This book is still worth reading, but not worth buying.

**GREYBEARD**—Brian W Aldiss, Harcourt, Brace & World Inc, 1964, \$4.50, 245 pp.

The jacket blurb calls this one "SF with a difference." This is true! Very

few books use this type plot, I haven't read one since "On the Beach." When the story opens, the human race, having been rendered sterile (along with most of the animals) by a "cosmic accident" which occurred 48 years previously, is about to die off (sob, sob), and the average age is about 70. The main characters, a couple of 54 year old busy-bodies, get restless after 11 years in the same decaying community, and start wandering down the Thames, reminiscing as they go. To nobody's great surprise, in the final pages they discover that the "gnomes" that have been reported seen throughout the book are actually young children who have somehow had the intelligence to disguise themselves as animal-like creatures and live a forest existence to prevent the curious and jealous oldsters from destroying them. The book jacket blurb also says this book is "distinguished by excellence of style and poetic intensity of vision." If this is what those qualities are like, then they are qualities that SF doesn't need, nor does any good literature, since I, for one, consider this book to be trash.

**TRANSIT**—Edmund Cooper, Lancer 72-758, 1964, 50¢, 154 pp.

A group of people are mysteriously transported to an uninhabited planet and told to survive, if they can. Familiar plot, but well-done in this case.

## The Book Shelf (Cont'd)

**EXILE FROM XANADU**(Ian Wright)\*\***THE GOLDEN PEOPLE**(Fred Saberhagen, Ace M103, 1964, 45¢, 137&118 pp.

The first of these stories is a recent reprint from *New Worlds*. Mistaken identity, a secret war, killing for, and some mysterious people make for a story that chases around the galaxy and eventually our here accomplishes something, for a change. It seems much better than it did when I originally read it as a serial, probably because I can now read it all in one piece. The fact that Mr Saberhagen has undoubtedly read *"Night Keys to Eden"* does not prevent this story of his from being worth reading. Artificially produced mutants are nothing new. The combination of ideas used produce an interesting whole.

**THE WANTING SEED**—Anthony Burgess, Ballantine(U5030), 1964, 50¢, 225 pp.

This novel by the author of *"A Clockwork Orange"* combines overpopulation, homosexuality, cannibalism, & war that isn't really, and the cyclical nature of society to produce a story that, while not quite suitable for a few of the younger readers, is still interesting, and not wholly impossible. It does have a few good parts, but I do not entirely recommend it.

**THE TIME TWOSTERS**—J Hunter Holly, Avon G1231, 50¢, 1964, 160 pp.

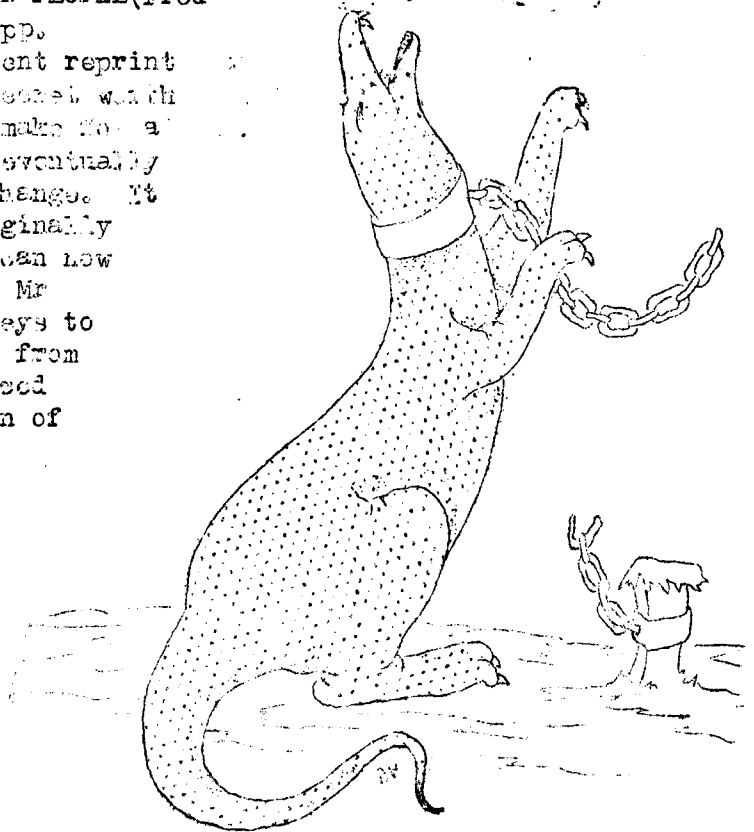
*Shades of the Pied Piper*. Mysterious forces are causing children to disappear. It turns out that in some future time, aliens have invaded Earth, and demand all of the few remaining children as a ransom. Since the inhabitants of that future don't want to lose their children, they slip back into the past to try and kidnap an equal number. The author neglects to point out how they expect to get away with removing their own ancestors before they have grown up, and still exist. This ruins what may have become an interesting story. Too bad. This has the typical Holly quality.

**JUDGEMENT ON JANUS**—Andre Norton, Ace F-308, 1964, 40¢, 190pp.

This is another story of a man escapes from the Dipple of planet Korwar, a man who escapes from the slums of his world, only to become a slave laborer on the far world of Janus. When he finds a forbidden treasure, he is transformed into Ayyar of Iftcan, by the magic of a long-dead race. In the company of others who have also been transformed, he fights both the humans and the remnants of the ancient evil powers of destruction. Andre Norton has as usual shown the excellent grasp of the ability to depict people and places that make them come alive. I am sure that the sword-and-sorcery fans will enjoy reading this book as much as I did.

**EARTH'S LAST CITADEL**—Henry Kuttner & C L Moore, Ace F-306, 1964 (1943), 40¢, 128pp.

This is one of those adult stories(Adult meaning, in this case, that it's old enough to vote) that get resurrected as a so-called "classic". 4 oddly-assorted people are investigating a crashed spaceship, and they are swept a billion years into the future, where they find the remnants of humanity fighting a losing battle against the



### The Book Shelf (Cont'd)

mutant creations of a race of monsters that live on life-energy, and have almost destroyed the human race. Naturally, they are successful in their struggle.

THE LAD AND THE LION—Burroughs, Ballantine U2048, 1964(1917), 50¢, 192 pp.

This story is a combination of Graustarkian adventure and Tarzan, in which the young deposed king of a small European nation is shipwrecked and grows up in the company of a lion. Because of its great similarity, anyone who likes the Tarzan tales will like this one too, and the reverse is also true.

THE WAR CHIEF, APACHE DEVIL—Burroughs, Ballantine U2045, U2046, 1964, 50¢ ea, 190, 192p

These two books tell the story of Shoz Dijik, the Black Bear, a white boy who is the adopted son of Geronimo. Being raised by the Apaches, and unaware of his true background, he naturally has an intense hatred of the whites, and this, together with their hatred of him, as a savage Indian, provides the conflict in these books. This pair is interesting only because it features an "Indian" as the hero for a change.

THE MAN OF BRONZE; THE THOUSAND-HEADED MAN, METEOR MENACE—Kenneth Robeson, Bantam, E2853, E2854, E2855, 1964(1933), 45¢, 135, 150, 140 pp.

About 30 years ago, Kenneth Robeson started writing the fabulous adventures of Doc Savage. Doc and his five friends, Monk, the chemist; Perry, the engineer; Long Tom, the electrical wizard; Johnny, the geologist and archaeologist; and Ham, the lawyer. Doc himself was a combination, greater than any of his friends was, each in his own field. The "Doc Savage" stories were full of adventure in strange and wonderful places. Unusual villains and settings provided the interest in the series. They were not, to my knowledge, at all interplanetary, and even so, they should be of some interest to the SF fan. From the format of these 3 books, it seems as if Bantam is planning to reprint the whole series of stories, like has been done with the Burroughs books.

THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH—Philip K. Dick, Belmont 92-603, 1964, 50¢, 174 pp.

After the atomic war, humanity is living underground in huge tank cities, to get away from the radioactive surface. Only it seems this isn't the whole story. The tankers are busy manufacturing weapons with which to continue the fight which is still going on on the surface, and this takes up a large portion of their time and effort. What they don't know, because it is carefully concealed from them, is that except for some few "hot" spots, the earth is free of radioactivity, because the war has been over with for quite a few years. The remainder of the human race, supposedly undergoing great sacrifice by staying and fighting the war on the surface, are actually living in luxury on the items produced by their less fortunate relatives downstairs. The robot soldiers produced are converted into personal servants. Naturally, there is a whole industry built up around the necessity to provide "news items" which help to convince the tankers that the war is still going on. Naturally, the whole situation is eventually resolved, but it takes too long. In this day of managed-news, this story is not at all too far-fetched, and possibly it provides a look into the near future. I hope not.

WARRIOR OF LLARN—Gardner F Fox, Ace F-307, 1964, 160 pp.

And yet another tale of Sword-and-Sorcery (in the form of teleportation and other psionic tricks) makes it's bow. Alan Morgan is teleported to a planet near Canopus, by a strange creature who he has known all his life only as a mysterious voice, to perform an as yet unknown task for the creature. Naturally, he is proficient enough with a sword to overcome all obstacles in his path, a la John Carter. Anyone who has read the Carter stories can take it from there. This story, though, is better than any of the Burroughs' Mars books, and much less dated.



# Notebook

## Gettings

I'm completely opposed to the whole idea of a draft: any time someone has to serve against his will in anything for any reason, that's involuntary servitude, which is better known as slavery. No matter what or how idealistic reasons are given, no matter how many words of nicely-turned-out propoganda are used to disguise the real nature of the draft, it's still slavery.

You might say that "slavery" is a loaded term, but it's not really: the soldier is held in bonds of servitude exactly the same as a well treated slave (and most slaves contrary to the philosophy of Uncle Tom's Cabin have been well treated - they have to be if you want to get any work out of them). And if his service is involuntary, he is truly a slave by the accepted definition. (Note: most people think of slavery as involving ownership. It doesn't necessarily - involuntary service is the usual definition.) In reality, describing the draft as "a sacred (or patriotic) duty to one's country" is a much more loaded term. It was originally thought up by highly-paid advertising men hired by the government during the WWI draft to popularize the draft-concept through propoganda. And the same idea of a slave's "sacred duty" to his master was used to pacify slaves (and masters and the general public) as long ago as Greek times.

You may argue that a citizen does have a duty to defend his country, and then stretch that idea to include serving in a peacetime army. I won't argue with you. I'm not opposed to military service, when necessary, and if I thought I was needed, I would serve. It's the idea of someone forcing me to serve that I don't like. If there was a war, I would enlist. As far as peacetime service, I consider that more of a business set-up than a military one, as what they're actually building up is a core army composed for the most part of professionals. And as long as they're operating under this theory, they should do what any other business does when faced with a labor shortage, namely raise wages and benefits till the shortage disappears. That would be the capitalistic way to do things. They also should have the services arranged so you can quit if you want to, just as in Starship Troopers. Heinlein's novel has been attacked as militaristic and undemocratic, but his system is much less so than our present one.

So you can see I oppose the draft pretty thoroughly. But I'm still going in, though I doubt the army will want to put up with me for the whole two years, as I'm going in with a completely negative attitude, and am not going to do any more for them than they can force me to do. I could have elected to go to jail instead, but don't see much sense to it - if things get bad enough and I'm forced to do things I simply won't do, I can always hold a lay-down strike or something and get sent to jail (at the worst, more likely, simply booted out of the service) later. A lot of my friends, most of them fans, have gotten out of service on one phony grounds or another, but I didn't try to misrepresent myself. For one thing, I thought the truth would be sufficient to disqualify me. It wasn't, at least not so far, and I wouldn't really know where to begin to use phony means to get myself out. So I'm going to use a ploy I don't think has been often used: I'm going to go right through telling the full truth about my faults, and as little as possible about my good points. Not mis-representing anything, mind you, just not volunteering any more information than necessary.

E E Evers

PACIFICON II - Color Slides

- 1 Bonaforte(unknown)
- 2a Girl in pink (Sylvia Dees?)  
b Girl in black (unknown)
- 3 Same as 2b
- 4 Girl in black
- 5 Bonaforte (unknown)
- 6 Man in black--Dirk Pearson
- 7 The Stopas (Unknown)
- 8 Man with "A" on forehead(Android)  
Fred Lerner
- 9 ?Tafford (unknown)
- 10 Fan & Women--Paul & Ellie Turner\*
- 11 Ellie Turner(from Circus of Dr Iao)
- 12 Girl in black(same as 2b)
- 13 ?
- 14 Girl in dark blue(unknown)
- 15 Man, blue robe/w orange trim, dagger  
Ted Johnstone?
- 16 Tandelayo (unknown)
- 17 Merlin--Blake Maxam\*
- 19a Capt America --Don Glut\*  
b Man in brown cloak, red mask
- 19 Merlin--Blake Maxam\*
- 20 Ruth Berman
- 22 Star Surgeon (unknown)
- 23 Thuvia of Mars--Dian Pelz\* (!)
- 24 Robot (unknown)
- 25a Robot  
b Man in blue(Space patrolman?)(Unknown)
- 26a Robot, b. Ruth Berman c. Paul Turner
- 27a Sir Kenneth Malone(unknown)  
b Space Viking--Alex Eisenstein
- 28 Girl in green(unknown)
- 29 Bonaforte
- 30 Lord of Nazguls  
b Girl in black
- 31a "The Body"--Jodi Lynn  
b Dirk Pearson
- 32 Jodi Lynn
- 33a " " b. Man in white(unknown)
- 34 " " " " " (gladiator?)
- 35 " " b. The Stopas\*
- 36a " " b. Forry Ackerman (!)
- 37 The Mummy (unknown) ((dark))
- 38a Jodi Lynn b. Sir Kenneth Malone
- 39 Girl in white w/blue cloak(unknown)
- 40a The Stopas\*, b. Earl Kemp\*
- 42a Jodi Lynn, b. Robot c. Capt America
- 43, 44 Costume Judges
- 45 Girl in red (unknown)
- 46, 47 Jodi Lynn(on stage)
- 48 Lord of Nazguls
- 49 Nicholas van Rijn--Len Zeitell(onstage)
- 50 Merlin--Blake Maxam\* (!)
- 52 Paul & Ellie Turner(onstage)\*
- 53 The Stopas(onstage)\*
- 54, 55 Same as 2a, (onstage)
- 56 Merlin--Blake Maxam(onstage)\* (!)
- 58 Earl Kemp, Al Hakevy (onstage)
- 59 Woman in green(Karen Anderson?) onstage
- 60 same as 25b, onstage
- 61 Nicholas van Rijn--Len Zeitell(onstage)
- 62 Judges
- 63a John Stopa(onstage) b. ?
- 64 Pecos Kid(unknown)
- 65 Paul & Ellie Turner (onstage))\*
- 66 Capt America--Len Glut (onstage)\*
- 67 Thuvia of Mars--Dian Pelz(onstage)\*
- 68 Ambassador from Outer Space--Earl Kemp\*
- 69a The Stopas b. Merlin (onstage) \* \*
- 70a The Stopas b. Merlin c. Earl Kemp  
d. Indian chief(real, this one)
- 71a Thuvia b. The Stopas c. Earl Kemp  
d. Capt America\*\*
- 72 Thuvia--Dian Pelz\*
- 73 Filksong group, George Heap conducting
- 74 Winebibbers
- 75 Typical fan-type party
- 76 More filksingers (dark)
- 77-80 Indians and more indians, even a few attempting a war-dance.

I'm sorry I can't identify the pictures any closer. I have put names or titles where known. If you like you can take pot-luck with the ambiguous descriptions(like #14).

All slides are 35mm, and available for 50¢(3/1.35). I would appreciate any identifications made of unknown costumes or people wearing them. I also have available a selection of slides from all conventions since Discon, mainly Costume Ball shots, but including some pictures of banquets and asstd. meetings. Note: All sales CBD (Cash Before Delivery).

M IRWIN  
The Friendly Photographer

Note: All costumes marked with \* were prize winners.

# THE GROWING PILE

1. AMRA #22, June 1964--Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Va, 22307. Aside from a few book reviews, this issue contains a few poems, and an article by George Earley, "Conan's Monster Rally." This is the first issue of AMRA that I can remember that I have not thoroughly enjoyed. Somehow, with the departure of George Scithers for elsewhere, the quality has gone with him. Maybe future issues will be better. AMRA has for some time been the best fanzine in the sword-and-sorcery field, and I would like to see it continue to be so, in the future.
2. THE PULP ERA, #61, July 1964--Lynn A Hickman, 706 Scott St, Napoleon, Ohio. Published irregularly, TPE is available for 35¢, 5/\$1.50, or 10/\$2.75. Lynn is continuing the numbering system from his earlier zine. TPE is devoted to just that, the good old days of Weird Tales, The Shadow, and all those old, large sized zines with the nice thick paper and the low, low prices. This issue contains a short article by John Phillifent, a column by Terry Jeeves, and a long article on "The Shadow" magazine, by Dean Grennell. There is also some excellent artwork. This is not a typical fanzine. The subject has been explored piecemeal in various articles, but never in a zine devoted entirely to the subject. This is a good chance for all the neos to find out what they missed by not being around 20 years ago. Interesting, to say the least.
3. ASTRON #1, Aug 64--Bob Davenport, 5433 Mountain View Dr., Las Vegas, Nev. Co-editors of this zine are Dwain Kaiser and Jess Gunderson. Available at irregular intervals for 15¢, LoC, trade, or contrib. In it's 13 pages, this issue contains 4 short stories, 2 editorials, and a fanzine review column (by Dwain Kaiser). This zine has possibilities. I'd like to see how much better the next issue is. Try it yourself.
4. SATURA #9, July 1964--John Foyster, PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, AUSTRALIA. Published monthly, SATURA is available for trade or comment. Aside from "Letters in Exile", by #370, this is a letterzine, but it is the only one with a space designated as a letter column. I can't figure out how John separates the letters that go in his letter column from the ones that are in the rest of the zine. Sounds silly, doesn't it? The letters are interesting, though, and as a bonus, you get a picture of John on the cover.
5. INTROSPECTION #9--Mike Domina, 11044 S, Tripp Ave, Oak Lawn, Ill., 60453. Published irregularly, available for 20¢ (3/50¢), contribs, LoC's, or trades. This example of purple prose is well-reproduced, and the offset cover is excellent. An editorial, and article on the Hugo situation by Les Sample, a column by Ed Gorman, a lettercol, and finally, an article by Harlan Ellison, which is the only part I dislike but on the other hand, Harlan and I mutually detest each other, I think. Very good.



The Growing Pile (Cont'd)

6. DOUBLE-BILL V 2 #4, Acc 54--Bill Mullardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio, 44313. Co-editor, Bill Bowers, published irregularly. D-B is available for trade, contribs or printed LOC's, or 25¢(3/4). Starting off with a great cover by Joni Stopa, this continues with an epilogue to the JB Symposium, by Lloyd Biggie, an article on the future of clothes, by Lewis Grant, the funniest parody of Tarzan I ever saw, by Terry Jeeves, an article on fan-art, by Joni Stopa (Contrary to what she says, any filler illos I receive will eventually be used, and will be acknowledged by a copy of the issue of my zine they appear in. I don't use illos to fill up blank space, but make blank spaces to put illos in. mi)). Together with some miscellany, and umpteen pages of letters, there are 48 pages of interesting fanzine here. It looks as if D-B will be a good candidate for a Hugo next year.

7. LAST ISSUE #2--Dennis Guthrie, Box 384, 3 Amos St, Cambridge, Mass, 02139. Available irregularly for trades, contribs, letters, NAPA members, or 25¢. This issue features an article on life in Sarawak, and two more on the subject on various types of ESP. In addition there is a list of 53 ways to kill time, as if we need that! This zine should have some award for the most unusual insert I have ever seen, consisting of a sheet from a patent application dated Oct 1894. The artwork is bad, and the material is a bit unusual, to say the least, but this may become an interesting zine, if it ever has a second issue(LI #2 is actually #1).

8. OUTRE #3--Allen G Kracalik, 1660 Ash St, Des Plaines, Ill. 60018. Irregular, available for trades, contribs, letters, or 25¢. There is quite an assembly here, including movie reviews and a lettercol, but this zine is best recommended for it's illustrations.

9. ODWAR #1, Sep 64--Ken Free, 11995 Walbrock Dr, Saratoga, Calif. Published irregularly, available for 50¢(3/\$1), or trades. This zine is dedicated to the "life and works of Edgar Rice Burroughs." Aside from articles on Burroughs and his works, it also contains some short stories based on his characters, and some appropriate artwork. The only fly in the ointment is that the reproduction is so light as to be almost unreadable. This is unfortunate. I hope future issues will correct this. Other than this, I recommend you buy a copy.

YANDRO 138, XII #7--Robert Coulson, Rte 3, Wabash, Ind, 46992. Aside from the usual columns and reviews, this contains an article by Dick Lupoff, on the problems he encountered while trying to publish "Tales of 3 Planets", some "Notes on Storytelling," by Algis Budrys, and a lettercol.

YANDRO #139, XII #8. This one contains a review of Fanny Hill, some notes on the educational process in England, and a short-short story, in addition to the usual features. In the lettercol there are a couple of letters discussing the rotation plan. It seems as if YANDRO was just going through a short period of apathy a few months ago, since it's completely regained the excellent quality that formerly characterized it.

YANDRO #140--The feature this issue is an article by Terry Carr, actually a history of his writing career. There are also 5 pages of fanzine reviews. Fascinating. Get a copy of Yandro, and see for yourself.

12. CADENZA #10, Nov 64--Charles & Jane Wells, 815 Demerius St, Apt M-1, Durham, NC, 27701. Published irregularly, CADENZA is available for trade, LoC, or 15¢(8/\$1). This issue was also distributed with FLPA mag #109. This issue contains an article on Correct Grammar, which treats it as a fashion, another on "The Concept of Justice", which starts by tearing apart the concept of equality. There are also mag comments and letters and an editorial by Phil Harrell in which he deplores the fads that are tearing fandom apart. In regards to equality, you may remember a certain author who wrote "All animals are created equal. Some animals are more equal than others."(sic) (from "Animal Farm", by George Orwell).

13. AMRA #29--Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Va, 22307. Irregular, available for 35¢(8/\$2). For a while I was worried. I thought AMRA was losing its grip(on the sword-and-sorcery fan, that is). It seems to have recovered a bit, though. This issue contains a wide assortment of items on S-and-S, and up to the previous standards of the zine. Although I don't pretend to understand anything about the art of swordsmanship, as discussed in this zine, I enjoy reading about it.

14. YANDRO #142--Still Buck Coulson This issue features a parody of Farnham's Freehold written by Dennis Lein, which is at least as good as the original story. In addition, Joe Sanders brings us "Hoosier Farmer Talking Blues", and Buck supplies the usual columns and reviews, and editorials, etc, etc, etc. The cover is miserable, for a change, but some of the interior sketches aren't bad at all. I usually find YANDRO interesting, possible reasons are the editorials and the lettercol, both good.

15. SWEDFANAC #1--Carl J Brandon Jr, Sällskapsvagen 7, Stockholm 48, SWEDEN. Irregular, approximately 10 times yearly, available for trades, contribs, LoCs, or, if all else fails, \$1 per year. This is a welcome addition to my mailbox. Aside from all the latest news about Swedish fandom, it features an article(?) by Bertil Martensson, notes on the Art Show, fanzine reviews, and a couple of commercials. Most interesting to here from the other side of the ocean.

16. THRU THE HAZE #30--Arthur Hayes, 540 Bridge St, Bathurst, New Brunswick, Canada. Art herein gives notice that TTH is becoming dormant, and will be published rarely if at all in the future. Since he is rejoining NAPA, he will continue to publish, under a different title. Aside from MARK 10, this issue contains an article by Pete Jackson, in which he suggests the establishment of an International Bank, for the use of fen, and, along with this, the establishment of a universal currency so that fen would be saved the trouble of converting from one countries money to that of another. I hereby nominate Mr Jackson as a committee of one to solicit contributions from himself, establish his banking system, and print his uncounterfeitable(although I can't see why anyone would try) currency. Any seconds?

\* \* \* \* \*

The Last Minute (Also Heard From)

In addition to all those whose names appeared in this issue, I have met by mail Robert P Brown, Rosemary Becker, Hickey, Fred Lerner, Dave Keil, Charles Reinsel, Fred Patten, Dwain Kaiser, Prof Alberto Lazzarini, and probably several others whose names escape me, as usual. I am going to have to improve my filing system a bit, by making sure all mail goes into it. At present, I lay it down sometimes, and it tends to disappear every time my room gets straightened up, so I can't find it when time comes to publish. Oh, Well, see you all next issue!

# THE SILVER SCREEN

## Current Events

SF Seems to have hit the screens with a vengeance this season. The best offering, of course, is Charles Schneer's presentation of H G Wells' "First Men in the Moon." Starring Edward Judd, Martha Hyer and Lionel Jefferies, and featuring the special effects of Ray Harryhausen, this is superb. Set in the present, the story opens with a UN spaceship making the first landing on the moon, only to find evidence that there was an earlier landing, in 1899. They finally run down a survivor of this expedition, who then proceeds to tell the story of his adventures, which follow the Wells story fairly well. Well worth seeing, in my book. By the way, no less than Col John "Shorty" Powers is heading the publicity campaign for this movie.

For the little monsters, we have "Santa Claus Conquers the Martians", about which the less said, the better. The title alone should tell the story.

More adult moviegoers will probably enjoy the movie "Fail-Safe," from the book of the same title. As I remember, this was the original book which was made into the movie "Dr Strangelove."

## Coming Events

Still on the horizons at this moment is the Pakula--Mulligan production of "The Martian Chronicles," reported earlier in this column. Ray Bradbury is writing the screenplay for them, but as far as I am concerned, he will have to do quite a bit of work to make a worth-while movie from such a miserable book.

Scheduled for future production are The Planet of the Apes, from the book of the same title by Pierre Boulle. The book was a space version of "Gulliver's Travels," and was excellent. You will have to wait for the movie. The movie script is being done by Rod Serling, which promises well for the movie. Also scheduled is "The Pilgrim Project", which concerns a US attempt to win the space race by sending a man on a one-way trip to the moon.

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## THE IDIOT BOX, or, TV-Land Revisited

This year has been quite interesting, in regards to SF on the TV screen. The season started with 5 new series programs, Bewitched, The Munsters, The Addams Family, Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, and My Living Doll. As returns from the previous season, we had Outer Limits, and My Favorite Martian, and, for thekkiddies, Space Theater and Astro Boy(a Japanese puppet show previewed at Chicon III), & Johnny Quest.

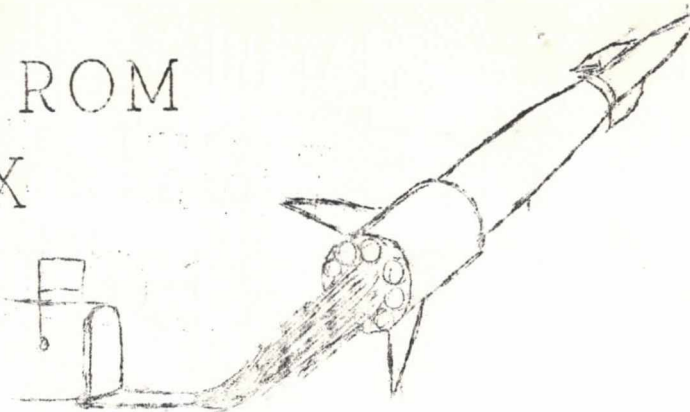
Surprisingly enough, Bewitched has been quite popular. In fact, it actually was listed as the top rated show. My Living Doll provides Bob Cummings with the opportunity to display his passion for programs with silly situations, and anyone who can still believe Julie Newmar is human after listening to her dialogue a bit deserves to watch the show. It is funny, but nobody could be that stupid except a TV character.

Coming Events: There is a nasty rumor that Outer Limits, which has improved quite a bit this season, is scheduled to be replaced by The King Family(whatever that is) effective 23 Jan 65, so write to your local station, if you want to save it, or maybe to the sponsors.



# MISSILES FROM THE MAILBOX

by  
the Readers



E. E. Evers, Apt 4-C, 263 E. 4th St, New York, NY, 10009

I have recently been assailed in the fan-press for signing my name "ee evers". It seems there's this Grand Fannish Tradition that lower case names are "awards" to certain fan for some "service rendered to fandom" and All Outsiders Keep Out. I've stopped signing my name that way as of about six months ago because it's nothing but an affection and a pretty juvenile one at that. But not, definitely NOT, because I was violating some tradition I heard of for the first and only time when I was attacked for breaking it. For one thing, I don't quite grok the concept of "service to fandom", isn't fandom for the enjoyment of its members, not for service or any other constructive purposes? Second, who has the power to enforce such a "tradition" if someone chooses to ignore it? And how would he (she? it?) enforce it anyway? By performing a "surgical operation" and separating me from fandom? And finally, the whole thing is utterly silly (I wouldn't have written a rebuttal for print, only the attack was made in print instead of privately as it should have been if the perpetrator cared more for "preserving fannish tradition" than for making an utter fugghead of himself and showing off.), and if we must be silly, can't we at least have fun doing it? The old days of taking SF too seriously were bad enough, the middle ages of taking fans too seriously ala Deggler were worse, but when someone starts taking "fannish traditions" too seriously...

((Here, here! I agree with you, although this is the first time I ever heard of this being a tradition, I thought it was just a slight peculiarity shared by you and rich brown. This part about the so-called "fannish traditions" makes me wonder a bit. I have been a fan for some time now, and this is one of the few times I have heard of them. When is someone going to make a list, not of fanzines, or prozines, or anything else so concrete, but of the fannish traditions; those things that all fans are supposed to adhere to, but nobody ever hears about? (Like those old, old fannish questions, "Who sawed Courtney's boat?", and "Yngvi is a louse"(who is Yngvi?)). This would make a truly interesting job, compiling all the little items that have helped make fandom what it is today. At least it will be unusual, and it may even be fun to do so. I hereby don't volunteer for the job. Let George do it(or Sam, or Bill, or even Yngvi). mdi))

Here's an LOC on ZINGARO #1.

"SF and the Media" rambles all over without making a point. I don't see why things are looking up for the SF movie viewer just because a few non and pseudo SF producers are currently working on fair-to-middling material. John Wyndham has always been more of a monster writer than a straight SF writer anyway, and "Martian Chronicles", while

one of Bradbury's less obnoxious works, isn't exactly a classic in my book. While we're at it, just why can't some producer film "The Demolished Man" or "The Puppet Masters"? The former has more thrills than the usual James Bond type movie and would be twice as believable if well made; the latter is another monster movie, but a good one to lure the public into something a little better without going too far afield.

"Feeble Fables"? Feel depressed, sarcastic, sluggish in fuels? Feel like you're losing your grip on the mimes handles? Can't tell the difference between EC Blog and WC Blog? Have a Feeble. Or if you can't afford a Feeble, read a Fable. But for Ghod's sake, don't write one! Blaahhhhhhh. E E Evers  
((Maybe you're right, but somebody has to encourage these amateur writers, so it may as well be me. Some movie producers are working on excellent material, it only remains to see what they do to it. Look at The Silver Screen and see what I mean. mdi))

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 Main St, Jonesboro, Tenn, 37659.

Considering all the book, fanzine, and movie reviews in ZINGARO, I suppose you do have to sit up till one o'clock in the morning, but doesn't the lack of sleep bother you, and how do you find time for the Army? ((I didn't have to much trouble getting enough sleep, and it didn't interfere with the Army work, now that I'm out, of course, I have nothing to worry about. mi))

I agree with Ed Cox that "The Outer Limits" is better than some people believe. I haven't seen it very often, because it comes on here at six o'clock Saturday evening, an inconvenient time, but most of the programs I've seen were good enough. One or two were somewhat ridiculous, but I liked the one about the murder victim being brought back to life through a Time Machine, and the one about the man being changed into a giant-brained species of the future with an Evolution Machine, and the one about the two men switching brains with a Brainwave Machine. I think the worst lapse was in a story supposed to be on the moon. The characters didn't wear spacesuits to explore the surface, just coveralls and helmets, and they wore weights on their feet and moved in slow motion. However, inside the base, they walked in a normal manner. No explanation for this strange behavior was given.

I haven't seen any of these movies you reviewed. I rarely go to the show these days. I have to go in Johnson City, and the bus fare plus the high admission usually seems like more than it's worth.

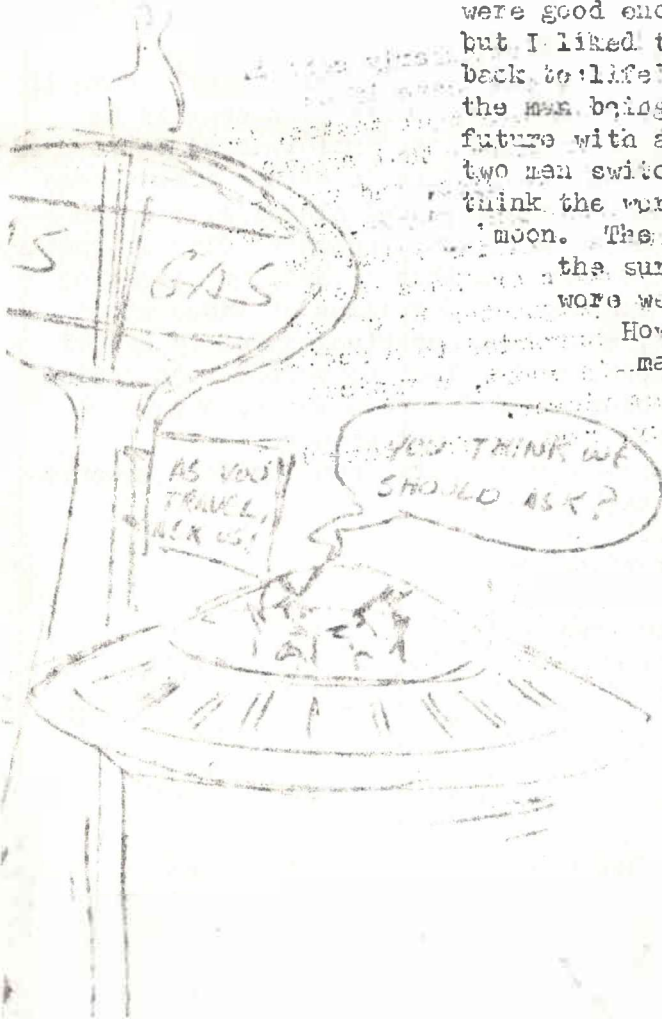
Right now I'm engaged in an artistic project of vast dimensions, a skillful blending of silver, red and white. I'm painting the garage. No, not painting a picture of it, but painting the actual building. On the roof I learned the real meaning of the expression "the hot scat."

Robert

# # # # #

Q. Why did Tarzan go to the Earth's center?  
A. To see if it was caramel or chocolate cream.

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John Kusske Jr, 522 9th Ave West, Alexandria, Minn, 56308.

I was very surprised the other day when I turned a page of your N'APAZINE ZINGARO and saw my name listed on the table of contents. When I noticed which story it was, I was more than surprised, I was horrified.

Do you have something against me or something? That story no more deserved to see print than did Glory Road or Farnham's Freehold. Back when I was a new fan (about 1½ years ago) I sent a couple of stories to the N3F Manuscript Bureau. Ever since that day, my nightmares have been about the same thing: seeing them in a fanzine.

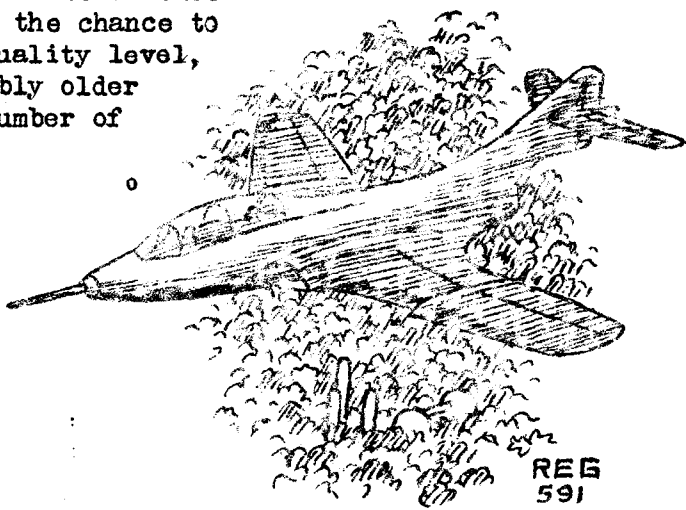
Just to set the record straight, "The Critical Age" was never sent to the N3F contest. I entered a different story, but I haven't heard a thing about it since. I haven't written a "work" of fiction for over ½ year now, and prospects look good that I won't write one for at least that same period in the future. If you have any other fiction by me, please don't print it. Faanishly, John. PS Who is that half nude costumed female as shown in your fanzine? I don't have the faintest idea, but she looks the way Dian Pelz writes.

((I'm sorry, I promise not to print any more of your stories. But I was supposing that any story sent to the Manuscript Bureau was available for publication. Anyway, the only way an author can find out how good his stories are is to have them read by others. I don't think an author who is just starting to write can really judge the worth of his own work. Even professionals can make mistakes sometimes, as witness those two Heinlein turkeys you mentioned. If you want to be an author, you need to have criticism. Maybe you don't want to be a writer. According to rumor, the girl in question is Jodi Lynn, who came a a friend of Rotsler. You can't prove it by me. Never having seen any of Dian's writing, I can't judge your comparison. mdi))

Mike Deckinger, Apt 10K, 25 Manor Dr, Newark, NJ, 07106.

It may come as a bit of a shock to Dave Locke, but I don't particularly care if he watches "My Favorite Martian" or "The Outer Limits." I don't even care if he watches "Capt Kangaroo" for that matter. His viewing habits, preferential tastes, and discrimination (or lack thereof) are no concern of mine. I would assume that anyone familiar enough with the SF field to have read the acknowledged classics, and recognized solidly written SF by the better authors (ie Heinlein, Anderson, Clarke, Bradbury, etc) would reject "My Favorite Martian" as anything more than a familiar situation comedy which attempts to capture an audience composed of juveniles or those whose tastes are easily satisfied by uncreative wit, contrived humor (augmented by canned laughter), and foolish situations. The SF atmosphere has been converted to a medium for portraying humor in its basest, least sophisticated form—in short, a typical TV program that never goes beyond the IQ of its most ignorant viewer.

"Twilight Zone" has undergone several periods of quality, ranging from superlative in content to inexcusably hackneyed and mishandled. Its first few years, under Rod Serling's handling were its best. There was a minimum of network interference in the program content, granting Serling the chance to choose stories of an unbelievably high quality level, as well as aim for an audience considerably older than that of the average adventure. A number of shows were lengthened to an hour, with a sharp rise in popularity, and this contributed to TZ expansion two years ago. From then on, it began to sink slowly, despite the efforts (and sometimes the assistance) of Charles Beaumont and Richard Matheson. Hour teleplays were too long for the mood piece, the brief but effective shocker, and the sharp character study. The



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MEMO (Cont'd)

stories lost their imagination and brilliance and became little more than over-inflated fantasies, unmercifully stretched to conform to the new time limits. TZ switched back to its original  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour format, but by then it was too late, and this season it vanished from the screens, to be replaced by something even more dreadful called "Gomorrah, USA-0", which sheer fright has prevented me from viewing, any more than once.

George Reeves (formerly Superman) had indeed committed suicide several years ago, but it was by firing a bullet into his surprisingly vulnerable body. The bullet did not bounce off. ((That shows what happens when an actor fails to read his script. mdi))

The film The Manque of the Red Death is derived from the Poe story of that name as well as from another short piece, The Jewel, which relates the tale of the dwarf Hop-Hoad. To this, Beaumont has broadened the tale quite effectively with a group of Norm-like characters at the end, a fiery demon-summoning, and an impressive climax that conforms closely to the original Poe story. The film was made in England, perhaps to take advantage of the more atmospheric settings offered, though all the usual Roger Corman trademarks are present. Note to Dave Hoover: This was the first sf/fantasy film I'd seen in close to a year (not counting Dr. Strangelove, which by its political and moral implications was certainly something more than just an SF film.). Mike ((You miss the point, Mike, the producers of a TV program cannot produce one that caters only to the more intellectual minority, but must cater to the tastes of the "most ignorant viewer." The boom in SF-Fantasy-Horror type programs on TV this year is only an attempt to find a new type of show that will appeal to a slightly different audience, since they become slowly satiated with the formats which are so over-used. Thus we have seen the demise of the wrestling matches, the quiz show, the western and other types as staple fare, and we are faced with the military-character, the doctor, and the horror-comedy show this season. mdi))

Rick Brooks, RR #1, Fremont, Ind., 46737

Zingaro is looking up. The cover was very good on #2. The fiction was poor. Kusske breaks one of my pet peeves by referring to solar systems and galaxies as if they were the same. An SF writer should at least have a rudimentary knowledge of astronomy.

You speed readers bug me. I'm a poor Joe who can't go much faster than 1200 wpm. Frankly, I fail to see how anyone can go much faster. I usually read between 6-800 wpm.

Bucklin is right. He left himself wide open on his remarks on heroes. Naturally, he picked a poor example by citing John Carter as an "infallible" type, as about the only trick Carter took in a story was the last one ((This also seems to be true about Terzan and Carson of Venus. mdi)).

Reading about a totally infallible character is worse than reading about the average jerk that populates mainstream fiction. If you identify with the latter type of character, it is a sign that you have given up on yourself, your dreams, or both.

The trouble with this country is that politicians are running it. I propose to give the job to a super-computer. Of course, I'll program it. Rick ((Speed reading seems to be mainly a case of training yourself to take in larger and larger amounts of written matter with one glance. It takes a lot of practice, that's all. I remember a few years ago I saw a picture in the paper of a boy sitting on a step-ladder holding a long sheet of paper, and the caption said he was a speed reader who could read at the rate of about 8,000 wpm. How would you like to be able to read an average book in under 10 minutes? This boy makes my poor 1,800 or so wpm look sick, but it doesn't deter me from reading. This failing of the fiction seems to be a common one, if you take a look at some of the British SF novels. Not the hardback books, but the equivalent of our paperbacks, which are usually in a digest format. mdi))

Harry Werner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md., 21740.

This pro-type cover is mightily impressive. Of course, I have a prejudice against space stations. I think that they're a foolish half-way measure that will only complicate the task of traveling real distances in space. Logic says that it'll be more expensive, more difficult, and more wasting in energy to take something up to an orbiting space station and then send it the rest of the way. I was rejoiced to hear over the radio minutes ago that there's a proposed international space laboratory intended for the moon in the 1970's. Someone else apparently follows my reasoning that it would be much more sensible to use the moon as a handy existing space station for any laboratory purposes that can be most conveniently conducted away from the earth.

As you say, some people can't imagine how a reader could possibly swallow SF stories in magazines. Yet the public is taking quite kindly to the minor epidemic of fantasy situation comedies on TV, some of which are more completely outlandish than the average prozine story. I mean, it's possible to imagine a Martian spaceship landing on earth, but it's almost impossible to believe in a Martian living for years among earth people without becoming a national storm center or the most famous living creature in the world. Apparently the answer is familiarity; if the fantasy-hater can be lured into watching two or three episodes of a series based on the same characters and premises, he will take for granted a robot so lifelike that nobody can notice her non-human status or real witches living normal lives in a typical American community. ((It shouldn't be so impossible, especially to one who supposedly reads SF. Our "Uncle Martin", when not exercising his abnormal powers, is as human as the next man. Why should the possibility of "human" Martians be ignored? How could you tell one from his neighbor who is a normal Earthman? Not that I'm advocating that you go around prying into the backgrounds of your neighbors to see if one of them came to town in a flying saucer instead of a Ford, but you can't forget the possibility, however small it may be. md))

I liked the Kirk Patrick story for its unexpected conclusion and for its use of a fairly unacknowledged theme and series of incidents. But the dialog doesn't advance the story as rapidly as it should, and there are a few awful blunders regarding the medical matters mentioned in the story. For instance, if a doctor finds a rapid pulse and a shallow respiration, he might be puzzled about the cause of these conditions, but he wouldn't say that the individual "seems to be alive"; there's no doubt that there's life where there's a pulse and respiration. For that matter, the symptoms as described at the start of the story would almost certainly cause a physician to assume a cerebral hemorrhage, rather than professing ignorance of the trouble. I don't know quite how to criticize the Kusske story. I'm not sure that I understand it, and more than half of it is not fiction at all, but a dull recitation of actual and imagined trends in history. ((You're not alone in not understanding it. mi))

The Pacificon photographs are welcome as the first that I've seen from this event, but the lack of identification is tantalizing. I think I've recognized a few individuals in them, like Doc Smith in the upper left picture and apparently Ackerman despite the difficult angle in the right middle one, but it would be nice to be sure about the identity of some of the interesting females. ((That girl with the fabulous Ackermanster is Jodi Lynn (I hope I spelled that right), a Rotsler girl, and also in the upper right picture. In the left center picture, we have Dian Pelz, who came as Thuvia of Mars, and won a prize for her efforts. The spear-toting woman in the lower left picture has been identified as Ruth Berman, and any others are unknown to me. mi))

Maybe Nate Bucklin is referring to mimeo ink that doesn't separate, in his mention of the type that saves cleaning work. Some of the cheaper brands will eventually produce large drops of nasty yellowish oil from the pad, between runs, and this oil drips just where you don't want it. It's such a neutral color that you don't even realize it's there until it's soaked through a lot of perfectly reproduced pages or gotten all over your shirt.



I think there's one strong bit of circumstantial evidence to prove there is no direct link between violence in the printed and visual media and actual crime. Abductions and kidnappings are extremely popular as a plot device in every sort of crime source on television, adventure and detective fiction, comic books, and so on. If kids and criminally-minded older people were inspired to do wrong by the things they read and see, I believe that the nation's kidnapping rate would be ten times as high as it really is. After all, it's much easier to grab a child than to haul off a safe. On the other hand, there does seem to be a great kindness for fictional and television violence among those who get into trouble with the law, and it might be possible to attack the problem from the other end; make an attempt to locate potential trouble makers and persuade them to stay out of wrongdoing by encouraging parents and teachers to do something about unusual interests of this type in their children. If this worked, we might get rid of the comics code, because an uncensored comic book industry would give clues more readily to the growing children who are most likely to need help. All this is badly expressed, but basically, I don't think that interest in fictional crime causes real crime, while it's possible that an interest in committing real crime causes an individual to pay more attention to the fictional type. Harry Warner Jr ((I use only the best grade mimeo ink, and outside of getting it off of my hands, I have no problems with it except trying to keep it from forming a big puddle under my mimeo between runs. Since I keep the machine on a metal table, it wipes right off. You seem a bit confused. First 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 is so, you say, watch those who like this stuff as potential criminals. If this doesn't mean that there is a direct link between the two, I don't know what you would call a link. The comics code did make the average comic into an insipid shadow of its former self, but it also removed a source of many nightmares for the kiddies. Before the Code came into use, there were things like "The Vault of Horror" and "The Crypt of Terror" that were much worse than any monster movie. These were read by thousands of little children who were intrigued by the monsters on the covers. One thing the code did, it made work easier for the artists. They have so fewer a number of plots to choose from for their stories. Look at the current fad of comic collecting. Naturally, the most sought after ones are the older, pre-code issues, and not only for their age. mda))

DAN BARNETT, 7542 Skyway, Paradise, Calif., 95969.

I for one feel strongly that general people and fan are entitled to better stf on the small screen. However, I also know that we aren't going to get it until the GOONS, or Group of Omnipresent Neo-SF-Watchers, are ready for it, which they most assuredly are not. The fate of most TV shows, of course, is almost entirely due to that enigmatic thing, RATINGS. If a nice high percentage of the viewing public is not tuned in to a certain show, it's cancelled. Consequently, shows, in order to stay on the air, must appeal to a mass group. Sensational programs such as, for example, the Bard's plays, or even science news shows, do not reach That Certain Magical Figure of GOONS (or other people) and so presentations of this type are few and far between, at least.

Now, a great, top-notch, excellent SF show, with the "new" ideas of the modern SF genre, while avidly watched by us, is avidly avoided by (1) kids (no eat-'em-up monsters in good SF), and (2) grown-ups because (a) they think SF is for kids and (b) they simply can't comprehend the meaning behind the story. Thus, the good SF show

///An elephant is a mouse built to government specifications. ///  
is out in favor of something like "My Favorite Martian", with the very opposite of a subtle plot. This, the GOONS like: gadgetry and gimmicks, but certainly not what we want!

Well, what to do? We must attempt to instigate education of the general GOON. The Outer Limits, in my opinion, is doing just that. Teaching is a slow process, and this is no exception. Last year, OL presented monsters with science-fictional themes; this year, we have been served a program of science-fictional themes with monsters, in that order. Slowly but surely, many GOONS will become non-neos. It's happening



all the time! ((Yes it is, but it's happening too slowly. According to the latest information, OL is going off the air next month, unless something happens to give it a last minute reprieve. And so you're going to lose your only means of educating the GOONS to accept good SF. Maybe if enough of us fans write to the network, the sponsor, and our local TV station, it will stay on. This year, OL has done an excellent job of presenting good SF, at times, and the general level of the program is much higher than last year. Obviously, this is exactly what the public doesn't want, so we lose a good TV show. mdi))

So, we must wait, wait until the public is really exposed to the genre. Television managers must be urged to junk movies such as "The Terribly Awful Gigantic Person Who Will Attempt to Destroy the World But Who in Reality Never Manages to Leave His Own City" and present us with something like "The Martian Chronicles." It will take time, but someday the GOONS will arrive! (soon, I hope.) S'long fer now, Dan ((You will have to wait quite a while to see TMC on TV, since the movie hasn't even e been finished yet. Give it time, though. mdi))

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