

CINDER



NUMBER 11

REG
115

ASHES

BY LARRY WILLIAMS

THOSE KIDS! Retarded or Genius? Psychologists Puzzle Over Kentucky 10-Year-Old. -- Louisville, Ky. -- Bobby is 10 years old and is classed as mentally retarded. He also might be a genius, authorities say.

"Bobby is the most puzzling child I've ever come across," says Ashley Mixson, psychologist at Kentucky Training Home for the Mentally Retarded.

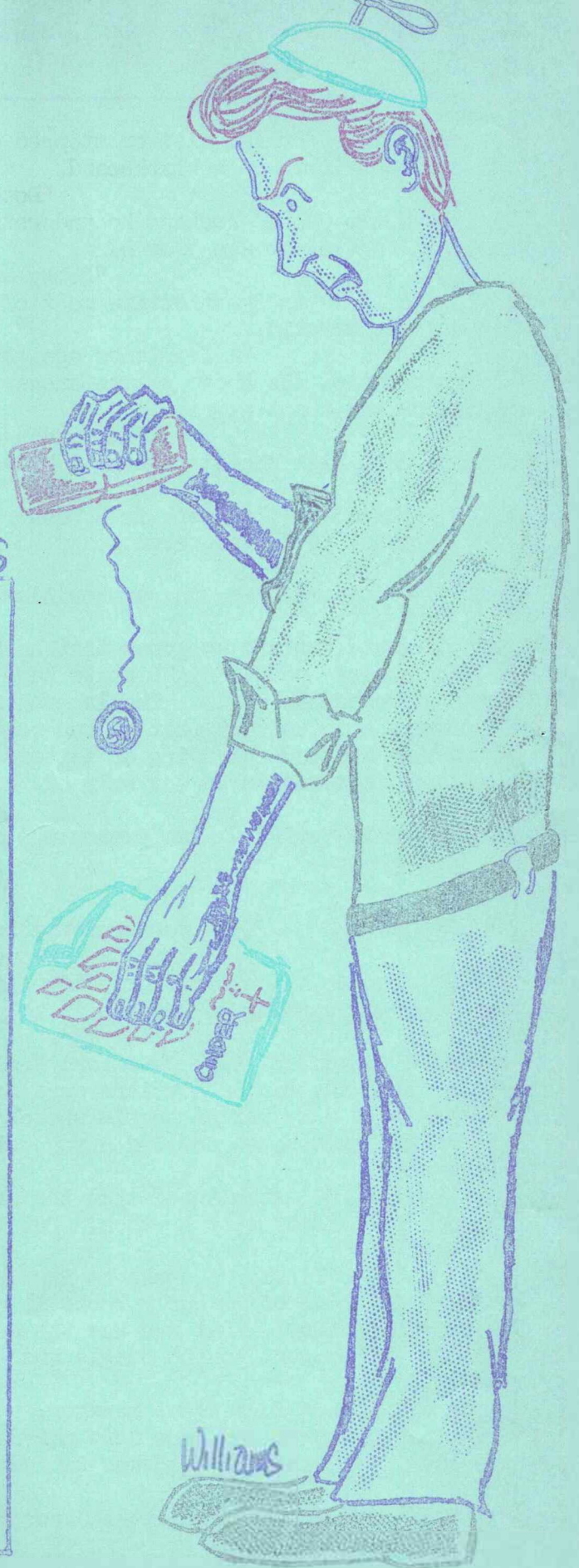
"How can I explain a retarded child who can pick up a journal (AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MENTAL DEFICIENCY) from my desk and read from it perfectly.

"How can I explain Bobby when he can read from my French book and pronounce the words better than I can? and I took French in college," Mixson adds.

"Bobby arrived at the training home in 1957, Mixson said, 'All he could do was walk, sleep and read. And read ... can you imagine that? But he couldn't feed or dress himself.'

"Authorities say Bobby can read Latin, French, German, Spanish and Turkish, besides English. Last year he displayed the reading ability of a ninth grader, even though he was only nine years old.

"The first inkling of Bobby's talent came when he was admitted to the home. He read Supt. J.F. Boland's diploma, written in Latin, and had no trouble with a simple German phrase written by Boland.



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"Later, when a Turkish visitor stopped at the home, Bobby was able to read Turkish script written on a blackboard.

"Does he understand what he is reading? Officials don't know. Perhaps he understands it all, or just a little, or none. He began reading at age 3 or 4.

"Bobby -- whose last name was withheld by state officials -- is uncommunicative most of the time. Attempts to test his intelligence are erratic.

"A few years ago, he was given a test in reading, spelling, and arithmetic. He chose not to answer any of the math problems and in spelling his score was about average.

"In reading, he broke the bank. 'He has the reading ability of a high school student,' Mixson said.

"The taxi-headed youngster now is being groomed for placement in a foster home. 'What he needs now is tender loving care -- the kind foster parents may be able to give him,' Mixson said.

"Bobby's future? It is a mystery, the authorities says, just as are his present talents."

Well, I would venture to guess that he has no idea what he is reading. Lest the article confuse you, I might state here that Bobby does not translate, but simply pronounces the words. The languages written in arabic letters are not such a mystery, but the fact that he can read Turkish is fantastic. I'd say that pronunciation and understanding of letters is probably a special talent with the youngster, and it seems to be the only one he has.

He's mentally retarded. No person who is unable to dress himself, tell time, etc can be a genius.

TARZAN GOES APE

More information on the Tarzan censorship was received from Mr Lawrence Wayne McCombs, an authority on ridiculous censorship, on a rather rainy April 7, 1962. Since it brightened up my day so, I'm now going to present it to you.

From an AP dispatch of 28 December: "Sol Lesser, who produced many of the Tarzan movies, said the same objections were raised years ago. 'I had a long correspondence with a number of people who objected to the fact that Tarzan and Jane were living in a tree house and had a son, all apparently without benefit of matrimony,' Lesser said.

"We established that the son (known only as "Boy") was found by Tarzan and Jane and adopted by them. But that didn't help much and the correspondence went on.

"Finally I spoke to Burroughs. He said: 'I would advise you to read my books. In one of my early books it was established that Jane's name was Jane Porter ((sic. lwm)), that she was the daughter of a minister in Baltimore, Md, and that the father went to the jungle and there married Tarzan and Jane.'"

"Cyril R.

Rothmund, who was Burroughs' manager, confirmed Lesser's story. 'In the second Tarzan book, Tarzan and Jane were married in the jungle,' Rothmund said. He said this book, published in 1915 was titled The Return of Tarzan.

"Actress Maureen O"

Sullivan, most famous of all the Janes in the Tarzan films, said similar objections

were raised in her day. So, she said, Tarzan and Jane were married on the screen.

"I believe it was in our second picture," she said. "We had a ceremony in the jungle. We didn't use a ring. Instead, Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller) put a bracelet on my wrist.

"We had the wedding under the trees and all the animals of the jungle came and watched. They were the witnesses.

"That seemed to satisfy everybody."

"It was in this same general period, in 1937, that Tarzan ran into trouble in Rio de Janeiro. Police there said the book Tarzan the Invincible showed Communist tendencies and ordered it banned from book stalls.

"Such incidents failed to diminish the popularity of the books. At the time of Burroughs' death in 1950, it was estimated nearly 40 million Tarzan books had been sold and some had been translated into more than 50 languages. And, over the years, Tarzan had drawn more at the box office than any other single movie hero."

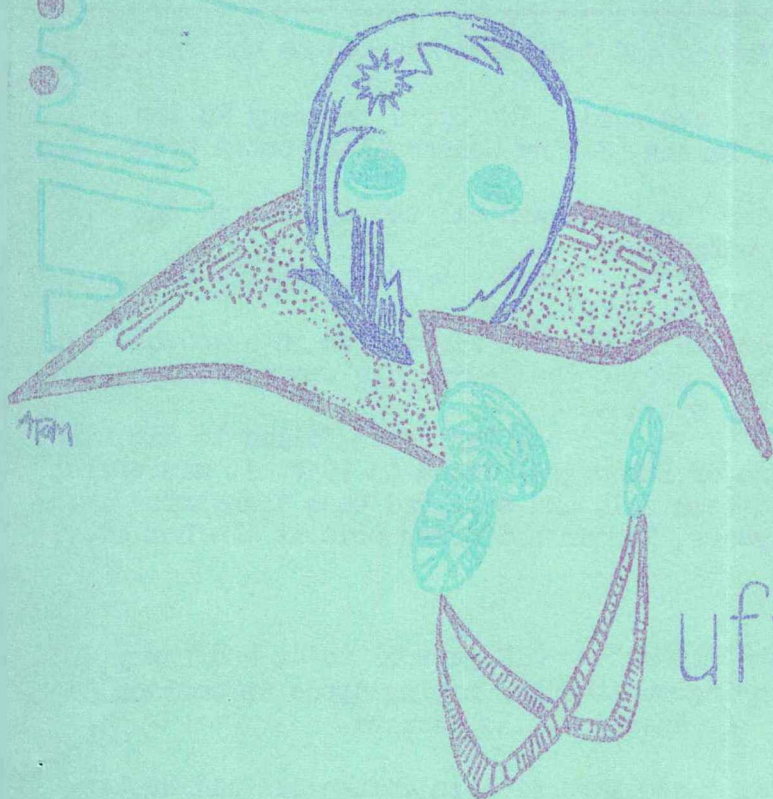
LST MINUTE MESS Well, here it is, the day before CIN gets ditto'd, and Larry Williams is again composing on stencil, making typos in section headings (Lst?), and things like that. The sneaky little bastard.

You fellows might notice that the preceding sections of this column are all quotes. You will probably raise hell with me for not writing for my own fansine, but I have my reasons. Primarily, I want to do some outside contributing, since I've been getting too many requests lately (before, I ignored them). If I do a lot of writing in CINDER, I won't be able to write for other fansines. You might be interested to know that I have in the works, or are planning the following articles: to Roy Tackett, Larry McCombs, Ken Gentry, John Jackson, Al Wood, Ted Pauls, and possibly Ted White (if he wants one). Of course, some of these will not get done, for the following reasons: 1) I don't have enough ideas, 2) I don't have enough time and initiative, and 3) I've got to work on CINDER. Any questions?

Al Wood and I are running a contest. It's an endless one. In our talking, each tries to plonk the other, but good. If one succeeds and leaves the other with no returning blast (if he's left giggling and sweating), the lucky fellow gets 50 points. This contest also extends itself to little bets, hitting people crossing the street, in Al's hot Plymouth (so far he hasn't scored in this area yet -- we're thinking of counting dogs as 25 points, though). For instance: "Tell me sir, what is your name (we were interviewing each other on tape)?" "Larry Williams."; "What is your profession?" "I'm an artist."; "What kind of an artist?" "A peanut-butter-and-jelly artist."; "That sounds unusual. Just what do you draw?" "Peanut-butter-and-jelly and you lose!" He could only laugh, since we don't count things like, "Well, you look like peanut-butter-and-jelly!", or "Ah, your father's mustache." I'm planning to display a scoreboard each month to keep you up on the contest, with exception of the month when Al's ahead.

Gary Deindorfer sends along a letter with a big picture on the back of his impression of "Cousin Fuggdorf" (the name I gave him in a blast in CONNSTIPATION). I got a good laugh out of it. Gary can take it as well as dish it out, so I suppose all is well. See in you in CINDER #12.

-- Larry Williams



TED

WHITE:

uffish thots

THE PHONE RANG

Pete, who was the closest, picked it up and said, "Metropolitan." After listening to the receiver for a few seconds, he handed the phone over to me. "I think you better handle this," he said, "It's somebody wanting to know where we are."

Must be a customer, I thought. We get customers who call up Metropolitan Mimeo to find out just where 163-A West 10th is located, and I usually tell them "10th and Seventh Ave." So I picked up the phone and said, "Hello. Can I help you?" in my best professional manner.

"Yes," said the voice. "Where are you located?" I replied with my stock answer and the voice said, "But ... I thought you were on Christopher Street ..."

I patiently explained that our office was located on 10th, and that I lived on Christopher. Who is this, I wondered. Did he have a copy of an old price list with my Christopher St. address? "Ummm ... who referred you to us?" I asked. I felt rather foolish.

"Edmund Meskys," was the reply. Uh-oh, I thought.

"Who is this?" I asked.

"Silverberg," the voice said. I knew it wasn't Bob -- I knew his voice better than that. "Is this Andrew Silverberg?" I asked. The voice admitted that it was. "Well I said, fighting desperately to put this strange conversation on some sort of footing. "Were you calling me professionally or personally?"

"Are you Ted White?" he asked. I gave in and admitted that I was. "I was calling

personally," he said. "I want to give you something."

Visions of what Andrew Silverberg might give me flashed across my brain-pan in only a few micro-seconds. "What?" I queried, harried.

"It's for free," Silverberg replied.

"What?" I asked again, now thoroughly certain that it would be something nameless and undecipherable.

"A story," he said.

I don't want to suggest that getting an idea of what Silverberg had in mind was akin to pulling a headfull of teeth, but at the time it seemed like it.

"Uhh, what am I supposed to do with this toy?"

"Read it."

"Is it yours?"

"Yes."

"Science fiction?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to read it?"

"Yes."

"And then what?"

"I'll give you money to send it back ... "

"Umhm, Mr. Silverberg, I am not quite sure why you want me to read your story. I can't publish it, and I am not running a literary criticism service."

"You're associated with a fanclub, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, quickly trying to recall just when it was that the ESFA meetings were held, and where.

"Well, then, you know science fiction readers?"

"I guess you could say that," I hazarded.

"Well, I'd like you to read my story."

"My opinion," I said slowly, "is not a very qualified one. I suggest you send your story to a professional editor in the field. If your story is good, he'll buy it, and if it isn't," I said, stretching a point or two, "he'll tell you what's wrong with it."

"Well ... I kind of wanted a man-in-the-street opinion."

"It wouldn't do you any good, though," I said, quickly.

"Well, I ..."

"What you want is to send that story to a professional editor," I said hurriedly. "Or an Authority like Sam Moskowitz. It wouldn't do you any good for me to read it. My opinion wouldn't be any good."

"Oh," he said. "Well, okay. I'll come over and see you sometime."

"Goodbye," I said.

"Goodbye."

HOW TO PUBLISH A FANZINE: Harry Warner, commenting on the New York version of KIPPLE #21, said, "You people should write an article some time on how you go about this. I assume that the familiar-looking typewriter is the one you loaned Pauls once, but I don't see how you made the duplication look like the results Ted gets. If you'd omitted the identifying stuff in the letter-column and sent the magazines in bulk for me to take to Baltimore to mail, I don't imagine that anyone could ever have been sure of the true facts in the case."

As a matter of fact, we'd planned to have Walter Ereen mail those fake KIPPLEs from Baltimore while he was there on a visit, but his schedule got fouled up and he never went. However, what Harry wants is the story about how we put the zine out, not how we didn't put it out ...

The idea was hatched in Pete Graham's fiendish mind some time along in December. "I want to publish an issue of KIPPLE," he announced one day. The idea was very simply as he explained it: we'd just throw together four or six pages of devastating satire and mail it out over the weekend. Then we began writing the material.

I won't go into the alternately boring and hilarious sessions we spent writing the stuff, or of the reams we rejected. And there's no sense going into the rue and mortification Pete felt when he received a letter from Ted Pauls in which Ted mentioned that the very piece Pete had included from KIPPLE #20 was one Ted himself disliked. "It's hitting below the belt, but what the hell ... " Pete said. By that time the issue was entirely on stencil. I came back from my Christmas vacation in Falls Church, and Terry presented me with the stencils. "I had a ball with these," he said. I spaced all the headings too far apart, just like Ted Pauls does, only moreso."

"That's a little obvious, isn't it?" I said.

"Well, of course," Terry replied. "It's satire."

Running the zine off was more fun than I've had in ages. Actually we were a bit behind the times in this respect, since Ted has pretty well liked his offset problems these days, but we wanted offset. We also wanted splotchy inking and all those tell-tale signs that show a zine is not impeccably Gestetnered. This was a challenge.

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With a burst of inspiration I dug into the box of discarded ink tubes (I save them against the rainy day when I run out of ink and need to squeeze by hand the last remaining drops from the discarded tubes), and pulled out a half-full tube of defective ink. This was a tube in which the ink was for some reason much thinner and oilier than it should have been. With luck it would not ink evenly, and should produce considerable offset. I say "with luck", because certainly it had done poorly enough on several professional jobs in that respect but I knew the perversity of such apparatus too well to count on it behaving in the same fashion if I wanted it to.

I inked the machine up, put on the first stencil, and began running off the first page. After about fifty copies (we were running off about a hundred), I stopped to inspect my work. "That's not very much offset," Terry said.

"You're right," I said, and thereupon I put my hand flat on the stack of sheets and pressed them down, firmly. Then I lifted another sheet and gazed at its back. There, in almost-readable density, was the mirror image of the copy on the front. "That seems to do the trick," I said.

From then on I did what Pete began referring to as "Punk Mimeoing", stopping the machine in the middle of the run and punking down my fingers on the run-off sheets. I became quite artistic about this, and began executing a gleeful little dance around the Gestetner, chortling "Punk! Punk!" to myself as I worked.

You must understand that much of my pleasure was in the breaking of inhibitions. One builds up many taboos in the process of becoming a mimeographer or printer, and one of them concerns clean copy. Offset, uneven inking, blotchiness, etc. are taboo. One learns to handle the just-run-off sheets with care and delicacy, and to relish loving tenderness upon one's work. Imagine then, the sheer joy involved in systematically breaking every one of these taboos and conditioned inhibitions!

Why, I haven't had so much fun since I deliberately scratched my fingernails across an Audio Fidelity "Dukes of Dixieland" record, and immediately thereafter wiped my boots on it!

Our one problem was that of conveying a copy of KIPPLE #21 -- our KIPPLE #21 -- to Ted Pauls. Simply addressing one to him seemed a bit too obvious. Finally we hit upon our master stroke: We addressed a copy of KIPPLE #21 to Carl Brandon, on Ergo Ave., in Trenton, New Jersey.

MEET ANDREW SILVERBERG: It occurs to me that I presented Andrew Silverberg to you back at the beginning of this column without a proper introduction. I think I'd better remedy that.

My introduction to Andrew Silverberg occurred about half a year before the phone call I just related. It took place, of course, over the phone. I don't recall the conversation: it was quite short, if lacking any point. In fact, it so puzzled me that I immediately thereafter called up Bob Silverberg, who is another person entirely, and said to him, "Bob, I was just talking to your brother."

Bob knew who I meant. "You mean Andy Silverberg," he said. "He's not my brother. He's a telephone nut. And he got me in bad with Judy Merrill, too."

"He likes to call up pro's, and it seems he wanted to ask her something, so he decided to call her up. Well, you know, she lives in Milford, Pa., which is long-distance. So he called her collect. She asked who was calling, and when he just said 'Silverberg', she assumed it was me and accepted charges. She was very burned when she found out it wasn't me, and she's been after me about it every since. I don't know why she blames me."

"I suppose that's because you have the same name," I said. "I mean, you must be responsible for the Silverberg name."

"I guess so," Bob said, wearily. "This Andrew Silverberg has called me up too, you know, and the first thing he every asked me --- he didn't even bother to say 'hello' he just started right out with this very demanding tone of voice as if was interrogating me --- the first thing he asked me was 'Have you ever written any poetry?' Well, I said I hadn't had any published, and then he said quite abruptly, 'Good; I can have mine published under my own name.'"

"Why, that's fantastic," I said. "It certainly is," Bob Silverberg agreed.

NEW FACES:

I originally wrote and submitted this column --- exactly as it appears here save this final section --- to Ted Pauls for KIPPLE. It would've been the nifty-ninth installment to appear in KIPPLE, following on the heels of a series of serious and nit-picking columns devoted to various serious and nit-picking subjects which had arisen (and thus claimed my attention) from the very pages of the quite serious and nit-picking KIPPLE itself.

I had begun to grow weary of the whole tail-swallowing cycle by late last Summer, and after writing my last installment to see print in KIPPLE, I told Terry Carr, "I've gotten awfully bugged by my KIPPLE column; it's the only thing I am still writing which perpetuates the old sour tone."

Terry Carr agreed, and I told him that I was going to try to Kick the Habit once and for all. "I'm going to Break Out of the Traces, Terry Carr," I said. "I'm not going to write anything for KIPPLE until I can do something light and humorous. That zine desperately needs a touch or two of Light Humor anyway."

I shan't pretend that the preceding pages of this column which have just read are all that marvelously Light and Humorous, but they did represent a Break With Tradition which pleased me. But if they pleased me, they did not please the serious young editor of KIPPLE, who returned the column, remarking, "Why don't you return your former Image? Bitching Old Ted White was always comment-provoking and interesting, if serious." Then this very proper young editor asked me, "Did you attend the recent Bomb protest in New York? If so, why not write about that for KIPPLE?"

I did not attend the Bomb protest, and what's more I wouldn't write anything about it unless paid at least 5¢ a word for the task. I write for and read fanzines, for entertainment, enjoyment, and --- dirty word --- fun. I have other markets for Articles of Protest, the least of which (THE REALIST) reaches over 100 times as many people as does KIPPLE. The last time I got my dander up about Things Political, ROGUE magazine paid me \$250 for my blood pressure, which is as it should be.

I look rather askance at a fanzine editor who so rigidly dictates the contents of his fanzine that he will allow only Serious Nit-Picking Discussions and hardly any

TED PAULS:

Although like Harry Warner, I occasionally confuse two or more fans with similar names, I'm quite certain that I shall never identify Al Wood with Ed Wood. Al's column in this issue is an extremely intelligent, coherent piece of work, and one that I'm sure cannot be confused with the fuggheaded diatribes of Ed in YANDRO. I hope that "Thoughts of a Neofan" will continue to appear on a regular basis, just as I hope that your other exceptionally fine column, "Jung and Thoughtless", will appear again in the near future.

a hideous crime?

But Al does bring up one point which I think I ought to mildly dispute: this notion that the bombing of Hiroshima was a "hideous crime". Actually, "dispute" isn't precisely the word I want -- I agree with Al that it was pretty hideous, certainly a crime, but I want to clarify a few things. It is quite easy for us to look back on 1945 and remark (from the comfort of our arm chairs) how terrible a crime we committed. There are also a number of valid points in agreement with those who so condemn the government of this country, prime among them being that Japan was already near defeat when the atomic bomb was dropped.

There are two major theses advocated by these backward-glancing critics, the first being that we should not have developed a nuclear device, and the second that, having developed it, we should not have used it against a country already doomed to defeat.

In theory, it is easy to agree with both of these. Of course we shouldn't have developed a nuclear device. Is there anyone who would not agree that we would be better off today if such weapons had never been developed? And certainly it was rather brutal to use such a death-dealing device against a beaten foe. In practice, however, the situation is just not this clear-cut. The Germans, who knew as much about the science as did our own scientists, and had nearly the resources of our country, were also developing atomic theory. It was necessary for us to develop an atomic bomb simply because we could not afford to have Germany develop one first. Fighting with clipped fingernails is a noble aim, but if your enemy has a knife, you had better find one too. If Germany had developed an atomic bomb, they would have had no compunctions about using it; we simply could not afford to be noble -- our lives depended on it.

The second thesis is somewhat more tenable, although its advocates make several false assumptions in presenting it. "Japan," they say, "was being defeated and was near surrender. We could have won the war in a few more months by conventional tactics." This is only partly true. It is quite true that Japan was nearing defeat, but anyone who believes this is synonymous with her being "near surrender" is not very well acquainted with the Japanese mind. The same fanatical fear of "losing face" which led to the kamikaze attacks would have prevented the Japanese from surrendering while they were still able to fight. Our troops would have landed on the beaches to find resistance by everyone who could handle a knife or gun, young boys, old men, even women who would gladly die before degrading themselves by surrendering. "Giving up" is entirely foreign to their nature. It is for this reason that it was originally decided to drop the atomic bomb on Japan in-

stead of Germany; both countries were being defeated, but it was realized that while Germany would surrender, Japan probably would hold out for a very long time.

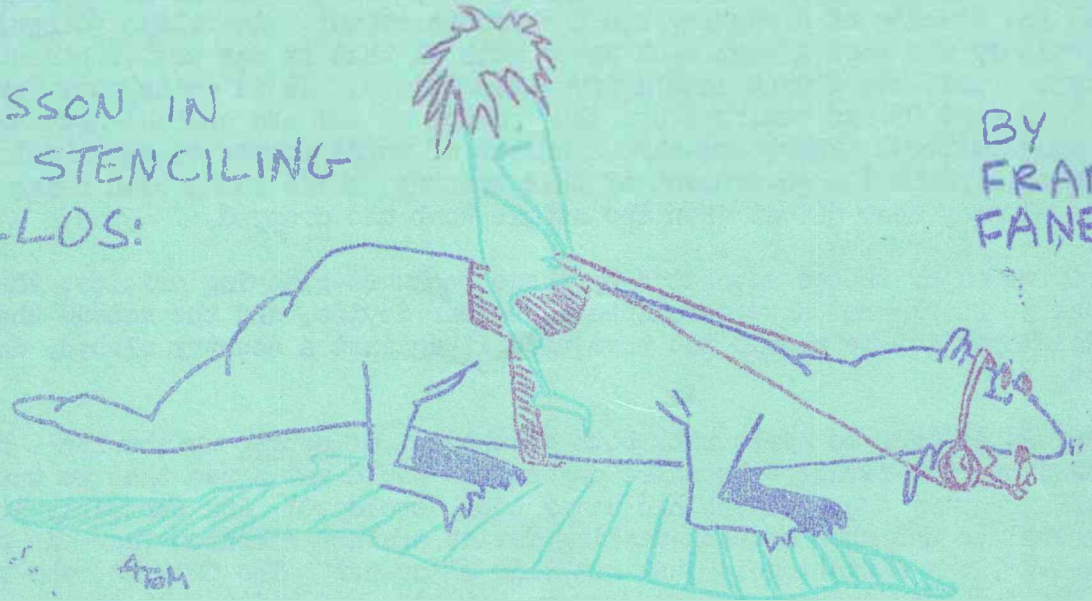
The cost in American lives would have been tremendous if a conventional assault on Japan had been carried out. But the bomb we dropped that day was so frightful that it overcame the Japanese fanaticism. That saved a lot of American lives; also, incidentally, saved the lives of Japanese who would otherwise have died fighting rather than surrender.

So, Al, while the Hiroshima bomb was pretty hideous, the alternative would have been even more hideous, only stretching the death and destruction several months instead of getting it over with all at once.

--Ted Pauls

A LESSON IN
POOR STENCILING
OF ILLUS:

BY
FRANK
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a fable for faneds

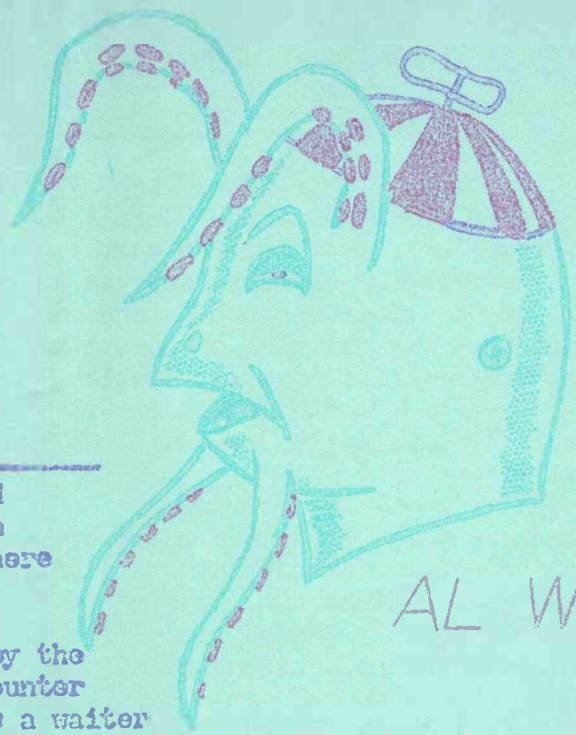
by

this faned

Once upon a time there lived a faned (among many) who decided to take a section of a defenseless fan's letter, and use it as an article. In his usual ridiculous manner, he gave it a rather large heading, and, as he frequently did, he disrupted the text with parts of this heading. If the faned had been more observant (which he never is) he would have put in a nice small type-written heading, but, since he is big-hearted, and since he didn't want to short the poor defenseless fan of his letter, he did this big heading. So, the article that should have lasted a mere paragraph went over a little onto a second ~~paragraph~~ master.

So this poor faned had to use an illo to fill the space, along with a short digression at the bottom, done recklessly on the master. Although filling the page made the faned feel rather clever and proud of himself, he doesn't want to do it again.

THOUGHTS OF A NEOFAN



by

AL WOOD

SHOES One night last summer I walked into the Nuttie Goodie Tearoom in Springfield, Mass.) (Yes, friends, there actually IS a Nuttie Goodie Tearoom in Springfield.) I ordered a cup of coffee and a doughnut and was rather suprised by the fat waitress who stood in back of the counter giggling. After several minutes of this a waiter came over to me and apologised that the girl was laughing because I wasn't wearing shoes. I explained in tones loud enough for her to hear that I had just returned from Los Angeles and that in Southern California nobody wears shoes. The waiter translated this into simpler language for her, and she continued to giggle. I enjoyed it. In contrast, I did not enjoy being thrown out of a Horn and Hardart cafeteria (on the Bowery) for the same style of dress. From these and other observations I have deduced that most people have a very stuffy attitude toward the wearing of shoes. This is too bad, because they are wrong.

Discounting Madison Avenue, the atomic bomb, and television, shoes are man's greatest idioy. The most obvious justification of this statement is the fact that the physical damage which results from the wearing of shoes in this country has grown so widespread that thousands of men earn a living by trying to remedy it. Meanwhile, the most obvious cure for these ills is "take your shoes off." I will admit that certain occupations and climates require foot protection of some sort. In such cases I am wholly in support of the wearing of shoes designed for the individual and the circumstances involved. Beyond this, I have no use for shoes.

Some earnest young man (because only an earnest young man would bother to comment on my ravings) might now urge that shoes protect the feet from objects on the ground and the many deseases which have settled to the floor of our planet. I reply that after a few months of not wearing shoes one is no longer prey to the pebbles and cigar butts which leap out at his feet, because he has acquired the habit of looking where he is going, and of wlaiking sensitively. (Please don't ask me to expand on "walking sensitively" -- you just do it.) As to the desease angle -- I suggest that some day around 9:00 pm you take off one of your shoes and smell it. This is a classically gross idea which you probably won't act on, but if you did, you would understand why I don't think that a man, by cramming his feet into little sacks of cloth and leather where they stew in their own juices for upwards of 10 hours at a stretch, can possibly improve his pedal hygiene.

I suggest that modern psychologists could produce a delightful collection of case histories based on the evils which develop from the social compulsion that one must wear shoes. There might be discovered a "pedal castration complex" whereby all men

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who wear shoes regularly become slightly unbalanced because they can no longer feel the ground under their feet. This estrangement from nature has perhaps led men to invent substitutes for the ecstatic experience of walking through a dewy field on a warm summer morning, and, as is the custom with human beings, such inventions are bound to be morbid, and might include the modern custom of boot-licking or murder or drowning or some other forms of liquid mayhem. Be that as it may, a subject for future exploration, the fact remains that lack of contact with the ground underneath us is sensuously and psychologically unsatisfactory to the customarily barefoot individual. Walking barefoot is one of the few great pleasures left to man.

"But if that is true," asks our earnest young man with tears of confusion in his eyes, "why do people wear shoes?" A good question, Earnest, but naive. Humans do not establish customs (ie. wearing tuxedos, using five forks at one meals etc) along strictly logical lines. According to one of my pet theories (which will remain completely unsubstantiated to allow more freedom of thought, more subtle digs at my pet peeves, and various other irritating laughs) shoes originated, like loin-cloths, to cover a Shameful Part Of The Body. A few generations after man learned to walk on his feet, he found that that position had pummeled his pedals until they were inferior to those of the other ("lower" he chose to call them) animals. He could no longer eat grubs with them, or even hand from a tree branch! Realizing that he might soon be forced to admit a degree of inferiority to the animals, man covered his feet and soon learned to make the covering of a hard material so that he might more effectively kick his neighbor in the groin. Since those hoary days man has continued the practice (both practices, as a matter of fact) under the cover of various evasions and rationalizations.

There is no question in my mind that man will never attain his greatest heights without the physical and mental pleasure of walking barefoot, and that until he relearns that ancient glory he will continue to be plagued by corns, blisters, athletes's feet, and stinky socks.

THEESPOLOGY

Recently I had the opportunity to play the part of Mr. Antrobus in a high school production of Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth". It was my first acting experience since 6th grade, so I found a lot of new and interesting things.

I discovered that acting is fun. Rehearsals are a grind at times, but well worth the effort, and even enjoyable in spots because I was working with a group of intelligent and therefore enjoyable people. The performance itself was one of the greatest thrills I can remember. I was deep enough into the work to forget the fact that I was disporting myself in front of a group of people who were enjoying it (although after the show I didn't mind the applause), and could concentrate on what I was doing. As George Antrobus I could tell the audience something that could not be said in any other way. As one of a group of actors I could watch what each was doing and change my performance to blend with theirs. As a man on the stage I could hear and "feel" the audience and give them what they wanted. As how all this, I had the pleasure of creating my own particular version of George and letting loose with all kinds of emotions that would ordinarily get me thrown into a straight jacket or cell.

A stage, set up for a particular play, is a world all by itself. It is separate

significant to it. Because of this implication, the actions of the characters take on many extensions of meaning. If you think about this while staring at an empty stage you find enough ideas to make your head a little dizzy. At that point you turn to consider the world which hides itself behind the wings. The audience should consider this an unscen extension of the stage world, and an actor may give a line from offstage to prove it. After that he may whisper a joke and thus return to "reality". He cannot, however, make any noise which would distract the actors on the stage or let the audience know that there is a group of nervous actors there, so he cannot be a part of either world. You end up with some idea of what a computer must feel like when it is left alone with the power on and nothing to do. If you have real stamina I suggest you consider the position of the girl in our play whose role required her to sit in the audience for several minutes. With proper concentration she might have thought herself out of existence.

SEX IN SCHOOLS

Many reformers suggest that public schools should offer a course in sex education. I am opposed to this. Such a course would (because of public pressure) have to be elective, or subject to parental approval. As a result, many of the students who most need the instruction because they have grown up in a prudish home would be denied it. Instead, I suggest a determined effort by educators and members of the community to allow teachers to discuss sex when it touches upon a regular school subject. I refer particularly to the teaching of English and literature. In literature one will find an endless amount of comment on the values and morals connected with sex, and it is those judgements which the maturing child should discover and criticize in order to arrive at his own intelligent conclusions. It is, of course, important that he learn biological details as early as possible, but these will do little toward forming his final opinions. Sex, to a child, is a fantastic mystery and his natural curiosity will lead him to read anything which treats the subject, however crudely. By the time a child is in high school, and preferably long before that, he should learn to criticize the books he reads. It is idiotic to teach a child to analyze *The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner* and learn from it, and then to let him read the trash which he will find on newsstands with no critical attention. A few hours of discussion could show the student in what ways such books are deficient, and his attention could be directed more serious works (such as those of Hemingway) which treat the subject with sensitivity and intelligence.

A PRAYER

"God, I don't believe that you exist, and I believe that if you do exist you're an impersonal entity and that if you notice the fall of sparrows you don't do anything about it, on request or otherwise, but if I'm wrong, I'm sorry. And in case I'm wrong I pray to you that ... "

---Fredric Brown

The Lights in the Sky are Stars

ON CHRIST!

"Christianity was the first creed in the world to exterminate its adversaries in the name of love" --- attributed to Adolf Hitler

ON THE ROAD

"The beginnings of every civilization express themselves in terms of road-construction." --- Adolf, again

-- Al Wood

ROY TACKETT

Poul Anderson's "The Day After Doomsday", serialized in GALAXY and now published as a paperback is, it seems to me, one of the more realistic extrapolations of current trends.

Mr Anderson has presented a situation which has man in contact with intelligent extra-terrestrial races and in possession of a borrowed stardrive with which he pushes farther and farther across the frontiers of the galaxy exploring and trading. All of this is nothing new, of course, but what gives "The Day After Doomsday" its somewhat unique twist is that Earth is pictured as still divided into mutually hostile nationalistic states, each intriguing against the other seeking allies among the ETs in an effort to gain the upper hand at home. The US and USSR have expanded the cold war to include the depths of space while the multitudinous small nations continue to merrily play both ends against the middle, even as now.

The ETs are, justifiably, rather contemptuous of man's attempts to spread the blessings of Terrestrial civilization among the stars. Justifiably, since a race which cannot bring order out of the chaotic conditions on its own planet does not have many selling points when it comes up against a planet or system united under one form of government regardless of what that government is like.

This is not a review of "The Day After Doomsday" so I won't go into the story. If you haven't read it already, I recommend it.

marinating

The future which Poul Anderson presents in this novel does seem to be one towards which we are generally pointed. We drift further and further from the prospect of a united Earth and it is doubtful that even the discovery that there are others in the universe besides ourselves would be enough to counteract the nationalistic fervor now rampant throughout the world or to bring man to the point where the inhabitants of "A" will meet with the inhabitants of "B" in mutual trust and understanding.

The idea of a workable world government has been a standard fixture in most science-fiction stories for years. Is the idea that conception of Earth as one world, now dead? It would appear that it is. Apparently even the most visionary science-fictioneer can no longer foresee the circumstances which would bring all Earth together as one government. It had been speculated that the exploration of space would be the great achievement which would unite all mankind. That exploration has now begun and it seems to be widening the rift between

more than anything else.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union go their separate ways in their efforts to break free from Earth. Certainly a program of joint exploration would be of mutual benefit and would probably shorten the length of time it will take man to get "out there" but no such joint program is likely despite the fact that President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev have both proposed it. Each has attached a number of conditions which the other finds completely unacceptable and which, it seems to me, are meant to insure that the other side turns the idea down. These calls for cooperative effort are nothing more than propaganda put down in an attempt to put the opposite side in a bad light so that it can be said, "we wanted to cooperate but they turned it down."

At the same time the idea of internationalism and a supranational world government gets buried deeper each time some political leader opens his mouth. The policy of the current administration is to encourage the fragmentation of the world into small nationalistic units and this is presented to us as the encouragement of independence for everyone everywhere.

Far be it from me to discourage the idea of independence. I am one of its staunchest supporters -- on the level of the individual. But the continued breaking up of the world into a jigsaw pattern of smaller and smaller political units, each considering itself an independent and sovereign nation accountable only to itself, is a practice which leads only to continuing strife and oppression of the individual. The Sovereign and Independent Kingdom of Northern Upper Slobbovia (not to be confused with the Independent and Sovereign Monarchical Democracy of Southern Upper Slobbovia) may no longer be oppressed by the colonial powers of Europe or the alleged central government which has its headquarters in Western Lower Slobbovia but it is very likely that the individual citizens are a long way from being independent. More often than not their "independence" brings them only an increase in economic and political tyranny as their independent and sovereign government erects barriers of various sorts against its neighbors.

All of these countries join the United Nations, of course, and pay lip service to that organization. (This would appear to be all they pay since the UN is fresh out of finances.) But the UN is not the world organization it was originally meant to be -- it never was when it comes right down to it. The UN was conceived as a body for the preservation of peace and the encouragement of understanding and cooperation among the nations of the world. It was stillborn -- killed in the power struggle between the US and the USSR.

So dies the dream?

Perhaps not. There are some bright spots. The European Common Market seems headed towards at least an eventual confederation of the participating countries and even though we are further from a world government than we were 20 years ago, there are all sorts of organizations which are international in concept and can be used to bring men closer together even while their governments are drifting apart. Increasing contact between individuals throughout the world may one day cause governments to take another look at the idea of world government.

The idea can be spread through scientific societies, fraternal organizations, and other loosely organized bodies which cross national boundaries.

Even fandom.

No, I'm not suggesting that we all start beating the drums for world government in fanzines or anything like that. Who reads fanzines besides a bunch of nuts anyway? But we can all widen our international contacts.

There are fans in northern Europe, Australia, Japan, and Argentina. But how about the other places? Does anybody out there in the various portions of Africa read stf? Are there any science-fiction aficionados in Brazil or science-fiction-eers in India? What about Afganistan or Rumania? Can you buy stf at the news-stands in Pago-Pago?

I'd like to meet people from far off corners of the world who read the crazy Buck Rogers stuff. It usually turns out that we have all sorts of things in common.

—Roy Tackett

I'm going to drown my sorrows in a haircut. -- C. Brown

Lucy's warped all right; she ought to be a fan. -- Tim Ducent

That's not too many! -- Mike McInerney, over and over and over again.

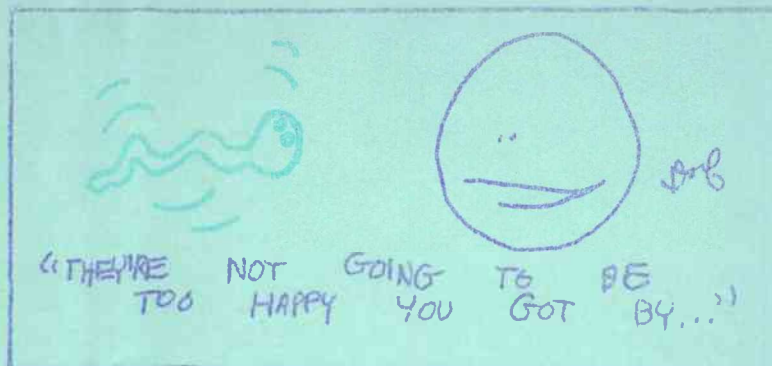
Justified margins are a pain in the ass. -- Larry Williams

And I wish I could think of a McCombs witicism ... but I can't.

HE THERE! This is Your Happy-Cc-Lucky editor, Larry Williams, composing On Master again. A few things I'd like to get off my chest urge me to fill out this page with my very own natterings.

It occurs to me that Gary Deindorfer will receive this CINDER after he gets the 4-man one-shot CONSTIPATION, which contains my extremely cutting slash at him. I've nothing Personal against you Gary, and I believe you are aware of it. My motive is simply that I was bitterly against your section of "Big Dorf's Special" (oh that was a funny column!) in LIGHTHOUSE #5 called a "Wonderfulwonderfulwonderful Convention". I see no reason at all for your continuing plunks at Seth Johnson. In the next issue of CINDER, or, if you must, in DEQ letter, I'd be very much interested in why you find this so necessary. I've been corresponding with Seth since about a year or so after I entered fandom, just about the time I published my first issue in fact, and I know him simply for an astoundingly nice person, who soundingly would cut off his right arm to help a person. The reason he comes up with some rather unwise statements is that he thinks rapidly while he's typing. That is, he does LOGS as he reads the sine, return letters as he reads letters, and his N!APazine as he reads the previous wlg's sines paragraph by paragraph. Thus, you might notice he is occasionally contradicting himself. He has not been a

PUTANT



BILL PLOTT, PO Box 4719, University, Alabama:

I will agree that egoboo is the principle basis for fandom. I first entered fandom for the sake of companionship. Then I began to develop those shifty, beady eyes and get that mad thirst to see my name in print and now I'm a full-fledged, egotistical glory-grabbing fan. ::: I like the way Cascio dwells on violence. Fists are good weapons, I suppose, if one wants to go around walloping people and scratching up one's knuckles. ::: Ted Pauls: The Agony and the Ecstacy is a biography of Rembrandt, not Leonardo da Vinci. (That book is causing us one hell of a lot of trouble. It seems to be a tri-ography, not a biography, of da Vinci, Michaelangelo, and Rembrandt! Who wrote it?)

ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico:

I happen to have a moment or two free so I'm moved to comment on CINDER #9. ::: Don't know if Larry McCombs has proven anything with his analysis or not. Will agree that fans enter fandom in search of companionship, though, and to find people with whom they can communicate. A goodly number of fans start off in the wilds of nowhere and are probably the only person for miles around who enjoys stf. They drift into fandom when they discover that there are other people with the same tastes. Of course, that doesn't explain what makes them a fan in the first place instead of a casual reader or whatever. What goes into the makeup of the fannish personality? Why do some people have a great fondness for stf but remain simply "readers" while others become "fans"? I haven't seen "Why Is A Fan" so am not able to offer any comments on that particular compendium of ideas. It would seem that there is a certain type of personality (?) which finds enjoyment or satisfaction or something else in the imaginative concepts of fantasy and science-fiction. Ah, well, that's been said before. Maybe one of these days some psychologist will make a detailed study of the whole mess and then we'll all disagree with him. ::: Jack Cascio. I disagree with him on a couple of points. He says that Ted White claims credit for starting fandom as it is today and, Cascio says, this is untrue since Palmer is to blame. I dunno. I've never heard Ted White mentioned as the father of fandom. Certainly it wasn't Ray Palmer. Fandom was around

UFFISH THOTS (continued from page)

humor or fannishness at all. That's just not my cup of pot.

Which is why you'll find "Uffish Thots" here in CINDER from now on.

Ted White

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long before either Ted or Palmer showed up. Um, well, Palmer was an early fan but I wouldn't say that he influenced fandom during the early days. Any more than he did while he was editing *BEZ* and *FANTASTIC* and his influence then was more negative than anything else. ::: I should think that Walt Willis has had more of an effect on the present concept of fandom -- fanzine fandom that is -- than anyone else. And of course, fanzine fandom is only a part of fandom as a whole. ::: Jack says, "Stf hit its peak sales and otherwise when Ray Palmer was the head of *AMAZING STORIES* and *FANTASTIC*, and has been on a downward slide since he left the field late in 1949." ::: Utter nonsense! Well, no, not entirely. Stf hit its peak in sales during the "boom" of the first half of the last decade. Even at that time, however, it was dropping off in quality. The quality peak came in the 40s, true, but it was in magazines other than *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC*. The card which appeared in these at that time can compare in no way with the fine yarns which were published in *ASTOUNDING*, and to a lesser degree in such as *STARTLING*, *THE*, and even *PLANET*, among others. ::: Yes, it's true that stf hit its peak in quality of stories while Palmer was head of *BEZ* *AMAZING* but he contributed nothing to it. It was coincidental with *RAP* not because of him. ::: And his leaving the field had nothing to do with the downward slide. That was due to the appearance on the scene of more magazines than there was readable material to fill. In an effort to make a buck while the boom lasted, editors bought everything available no matter how horrible it was and a great many writers, who knew nothing at all of science fiction or fantasy, came into the field. We're still suffering from the result of that particular invasion. Fortunately the boom collapsed and the field is now slowly rebuilding on the rubble and rubbish of the 50s. There has been a decided upswing in the stories in the past couple of years and sales in 1961 were up a bit over 1960. ::: *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC* are much better now than they ever were under Ray Palmer. Oh, yes, undoubtedly these two mags hit their peak sales under Palmer but it was done with crackpottery not with science fiction. ::: Hmm, do I detect a threatening tone in Jack's letter? Yes, by Roscoe, there is. Interesting. ::: This letter from Don Bohler -- is it for real? Tak. Wild, isn't he?

HARRY WARNER, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland:

For your courtesy in refraining from cluttering up your letter column with yet another missive from me, you get a reasonably prompt set of comments on the ninth *CINDER*. I never saw a bimonthly fanzine that arrived as frequently as yours does. If this goes on, you will have to confer with *XANDRO*, *KIPPLE*, and *CRY* to arrange for these reliable monthlies to appear at proper intervals to avoid them all descending upon the read simultaneously. ::: There's the simply psychological factor (on the subject of first-borns in fandom) that fans are usually subjected to much kidding and ridicule for their odd hobby. Assume that the thing that makes fans runs by family. It would be logical for the oldest child to become a fan, and it might be logical for his younger brothers and sisters not to become fans even though they have inclinations in that direction, because they see the hazing he gets. ::: It's hard to see how Jack Cascio can criticize so violently the opposing ideas of others, then complain about small-mindedness and intolerance on the part of other fans. ::: Bob Jennings forgets that not all of us have time to enter into extended correspondence with all fanzine publishers, in addition to in addition to supplying those letters of comment. I'd like to have many more correspondents, but if I tried to add to my string of regular correspondence, the interval it takes an letter to get answered would double or triple. (See, on this page, I skipped a line in both letters! Wow!)

KEN HEDBERG, Rt 1, Box 1185, Florin 29, Calif:

I think Rtuh Berman pointed out somewhere that a first-born or only child learns to devise and live with his own fantasy world -- this is his substitute for companionship which other children normally have. It is my guess that fandom is composed primarily of first born or only children who did not receive a great deal of ~~xxxx~~ parental attention. Such was my case and I would like to see if other fans agree with me. I would also like to propose a theoretical question: If the world were limited to one child per family (and this limit were followed) what would the effect be? Would every person be unable to make any important decisions without taking a world-wide poll? Would everyone in the world then be famish or creative in some way? I would like to see the fine minds of fandom in huddle in a room somewhere and see if they can answer those questions. (If the limit on birth per family were followed, the only effect evident would be a gradual decrease in population. It is my firm belief that the fact that a fan may be a first-born only increases his tendencies to join in fanatic, but does not make this a fact. Certainly most (about 99 44/100ths%) of the first-borns are not fans. The primary reason, of course, is their lack of knowledge of us, but the vast majority would not be interested anyhow. The fact that I'm a first-born does not make me more articulate nor does it make me like science fiction. Hell, my brother will be a better writer than I (if he takes an interest), and he's a third-born, the youngest of the Williams clan. Reason? He's more intelligent, and more interested in learning. Perhaps the reason for more first-borns composing fandom is that they have more time to themselves, and thus discover fandom.)

FRANK WILIMCZYK, 447 10th Ave., NYC 1:

My favorite example of the way psychologists operate is an article in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN several years ago, called, I think, Subjective Probability. A couple of British psychologists spent quite a bit of time and money establishing the fact that truck drivers were better drivers than people who were not truck drivers. They took a truck, and placed two poles spaced to allow just a few inches clearance for the truck to pass between them. They discovered that truck drivers were able to drive the truck between the poles almost immediately, whereas people who hadn't driven trucks before invariably knocked down one of the poles. I'm sure they could have saved a lot of aforementioned time and money if they'd asked the first guy they met on the street what his opinion was. ::: Sorry I can't give you any low-down on New York fandom, since I have very little contact with it. The only NY fans I can claim to know are Larry Shaw and Don Wollheim, and I see them only infrequently. As a matter of fact, I couldn't even tell you what Frank Wilimczyk is really like -- recently, I've discovered that I'm not the shy, quiet sort of guy I picture myself as being. It's quite a shock to discover that in the eyes of your friends you're quite unlike your persona. (It doesn't surprise me any more. I always felt I was very unobjectionable as far as tooting one's own accomplishments goes. I very rarely try to take credit for something, nor do I like being center of attention. Yet some of my friends told me they felt I was rather conceited. Oh well.)

TOM ARMISTEAD (oops ... ARMISTEAD), Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft Worth, Texas: TV Commercial: Show young man and old woman standing together evidently at a party of some kind. The man is holding a balloon and a cigarette, A Chesterfielder. He takes a drag and blows smoke in the girl's face. She is greatly grotched at this so she takes a deeper drag and literally spits at him. However, they are neat and never show it, cause they are all the time smiling and reeling around like they

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are drunk. Finally he ties a package to a balloon and tries to send it away ... out of reach. She is definitely addicted to the vile narcotic, for she grabs it before it can fly away. I have tried this, and find that with one (1) pack of cigarettes and one (1) balloon, you cannot send it flying away. You can't even get it attached to the balloon. ARGGH! (It takes the talent only the fellows in commercials have.)

BOB JENNINGS, Box 1462, Tenn Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tenn.: Admittedly some fans are snobbish and intolerant. I doubt if they are in a majority however. What real difference does it make, as long as these bad qualities do not make themselves too obvious? Some of my best fanish friends are snobbish, intolerant and are very conceited to boot. They have other redeeming qualities which make their latter faults bearable. I notice too that oftentimes those fans who appear to be snobbish or conceited or both are fine writers and fine editors and fine publishers. Minor inconveniences are worth the end product. :: Bah to you, Larry Williams, I doubt if Cascio would start an atomic war, (I said this?) just for the hell of it. We border on things ridiculous with your comparison. I rather doubt if the US Government is going to allow a fanatic or a depressive prone individual into a situation where he could have the remotest chance of starting a war. Should anti-missiles get out of the testing stage, I'd imagine that even better methods of defense would be ready. Anti-missiles can be used to shoot down your own material as well as the material belonging to an enemy. By the way, have you ever heard of any situation whereby anyone, short of the ex-staff would have a chance to start a war? I haven't. The science fictional idea of the one man in the black-house with all these rows of pretty buttons and levers controlling the nation's defenses is a popular one in the field. Fortunately its not true. :: Funny, here Ted White and now Ted Pauls tells the world that they'll trade for anything, possibly even a scrap written on a dirty piece of cigarette paper, and I've never noticed the matter at all. If memory serves me correctly I've also poured three issues down the drain trying to work up a trade with Ted Pauls. Apparently his trade policy is not what he claims it to be, because in my entire fanish career I've only seen one issue of KIPPLE, and that issue was sent to me by a friend. But seeing as how Ted Pauls claims he will mail out his zine for anything, even a postcard, I'm prepared to make him a sporting proposition. Ted Pauls, please send me a sample copy of your zine, or if you request I'll even send you fifteen cents for that first copy, and thereafter I will send you nothing but a postcard as way of payment, and let's just see how strong your policy is. I'll be pleased to send you a few of the typical examples I've received during thirteen issues and two years of publishing, and we shall see how long you can endure it. The first card, if you are willing to put your so-called ploy to the test, will include the following note: "Dear Ted, got your zine. Send next issue. Liked editorial, thought lettercol only fair. The zine looks good, send next issue. Bob." (Is it any wonder that such people do not get copies of my fanzine?) How about it, Pauls? (Well if you can write a 3-page letter on a 20-page issue of CIN, you'll be forced to write 20-page micro-scribe letters on those 50-page KIPPLES I've been getting lately. Really.)

so, what's with the remark about spelling? If I felt I had the time I would surely slow down and probably make each issue almost type-less, but a monthly fanzine doesn't leave a hell of a lot of time for slow typing. ::: Where have I made many grammatical errors? ::: After reading George Willick's "apology" to him, Cascio might have felt better if George had simply called him an ass after all, and left it at that. Of course the fact that George has come in second in the FANAC poll as Fugghead of the year (with you-know-who as first) doesn't give his remarks as much forcefulness as he might think. ::: Juanita Coulson brings up a very good, and much neglected point concerning the critics of television. In my own case I've written several articles, and letters attacking the medium, but my own viewpoint has always been this: television has a great potential to save the public and be an interesting, important entertainment media. The trouble is that it's under control of a vast majority more interesting in making money than supplying the public with good entertainment. Certainly there are some shows of note today like "Alfred Hitchcock" and "Twilight Zone" which usually seem out of place, in comparison to the other material tv turns out. But when it comes to the western or comedy or adventure series on tv, then I find it very easy to ignore. These sorts of shows are turned out for the lowest common intelligence level, under the assumption that if the feeble-minded can dig it, then the eggheads will get it too, and whether or not they like it is their business. As long as television remains the way it is today then I shall continue to think, and talk unfreindly about it. (I read somewhere (I think in an Art Hayes fanzine) that "Twilight Zone" is being removed from next year's schedule, along with numerous other shows. We can't win it seems, but I really didn't help matters any since I don't think I watched the program but once or twice in the past year, not having been around at the time. Most of the time TZ was an impressive show, but all too many times it was poor.)

DA LATTIMER, RD 4, Canton, New York:

MAD was never completely humorless, but lately it has taken on a policy of anti-Russian propoganda which I find slightly nauseous. I can't help thinking this is just as foul as anything the Ruskies do. ::: You and I ought to start a Dave Locke Fan Club and Censoring Society just to scare the hell out of him. ::: "Fugghead" is an abomination of the term "foghead" and thus has no obscene connotations. I tried to explain this to my biology practice teacher the other day and got set out on my ear, though. ::: I didn't find Tropic of Cancer to be pornography. I didn't find it to be anything. Sure, it's obscene, but if you're willing to spend nine bucks on meritless obscenity, it's too late for you. (Well, fugghead has nothing to do with "foghead" (a word which is entirely new to me). Think hard, Dal, and I think you'll hit it. Think of the word "sex": that should help. ::: Well, (Ghed, but I seem to use that word alot!), I've always felt pornography and obscenity to be practically synonymous. ::: Sorry I misspelled your name -- only one l. fellas.)

BOB JENNINGS, Box 1462, Tenn. Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tenn:

There are fans who, thru various circumstances, do not have the time, and in more than one case, the physical abilities to comment on your fanzine regularly, or even irregularly. I certainly don't mind carrying along such people, providing they don't become too plentiful, and providing they can pay their way with (a\$) or something equivalent. ::: I want to know, Ted White, how you could possibly have gotten a copy of GHOST in the fall of 1959 when the first issue of GHOST didn't come out

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until February of 1960. Now please be good enough to explain how the hell you ever received a copy in fall of 1959. As a matter of fact, that first issue only had a fanzine circulation of twenty-eight people, and I'm positive that your name was not on the mailing list. In short, White, I get the distinct impression that you don't know what the hell you're talking about, and that your off hand comment cannot be backed up by any sort of fact. I wonder seriously whether anything you say can be trusted. ::: Obviously from his comment to Dick Lupoff's review, Larry Williams no longer reads stf, any stf. (Who is Jubal Harshaw?) ::: To Seth and Cuba. He might be interested to learn that Castro claims he has always been a communist at heart, and an active communist since he was in college. His sole intention on taking over Cuba was to spread the communist doctrine over that nation. As for the US economic moves, let's face it, some of them were unwise. Yet, even before these moves were taken Castro had preached a legion of hate for the United States. His loud and abuse talk toward the US, along with his overtures to the communists, caused most of these economic moves and of course, taking over American industry was nothing but the Final Straw. Hell, what did you expect the US to do, kiss his hand and beg forgiveness? ::: I've known Jack Cascio for a long time, ever since he published the first issue of a small fanzine called INSIGHT. I've had a running correspondence with him since that time, and he may be conceited and he was certainly more belligerent and egotistical than he is today. I sincerely believe that much of the material he writes in his articles for you are there solely to stir up comment. When he goes so far as to even admit this, you suggest he is merely trying to cover his tracks. Jack isn't half as bad a person as these articles have made him seem, his too-hastily written items have probably caused more ill feeling and misunderstanding than he ever could if he put down his honest opinions in concise style. (Well, ever since his "Cascio Revisited" in CINDER #6, I've known that Jack doesn't even believe in much of what he says in these articles. Since I first received a letter from him, I've known he's a damn nice guy, too. I said that with the thought of covering his true intentions, figuring that people would be more apt to continue their Wild comment if they didn't know.) ::: Bah to you. Al Wood, individualists in this country aren't, in the majority, criminals. Criminals are even more bound ~~in~~ by social pressure than the average law-abiding citizen is. Crime and especially big crime makes its own moral codes and draws its own restrictions. The member of this society is heartily bound by all these restrictions, in addition to those which he normally obeys as set forth by his society. A criminal exchanges a ~~xx~~ small part of his current social conformity for a second larger group, in addition to those left over. ::: Where the hell did Al Wood come across some of these ideas? Weird.

LARRY McCORMERS, 127 Bradley St., New Haven, Conn:

It's truly amazing how few people bother to read instructions, or are able to follow them. I think I'll try this test on my classes next fall, partly for the fun of it, and partly to impress upon them the necessity of reading instructions. And the whole thing can occasionally be important. A recent election for a city job in my home town was decided by three votes out of some hundreds cast. The loser brought legal action to claim that he had won because four ballots had been disqualified on which he was listed as a write-in candidate. The votes were clearly indicated for him, but the voters had misspelled his name, neglected to put an "X" in the box by it, or otherwise failed to follow instructions. In this case, the court decided in his favor, though I still think the election board was technically right in its original decision (the fact that my mother was head of the board may influence my judicial impartiality, however.) ::: I very much disagree

with your comments on the FANAC poll. There should definitely be at least three places for votes in each category. Otherwise, only the really outstanding people would receive recognition, while the regularly top-rate contributors would be ignored. For example, a cartoonist might do very good work all year and get third place votes from most voters, but not be given first place by any of them. If only one vote was allowed, he would not even be mentioned in the final poll. Under the present system, he is quite likely to place about third in the final results, which seems to be proper. ::: Why must an article be "really earth-shaking" to place in "Best Single Piece of Writing" category? The category simply asks for the best piece of fanzine writing during the year -- it says nothing about comparisons with other years or other publications. ::: I would like to make one suggestion, though. Why not combine the FANAC poll with Willick's Fan Awards? ::: I'm inclined to think that it is not so much a question of "group mentality" being lower than individual mentality. I think it is more a question of each individual refusing to take moral responsibility for the action of the group, but supporting its actions from a sense of duty, even when individually he disagrees with them. I would never feel it right to shoot another man or to bomb several hundred thousand men, women, and children out of existence. Yet, I do not actively oppose my government when it does this, and I even support it by paying taxes, voting, and serving my various civic obligations. The individual always feels that he can lay the guilt for wrong actions on someone else, and go ahead and support them nonetheless. ::: The question is this: Can I as an individual refuse to sacrifice my integrity to the group, without dooming the group to failure? It can well be argued that I should place my own conscience above the edict of the government -- even a democratic government. If my conscience assures me that it is wrong to kill, then I should refuse to do so when the Army orders me to. As Thoreau put it, "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also prison." ::: This theory sounds good at first, but it immediately makes a democracy unworkable. For it means that the minority, upon losing a vote, must remain true to its conscience and refuse to support the majority decision. Soon the democratic government would collapse in anarchy. ::: So I, as an individual, may do as Thoreau did and withdraw to my own little Walden Pond, and remain true to my conscience. But if all men follow my sterling example, civilization must collapse. Where is the middle road between these two undesirable extremes? That question has yet to be answered, as far as I know. ::: Since writing my last letter of comment, I have read what there is of the Moskowitz side of the case, and have met and extensively talked to Ted White. I no longer have any doubts about the case: Ted may have shot off his mouth a bit too loudly and irresponsibly, but the damage done was slight and the Moskowitzes have shown poor taste and practically neurotic instability in suing. If I had happened upon the debate in its original stages, I'm sure I would have given Chris' word on medical matters considerable weight over Ted's, and I would not have paid too much attention to Ted's name-calling. But when Chris sued, she not only made sure that all of fandom would hear of the charges, but demonstrated to all concerned her own fear that even such slight doubt could be disastrous to her reputation. ::: For the rest of you who've been wondering as I was what could be said for the Moskowitzes, see Belle Dietz's 3 PEALS in the 12th NAPA mailing. ::: Now you know who Jubal Harshaw is ... Heinlein's alter-ego. ::: Ted's remark about intellectual independency being maintained together with emotional dependency seems like an intelligent explanation for the facts as I've yet observed them. But many fans are pretty conformistic in their intellectual opinions too -- not conforming to the outside world, but to the currently popular opinions in our microcosm. ::: I must

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agree with Seth Johnson in his remarks about Cuba, Larry. I have it on fairly reliable authority that Castro was not a Communist during the early days of the revolution (despite what he finds it advantageous to claim now), although Raal and ChS were. If we had given him a chance to play ball with us, he might very well have overthrown the Communist influences. But when we snubbed him, his Communist advisors were quick to play on the man's incredible egotistical nature and turn him soundly against us. Our boycott on trade with Cuba is simply driving him inevitably into the Communist camp. If his government falls, it will only because the Russian Communists didn't consider him important enough to bother saving him. ::: This business of insisting that our allies be firmly committed to us before we hand out money is the most blatant case of ostentatious political bribery and egotism ever exhibited, and is losing us friends far faster than Communism could possibly woo them without our help. ::: The people are not against Castro. I thought that theory had been killed good when the local militia helped to drive off our invaders before Castro's official army got there. Now that the economy is really sagging, things may be different, but I imagine that he's been successful in convincing his people that it is all the fault of the dirty old USofA Capitalists. ::: Allen Kracalik, I think you're a bit hasty in declaring ANALOG "far and away the best prozine on the market today." Have you seen POPULAR MECHANICS lately? You may like that even better ...

BILL BERGER, 5802 Detroit Ave., Cleveland 2, Ohio:

This subject of individualism is a popular one nowadays, and sometimes it appears that people so concerned about the subject are slowly losing their own identity, especially those who are always ranting that everyone is becoming a mass man. It's hard to stay as yourself, rather than be a symbol of a group. ::: Years ago, Henry Miller said something which showed he's a fantasy fan. In an interview he stated, "My aim in writing is to establish a greater reality. I am at the bottom a metaphysical writer, and my use of drama and incident is only a device to point something more profound. I am for imagination, fantasy, for a liberty as yet undrained of."

CREG BENFORD, 733 South Lakona, Norman, Okla: (note new address)

Do you have any copies of CINDER #9 left? (No ... how about it, readers?) ::: Despite the dismay with which most liberals view the philosophy of, say, Ayn Rand, I don't think the individualist attitude necessarily negates such favorite liberal themes as welfare, aid to others, etc. At times I feel that both liberals and conservatives (although practically, these terms have no longer any distinct meanings re: individualism vs collectivism) tend to react to programs from automatic reflex rather than considering the basis of their own convictions, and the application thereof. That is, I think a Randian individualist would agree with many of the programs advocated by "liberals", because occasionally the two philosophies agree when correctly applied.

TED PAUIS, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md:

So far I don't believe anyone has mentioned one interesting aspect of the Tarzan incident: how do these censors define "marriage"? "Marriage", to a truly universal term, ought to be defined as a permanent union between man and woman which is recognized and acknowledged by the society in which they exist. Under this definition, the arrangement between Tarzan and Jane is quite properly a marriage, be-

cause the act of living together is recognized as a "marriage" in the (jungle) society in which they exist. ::: I find that most of the blue-nosed biddies (who prefer to think of themselves as the Christian Protectors of Morality) define a "marriage" only as a Christian, church-recognized union, accompanied by a certain legal recognition. A few Catholics of my acquaintance are even suspicious of couples married in a simply civic ceremony, ie, without any totally religious ceremony. But under that sort of definition, an incredible number of marriages -- both in literature and in reality -- are questionable. If the self-appointed curators of morality define marriage in such narrow terms, then any non-Christian (ie, Buddhist, Mohammedan, etc) union is morally not a "marriage". Why, the "Odyssey" really ought to be banned, because I can't find any evidence that Odysseus and Penelopeia were married! ::: There are multiple reasons for the appearance of the ballots earlier: not only will such a date leave more time for votes to be considered, but it will also anticipate and correct the possibility of a fanzine's placing being affected by extremely fine or extremely poor January or February issues. No matter how objective we may try to be -- or think of ourselves as being -- such an eventuality has a definite effect. If the January WARHOON had been a fanzine of the quality of WILD, -- for example, I doubt if that fanzine would have received nearly so high a rating, in spite of the fact that 1962 issues are supposed to have no effect on the results of a poll intended to discover the best fanzines of the preceding year. ::: With all this conscientious attention to matters concerning the FANAC poll, I'm suprised that you haven't discovered the major fault of the Top Ten Fanzines category. The system of tabulation of votes, you recall, is to award ten points to the fanzine on any given ballot which appears in the first position, nine points to voter's second-favorite, eight to the third, etc. Now, using the 1959 Fan Commentments as an example, we find that FANAC won its own poll by virtue of getting 729 points, while the second-place fanzine (CRY) received 584 points. Presumably both of these fanzines received votes in nearly all ten slots, the combination of which added up to the points-total. I also assume that a number of other fanzines received a certain number of first-place votes. But suppose that all of the fans voting (there were 125) had decided that CRY deserved second-place on the Poll, while dividing their first-, third-, fourth-place votes more or less randomly? CRY would then have achieved first place with a booming total of 1125 votes, even though not a single fan thought it deserved first place. ::: I wonder just what Seth Johnson has against Ted White? Seth seems to be a fairly friendly type until he begins to talk about White, and then he turns into a Mr Hyde. At that, he appears to be talking about an entirely different Ted White than the one I know -- his Ted White is an egotistical snob who puts down any fan he considers of less stature than himself. The Ted White I know isn't like that at all -- the Ted White I know introduced me to most of the East coast BTFs which I was a neofan, he did the layout for my fanzines, sold me ink, stencils, and paper at a reduced price, and loaned me a typewriter for two years when the only one I had was a portable that wouldn't cut a legible stencil. This Ted White certainly isn't capable of the things Johnson mentions. (I've ruthlessly cut this letter, Ted, since I'm running very low on funds, and can't afford to put out unreasonably thick fanzines. Sorry. ::: Ted mentioned that, although Buck Coulson doesn't think so, many fuz review cols do have intrinsic values. He named White's "WailingWall", Warner's "Opere Citato", and "Jung and Thoughtless". This inspires me to print a personal note to the writer of J&T asking him if he is still alive, but I don't think I will.)

CINDER, the fiery fanzine, is edited and published monthly by Larry Williams, 74 Maple Road, Longmeadow 6, Massachusetts. This is number 11, dated May 1962. It is available for letters of comment, trade, contribution, or 25¢ a copy, 4 for \$1. It is being run off, as was last issue, at Springfield Office Supply, courtesy of Mr. Shannon. All issues will be run off here, pending unusual circumstances, until Mr. Shannon finds another used ditto for me, which may take a while. From looking at the masters, I feel many pages will be hard to read. This is not due to the negligence of your editor, but to the faulty ditto masters which I received. Artwork by Arthur Thomson, Gary Deindorfer, Robert E Gilbert (cover), and Larry Williams. This is FAR-EAST Publication #14. The Far-East Publications thus far are QUIRKS #1 & 2, CINDERS #1-11, and EFP NEWSLETTER #1. Due to the high cost of publishing this damn fanzine, less frequency of issues may be resorted to in the near future. If possible, a monthly schedule will be retained. Thanks for reading this section.

STATUS: Rock-solid
 Good
 Weakening
 Last issue

LETTERCOL: I'm beating my own deadline, so last minute letters will be printed or acknowledged next time. ALSO HEARD FROM WERE: Mike Oliver, Phil Roberts, Ralph Kristiansen, Fred Galvin, Ken Gentry, JV Warrington, Don Fitch, Scott Neilson, Jay Neilson, Walter Breen, Al Wood, Gary Deindorfer, Clay Hamlin, Landon Chesney, John McGeehan (who has back issues of CIN for sale), Dave Locke, Roger Cox, Roy Tackett, David W. Johnston (who sent along a price list for Atomic Energy Information Booklets -- I'm not interested enough to buy), and Fred W. Arnold.

WHY: You subscribed and your last issue number is this.
 We trade
 You contributed
 You commented
 I want to trade
 I want a contribution
 I want you to comment
 I want a review
 You have an article or letter included herein. Congratulations.

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- "A Hideous Crime?" (article)....11.....Ted Pauls
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- "Marinating" (article)....16....Roy Tackett
- "Putant" (letters)....19.....readers

FROM: Larry Williams
74 Maple Rd
Longmeadow 6, Mass



TO:

Dick Bergeron
110 Bank St
New York 14, NY