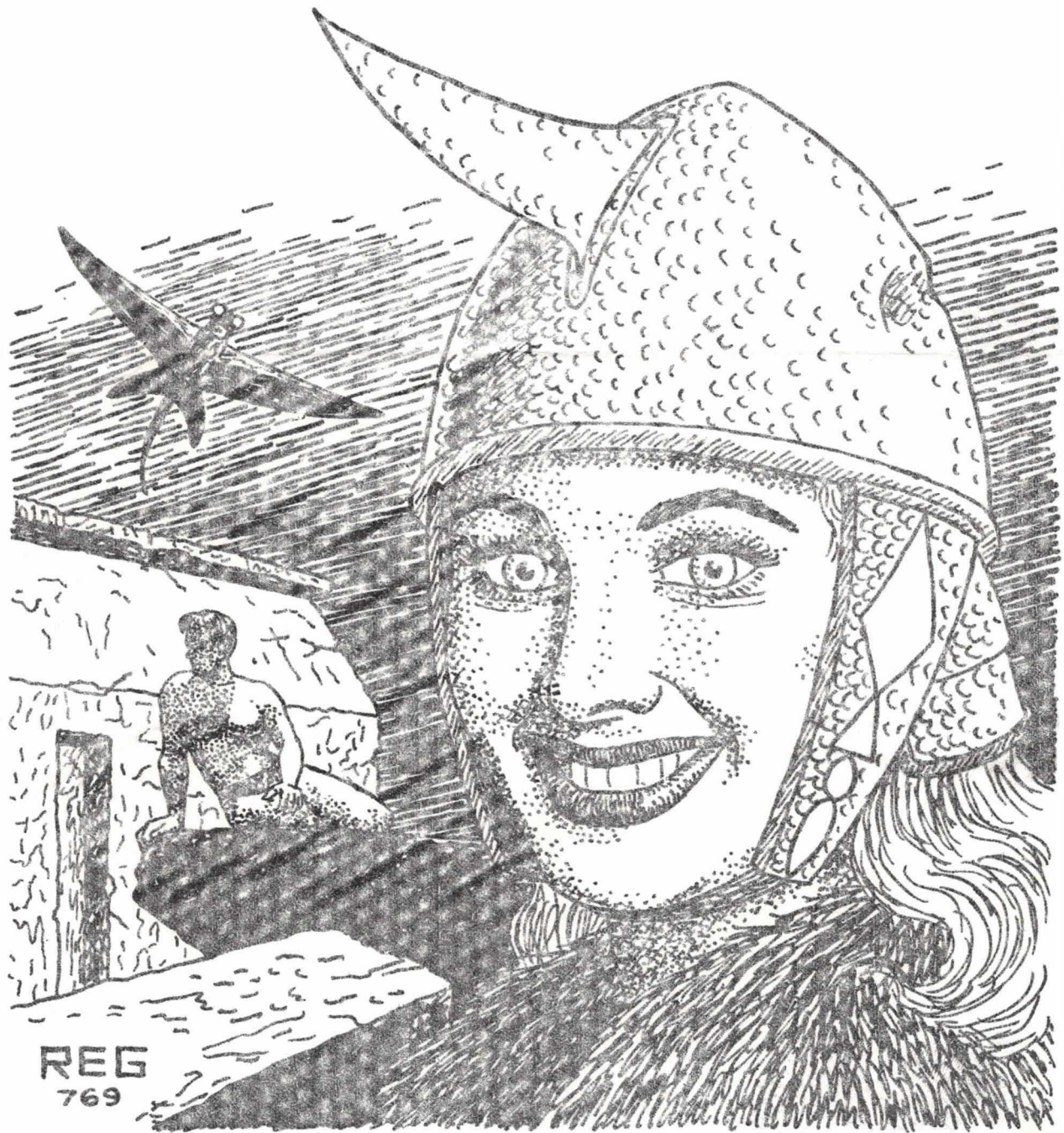


# ZINGARO



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# ZINGARO

# 4

Shhhh! Don't tell anybody, but this melange is actually ZINGARO #4, otherwise known as Merlin Publication #9. ZINGARO is a quarterly publication devoted to the amusement, education, and interests of the science fiction fan. ZINGARO is available to all members of N'APA and its w/l, and will be distributed with, or postmailed to, N'APA mailing #24, March 1965. It is also available to members of FAPA, and for trades and contributions (very important, especially the latter), LoCs, or for 25¢ (the big spenders will give \$1 for 5 issues).

As usual, I am in need of contributions for future issues of ZINGARO, a request which is often repeated in fanzines, especially this one. Short stories, articles, artwork, anything is welcome, and will be published, if it can be. In addition to publishing ZINGARO, I have a mimeo service for those fans without equipment, and other fannish activities to keep me busy.

Besides my usual editorial comments, I have managed to squeeze the following items into this issue of ZINGARO:

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2	The Editor Speaks	(Who else?)	
4	The Book Shelf	(Book reviews)	
7	The Frayed & Narrow	(SF vs. TV)	David Harper
8	The Growing Pile	(fanzines)	
10	The Sorcerer Escapes (pt 1)	(Fiction)	Ben Solon
14	Missiles From the Mailbox	(Letters)	Everybody
20	The Last Minute—AHF		

## Artwork

Cover	Gilbert
p 15	Gilbert
16	Locke
17,18	Kwiat
19	?

# The Editor Speaks

As you probably have noticed, there are a few changes in this issue. For one thing there seem to be a few more cartoons in this issue. For another, in this issue I am featuring a serial. Although done by an amateur, it is above the usual standards of such work. Besides, since Wierd Tales folded, there are no magazines for the publication of this type of story. Anyway, I hope you enjoy it.

I have here a note from a group called the La Plata SF Society, which seems to be looking for correspondents, and also for people to send them magazines et al., which are pretty scarce in their neighborhood. For anyone who is interested in helping out, that address is La Plata SF Society, c/o Oswald Elliff, Calle 2 #270, La Plata (BA), ARGENTINA.

As usual, lately, a lot has happened since the last issue of ZINGARO. I'm still working at the same job, but I am also going to night school at Illinois Institute of Technology. Besides this, I also have some private projects, like my fanzine, and a few others. Last week, I smashed up my car, and my chances of going to Cincinnati also, unless I can get a lift. Thinking it over, aside from the inconvenience of using public transportation, I'll probably save enough money in insurance costs to pay for a new used car. I've seen a lot of movies, but they, along with most of the books and fanzines I've read in the last 3 months, have been crowded out of this issue by lack of space.

I would like to mention having seen a movie called THE TIME TRAVELLERS. Starring Preston Foster, Philip Carey, and Harry Anders, this story concerns a group of people who are trying to build a time viewer. Due to a short circuit and a bit of stupidity, they are precipitated into the future 100 years, where they find the post-atomic-war mutants fighting the last of the Norms, who are trying to escape. The best part of this movie is that Perry Ackerman has a part in it.

Those who looked sharply, or buy it on the stands may have noticed that the price of GALAXY Magazine has been increased to 60¢. I wonder how much longer it will be til all of the prozines price themselves out of the market. SF fans seem to be mostly teenagers these days, and teenagers, especially the high-school contingent, are usually short of money. Another interesting sight to see is GAMMA #3, which recently appeared on the stands. GAMMA is about the most irregular prozine I have ever seen, but it seems to be improving in quality.

It's interesting to watch the potential lineup for the fall TV season as it changes. For a while, there seemed to have been several new SF and Fantasy shows scheduled, but one of them, called "Thompson's Ghost", has already been cancelled. Probably just as well, anyway.

It seems funny, but this is one of the few times that I have been at a loss for words. There are all sorts of things to write about, the space problem, what is going to happen to Little Orphan Annie, the Coefficient of Relative Stupidity in the current Administration, etc.

I just took a quick census, and I discovered that I have 139 hard cover SF books, plus about twice that many pbs and magazines, within sight of my desk at this moment. I also have an equal number of books on other various subjects, plus about 60 or 70 tapes of assorted music. I have read or heard each of these so many times that I have no desire to utilize any of them, and am actually slightly bored, even though surrounded



all this relaxation material. In addition to these, I also have AM and FM radios, a TV, a record player, and a large selection of current magazines, besides all of my collection in the basement. I have enough reading matter to keep me busy for a year, even at the high speed that I read, and yet, when I want to relax, and be entertained, I go somewhere else.

As I've mentioned before, I am taking a night school course in Physics at IIT. It is a very peculiar course, in some ways. Our instructor said at the beginning that 75% of his students dropped the course before the end, last year, and I can believe it. I have never heard of anyone giving a multiple-choice quiz in a Physics course before, and, though you would think it might be easier than a regular problem-type quiz, it isn't. From what I can determine, my score of 36% was highest in the class of about 100. If it would do any good for the class to stage a sit-down strike to protest the type of exams given in this class, I'm sure there would be one. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But that's the way our society is going these days, if there's anything you don't like, get a bunch of people who also don't like it, and stage a sit down strike, or a march on something or other. I suppose it does relieve a bit more tension than just writing letters to your congressman. Besides, a lot of those people who are staging these marches and sit-ins probably can't write a letter.

Looking back into the past of SF, it seems that it runs in a certain pattern. A certain type of plot will become, for no particular reason, very popular, and then, in a short period, its popularity will die down, and another plot-type will enjoy brief popularity, just like any fad. Thus, in the very early days, we had the Fantastic Journey story (usually a trip to the moon). Later, we had the Lost Race story, followed by the Super-Duper Invention and/or Space Opera story (typified by the Lensmen and Skylark stories of Doc Smith). During the War, we found, of course, the Spy story, followed closely by the Shaver Mystery, and all its allies. In the 50's, we had Space Opera, of course, but we also had Campbell's Pionier stories, and the Psychological Story as possibly typified by James Schmitz (maybe I should have added the Philosophical story). Today, aided and abetted by the Burroughs revival, the vogue is Sword-and-Sorcery, and that's all right with me, because I like them too.

Of course, aside from all the stories that are part of any trend in SF, there are also a great many more that don't follow it. The point is, there are trends, both in literature, and in the movies (The Monster Movie), and in TV (the Comic Fantasy-Horror show), and they are continually changing. Since SF is essentially a literature of forecast, who is going to come out and forecast the next fad in SF? I don't pretend to have gotten all the trends in SF in the last 50 years, or even to have gotten them in order, since these paragraphs were written inside of 10 minutes, but I hope I have given you something to think about.

Before I forget, as usual, I need all sorts of material. I noticed that this issue was a bit crowded, so I had to cut all my review columns, but they will be back again next issue, if nothing else comes up. Next issue will feature the conclusion of "The Sorcerer Escapes", and I hope to have a short article (hint). I would like contributions from my readers, though. My September issue will be a super-duper 3rd Annish, and will, I hope, feature a long-long article I am negotiating for. Price will be at least 30¢.

In my last issue, I announced that I would sell slides or prints of my Worldcon pictures, and that I was going to start a duplicating service for would-be publishers without equipment. I had several customers contact me about the former, but don't know how satisfied they were, and only one for the latter. To all those accusing me of trying to make a profit, I say I'm just trying to help subsidize my own fanzine, which is sent mainly to freeloaders in FAP A. For anyone interested, by rates are 1 1/2¢ per sheet, both sides, for reproduction on 20lb white 8 1/2" x 11" paper, including return postage, you furnish cut stencils (4-hole type). For variations, contact me. So ends the commercial. I hope to see you all next issue.

Fanatically yours,

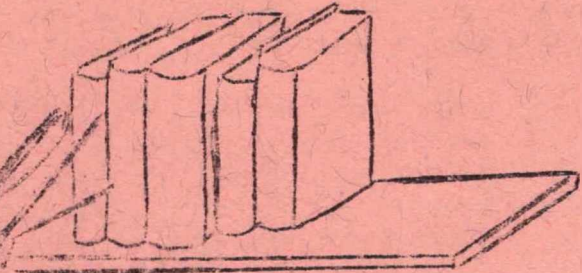
*Mark Irwin*

MARK IRWIN

Editor, Publisher & Chief Typist



# The Bookshelf



THE BEST OF THE ROBOTS--Isaac Asimov, Doubleday, 1964, \$5.95, 554 pp.

The reason for the title of this book, is that it contains all of Ike's "Robot" stories not previously reprinted in "I, Robot," including both novels, "The Caves of Steel" and "The Naked Sun," and eight short stories. Containing as it does an excellent selection of material by one of the best SF authors. Unfortunately for SF, he has neglected the field in favor of attempting the popularization of science. Too bad for SF. Read this book and enjoy it, it is one of the best buys I have seen.

TARZAN AND THE CAVE CITY--Barton Werper, Gold Star, 1964, 40¢, 126 pp.

In contrast to the above, this is one of the worst books I have read lately. It is, however, second only to the first book in the "New Tarzan" series. I got a note from Eric Blake which expresses my feelings entirely, when he says ".One might imagine that the "Werper" writing these books is a descendant of the villain of Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar, who is out to revenge his family upon the Lord of the Jungle." The story is utterly stupid and I wish I hadn't read it.

FIRST LENSMAN--E E "Doc" Smith, Pyramid R-1114, 1964(1950), 50¢, 252 pp.

This is the second in the "Lensman" series, which is being reprinted by Pyramid to help fill a need for some of the "Blood and Thunder" type of story which was so popular in the "Golden Age of SF". This is the first time this book has been reprinted and I for one am glad, since it is the only one of the series which I previously had no copy of. It certainly is a lot of fun to read. The first in the series, "Galactic Patrol," has also been reprinted, as Pyramid R1103, and makes just as good reading, but only for those who like this type of story.

CRASHING SUNS--Edmond Hamilton, Ace F-319, 1965(1928-30), 40¢, 192 pp.

There are some people who dislike Ray Cummings, because he continually rerote the story of "Girl in the Golden Atom," presenting it in several different forms, changing names and events but retaining the basic plot. Edmond Hamilton presents here another example of the asinine lengths to which an author will go when he is stuck for a new plot. Here we have 5 stories straight out of the era of "Super-Stupor Science", all with the same plot. It is discovered that dirty work is afoot, and that a gang of evil aliens is somehow manipulating one of the larger astronomical objects(a giant red star, a giant black star, a nebula, a giant comet, and a huge cosmic cloud), to the detriment of civilization. Naturally, our heroes of the Interstellar Patrol are sent out to save the universe and/or solar system, which they do, and restore things to normal which they also do, but only by the distorted viewpoint of the cockeyed SF universe they live in. Too bad.



## The Book Shelf(Cont'd)

RUSSIAN SCIENCE-FICTION—Edited by Robert Magidoff, University Press, 1964, \$5.272pp.

This book contains 11 short stories by assorted Russian authors, including one by Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, sometimes called "the father of modern rocketry." (Personally I thought the "father of modern rocketry" went by the name of von Braun.) Some of the stories are unfortunately burdened with Communist philosophy. Another, in addition to this handicap, is a steal from Murray Leinster's "First Contact," to the extent that the story is mentioned and summarized in it, in addition to following the same lines. At least one serves to illustrate the universality of stupidity of people who try to write SF without knowing anything about science. Read this one only if you want to find out what Russian SF is like, because I think it isn't very good at all.

THE TIME LOCKERS—Wallace West, Avalon, 1964, \$2.95, 190pp.

This story of linked worlds leaves much to be desired. To the best of my knowledge it was originally published in a shorter version about 10 years ago or so in TWS. This ungrading of a story isn't too bad an idea, but unfortunately, as changed, this story has more loose ends than a van Vogt story, and Mr West makes little or no effort to gather any of them together. The "Time Lockers" of this story in effect store precisely that, enabling people to save themselves the boredom of experiencing long trips, etc, and later to reclaim their "savings", at a rate of 10 to 1, in the parallel worlds vacation resorts. The protagonist discovers that the people of this other world are actually using their vacationing "guests" to help rebuild their shattered civilization, unfortunately, so doing without asking permission and without their conscious knowledge. As though this isn't enough, there are assorted asinine additional aliens and allied sub-plots which confuse the issue completely. (How's that for alliteration? mi)

MISSION TO A STAR—Frank Belmap Long, Avalon, 1964, \$2.95, 192pp.

The Scorpions invade Earth, coming on what they say is a "scientific mission". A peaceful invasion, true, but people naturally suspect they are up to no good, especially when a man who wanders too close to one of their ships turns up with amnesia. We find out later that the Scorpions are a people dedicated to "joy", but they are suffering from a type of creeping apathy which is destroying their race, and came to Earth to search for a possible solution, which is naturally pulled out of a hat at the last minute.

WORLD OF THE FUTURE—Karl Zeigfreid, Arcadia House, 1964, \$2.95, 189pp.

Two alien spaceships, each belonging to the adherents of one of the two opposing Galactic philosophies, battle it out above Earth, and a loose bomb accidentally destroys the city of Zurich. When one ship lands to observe the damage, it accidentally leaves behind a plague which kills all non-smokers, an idea which obviously came from reading too much about the cigarette scare. This book has a quality comparable to the other two books by this author I have read, which is next to none. Just a typical British-pocket-book type.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT RACE—Stanton A Coblantz, Arcadia House, 1964, \$2.95, 192pp.

The last 12 survivors of the sunken continent of Mu are found in suspended animation in a huge globe found, of all places, in Arizona. Due to conflicts between the customs of their civilization and ours, they cause trouble for themselves and their discoverers. Finally, they go back to their sleep, which had been interrupted 10,000 years too soon. It seems as if someone is running a contest to see which publisher can put out the worst SF book of the year. It's amazing how many of them came out in such a short period.



### The Book Shelf (Contd)

THE GREAT TIME MACHINE HOAX--Keith Laumer, Simon & Schuster, 1964, \$3.95, 190pp.

This is an expansion of a serial which appeared in Fantastic. Although it suffers a bit in the expansion, it is still enjoyable. As a time-travel story, it is one of the best I have read in some time.

SWORDSMEN IN THE SKY---Edited by Donald Wollheim, Ace F-311, 1964, 40¢, 192pp.

To meet the demand of so many people for sword-and-sorcery stories, we have here a volume containing 5 stories by Paul Anderson, Edmond Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, Andre Norton, and O A Kling. An entirely enjoyable look, even to the cover by Frank Frazetta.

THE DAY THE MACHINES STOPPED--Christopher Anvil, Monarch 478, Dec 64, 40¢, 124pp.

When I read this book, I thought for a minute that someone at Monarch had momentarily gone mad and accidentally had them publish a good book. It isn't really good, but it still is so much above the usual Monarch quality that I was very surprised. With appropriate gobbledygook, Christopher Anvil has us reading about a Soviet scientist who invents a device which stops the free movement of electrons. This gadget thus stops all electrical devices from functioning, as it completely eliminates electrical energy, with effects that vary with the distance from the center. The story concerns a group of people who are trying to escape from the confusion after the event. Somehow, I really can't find anything to say about this book, I seem to be in a fog all of a sudden.

SPACE, TIME & CRIME--edited by Miriam Allen De Form, Paperback Library 52-502, 1964,

50¢, 174 pp. A baker's dozen of stories about crimes of one sort or another, some of which aren't crimes in the accepted sense, and all are well worth reading.

INVADERS OF SPACE--Murray Leinster, Berkley F1022, 1964, 50¢, 140pp.

This is another story from Mr Leinster's "landing grid" universe. A young engineer is kidnapped by a gang of pirates who plan on hijacking a large shipment of cash being transported between planets. Naturally, our hero has to do his best to keep the pirates from succeeding, especially since his fiance is among the passengers on the treasure ship. He does. Although the ending is telegraphed, the story is still interesting, and I did like it. I am sure you will also.

LAND BEYOND THE MAP--Kenneth Bulmer, FUGITIVE OF THE STARS--Edmond Hamilton, Ace M111, 45¢, 1964, 136p+116p.

The first of these stories was previously published in Science Fantasy as "The Map Country," and is the story of a man who is searching for part of a map, which he thinks will lead him into a parallel world. The second half of this book is very familiar. A spaceship captain is disgraced when his ship crashes, killing passengers and crew. He then goes in search of someone who he claims framed him, in order to clear his name. The first of these is interesting, well-written, and I did enjoy reading it. The second is typical of so many average stories.

CITY OF A THOUSAND SUNS--Samuel R Delany, Ace F 322, 1965, 40¢, 156 pp.

This is the final book of a trilogy of the war of Toromcn. The previous books in the series, "Captives of the Flame" and "The Towers of Toron" were published as Ace books #F-199 and F-261. This particular book contains a lot of action, but it seems as if very little of it makes any sense at all, as far as I can see. The story itself isn't that bad, but I seem to be undergoing a change in perspective lately, and it has been confusing my judgement as far as such things go. Sort of an agonizing reappraisal, you might say.



# THE FRAYED

& NARROW BY david harper

Now that network television has folded its last science fiction entry (The Outer Limits), network moguls may be more cautious and thoughtful before leaping again.

There are several things the television industry should consider about science fiction. One thing is that it's awfully expensive to do science fiction well on a weekly basis. The Outer Limits is a good example. Science fiction will remain monster-dominated to the mass media. About the only way to delineate between good and bad mass-media science fiction is to evaluate its monsters. If monsters are technically good, the production is good -- and that, unfortunately for those who enjoy science fiction, is that. But, financially, thirty-six well-produced monster shows are infeasible. A western could be done for much less. So, scrap the monsters.

Outer space is likewise difficult to depict well and without exorbitant expense, but I've seen more well-done monsters than I have well-done outer space backdrops. Space minatures always look as if they'd fall over at the slightest nudge. So scrap outer space.

Thirdly, until decent writers are permitted decent scripts, forget future civilizations. Books as mighty as Childhood's End could become the worst of trash in the typical Hollywood hacks hands. There are too many togas and spears and aluminum helmets remaining from Roman epics to throw away -- and until such is left off the person of science fiction casts, forgetting future civilization dramas is simply a defensive device.

Time travel is permissible if it doesn't engender (as it always does) monsters or outer space or future civilizations. If it does, nothing is gained, for time travel will simply become an excuse to allow and re-allow the aforementioned atrocities.

Or, more simply, forget science fiction.

The only two well-produced, well-written, and well-acted science/fantasy productions I have ever seen, were not treated as science fiction at all. They were treated as contemporarily-situated mystery-fantasies. Their limitations were their saviors.

The first, "The Power," by Frank Robinson, was presented in July of 1956 by Studio One. It concerned telepathy, a surprisingly easy and effective gimmick to create on television. The second, "In His Image," by Charles Beaumont (Twilight Zone) concerned a humanoid who discovered too late that he was such. In both cases, limiting the scripts to recognizable backgrounds, colloquial dialogue, and credible gimmicks lent a believability and power rare in visually-produced science/fiction/fantasy. There is something impressive about a science fiction story on television that moves you to identification and empathy, and not embittered laughter.

"The Power" could be the basis for an enjoyable and excellent television series. Certainly, a man with telepathic powers is no more incredible than a fugitive who narrowly escapes capture thirty-six times a year. The writers would have to be as well acquainted with suspense as with science fiction, but if the two were balanced properly, they would be mutually flattering.

I don't know why no one has considered a Dracula series, either. The suspense potential is inestimable. Television would require that vampirism be a curse and that Dracula has unwillingly accepted his role and is persecuted unjustly. But still, even altered, hoped-for-cures, enemies, and persecutors could supply writers with limitless scripts. Of course, Dracula would probably receive some singular aspect of identification (other than his peculiar-looking mouth), and in Hollywood it could be



THE

GROWING

PILE

Well, I seem to have quite a collection of fanzines which have collected since my last issue. Our postman certainly has been busy. I was going to start off with YANDRO, but #142 is missing, so #143 will have to do for a start.

1. YANDRO #143--Robert Coulson, Rte #3, Wabash, Ind., 46992. Published monthly, available for 30¢, 4/\$1, or 12/\$2.50.

Well, YANDRO seems to have found a new writer in Steve Pickering, and a column by Ted White, and also an article about the Burroughs Bibliophiles by Stephen Barr, together with the usual book and fanzine reviews, and an excellent lettercol, make this a good piece of reading, as almost always.

2. YANDRO #144--Still by Buck Coulson. This issue features a fascinating article by John Berry, on the subject of Space stamps. I never knew there were so many different ones available. My own collection of stamps has been languishing for several years, and I don't know if I will ever return to the dedication needed to have a reasonably complete collection of even a very narrow topic. There is also a bit of "blank" prose compiled by Gene Deweese, and a long lettercol, together with the usual reviews. The cover looks like something that escaped from a chess set.

3. THE WRITERS' EXCHANGE--Alma Hill, 463 Park Dr, Boston 15, Mass. This is the first bulletin of the NYF Writers' Exchange, and is available to anyone who is interested in writing. Among other things, WE will discuss possible markets, and also writing techniques. This is one zine almost any fan can use. In fact, I plan on getting some mileage out of it myself.

4. CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ #5--Gary Labowitz, Fishkill Park Apts, Fishkill, NY. I don't know how I got this, which consists mainly of mailing comments on NAPA and SFPA (what's that?), but it does fill a bit of time. I liked the cover, and the big coincidence comes because I just took "A Canticle for Leibowitz", by Walter Miller, out of the library for my father, who is currently on a Miller kick, and I am reading his books myself, and finding them as interesting as ever.

5. STARSPINKLE # 49 (but not quite, because this is actually VEGOS #1, by Dwain Kaiser, 5321 Mountain View Drive, Las Vegas, Nev. This is a one man zine published for APA 45, and I am sure anyone would have been intrigued by the first page title.

6. WITH THOUGHTS OF REMEMBRANCE AND THE BEST OF GOOD WISHES--Rosemary & Richard Hickey, 2020 N Mohawk, Chicago 14, Ill. Besides OMPA misc comments, this issue contains an account of the Hickeys' vacation.



The Growing Pile(Cont'd)

7. HYDRA #1--Pete Campbell, 3 Market Place, Cockermonth, Comb, UK.

When I mention that there is a short article titled "Elephants Practice Water-Divining" in this issue, you might get an idea of what this zine is like, but you'd be wrong. It is as close to an international fanzine I have ever seen, with articles or quites from Scotland, India, Russia, and Turkey. Quite unusual, and well worth getting a copy. Before I forget, HYDRA is published monthly (this is the Oct 64 issue) and is available for 5/- or \$1 per year, or trades or locs. There is a note saying it incorporates 2 other zines, Andromeda and Advance News. What really makes this zine unusual, is that the editor explains that he is using a damaged typewriter, and therefore must substitute "@" for "a", which makes for a bit of confusion.

8. SOMEWHATLY #1--Joe Sanders, RR #1, Roachdale, Ind.

This letter-substitute also contains some poems and book reviews and some letters, of course.

9. THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER #3--Ron Wilson, 3107 Normandie St, Spokane Wash, 99204

Featured in this issue is an article "Imagination and SF", consisting mainly of a psychological test. Then, you can find a couple pieces of short fiction, and the ubiquitous lettercol. It's fantastic how much improvement this zine has shown since issue #1. The artwork is nothing to sneeze at, either.

10. LIGHTHOUSE #11, Nov 64--Terry Carr, 41 Pierrepont St, Brooklyn, NY, 11201.

Published quarterly, this issue appeared in FAPA mag #109, and is also available for 25¢ or 4/\$1, also for trades, contribs, and locs. Aside from letters and mailing comments, this issue contains articles by Philip K Dick, Walt Willis, historical notes by Carl Brandon, a cartoon portfolio by Trina & Art Castillo, and an index to the first 10 issues. The only thing wrong with this zine is that it is too thick for the staples, and the last few pages are falling off. Aside from this, it is the best zine of the last 3 months.

11. FOCAL POINT #2--rich brown & Mike McInerney, 268 E 4th St, Apt 4C, NYC, NY

Published biweekly, available for news, trades or 3/25¢. This is the Jan 30, 1965 issue. As it says, this is a fanzine of news, views, and reviews, and I can't think of any better description for this welcome invader of my mailbox. Along with this one, I also received a copy of BARRICINI #1, a one-shot(?) by Mike McInerney, which only comments on the FAN POLL.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Frayed & Narrow(Cont'd from p. 7) N nothing less foolish than an ape-call or twinkling his ears when lusting for a victim.

But still, if Hollywood had any decent interest in, or respect for, science fiction or fantasy, they would realize their necessary limitations and produce a series of quality. As Charles Beaumont pointed out, the mental often defeats the visual in conjuring effective fantasies. But, as Beaumont also pointed out, Hollywood has done notable things with such as vampires and werewolves-- the Hammer Productions, for example.

Hollywood currently feels that science fantasy can best be lampooned. But "The Munsters," etc, have to stretch for their humor even more than such rickily-gimmicked shows as "The Beverly Hillbillies. Like the science fiction, the humorous-fantasy production is usually the child of incompetents -- limitless incompetence.



# THE SORCERER ESCAPES

BY  
BEN SOLON

"You are Ithkel of Uganistan, the Wizard of the Scarlet Mantle?" asked Eshon, King of Ankesh, of his caller.

"I am," replied the scarlet clad figure, bowing low.

Eshon settled back upon his throne and regarded the wizard through half-closed eyes. Tall he was, and strongly built, with dark hair and strange eyes. These eyes were his most arresting feature. They were old eyes, set in a young face. It was as though Ithkel had seen far too much of the world and what lies beyond and, now, regretting his folly, wished to forget all he had seen.

"I have summoned you to Ankesh, Ithkel, to remove from our land a pestilence: a plague men call Yunir the nigromancer. He is a sorcerer of superlative powers. My own wizards, accounted among the most powerful in all the world, are as children before him. He crushes Ankesh beneath his heel, and none dare to oppose him, not even I.

I am a brave man, Ithkel, but I am no fool. I have seen the things that obey his whims, and I know that mortal weapons are powerless against them and their Master. So, I ask you, a wizard of great renown, to take up the cause of Ankesh and destroy Yunir. For is it not true, that sorcery is best fought by other sorcery?"

"Aye, the old adage is true. But tell me, O Eshon, of Yunir. What do you know of him?"

"I know little. Five years ago, he came out of the foul waste called The Marches of Hell at the head of twenty-score warriors. I should have destroyed him, but he assured me that he meant no harm to either Ankesh or myself, and I, fool that I was, believed him.

I have learned much wisdom since then, but the learning has been painful and come too late.

Forgive an old man for talking so much! Enough, I continue.

For some months, Yunir and his warriors, the Surdan, as he calls them, dwelt within the city walls. I was uneasy about having such a large body of fighting men within the city, but they made no disturbance and I could not move against them without bringing the people down upon my head.

My worries first began when Yunir and his men moved out of the city and set about to re-build the ruined Tower of Nerid, the old strong-hold of Borumath the Great. For months they worked on the Tower, building it higher and stronger than even Borumath and his successors.

From time to time he employed workers from the city. These always returned with tales of strange doings and of pits and tunnels dug deep into the ground. Some of these tales reached my ears, and although I was inclined to disregard them at first, they so grew, both in number and clarity, that I was forced to take action.

With two-hundred lancers, I rode across the plain that separates Akesh from Nerid. Yunir greeted me at the gate of Nerid and asked if I rode to war and if I would accept his Surdan as men-at-arms. Embarrassed that I had ever given credence to those wild tales, I explained my purpose in coming forth from the city. He was taken aback. Had



he ever given me any reason to mistrust him? How could he make restitution? Would I allow him to show me the Tower? I accepted. From dome to dungeon, he guided me through Nerid. Yet, somehow, I knew that he was hiding some dark secret, but I brushed this inner voice aside and allowed Yunir to convince me that he had no designs upon Ankesh.

If only I had obeyed my instinct and slain him where he stood.

A fortnight later, he completed the Tower and I learned, as did all Ankesh, that my fears were not without base; Yunir was, and is, a monster.

I shall never forget that night as long as I live; that awful night that Yunir sent his first demand for virgins and gold. I laughed at the messenger and had him scourged. 'Is your master the Nameless God himself, he gets no gold and virgins from Eshon of Ankesh,' I told him. I then had him whipped and dragged from the city across the plain to Nerid. 'Bring me the head of this Yunir,' I said to the captain of my Guard. 'Wo! His fate weighs heavy upon my soul!

From the High Tower, I watched them as they left the city. The laughing, boisterous Guard and the messenger, stumbling, falling, struggling to rise again. For two miles, from the city to Nerid, this continued. At length, they reached the Tower. The captain, bold rogue, called upon Yunir and ran the messenger through.

The messenger's corpse was scarcely cold when Yunir answered the captain's challenge.

From my vantage point, I could see that the Tower had begun to glow. The glare enveloped the whole plain, smiting the eyes, and to my horror, I could see the effect it was having upon my men. In the light of that awful glare, they changed--altered--into things.

The glare died almost immediately, and from the Tower, there issued forth a flood of things--my altered men among them--from Hell. Into Ankesh they came, a wave of evil sinuous bodies, working their degradations upon the most beautiful of our young men and women, and dragging the fairest of them back to Nerid. For days after, the screams of these youths could be heard as they underwent the most terrible tortures that Yunir's warped mind could devise. When the last of his victims had died, Yunir piled their mutilated bodies before the gates of Ankesh and sent a message demanding ten virgins, five male and five female, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, every three moons."

"Yunir is indeed a foul monster, I will undertake to destroy him."

"I am glad. For five long years, the people of Ankesh have had to give ten virgin youths to the Master of Nerid every three moons. It is not easy to order people to sell their children to a monster to buy three months more of life for a city. Many times have I tried to destroy Yunir, but always he has defeated my champions. And worse, the people threaten revolt unless I find some way to put Yunir down.

You perhaps wonder why I have not summoned you to Ankesh before?"

"To be truthful, I did ponder on that."

"Be at ease, I will tell you.

Since my experience with Yunir, I have tended to mistrust all wizards, and it was only in desperation, to save my throne; a throne which perhaps I do not deserve, that I summoned you, the most renowned wizard of the Far East, to Ankesh.

The need for swiftness is great. This night, Yunir will send one of his acolytes to deliver his demand for gold and virgins. If I do not answer within four hours, or the acolyte does not return, he will raze the city.

"I will capture this acolyte, for I must know of what sorceries Yunir practices within the walls of Nerid, and how it is protected. This I must know, so that I may work counter-magic and overthrow Yunir. I will need men for this venture. Might I have forty men of the Palace Guard placed under my command for this night?"

"Done."

An hour before sunset, Akeb Morul, chief acolyte of Yunir of Nerid, slunk into Ankesh. As he strode the broad avenues of the city, people shunned him as the plague. The market-place crowds thinned at his coming, men stepped from his path, women ducked



into doorways and children fled, screaming. In all Ankesh, none, save Yunir himself, was so hated and so feared. For it was Akeb Morul who made the final selection of youths for Yunir.

He entered the throne room, empty of even guards, they had all fled at his coming. Seeing the Ivory Throne vacant, he called out: "Eshon, you slime! Come forth and hear the demands of Yunir of Nerid. Be swift or I torment you with magic."

"Eshon is weary and sleeps. Go you and return another time," spoke a voice from the hangings behind the throne.

"No man sleeps when Yunir speaks."

"Eshon does."

"Then Eshon and all his people shall be fed to the ghouls Yunir has penned beneath Nerid."

"I think not," replied Ithkel, stepping from his hiding place behind the throne.

"Who are you, red-robe, to make light of Yunir of Nerid?"

"I am Ithkel of Uganistan, Wizard of the Scarlet Mantle."

"Ho! A foreign spell-maker, eh? Eshon has employed you to destroy Yunir? You would do well to flee Ankesh ere Yunir discovers your presence," sneered Akeb Morul.

"I fear not Yunir and I flee from no man."

"Fool!" snapped the acolyte. He began to speak a spell that would warp and twist Ithkel's body into a Hell-shape with no will of its own. The ultimate horror of this magic lie in that, while it destroyed will, it left mind and memory intact, so that the victim would be haunted by his acts.

The spell never left Akeb Morul's lips. Ithkel banished a glowing rune, and with a wave of his hand destroyed the acolyte's mind and will, but not his memory. The thing that had been Akeb Morul stared blankly at its conqueror.

"You are the fool, acolyte. You sought to destroy your better, and now must pay the penalty. Come!"

Ithkel and the mindless acolyte strode from the throne room. Down the pair went, ever downward, into the depths of Eshon's castle, until at last they reached the age-old dungeons.

For two hours, Ithkel questioned the acolyte of his Master's activities. The mindless thing, having no will, was forced to answer every question put to it. At length, Ithkel said: "You have answered all questions I have put to you and your usefulness, to me, is finished. To another, however, you will be most useful."

From his pouch, he produced a piece of chalk and sketched a complex pattern upon the slimy floor of the dungeon. "Lie within the pentacle, arms and legs spread."

The automaton that had been Akeb Morul gibbered to itself and obeyed. From his sash, Ithkel drew a knife and nicked the acolyte's wrists and ankles, so that his blood flowed onto the chalk lines. From another pouch, he withdrew a pinch of powder and mixed it with the flowing blood. He snatched a torch from the wall and touched the flame to the blood. Flames leaped toward the ceiling. Akeb Morul did not even flicker an eyelid as the flames began to devour his body.

Ithkel began to chant:

"Erlik!

Erlik Khan!

Erlik Khan, Lord of the Black Throne!

Erlik Khan, Lord of the Black Throne and Master of the Seven Darknesses!

Hear your servant, Ithkel of Uganistan; soon, I go forth on a dangerous quest and I ask that you accept the blood and the soul of this servant of my foe, Yunir of Nerid and grant me victory over him.

Erlik! Give me victory and I dedicate the souls of twenty of the Surdan to you."



A stench of rot and decay hung heavily in the cold, damp air of the dungeon. Akeb Morul's mind returned to him, and he began to scream in pain and terror. A vast, wavering shape hovered above him. It spread twisted, ill-formed arms to gather him in an unholy embrace. Akeb Morul twisted like a crab to avoid the awful caress, but he could not escape the pentacle. The arms closed about him, a vast mouth fastened itself to his in a dreadful kiss. A pain beyond all pains shot through his body and Akeb Morul writhed like a snake with a broken back as Erlik Khan, Lord of the Black Throne, sucked his soul.

Then, Erlik withdrew. Akeb Morul's body collapsed upon itself and the flames died, quickly as they had been born. Ithkel touched the mummy-thing that had been Akeb Morul with the toe of his boot and laughed as it fell to dust. Ithkel turned away from the pentacle and was gone in a rustle of his silken robes.

The sun had set an hour or so before, and through the gathering darkness, forty men of Eshon's Palace Guard crawled toward the feared Tower of Nerid. Dragging a heavy, iron-headed ram, the forty Guardsmen stole through the tall grass of the plain that lies between Ankesh and Nerid. Each man eyed the one beside him with suspicion, for Yunir was said to have riddled the Palace Guard with spies. At their lead slunk Ithkel of Uganistan, and the fears of the Guardsmen were not lessened by his presence. Although he had given each of them a rune to circumvent magical guardians, they regarded him with the suspicion that all men have for practitioners of the Dark Art.

Five hours after they left Ankesh, the Guardsmen drew up to the Gash—the ring of bare ground that separated Nerid from the rest of the plain. At the edge of the Gash, the Guardsmen drew the ram to them, stood, hefted it in their arms, and rushed the Tower gate.

CRASH!

Iron headed ram and wooden gate met, and the latter gave, slightly. The Guardsmen, elated by their success, stood back and prepared to smite the gate again.

High above them, at the topmost pinnacle of Nerid's dome, a figure made strange gestures and mouthed alied words.

"Flee!" shrilled Ithkel.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

And so ends Chapter #1 of The Sorcerer Escapes. For the conclusion of this most unusual story, see ZINGARO #5.

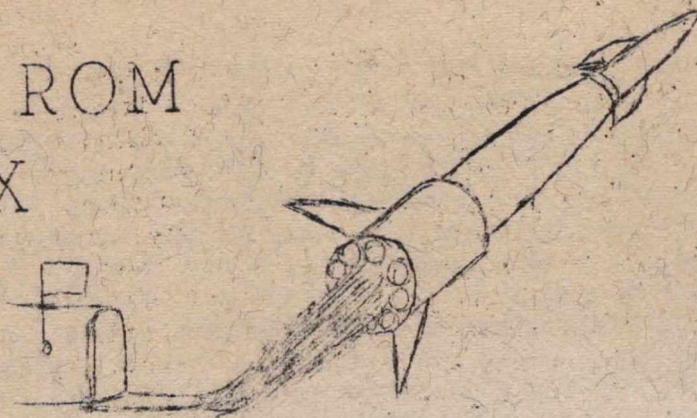


REG  
750



# MISSILES FROM THE MAILBOX

by  
the Readers



DENNIS LIEN, Lake Park, Minn.

Your book and fanzine reviews have always been my favorite parts of your zine, so I was naturally intrigued by your mention of my Farnham's Freehold parody in Yandro. I still haven't figured out if being "at least as good" as such a dull, chaotic mess as that is a compliment or an insult, but, since the original was not just any dull, chaotic mess, but a Dull, Chaotic Mess by a Big-Name Author, I'll take it as a compliment. By the way, Lien, not Lein, please! (Like the French in the "My Fair Lady" song, who "don't care what they do, as long as they pronounce it properly," I don't care what is said about me, as long as my name is spelled right.) ((Sorry, but I had just cleaned my typer, and couldn't do a thing with it. mi))

I heard that "Outer Limits" was to enter the Twilight Zone--i.e., be cancelled, but don't much care. I've seen possibly 10-12 of its productions since it started, with my reactions ranging from "ysecchi" to "not bad," but nothing I'd be watching if not for a loyalty to SF. Lately, the "ysecch" has taken command, largely because of the sweetness-and-light morals tacked on at the end--selling their "birthright for a pot of message," to steal from Sturgeon... Incidentally, "Outer Limits" was one of the most popular of all TV shows last year at my dorm, 1/3 of the population congregating for it for the same reason that we watched "Shock Theatre" and went to movies like "Hercules in the Haunted World" --to tear them to shreds. I agree with Deckinger's comments on Twilight Zone, though--it's sad to see a once-fine fantasy & sometimes-SF show sink to such depths as it's since displayed. I'm inclined to hope SF never becomes a great force in TV and movie fare--to me, it's greatest effectiveness is in its written form (but to me, the same holds true for damn near every genre, I couldn't take a truly steady diet of movies, and I have the usual pseudo-intellectual's contempt for TV.)

REG states that "I have to go in Johnson City, and the bus fare...usually seems like more than it's worth." You'd think a place the size of Jonesboro would have its own plumbing facilities, wouldn't you?

Harry Warner Jr: Actually, the answer (as to why TV viewers accept the SF-ish situations of "My Favorite Martian" et al) is probably not familiarity, but stupidity. Sure, in real life, a super-powered Martian doing the things that that one does would likely be found out quickly enough, but a boob-tube situation comedy isn't real life. How much effort does it take to hide a secret from such a crowd of sub-morons as make up the cast of most successful "comedies", as neighbors, business associates, etc.? ((I'd estimate about half as much as it would to hide it from an average real-life crowd of people with similar occupations. mi))

Strange you should mention "Tales From the Crypt." Ballantine just brought out a PB collection of stories from it, with original illustrations, comic-type blurbs, and all. If this sells, the prospects seem limitless, with Bantam reprinting Doc Savage, Belmont reviving The Shadow, Pyramid printing Fu-Manchu, and everybody doing Burroughs



(and with Gold Star reprinting old western dime novels), what's to stop pb publishers from reprinting strips from old comics on a big basis...even in B&W, I suspect pb reprints of The Justice Society, or Captain Marvel, or the old Timely characters would sell if the rights were available.

Nothing kills the joy of reading so quickly as writing book reviews. ((I see, you just like to read them, mi))

Don't remember if you're a Burroughs Bibliophile or not (No, but I'd like to join that crowd, mi)), but the current Bulletin has an article on Stu Byrne's long-unpublished Tarzan on Mars. From the synopsis given, this work seems to have a nicely-done, interwoven and comprehensible plot, and some ingenious touches. However, the consensus of opinions is that it shouldn't be made generally available because (apparently) it might be confused with The Sacred Writings themselves. So what do we get instead? Tarzan and The Silver Globe. (But you will have to admit that that could never, by any stretch of the imagination, be confused with the one-and-only Burroughs. mi)) I'll get it when it hits the local 2d hand store, and I'll probably even read it (1. I'm a completist, 2. I'm a masochist.), but, like you, I hope Gold Star is sued.

The 3 stories in Trader to the Stars may be the worst of the Nick van Rijn tales, but they're also the only ones not previously reprinted, I believe. "A Bicycle Built for Brew" is not a Nick van Rijn story though the difference is not great. The hero is one Kaud Axel Syrup. (Haven't you ever heard of an alias? mi))

In your Doc Savage review, "like has been done with the Burroughs books" gets some kind of award for ungrammatical beauty. (Maybe, but personally, I prefer my remarks about Monarch continuing its policy of publishing only the worst SF available. mi))

Yngvi is a louse.

Dennis Lien

ARTHUR HAYES, PO Box 135, Matachewan, Ont, CANADA.

I agree with you that whoever wrote about the "fancish tradition" of reserving the right to print ones name in lower case, is nuts. I've never cared for the idea of lower case lettering of ones name, but calling it a traditionally reserved matter is crazy. If Evers wants to be crazy enough to carry on with the idea, he might as well go ahead, for I don't see that we have ANY tradition that cannot be broken.

Statements, varying only slightly depending on the writer and subject, that have always raised hackles, as far as I'm concerned, like Deckinger's "...familiar enough with the SF field to have read the acknowledged classics, and recognized solidly written SF by the better authors would..." When that kind of phrasing is used, I'm almost ready to go to the opposite side. Most of the time it comes from a 'snob-hill' attitude. No, I can't say I like "My Favorite Martian" or "Bewitched" after more than two or three viewings, but I hope they both continue. Art Hayes





MFTM (Cont'd)

DUNCAN MCFARLAND, 1242 Grace Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45208.

I missed the Vance sequel to "The Star King;" didn't even see it on the newsstands. Which is very disappointing, because I profess a great liking for Jack. I also want to read Aldiss's "Greybeard" because Brian W is also one of my favorite authors. It seems that your tastes are diametrically opposed to mine; though that is hardly a fair statement, because I haven't read the books in question. ((Normally, I am also a fan of Mr Aldiss, but even a good author can right garbage occasionally; witness the trash that Heinlein has been putting out lately, notwithstanding the fact that he has been winning Hugo awards for it. mdi))

I've heard that sales on those three Doc Savage books that Bantam issued are so good that they are indeed going to issue the rest of the series. SF is in an odd frame of mind if it has to have prehistoric reprints like this and the type Ace issues to keep its cupboard full. Drat it, I just wish someone could start an old style pulp prozine right here and now. ((Sounds like a good idea, and I have here a list of title you can choose from. For the ordinary fan, we can have Super-duper Space Stories, or Extraterrestrial Epics, or Psychological Psience Phables, and for those interested in a more specific type of story, we can have the Burroughs BEM Book, or Eerie Essays, or Sexy Sword-and-Sorcery Sagas. Just take your pick. mdi))

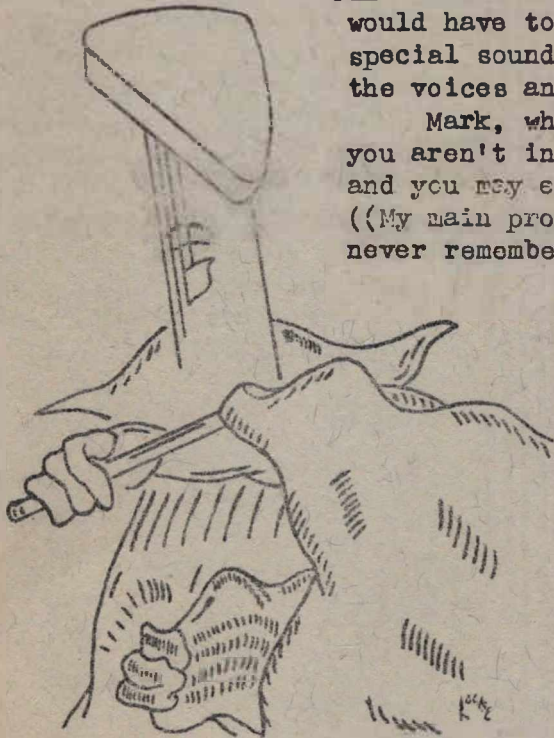
No, I don't think that THE PUPPET MASTERS would make a good movie(I'm commenting on Evers, now). The central plot of this book is still too worn out and stereotyped to be effective on TV. I can imagine the movie being shown on Sunday afternoons years hence. It is the same type of alien-invasion with inevitable outcome plot that has been done so many times on the screen. Actually no different than GODZILLA or KING KONG. Of course, the book was well done--but its virtues hardly lay in the plot.((On the other hand, if it had become a movie when it first came out, at a time when the monster movie hadn't become so "popular" with the studios, we would have had another classic. MDI))

I also suspect that THE DEMOLISHED MAN would be a difficult movie to film effectively. Seems to me the plot would be hard to follow. It is largely advanced by telepathy and thoughts, and how the heck would these be reproduced on screen?((Obviously, the audience would have to "hear" the thoughts, so they could use some special sound effects, maybe an echo chamber, to distort the voices and thus indicate thought transference. mi))

Mark, why don't you attend the next Midwescon, now that you aren't in the service? Illinois isn't too far from Cincy and you may even be able to hitch a ride. Duncan McFarland ((My main problem about going to the midwescon is that I can never remember when it is. I have my own car, so no transp

problem, and I know how inexpensive it is (last time i went, I spent under \$100, and most of that for zines.). I probably will go, if it doesn't interfere with school, especially since I'm not going to make the worldcon this year. If I do go, I'll be driving, and I sure wouldn't mind having a passenger or two who can read a road map for me, and keep me from talking to myself. School is over around the first week in June, if the Midwescon is the last week in June, look for me there. mdi))

((I should learn to keep my mouth shut. Since I wrote the above, I have smashed my car up, and I'll probably have to hitch a ride to the con myself. mdi))





NATE BUCKLIN, PO Box 4, Dockton, Wash, 98018.

The most fuggheaded attitude I've encountered toward SF was this: "What do you want to read any of that stuff for? After all, none of it's true." This same person read all other sorts of fiction, probably including confession zines, and apparently believed they were all true. Or perhaps she was just stating her point poorly. At any rate, I find that most people who will put down someone else for reading SF aren't worth arguing with, though occasionally you'll learn something from them. For instance I persuaded one girl that Dracula was not SF, and though I left her with only a vague idea of what SF was, she seemed to have been straightened out a little.

I DREAM OF PEOPLE (from Zingaro #2, mi) was interesting. The kind of fan fiction I like (though far from pro) usually gives me the feeling, "I am reading a lousy prozine story" instead of, "This story is rubbish and needs criticism." IDOP didn't invite criticism, because I could get absorbed in it without noting its flaws, something which many prozine stories cannot do.

The "I wish they would" comment with which you ended the TEN YEARS TO DOOMSDAY review--that's the only unfavorable remark you made on the whole book. I think you meant "I hope they do;" if so, the accidental ambiguity is hilarious ((Actually, this story presents a contrast, having as it does a stupid plot line combined with excellence in the other departments. They need more practice in plotting. mi))

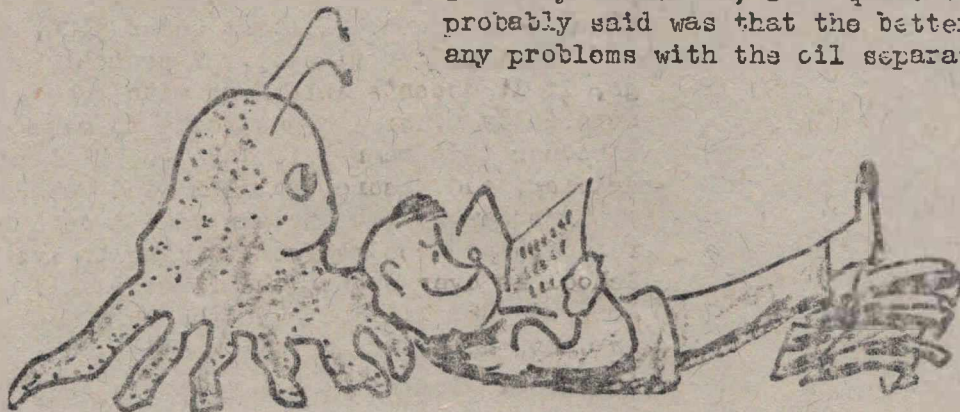
I disagree with you about Monarch. Their stuff is reliably bad, I'll admit, but I would rather have read PLANET BIG ZERO than almost any number of the items ACE puts out. The publisher that puts out the worst stories under the SF banner is, and has been for the active publishing life of Monarch, ACE Books; that is, if you define "worst" as "granting least enjoyment to Nate Bucklin." However, ACE does come up with good items once in a while; you, as a Burroughs fan (which I am not), would naturally have a higher opinion of them in general than I do. ((To each his own taste. mi))

Paul Crawford and I agree that Norton's last few books have had only one plot; to wit: "The introvert hero leaves human company (or the Dipple on Korwar), and goes out into the sticks on some planet, goes through a hole in the ground (cave, ancient ruins, or through time), and finds a treasure house of weapons, gadgets, and other junk that was left there by some lost race. He usually gets pretty well beat-up and confused by what he finds, and then uses his now-found knowledge to defeat the bad guys (Baldies, Russians, Throgs, or spacesuits with nothing in them). Norton is a good writer--her descriptions are beautiful and she can tell a story, but her plots are lousy as far as I'm concerned."

Jodi Lynn is pretty, isn't she? Her face is particularly niticeable in that photo, which is good, because it's one of her strong points. No disrespect is intended to the rest of her...

The special ink that removes need for cleaning the mimeo: you mentioned it yourself in a letter, not too many issues ago. I'm not sure what you meant, but as soon as I find your letter, I'll quote the whole thing. ((What I probably said was that the better grade of ink didn't give any problems with the oil separating out and slopping all

over the place. It stays together so you can see any spots of spilled ink and stays in a liquid form so it is wiped up much easier. mdi))



MARID KWIAT



MFTM(Cont'd)

Have you ever timed, since your reading speed leveled off (mine stopped growing much faster a couple of years ago), the longest time it took you to read a book? I timed myself on three long books: *OF TIME AND THE RIVER* (Thomas Wolfe), seven hours, five of them consecutive; *ATLAS SHRUGGED* (Ayn Rand, the only SF one of the three), eight hours, in 2 four-hour periods; *KRISTEN LAVRANSON* (Sigrid Undset), eleven hours, only 4 of them consecutive, and the rest grabbed in half-hour stretches here and there. ((No, I haven't. Usually, I finish a book in one sitting, in about an hour or two. It seems that most real long books, I read in very short stretches, I've been reading a 5-volume edition of Plutarch's Lives in snatches during my lunch hour and on the train going to work for the past two months. Right now, I'm stuck half-way through vol. IV, since I have switched to doing my homework instead. I should be back to reading it soon, though. The longest that I can remember is *THE FLAMMARION BOOK OF ASTRONOMY*, which took about 9 or 10 hours to read, over a period of 3 weeks. But this is a special case, since it has over 600 pages, but the liberal pictures are interspersed with tables and charts and other whatnot that slow reading speed considerably, as does most technical material. mi))

You mean that John Carter stories are funny-ridiculous? This is pretty much the way your comment could be interpreted. I don't find the capture-and-escape motif funny, even though it is most definitely ridiculous, because it's monotonous, and seems highly unreal. Congratulations on being so frank on your reasons for reading *Tarzan*, etc. I suppose that the anti-ERB crowd has disowned you for reading him, and the pro-ERB crowd for having such anti-ERB reasons. I apologize for accusing you, long ago, of lacking humor. This lettercol is a scream, especially where you are making interjections. ((I accept your apologies, but reserve the right to make my own interjections. I think you have slightly misinterpreted my statements in re ERB. The capture-and-escape motif is not intrinsically funny and ridiculous; it can be a serious, and a valuable plot type, when used in moderation. But in most ERB books, the hero (or heroine, or another main character) is captured by enemies, then he (or she) escapes by beating someone over the head, or stabbing them, or calling in a gang of friends, or having a gang of them just happen to find the enemy camp. After being free for a while, he (or she) is captured by another gang of buddies (or maybe even by the same gang), and has to repeat the same procedure. This gets pretty ridiculous, especially when there are sometimes 3 or 4 sets of characters wandering around, each getting captured by a different batch of enemies. If you can't see the humor in this, that's your problem, but I still like to read those ERB stories immensely, even if it isn't for the same reasons as most other ERB fans. mi))

Incidentally, I'm starting a chess-oriented fanzine called *THE KIBITZER*. Material that will be printed: almost entirely articles, and I have a printer already, but material is welcome in case you have something you want to write about chess or some fairy chess game.

REBEVERS: my US Govt teacher made one good point about army vs. slavery: you can get out of the army if you wait long enough. A slave had nothing of the sort to look forward to.

Pete Jackson's currency: I second the notion. Motion, if you'd prefer. ((Too impractical. mdi))

Rick Brooks: I don't think it's necessary that if I can identify with an average jerk, I "Have given up on myself, my dreams, or both." I can identify with average people. I can also identify with below-average people, with people who have given up their



MARIO KWAT





"No wonder the Russians left the moon to us!"

person to make this famous in fandom, and he began it as soon as he entered fandom, long before anyone guessed his virtues as a fan or the celebrated pro he was to become. If legend is correct, Damon did it because of his handwriting; he had trouble making an attractive capital D when he signed his name and took to using lower case in his signature. You could get something like the list of fannish traditions that you mention in the Fencyclopedia, but I have heard that that volume is now out of print ((I think a new edition is coming out soon. mi)). My fan history will deal with some of them, but not all. But there's the fact that there is a lot of fun in learning these things gradually puzzling some out as you go along, inquiring about others to correspondents and friends. To have all of them neatly indexed and available for reference at your elbow might take some of the joy away for a neofan, something like working a crossword puzzle by using a good crossword puzzle dictionary on every definition whose meaning you're not certain about, rather than reserving it as a last resort. Yrs, Harry Warner, Jr ((I have a crossword dictionary, but I haven't used it since the first few weeks, it takes all the fun out of a puzzle. Besides, I rarely need it. I'm sorry I cut so much of your letter, but I am running out of space. I had so many interesting letters, I didn't even publish half of them, and I probably could have made a better choice, but that's my problem. mdi))

MFTM(Cont'd)

hold on sanity, with star athletes and a lot of real-seaming characters infiltrating all sorts of fiction. However, I do find the peculiarity that I have difficulty identifying with a character some of whose facets fall outside my experience with people.

MATE BUCKLIN

HARRY WARNER, JR, 423 Summit Ave,  
Hagerstown, Md, 21740.

It would take a better student of the law than I am, to say whether it's now legal to write new Tarzan stories. Normally, the author or his heirs have some sort of right to a series character, but conceivably the situation could be altered by the manner in which the Burrough estate allowed so many copyrights to lapse. I hope that the Burrough heirs can halt the Werper imitation. Burroughs fandom might die a natural death for lack of new subject matter, a few years from now, if it doesn't get a steady flow of new stories about the Burroughs characters.

Like you, I've never encountered that belief that it takes fannish services to permit signing one's name in lower case. I believe that Damon knight was the first



THE LAST MINUTE—AHF

Aside from those whose names have graced these pages, I have also heard from Curtis Janke, Paul Gilster, Bill Mallardi, Gary Labowitz, Ruth Berman, Mike Domina, Henry Beck, James Toren (who sends money), Tom Dupree, Peter Singleton, Ken Free, James Goodrich, John Foyster, Owen Hannifen, Pete Jackson, Harry Higgins, Dennis Lien, John Boardman, Len Moffat, William Rowsler, Stephen Barr, Robin Wood, Bob Brown, Robert Gilbert, Rick Brooks, Michael Viggiano, Ide Ipe, Ed Gorman, Eric Blake, Chet Gottfried, Gregg Wolford, Walt Willis, and a few others whose names I forget.

This afternoon, I received a note from the Midwestern group which announces that those congenial gatherings will no longer be held at the North Plaza Motel, but instead will be, of all places, at a Holiday House Motel. I doubt if the accommodations will be as bad as those at some of the Worlacons I've attended. At the least, they will be relatively new. For those interested, the Midwestern will be at Holiday Inn North, 2235 Sharon Road, Cincinnati, Ohio. Before I forget, the date is 25, 26, 27 June. See you there!

ZINGARO

FROM: Mark Irwin  
1747 Elmwood Dr.

Highland Park, Illinois  
60035

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL. (1) HIGHLAND PARK



TO:

Howard Devore  
4705 Weddel  
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48125

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