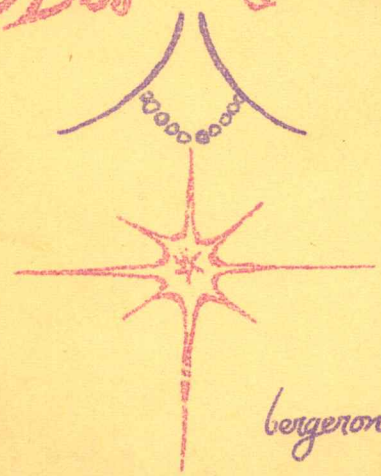




CINDER

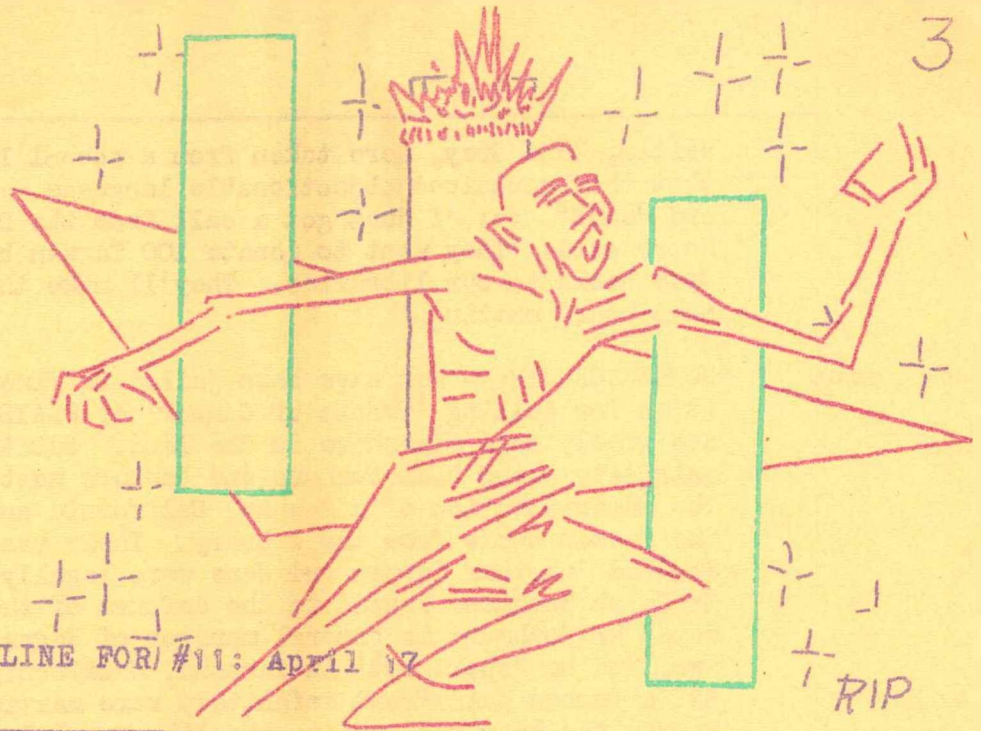


Bergeron

# ashes

a column revealing the weird workings of your editor's mind... or, The Editorial.

DEADLINE FOR #11: April 17



## CENSORSHIP PLUS

Roy Tackett will surely accuse me of regressing again to a comic book fanzine, but I'll assure him here that

I'm not.

I quote: "TEACHERS BLUSH AT TARZAN - Downey, Calif - An investigation will be launched next week into a report Tarzan's printed adventures have been removed from the library of at least one Downey elementary school because the apeman and his mate never bothered to get hitched. ::: It also was learned Zane Grey's westerns, which have sold more than 1 1/2 million copies, have been banned because parents complained of some obscene words in the stories. ::: Downey school superintendent Bruce Moore said he will conduct a probe to determine which school is involved. ::: He added he didn't think any serious action by the board of education would be taken even if Tarzan and Jane never married."

Again: "TARZAN 'FANS' VOICE OBJECTION TO RUMORED BOOK SUPPRESSION - LA - Friends of Tarzan horrified by a rumored plot to suppress stories of the ape man's jungle capers, reaffirmed by the dozens Thursday that they still think their hero is a real swinging guy. ::: School Supt. Bruce Moore of nearby Downey said he has received reassuring telephone calls from as far away as Rochester, NY, since it was reported Wednesday that Tarzan books had been banned from a school library. ::: Moore still doesn't know who is behind the reported drive to put the ape man out of circulation, but he's a Tarzan fan himself and he aims to find out. ::: The issue achieved public notice after school board member Robert Ryan reported at the last board meeting that he'd been told a librarian removed Tarzan books from an elementary school. The reason, apparently, was that nothing could be found to indicate Tarzan and his mate Jane were married, and that their joint occupancy of a tree house was consequently nothing less than scandalous. ::: Ryan's informant didn't tell him from which school the books were taken. And, because school personnel are scattered for the holidays, Moore says he probably won't find out until next week, when classes resume. ::: Moore also will investigate reports that books by the late western

writer, Zane Grey, were taken from a school library on grounds that they contained objectionable language -- such as "hell" and "damn". ::: 'I just got a call from the Downey Lions Club,' Moore said. 'They want to donate 100 Tarzan books and 100 Zane Grey books to our libraries. They'll make the offer at the next board meeting.'

And again:

"NONSENSORSHIP - Men have been jailed or fined in some communities for selling 'Tropic of Cancer' or PLAYBOY magazines, which are freely sold elsewhere in the land. But the grand prize for asininity among book-burners and banners must go, I think to the administration of a Downey, California school that removed the Tarzan books from the library. Their reason? Well, they doubted 'whether Tarzan and Jane were legally man and wife.' ::: Mr Ralph Rothmund leaped to the defense of the Apeman and his mate; Mr Rothmund is general manager of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc, and he 'spoke out' in Tarzana, California, saying that ERB's famous pair 'most definitely were married.' I trust that Tarzan has been restored to the library shelves as a result of this assurance. But I shudder to think what books may be banned now, if censors accept the principle that characters in all books must be 'legally man and wife'. The Bible, for example. Do you think Adam and Eve could display their marriage certificate if challenged by the school librarian of Downey, California?" - Redd Boggs in "File 13" (WARHOON #14)

*Send him Lee's letter*

The first two quotes are printed here courtesy of John McGeohan from the December 27th and 29th issues of the SANTA ANA REGISTER, Santa Ana, Calif. The ~~same~~ third one is happily displayed without permission from Dick Bergeron, but I'm sure he doesn't mind. Do you, Dick?

I could comment on this, but I'd rather leave you to form your own impressions from the incident. Laughable, isn't it.

#### EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

The following test was given to my Latin class.

We had five minutes in which to complete it. In order to get full enjoyment from this article, I would suggest you do this test (or pretend to do it, if you do not wish to write all over the magazine). Remember that it must be done quickly, and that you should be in the position of the student taking this test. Onward:

#### Timed Test On Following Directions

This is a timed test to learn the comparative speed of reading and carrying out directions. Based upon the results of this test, the length of future tests will be gauged. The object also is to teach you that following directions is very important in life.

PRINT where asked to PRINT, but write where asked to write.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

#### Test on following instructions or directions

(a hell of a place for the end of a page)

- 1 Read carefully ALL of the following directions before doing anything.
- 2 PRINT your name, LAST NAME FIRST, on the top line following the word, Name
- 3 Draw a circle around the word "ALL" in step 1.
- 4 Underline the word "NAME" in step 2 (the one at the end of the line).
- 5 In step 4 draw a circle, or ellipse, around the word "underline", and in sentence no. 1, cross out the word "anything".
- 6 Now, draw a circle or ellipse around the title beginning "TEST".
- 7 Circle the numbers of steps 1, 2, 3, 4, and 4, and put an X over 6.
- 8 In sentence number 7, circle the even numbers, and underline the odd numbers. Put a circle around the number 4 in question no. 5.
- 9 Write "I can follow directions" above the title of this test beginning with the word TEST.
- 10 Underline the sentence written in response to no. 9.
- 11 Draw a square  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch on a side in the upper left hand corner (for the grade given later).
- 12 Cross numbers 8 through 12, and draw one ellipse enclosing these 5 numbers.
- 13 Give the correct date in the space marked by a line after "date:" above.
- 14 In the space below where marked f write direction 1 in your own handwriting.
- 15 Now that you have read all the directions as stated in step 1, follow only step 2. Don't follow any of the other directions, but pretend to keep busy so that others will continue to read without disturbance from you. Do not make any sign to give a clue to your having completed the assigned task.

Space marked f : \_\_\_\_\_

THIS IS A TIMED TEST. DO NOT INTERFERE WITH THE CONCENTRATION OF OTHERS.  
DO NOT ASK FOR HELP.

How did you do? If you had done this paper in a class, would it have been covered with circles, underlined words, handwriting, dashes, and have been topped off with a cute little half-inch square in the upper left hand corner? According to statistics, probably so.

The story of this test as related by my Latin teacher: A 1st or 2nd grade teacher gave this test to one of his classes. Ninety percent flunked. One young man in the class gave it to his father, a college professor, who flunked it. The professor gave it to his classes. Ninety percent of the students taking it flunked. From there it has been passed around from parent to child, vice-versa, from school to school, and now from me to you. I feel it to be a masterpiece at making one feel disgusted with himself. The ironical parts are those assigning the student to write things like "I can follow directions", when, in actuality, if he was, he wouldn't be writing it. I notice that another person took my test after I did (the teacher ran out of copies so re-used them). By seeing what he has written, you can derive that upon reading step 15, he went on in an attempt to erase what he had written. It was too late, though. Poor fella.

Incidentally, I followed directions! Only two others in my class did. Therefore, as previously, ninety percent of my class flunked! All I can say is, "Ho, ho, ho."

MORE THOUGHTS ON THE FANAC POLL

Breen's ballot arrived, and has been filled out and returned as reported to you last issue. When I first scanned it, a number of major fallacies were apparent.

1) I first received it about the 4th or 5th of February. The deadline was the 17th.

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This allows too little time for the poor unfortunates who are unprepared to decide upon their choices and return the ballot in time for it to be counted. The copy I am using as a reference is one that was sent to me via letter by Rich Bergeron (probably because he noticed where he stood in my voting), and a note appears at the bottom to the effect that Breen wants everybody to send in their ballots, "even late." Okay Walt, but you should have allowed much more time in the first place. When I finally decided upon my other votes in the categories, the 17th was far gone, so I was tempted to discard the ballot.

2) With exception of the fanzine one, there should be but one place for a vote in each category. It's far easier to formulate a list of fanzines according to quality than it is to make a list of four or five writers or artists in order of talent. In the Final Fan Commentaries, one person wins in each category, so why not have only one space for a vote in each? It would be much easier for the voter, and probably more accurate, since many people (myself included) fill in all but the first place selections rather haphazardly.

Perhaps the toughest category to decide winners for is Best Writer. Hell, I think Bergeron is the best writer in fandom, so voting second through fifth places is a hard job. You have to decide who is a little better than the other, etc, which is too complicated and time-consuming to produce accurate voting.

3) Specifically, the Number One Fan Face category should have space for one vote, not three. Take a look at the title of the category: "Number ONE Fan Face". How can you decide on THREE Number ONE Fan Faces? I thought Ted White was First In The Eyes Of Fandom in 1961. So if Walt Willis is Second In The Eyes Of Fandom, how can he be a Number One Fan Face? Having three places for voting in this category leads to a hell of a lot of confusion, and it certainly isn't worth it.

4) The Best Single Piece Of Writing category is poor since few writings can qualify. How many articles are written in a year that really stand out? Not many. Quite a few are very interesting and entertaining and are in general excellent articles, but practically none are really earth-shaking. In order to deserve a place in this category, an article must be "earth-shaking". So, what do we have? Primarily, "book-length reports", such as THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, EPITAFF, AH! SWEET IDIOCY!, etc, of the past. But such as these are few and far between.

I stated last time what I voted for singularly in each category. I might as well display my other votes, and make a few comments afterwards.

Best Artists: 2) Gop Barr, 3) Rich Bergeron, 4) Jim Carthorne  
Best Cartoonists: 2) Steve Stiles, 3) Ray Nelson, 4) Bjo Trimble  
Best Columns: 2) The Harp That Once Or Twice  
Best Writers: 2) Walt Willis, 3) Terry Carr, 4) Walt Breen, 5) Redd Doggs  
Best New Fans: 2) Bill Bowers  
Facehead Of The Year: 2) Don Dekker  
Number One Fan Face: 2) Walt Willis, 3) Terry Carr  
Best Single Piece Of Writing: 2) "The Harp" in WARHOOD 12, 3) No Vote

I put these selections down without the deep thought that should have preceded them, primarily because of lack of time to get vote in and counted. One category that particularly needs some changing is the Best Writer category. As I

stated above, this was the hardest one to make second choices for. If I had it to do over gain, Boggs would be third, Breen fourth, and Carr fifth. They are all excellent writers, but Boggs is far too good to be fifth. Sorry, Redd.

All in all, I am of the assured opinion that some changes are in order:

- 1) Distribute the ballots in December or early January.
- 2) Excepting the fanzine one, cut the votes in each category to one.

It would also help if the FANNISE would appear on time, and if FANAC would come out on schedule. The current issue is #82, which means that only eleven issues of Breen's FANAC have appeared, whereas twenty-five or twenty-six should have.

A FINAL SUMMARY OF CRUD

Well, I suppose I could relate the sorrowful tale of my beloved ditto machine, but I'm going to save

this gem for later publication.

Or I could wander for the remainder of this page.

Or I could leave it blank.

Or I could thank you emphatically for all the letters of comments you've been writing, which have turned this issue into a veritable letterfzine.

Or I could blast you for not writing articles for me.

Or I could request some material.

Please send some material.

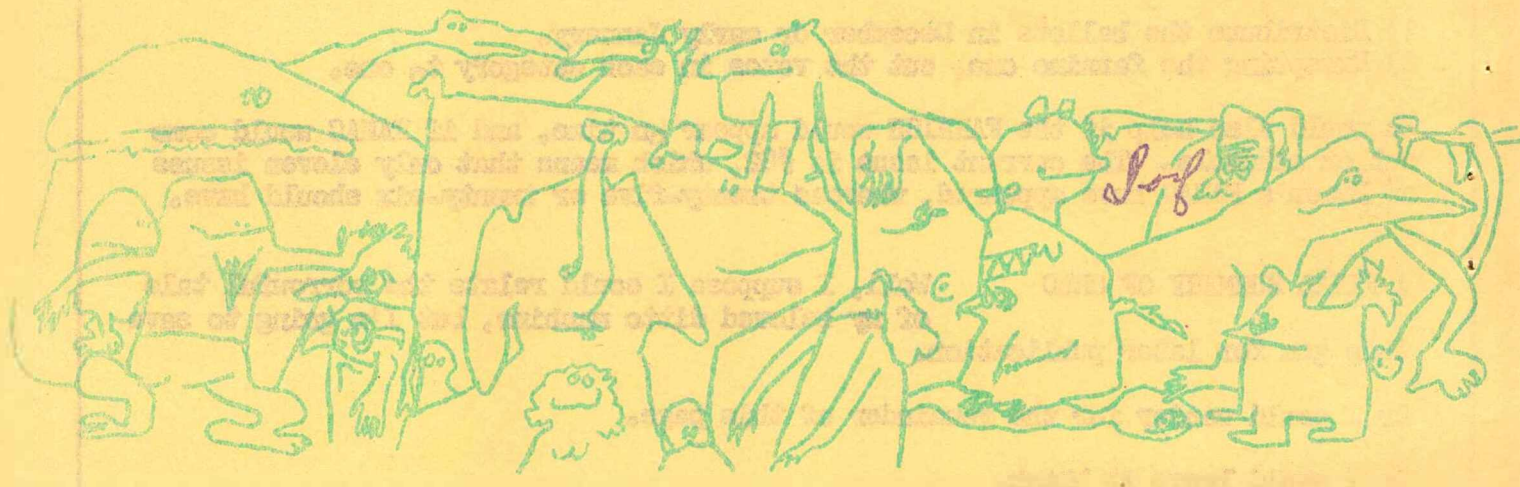
But instead, I'll quote:

"In the end John was forced to give in. Linda get herm some. Thenceforward she remained in her little room on the thirty-seventh floor of Bernard's apartment house, in bed, with the radio and television always on, and the patchouli tap just dripping, and the soma tablets within reach of her hand -- there she remained; and yet wasn't there at all, was all the time away, indefinitely far away, on holiday; on holiday in some other world, where the music of the radio was a labyrinth of somorous colours, a sliding, palpitating labyrinth, that led (by what beautifully inevitable windings) to a bright centre of absolute conviction; where the dancing images of the television box were the performers in some indescribably delicious all-singing feely; where the dripping patchouli was more than scent -- was the sun, was a million saxophones, was Pope making love, only much more so, incomparably more, and without end." -- Brave New World by Aldous Huxley

"And all at once a great synthetic bass boomed out the words which announced the approaching atonement and final consummation of solidarity, the coming of the Twelve-in-One, the incarnation of the Greater Being. 'Orgy-porgy', it sang, while the tom-toms continued to beat their feverish tattoo: 'Orgy-porgy, Ford and fun, ::: Kiss the girls and make them One. ::: Boys at one with girls at peace; ::: Orgy-porgy gives release.' -- BMW again. A fascinating book.

# a question of

## COURTESY



## MIKE DECKINGER

There have been a lot of words tossed around recently over what is proper fannish courtesy, and how fans are expected to respect it, ranging from fugghead-ed charges by Joe Gibson to more rational, sober replies by Richard Bergeron as well as a number of other cases. In each instance there have been individual opinions, but no case of any set rules.

I think it would be safe to say that most fans are reasonably courteous and polite in their dealings with others. I can state that in my case, a few persons who were merely fannish acquaintances to me have gone out of their way to facilitate my traveling and make things less difficult for me. As example, when I arrived at the Seacon last September Wally Gonser was waiting for me at the airport to drive me to Otto Pfeiffer's house for a waffle party and then back to the hotel.

If this isn't an example of fannish, or, if you will, human courtesy then I don't know what is. Wally was under no duress at any time; we had never met and only knew eachother through fanzines.

Of course, instances like this are merely one facet in the complex system of courtesy. Parties also give one the oppurtunity to display his best or, as the case may be, his worst. In all my fannish traveling and partying I've never tired to do anything which would make the host regret that he ever considered tossing the get-together in the first place.

It takes a great deal of preparation and sacrifice and strain to organize a suc-

cessful party, and there are always a few attendees who are unable to grasp this basic fact. In most cases there is no compensation for the host, outside of the pleasure he can derive in flitting amongst the crowd and renewing old acquaintances, as well as establishing new ones. Any person who does arrange for a party, provides the location or secures it, obtains refreshments and anything else, definitely deserves the respect and good manners of everyone in attendance. And by respect, I mean precisely that the surroundings should not be turned into shambles by the attendees who are having too good a time and decide they'd like to release some excess energy accumulated during the drinking or merry-making.

Now to me, any sort of wild or destructive behavior is inexcusable. If an individual is unable to retain a hold on his inhibitions then he should not drink. I have no objections to fans drinking and making asses of themselves if they do it quietly without disturbing anyone or anything else. But when someone at a fan-party decides to demonstrate his prowess at weight-lifting by rearranging the furniture then this boy has had enough and is ready to call it quits. Most of the people who drink can hold their liquor, or at least, know when to stop as they approach their consumption capacity. And with a percentage of those who can't hold their drinks they will become roddy and withdrawn, which really isn't too bad either as long as it removes them from circulation. But the character who becomes a practicing extrovert at a gathering and behaves in an obnoxious manner is crossing several important boundaries which he shouldn't have ignored. This sort of person has been treated to common hospitality and the host is going out of his way for the others' enjoyment, and has totally abused his rights. I feel that at whatever the gathering, the host is perfectly justified in ejecting anyone who passes from merry-making and good humor into an obnoxious, irresponsible state. The host not only owes it to himself to get rid of the troublemaker, but also to the other attendees who may object.

I've been to several non-fannish affairs where this sort of thing took place. Several guests over-indulged themselves in the drinks, and after awhile became boisterous, noisy, and eager to let off steam. The host was unable to do anything with the over-enthusiastic revelers and in several instances the locations, usually private homes, looked as if they had been under seige by a horde of wild indians.

In these instances, it's up to the host, and the host alone, over what should be done with the objectionable few. If he doesn't mind putting up with this behavior it's okay, but if he does then he should take immediate steps to end it. From the various fan parties I've been to, I can't recall ever seeing anyone who was too extrovertedly under the influence of drink and was being annoying to others. I have seen fans who had too much to drink, but they were generally sprawled out on beds or on the floor, which is undoubtedly the best place to be at a time like that.

Individuals who turn over the complete facilities of their home for parties are always running a risk. In November I went to the Philecon. Saturday night Harriette Kolchek, a local fan, held an open house party at her home. At the height of the affair there must have been at least 100 persons pushing, tugging, sitting, drinking or singing through the whole expansive home. Food and drink were provided in ample quantities and didn't seem to be going to waste.

The aftermath of the party was disappointing. Several of Harriette's personal hardcover books were taken by person or persons unknown. This, in spite of the



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fact that there was a large collection of free sf mags and pocketbooks being offered. The person who did take these books must have been a very determined individual for he undoubtedly made several trips and constantly took the risk of having them dislodged from his person as he went through the crowd.

It's unfortunate when something is stolen at a party, more unfortunate when the item taken was the property of the hostess. Whether or not the books are ever recovered (and it seems doubtful that they will be) really doesn't matter now. They were taken by a guest who seemed more interested in the contents of the house than the actual partying. In the light of cases like this (and I'm sure there must be more) I can't blame potential hosts for being reluctant to opening their homes for large gatherings. It's just a case of one lousey apple spoiling the whole barrall.

It seems to me that the biggest fault in the recent condemnation of fans for their unruly behavior is the fact that one or two episodes are emphasized repeatedly, until one begins to associate them with the whole batch. It isn't usually the good behavior and the instances where persons will go out of their way to be helpful to someone else they may not even know that is constantly discussed. These cases occur all the time; they are not novel or unique and don't need repetition. But it is the bad behavior, the acts of the minority that are repugnant to many, which are repeated over again, usually to demonstrate the fact that ~~it-can-happen-here-and-don't-think-it-can't.~~

Most fans do not behave like juveniles at gatherings, whether formal or informal. They do not lie, cheat, steal, etc. to achieve their own ends. Anyone that goes go out of his way for a total stranger certainly must have a high set of ethics and a commendable degree of responsibility. It is the few that lend their bad name to the many, and there is always a few, in any organization you can think of, that are capable of corrupting things so that everyone is penalized.

It is this few that fandom must be concerned about. There is no need to drill a new code of ethics into most of fandom -- they don't need it. So before we go off condemning all of fandom for irresponsible and boorish behavior, let's first ~~now~~ determine who the real guilty party is.

THE END

DESIRABLE HOMESITES IN NEW YORK CITY

(building materials readily available)

Will sell very cheap as soon as

the radiation level goes down a little

.....

REMEMBER! HERE ON THE PLANET EARTH,

"Corners Are Our Most Important Product"

— AL WOOD



//  
thoughts  
of a  
neofan

AL WOOD

A NEW COLUMN

#### INDIVIDUALISM

"Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." -- Emerson, "Self-Reliance"

"Man is a word which has no plural" -- Ayn Rand,  
We The Living

Today, true individualism is rare. We have non-conformists in gay profusion, but they are usually a different matter. The word "non-conformist" implies something which is not being conformed to, just as "conformist" implies something that is being conformed to. There is great danger in applying either of these terms to one's self. They tend to dictate one's actions in terms of what others do or do not do. True individualism is a different and far more difficult matter. Ideally, the individual will always use himself as the reference point from which to consider possible actions, and he will consider relation of those actions to the groups around him only as a secondary (although very important) standard. This is not merely semantic or philosophical hair-splitting, but one of the most basic and vital issues of our day.

With few exceptions, man has shown himself to be a social animal. Working in groups he has created civilization, which, despite its faults, is better than the anarchy in which our primitive ancestors probably lived. It is true that the solitary individual or family is, of necessity, individualistic, but civilizations allows man to devote his time to more than just the issues of basic survival. Much of the trouble that besets our world stems from the fact that man has abused his ability to organize into groups. Nazi Germany and the not yet extinct custom of forming lynch mobs are two rather extreme examples of this abuse. In each of these cases, the actions taken were not normal in terms of any individual, and outside of the group, those actions are despised.

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However, in order to gain the advantages implicit in civilization, men must make sacrifices. A man must permit others to own private property in order to give them a reason to protect his own property. Further, he must sacrifice time and effort to construct the organizations which will guide and control his society, and then must expend even more effort to insure that those organizations do not abuse their power. Such sacrifices, however, are a conscious matter, and the individual may make decisions concerning them without too much outside influence. The sacrifices which are not permissible are intellectual, and those are among the most commonly made. Once a member of a group, an individual finds it all too easy to allow the group to make decisions which do not directly concern him. He finds that by allowing the group to do his thinking in most areas, he has more time to devote to his own specialty. Yet the sacrifice to the group is even deeper than this. Freud describes the unconscious effect of the group on the individual in rather frightening terms:

"...the weakness of intellectual ability, the lack of emotional restraint, the incapacity for moderation and delay, the inclination to exceed every limit in the expression of emotion and to work it off completely in the form of action ... these and similar features ... show an unmistakable picture of a regression of mental activity to an earlier stage such as we are not surprised to find among savages or children." -- Sigmund Freud, Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego

He is speaking here of small groups but the effects he mentions are to some degree common to larger groups as well.

As a member of a group, then, an individual is likely to sacrifice some of his mental ability beyond that which is necessary. In itself, this is not disastrous. Trouble starts when the group demands that the individual act according to its rather primitive thinking. In the larger groups, such as nations, identification is not usually as strong as it might be in a smaller group, and an individual often hesitates or even refuses when the group demands an action foreign to his nature. Nevertheless, we have seen atrocities committed by individuals in the name of the nation such as the solution to the "Jewish problem" and the bombing of Hiroshima during the last war. These are both hideous crimes which could only be committed by a madman or an individual who had abdicated his own reason in favor of the dictates of a group.

But, just as a group may influence an individual, so an individual may influence the group. The sight of an individual acting according to his own judgment and defying the dictates of the group is enough to spur others to similar action. In the United States the pressure to obey the group is primarily social and secondarily economic. We have relatively little to fear in the way of physical violence. Under such circumstances, it is possible for an individual to retain his basic individuality while participating in the functions of a successful group.

This is necessary. In our society the largest number of individuals are criminals. Until the majority of the responsible citizens in our own, as well as other societies assert their individuality and judgment, we will continue to face the ideologies of nuclear war and "mass programming" in television. Until then, individuals will continue to be driven to crime and insanity by a world which demands that they sacrifice many of the vital characteristics which make them human, and which, in the final analysis, make civilization possible.

# PUTANT

## COMMENTS ON NUMBER 8

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland:  
 Doggone it, I can't type your address without the sensation that I should walk to your home and pay you a visit instead of writing a letter. Longmeadow is a ubiquitous name around Hagerstown; it was originally the title for a huge land grant, and since has been used as the name for a giant shopping center, any number of business firms in the area, a famous farm, and a variety of other items. It's usually spelled Long Meadow when used around here, but the sense of familiarity remains and it doesn't seem possible that you're quite a few hundred miles away. ::: Your fanzine reviewer who goes unidentified must be either Ted Pauls or someone who is trying to write like a Ted Pauls who is trying to disguise his style. The sentences seem to have been deliberately complicated but things like the opening ~~par~~ of the fourth paragraph are Pauline to the core. The reviews are pretty good, but I think that fanzine material should be signed by the writer unless there is an exceptionally good reason for anonymity or a permame. ::: I don't intend this as disagreement with Redd Boggs, but I have suddenly begun to wonder how long scripts will survive in radio stations. From the small amount of listening that I do to general-interest radio stations, I gather that all the non-local and some of the local commercials are taped or on disc, that none of the disc jockeys who use up most of the transmitting hours would be caught dead doing anything except ad libbing, and the trend on non-network programs is to as much informality as possible. Apparently the announcers no longer read much except the news broadcasts, a few advertisements from firms that can't afford recorded productions, and their pay checks. (Lately I've been having some trouble when typing stencils. I'll be valiantly pounding away at sixty or seventy words per minute when I suddenly notice that what I've just typed doesn't make the least sense. So I look at the copy again, and notice that I skipped a line while copying. It's not become really serious yet, but at times I've been tempted to pick up the damn typewriter and fling it through the closed window to the street below. Yes, I realize it isn't the typer's fault, but I've got to blame it on somebody at the time. I just can't picture myself gouging my eyes out. At any rate, the long blank space in Harry's letter is not a portion which I censored at the last minute, but simply a line exemplifying my problem. ::: The guesses at the identity of the reviewer up to this time consist of: Richard Bergeron, Ted Pauls, Redd Boggs, Ted White, and myself (they must be kidding!).)

*Ryan*

JOE PILATI, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, NY:  
 Your comments on the White-Moskowitz thing were, let's face it, basically everyone else's comments. Mine too. Christ, will some enterprising neo please get hold of some nut (Cascio, maybe?) to write an essay on "Why SaM is right and good and wholesome and F\*A\*N\*N\*I\*S\*H and Ted is a fugghead". I wish I could

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tackle this for a parody of sorts myself, but it's getting stale already. ::: The great thing about your anonymous fanzine reviewer is that he can bestow unparalleled praise on his own fanzine (if any) and/or his own locs, contributions, and other rot, thus sending countless innocent neos (like me) and even post-neos scurrying to the post office. Besides, he can heap scorn and nastiness upon most everyone in general, without fear of retaliation. Reviewers who are identified can do this to some degree, but the anonymity gives your man (girl? android?) an added power. ::: Gee, it's really an awful feeling to be a "child of the television age", as Redd Boggs called you. I've not often encountered a more distasteful category. Much more desirable to be a child of the wheel age, or the fire age, or the stone-axe age. Anything but the television age.

(After the comments I received on your parody in #6, I think my readers would like to see some more material from you. But doing one on the lawsuit might prove dangerous. Chris has a hot temper. ::: The chief complaint about the anonymity of the reviewer is that he can do just what you consider to be a "great thing". Why would we scurry to the post office?)

BILL PLOTT, PO Box 4719, University, Alabama:

I don't exactly agree with the views expressed by your anonymous fanzine reviewer. "Jung and Thoughtless" reads as if he were deathly afraid of being sued by someone whose zine he might happen to dissect. This kind of approach is indirectly connected with the White-Moskowitz feud inasmuch as the author seems to be protecting himself. Actually there was nothing terribly derogatory or libelous in the entire review column; surely there was nothing to merit clandestine approach to fanzine reviewing. ::: The lettercol was interesting, but I saw nothing to provoke any comments other than, perhaps, Larry McCombs' second letter. I have seen La Dolce Vita, Breakfast at Tiffany's, and Spartacus. ... Of the ones that I have seen, I would say that all three were equally good, but that the Italian masterpiece was probably the most impressive overall. There was some beautiful symbolism throughout the flick - and there was also some rather unpleasant symbolism. I don't think that there can be any doubt about the presence of symbolism, though - the movie was simply packed with it. Then, of course, there is a matter of interpretation of the various vignettes and their relationship to the overall theme of the movie. I found the vignette concerning the party at the home of Steiner (the friend of Marcello, the journalist) quite moving and impressive. There was a definite parallel in the final scenes of the movie to the decline and steady degeneration of the Roman empire in its final days. This was a beautifully done movie altogether. This was required viewing in a number of English classes here at the University; but then one instructor made the statement that undergraduate students probably weren't mature enough to really appreciate the film -- that's a matter of opinion. ... ::: Speaking of parallelism, there were some very good incidents and examples of this in Spartacus. This was especially evident in the scenes involving the Roman Senate. I recall one line that seemed almost satirical to me. It came shortly after the slaves had slaughtered some Roman legions and someone said, "There is going to be an investigation ...". Spartacus gave good examples of the beauty and the horror and brutality that made Rome the great Republic and later the great Empire that she was. ::: Breakfast at Tiffany's is one of the best movies I have seen in quite some time. I also read the novel (very short novel at that) by Truman Capote and found the movie much more palpable. Audrey Hepburn was the perfect starlette to play the role of Holly Golightly. Capote's novel was only so-so to me after seeing the movie. The novel did not

have the sheer poetic beauty and inner quality of his first novel, Other Voices, Other Rooms. To my Holly Golightly was more believable and enjoyable in the flesh (no pun intended) than she was in black and white. Breakfast at Tiffany's falls into that select category of Movies That I Would Truly Like To See Again. ::: ... I found Level 7 pretty dull reading. Besides it was recommended fanatically by Bertrand Russell and that in itself is enough to build up a psychological block in my brain against the book.

(It occurred to me as I was stenciling the above letter that the comment on Larry McCombs' reference to four movies has been quite abundant. Apparently everybody wants to get their likes and dislikes off their chests, since Larry said nothing other than he liked the American movies better than the Italian ones. Nobody even commented on the difference between the two couples. Ah well, maybe this will develop into another big discussion in this lettercol of the calibre of the ones on paying for fanzines and speedreading. ::: Unfortunately your editor will not be an active participant in this discussion. I didn't see La Dolce Vita for lack of sufficient years to my credit, and I didn't see Breakfast for lack of interest at the time. If I get the chance later, I will. I did, however, go to see Spartacus, and simply considered it to be a very enjoyable movie. I just remember how good it felt when Spartacus and the rest of the gladiators escaped. Hee, hee, I thought to myself! ::: I have the feeling that when Anonymous J. Anonymous discovers the many arguments against his anonymity, he'll reveal himself. I'm sure he's very flattered by all the guesses at his identity.)

FRANK WILIMCZYK, 447 10th Ave., New York 1, NY:  
 "Jung and Thoughtless" was a provocative item, though not in the way it was intended to be. The idea of interrelated reviews is an admirable one, but overly ambitious, and practically defies success. I think that here success was defied, but the effort was worthwhile to some degree. However, the business of anonymity can actually be self-defeating. It invites, inevitably, more critical reading, and jung's column doesn't hold up under sustained scrutiny. Even though I'm still not familiar enough with contemporary fandom to engage in a guessing game, I was curious to try to find what stylistic traits could be pinned down which might be identifiable, given some background. Originally, I skimmed the column strictly for information, and didn't pay much attention to individualisms and inconsistencies. But on more careful reading, a number of things impressed me. The primary, and least attractive, characteristic of jung's style is wordiness. His prose is pretentious and high-falutin', somewhat reminiscent of small-town political oratory.



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This sort of verbiage is OK if you don't examine it closely, but under examination it doesn't hold up very well at all. I found myself continually muttering "huh?" and backtracking to the previous sentence or paragraph to determine what was being said. Too often, even after checking back, I still wasn't quite sure of what was going on. I've nothing against long sentences in themselves (I think Warhoon is great, too), but when they're impossible to understand I draw the line. Not that it's especially important, but I noted that the first simple sentence in this article doesn't appear until the very end of the fifth paragraph. And a welcome little sentence it was too (the next one doesn't occur until a couple of pages later). ::: Other, more revealing clues to a writer's identity, occur here and there, but are not meaningful to me personally. There is, for example, the neologism "self-introspection", which leads to the novel stictional concept of "exo-introspection", and is worthy of being explored further. There is such individual usage as "under the purpose", which should be susceptible of being tracked down by cognoscenti. And, of course, there are several attitudes expressed which would narrow the field. ::: As for opinions expressed, there were a number of good points. There were also not so good ones. I'm not in the least concerned with the accuracy of fan history, but the civil war analogy concerning Gibson's refusal to argue, is quite unacceptable. I offer what I consider a more pertinent analogy -- an imaginary conversation between jung and an ex-GI:

jung: Well, now, on D-Day, when the 16th Regiment of the 1st Division hit Utah Beach ...

GI: No, no. The 16th hit Omaha.

jung: What gave you that weird idea?

GI: I was there!

jung: That doesn't mean a thing -- I read in a book that they hit Utah beach.

GI: Sorry -- I guess you're right, then ... pray continue.

Finally, jung's six words on WARHOON caused me a bit of consternation. Those six words are to be found in any respectable dictionary, says he. Well, I checked the nearest dictionary available, the Oxford Universal (which I've always considered eminently respectable) and was dismayed to find no entry for either WARHOON or (heavens to Betsy!) fanzine! The latter omission should be enough to croggle even Redd Boggs ::: The letter column continues to be your strong point, a livelier one than most. In all, you're doing an excellent job. (With Jack Cascio writing articles for me, a lively lettersol can hardly be avoided!)

THOMAS DILLEY, Box 3042, University Station, Gainesville, Fla:

You must realize that printing an anonymous fanzine review column produces nothing so strong as the impression that the authorship must be the editor's; right now, I am unable to decide whether you actually thought that any other idea might occur to any reader or whether, instead, you were perpetrating some rather subtle joke upon us all, and folling us into assuming that a column actually due to someone else was yours. Whatever the case, I am now most assuredly of the opinion that you are doing your own fanzine reviewing, whether you are or not, and I imagine that everyone else has the same idea. The review is interesting; rather than a review column, seemingly, it is a more-or-less open LOC from CINDER instead of to. And this more expanded view is of greater value in the reading. Unfortunatelly, your comments upon other people's publications seem not to leave any occasion for more comments in turn. ::: On the matter of

frequency of commercials on radio vs that on tv, the debate is not an easy one to pursue, for, while nearly all tv stations have the same number of commercials per program half-hour (about three), with a possible increase for those stations which use the one minute identification time for three fifteen-second spot ads, one ten second one, and a five second identification, density of commercials per unit of time varies terribly widely in radio. Some stations run as few as one ad per half-hour, and may run through three or four hours of non-vital time with no commercials at all, while others get one ad in per five minutes, twenty-four hours a day. So the average for the radio medium depends upon how many stations of each type exist. In this area, radio ads far out-run television ads. They go rather cheaply, and are easy to run; even a gala singing commercial requires no more than plugging (or, rather, shoving) a tape cartridge in the machine and pushing a button. Why there is a dispute over this escapes me; with very few exceptions, neither radio nor tv is worth looking or listening to, and there is hardly any point in fleeing from one to the other to escape commercials. One thing that should be straightened out immediately is that I didn't write the fanzine reviews. I feel that Mister X/Anonymous J. Anonymous/jung ~~me~~ will reveal himself when he sees the blasts at anonymity, particularly Bergeron's thorough one in number 9.

BOB FARNHAM, 506 2nd Ave., Dalton, Ga.:

My case is known as Osteo-arthritis, inflammatory degeneration of the joints; progressive but as slow as they come. My right middle finger has a tendency to curl inward and if it persists, surgery will be resorted to. A turned-under finger makes the hand hard to use ... And I've practised. I won't miss it. The left ring finger is the same, swollen at the hand joint. So far I've kept them straight by main force -- bending them slowly back till they are straight. Sure, it hurts a lot but seems to work. ::: Weather here went to 17° the day before yesterday and we had (UGH!) S\*N\*O\*W! Just enough was on the ground to see it. It then warmed up (1) to 41° and it all melted; rain washed it away. At this writing I'm fairly free of pains other than those at the base of my spine. The only relief I get is lying down; a heater pad helps muchly. ::: Did you know that Ralph Holland, NSF President, died Jan 27? EVERYONE lost a fine friend there. More than one heart, male and female, is saddened because of his passing. (Gregg Calkins mentioned Bob in YANDRO, but I feel I should let you know here. Bob is pretty bad off at present, as mentioned above, so I feel it ~~is~~ the duty of every self-respecting fan to send him his zine. Bob will generally comment, but at times letters are delayed because of pains more acute than usual. I think he should be on every fan's permanent mailing list. He's a hell of a nice guy, too. ::: Bob also tells me that Janey Johnson is paralyzed badly, and has been since age 19. A copy of last issue went off to her. From what I've heard, she's a lovable person. Has a nickname too (and an address): Sparkle Janey Johnson, 5525 N. Lidgerwood Ave., Spokane 23, Washington. We should all help out these fan in need. I'm doing my part. Are you? ::: This issue ~~is~~ dedicated to Ralph Holland, and I can only deeply regret that he didn't live to see it. I read of his demise in ABE #21 and was immediately struck by the memory of having received a letter from him that was written only a few days prior to the 27th. Evidentially it was sudden.)

HEL KLEMM, Apt 1, 16 Uhland St., Utfort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, West Germany: This Moskowitz vs. Ted White lawsuit is quite interesting. We had a similar case two years ago in German Fandom, too. A certain Felix Lothar Goldstein



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 (Berlin fringe fan) accused the editor of SPACE TIMES (the late ~~the~~ Jürgen Mollhoff, who died after a crash last year) of publishing "obscene matter". Jürgen had translated Fritz Leiber's The Night He Cried and published it in SPACE TIMES. And now let me tell you what Gerfandom did with that guy: He was cut from the mailing lists of all fanzines and thrown out of every German stf club! He was never allowed to come back! I think we ought to do the same thing with the Moskowitzes!!! There just is no place for such people in fandom.

On the other hand, we must consider what SAM has done for fandom since its beginnings. It's alright to throw a fringe-fan out on his tail, but Moskowitz has contributed plenty, so it hardly seems fair to banish him for something his wife has largely responsible for. I think a good cold sholder treatment is highly in order. We must keep him around, but I for one will certainly no longer honor him as the Great Fan or as a BNF. From what I've heard, he doesn't seem to be keeping tabs on current fandom anyhow. ::: Hel also mentions that he didn't receive CINDER #7. My last copy went off to him. His interest lies in the review of Level 7. It seems the book was just released in a German edition, he's been reading it, and would like to translate the review into German for his German genzine LYRA. How nice; I hope he gets this copy, especially since a copy of #9 went with it. A personal note to Hel: the reason I answer your letters only sporadically lies in the fact that I have no overseas correspondents. A few people get CINDER, such as Afem, but this is the extent of my relations. So I don't know about postage rates, etc. For more rapid correspondence please tell me about rates. ::: Since I just mentioned CINDER 7, I might as well state that all back issues of CINDER are out of print. CINDER #2 is really OOP. I don't even have a copy!)

BUCK COULSON, Rt 3, Wash, Ind.:

Your fanzine reviewer sounds like one of the Berkeley crowd (or ex-Berkeley crowd, or one of the hangers-on). Judge the reviews on their own merits? Sounds nice, until you think about the amount of intrinsic merit that it's possible to obtain in a fanzine review column. I'm not going to indulge in any argument as to who it is -- or even speculation: it sounds like one of the Berkeley crowd but as long as it's anonymous I couldn't care less whether it is or not. I'll just say that anyone who judges his egoboo on such fine shadings as to whether or not his fanzine reviews are appreciated for their own merits is sick. ::: I was going to jump on all these young intellectuals who say they hate television, but then I read on and noted that Larry McCombs says that he prefers movies like "Spartacus". In that case, he wouldn't have much use for tv -- there's nothing quite as pallid as a wide-screen epic shown on a 21" screen. Actually, if you get right down to percentages, I'll bet that tv presents a higher proportion of intelligent entertainment than does your corner newsstand (unless your corner newsstand happens to be next door to a college). Sure, there are a lot of high-quality paperback books published; but how many are there on the racks at your nearest news neck? ::: I think Gentry has a good idea; give Cascio a column. It would liven up your zine, and Jack isn't all as fuggheaded as his destractors make out. Might do your readers good to get shook up once in awhile. (How about a column, Jack?)

DICK BERGERON, 110 Bank St., NYC 14:

Suggest you don't change your fanzine's name -- you've built up a following (and it continues to grow). Why toss it away for a title that's no improvement at all? People have learned to identify CINDER with you and are beginning to think of it as dependable (I wouldn't have sent the cover if I didn't think that). Why force



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the title of a book about Da Vinci, but it had a title something like that. Maybe it was the "Power and the Glory". How about that one, Ted Pauls? If that turns out to be the autobiography of General Walker, I'll give up. :: I agree with you, Larry, that interest in the reading matter is a vital part of remembering. I sometimes find myself reading along at a rapid rate and thinking about something altogether unrelated to the reading matter (because it is rather boring) and suddenly realize that I've "read" a page or two and don't remember a word of what I read. My eyes moved across it, and I supposedly was looking at it, but when I go back to re-read it, it is all new to me. But most text-book writers try to make their books interesting by throwing in irrelevant examples or by using fancy drawings and layout to hold the reader's interest. These fancy illos and three-color diagrams and such are the reason for the current high cost of textbooks. But these people never seem to realize that there is no substitute for good writing when it comes to holding the interest of a reader. Good writing will be read, even when it is in a miserable format; but a good format only serves to make bad writing more clearly bad. :: And so onward to CINDER #9, the Thinking Man's Fanzine: To Cascio, may I point out that the reason stf-magazine circulation has been going down since Palmer ~~might~~ might be that he put the field into a slump from which it has never recovered? That is, he may have brought into the readership of stf a large number of crackpots and other small minds who temporarily boosted the figures. But at the same time he scared away many intelligent and steady readers. Now that the crackpots have either grown up or moved on to other fields, the circulation is dropping again, but the steady readers whom he scared away aren't coming back as rapidly. :: I know that I used to buy F&SF, ASTOUNDING, and GALAXY every month, and bought other stf zines when they looked interesting. But in the past six months I have bought only one issue of one prozine, and that because an author whom I know had the cover-copper. The chief reason for my disenchantment with stf is that I have found that there is very little stf which will compare with mundane literature in quality and value. When I can be using my time to read the classics of literature which I missed during high school (because I was reading nothing but stf at the time), why should I read the junk which makes up 80% of the zines? What good stf there is is usually published in hardcover or occasionally paperback, but very seldom in the zines. It is my honest opinion that Bradbury is the only contemporary stf writer who can compare with the mainstream writers for quality. Heinlein and Sturgeon and a few others can compare when at their best. If my choice was between current magazine fiction of the mainstream variety or the stf ~~fantasy~~ variety, I'd doubtless be reading more stf. But when it's a choice between stf and the classics of literature, the latter seem to win out damn near every time. :: Ok damn it all, I do wish I'd never had the job as a proof-reader. I can't read Harry Warner's article without being driven into a fit of insanity, because everytime my eyes see "fued", my right hand starts itching for a red pencil. But, actually, I think the change in meaning of this word is not restricted to fandom. My Webster's Collegiate gives as the first meaning for fued: "A contention or quarrel" and only secondarily adds "especially, an inveterate strife between families, clans, etc." I have no quibble with your gripe about the use of "hoax" though. For someone who worked on the Carl Brandon hoax, it must be highly maddening very time some childish stunt or lie involving no more than a few minute's effort is termed a "hoax". :: Bob Jennings, the trouble with your advice to go to the library about fall-out, etc, is that the sources you'll find in the library won't agree. I can't even find two scientists around Caltech or Yale who'll agree on the exact extent of the danger or value of the various kinds of pro-

tection. But most of them will agree that an atomic war won't be the end of everything. It's just that some think that a few wandering nomad tribes will be left, while others think that we'll only be a little worse off than we were after World War II. ::: Roy Tackett, it is not quite so ridiculous as you think to say that the snow might be significantly radioactive while the air isn't. The snowflakes form around particles of dust at high altitudes. If a cloud of radioactive dust from a test explosion were being carried along up there when snow began forming, each snowflake might contain one of these radioactive particles, while the air at this low altitude would be quite safe. I'm not saying that this was the case -- I don't know -- but at least it's not quite as ridiculous as it sounds at first glance. ::: Well, I knew that my remarks about movies would send shudders of horror up and down the spines of serious (not meant derogatorily, Harry) fandom. So perhaps I should explain -- I thought La Dolce Vita was one of the best movies I've ever seen. Camera work, direction, acting, everything was magnificently done. But I could not enjoy the picture. (enjoy means "to have satisfaction in experiencing", says my Webster). As Marcello sinks deeper and deeper into degradation, he finds that he must do more and more horrible things to avoid boredom. The picture is so excellently done that the viewer experiences the same boredom and the horror of realizing the sort of corruption that he is finding boring. And when at last Marcello turns away from the little girl, the last hope of purity and freedom, in total incomprehension and lack of interest, you realize that this to some extent may apply to you. My reaction to this film was definitely not one of enjoyment. When I want to get away from my own troubles and problems for an evening of entertainment, I prefer to see a picture which I can enjoy. I enjoyed Breakfast at Tiffany's, despite the fake and saccharine ending, simply because I had fun watching it. Spartacus I enjoyed for magnificent scenery and a fascinating character in Spartacus. Other people found him stone-cold and thought it was a case of lousy acting. Could be, but I know someone who would react just as Kirk Douglas did in these situations, so I found it interesting and enjoyable. Again the ending was saccharine and rather disgusting. And I agree 100% with Dick Bergeron that the killing of the Negro gladiator was the high-point of the film. So, if I wanted from which a person would learn something and come away a better person for seeing it, I would recommend La Dolce Vita. But if someone was tired and overwrought and needed an evening's relaxation, I'd recommend the others. ::: Just recently saw Bergman's latest, The Devil's Eye. Now there's one of those rare films which is both worthwhile and enjoyable. Do we agree, Dick? ::: I'm one of those rare persons who think that MAD got funnier when it switched from a comic-book format to a magazine format. But, on the other hand, I remember that a few years ago I used to read MAD through at least five or six times, finding new hidden humor on each re-reading. Now I seldom find it worth even a second reading. I don't know whether it's a change in MAD or in me. ::: But what does "putant" mean?

@@But don't you think that Dave Kyle could have settled the matter without suing? Incidentally, I just received AXE #22, and noted that Christine has gone ahead and sued Ted and for \$75,000! I'll bet she doesn't succeed. ::: Well, I'm a very slow reader, and am especially slow on textbooks, which I find dull as hell. The drawings don't help in my reading of the basic text any, although (primarily in my World Civilization text) they are usually interesting in themselves. ::: I stopped buyingazines when I discovered that schoolwork and fanac left little time for reading them. ::: On MAD, I'd say that both you and the magazine have changed. I loved the thing up until about the 45th issue, when it took a sudden drop in quality. Lately there has been a very slight improvement, but I rarely even chuckle. I rarely read it, as a matter of fact. ::: Putant means "they think" in Latin.~)

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DICK LUPOFF, 210 E. 73rd St., New York, NY:

CINDER 8 you will recall is the up-and-coming neozine, and in this issue editor Larry Williams comes up indeed ... he comes up with a perceptive, hard-hitting, sharp-writing, analytic-eyed, well-opinionated fanzine reviewer who turns in a six-page column the likes of which I haven't seen in a long time. He is also anonymous ... reads like Walter Green somehow infused with a good portion of Redd Boggs and maybe a couple of others. May actual guess at who he is: Jubal Harshaw. ::: Got CINDER just for this column (deliciously titled "Jung and Thoughtless") and take the other contents as a small bonus.

(The above is reprinted from AXE. Uh, Jubal Harshaw? Perhaps this is meant to indicate that Dick has no idea who wrote the article, but somehow I doubt it because of the tone in which he states this. Who is Jubal Harshaw? :::

Small Bonus ... uh, thanks, I guess.)

TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, NY:

"Why A Fan Is" is excellent, and I'm very glad Larry wrote this. However, I wish he could draft up a little more info pertaining not only to first-borns, but also to only children. It also occurs to me that one shouldn't attempt too clean a line of demarcation between the dependents and independents. One may rely upon others for emotional security of sorts (love from parents, egoboo from fellow fan) while yet maintaining an intellectual independency. Then too, this could give rise to a number of personal conflicts along the line of, "I don't want to offend fans and cut off my egoboo, but I feel my minority opinion should be expressed." Possibly this might help explain some of the lack of consistency in fans. ::: Jack Cascio's "A Letter From" amazes me. I admit it: frankly, I am amazed. Mostly I am amazed at the sheer mountains of hogwash this fellow has apparently swallowed without digestion. ::: Quote: "I see that the first letter comes from the great-White-father and loyal guardian of fandom, Ted White. I was wondering when the protector of BNF's would come to their aid. Maybe, I don't know very much, but I gggknow of you, Ted. I know that you claim credit for starting fandom as it is today, which isn't much to brag about. Of course, you overlook Palmer, who edd it logg before you. ::: "But, I'm not sure just what kind of fandom you claim to have started, stf or EC (this latter is a comics publishing house.)" ::: Why, that's incredible! This Cascio seems to delight in parading his ignorance with a sneer on his face. At this late date, I doubt I can disabuse him of his quaint notions, but I suppose I should point out a couple of discrepancies, such as the notion that Dean Grennell, Charles Barbee, Bob Tucker, Redd Boggs, or Walt Willis need meq to "protect" them. ::: Now, it's true that Lee Hoffman jokingly claims that I "ruined" fandom by introducing it to a legible standard of mimeography (but I claim Dean Grennell, Redd Boggs, and Lee Himself as my mentors), but I am absolutely at a loss about this statement that I "claim credit for starting fandom as it is today." Hell, Jack, I don't even approve of fandom as it is today. What do you think of that? In my ideal fandom we'd have no Jack Cascio's running around on one foot with the other planted firmly in mouth. In my fandom, even the fuggheads would have some idea of what they were talking about, and a good basis for their claims, even if erroneously interpreted. ::: To judge from the context, Cascio also thinks Palmer claims credit for fandom of today. Or something. I don't think even Jack knows what he means. ::: Frankly, I suspect this "Cascio" is a hoax. I think he's putting us all on. Nobody could be serious about this. ::: I hate to tell you this, Larry, especially since Warner probably will too, but you consistently misspelled "fend" throughout his article. Omighod! ::: Okay, I haven't seen a recent copy of Jennings' GHOST, but I have read the

reviews. I do also see copies which other people, like the Lupoffs, or the Shaws, get. It strikes me as a crudzine. As far as it goes, though, I think I explained before that my book-keeping system isn't that perfect (and it's better now than it was a year ago), so it's quite likely Jennings sent me four or so copies of his zine "way back when (he) started publishing", without getting any VOIDS. Of course, I don't know when he started publishing, and it may well have been during one of my several spells of gafia -- for, kindly Greg Benford to the contrary, I have not been unremittingly active for the past five years. I've been on-and-off active (in spurts, so to speak) since I became a fan in 1952, and my spells of gafia and fafia have been of varying degrees. Now the only issue of GHOST I ever recall receiving was in the fall of 1959, when I had just moved to New York, and had too many other problems to be bothered with fandom. I might add that I found the zine well-nigh unreadable, and I probably didn't even consider it after tossing it on the Stack. If this is snobbery, make the most of it. ::: I'm getting bugged with Seth Johnson. "It's high time a few people were sued or otherwise brought to heel who indulge in needless and extensive vituperation," Seth says, and then he goes on to say of me, "I see you got the typical White welcome at Christopher St. I could have told you what would happen. Think he is deliberately cultivating reputation as acid and eccentric type to attract attention and publicity." Not only could Seth "have told you what would happen", he has, and repeatedly to every fan who mentions the idea of visiting me. "Fine and again a fan who meets me at a con or drops into Towner Hall will say, 'I got a letter/phone call from Seth Johnson and he warned me not to visit you because you would bite my head off.'" Strangely, Seth Johnson has never visited me, and I do not recall ever entering into conversation with him. Now it strikes me that under the circumstances Seth is indulging in a little "needless and extensive vituperation" himself, and I wonder how he'd feel if I took his advice to heart and either sued him or "otherwise brought (him) to heel." ::: In fact, I can't help wondering about anyone who feels called upon to make such remarks about me, deliberately taking seriously an editorial which announced itself as the humorous ~~and~~ story of an imaginary visit. Seth? Are you at home in there? I think you ought to try a Dale Carnegie Human Relations Course, Seth. It might make a new and better fan out of you. ::: Christine Moskowitz has served papers on me, and is suing for \$75,000. I wonder if Seth can justify that?.

GEORGE C WILLICK, Apt 111, 410 W. 110th St., New York 25, NY:

The article by Larry McCombs misses a very big point. The experiments involved only women. The very nature of women is one of anxiety and group comfort. Not so with men. I'm sure that if the experiments were repeated using only men that first-borns would desire solitary rather than company. ::: Fans may be a lot of things but crowd-seekers they are not. Occasional gatherings ... true. But they are by far too much the individuals to be compatible with groups. Fans are also fairly notorious for shunning mundane clubs and groups. ::: Jack Cascio is very entertaining this time. Witness "I know that you (Ted White) claim credit for starting fandom as it is today, which isn't much to brag about. Of course, you overlook Palmer, who did it long before you." Now if that isn't about the funniest jewel published all year, I'll eat my multilith. ::: I must however, apologise for calling Jack Cascio an ass. He isn't, by any stretching of the term. He is not stupid nor dull. He is uninformed, uneducated, unsophisticated, unstable, uncouth, and unimportant. But he is not an ass. I'm sorry, Jack. ::: So you're going to change the name of CINDER? Why not call it SALT; it is you know. Open wounds all over the place. ( I hope he means that CINDER is the salt on those wounds, and not that CIN is full of open wounds!)

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HILL DANNER, RR 1, Kennerdell, Pa:

And I thought you a pretty good speller for a youngster! When you misspell a word once, it can be a typo, but not when you misspell it eleven times in a row. When it is an article by Harry Warner, who does know how to spell, it is even worse, for it shows that eleven times you have changed what you thought his wrong spelling. If you'll look in the dictionary you'll find there is no such word as "fued". Shame on you for two weeks. (Perhaps I should get something straight. I was not correcting what I thought was a misspelling by Harry. I have apparently unconsciously always spelled fued wrong, and never noticed. When typing up Harry's article, I didn't notice at all how he had spelled the word, but put in my own unorthodox spelling without thought. Let's see now, White and Danner have already reported to me my mistake; who'll be next? Do I here a bid back there? ::: I'm happy to see that my readers are so observant, however. I don't think I'll make a regular practice of it, though.)

JOHN JACKSON, RR #7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Ind.:

I must disagree with Larry McCombs. I'm a first-born myself, but it seems to me that later-borns are much more dependent than the eldest. This would seem to be natural, since the eldest must always do things "first"; there is no way already prepared; he must blaze his own trails. With later-borns, most things have been done or started in some way by the eldest, and they tend to be dependent on what the older one has done; they usually look up to the older one, and look for their advice, for what the eldest has done in similar situations, or what they think the eldest one might have done or might do in the situation. The eldest has nothing done for him; it's all new and strange. He is the pioneering type, and often might be more inclined to take risks than the more dependent later-born, who has relied on others more, and doesn't do things without much advice, or consideration of what others might think or do. ::: Merely because stf sales and otherwise were at supposedly their peak (quantitatively, not qualitatively) when Palmer was head of AMAZING, doesn't mean that Palmer was personally responsible for the peak. Perhaps it might be closer to the truth to say that he might have caused the end of that peak, and the decline (in numbers), because of his asinine ideas, such as the stupid Shaver gimmick. After a lot of that, who can blame people for not reading stf? What makes Jack think that if he was dull, he wouldn't anger people? In the first place, he is and does. Secondly, more generally, many people make me mad because they are dull or act stupidly. I dislike asininity in anyone or anything but donkeys. And I know a lot of people who can read, write, and count to one hundred, but that does not have anything to do with whether they're stupid or not. In the first place, are those three things such great accomplishments? Can Jack count beyond a hundred? Certainly because a man is half-literate does not make him an intelligent, interesting person. The biggest cloddish dolts I know can read and write. Big charge. "Maybe I'm fertilizer for nut trees to grow on, but we're growing. We're not stagnant." Maybe you are, Jack. Both of them. But lice and mosquitoes are also growing, Jack. Which group do you belong in? And I had more-or-less the strange idea that fandom was a hobby; that we were in it for fun. Are you usually in a hobby to make a profit? I thought you were in business to make a profit, and were in a hobby for pleasure and relaxation and just plain fun. Odd idea, wasn't it? (Jack has said some pretty stupid things, such as the statement that Palmer started fandom, but he has not attacked the person. He has violently opposed our opinions, but has never reduced himself to using the ad hominem form of argument. However, you who have fought him have used this ridiculous argument, which puts you down a notch in your arguments. Disagree with him, yes, but do not attack him personally.)

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, NJ:

Think CINDY is preferable to EMBER. How about FANFIRE, SIZZLE, BURN FAN BURN, OUT OF THE FRYING PAN? ::: Kind of hard to comment on Cascio's letter never having seen this fanzine he brags so much about. Seems to me he is so on the defensive he has no chance or gives himself no chance to be constructive. Evidentially he is a Palmer fan which alone is enough to condemn him to most of the fans. This type are considered to be part of the lunatic fringe of fandom. Not that I necessarily think they are, but anyone supporting them gets tarred with that brush as a rule. ::: Tell Benford if he's so survival oriented to start thinking of ways and means of moving to Madagascar or better yet into outer space itself if he expects to avoid extermination in atomageddon. Or else start working actively for atomic disarmament and world government. ::: Bet you, Ted White, and Greg Benford could turn out the whole magazine in one sitting just with stream of consciousness talk and some inspiration and lots of work. (I should be an editor of VOID!) ::: Can't blame Castro for having some hard feelings about USA. After all, we have not only served as refuge for all his enemies but have armed them and actually invaded Cuba with them. How the heck do you suppose we would react towards anyone who pulled that stunt on us. Fact of the matter is, we have done more to drive Communism into the Cuban regime than the USSR or Red China or both. First we refuse to purchase their sugar so they have to find market for the stuff. USSR purchases the stuff and gets them off that heck. Then we refuse to sell them oil or permit its being refined so they purchase it from USSR. Then we declare general embargo on them so they trade with Red China. We refuse to sell automotive equipment and arms so they purchase from USSR. Every move we have taken in regards to Cuba has been unfriendly and served to drive them deeper into the red camp. And there is no sign of our state department changing its ways or making any attempt to rectify past mistakes. Would you feel like atom bombing a city of nation which had been responsible for an armed invasion of your homeland? I wouldn't feel like being friends with them or listening to them, and that's for sure. ::: Ted White habitually downgrades and insults neofans and even neofans. He seems to be deliberately fostering a reputation as eccentric and ill tempered genius, or something. Well, I guess all fandom knows he's ill-tempered and crusty, but the genius part has yet to be proven. ::: Just read the February issue of SCIENCE DIGEST on the chances of civilians surviving any all-out atomic war. And this is report of reputable and recognized authority on atomic or fission war. One twenty megaton bomb according to this article would wipe out fifteen million people if it landed at Columbus Circle at center of Manhattan Island of New York. It would cause anyone at twenty-one miles distance to burst into flames. It would seriously burn anyone in line of sight within thirty-one miles. It would probably cause a fire storm burning up oxygen to point of suggesting all in air raid shelters for up to one hundred miles. And that's only the small twenty megaton bomb. The Soviets have been exploding hundred megaton bombs, and if there's any there at all they would surely be aimed at New York, Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburg, Los Angeles, and San Francisco as the main industrial complexes and seaports. And they wouldn't merely fire one at each city but more likely in brackets of ten and twenty to make sure one landed at least in spite of anti-missile missiles. I might also refer you to Man and the Atom, a damn good book on nuclear energy and its history. One of the things it brought out was one atom bomb with cobalt shielding would send a 500-mile wide wave of fallout for up to a thousand or more miles with not one living plant, insect, worm, fish or life of any kind. The earth scorched to sterility. That's just one of the smaller bombs. ::: Presi-



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dent Kennedy remarked in one of his speeches that he wants 1300 such missiles ready by end of 1962. I presume the USSR would have much the same objective. And in spite of this you imagine it possible to survive? Not unless you have shelter at bottom of mine shaft several thousand feet down with food air and water for years ahead and plenty of seeds and all the many forms of plant and insect life necessary to balanced ecology on earth. Remember, it takes plants to generate oxygen. (You forget one thing, Seth, in your comments on Cuba. Castro already had heavy communistic leanings prior to our attempts to crush him. If we helped Cuba by selling them steel, buying their sugar, and urging trade with the country, we would only be contributing to our destruction. Castro is a communist, and he leans toward the USSR, and I don't believe anything will change this for one outstanding reason. Castro is a dictator. He knows that the Russians hold millions of people under their thumb, and he wants to do the same. Russian "communism" is only a form of totalitarianistic government. Actually, communism is for the good of the people. Russian communism is for the good of the people in the Kremlin. This is quite attractive to Castro to be sure. Our boycott of the Cuban goods should have been put into act long ago. :: It is my opinion that Castro is coming closer everyday to his downfall not too far into the future. He can't keep up a stable economy without the trade with the American continents. His people are against him. He has run things incorrectly. Khrushchev can control the USSR, but I don't believe Castro is capable of controlling Cuba.)

JUANITA COULSON, Rt 3, Wabash, Ind:

Your comments on television rather interested me. I feel rather about fannish dismissals of tv as so much 101% crud in the same vein as denouncements of all sorts of music (but principally r&r and pop) as crud save the writer's favorites. The snobbery of intelligentsia, you might call it. :: Tv is what you care to do with it. I am not saying because I care for certain programs, they are ergo good. But I feel I have a right to feel resentful if my caste is derided as a sign of mental pabulum. I happen to find one large branch of escape literature stone cold dull: mystery -- the entire field of mystery-adventure, whether detective or fantasy or whatever leaves me with a vast yawn and always has. And strangely enough, though I enjoy watching Westerns, I find the Western in fiction abysmally dull. I could say because I don't like fantasy, that anyone who does is a throwback and a stick in the mud ... I don't (I may think that, but I don't see that saying it would really accomplish anything, you understand.) :: And this last week, covering the Glenn Flight and Press Conference, I was thinking my lucky stars I had the one-eyed monster, since the radio coverage was prefatory at best and gave the feel of being there not at all. I want to see the rocket go up.

BUCK COULSON:

I suppose I should say something about McCombs' article, since I'm one of the first-born (only-born, in fact) and so are my wife and a good many of our close acquaintances in fandom. And about all I can say about the alleged "joining" tendency is "hah!" Of the group that I know, I'm by far the most gregarious -- I once belonged to the Boy Scouts. (I never joined anything else, except a couple of local stf clubs, but that still makes me the outstanding "joiner" of our group.) (But you've all joined fandom!) :: As for egoboo being a strong motivating force in one's interest in fandom -- just what other forces are pos-  
sible? I know that Cascio will say "profit" and maybe someone else will say

"writing experience" or "self-expression", but both writing experience and self-expression are simply specific forms of the egoboo and/or profit motives. ::: I'm not too sure that I was right in advising you to let Cascio have a column. His material this time may draw comment, but actually it isn't very interesting. Fandom is intolerant because it doesn't agree with him. (Of course, he isn't being intolerant -- of course not. He's Right.) Everybody is out of step but Cascio. It's such a common symptom in fandom that it ceases to provide interest. His word-twisting in the middle of an argument -- starting out by sneering at other fans for not trying to make a profit and ending by accusing them of not wanting him to make one -- is also pretty common. Let's hope he can do better next time. I think he's had too much criticism ... he isn't thinking anymore, he's just reacting. ::: Incidentally, I've started keeping accurate (well, fairly) books on YANDRO. Not because I want a profit, but just in case the Internal Revenue Department gets nosy; there is quite a fair turnover of money during the course of a year and I want proof that none of it is sticking to my fingers. & And there is something to think about, Cascio. If you make your profit, you will no longer be an amateur publishing a fanzine. It will no longer be a fanzine, loosely defined as an amateur magazine, but a professional attempt. Just don't make too much money, dear Jack, or you may find some of it going to the government; that would have you kicking and screaming.)

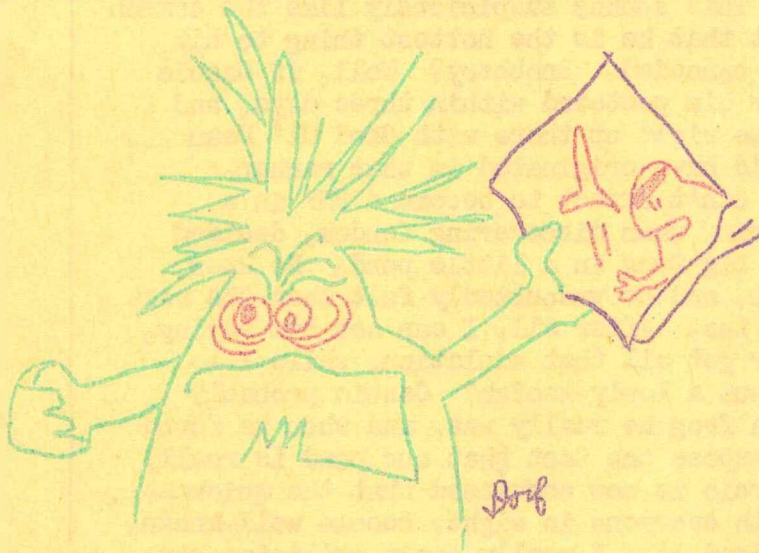
TED PAULS, 1448 Maridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md:

It is probably unfortunate that you decided to emulate "The Great Pauls" even in a facetious manner, because although I am rather happy with the situation you have placed your life in dire jeopardy should you ever decide to enter the city limits of New York. Your praise of me will cause you to be shot on sight in that sin-city. I am glad to see you publicizing your ratings, and I wish more fans would do likewise. I find it highly interesting to note the evident differences in our judgements of quality, as well as, of course the similarities. Your ballot is vastly different from my own, so I naturally disagree with most of your choices, but I note that we agree on the top fanzine, the number six fanzine, best fan cartoonist, and fugghead of the year. Only the third surprises me. When I placed Bhub Stewart's name in the list as top cartoonist, the thought crossed my mind that Bhub would probably only receive two votes, mine and Ted White's ... based this thought on the response to Marion's criticism of Bhub's work in KIPPLE. While most of the writers agreed that MZB was a bit rough on him, many of them admitted that they didn't really consider Stewart a top cartoonist. Hence my surprise that at least one other fan considered him the best cartoonist in our field. ::: I didn't join into the argument when it was taking place in the pages of KIPPLE, primarily because tastes in art are too subjective to argue effectively. It is merely a matter of my personal taste that I consider Stewart better than Bill Rotsler, Atca, Nelson, or any of the others. Rotsler has a fine sense of humor and gets across a number of very fine lines, but there isn't an awful lot of artistic talent needed to draw the sort of thing he does. (Rotsler is, I am told, a fine artist as well, but he doesn't combine this adequately with his senses of humor.) Nelson, in my opinion, has the reverse fault: he has the artistic talent to give his characters the personality and expressions to carry off the lines, but his humor is too repetitive. Nelson is basically ridiculing three or four attitudes, and does this in much the same way every time he draws a new cartoon. Art Thomson was the only one of the group who gave Bhub any real competition on my ballot, and I did vote for him in second or third place. (I suppose Bergeron may receive some votes in this category as well, but

must admit that I have never been able to understand most of his work. The Klan figures which have been sprinkled throughout the last few issues of WARHOON were enjoyable, but I fear that most of the rest of Dick's work is slightly over my head.) :: Your mention of Harry Warner writing that article for you even though he is busy with the fan-history project reminds me of an interesting turn of events. Harry used to write a letter of comments on KIPPLE every three or four issues, but about a year ago he announced that since the book was consuming so much time, he would probably be unable to comment as often. But since that time Harry has missed only two issues ... His letters arrive as regularly as KIPPLE arrives at the homes of other fans, nearly always arriving on the 17th or 18th of the month. If matters continue along this line, Harry will presently announce to me that he can no longer write at all -- and will then begin sending letters at bi-weekly intervals ... :: But the misuse of ordinary words isn't confined to fandom. All groups twist words to more specifically carry the meaning they wish to impart. "Engine", in my dictionary, has the following three definitions: "Any mechanical device; machinery. Any machine by which physical power is applied to produce a physical effect. A railroad locomotive." Yet to a fire-buff, the word "engine" has a fourth (and, indeed, more important) meaning: a piece of fire apparatus; a fire-engine. To use another example from a different group, the word "mint" means in one context simply "unused". To the philatelist, however, it means (incorrectly) much more than just unused. A stamp may be unused, but still in relatively poor condition; it is not then a mint stamp. To enjoy the term "mint", the stamp must not only be unused, but also in perfect condition: perfectly centered, all perforated edges in excellent condition, no fading of colors, etc. :: Jack Cascio was nominated for the alternate in the Yugghead of the Year category on my FANAC poll, and I'm happy to note from this current outburst that he is surpassing even my expectations for conspicuous beligerence. You really shouldn't have given this "Letter from Cascio" any space outside the letter column; in fact, it would have been slightly too unorganized even in the letter column. I suppose I may be falling prey to the shortsightedness Terry Carr mentioned in KIPPLE #22, that of accusing a fan of stupidity rather than simply faulty writing. It would be incredibly easy to do in this particular case, since Jack's piece is as poorly organized as a Wetzel letter, but some of these comments are just clear enough for me to be able to see their lack of intelligence. Ted White, for example, has never to my knowledge claimed credit for "starting fandom as it is today". That's absurd, Ted and I share the common fault of being conceited to a degree, but neither of us is that egocentric. Ted was credited (by others, not himself) with single-handedly improving the duplicating standards of fandom, which is quite true. He showed by his magnificent mimeograph work that illegibility was inexcusable, and by his fantastic layout that poor headings were merely carelessness. He proved what many fans always claimed: that it was worth the trouble to give your fanzine a presentable appearance. :: Poor mimeography is inexcusable. All of my work is done on the type of machine which has become a standing joke in fandom: a Sears-Roebuck \$35 mimeograph. YANDRO is produced on a comparable machine. Both KIPPLE and YANDRO are normally impeccable, and if Juanita and I can produce attractive work with such cheap machines, then there is no excuse for poor work on a \$100 machine. :: Poor layout is equally inexcusable, but not as many fans have taken the effort to correct this, so the layout of most fanzines still remains either technically inept or unimaginative. :: As for whether or not "starting fandom as it is today" is something to brag about (Cascio questions this), I believe it would be. Of course, I haven't had much experience with fandoms of yesterday, but I was around

in 1958-59. Even during that period, the microcosm was considerably different than it is today. I agree with Boggs that today's fanzines are wonderful, and I speak from at least browsing ~~his~~ experience in this matter. I have read fanzines dating back to 1939; I have thoroughly examined (through the courtesy of John Magnus) such legendary magazines as FANTASITE, QUANDRY, OPUS, and others. And while these three titles were probably as worthwhile in their own way as many of the current fanzines, it must be realized that these titles represent the absolute best of their era. The poor fanzines were far worse than any crudzine of this era, even William Neumann's fanzines. (His, at least, are well-duplicated.) And I saw nothing whatever to compare with WARHOON, XERO, DISCORD, VOID, or any of the other top fanzines of this period. ::: To summarize, I would say that the best fanzines of ten years ago are nearly as fine as our best; and the worst fanzines of ten years ago are incomparably bad. ::: I wonder what gave Cascio the idea that fandom is so full of "snobbery ... and intolerance"? This sounds suspiciously like the common complaint of the neofan who expects the fact that he is the hottest thing to hit fandom since Tucker ~~is~~ to be universally conceded. Snobbery? Well, if Cascio decided that since Greenell didn't answer his postcard within three days, and since he (Cascio) was obviously a Big Name right up there with Good Ol' Dean ... I suppose the accusation of snobbery could have originated in that manner. Fans aren't snobs, by any means, but you can't expect to become a BNF in a week, either. It sounds to me as if Cascio, when discovering fandom, decided that here was an opportunity to become a big frog in a little pond. He knew, of course, that he had unsurpassed talent, and he undoubtedly felt that the rest of fandom would immediately realize this too. After all, I can see him saying, why should schlumps like Boggs and Warner get all that adulation, while I -- whose talent far-surpasses theirs -- am but a lowly neofan? Cascio probably gave fandom three months to see how big a frog he really was, and when he found that he was still a tadpole, decided to expose the fact that our pond is really so minute. ::: Having failed at that, Cascio is now convinced that the quickest road to fame is to belligerently argue with everyone in sight; become well-known. He is becoming well-known, but as a gugghead. ::: I really can't criticize him too harshly for this, you know, because whenever I think of "getting a big name", a story pops into my mind. A certain fifteen-year old boy decided in early 1959 that he wasn't becoming a BNF quite fast enough to suit his young, impatient ambitions, so he set out to become well-known. This young fan published five issues of a letterzine titled DISJECTA MEMERA where he argued bitterly with everyone in sight, Spoke Out on all fannish matters in as belligerent a way as possible, and proactised biting people's heads off in every letter, every printed paragraph he wrote. Over a period of five issues, this young fan alienated most of his readers and made his own life miserable by his nastiness. The fanzine folded then, and the young fan went gafia for a short period of time. ::: You see this young fan (whose name was, and still is, Ted Pauls) had wanted a reputation. He got one: as an ass and a fool. When he returned to fandom it was as a different person. He published a chatterzine for a brief period of time, then launched KIPPLE, his current fanzine, which some kind souls claim to be one of the better fanzines currently being published. ::: And Ted Pauls hasn't taken his Nasty Pills in two years; he's a better fan for it, and he now has friends instead of adversaries (even in New York, in some cases ...). So perhaps Cascio will briefly leave the field, returning a different personality. I hope so, for his sake. ::: You asked how old Don Dohler is (in a letter), evidently because of his comments about you being an "irrational teenager". Dohler is 15 or 16 years old, I believe, though he looks younger. ::: I disagree with you that MAD is not fun-

ny, but even if I did not I would have to take a minor issue with our comment. Humor is wholly subjective, and flatly stating that something which purports to be humor is "not funny" is dangerous. Someone is bound to disagree with you, and in this particular case I venture to say that many of your readers will disagree. For my part, I don't care particularly for the magazine-MAD, which I always gave away as soon as I finished reading, but I still have the comics and still think they are for the most part hilarious. Of course, Pete Graham says that I have no sense of humor, which renders my opinion valueless. I agree that the comic-MADs were funny. Every once and a while I pull out any of these 23 issues and read it again. The magazines however stay on the pile and slowly decay. Today's MAD is, in my opinion, very poor. For instance, I stayed for normality a while back, and actually read the current MAD (#70). I didn't so much as smile. I'm not going to say that anyone who likes MAD is an idiot, although I must certainly question their sense of humor.)



DAVE LOCKE, PO Box 207,  
Indian Lake, NY:  
I see you have made a wise decision in your choice for "Best New Fan", and you are to be commended for your intelligence, good taste, and general genius. I also wish to inform you that your name has been selected in a recent world wide club vote and I may now announce that you, Larry Williams of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, have been chosen as the best man to head the Massachusetts division of the DaveLocke Fan Club and Carousing Society, in which I am sure you will serve long and heartily. Let us give this lad around of applause, after which we

"YOU CALL REALM OF FANTASY  
A CRUD TIME, YET..."

will all have a few drinks and then quietly pass out. ::: On to this issue of your garbage can liner, which is probably the best issue yet. I see that you are going to change the name of your fanzine, a common practice ~~among~~ among young-fans who get depressed if they use the same title more than three or four times in a row. I would advise against it, for several reasons. Once you name a fanzine, and build a personality around it, it is usually ridiculous to change titles just because of a whim or what-hell attitude. It's ridiculous because often there is absolutely nothing at all wrong with the title being changed. CINDER, for instance, is a perfectly good name for a fanzine, and since EMBER is only a synonym for "cinder" anyway ... ::: Keep CINDER as your rag's title. I'm just getting used to it. ::: "Purant?" What is this? A father ham, like mother and father or mutant and purant? It's only a guess. ::: This Don Dohler is quite a character. I remember seeing a copy of WILD #1, and up to the time I'm writing this it is the only copy of ~~the~~ a fanzine that I have ever thrown in the trashcan. Quite a distinction I suppose. As I recall, the only good feature about WILD was the ex-

cellent ditto repro, and I remember thinking that WILD wasn't really too bad an effort for a ten or eleven year old (the age I figured Dohler to be). It seems now, however, that Dohler might be quite a bit older than ten or eleven -- judging by his remarks that you quoted -- and if that is the case then WILD is a lot sadder than I thought it was. ::: I would never sue anyone for something he said about me in a fanzine. If what was said about me was true, I would have no right to sue, and if everything said was a lie then I would have the opportunity to write a rebuttal and set things straight. Of course, there can be belittling cartoons or interlineations which are impossible to give rebuttal to, but I still don't think suing would be justified. There was one example of a belittling cartoon, I remember, in VOID. Gary Deindorfer drew this cartoon, attacking Seth Johnson's occupation. I thought at the time, and I still do, that the cartoon should never have seen print and that it showed the warped mind of its creator, but tho it is about as low as you can sink to attack in such a way a person's occupation, even such as this did not justify suing. If this were ever done to me, and I happened to meet the person who did it, I would knock his teeth all over the floor and feel quite justified, thank you, but I would never sue. (As stated in Ted Pauls' letter, Dohler was evidently trying to act like an adult by calling me an "irrational teenager", since he is no older than I.)

## JOE PILATI:

We can all thank Cascio for the most glistening understatement of the year in his unforgettable "Maybe I don't know very much .." Talk about modesty! ::: I don't know whether Ted White has ever seen REALM OF FANTASY. I know lots of people who have, though, and they call it a lot worse than a crazzine. Coulson (I think) mad the best statement vis-a-vis Cascio. I'm too damn lazy to scrounge through the files, but he reviewed REALM a few months ago and said something to the effect of "It stinks, but if he has readers for it, more power to him." And I say more power to you, too, Cascio. I only wish you would esasperate fandom in a more intelligent manner. Dragging Ray Palmer out of his flying-suacer limbo isn't what I have in mind. With unlimited faith in your infinite fugghead- edness, Jack, I implore you: you can do much better. ::: By the way, you little \*\*\*\*\* you also heard from me. (I expected some people to write in and scream wildly that I left them out of the WAFF col last issue, since many wrote while I was still pondering how to get the issue dittoed. I noted at the end the date of completion of the col, so, Joe, you should have expected to find your name in this issue.)

## MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr, Pl., Fords, New Jersey:

Jennings' account of the tv commercials merely proves that the Mad-men are back at work with their regurgitative shorts. I think you'll find that the main factor of most commercials is repetition. They will hammer away at one name constantly in a fifteen or twenty minute spot, the theory being that the viewer is apt to forget the name of the product unless he gets such a large dose of it that he even repeats it in his sleep. Commercials are one of the obnoxious side-lights of television and one of the reasons that I watch as rarely as I can. And I make it a habit to avoid buying anything that is plugged in a stupid, revolting, or generally distasteful manner. I wonder if anyone recalls the Pall Mall commercials which opened with a real slam-bang eye-catcher, either a ticker tape parade or a boat on fire in the middle of the rive. The viewer's interest is drawn to this immediately so you hardly notice the announcer say "Good new shot", switch off the monitor, and start telling you why he likes this particular weed. ::: It's generally accepted that practically all of Shaver's ideas, interesting or

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not, were due to Ray Palmer who rewrote practically everything that Shaver did. The latter is said to be illiterate, and I wouldn't be suprised ::: And frankly, I'm not so sure that I'd want to survive an atomic att ack, even if life could go on. Maybe it would be better to die right away, almost painlessly, than suffer the slow, lingering death of radiation sickness. ::: Bergeron's comments on films were interesting, since that's one field that I've been becoming more and more a part of these days. I completely agree with his acclaim of "La Dolce Vita" and must echo his praise of it. It's thoroughly engrossing from start to finish and contains one of the most biting and scathing attacks on religion that I've every seen. Though from Fellini this is not too suprising, as he was responsible for the highly controversial "The Miracle" in 1952 which was banned on the grounds of being sacriligious, though later the ban was removed due to the inability of the dtractors to completely define "sacrilige". "Spartacus" is notable for several things, including Alex North's final musical score and Laurence Olier's brilliant character portrayal. North has accomplished the difficult task of synchronizing his music with the emotional tide in the film. The final scene of the picture is probably the most ambitious and best, depicting an aura of sadness and death that is reinforced with a note of triumph and promise to dispell some of the gloom. The main trouble with "Breakfast at Tiffany's" was that by the time Holly's character took on some semblance of lifelessness it was shifted into a differant line, and by the picture's end she had completely abandoned all here previously delineated ideals in one fell swoop. The Holly Golightly at the picture's end who develops some desire for the cat and decides she loves the writer too is far less appealing than the flightly young girl presented elsewhere. The film is considerably atispezitized from the book, but to the point of destroying the story line. In Capote's original story she goes to South America leaving our writer/hero behind. By the book's end she is still herself; by the film's end she has changed too radically. ::: I know nothing of Dohler other than his letter, so I can't say whether or not he is fitting competition for Chris Moskowitz, though his immature, irvational remarks demeaning your criticism of his zine (which I've never seen either) certainly peg his somewhere on the fugghead scale. I do think however, that MAD is not as totally unfunny as you stress. I've read every issue published, from the 10¢ comic book days to the 25¢, commercialized junior edition of PUNCH that we find today, and I can remember a number of items that struck me as being far more laughable than typical comic book tripe. But then, MAD was never a typical comic book and deserves some commendation for the new lines it stressed when it first began to appear. Nowaday's it's too commercialized to appeal to me, and most of the satire is watered down, but at one time it was a leader in its field. ::: Olivier appeared on tv in "The Moon and Sixpense" and "The Power and the Glory", both of which registered considerable acclaim with the critics.

Hi! I hate to but in like this, but there's something I'd better say before I forget. Attention, DAVE LOCKE, PHIL HARRELL, RON HAYDOCK, BOB FARNEHAM, JOHN JACKSON, BILL PLOTT, ALLEN KRACALIK, HELMUT KLEMM, SETH JOHNSON, JOHN MCGEEHAN, and maybe some others! I owe you letters; however, I'm in so deep now, and have so much else to do that there's little chance that I'll be able to write you in answer to your letter. So you write me, and we can start fresh. Okay? Thanks.

ALLEN KRACALIK, 1660 Ash St., Des Plaines, Ill:

Your rating Atom for the best fan artist of the year is ridiculous! I'll admit I haven't seen much of his work, but what I have seen -- one in #8 and one in #9 -- wasn't worthy of this title. Now, how much thought did you put into that rating? Did you stop to think of Marvin Eyer, Dave Prosser, Dan Adkins, or Larry

Ivie? Well, Adkins and Ivie might be disqualified nowadays since they've gone pro, but what about the others? To say nothing of Randy Scott, George Barr (well, he's done pro work too), or even that scum of Bill Bearson's. All could outdo what I've seen of Atom's work. Gee, you have got queer taste. (I resent that. Actually, I expected a lot of disagreement with that nomination. Atom does primarily cartoon work, and that that isn't cartoon is abstract, but it is some of the loveliest work of any fan artist I've seen. Today (Mar 8) I received some more art from Atom, and one picture is what I consider to be one of the best ones he's done. If my stenciling can do justice to it, you'll see why he's on my ballot next issue. ::: Now to cut your choices up. You won't vote for pros -- okay, there goes Prosser, Adkins, Ivie, and Barr. Remaining we have Mary Bryer (whose work I rarely see) and Randy Scott. Neither of them rate anywhere near Art Thomson.) ::: McCombs' article brought out some interesting facts but pray tell, what does this have to do with fandom? Look you here, McCombs, I'll have you know I'm a fan because I love stf, fantasy, and comic books, and not because I need the company of others more than "normal" folks, or because I was or wasn't breast-fed as a child. I consider myself a non-conformist of the highest degree. I like nothing better than to get on the soap box and criticize like all hell something I dislike, and kick up a storm about it. On the same stand, I will yell just as loud to defend something I firmly believe in. But being a second-child or living in a certain type of social environment doesn't have the bearing on my action as you'd have me believe. Please clear yourself on this article. (Well, Larry was trying to figure why so many first-borns were fans; you're a second-born, so it doesn't apply to you, I suppose. You may be a non-conformist, but you're certainly no psychologist.)

::: A big hand goes to Jack Cascio this issue for finally coming up with an intelligent article. My own estimation of new talent vs pros is: new talent is great, if the work they get published is worthy of publication. The same goes for BHPs and the like if their work is good, it deserves to be published, and this is the reason one sees so much of the same people: their work is worth seeing that much of. The competition of "pros" is good for neos, because it gives them a goal to work for and models what they want to be like ... or don't. ::: I wasn't around in Palmer's day, so I cannot comment intelligently on who started fandom, but judging from Ted White's split reputation -- some like him a lot, others call him only by the moniker "Nasty Ole Ted White" -- I'd bet more on Palmer than on him. (Why not just let it go at the fact that science-fiction started fandom -- which is true.)

::: I saw REALM #5 and read it. The only thing I liked was Bill Elott's "Whiplash", a story which I know is excellent, despite what the fans will say. I've read Poe, Lovecraft, Deroloth, and all the gallery of great fantasy writers, and can truly say that this short piece, written in that same captivating style, ranks with the pros. (Oh Christ! Al, nobody liked that story 'cept Jack. Bill Elott said it was a piece of crap pulled out of the back of his files, so if the author doesn't even like it ...)

::: Cascio was guilty of some slashing and split-second thought remarks in his previous articles, but he isn't the only one who has done this; look at Redd Boggess' comments on CINDER #4 in which he condemns speed-reading and comic books at the snap of his fingers, but you wouldn't say he has "running-at-the-mouth" disease. And look at DISCORD #14 in which he comments on ANALOG's winning the Hugo by saying "for God's sake!" This is a bad case of running-at-the-mouth. ANALOG is far and away the best prozine on the market today, and it makes my blood boil when a simple fanzine editor -- a non-fiction discussionzine one, at that -- criticises any prozine in that hasty manner. This to me is the perfect example of false conceit. ::: Jack sent me a comment re-



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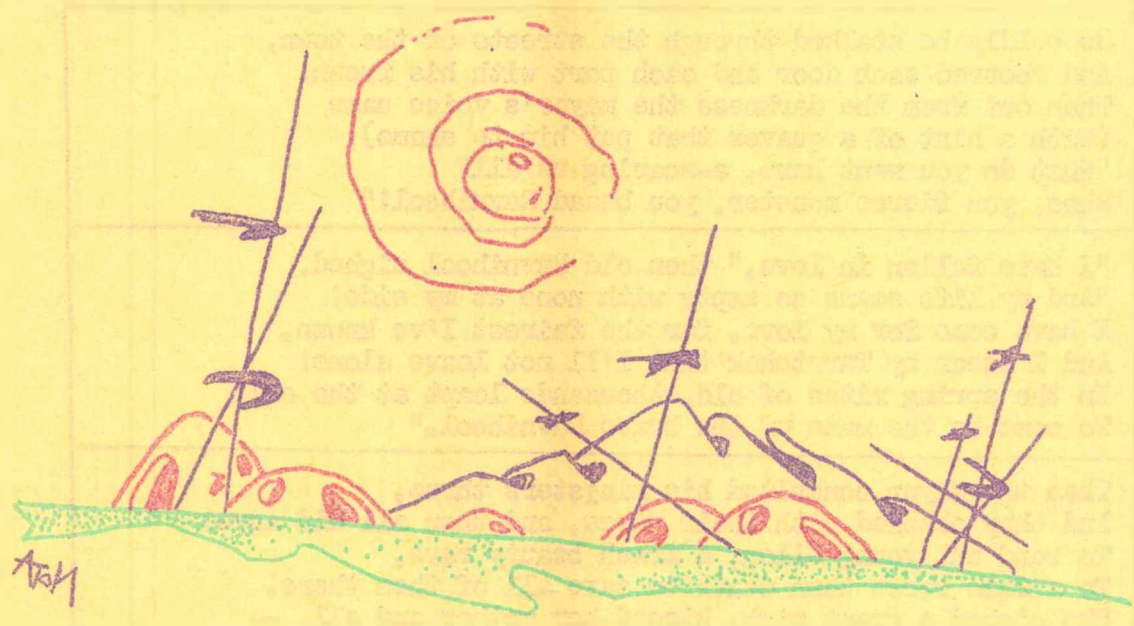
cently: he said his articles in CINDER are written only to attract reader interest, and he doesn't really believe all of what he writes. Do I detect a note of embarrassment here? Maybe this proves he isn't as bad a guy as his articles make him seem. (Or maybe it means he's trying to retract some of his comments without becoming red in the face.) ::: I recently had a rather humiliating experience along these lines. I picked up the term "fugghead" from CIN without having the sense to investigate it. Then, yesterday in French, a kid goofed up an assignment pretty badly, and I called him a fugghead out loud. My French teacher's comment was, "I suggest strongly that you erase that word from your vocabulary." Can you please define this nasty word for me? #Well, I use it to mean a person who states his opinions as facts, without giving evidence to back up these "facts". Actually fugghead is just a printable way of saying another word, which is pretty obvious if you think about the sound of the word "fugghead". Your teacher probably thought you meant the unprintable word. That was a very smart move, Al. Just don't ever say the word fandon -- you might be expelled.)

JOE GIBSON, 6380 Sobrante, El Sobrante, Calif.:

CINDER #9 impressed me as being a very interesting issue --- and the zine itself as being one I'd very much like to get regularly. In fact, I'd like very much to quote from and discuss McCombs' article "Why A Fan Is" in a future ish of my own zine. His is the first and only real research I've seen done on the subject. ::: I'm also going to quote Ted Pauls' comment in your lettercol "the nameless fans who send you a buck every eight issues or so aren't contributing anything ... subscriptions to KIPPLE are strongly discouraged" and comment on it. More than half of my subscribers are such "nameless fans" and for years, when I was strictly a fanclub and convention fan, I was one myself so far as fanzine fandom was concerned. Consequently, I sympathize with these "nameless" fans far more than I do with the fuz editors. If you think I sound a bit peeved about this, you should hear the opinions of about 30 of my subscribers. ::: And for that reason, I won't trade with you. And since you won't accept subs, I can't get your zine. Okay then, you can't get C<sup>2</sup> either, unless you fork over the cash for a sub just like everyone else. Not regularly. ::: In fact, nextish I've got to announce that no further sub exchanges with fuz editors can be accepted. I'm getting all the zines I want to get already, with the exception of foreign fuz. Hereafter, C<sup>2</sup> is going strictly on a cash-sub policy, so far as US fandom's concerned. Can you blame me for being as tough about my policy as the rest of you are with yours?? (I'd be very happy to have you do all the quoting and discussing from CINDER you'd like to. ::: Quite a while back I received a check for \$1 from one CL Barrett. I promptly lost his address, and was unable to find it anywhere in any fanzine, and the few fans I asked didn't know what it was. Then I found it among the 100+ papers in my room, and mailed off about 3 issues and a letter apologising and stating he could have CIN for life. I was already wondering why he hadn't written in complaint for not receiving CIN, so when I didn't get an acknowledgement of the three zines and letter, I retracted my offer, and Barrett will get CIN through #12, and that does it. These "voiceless fans" (more appropriate than "nameless", don't you think) annoy me. I don't produce CIN for money, so I'd like to send it to as few of this type as possible. Don Fitch wrote and explained that he just couldn't comment much of the time, and could he subscribe. I allowed it, but Don has commented, and I'm sure he will in the future. This is different. At least I know he's alive. ::: You will get CIN through issue 16, since you've mailed me enough copies of C<sup>2</sup> and a letter to get these issues.)

ALSO HEARD FROM: DICK BERGERON, BOB LICHTMAN, FRED GALVIN, DA LATTIMER, RAY CABANA, RON HAYDOCK, PHIL HARRILL, GARY LEINDORFER, BOB FARNHAM, JOHN MCCLEHAN, PETE KAURER, DON FITCH, BILL BOWERS, ART THOMSON, MIKE KURMAN.

# LARRY McCOMBS'



## misch-masch A NEW COLUMN

I have stolen the title for this column in the hopes that some of the skill and fame of its original owner may rub off on me. MISCH-MASCH was the title of a zine of very limited circulation, published by a teen-ager who later became quite famous, under a pen-name, as a professional fantasy writer. I wonder how many of the readers can name him?

At any rate, "misch-masch" is also the German equivalent of "hodge-podge" and is an indication of the variety of material which may be presented in this column from time to time. For instance, this issue I should like to don my robes as Sir Tommy Rott, poet laureate of CINDER, and give you a stirring rendition of a moving old ballad (which I just wrote) called,

RAVNIHCOL

"Ay, old Ravnicol has come down from the hills!"  
 Through all the pale Earthmen the cry sent cold chills;  
 Though in his fierce grippers he carried no gun,  
 When killing and maiming he had need of none.  
 As ugly as sin, with no morals at all,  
 There never was BEM like old Ravnicol.

He gobbled a child, and devoured one poor goat;  
 He crashed through the force shield and leapt o'er the moat;  
 But as he drew up at the gate called John Glem,  
 Not a sign could he see of the gallant Earthmen;  
 Nor e'en Tom MacLaine, far the bravest of all,

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Was afraid to go out there and face Ravnihoool.

So boldly he stalked through the streets of the town,  
And scoured each door and each port with his frown:  
Then out from the darkness the mayor's voice came  
(With a hint of a quaver that put him to shame),  
"What do you want here, a-scaring us all?  
Shoo, you fierce monster, you baaad Ravnihoool!"

"I have fallen in love," then old Ravnihoool sighed,  
"And my life seems so empty with none at my side!  
I have come for my love, far the fairest I've known,  
And I swear by Tarrtchak that I'll not leave alone!  
In the spring rites of old, thousands leapt at the call  
To come be the mate of the brave Ravnihoool."

Then the Mayor consulted his ministers three,  
And they checked with their wives, and then all did agree  
To send out young Ellen, a fresh beauty rare,  
To a fate worse than death to save all of them there.  
She sighed a great sigh, kissed her mother and all, --  
"She's not who I wanted!" screamed old Ravnihoool.

Then he ranted and raved and he stalked up and down,  
While panic soon spread through the streets of the town:  
The mayor got frantic and dashed all about,  
Seizing fair maidens and shoving them out;  
But the monster just shouted, "They're ugly beasts all,  
And none of them fit for the brave Ravnihoool!"

Then he saw whom he wanted and quick as a flash  
He grabbed, wheeled about, and then out he did dash;  
He flashed 'cross the desert at the East Wind's swift pace,  
With the Mayor clutched fast in his horny embrace.  
"Don't be frightened, my love; I won't let you fall;  
They'll no'er catch us now," crooned old Ravnihoool.

There were some who were anxious to ride out that night,  
And follow the monster while yet there was light;  
But they soon reached a plan that pleased all of them there,  
Voting funds for a statue and "Mayor Jones's Square."  
As ugly as sin, with no morals at all,  
Have ya e'er heard of monster like old Ravnihoool?

There, there, control your tears! Don't feel too badly for the poor old Mayor. He actually grew rather fond of Ravnicool after awhile, and considered the gruff old beast to be a considerable improvement over the harsh temper of his former wife. And, in case the postal censor is reading this, I will point out that Ravnihoool was actually a female monster, and the narrative use of "He" throughout the poem was done deliberately to confuse the reader -- it's a subtle form of art, you see. You will note that Ravnihoool never says ~~he~~ she was looking for a bride, merely for a mate.

Now that we've soothed the ruffled sensibilities of our more moralistic readers, let me rile them up again by blowing off a bit of steam about a recent case of censorship. I'm talking about the trial of a Hartford, Connecticut, bookshop owner on charges of peddling pornographic literature -- the man was selling Miller's Tropic of Cancer. The trial went on for some weeks. The prosecution pointed to the four-letter words and said that the book was obviously obscene. Then the defense produced a long string of witnesses.

Professors and scholars from around the state testified that the book was a significant work of literature, that the author had used the obscenities in a valid artistic fashion to make a point, and that they considered the book important enough to be using it in their classes.

But the judge found the book to be pornography. He ruled that, although men of learning and letters might find the book to be worthwhile and of literary merit, the average man on the street would consider it to be pornography. Therefore it was illegal to sell the book.

Consider the implications of this decision. It is, according to Judge Covello, illegal to sell any book which the average reader would read with "prurient interest". Scholars and professors are just as much forbidden to buy, sell, or teach the book; all to protect the sensitive morals of the average person reading the book."

Aside from the fact that this decision makes pornography of about 50% of the medical books, psychological texts, and novels currently on sale, I think that this is a good example of the current trend to glorify the average man in America. We have gone far beyond the doctrine of "equal opportunity" and come up with a doctrine of "equal ability". You would run into this problem immediately if you considered the task of the American public high-school teacher.

Suppose that I have a student who simply does not have the ability to be a successful college student. He is a fine young person, but his talents lie in the directions of the manual arts, rather than an intellectual career. Can I recommend that this person study wood-working and forget about college? If I do, I'll have an angry set of parents on my neck at the next PTA meeting!

No, if Johnny Jones next door can go to college, then our little Jimmy can too! It's a free country! So poor Jimmy will spend four miserable years, squeaking through college, paying most of it, just to prove to his parents' satisfaction that their offspring is as good as the next.

Some writers have pointed out how our modern business and government bureaucracies enforce mediocrity and punish outstanding performance. Ayn Rand creates a vividly over-exaggerated picture of a not-too-impossible future in her rather preachy tome, Atlas Shrugged. The second-raters have seized so much power that the creative and intelligent persons go on strike, leaving the country to founder in its own sea of mediocrity.

Whether things are as bad as Ayn Rand would have us believe, I do not know. But I do become seriously annoyed when I am forbidden to buy a book because the "average man" would find it pornographic.

-- Larry McCombs

# CINDER

CINDER, the fiery fanzine, is edited and published by Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Massachusetts, USA on a monthly schedule, whether I like it or not. This is number 10, dated April 1962; volume 2, number 4. It's available for 15¢ (2/25¢), a letter of comment, or a trade copy of your fanzine, preferably one of the latter two. You may also have it for a contribution, but lately very few people have been getting it by this means, of their own decision seemingly. This issue is being run off on an AB Dick electric spirit duplicator at Springfield Office Supply, courtesy of Mr George Shannon. This is Far-East Publication number 19. Dedicated to the late Ralph M Holland. Art this issue by Richard Bergeron (cover), Robert E Gilbert, and Wild Gary Deindorfer.

STATUS:  Rock Solid  
 Weakening  
 Bad (you'll get one more)  
 Last issue

WHY:  You Subscribe  
 We Trade  
 You Contributed  
 You Commented  
 I'd Like To Trade  
 I'd Like A Contribution  
 I'd Like You To Comment  
 You have a letter or contribution in this issue. Again next time?  
 You are Dick Schultz and I forgot to mention in the masthead that you drew the picture on page 3.  
 You are ATom, and you drew the picture on p 35  
 You are Larry McCombs, whose col arrived after the rest of the zine was completed  
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AL WOOD, 94 Mill Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass. wants to receive fanzines. Will write LOCs, and maybe contribute. He's co-editor of a mundane amateur magazine in this area called OUTLET.

From.  
LARRY WILLIAMS  
74 MAPLE RD  
LONGMEADOW 6, MASS

