



CINDERELLA 13

CINDER

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ASHES

ELOQUENT EXCUSES: It seems certain to me that CINDER, the wonderfully dependable monthly magazine, is not due to recover its former frequency until one of my sparse rich uncles kicks the bucket and leaves many times \$3.90 to me. When I first purchased the letter-sized stencils, which proved so entirely unsatisfactory, it seemed to me that \$2.40 for a quire was a hell of a high price, and that I would indeed have a tough time making ends meet at ten cents per stencil. So when I inquired as to the price of legal-sized stencils at my father's office (where supplies generally come at less expence) I had numerous misgivings as to the price. Certainly, my worst fears have been realized. Three dollars and ninety cents is far too much. In fact, as I type this I'm wondering as to how I'll manage to successfully steal a quire of stencils from Springfield Office Supply. I don't have any stencils here.

The above paragraph was written as first draft about a month ago, and since then I've acquired twenty-four stencils for Springfield Office Supply. No, I didn't make it out of the store with a quire of unpaid-for stencils. In fact, I didn't even try. The fact that these gems of mimeograph reproduction were purchased with perhaps ill-gotten money doesn't bother me in the least either. No, I didn't rob a bank either, although I must admit that at times the temptation was almost overpowering. I held off though, and turned to winning money in poker games. A haul of slightly more than \$20 in two weeks was a happy one, so I deposited most of it in the bank toward my driver's licence, and used part of the rest to purchase one quire of AB DICK 1160 legal-length stencils. And by Ghu, they only cost me \$2.60. When I observed the price on the package I immediately bought them, if by chance some poor incompetent (these poor incompetents do come in handy at times, you know) had marked the price \$2.60 instead of an actual \$3.60. The purchase of paper still presents a problem since one hundred fifty copies of this issue are being printed.

I don't expect the mimeography this time to be exactly devastating either. With those letter-sized things, blotches of ink in gay profusion are a sure bet. Also, The Wilimczyk Press is definitely not the best of mimeographs, lacking good re-tainer pads, a counter, and featuring an impression roller that seems to attract ink. Ted White's ideas will definitely be adhered to as far as mimeographing this

LARRY WILLIAMS

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green monster goes. The prices of paper, ink, coffee (one of the bigger expenses), and postage must also be taken into account. All of this summarized, and I must shiver in the wake of the annual issues of CINDER you are probably destined to receive. My apologies, of course, but, being a mere high school Junior, I have a very limited budget.

And I'm afraid I can't deny that my interest in fanzine publishing has dropped considerably. Otherwise, I'm sure that I would surmount my monetary problems even at the risk of going hopelessly into debt. As a good example of my loss of interest please note that CINDER #12 was finished about mid-way through May but wasn't mailed until late July. Also, I have piles of unanswered letters and rejected contributions lying around, since I never remembered to buy postage stamps. I never was interested in writing letters to everybody, but my interest in CINDER was very high about the time #'s 10 and 11 appeared. Harry Warner forewarned me many months back that publishing with such furious frequency would sap on my interest, and, bighod, he was right! My primary interest lies now in reading fmz and occasionally writing a letter of comment or article.

The talented author of "Jung and Thoughtless" informed me (to my suprise) that he was just itching to write another installment of the column, and that pretty soon the current installment would not longer be timely. He said that if I didn't publish pretty soon, he would relocate the column. Aren't you sorry I published, Walter Breen, and other hopeful faneds? I know Walt wants the column, but his publishing schedule isn't much better than mine, and I personally think it's worse; I just assume other faneds would be interested, such as perhaps Bergeron, Pauls, and Ryan. But tough luck, boys, "Jung" in away "made" CIN, and I'm not about to let little trifles like lack of money and interest prevent me from receiving further installments of said gem.

Ted White was supposed to come through with another installment of "Uffish Thots" this time, but I gave him no warning as to when to get it to me (primarily because I didn't know myself when I would be publishing). If it comes in before I mimeograph, I'll tack it on after the lettercol. I also asked him to pass on a request for material to Terry Carr, but Mr Bright Young Pro never came through either. But, what the hell, I can't afford to print too much material anyhow.

And I didn't even contribute to the 14th N'APA mailing.

A TRIP TO HELL GONE OVER: Bob Jennings sent me the D Bruce Berry Story, as he did many others, but from what I've read on it thus far, my reaction was not in accordance with the rest of fandom's. Actually, I've read but two dissertations on the publication, but being that they are quite similar, and that this sort of thing is what I expected before having read either comment, I have a feeling the remainder of fandom will discuss the subject similarly. Specifically, I have read Chuck Wells' and Buck Coulson's comments on A Trip To Hell by Bruce Berry and published by Bob Jennings and used as blackmail (well, almost) by George Willick, a person I thought quite a bit of until now.

The report contains suitable evidence that a relation did exist between Earl Kemp and Bruce Berry, and that Berry spent some time in court and in a mental hospital. Actual evidence that Kemp committed the crimes discussed is nonexistant, and I suppose we're supposed to take Bruce's word for it as Jennings, Cascio, and Willick did. I'm afraid that for my own good I'm going to take his word for it until I am confronted with evidence that I feel proves that Earl Kemp really is a Good Joe afterall. Otherwise, being that I am not acquainted with the period

during which these incidents supposedly took place, the only intelligent thing I can do is to watch my relations with Kemp, and since I've never had any previous relations with him, I doubt either of us will be particularly hurt by this turn of events.

Now, I'm not the fuggheaded individual that Jack Cascio is, so I won't take this as a true documented report. I'm open for proof of Earl's moral, and will listen to what anyone but Earl has to say about it. Thus far, however, no one has given other than a sketchy sort of "proof". They've said, in essence, it's impossible, so don't you believe it. This is not for me, so let's here it about Kemp, and about Berry.

CRACKING KRACALIK: Since in the case of letters such as yours it is the best thing to do, I'll take your points up one at a time, refuting them soundly at each stop. Perhaps the fact that you have had little contact with fandom, and have shrugged off what little contact you've had as not being any good because it didn't satisfy your passionate interest and desire for horror movie articles, is relevant to the discussion. Apparently because CINDER doesn't carry on continuous discussions of science fiction, I am dead before I start in your opinion. I don't really give a damn what you think, but the things you say demand some defence.

First of all you ask me what the purpose of CINDER is, and I believe the answer is simple enough. I am attempting to publish a fanzine which will both provide some fun and entertainment for myself but will also be found interesting by other people. I don't give a damn whether stf is discussed or not, and it seems that most of my readers don't either, as yours is the first complaint. I've received on this point. The idea of adding something to the stf field is ridiculous in my opinion. If you don't enjoy my efforts it's your privilege to tell me so, and request that I stop sending you the magazine. I'll be most happy to do so.

Well to disprove one of your points, I'll name twelve: YANDRO, KIPPLE, WARHOON, DYNATRON, VOID, BANE, CINDER, MAELSTROM, BUG EYE, SI-FAN, DISCORD, XERO. Now you'll jump up and scream that CINDER doesn't contain discussions of stf, but it most certainly does. So do 99 44/100ths of the fanzine being published today. The fact that other subjects are also discussed is not considered a sin by any but the very few, and if they don't like it, why don't they do something about it? What do you think you're contributing to fandom with your LUNAR LOOK, which is still a projected fanzine? What does fandom need with a fanzine which does not only not contain straight discussion of stf, but also has not appeared even once. Believe me, if most of fandom did not like the state of affairs it would not be this way. Any fan has within his power to submit something to the mailboxes of other fans, and he may put in it anything he pleases. Fandom is this way because fen chose it to be this way. Trends can change, and the stf trend changed to the "discussion" trend.

There was NOTHING fannish about Al Wood's column in CIN 10. Can't you read? The lettercolumn contained the material it did because the readers chose to "chatter" about these things. They thought the subjects were worthwhile, so your opinion is incorrect.

From your opinions I can only assume that you feel that everyone else is wrong. CINDER is getting worse, not better, simply because you don't like it.

You liked #4? What stf material was there in #4? None. Just two horror stories. I'm afraid that your great bias towards horror is showing through. You shot

holes in your previous opinions when you made that statement.

I started publishing during the height of the comic craze, and felt that my readers wanted material on comics. Your statement that #4 had "substance and reason" simply stems from your enjoyment of horror. You liked it, therefore it had "substance and reason". Faulty reasoning, I think.

My statement about neofen downgrading CINDER and upgrading their own efforts does not apply simply to Dohler, although his remarks brought it on. It applies to you, too. You've been touting LUNAR LOOK for some time now; I'm anxious to see it -- it must be a gem.

REALM OF FANTASY is a crudzine because Jack puts very poor material into the bulk of it. A crudzine is a lousy fanzine, and I'm afraid REALM fits that description to a tee. If Jack doesn't get any good material, he shouldn't publish. Jack thinks the stuff is good, and even if he didn't it wouldn't be much of a defence to say that he can only use what he has. Anybody who gets good material can publish a good fanzine.

Well, I haven't ignored any of Kracalik's points, with exception of his remark on my being a "fannish conformist", which I can only deny, not refute, since I am only unacquainted with this term and what it involves. It is probably merely a term Kracalik used to degrade me, since I disagree with him, and I don't publish "science fiction" (AK's word for horror) material. The above must seem muddled and incoherent to you, since it does to me. But the poor-ness of my recent grade's in school tells me that I should be doing schoolwork, and not even writing this. Therefore, I certainly can't take too much time with it.

I get the distinct impression that Allen G (for Ghoul -- he told me once) Kracalik is primarily ticked off because I don't accept his material, which he thinks is great.

TEMPTATION: I am greatly tempted to leave the remaining space blank, and very well may do so, but there are a few things to say before leaving you for another interminable length of time.

First off, this issue will be run through N'APA, minus Landon Chessney's nice cover (I only ditto'd 100) and with one page upside down in many copies, as a fulfillment of my requirements for this year. I'm dropping out because I don't feel much like publishing anymore, and because I have to pay \$3.60 just to be a member. They're thinking of raising NFFF dues, and I'll be damned if I'll pay more to be a member of an organization I'm not much interested in anymore.

The next CINDER will be published when I'm damn well ready to publish it. Some kind person might speed up this process by sending me free of charge a brand new electric mimeograph (with a counter!). If such a thing happens, your chances of seeing more of CINDER are considerably better. However, until then I'll have to settle for Frank's rustic mimeo, and you'll have to settle for infrequent appearances of CINDER.

Complete gafia may be forthcoming, but I hope not. I'm afraid I might as well start sending money for fanzines, since CINDER doesn't seem to be much of a trading vehicle anymore. Til then, this is the long lost fan saying goodbye to the notorious unlucky number "13".

FANZINE SALE

Buck Coulson's sale inspired me to this most excellent method of making money, and I thank him heartily. No orders under a dollar. All orders under two dollars: include a penny a fanzine to help pay postage. First come, first served.

25¢: NEW FRONTIERS #1, 3 (Norm Metcalf), and SATA #11, 12, 13 (Bill Pearson)
20¢: FAMOUS MONSTER -- FERRY ACKERMAN (Larry Byrd and Ron Haydock)
15¢: SUN SPOTS #23 (Gerry de la Ree), MACABRE #6, 7, 8, 9 (Joseph Payne Brennan), CINDER #7, 8, 11 (Larry Williams), YANDRO #95-114 (the Coulsons)

GOLDEN APPLE #2, 3, 4, 5 (Dean Grennell)
SKOAN #14 (Biff Demmon)
GAUL #3, 4, Vol2#1, 2, 3
BUG EYE #7, 8, 9, 10 (Helmut Klemm)
TERROR #5 (Larry Byrd)
PSUEDO-KIPPLE (Peter Graham)
SF FIVE-YEARLY #3 (Lee Hoffman)
ALTER-EGO #1, 2, 3 (Jerry Bails)

10¢

PARSECTION #3-9 (George Willick)
CILN #3, 5 (Ed Gorman)
MIRAGE #4 (Jack Chalker)
SI-FAN #4 (Jerry Page)
CAMBER #12, 13 (Alan Dodd)

LYDDITE 1, 2, 3
SMUDGE 1-4
FANTA SE
INTROSPECTION 4, 5
AXE 5-31
ISCARIOT 2, 3
FANAC 71-84, 86
REBEL 1, 2, 3
TIGHTBEAM 10, 11, 13, 14
DYNATRON 4-7, 9-12
PARADOX 7
OBELISK 1, 2, 3
BRAMBLE 1, 2
DARK STAR 1
THRU THE HAZE 8, 14, Vol2#1, 2, 4, 6
GAMBIT 44, 47
KOTA 1, 2
LOKI 2, 3
PILIKIA 6, 7
CONNSTIPATION
WRY BREAD 66
FUN WEEKLY 8, 9, 10
ISHBAH 4, 5
SF PARADE 9, 10
BULLSHIRT 1
MIMSY Vol2#1
COMIC ART 1, 2, 3
TNFF Vol 20#1, 3, 5, 6, Vol21#2, 4
PELF 1
VOTISHAL 1
HAVERINGS 11, 12
STAR*DUST 1
G2 5, 6, 7, 9
HKLPLD 2

5¢

QUANTIFIER 1
SILVER DUSK 1
CRY 155
WILD 1, 5
BULLZINE 43
COMICCOLLECTOR 2, 3, 4, 6, 7
SHAGGY 58, 59, 60, 61
SHAGGY HOLIDAY ART SUPPLEMENT 3
CUTWORM 2
SQUIRE 1
FADAWAY 14
SATHANAS 1, 2, 3
SOUTHERN FAN 9, 10
MIAFAN 1, 3-7
LES SPINCE 5, 6, 9
MAELSTROM 7, 8
ABANICO 1, 2
APE 1, 2, 3
BEAST 5
BEDLAM 1, 2
BEYOND 1
BLOB 1
INERTIA 1
EFP NEWSLETTER 1
FANFARONADE 2, 3
HAMMER 1
JACK-HIGH 2-9
KEY TO THE TERMINOLOGY OF FANDOM
EGOBOO A DAY FROM ALL OVER 2
NEFFER'S GUIDE TO CURRENT FANZINES
WR Vol3 #3, 4
FLYER 1, 3, 5
CANDY F 4
COUNTRY MUSIC FANFARE 1, 2

installment 2
of the column

JUNG AND THOUGHTLESS

I'm not certain whether or not Editor Williams pictures me as a meek old fan, so whithered by years in fandom that the "blasts at (my) anonymity" have shaken me from graying hair to flattening feet. Let me hasten to assure him that nothing could be further from the truth. I certainly wasn't blasted, befuddled or beleaguered, but rather a little bemused, and very busy. All the pertinent letters were noted, and I found them more annoying than caustic. For one thing, I hardly expected Ted Pauls to inject into any sensible argument that old, mundane rule-of-thumb, to the effect that anonymity can be instantly associated with "lack of conviction". Why this is assumed, I couldn't say, but I assure reader Pauls that while certain of my opinions of fandom have changed over the years, my convictions have wavered little.

By admitting to his "personal quirk", Mr Bergeron is at least a bit more honest, but I find his reasoning faulty; if I publicly state that I consider WARHOON the finest fanzine of recent years, does it follow that I would allow my subscription to lapse? As for Mr Plott's insinuations: I think anyone who failed to consider the possibility of lawsuit would be an utter fool -- but, to me, it's only a consideration, not a fear. Were I to libel, no doubt the offended person would find it a relatively small task to persuade Mr Williams to reveal my identity; and any court of law would look with less favor upon the anonymous libeler than his more forthright counterpart. In any event, I prefer to rely on somewhat better sense than to be legally responsible for faaannish matters, fun in their place, but hardly macroscopic.

Originally I'd said that I didn't sign this column for two reasons: the perceptual bias that accompanies association, and simple amusement. I still believe in the first, and the CINDER lettercolumn indicates the appropriateness of the second. As yet no one has presented a valid objection to the practice of anonymity in general, or to mine in particular, so I see no reason for weakening now and acquiring early a reputation that my convictions are likely to bend under pressure. It's like the girl said: "I'd like to go along with you, but I have my reputation to consider."

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In those halcyon days when the science fiction publishers could enjoy something of a wary optimism, the neofan's assimilation to the fanzine element of fandom was relatively painless. The esoteric terms might confuse, and the ingroupishness mildly rebuss; but in the midst of it all the newcomer could pass over "WSFS" and "Focal Point" and fall back upon science fiction. It was something he could discuss with some degree of authority. No one knew as much about it as, say, Sam Moskowitz -- but everyone soon knew a little, and the field has always been opinion-oriented.

Science fiction, then, was something of a Womb Away From Home, a dark corner to which the disorientated neofan could return, to regain his footing, or perhaps to extract his foot from his mouth. It's no great wonder that the almost simultaneous appearances of the more individualized fanzine and the trend to favor letters of comment over subscriptions alarmed some. Here was a remarkable innovation -- a fanzine that perhaps concerned stf only indirectly, yet demanded a sensible letter of comment. The newcomer then found an area of interest only by simplest chance, while the simperton of years' experience, who has never bothered to branch out, felt he had been done a sudden wrong. Both were confused. Both were indignant, and spared no pains in showing it.

It was from this disorientation that the notion about the "death" of science fiction in the fan magazines sprung. This, supposedly, was the trend "away from stf" towards "fannishness". The facts rather conclusively destroyed the absolute validity of the argument, but this still marked the beginning of an age in which fanzine reviewers were on guard for "trends" -- trends back to the mother literature, towards "fannishness", and, most recently, towards "non-fannishness".

There are very definite trends in fanzine publishing today, but the absolute heterogeneity of material sometimes obscures them. Perhaps most obvious is the over-riding concern for individuality, for creating a product which usually has a definite editorial precedent yet a distinctive personality and identity. The divergence in representation is interesting enough in itself, yet doubly so when one is allowed a somewhat closer look at the editors themselves.

JD-A is something of an enigma among stf-centered fanzines. Its counterpart of fifteen years ago -- let's call it Other Worlds Appreciation Magazine -- was no more regular, but its editor probably accepted the fact that the regularity of size between issues of his favorite prozine was something of an unwritten dictum that he should follow, by at least striving for a consistency of department and volume, often at the expense of quality. Nothing could be less true of JD-A. Months pass in awaiting an issue, which turns out to be coverless, headed by a lone Plato Jones cartoon and expanded to four pages only by brief reviews of questionable virtue. Yet, another number may arrive a scant two weeks later, bursting its envelope and brimming with Grennell and Bloch. This absolute inconsistency may be annoying to the contributor or to the editor who demands one-for-one trades, but to the casual reader it presents an aura of contentment and relaxed familiarity.

Lynn Hickman not only publishes when and how much he pleases, but, in addition, what. The value of seven-plus pages of text discussing fifty books and a handful of fanzines is debatable, but an article by Redd Boggs, in twice the space, provides not only a definite amount of information about the Wild West Weekly but an infinite amount more satisfaction. I don't find the subject intrinsically interesting, but Boggs has a way with words that is near-hypnotic to me.

Hickman is also a devotee of good artwork, printing for this issue not only a pair of reasonably good covers, but a Prosser portfolio as well. The Willises may debate the legitimacy of Prosser's subject matter, but he possesses an extraordinary talent for imaginatively conveying motion that has been stopped for an instant in which the viewer may peruse -- and I rarely hear of a fan complaining that Vardis Fisher is atheistic, sadistic or psychotic, or that Bloch is overly obsessed with mental illness, as long as each continues to achieve his artistic ends.

Another kind of singularity is social: a near-complete disreliance upon fandom in general. When some fellows at MIT started publishing The Twilight Zine², they were careful to affirm that they were definitely not fans; they "just read the stuff". We'll pass over the obvious comments about a fannish personality that would so thoroughly alienate some newcomers, since their attitude seems to be undergoing some modifications, and pass on instead to something equally obvious. In a past fandom tuned to Ackermans and Moskowitzes, such a statement would have been grounds for tomes of invective; today it didn't so much as raise a stir. Fans enjoy the company -- personally or vicariously -- of their own as much as they ever did; but expressions of disinterest are now just ignored. "To each his own form of insanity, but leave us to ours."

Like JD-A, The Twilight Zine is stfnally orientated. The cover of this issue is a fine, detailed presentation of one face of the moon, the areas of interest carefully numbered for identification. The lead article, a 1952 offering by one Rudolph Preisendorfer, does an accreditable job of skimming the most interesting facets of the time-travel theme in science-fiction, while offering little in the way of fact or imagination. It's to the author's credit, however, that he deals with not only the obvious (Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps") but with the not-so-obvious (A. Macfayden's 1936 story, "The Time Accelerator") as well. Other contributors include Leiber and Asimov; and the boys contribute fiction and some "Folk Songs of MIT", a curious mixture of verse common to all similar schools and some droll humor. I can't really recommend the fanzine, but it has its own rather consistent level of entertainment, which is probably reward enough for most.

The individuality of Cadenza³ is an entirely different sort -- less an individuality of interest than one of expression. Warhoon is the outstanding example of the "little-magazine" trend among certain fanzines, the type of effort at which the labels "non-fannish" and "nonstf" are most often directed; Cadenza lacks the multitude of find writers, but the editorial personality is much the same. I'd like to say that Wells' article "In Defense of Liberalism" in this issue might be truly representative of the trend, a rallying cry for the type of liberal who finds this type of publishing most natural -- but, on reading, it appears lacking. The bibliography is extensive and ostentatious, but Wells' notes themselves often seem incomplete, disorientated. As a defense of opinion, it's fine; but its connection with liberalism is one more of slant than of subject matter.

The editorial is light and frothy, but the rest of the issue is of somewhat less definable stuff. The fanzine reviews are nicely proportioned, but overburdened with Capitalized Letters and prophesizing better suited to more detailed critiques. The letter section is questioning enough, interesting, and apparently well-edited. But the facet of Cadenza which strikes me most forcefully is its reserve; I have the distinct feeling that Wells is holding back -- the forced frivolity of the editorial and comments such as "Have you just discovered sex or something?" sound strangely remote. Wells' column "Green Thoughts" in the second issue of Richard Bergeron's Serenade indicates that he's aware of the fanzine as an "extension of personality", and appears careful about letting himself go.

It may be that this lack of personal committment is characteristic of this type of fanzine -- one thoroughly dominated by an intelligent editor who perhaps fearfully associates camaraderie with confusion, and personality with juvenility. An occasional fanzine of this sort is fine; but were this sort of magazine to be-

come overly fashionable, the distinctive character of the field would be significantly altered.

One could scarcely find a fanzine less like Cadenza than Ella Parker's Orion⁴, one in which the editor's personality is wholly dominant. By the standards of any day and age Orion would have to be considered hyper-fannish, but an intriguing combination of fine writing and Ella's good sense make this less a stigma and more a refreshing slant. It seems this issue is most concerned with the institutions of fandom -- notably the conventions, TAFF and recent special funds. Twelve pages of letters seem most interested in bitching about the administration of TAFF and the pygmy donation necessary for a vote, while touching occasionally upon trip reports and infrequently upon some cold, hard facts relevant to any discussion about our trans-Atlantic exchanges.

The features -- a Berry "Sergeant" story, a free advertisements page, a fine article by George Locke on collecting and some amusing recollections by Roberta Gray -- are rather less representative of Orion than this type of fanzine itself; Ella's editorial comments lend that sweet smell of individuality. Other editors may have approximated a rambling from TAFF, to the BSFA, to a personal report, to George Locke's return to London, to the British convention, to being proud of ones connections with fandom, to duplicating ink; but even those that've had the ambition have come up lacking in ingenuity and interest; these are Parker's talents, and they make her fanzine an outstanding one.

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1. JD-A #59. Lynn Hickman, 224 S. Dement Ave., Dixon, Ill. 25¢ per copy, 10/\$2. Subscriptions stressed.
2. The Twilight Zine #6. Bernard Morris, c/o MITSFS, Room 50-020, MIT, Cambridge 39, Mass. Club members, letters of comment, trades and contributions, particularly art.
3. Cadenza #5. Charles Wells, 2495 Cherbrooke Dr NE, Atlanta 6, Georgia. Trade letter, or twenty cents per issue with the maximum subscription a dollar.
4. Orion #29. Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London NW6, England. Letters, material, trades; British subscriptions at 1/- to Ted Forsyth, American at 15¢ per to Betty Kujawa.

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"To me, the job of reading, reviewing and commenting on fanzines is still the most interesting and meaningful in fandom. ::: Precisely why should fanzines take this kind of importance? I think, perhaps, because they represent fandom's mark or impress upon the world. Private letters are the social intercourse of fandom, the daily commerce, the personal relationships, the family life as it were of that small society which is "fandom". But fanzines are at once the public institutions, the social and trival customs, the marketplace, the forum, and the Parliament of fandom. In a letter, fans can exchange ideas, rub noses as it were, do business, plot to overthrow their microcosmic "government", or even make love -- figuratively or literally. The envelope of a letter represents the walls of the castle. "A fan's typewriter is his castle", in the peculiar sociological structure of Homo fan. But when he wishes to communicate with his fellow fan -- to perform as it were, his civic duty in the city-state of Fanopolis -- he must do so in the fanzines. Here he may make a speech, perform for public entertainment, conduct a campaign, or repair the social brickwork of the microcosm." -- MZBradley

The single outstanding factor in a FIJACH-FIAWOL debate, discussion, argument, or what have you is the fannish individuality personality trait that all of us are intensely aware of. Whether one is pro or con FIJACH (or FIAWOL) depends on individual interests and not necessarily on the basic merits or impediments to be found in either field of thought.

Therefore an article of this nature must, by necessity, be composed of my own experiences and reactions as applicable to my own life and my own interest in the microcosm. For this I offer no apologies -- I just present the reasons why I prefer FIJACH over FIAWOL. To those of you who received Richard Bergeron's Shadow FAPA zine, Serenade #2, this may appear to be a rebuttal to the article, "A Way of Life" by Vernon McCain as reprinted from Psychotic #19, April 1955. On the contrary, I assure you that this is not a rebuttal but a personal testimony for FIJACH.

I am, perhaps, somewhat of a manic-depressive or a chronic worrier at the least. I can get myself worked up over a casual remark by an acquaintance, by a significant occurrence in the world situation, by a single printed sentence, by a Saturday night date or by innumerable other stimulants. Consequently, fandom is, to me, a perfect way to get away from problems that weigh on my mind, stemming from mundane situations.

This is not to say that fandom is balm from Giliead, a panacea which can be turned on and off like a light switch, mystically curing me of my depression and turning the world all rosey again. Fandom is a hobby and nothing more. A hobby should be a form of relaxation through which one might leisurably escape from the immediate problems at hand. Regardless of whether it be philately, numismatics, ceramics, or science fiction (assuming that stf is still an integral part of fandom), if it is a hobby it should serve the purpose of relaxation. And all other hobbies, like fandom, can not be regulated like a toggle switch to readjust one's mental and physical environment with a flash of lightning, rumble of thunder and magic chant. Yet, I feel that a hobby can serve as a panacea of sorts.

Suppose a person comes in from a hard day at work where he has just been chewed out by his boss, a major strike threatens to cost him his job, and his car is in the shop. He realizes that he can do nothing at the moment to rectify any of these situations, so what good will it do him to sit down and worry through the night? Okay, Seymour Citizen takes down his stamp album, begins to flip through it, and eventually these other matters slip into the back of his mind, still omnipotent, but just out of reach as his hobby takes over the limelight temporarily and helps him to relax for a while.

my case f.

ARTICLE

12

Fandom has a similar effect on me occasionally. If I am faced by a singular or plural problem(s) with not tangible solution immediately at hand, sometimes I can pick up a book and read a short story, or type a letter, or cut a stencil, or if necessary rearrange my massive book shelves in the southeast corner of my room. Tackling a job of the latter's proportions can take my mind off almost anything.

Of course, this does not always work. Often there is nothing that will help except direct assistance regarding the problem itself; but fandom has been of value to me as a panacea or temporary relief from mundane perplexities. Now, by no means of means, however, am I stating that just because fandom is a hobby it serves no other useful purpose in my life other than that role of psychiatry when I am depressed. Heaven forbid -- allow me to elucidate.

I agree with McCain that fandom is "essentially harmless and in many ways constructive ...". I think all young fen are beset by rather down-the-nose parental disapproval when dewy-eyed and contented these kids settle into a self-evident FIANCI state of existence. But extreme cases such as those involving Bob Lichtman, Bjoe Fekete, and Les Sample are exceptions to the rule for the most part. I suspect that most parents react much in the same way that mine did eventually, recognizing fandom as being an "essentially harmless" hobby and while not exactly approving, nevertheless evoking little or no rigorous censureship on the neo-fan concerned.

As for the "in many ways constructive" phrase, I can bear witness to at least one plaudit for that phase of fandom. Fandom has meant a great deal to me outside of the escapism factor. I have met a number of friends whom I love and respect, not only because we share a common interest in stf, but also because we shared the common bond that binds all friends together (just exactly how this bond may be defined I'm not sure. It is an intangible thing, but I'm sure that everyone has experienced it in some form or fashion). Most notable among my fannish friends is Al Andrews. We not only correspond regularly, but I manage to visit him at his home in Birmingham several times each year. Through him I came to know his family very well and consequently if I am ever in Birmingham in need of assistance and a place to stay overnight, I would not hesitate call on them, because I know that I am always welcome there. I do not intend for that to be boastful, but rather to be an example of a fannishly-developed friendship that has stretched beyond and would survive regardless of the plight of fandom in this cosmic realm.

Still, that is not the specific "constructive" element that I have in mind constantly whenever the values of fandom are mentioned. I sincerely feel that fandom was a proving ground -- or drawing board, if you please -- which gave me an

or fuyagh

BILL PLOTT

audience and a publisher and what's more important an opportunity to develop my talent and style of writing. I began writing when I was in sixth grade. My thoughts were filled with delusions of grandeur sponsored by my uncanny devotion to the Winston juveniles, the Hardy Boys, and similar appealing books. I decided forthwith, then, that I would be a writer, so I began to write, imitating Franklin W Dixon and the house style of the Winston juvenile science fiction series. I still have dozens of completed and unfinished manuscripts which were composed from the sixth grade through junior high school. Certainly, they were and are pure crud, but they were a beginning. Then about the time that I became a Freshman in high school, I began to discover correspondence with other stf fans and fanzines began to slip into my possession sporadically. Within a matter of months I was letterhacking regularly and contributing fiction to fanzines. Most of my letters were unpublished and my stories usually appeared in fanzines like George Wells' Sick Elephant where acid reviewers like Les Gerber termed them "poor" and I wondered why. I remember an equally acid letter that I wrote to Walter Breen, in the form of a letter of comment on Tesseract, in which I chewed Gerber to hell and back. Now I see things in a different light ...

Eventually I began to wonder why my stuff wasn't being printed and why fandom in all its glory wasn't rushing forth to proclaim BillyJoePlottofOpelikaAlabama as the greatest recruit to fandom since Ghu became ghod. And slowly the realization soaked in: fandom is not a haphazardly organized group of teenagers; it is a remarkably well-knit group of stf devotees who generally demand quality for their fanzines. One doesn't wisely spend hard-earned money just to mimeograph crud. That type thing was readily available at Ziff-Davis where PW Fairman worked. So I began to strive for improvement. It was a long hard struggle.

What am I trying to prove? Simply that I am indebted to fandom because it provided me with a daily lesson in writing. People were constantly forming opinions of me through my letters and although letters are a far cry from articles and English themes, I have no doubt whatsoever that the perpetual motion of fannish writing gave me the background that enabled me to do suprisingly well in tenth grade English and enabled me to make damned good grades, especially on themes, in my last two years of high school and in my first two semesters of college, which I have just concluded. I made no lower than a C on any theme in college English and in the second semester I managed to lead my class. For this I am indebted to fandom.

Then why, you wonder, is fandom not a way of life to me? That is answered by our old standby -- individuality. I am constantly searching for new things (perhaps, this has something to do with my aforementioned "manic-depressive" moods and "chronic worrier" moods). I don't think fandom could fulfill my search. When I goshwow-ly entered fandom, there was nothing else that I read outside of stf, but after a year or two I began to discover the immense value and enjoyment of mainstream writing, both modern and classical. I think that this, although causing me to read less stf, made me more aware of the differences between good science fiction and crud. I came to appreciate a good story much more than I would have normally. Now I can see why some of the stuff that I considered great, when I read it three or four years ago, was slashed to ribbons by older readers. If I had never allowed my taste in reading to venture beyond the periphery of fandom, I would still be confined to a limited narrow existence. And my slowly developed style of writing would go for naught, because outside of fandom and stf there would be nothing which I could intelligently communicate.

If I let fandom become my sole way of life then I can hardly expect my friends to "turn down an empty Glass" when I have passed into the Nother World.

This entire article seems to be only vaguely coherent as I reexamine the preceding paragraphs. The entire compilation seems to fit in with one of the very theories that McCain so aptly put to the sword; perhaps, on second thoughts, however, I am opposed to FIAWOL on practically all of the grounds listed:

1) "To make fandom a way of life is to retreat from reality, to life in a world of fantasy"; 2) "It is considered a self-obvious waste of time to narrow one's life to such a small area"; 3) "Fandom as a way of life can interfere not only with one's mental and spiritual growth but also prevent possible advancement in one's profession, social recreation, and even love-life".

I believe all of those are essentially true. But they are also true, as McCain pointed out, with all other hobbyists who become too engrossed in their leisure occupation. Whether it be the overly protective mother or the insatiable model train enthusiast, the same end is inevitable. Therefore, for my own personal taste, I have found fandom to be the hobby that suits my interest best -- and I have tried them all; I collected both stamps and coins with a fervent passion ... bubble gum cards, too, filled a lengthy void in my past ... as a sports fan I spent many dollars on magazines ... but fandom with its multi-interest participants seemed to be my niche in life in the area of hobbies. I am content for fandom to remain my hobby, but to make it my way of life would be to destroy everything that it stands for as my hobby.

--Bill Plott

FANZINE SALE (continued)

MONDAY EVENING GHOST 11
 HEPTAGON 1, 2, 3
 FANTASY COLLECTOR Vol3 #1
 FUSTIAN 2
 HALFANTHOL 1
 HARBINGER 1, 2, 3
 IPSO FACTO (Lichtman) 1
 NONCONN 3
 NORB'S NOTES 1
 PHOENIX 4, 5
 POISON 1, 2
 PROBE 2
 PROSE OF KILIMANJARO

ROVER 10, 11, 12
 SCIENCE-FICTION READER 1
 SIRIUS 4
 SKY BIRD 2
 SO WHAT 3
 THUD & BLUNDER 5
 VAMPIRE (Barnes) 4
 VANDY 9
 THE AMATUER PRESS ASSOCIATIONS
 AMAZINE 1
 SMUDGE SUPPLEMENT 1
 SCRIBBLE 9
 HOMUNCULUS 1

Trades may be considered. Orders may be sent by check, money order, or cold cash. Counterfiet money not accepted, even if in denominations larger than those requested, and I will not be held responsible for mail robbery of any sort. Fanzines only sent upon receipt of cash (you'll have to take the chance, since I can't afford it). If I'm out of a zine which you pay for, money, including postage money, for the zine or zines will be refunded. Address all letters to LARRY WILLIAMS, 74 MAPLE RD., LONGMEADOW 6, MASSACHUSETTS. Thanks.

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Well, it looks like it's about time for another article by that black sheep of fandom, me.

"The object of stf fandom was avowedly the dissemination of inside information about and the glorification of science-fiction, but in actuality, it was a correspondence club for social misfits, most of whom devoted more time to the reading of letters from fellow fen, than to the professional magazines." Sounds like something I once said in an earlier issue of this zine, doesn't it. In fact, when I did, I drew the wrath of fandom down about my head. This is, in fact, the way fandom reacts to anything or anybody, who doesn't go along with its set rules.

Actually, the above is a quote from an article on the pulps by Charles Beaumont in the September 1962 issue of PLAYBOY. Now what is the high and mighty fandom

THE EGOTISTS

going to do about that? How do you like being referred to as social misfits in a national magazine?

-Well, knowing fandom, there are three possible courses.- One, broadly laugh it off, but don't buy anything that has a Beaumont story in it anymore. Two, claim that that is the kind of magazine PLAYBOY is, full of snobbery and cynicism, and don't buy PLAYBOY anymore, refuse to patronize any newsstand carrying that "trash". Three, write those letters to the editor type of letters that fen are so famous for. Let every one see the type of letters of comment which are made in the fanzine in rebuttal to articles which don't conform. Lets get together and show the entire world just how intolerant we really are.

JACK CASCIO

Arriving on my desk a few days back is an amateur zine put out by Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tenn. It's a one-shot, and is entitled A TRIP TO HELL. It chronicles the events of a one-time fan artist, now a professional artist, and his meeting with "fen", and fandom in particular. If any of you have any spine left, read this TRUE DOCUMENTED account. In particular, pay close attention to the SF meeting he attended honoring Ray Bradbury. He admits that this happened quite some years ago, but people don't change, and unfortunately Fandom is pretty much the same today.

Next on the agenda, I must take and answer several of the remarks addressed to me in the editorial of CINDER #12. Larry claims that there are 300 zines in existence. Not so! In the late Ralph Holland's NEFFER'S GUIDE TO CURRENT FANZINES (Jan '62) there are only 105 listed, and this includes zines published in the US-Australia-Austria-Germany-Great Britain-Japan-Sweden-and Switzerland. I also know that at least 10 of those listed are no longer published, others are strictly oneshots. Still others have nothing at all to do with stf fandom, rather, Tarzan, EC comics, etc.

Larry, when a person decides to edit and publish a zine of his own, he can take all the time in the world getting it ready. He can have all the fun in the world preparing copy for it. It can be a labor of love. Start working on it whenever you want to. Quite when you feel like it. Don't answer your mail if it will interfere with more important things. But fella, when you go and advertise your finished product for sale and use the US Post Office to disseminate advertising material, you better be prepared to answer the mail and send the guy what he asks for, if at all possible. That is when it ceases to be a big game. That is when your responsibility starts to the public.

In my last article, Larry, I said that I did not attend any conventions. Read more carefully, boy.

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Who says I'm an outcast? I still correspond with the same people I always did. So we don't agree on a lot of things. So what? It would be a hell of a place to live if everyone thought alike.

You can't condemn a whole for the actions of a few. I'm not that stupid. But it is sad when the whole denies the existence of a few. You all heard about what one bad apple can do to a barrell-full.

LIFE Magazine has said that there are over a million readers of stf, or fans. Yet how many of them support a fanzine? Why don't they? Well, they are interested in stf and therefore have little in common with fandom. They like to read the stories and find out something about the people who wrote the stories and what new books to look out for, and where they can buy for reasonable prices second hand copies of books that they missed. They do not care about the feuds, gossip editorials, and other trivia that fill the zines of today. They don't want a copy of the editor's monthly receipt of mail, with a cover tacked on and called a zine. I look forward to one day receiving a zine in which the editor's light bill, grocery bill and his invitation to join the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club will be included in the letter column.

--Jack Cascio

EDITOR'S NOTE: I stated in the last issue (oops - I just checked back and discovered to my disdain that I never did say this) that if Jack refused to argue my points in "It's About Time", I would discontinue his articles. Therefore, the above gab session "The Egotists" will be the last in the long series of articles by Jack on stf, fans, and fandom; I'm sure we will all miss his well-deduced opinions on the above-mentioned topics, but such is life when one ignores his rebuttals. I'm sorry Jack, but I can only assume that you are full of bird droppings when you take my argument against your discussion of fanzines that jip their subscribers and turn it into an argument over the number of fanzines published. You say above that I missed your statement that you have never been to a convention -- you said you'd never been to a beer bust. I credited you with too much intelligence when I assumed that you didn't think that the entire convention was one big, wild beer bust.

Even the Faned's Friend, Allen G. Kracalik states that after reading your remarks in "The Intolerant Ones" and after attending the Chicon that you can "go to hell". Well now, such a comment as this coming from Al Kracalik is just too much for my feeble construction to stand, so I must pull the Welcome mat from under your feet in regard to publishing your invective further. Again, I apologise, but I am left with no choice.

+++++

The remaining space is reserved to the memory of Irving Glassman who quietly passed away recently in NY. He was a dear friend for the little time I knew him

putant

LETTERS

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

The headline: Retarded or Genius? is certainly a typical bit of journalese -- actually this case is not unique, and there should be at least some reference material on idiot-savants at the main branch of the Springfield Library if you are interested enough to investigate further. I read some stuff on the subject years ago, and while there's apparently some confusion, and in some cases doubt, about the whole thing, there has been stuff written on the subject. ::: Perhaps the most fascinating example is a fictional one, appearing in a short story by John Steinbeck called "The Saga of Johnny Bear" (I think). It's about a feeble-minded character with total recall and perfect verbal mimicry. That is, he can repeat exactly, and imitating the voices of the people involved, every bit of conversation he's ever heard. It's a clever story, and one that's authentically conceived in spite of the snapper ending. ::: Leaving fiction, I can remember a couple of characters from my reading (this was something like 15 years ago, so if I'm innaccurate on details I expect to be excused). One was a young girl who had extraordinary mathematical (or should I say arithmetical) ability. She solved complicated problems in her head, such as extracting cube roots, multiplying very large numbers, and the like, even though she couldn't even read or write. Of course, this is a sort of computer-like ability, which creates nothing, and in someone with no other capabilities is pretty worthless. Like the guy who could tell you immediately on which day of the week any day falls (this century that is). For instance, I know that May 7, 1962, is a Monday (I know this because that's today; I won't know it $2\frac{1}{2}$ weeks from now, without laborious figuring), but what day of the week will be May 7, 1992? ::: I'm afraid I have to sort of go along with Ted Pauls' attitude toward the bombing of Japan, though I know that in fandom it's a pretty sure way of getting people down on you. I don't know whether I accept the explanation of the use of the A bomb on Japan and not Germany, though it sounds reasonable enough and is persuasive. Here I'm forced to take a position that I'm not fond of -- I'm against bomb-testing (which is an entirely different question) and against the use of the A bomb at all --- BUT. ::: I have to start with the fact that I'm able to write this letter. If it hadn't been for The Bomb, I'm convinced I wouldn't be. During the war I had several specialties -- I won't go into detail, though I was planning to. This letter has already run too long. Anyway, I trained in Intelligence & Reconnaissance, which is practically sure death, was assigned to a rifle company as a scout, and wound up in Field Artillery. The last didn't sound like the sure death the other two were until I found out what my outfit was scheduled for: the initial assault on Japan. We were going to hit Kyushu with the first wave of Marines as artillery support. The LST's were waiting for us in Pearl Harbor when the news of the bomb came in, and we were not an unhappy crew on the machine-gun range where we first heard about it. Up until that day, I'd come awake each morning knowing that in a matter of weeks or so I'd be dead. I felt it physically, not just emotionally. Now, it would be easy to intellectualize in retrospect, and say the Bombing was inhuman, or crim-

inal; but I don't think I'd have much respect for myself if I weren't honest enough to admit that I'm glad to be alive, and can only feel guilt, but not regret. ::: One last comment: your defense of Seth Johnson, while sympathetic, is a little weak. I could point out, for instance, that both you and Jeff Wanshel are not even HIGH SCHOOL graduates, much less college graduates, yet you manage to write pretty sensibly. It's always seemed to me that if someone expects to be read, whether in a letter, or in fanzines, he shows little respect for his potential reader if he doesn't put some thought into what he's doing. Maybe Dorf is hoping that by needling Seth, he'll push him into taking a little more care with his writing.

TOM DILLEY, 1590 Robinson Dr. N, St Petersburg 10, Fla: (note CoA)

One certainly cannot disagree with Wood in saying that more persons should act as individuals. But one must also take his article as an objective treatment of how things should be, and not any sort of call to arms; surely it is impossible to tell anyone to "go out there and be an individual, by damn". If someone hasn't, of his own accord, come to the conclusion that he is and should be a distinct personality, he won't know "how to do it" even if he be moved by the original exhortation. And surely no one could write another article telling the unenlightened how to be individuals; this would be instruction in letter similar to that that the conformist beatniks have received in example. In short, Wood has an interesting but thoroughly impractical (nothing wrong with that) article.

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

I have a question: what is the purpose of CINDER? In other words, what do you think you are contributing to fandom with your fanzine? I'm very curious to find out, because, from the looks of your current efforts (#10 and 11) you aren't contributing one darn thing. I assume you claim to be a member of stfandom. Most fans (excepting the devotees of comics, ERBurroughs, horror fandom, etc) also claim that fandom is the meeting place for stf readers and thus, centers around stf. Well, the fans might say this, but you couldn't prove it to me. In fact, Seth Johnson even admitted to me in a recent letter, quote -- "You're quite right. I doubt if there are twelve out of the 200-odd fanzines which discuss or print science-fiction." And, believe me, I am not the only one who finds this state of affairs distasteful. ::: Now, getting closer to home, let's take a look at CINDER #10 --- what did it contain? Well, an editorial mainly consisting of quoted articles from other sources on 1) the Tarzan-marriage morals dispute; 2) samplings from one of your school tests; 3) "More Thoughts on the FANAC Poll"; 4) a final summary, mostly containing more quotes. Then, there was Deckinger's article which was a good piece, but which helps to prove that fandom as it stands, isn't what it's cracked up to be; Al Wood's new column showed his talent as a writer, but could easily have been put to use on a more worthwhile non-faanish subject -- this latter was only loosely connected with stf; and, a good-sized lettercol that spent many pages chattering on few items worth chattering about. I started to read McCombs' column and quit from boredom. ::: CINDER 11 was no improvement, with only one stf-nal item among a few faint mutterings in the lettercol. Congrats to Roy Tackett for both-ering to consider stf worth writing about. Yes, Ted White's column had a little stf element in it, but it, like the rest of the mag, was more concerned with fans and fandom than with stf. ::: Do you see what I'm driving at? I do not think

CINDER is improving, but rather, is degenerating. Now, you might ask: what do I consider a good fanzine? Well, though Boggs won't agree, I found CINDER #4 to be a very enjoyable issue. It contained an excellent monster spoof by Ron Haydock (which, to this day, is one of my favorite stories), a good section devoted to Tarzan comic books, and a very well-done horror story by Mike Deckinger. Now I fully realize your reason for dropping the comic book material: you don't much care for comics, nor do most of your readers. Okay, so I'm in the minority and you did the right thing. However, if you don't like comics, why did you start publishing comic material in your fanzine to begin with? Sure, CINDER 4 was nothing earth-shaking, but it was a good fanzine. I guess I'd rate it about 6, all in all. There was substance to it; it had reason. ::: You say you get angry when "some neo" sends a copy of his crudzine and then calls a trade copy of CINDER a load of garbage. Why don't you just say Don Dohler angers you and be done with it? But, you have made many, many cuts at Jack Cascio and his REALM OF FANTASY, even calling it a piece of crud straight out. Let me tell you something -- REALM is not a crudzine. All right, the material isn't the best, but at least REALM is an honest attempt to contribute something to the stf-nal field, and because of that, it's far above the level of CINDER. The material is not so hot because Jack just doesn't get any better stuff to work with. An editor is a big part of a fanzine, sure, but he can only do so much. If he doesn't get some decent contribs, there isn't much he can do, is there? I think that if given the proper chance and help, Jack could turn REALM into an excellent fmz. If not, it will remain only fair, despite Jack's hard work and effort. In your position, I wouldn't criticize REALM. ::: Well, I've said all else, so I may as well come out with it: CINDERS #10 and 11, in my opinion, were exactly what Dohler said CINDER is -- pretty weak. And that comes straight from the heart. I certainly hope your future issues are much better. ::: Larry, you are a fannish conformist of the highest degree. You are, in a word, a faaan. In case you don't know what that means (!!!), it's a fan who is more concerned with fans and fandom than with stf. When I picked that word up from a recent AMAZING STORIES, I thought: "That's Larry Williams." I'm sorry, but it's true.

LW: I had planned to write a lengthy defense here, but since it would interrupt the completion of the lettercol, I've changed my mind. The beginning sentences have all been corcl'd out, which is why my typewriter isn't cutting into this stencil correctly. I'm continuing the lettercol on clear stencil, and will be defending myself against fughhead Al Kracalik in my editorial.

HARRY WARNER:

The article by Ted White on the fake issue of KIPPLE left me more awed than ever at his ability to master different styles of humor. You'd never guess that this was written by the fan who gets criticized for VOID editorials: it's succinct, funny and a real narrative. I suppose that Ted Pauls rejected it because he was really angry at the parody and had tried to hide this sentiment but let it leak out in this form. But there is much to be said for a rigid rule for fanzine editors, consisting of refusal to publicize cases in which the editor said prominently that he'd turned down this or that item. It can hurt his own fanzine, if a potential contributor thinks that he's not as good a writer as the person who's stuff was rejected and doesn't want to risk submitting to such a selective market. It can also give a flase impression to newcomers to fandom:

they could get the notion that there's a greater supply than demand in the fanzine material market which isn't the case at all. All this doesn't necessarily apply to the White-Pauls situation, because I can't recall if it was the former or the latter who brought the episode to the public eye. ::: I was hoping that Roy Tackett would mention the only sensible system of getting away from present geographical boundaries between nations. I think that if we must have nationalism, it should be set up on a sensible modern basis. Geography no longer has any importance, thanks to improvements in transportation. Instead we should have one nation consisting of all the world's white collar workers and another composed of the men who earn their living with their hands, and a third consisting of the individuals who refuse to work at all, while a fourth would contain everyone under the age of ten or eleven years, and you'd become a citizen of a fifth nation when you retired. Then each nation could be broken down into several states, according to subdivisions of interests and activities. Wars would be impossible because each nation would not be sufficiently self-sufficient, and the citizens of each nation would have too much in common with one another to think of civil warfare.

TED WHITE:

Your mimeograph (what make is it?) ((Speed-o-Print)) should have a lever somewhere which drops the impression roller so that you can turn the cylinder freely without paper and without inking anything. ((It has a manual lever with which I may drop the impression roller -- but my paper retainers are lousy. Sometimes paper doesn't go through, and sometimes a whole pile goes through and leaves the next turn with no paper. At points like this the stencil comes into contact with the impression roller, and inks it.)) It doesn't ruin a stencil if you do turn it past the impression roller while that roller is up, though. It just inks the stencil up. Run a half a dozen or so crudsheets through, and wipe the ink off the lower portion of the drum which doesn't normally contact the paper, and excess ink should be gone and your stencil in shape to print properly again. ::: Those plastic adapters for lettersize stencils are nearly useless, by the way. ((So I've discovered!)) One way to use up your stencils is to glue or scotch-tape a section of the backing sheet or some waxed paper to the bottom of the stencil, so as to make it as long as a standard stencil. ((That's what I'll probably do. Thanks.)) ::: I've met and spoken to Andy Silverberg (he called me up on the phone to ask about my column concerning him), and I must say that this letter from him presents an excellent picture of him. ::: I think you're right about Cascio: that guy carries a simply fantastic amount of misinformation about with him. This time it is the "fact" that PLAYBOY is printing the top stf. Actually, PLAYBOY prints practically no stf -- the closest it has gotten in recent years is that abortion, "The Fly". The stuff by Matheson, Bradbury, Beaumont, and Russell is almost entirely horror-fantasy and shock-type stories, not stf. However, what really gets me is the clincher to his argument: "PLAYBOY first offered us Fahrenheit 451 by Bradbury, which is a classic." Unhappily, PLAYBOY never published Fahrenheit 451. Rather, it reprinted "The Firemen" (the short novelette which became 451) from GALAXY. So much for PLAYBOY's firsts. (Oh, and by the way, Vance Aandahl had material in F&SF before he did in PLAYBOY, too ...)

MIKE DECKINGER:

Your refutation of Cascio's charges is good, but deserves to be extended. ::: For instance, on cons, before he admits freely he's never been to any, Jack condemns the whole convention system. Nothing could be further from the truth, in stating that they are dying on their feet. I've been to the past two worldcons and about a dozen minor cons, and only one (the ESFA open meeting in Newark)

seemed to suffer from a lethargic attendance. On the contrary, the attendees I saw all seemed to be enjoying themselves with scarcely a thought to the "beer-bust" and its uncomplimentary connotation. Jack says there are plenty of fans and a few authors. Not true! Check the final con booklets for the registration lists or speak to someone who has been to the con. While the pros won't ever outnumber the fans, their numbers are increasing yearly, and most of them look forward to the cons with the same sort of enthusiasm that the fans do. ::: Jack next emphasizes the fact that a double lock on all valuables is required, if attending a con. Oh Christ, where does he dig up these old cliches. While there is no doubt a limited degree of petty thievery at a con, it's far under the amount that goes on at a baseball game or a large party, for instance. It's foolish to leave your possessions unattended in some public place, but it's even more foolish to have them encased behind foot-thick walls of a safe while attending the con, so that the experienced thieves will be foiled by your actions. ::: Finally, equating what Shaver wrote with what Asimov and Heinlein do, is so ridiculous that I wonder if Jack is not really pulling our legs. Shaver was quite firmly convinced that his "racial memory" stories were genuine, and that Deros, Teros, etc, &c were on the Earth, causing the world's troubles and to some degree controlling humanity. I imagine he fancied himself as some unsung crusader, out to save mankind before it was irrevocably too late. Does Isaac Asimov really believe that positronic robots exist today, firmly adhering to his three laws? Does he believe that the "Foundation" is at work, in some corner of the galaxy? Does Robert Heinlein feel like a saint warning the US of the puppet masters, and attend periodic consultations with Valentine Michael Smith? Isn't Jack capable of distinguishing between the science fiction of Asimov and Heinlein, and the alleged fact of Shaver?

TOM DILLEY:

I must have the distinction of having written the only LOC in the world that didn't even make the WAHF column. But from looking at the masthead, I see that this is issue #12. My last letter (June 4th; 2pp) was in reference to #10. What, I say What, happened to #11? Come to think of it, it's all part of a pattern. From #8 through #12, inclusive, I have been what might be called an "Even-number recipient". I have all the even-numbered issues between those two, but had come to the conclusion that you have something against publishing odd-numbered ones, as I have never seen even a trace of #'s 9 and 11. Ah, well. If my position becomes all that much weaker that you decide to cut me off from the even nos. too, let me know, and I guess I'll have to break down and (sob) pay. ((I just don't understand why you've missed those issues, but I hope you'll receive this one. You seem to have another distinction -- you got #12; from the response (sparse) and the reviews (lack) I have the feeling almost no one got this issue.)) ::: Cascio certainly has had difficulty with zine subs. I have to admit that I have been far more fortunate; I can name only two or perhaps three persons to whom I have sent money and received nothing; in these cases, the loss was, monetarily, very small, and my only regrets come from not having been able to see the material I wanted. On the other hand, I can also name 25 to 30 persons who have been quite honest about the whole thing, and many of them even prompt. There are a few of the 25 or 30 who have delayed as long as a year before producing either material or refund, but they too have, in the end, turned out not to be scoundrels of any sort, and I have a great deal of faith in the couple from whom I have still heard nothing. It is remarkable that I should have been treated so well and Cascio so illy, for I haven't even a column with which to threaten denouncement. No WAHF Column this time. My gafia has resulted in the misplacement of most letters, so a WAHF would be unfair in a way. Sorry.