

WUNDER

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FASA

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CONTENTS

"Ashes" (editorial) by RLW	2
"One Man's Meat" (fiction) by Ron Haydock	4
"The Comic Corner" (column) by John McGeehan	10
"Slash!" (fanzine reviews) by RLW	16
"The Clock" (fiction) by Mike Deckinger	18
"The Fire" (letters)	21
Buck Coulson	21
George C. Willick	22
Chrys Tackett	22
Jack Cascio	23
Alan Dodd	24
Roy Tackett	26

ARTWORK

Cover	Chip Fossa
Page 18	Robert E. Gilbert
Page 21	Robert E. Gilbert

To fill out the page: Yesterday I received the volumous XERO 4. It contains a 54-page regular section and a separate section for comic books, altogether totaling 72 pages! Just thought I'd note this pleasant receipt, and I'll review it in a future issue. It'll take some time to read I imagine.

If you get this issue about the middle of June then CINDER 5 will be dated July 1961 instead of June. Of course I'll try to get this ish out in May.

point

At this ~~point~~ I am not sure whether this is a pre- or post-gafia issue. I'm nearing the end of the stencil-cutting, but don't have any paper on hand. This being May 6, and my intentions are to gafiate on May 10 (at least by then), the delay may be fatal. Fatal to the chances that CINDER 4 will find its way to your mail box by May 20, anyhow. Could be you won't get this issue until June 20. Alas ... alas.

At any rate one issue (#4 or #5) will be held up, so this issue is very slightly thicker than usual. Since I'm not one to give much extra, #5 will probably be thinner. All kidding aside, how thick the next issue is depends on the abundance of material in my files. I dislike having to write my own material (from the comments on "The Final Stages" I guess you do also). Even if your ~~box~~ "I'd like some material" box is not "X"ed, you might try getting something printed. I could use some material; to hell with the source.

Although I stated in CINDER 3 that I would not be reviewing fanzines again, I'm still plugging. I don't receive as many fanzines as I'd like to, so you probably will not find an abundance of reviewed fanzines very issue. I'll review whatever I receive, though.

In my history class about a week ago the teacher brought up something which amazed him when he was told of it, and has filled me with many fantastic ideas on the possibilities of such a thing. He went to a teachers' meeting in Springfield and witnessed a show (actually it was publicity) on speed-reading. As an example of the results of the course which is given, two high school sophomores were given a book (the same book I believe) and given three minutes to read as far as possible. Incidentally, it was noted that the boys had not read this particular book (the text wouldn't be valid if they had). One boy read 250 pages in three minutes!! Impossible? My history teacher saw it done. The other boy, apparently nervous in front of such a crowd, read "only" 60 pages in three minutes. This is fantastic! Fantastic, yet it was done!

The teachers present were allowed to ask questions. One asked if a person could comprehend what he was reading at such a rate. The answer was that the comprehension was actually greater. Did going through a book so quickly cut down on the enjoyment? No, it made it more enjoyable, since the person wasn't slowly plodding along. He was reading smoothly right through the book. There were a few others mentioned but I can't remember them at this moment.

It seems the basic idea of the course is to read down the page instead of across. That is, to take in whole lines at a time. Now I don't read like this, and don't think I could, at least, not without practising for many months. The course takes 12 weeks. I read in phrases, which is still going across a page, but straight down when reading material set in columns. I have heard other information on this course.

One point is to go through the book, reading the titles of chapters and the beginnings of paragraphs. The idea is to get an idea of how the book "is put together".

A number of anecdotes and jokes are made about this type of speed-reading.

"I read Gone With the Wind last night. It really wasn't as good as I heard it was. It wasn't even worth the ten or fifteen minutes it took me to read it."

"When I read on the subway people always move away from me. The turning of the pages makes them nervous! (Some of the people who have taken the course say that they dislike paperbacks because the pages are flimsy and take longer to turn, thus holding up their reading.)

"I create a draft when I read."

Etc., etc., etc.

One person inquired if President Kennedy (1200 words per minute) had taken the course. The reply was that Kennedy would be ashamed of that speed if he had taken the course. The expectancy is about 15,000 words per minute.

Of course this reading would have infinite possibilities. I have a good-sized backlog (about 35 mags, and 15 books). I could read the whole mess if I read steadily for about 5 hours.

Then again, I could read anything I want!

It would be really wonderful to be capable of reading so fast.

More about teachers.

About a month back my English teacher was talking about a character in a cheap play we were about to read. The person was sitting at a table with "three pulp-magazines stream around him." My teachers comments ranged from the cheapness of pulp paper ("See! The paper had hunks of wood in it sometimes. Very cheap.") to the "cheapness of the printed matter." ("The fact that he reads those things shows what kind of a person he is.") Where has this attitude come from? I ask for comments and will venture my own when I see what you have to say. ——— RLV

ONE MAN'S MEAT...

fiction... ron. haydock

4

There are some people who, for purely personal reasons of their own, refuse to believe in monsters. Or creatures of the night. Or other crawling, lurking, flying things. From werewolves to little green men in silver saucerchips, it's all the same to them: utter nonsense. Sure, they may get a kick out of seeing The Invasion of the Poooco People at their local theater or at reading stories about dark and sinister beings in their favorite magazines, but do they believe in what they read? You ask them that and you'll get the same old, tried-and-true reply I've been getting for years: "You think I'm nuts or somethin'?" Yeah, there are some people who refuse to believe in monsters.

Like Charlie Walters, for instance. Now he's an average guy with a lovely wife and two fine boys and a mortgage on his house; goes to work five days a week to come back dog-tired and spend the rest of his evening sitting there with a cold can of beer in his hand watching the westerns on tv. Saturdays he'll maybe spend puttering around the house, maybe doing a little watering or grass cutting and when Sunday rolls around he packs up the family for a trip over to Grandma's (which one will it be this Sunday?). Sure, he's an average Joe but there's one thing about Charlie: he just doesn't believe in monsters.

His kids do, though. But then kids believe in a lot of things, don't they. Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny and the Stork and imps in bottles and all. Maybe that's why the adults don't give a hoot about monsters. Because the kids believe in 'em, I mean.

I was over at Charlie's place (he lives two blocks over) awhile back with my wife Jean to play the Walters a few hands of rummy. It was while the two of us were digging in our pockets for some penny-ante game money that one of Charlie's boys, the seven-year old, Bobby, came running over to our card table and practically upsetting it announced for all the world to hear that Monty Gordon was planning to film The Incredible Shrinking Man and that the latest word was that Gina Petiti, the lovely young starlet, was going to get her big break in the remake of the classic The Amphibian Woman over at 20th.

I guess Charlie wasn't too damn excited about that bit of news because he grabbed a magazine from Bobby's clutching hands and shoved it across the table to me. "Just you take a gander at the trash kids are reading these days!" he exclaimed as I picked up the magazine.

The cover spouted, in bloody-red lettering with ultra-black borders, the title FAMOUS BEASTS OF HORRORLAND and it boasted a full-color photo of the Frankenstein monster attacking a well-dressed young female in distress. The blurbs mentioned that inside the magazine was to be found a full-length article, complete with gory photos, on the life of Boris Motts, the famous monster actor of the screen. In addition this "exclusive" there was a special photo feature on the classic film The Girl and the Goon and promises of news about forthcoming horror motion pictures. "Looks harmless enough," I said to Charlie as I thumbed through pictures of headless editors and giant beetles.

"Yeah, that's what you say!" he declared quite emphatically. "You know, those kids get hold of a magazine like that and the next thing you know they start believing in what they read. I mean actually believing in monsters and then other horror things. It's already happened to my kids. I know!" Charlie took a sip of his beer and sat back in his chair. "Give 's 'em night-mares too. Why, you should have heard the little fella, Ronnie, a few nights ago! Screamed so loud that I thought he'd wake the dead."

Ronnie, who was sitting on the floor reading all about the latest adventures of Sky Altitude looked up at his father, a short blond curl falling across his forehead. "Aw, pa, that's what you always say!"

The father eyed his youngest son suspiciously. "Come on now, isn't that the truth?"

The boy scratched his head thoughtfully. "Well, yes, but not loud enough to wake the dead, pa! That's the last thing I'd want to do." Bobby, standing by our card table, waiting for his magazine, nodded. "That's right, pop; we wouldn't want to wake up the dead!" I chuckled to myself at the way his two blue eyes grew so big at the dreaded thought of disturbing the peace and lasting tranquility of the dead.

Charlie turned to me with an I-told-you-so look and confirmed it by saying, "See what I mean, Forry? The kids really believe in those things."

Charlie's wife, Wendy -- a very attractive brunette, by the way -- interrupted before he could say anything further. "I think, Charles, that you're taking this whole thing just a little too seriously."

Charlie got kinda mad all of a sudden. "Me taking it too seriously??!! Me??!!!! What are you nuts? It's those kids, not me, who are taking it too seriously! It's them!" Now Charlie doesn't get steamed very often but when he does, well, I've learned through past experience that it's best to remain quiet when Charlie is on the rampage. Why, I remember one time last summer when -- but that's another story. Suffice it to say that Jean and I both kept our mouths clammed up tight while Charlie Walters took off on one of his pet peeves.

"You know," he said, "I'll just bet that at this very moment there's some character sitting up in his plush office in New York -- could be in Lapland for all I know -- and just having one helluva gay time with himself counting the day's receipts from that damned monster magazine of his. Here I work 44 hours a week for good money and where do I find that good money going? To monster magazines! Okay, okay, Wendy, I know that a stink-in' 35¢ each month isn't going to break us or put us into the poor house, but look at what that money is wasted on! Monsters! Now I don't mind going along with a little joke, like in those funny horror pictures they're at the theatres these days, but when the kids can just walk up to a newsstand and get all of that foolish nonsense in a magazine, then that's where I've got to speak my piece!"

I suppose that it wouldn't have happened at a nicer, more appropriate and suitable time. But, kids, will be kids and Bobby is no exception to the mold. He chose this moment to speak up in defense of the monsters his father was persecuting so unmercilessly.

"Aww, gee, pop, you don't believe in anything!"

"What do you mean I don't believe in anything?" his father asked.

"Well, pop, Mr. Ackman says that -- "

"And who is Mr. Ackman?" interrupted Charlie.

The boy held the monster magazine in front of his face and proudly stated, "Mr. Ackman is the man who writes FAMOUS BEASTS OF HORRORLAND. Don't you even know that? Everbody knows who Mr. Ackman; he's always telling the people who he is and mentioning that he knows Brad Raybury and George Friend and Fritz Bloch and Harry Hausen and all of the other famous monster-makers." The boy looked sadly at his father. "Gosh, pop, don't you know anything?"

Bobby silently shook his head in disbelief. "Anyway, Mr. Ackman says that there are monsters! Of course, not every monster in his magazine is for real but he says that in certain parts of the world and maybe even on other planets real monsters live. He said once that back in the old days in Europe, around Transylvania I think, there were many legends about vampires and -- "

"You seem to know quite a bit about your monsters, don't you?" questioned his father.

"I read FAMOUS BEASTS OF HORRORLAND, that's why!" the youngster proudly acclaimed, beaming at his father; then continued, "Anyway, there were vampires, or at least some things, which roamed the earth or where else in those old legends have come from?"

Well, Charlie didn't know the answer to that one. Nor Wendy. Or Jean and myself. But evidently Bobby did.

"You know, Bob," said his father, "I guess that there are some real monsters after all." Now this coming from Charlie was something which I couldn't believe! After all he had just gotten through saying? No. It was too good to be true.

"Yeah, there are some real monsters romping around this old planet of ours. Now you take your Mr. Ackman, for instance ... "

I knew it sounded too good.

But Bobby would have none of it. He grabbed his magazine from the table and stalked into his room, dragging his brother Ronnie behind him. The bedroom door closed shut behind them.

"See what happens when you make a joke about their beloved monsters?" Charlie said. "They run off and leave you be." He gazed for another sip of his beer, shuffled the playing ~~mon~~ cards, dealt them out to the three of us and muttered something about not doing such crazy things when he was a kid.

Maybe he did, maybe he didn't. It doesn't make much of a difference, anyway. The thing that I'm trying to put across is that Charlie just doesn't believe in monsters, no matter what shape or size they come in. But to set the record straight, and to make certain that nobody misunderstands me, I believe in them. That's the difference between Charlie and me. I was brought up on monsters and things of the night and learned to respect them for what they are. I don't suppose, though, that Charlie will ever learn to live with them. But you ask me about monsters and I'll tell you: they're all around us, even if we can't see them. I know!

I guess it was about two weeks after the card party over at his place that Charlie came around one ~~or~~ Saturday afternoon to chew the fat. I had just finished raking the lawn and was looking for any reasonable excuse not to start another chore. Charlie's dropping by was certainly as good an excuse and I'm ever liable to get.

We went onto the patio and I poured some beers for us while Joan coaxed Charlie into having a piece of her devil's good cake. While we drank our beer and Charlie finished a hunk of the cake he said, "You know, Forzy, those crazy kids of mine have come up with something new now."

"Oh, what's that?" I asked.

"They got some kinda nutty game they invented all about monsters in the basement."

"Monsters in the basement?" I echoed.

"Yeah, isn't that a laugh?" He swallowed another hunk of the cake, then continued, "Now you know how I feel about those monsters of theirs, but I didn't think that a game was anything to get all worked up over so I let 'em go ahead with it. I guess that you play their game in the house. At any rate, they did. Besides, it keeps 'em off the street. Well, there I was relaxing in the living room watching Bachelor Sheriff on tv when all of a sudden, out of a clear blue sky, Ronnie comes running into the room yelling that there is a monster in the basement! I didn't think anything of it at first but then my son tells me that the monster wants to see me. So I tell the kid to go down there and scare the living day-lights out of the creature; that'll teach it to go around living in other people's basements. Show him a picture of that Ackson fella, I tells Ronnie; that'll really do the job!" Charlie stopped for another bite of cake.

"So now there's peace and quiet in the place for a few minubes afterwards -- until Ronnie comes back. The same story again: the monster wants to see me. When I ask Ron why the thing wants to see me he tells me -- and get this -- because I don't believe in monsters! So you know what I did?"

"Have no idea, Charlie."

"I dug in my pocket and handed Ronnie some money to go out and buy monster magazines and leave me the hell alone. But the kid simply gives the money back to me saying that the monster doesn't need any money."

~~Yeah~~ I laughed. "Yeah," said Charlie, "so did I. I though it was kinda cute coming from a six-year old. Anyway, after a bit Ronnie leaves the room and goes back down to his monster-in-the-basement. I guess that he gave up on trying to get me down into that cellar." Charlie sipped his beer and relaxed in his chair.

"How 'bout another piece of cake?" I asked him.

"No thanks. It was good and all that but not right now." He fished in his pocket for a cigareete, located one and lit it. "But that's not where their little game ends, Forry; theres more. Yesterday Bobby comes running into the bedroom to tell me that if I don't go and see the monster pretty darn quick then the thing'll come up and get me and nobody will ever see me again. So I asked Bobby what the damned thing wants to see me about. I am told that since I don't believe in monsters this particular pot of ours wants to prove to me that they really exist. What a goofy story. Eh?"

"Oh, I don't know, Charlie. You never can tell what monsters might want to do." I thought the matter over for a moment, then went on, "Why don't

you just go and talk to this creature like the boys want you to? I mean, get the whole thing cleared up one and for all."

"What, and have them razzing me about it from now until the day I die? Not on your life, pal! Charlie Walters, the man who doesn't believe in monsters, went to talk to a monster! How in the world could I ever live it down?" and he shrugged his shoulders and dropped the subject.

Charlie stayed for dinner that night because Wendy and the boys were over at the mother's place for the weekend. Nothing of any major importance happened that night, but as he was leaving I told him that if I were him it would be a good idea to go down to the basement and get everything taken care of and out of the way. He just laughed, said goodbye, then left.

I guess that it was two weeks ago, maybe three, when Jean and I were awakened in the middle of the night by one of the most blood-curdling screams you'd ever want to hope to hear. Johnny Wesimuller sounded like an infant crying for its milk compared to what we heard! We quickly got out of bed and rushed to the window but nothing was to be seen: the streets were deserted. It certainly hadn't been our imaginations that had knocked the stuffings out of ourselves! After ~~while~~ awhile, though, we crawled back into bed and decided to let the matter rest until morning.

Jean and I went through the next day's papers carefully but we came across nothing which might have had anything to do with that spine-chilling scream we heard the night before. So we just sort of forgot about the whole incident, except when some neighbor of ours would come around to ask if we had heard it, too.

As I was watering the lawn last night Bobby and Ronnie Walters passed on their bikes. They waved a greeting and I asked them where their father was keeping himself these days; he hadn't been around for beer lately. One of them said, I think it was Bobby, that they didn't exactly know where their father was but that they were sure he was around somewhere. And with a wink to each other and a playful smile they cycled off down the block.

As I watched the two boys fade into the distance I sort of chuckled to myself. About their father, I mean. Good old Charlie Walters, the man who didn't believe in monsters. Well there are a lot of people around these days and as you well know, it takes all kinds to make a world. Maybe someday Charlie will come around to our side of thinking and start accepting monsters. Yeah, as I said earlier, there are a lot of people who just don't believe in monsters.

By the way, do you?

~finis~

the comic corner

10

column ... john mcgeehan

INSTALLMENT 3

I'm going to start by giving a list of corrections and additions to the information featured in installment #1 of this column.

Corrections

Pg. 15

- Buck Rogers (not Rodgers)
- Nowlan (not Nowland)
- EB comic ... and #6 to ? (not "and #6")
- 4. ER ... Jupiter (not Jupitor)

Pg. 16

- Single Series #18 -- Little Abner (not Tailsnipe Tommy)

Pg. 17

- 4. Red Sword Invaders (not "Swordard")
- 9 & Forest Kingdom of Mongo (not "Farest")
- 13 & Tyrant of Mongo (not "tryout")
- 8 & Witch Queen of Mongo (not "with")

Pg. 18

- Porky Pig #48 & 1944 (not 1948)

Pg. 19

- All Flash started out as a quarterly in Summer '41 and went bi-monthly with #6 -- Sept-Oct '42 (not All Flash #6 Sept-Oct '41)

Additions -- additions are in parantheses

Pg. 16

- Dell Four Color #34 (Andy Panda)
- Artists who have drawn FG daily (Austin Briggs)

Pg. 17

- FG serial (15 chapters)
- "FG's Trip to Mars" serial (15 chapters)
- "FG Conquers the Universe" serial (12 chapters)

Pg. 20

- "S & the Mole Man" (with George Reeves and Phyllis Coates)
- "S" serial (Col. with Kirk Alyn & Noel Neill)
- "Atom Man vs. S" (Col. 1950 with Kirk Alyn & Lyle Talbot)
- "New Advs. of B. & R." (with Robert Lowery & John Duncan)
- ("The Batman" serial Col. 1943 with Lewis Milson)
- "Advs. of C.M." (with Tom Tyler & Frank Coughlin Jr. also known as the "Return of Capt. Marvel")

(Editor's Note: John Now went into a lengthy explanation of just what the "Comic Corner" #1 was supposed to be about. Because I think this was reasonably clear, what it was about, I mean, I am excluding this section. I'm sure that this omission will cost noone great hardship.)

How many of you are TARZAN or Edgar Rice Burroughs fans? Many of you say you're not. Well, you'd better hurry up and become ERB fans so you can make use of the following index.

Did you know that there was an English comic published in black and white of nine years? Donald F. Peters published this comic book from 1950 to 1959. It was 9 3/4" by 7 1/4", contained 68 pages and sold for 14¢. It had colored covers with B&W interior. Volume one contained four issues, each of which sported 12 frames per page. Volume 2 contained 16 (I'm not sure of this number), with a half-dozen frames on each page.

There was another English TARZAN comic called TARZAN THE GRAND ADVENTURE COMIC, and was published by Westworld Publications. Volume one contained 22 issues, each of which was 15 inches by 11 inches in size. I know that issue #1 was dated Sept. 15, 1951 and that #6 was for Dec. 4, 1951. Number 1 through 16 each had 8 pages of Tarzan, while #'s 17-22 each had 7 pages of Tarzan three of which were in color. Issues #1-7 and #8-14 were bounded into two volumes, and were sold at the Worlds Fair at three shillings each, or 42¢ a piece. Each number contained 12 pp.

The 36 issues in volume 2 were published each week with #1 being issued for Aug. 1, 1952. Each issue was 12 pages thick, six of which were devoted to Tarzan, with three of the six in color. The size was 12 1/4" by 8 3/4" priced at 4pence each. All issues of both Volume 1 and Volume 2 were in newspaper format.

With the beginning of Volume 3 the comic went to a comic format with a title change to TARZAN ADVENTURES. Issue #1 was dated Apr. 27, 1953. Each comic was 22 7" by 9 3/4". The price was 6 pence.

Volumes 3-8 were 52 issues in length, with volume 9 running to 32 issues. Volume 9 #32 (Dec. 26, 1959) was unfortunately the last issue, and I doubt that the comic will be resurrected. Volume 3 #1 to Vol. 5 #14 used Tarzan stills for their covers. Volume 5 #15 to Volume 6 #6 used Tarzan paintings, and volume 6 #7 to volume 9 #32 used line drawings. Each one had B&W interior with colored covers, and twenty-eight pages.

TARZAN ADVENTURES comic also carried items such as short stories by Mike Moorcock, BUFFALO BILL comic strips, short reviews of some ERB books, other various short stories and comic strips, and a picture version of Tarzan and the Lost Empire. Volume 7 #36 had a reprint of an article by ERB entitled "Success at 35" and Vol. 7 #38-39 carried, in two parts, a reprint of another article by Burroughs entitled "The Tarzan Theme."

INDEX TO THE ENGLISH TARZAN COMIC BOOKS

The index was compiled by Thomas Rookes of Lincoln, England. Below I'm going to say what each column states. The Don Peters TARZAN comics ~~will~~ won't follow the columns very closely due to lack of information.

- 1) Volume and number of comic
- 2) Name of artist who drew the strips for the number or numbers
- 3) Dates of reprinted TARZAN strips
- 4) Tells whether the strip was weekly (W) or daily (D)
- 5) Tells the numbers of the TARZAN strips.

Before I go any further, let me explain the TARZAN strip numbers. From 1929 to 1939 each TARZAN strip had a title, such as "Tarzan Under Fire". Starting on Aug. 28, 1939 they strips were numbered (The Jan. 3, 1960 TARZAN strip was #6371, for instance). They weekly strips were numbered starting on Mar. 15, 1931 (Jan. 3, 1960 was numbered 1504). Since various indexes of these strips have been published in various ERB fanzines, I will not use up space here. Each numbering system started with #1.

<u>(1)</u>	<u>(2)</u>	<u>(3)</u>	<u>(4)</u>	<u>(5)</u>
Donald F. Peters' TARZAN comics				
<u>Vol. 1</u>				
#1	Hogarth	(W #345-378 & #404-438 -- #419, #420 omitted)		
#2	Hogarth	(W #439-504)		
#3	Hogarth	(W #505-514 & #525-581 -- part of 581 omitted)		
#4	Hogarth	(W #581-648?)		

TARZAN THE GRAND ADVENTURE Comic (TARZAN ADVENTURES)

<u>Vol. 1</u>				
#1-2	Cardy	5/22/50 to 7/22/50	D	3361-3414
2-4	Lubbers	7/24/50 to 11/11/50	D	3415-3510
4	Hogarth	7/23/50 to 8/20/50	W	1011-1015
4-7	Lubbers	8/27/50 to 4/22/51	W	1016-1050
7-12	Reinman	6/13/49 to 2/11/50	D	3067-3276
12-14	Cardy	2/13/50 to 5/20/50	D	3277-3360
14-16	Hogarth	10/30/49 to 7/16/50	W	973-1010
16-18	Hogarth	5/8/49 to 10/23/49	W	949-972
18-22	Lubbers	11/13/50 to 6/15/51	D	3511-3695
<u>Vol. 2</u>				
#1-4	Lubbers	6/16/51 to 10/13/51	D	3696-3798
4	Lubbers	4/29/51 to 7/8/51	W	1051-1061
4-5	Hogarth	9/1/47 to 9/6/47	D	2509-2514
5	Hogarth	9/8/47 to 10/3/47	D	2515-2537
5-9	Hog-Barry	10/4/47 to 1/31/48	D	2538-2640
9-35	Naxon	1/4/43 to 3/23/45	D	1051-1745
35-36	Hogarth	5/16/48 to 7/25/48	W	897-907 (1/3)

INDEX

<u>(1)</u>	<u>(2)</u>	<u>(3)</u>	<u>(4)</u>	<u>(5)</u>
<u>Vol. 3</u>				
#1-5	Hogarth	7/25/48 to 5/1/49	W	907(2/3)-917
6-15	Lubbers	7/8/51 to 12/28/52	W	1061($\frac{2}{3}$)-1138
15-26	Barry	2/2/48 to 9/11/48	D	2641-2832
26-29	Reinman	4/11/49 to 6/11/49	D	3031-3066
29-32	Barry	9/13/48 to 11/20/48	D	2833-2892
32-36	Lehti	11/22/48 to 2/5/49	D	2893-2958
36-39	Reinman	2/7/49 to 4/9/49	D	2959-3012
39-52	Lubbers	12/31/51 to 9/26/52	D	3865-4-97
<u>Vol. 4</u>				
#1	Lubbers	9/27/52 to 10/11/52	D	4098-4110
1-3	Maxon	5/29/46 to 7/13/46	D	XXXXXX 2115-2154
4-18	Lubbers	10/13/52 to 8/11/53	D	4111-4370
18-21	Maxon	12/19/45 to 2/15/46	D	1977-2027
21-24	Lubbers	10/15/51 to 12/26/51	D	3799-3861
25-26	Maxon	2/16/46 to 3/29/46	D	2028-2063
27-30	Lubbers	8/11/53 to 10/22/53	D	4370-4432
30-33	Maxon	3/29/46 to 4/28/46	D	2063-2114
33-36	Lubbers	10/22/53 to 12/22/53	D	4432-4484
36-40	Maxon	3/26/45 to 6/19/45	D	1747-1820
40	Lubbers	12/21/53 to 12/26/53	D	4484-4488
40	Celardo	12/28/53 to 1/2/54	D	4489-4494
41	Lubbers	1/4/54 to 1/9/54	D	4495-4500
41-49	Celardo	1/11/54 to 7/3/54	D	4501-4650
49-52	Maxon	6/20/45 to 8/22/45	D	1821-1875
<u>Vol. 5</u>				
#1-4	Maxon	8/23/45 to 11/10/45	D	1876-1944
4-9	Lubbers	12/28/52 to 2/14/54	W	1138-1197
9-13	Celardo	2/21/54 to 2/27/55	W	1198-1258
14-17	Celardo	7/5/54 to 1/29/55	D	4651-4830
17-38	Maxon	8/28/39 to 1/31/42	D	1-762
40-43	Maxon	10/30/42 to 3/11/43	D	995-1108
39-40	Maxon	3/9/42 to 5/20/42	D	793-855
43-52	Maxon	7/13/46 to 7/26/47	D	2154-2478
<u>Vol. 6</u>				
#1	Maxon	7/28/47 to 8/30/47	D	1876-1944
1-6	Celardo	2/10/55 to 11/5/55	D	4840-5070
7-44	Hogarth	10/10/37 to 6/20/43	W	344-641
45-46	Hogarth	12/14/47 to 5/9/48	W	875-896
46-49	Hogarth	3/19/44 to 7/30/44	W	680-699
49-50	Lubbers	8/2/50 to 9/16/50	D	3423-3462
50	Lubbers	9/25/50 to 10/2/50	D	3469-3475
51-52	Rubisore	2/11/46 to 5/26/46	W	780-794

(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)
<u>Vol. 7</u>				
#1-8	Rubimore	6/9/46 to 8/3/47	W	796-856
8	Hogarth	8/10/47 to 11/30/47	W	857-873
8-20	20-30	11/8/55 to 12/17/56	D	5072-5419
	Celardo			
20-30	Celardo	2/27/55 to 1/27/57	W	1251-1351
30	Celardo	12/19/56 to 12/31/56	D	5421-5431
31-35	Celardo	1/14/57 to 7/6/57	D	5443-5591
35-37	Celardo	2/3/57 to 6/6/57	W	1352-1371
37-38	Cardy	2/22/50 to 7/22/50	D	3361-3414
38-39	Lubbers	7/24/50 to 7/29/50	D	3415-3420
39-44	Hogarth	5/8/49 to 7/16/50	W	948-1010
44-46	Reinman	6/13/49 to 8/13/49	D	3067-3120
47	Hogarth	7/23/50 to 8/20/50	W	1011-1015
47	Lubbers	12/10/50 to 7/8/51		
		8/27/50 to 9/17/50	W	1016-1019
47-50	Lubbers /	12/10/50 to 7/8/51	W	1031-1061
51	Maxon	11/12/45 to 12/19/45	D	1045-1977
52	Hogarth	5/16/48 to 7/18/48	W	897-906
<u>Vol. 8</u>				
#1-4	Hogarth	7/25/48 to 5/1/49=	W	907-947
5-10	Reinman=	8/15/49 to 2/11/50	D	3122-3276
10-14	Cardy	2/13/50 to 5/20/50	D	3277-3360
15-27	Foster	6/23/35 to 5/9/37	W	224-322
27-30	Hogarth	5/16/37 to 10/10/37	W	323-344
30-36	Celardo	3/4/58 to 7/26/58	D	4798-5922
36-40	Hogarth	3/18/45 to 11/25/45	W	732-768
41-42	Rubimore	12/2/45 to 2/3/45	W	769-778
42-48	Hog-Barry	9/1/47 to 1/3/48	D	2509-2640
48-52	Maxon	7/22/43 to 11/20/43	D	1222-1326
<u>Vol. 9</u>				
#1-3	Maxon	11/22/43 to 2/5/44	D	1327-1392
4-8	Celardo	6/16/57 to 11/16/58	W	1371-1445
9-32	Celardo	7/9/57 to 8/5/59	D	5594-6243

Mr. Rookes compiled this index partially from ERBANIA (an ERB fanzine), and partially from his own collection. There may be some mistakes in it. If you notice any, please inform me of them (John McGeehan, 405 E. 5th St., Santa Ana, Calif.). Also, does anyone have any information on the second volume of the Donald F. Beters TARZAN comic.

For those who are unfamiliar with TARZAN and other ERB characters and books, there are copies available from: Vernell Coriell, 5505 N. Renwood Ave.,

Peoria, Ill.; Claude Held, 1151 Kensington Ave., Buffalo 15, N.Y.; or from Gorry de la Ree, 277 Howland Ave., Riveredge, N.J. You can order Tarzan of the Apes or Return of Tarzan from Landsborough Publications, 173 New Bond St., London W1, England. They come in paperback editions available for a \$1 bill postpaid.

Added attraction!! Book review.

Flash Gordon ⁱⁿ the Caverns of Mongo by Alex Raymond

This 60,000 word novel was published by Grosset & Dunlap, had 219 pages, and was illustrated by Robb Beebe. You can obtain the book from better antiquarian booksellers priced from \$2 to \$5. No summary would do justice to this magnificent book, so I will give a brief mention of some of its high spots.

FG in the Caverns of Mongo is for the bloodthirsty fans who want to find out about: the flesh eating fungi (they eat just about all of you); the everburning rocks (which boil you blood); the octopus monsters (they reproduce by fision such as an amoeba, and live by feeding on anything, even eachother); how FG and the Princess Lahn-een were captured by the giant octopus god; how Dale Arden agrees to become the mistress and plaything of King Gonth in order to save Flash's life; how Gonth --- with his might gravity reversing machine --- lifts buildings weighing hundreds of tons and then drops them on King Vultan's Hawkmen; how Mongo is captured by Gonth and Dale Arden, Vulton, and Zarkov become prisoners; how Flash, when he thinks Dale is dead, agrees to mate with Lahn-een; why Lahn-een commits suicide and how Zarkov restores her to life; You kind learn about all of these startling beings and incidences by reading FG in the Caverns of Mongo.

I could ramble on and on about English comic books, but I don't have the space. If you would really like to hear more about them, then drop me a note. If I get enough request I'll devote a future CINDER article on them. If I get only a few, I'll write with you personally about them. Fair enough?

I hope you enjoyed this installment of the "Comic Corner", and will continue to enjoy future instalments. You will find "CC" in CINDER about every three to four issues, or maybe a little more often. But there will not be an installment every issue. Checklists and indexes call for too much long, hard work to get them in every issue.

THE END.

----- John McGeehan

slash!

fanzine reviews by RLW

16

(Editor's Note: I had originally planned to quit fanzine reviews, but I couldn't resist the temptation to try again. Not many to review this time anyhow.)

ROVER #11 (J. Arthur Hayes, RR #3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada - quarterly - 30pp - Gestetner - free for comment or for trade) A considerable improvement over last issue. Considering the fact that Hayes has published about 130 fanzines, the quality should remain about the same. The repro is excellent, with little artwork (What art there is isn't very good, but, then, art isn't all that necessary). Actually, I haven't had time to thoroughly read this issue, but wanted to get it into this issue of CINDER. Charles Waugh writes about skunks and reviews books, as Peggy Sexton does, along with a few "If's" by Peggy also. Marc Curilovic writes about chess and photography, Ann Chamberlain talks about the fanquet, and Bob Farnham tells what oddballs he's met at cons, etc. Hayes then does code reviews of fanzines (he reviewed FLUSH and CINDER as separate zines -- this may cause some confusion). Then we have letters, poetry, and assorted peices of literature. Farnham and Chamberlain are the best in #11. Rating 6

DISCORD #10 & 11 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. - six-weekly - 12-14pp - mimeo - free for comment or for trade) I'm not sure whether it's mimeo or not. If so, it is certainly excellently done. In each we have an editorial, book reviews, magazine reviews, and a lettercol. In #11 MZ Bradley reviews the books in a column called "A Fan's Library". Each time Boggs reviews stories from prozines. Then the letters, eý comes. All good stuff. Rating 9

GOLDEN APPLE #2 & 3 (D. A. Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisc. - six-weekly? - 4-6pp - mimeo - free with DISCORD) And I believe the only way you can get it is through DISCORD. Again, the repro is excellent. Almost undoubtedly done by Boggs. Not much to say about either issue, except that they're entirely editorially written. Dean rambles from subject to subject in his usual easy manner. Rating 9

PARSECTION #5 (George C. Willick, 856 Eash St., Madison, Ind. - every 46 days - 20pp - multilith - 8/\$1) Nice artwork and repro. Joe L. Hensley tells about his experiences in the Indiana legislature; very funny. Two arguments are brought up for and against an International Fan Club (if possible I say). Ed Gorman's "Wordage" from CINDER #2 is reprinted. The fan history of Buck Coulson is related by the one-and-only Coulson; excellent. The editor has three features, all excellent; and an interesting lettercol finishes things off. Certainly one of the better issues of PARSECTION. What more could I ask for?? Rating 10

ALTER-EGO #1 (Jerry G. Bails & Roy Thomas, 14242 Dale, Detroit 23, Mich. - quarterly - 20pp - ditto - contribution or 24¢ in postage stamps) For the DC comic fan, exclusively. Lots of news about future "hero" type comics, a couple of articles on heroes of the comic books, and a comic strip (continued next issue) which satires the heroes. If you like the DC superhero comic books, then you'll like ALTER-EGO. Rating 6

COMIC ART #1 (Don Thompson, Rm. 36, Ohio - 14pp - mimeo - irregular - 20¢) Dick Lupoff, your article was very good. Curtis select a few things from various mags and newspapers for print, the best of which come from the NEW YORKER. I'm contemplating reprinting these. The requirements for the Comics Code are printed. I've often wondered what they are, and now I know. I still think the whole thing is ridiculous. An editorial and an ad follow. Kind of thin, but a very promising start.

3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 13, Ohio. Really enjoyed the whole issue. Don and Maggie (art editor) good. Don and Maggie (art editor) reviews mags and newspapers for print, the best of which come from the NEW YORKER. I'm contemplating reprinting these. The requirements for the Comics Code are printed. I've often wondered what they are, and now I know. I still think the whole thing is ridiculous. An editorial and an ad follow. Kind of thin, but a very promising start.
Rating 9

YANDRO #99 (Buck and Juanita Couderc, 27pp - mimeo - 20¢) Excellent material aren't as interesting as usual. "Mind Thing" by Fred Brown, Buck a piece of fair fan-fiction (it was for about two or three years, I think). Sidney Coleman, and the editor page 16 and ends on page 27, then

Wabash, Ind. - monthly - network and reproduction. The editorial. Ted Pauls does an axe job on the reviews fanzines, James Adams writes seems the story as been in Conlon's files (I can't remember which), and Gene DeWeese, review some books. A lettercol starts on page 16 and ends on page 27, then nearly taking up almost half the zine.
Rating 8

SCIENCE FICTION READER #1 (William E. Neumann, 2537 So. 94th St., West Allis 19, Wisc. - irregular. I think - 50-60pp - mimeo - 25¢) He didn't number the pages, and I'm too lazy to count them. Lots of stuff here. Almost entirely editorially written and illustrated. A promising start; he should improve when he gets some outside material. Rating 5

William E. Neumann, 2537 So. 94th St., West Allis 19, Wisc. - irregular. I think - 50-60pp - mimeo - 25¢) He didn't number the pages, and I'm too lazy to count them. Lots of stuff here. Almost entirely editorially written and illustrated. A promising start; he should improve when he gets some outside material. Rating 5

REALM OF FANTASY #4 (Jack Casper, 40, 401 E. Central, Bensd, Ill. - quarterly - 22pp - mimeo - 25¢) Haven't read it yet. Looks okay so far, though, but will reserve my judgement until I have read the whole thing. Rating ?

40, 401 E. Central, Bensd, Ill. - quarterly - 22pp - mimeo - 25¢) Haven't read it yet. Looks okay so far, though, but will reserve my judgement until I have read the whole thing. Rating ?

COUNTRY MUSIC FANFARE #1 (Hazel Ann Bates, 14-d-8 Wadsworth St., E. Hartford, Conn. - 5 issues yearly - 19pp - mimeo - 25¢) Special interest. The mimeo is kind of sloppy and the overall layout is confusing. Improvement should come with more practice. Rating Special interest, and probably the only ~~kind~~ one of its kind.

SPECIAL NOTE: Again, CINDER was a sell-out. All copies of CINDER #3 have been sent out, so any requests for copies of this issue are futile. I do, however, have some copies of CINDER #1 left (titled FLUSH). Here's the straight dope:

CINDER #1 - 3 copies left @ 10¢ each. I'm printing 100 copies of this issue in hopes that I will not sell out before I'm through. If this doesn't work, I don't know what I'll do. Print 125-150 copies I guess.

CINDER #2 - Out of Print

CINDER #3 - Out of Print

the clock

FICTION

by mike deckinger

There was to be a new home, and a new family, for Bobby now. After three depressing years in an orphanage, he was finally being adopted by a pleasant, childless couple. Bobby was timid at first, but the Millers were kind people who treated the boy as if they were his real parents. They were flexible in their discipline of the youngster and there was only one rule of the house which was steadfastly impressed on Bobby.

"You see this clock, Bobby," Mr. Miller explained to his new son one day, lightly resting his hand on the object he was referring to. It was a magnificent glass-encased grandfather's clock, fully five feet high, decorated in gold, and bearing numerous ornate stones within the works. Though it possessed a liberal coating of dust, and much of the metal had been tarnished, it still ran perfectly, keeping excellent time.

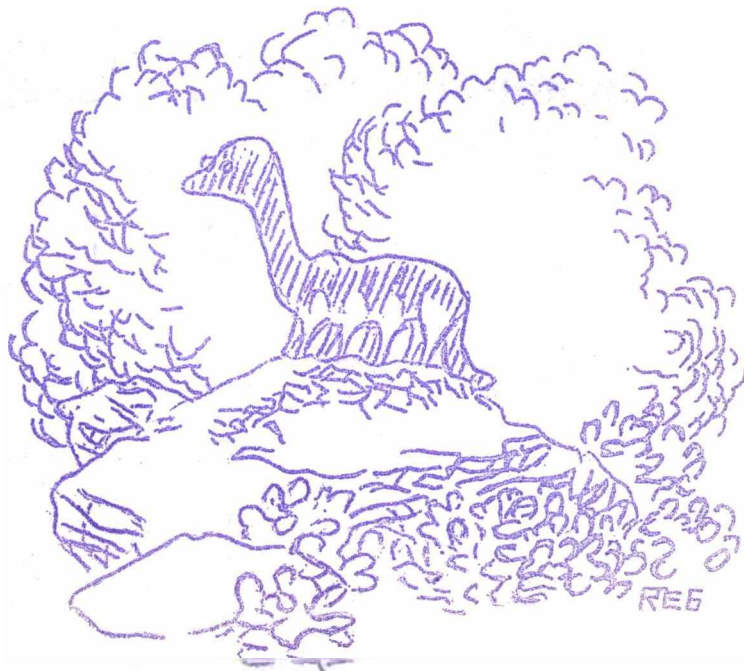
Mr. Miller continued, "You must never play around with this clock. You must never damage it or try to open it."

As would be expected, Bobby's first question was a half-whimsical, half-curious "why?"

"Because," his father explained carefully, "it's a very old and important timepiece and no harm must come to it. Old objects like this are very precious objects also, and your mother and I don't want any harm to come to it. How do you understand?"

Bobby nodded half-heartedly and wondered what this big secret was. Silently, he vowed he would investigate the strange clock more fully at the next opportunity he had.

As years passed by, and Bobby grew, he became more and more fascinated by the clock. Passing by its glass case -- not so much as a hair marring its glass surface -- became a ritual to him. And then for hours, sometimes, he'd sit and stare at the slender, orange-tipped



pendulum that hung down, slowly and laboriously ticking off the days and hours, the minutes and seconds. At times he was almost mesmerized by each cycle of the swinging pendulum, as he imagined it to signify something bigger, so big he could not comprehend. Several times he had considered asking his parents where the clock had come from, but had never gotten around to doing so. Instead he sat on a chair, in rapt fascination, watching the pendulum, hearing the tickings, counting the seconds. It was almost like a shrine to him.

When he was eleven he noticed something that startled him. His parents weren't aging. Though he noticed them moving slower, as older people do, he could detect no apparent physical changes about them. Bobby sometimes noticed his mother stifle an ill-concealed yawn, and became conscious of the fact that his parents always seemed to be weary, or fatigued. Despite these incidents, they both looked youthful, for neither had gray hair, and Mr. Miller showed no signs of baldness.

One night Bobby had asked his father how old he was. The man had fidgetted there for a moment, and then asked Bobby to guess. With no trace of sarcasm or humor the boy had replied, "About forty-five, maybe fifty." Mr. Miller had only smiled at that and walked away. Bobby had never asked that question again, and grew to regard his parents' ages as deep, dark secrets, like the clock that was still in the hall, still keeping good time. Yet even though it hadn't lost any time, it had begun to lag a bit, and the pendulum was not swinging as fast as it once had. And it bore the same impenetrable glass cover which Bobby had never seen removed.

Bobby now knew that there was some definite connection between that old clock and his parents. At last he resolved that they had hidden something of value in the workings of the treasured old timepiece. He reasoned that that was why he was forbidden to play around with it. After all, his folks would not want to openly reveal the place where some fabulous treasure was hidden. And Bobby became determined to learn just what the clock hid.

A month later Mr. Miller approached Bobby just as the boy was preparing to go to bed. At first the man said nothing, and then handed the boy a small wrapped box.

"This is for you, Bobby. It's very important and you must keep it at all times and never lose it. Don't open it now, but if anything should ever happen to your mother and me, then I want you to open it. You'll know what it is and how to use it as soon as you see what's inside." His father said nothing more.

At first Bobby was very tempted to open the box, but at last decided to put it away because he had promised not to open it until he had to. For some strange reason, as he lay in bed, his thoughts kept moving towards the mysterious grandfather's clock downstairs, ticking in the dark.

ness below. And then he decided it was time to search the old clock.

He waited until midnight when he was sure everyone was asleep. He carefully climbed out of bed, hurriedly slipped on his shoes, and tiptoed down the stairs. It didn't take him long to remove the glass case around the clock, though he had to struggle at first to loosen it. When that was done he swiftly thrust his hands inside. Abruptly there was a tortured whine and the pendulum slowly ground to a halt, the ticking ceased, and the hands stopped moving. Bobby was frightened and backed away. Then he heard voices at the top of the stairs.

"Bobby," a tired old voice called, "what have you done? What have you ...?" He heard two distinct thuds.

Bobby found the Millers lying on the steps. He drew back in fear when he first saw them; his father's face bore countless wrinkles, his hair was gray and sparse, his hands bony. It was the same with his mother. His parents were dead, they had aged at an incredible rate.

Then he remembered the clock. He hurried downstairs and looked at it again. Its face was pitted, one of the hands was missing, and the pendulum was frozen in an uncompleted swing. There was a thick layer of dust surrounding it. Bobby could not get it started again, and knew he never would.

Suddenly his thoughts shifted to what had occurred only a few scant hours earlier. He darted up the stairs, ignoring the sprawled bodies and raced into his room. Remembering what his father had directed, he tore off the paper, opened the slim box, and stared down with horror at what lay inside.

His parents had provided for him after all, Bobby realized, and he was trapped, trapped just as they had been by the incredible bonds imposed by the clock. Bobby lifted the object and held it to the light.

It was a fine piece of work ...

A watch!

BACK-ISSUE
COMIC MAGAZINES

FRANK H. NUESSEL
BOX 13
CHICAGO 27, ILLINOIS

BACK-ISSUE
COMIC MAGAZINES

Back issues of all types of EC COMICS, MAD COMICS & MAGAZINES, TARZAN COMICS, POGO COMICS, & JOHN CARTER OF MARS COMICS. In addition to those mentioned above I have many, many comics published by the following companies - DC, DELL, ACG, ATLAS, LEVE GLEASON, HARVEY, QUALITY, etc.

Send me your exact want list of comics including the titles and dates wanted. I will only answer letters that include exact want lists. The minimum order is \$1. I suggest using a money order as this is the safest way to send money.

THE FIRE 21 (letters)



BUCK COULSON, Rt. #3, Wabash, Ind. — Gorman leaves out one of the prime arguments against charging for fanzines: that since fanzine publishing is inherently a losing proposition, financially, it's just as well to face the fact. Also, since the publisher is primarily after egoboo, not a profit, he should design his circulation policy so as to get as much egoboo as possible. It's a logical premise — of course, I disagree with it, but still the editors who don't charge have a point.

As for trading issue-for-issue with every fanzine which arrives: Ed is right in that it's only fair thing to do. But I can see why some editors won't do it; I do follow the policy and sometimes looking over my five-foot shelf of crud I get the distinct impression that I'm being gyped. If an editor follows a set policy of not trading for everything, he should write a letter of comment — or at least a note of comment — to the editor of any undesired fanzine that he gets, ex-

plaining that he isn't going to trade. I don't hold with simply ignoring the offending zine, which some editors do.

However, the idea of faneds getting together and setting "justified" prices on their fanzines is silly. There is no such thing as a justified price on a fanzine. Any fanzine is worth whatever its readers are willing to pay for it. For example, Jack Cascio mentions in the latest REALM OF FANTASY that he's getting a lot of subs. Now, I certainly wouldn't pay 25¢ for a copy of REALM, but as long as Jack can find people who will pay it, the price is "justified". (Maybe I shouldn't say that there is no such thing as a justified price; I'll change it to state that a justified price is anything that the readers are willing to pay.) The fact that CRY offers 40 to 50 pages for 25¢ doesn't mean that Cascio isn't justified in offering 20 pages for the same amount (or that CRY would necessarily be justified in charging 50¢). People who think that REALM is overpriced don't

have to buy it. Every editor has to find out for himself what his readers will stand for; he can't estimate the "Correct" price for his mag by seeing what other editors charge.

I don't quite get Gorman's comment about readers being "bitter" about paying for fanzines. I've never encountered any bitter readers; I've encountered some who didn't think YANDRO was worth what we charge, but that's certainly their privilege and doesn't make them "bitter". I've turned down a lot of requests for free copies, and never received any complaints about it -- well, come to think of it, Bob Madle used to complain because we didn't give him copies, but nobody else did.

GEORGE C. WILLICK, 856 East St., Madison, Indiana -- I reprinted Ed's article in PARSECTION #5 because it touches on something that needs a precedent. Fanzines are hard work. If I sat down and figured out the cost of an issue of PAR I'm sure it would run around 95¢ each. Incredible? I can prove it. Therefore, I don't think that I'm being unjust by charging a dollar for 8 issues. However, (and here Ed is wrong) stamps and Parliaments cost money, they are free to no one. The equivalent of either to a dollar is the same as the actual cash. Better, in fact. They are both ready to use. Money must still be exchanged. Now then, why should Coulson or I join together with other faneds? Neither of us give issues for LOCs. What would we gain? Then again, how are you going to stop Lynn Hickman from giving issues to old friends and people that he feels deserve his fanzine? You aren't. I'm afraid that this is an individual problem that each faned must solve for himself. I don't think PAR misses the excess baggage of the LOC writers, though.

CHRYSS TACKETT, Route 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico -- Your story in GINDER #2 I enjoyed greatly.

/But I didn't have a story in #2!! You mean the Tom Harper story? I guess that must be it./

As far as I'm concerned, how fanzines are paid for depends on the basic reason they are published. The cost is not too small, I grant you. Now Roy, with my little assistance, produces his as a hobby, so we don't mind spending on DYNAMATRON what most people normally spend on some form of hobby whether it is bar elbow bending, movies, fishing & such, and what have you. So the most we ask in return is a good trade zine. For those who can't trade, then of course we feel that a little cash expended on their part shows that they do appreciate the mag and the effort that goes into it. I believe Roy also accepts good letters of comment. By good I mean something that says something, whether derogatory to the mag or not, that is constructive and adds to the realm of stf in its broad form. So I feel on how an issue is paid for is up to the publisher and how he desires it to be paid for, but I will say that if we had to rely on a hard cash return to publish, we couldn't. Also, I'll make this comment that if all those mags required that we put down cash instead of trade I'm afraid very few would come to our house. As far as I'm concerned, I'll trade with anyone that puts out

I THINK
WILLICK
SHOULD
PAY 25¢
FOR EVERY
LETTER OF
COMMENT
HE GETS

a half way decent mag, and to those who don't pub, they must plunk down the cash.

I'm glad to see you took the comments on FLUSH and have used them to your advantage, and apparently have come out with a much better pub. Good luck to you.

/Thanks for the letter. Ghod, I do have a hell of time getting CINDER to everybody who wants it. I think back and wonder if I sent you a copy of CINDER 3. Did I? If not, my apologies, but the issue is out of print. I hope I don't make this mistake frequently, but as yet I don't have myself organized very well./

JACK CASCIO, 410 E. Central, Bensld, Ill. -- In answer to your question in your last letter, about whether I publish just for profit.

I can see you are a ~~victim~~ victim of BNF's Propaganda, who like to read your stuff, but don't want to pay for it.

A year from now, Larry, if you are still in the "game of fanzines", write and tell me again that you publish because you don't want a profit, and that it's just for the pleasure of doing it. Not bragging nor complaining, pal, but I have been at this longer than you.

If you publish because you enjoy it and don't try for profits, why do you list a price on the cover? Don't feed me that bit about "to help defray the cost", as that was passé long ago. There is a group of EC artists who distribute a zine published because of enjoyment. They do not charge for it, either, nor will they accept colicitations. Trouble is they don't publish regularly. But when they do -- WOW! It is sent only to a select list of friends, and the list of those waiting to see a copy is as long as my arm.

Why don't you distribute your effort free of charge?

/I'm interested in this mag put out by EC artists. Any of you out there know anything about it? I'm also interested in what you people have to say about the above letter. I do publish as a hobby. I charge because without funds I could not publish ... and that would be a sad thing indeed (for me anyhow). I have no intentions of ever making a profit. (The way things stand now, it'd be impossible anyhow.) I dislike your comment about BNF's not wanting to pay for CINDER, but they do like it. Well, I trade with Boggs, and Willick, and a few others. But listen. George told me it would be useless to trade because he doesn't like comments. Is this an attitude of a greedy BNF, who doesn't like to pay for fanzines? Hell, no. I don't even ask Coulson or Ebert for cash. I just want them to review it. I certainly think you are wrong in thinking that many fans pub for the profits. These are so scarce it would seem useless. Willick mentions this in PAR #5, which is reprinted earlier in this column (George and

I am even on reprinting now. Eh, George?), that PAR costs about 35¢ for each copy. He charges \$1 for 8 issues -- less than a 15¢ a copy. Does he pub for profit? This proves he doesn't! Come now, Jack, profit is gone in amateur pubbing -- people have just about given up (those that wanted profits in the first place, that is). Personally, I don't see why people pay 25¢ for only 20 pages of material in REALM and INK. I know I wouldn't -- unless you had some damn good stuff. Even then, 25¢ is a lot for a fanzine./

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England -- I got FLUSH the same time as I received Lee Thorin's EFANESCENT and the similarity between the two made me put them both by intending to write to both of you as soon as I could. However good intentions don't always get the letters written and I found at the time that the ordinary letters I was receiving were coming in too fast for me to get a letter out to all but those who had written ME letters. There were twelve letters on Monday, another seven on Tuesday, five on Wednesday, four on Thursday, and three for each of the other days of the week. Only wish I could explain this to other fanzine editors as why I don't write them as often as I should. Those I know personally I write about their fanzines in the normal letters that we write back and forth, but others who are just connected to me by the fanzine itself I have, for lack of time, to neglect, I'm sorry to say. Just stopped here for a moment -- Good Friday morning and the postman pushed a letter through the flap on the door -- sure enough it's Lemmy Kaye -- sole letter received this morning. Didn't think on Good Friday we had any mail deliveries -- but there seems to be one at least. /I'd think you'd be happy!//

But back to CINDER which arrived today, this reminds me that I am two fanzines of comment behind on you. But I see that at least you did receive GAMBER, and that's something; at least you knew that I hadn't forgotten you entirely. You do seem to pick some odd titles for your fanzines, I will say that CINDER now -- why not EMBER and people would think it was a hot publication? I can appreciate the various feelings toward the title FLUSH, though; the toilet and ~~xxxx~~ poker playing connections are the first ones that come to mind but there other connections to this particular word. For example, when they say, "Are you flush this week?", they mean, "Are you flush with money? Have you got money? Are you well heeled?" So you see, being flush is quite a desirable thing after all, regardless of what other meanings it might have.

You do seem to have a particular regard for ghostly figures of one kind or another. Two titles, two different issues, yet there are two ghosts. At least I think they're ghosts. Could it be from your own drawing that everything you draw looks like a ghost? /You know, that just might be it!!/ One might be a frightened web-footed ghost, and the other might be the abominable snowman. His feet seem rooted to the ground anyway. /That's how I held the old fellow down when I was painting him. Glue, you know./

Is there any special reason you decided on "Empire Fan Publications"? It sort of reminds me a couple of years ago when I was in -- ahem -- Tengiers

(Yes, really!). There were a lot of little Arab boys selling plastic fans to ~~xxxxxx~~ tourists for about 20¢ and they had on the side of the fans "Empire made". So -- "Empire Fan Publications"???

Don't your creations have funny hands. Robert E. Gilbert, Billy Harry, and Terry Jeeves and a few other fans I know were having an argument a few years back about how to draw hands for people in fanzines. One decided that the best thing to do was leave them out altogether.

I was very interested in your item on the letters to FORBIDDEN WORLDS -- that whenever the magazine or comic receives bad criticism, the letter is printed solely for the opportunity of the editors to lay withering sarcasm on the writer. They seem incapable of believing there is anyone who genuinely think their magazine is a load of rubbish, whether or not the other readers are convinced that anyone who writes a ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ letter condemning the publication is the one who is in the the wrong. I did a similar thing the ~~xxx~~ other week to THE NEW RECORD MIRROR which overnight had changed from the old RECORD MIRROR AND SHOW BUSINESS. Within one issue they dropped all the articles I used to buy the paper for, so I wrote them a two page letter about it -- I never got it printed but several other people of similar views did, but the editors laughed off any criticism that the new magazine wasn't the "best, biggest, etc.". Actually it was only half the size of the previous editions, yet the price remained exactly the same. So I cancelled my subscription. That's a little less to the fortnightly paper bill.

I advert for Jack Cascio's fanzine OPUS or INK. I wonder which title he will use. OPUS possibly, and I opus how we all will like it. /He used INK. I ink we all will like it./

How should fanzines be paid for? That's a very difficult question indeed, something of a sore point with me too. A few years ago there was a very popular Belgium fan by the name of Jan Jansen. He decided, along with Ron Bennett in England, to publish a regular newszine. This could go ordinary mail or airmail like FANAC. Within the next few months various fanzines and circulars went about stating that we should support this fanzine; it was a cash-only, and you could only get it by subscription of cash and no other way; that it was going to be a wonderful, marvellous thing and won't you hurry along and send your dollar or sub in too; and so forth. So we did. There were about four or five issues published -- and that's the last we saw of it! Jansen refused to answer letters, refused to write to anyone, and although two years ago a fanzine promised on behalf of him that he would return the subscriptions, we are STILL waiting for the money back. So my answer is -- fanzines should be paid for in ANY way except money. At least, no lengthy subscriptions. They should be obtained by some personal service to the editor like working on some material for him, giving him encouragement in one form or another, rading with him anything he wants -- the Coulsons take oil paint as a subscription to YANDRO for example. I've taken all kinds of odd things

as long as I was interested in it for subs to CALDER. It depends on the editor but I think that since a fanzine isn't a profession venture there should exist between the reader and the editor some more personal arrangement than just cold cash. I know the editor needs the money, but let's face it -- how many editors apart from SF TIMES collect enough subscriptions in money from ANY source to pay for the cost of their fanzine?

DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL -- disturbing story this. I didn't like the style of writing which seemed rather clumsy somehow, but the theme strikes home very hard. I don't suppose you ever knew Kent Moomaw of Cincinnati? He used to have his own fanzine for a while and I used to know him quite well. Always used to kid him about his name. He attended conventions too, and in somewhat the same manner as the character in this story. Then a few months later they found him in a Cincinnati park with his wrists slit with a razor blade. Sad, tragic case and Tom Harper was probably nearer the truth than he thought. Say, how's Harper's Ferry running these days anyway?

I noticed on the postmark of CINDER that Springfield, Mass. is near you, which brings me to the clipping file to come up with the current jems: "Old George Bradford is a man who believes in doing what he is told. When a gunman walked into his shop in Springfield yesterday and told him to lie on the floor AND STAY THERE George did just that. He stayed on the floor all night. This morning he got up and told the police he had been robbed." Of course, it might be Vic Ryan's Springfield in Illinois for all I know -- which one of you has got George Bradford's doughnut shop in it, though.

/I've never heard of George Bradford's doughnut shop, and neither have I heard of this incident. Must be Ryan's Springfield, but could be even another. The name Springfield is not uncommon for cities in the US./

1SGT L. H. TACKETT, USMC, RMHS-1 (Comm), IMIG-1, Isthmian, NIPac, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif. - No, I wasn't disappointed to find the "Comic Corner" missing. I'm not a comic enthusiast so discussions of comic books leave me cold. However, it is your fanzine and you are primarily aiming at a group that is enthusiastic about comic books, so don't mind my grutching on that.

/If it weren't for "Comic Corner" I doubt that you would be reading this. The main reason FLUSH went over was the fact that it contained information on comics. I'm not enthusiastic about the things either, so I'm trying to leave talks on them out of CINDER. A projected fanzine, CHECK-LIST, edited by John McGeehan and pubbed by myself, will deal with comics and FLASH GOREEN (or however you spell it) serials and so forth./

Ed Gorman's column moves me to make a few observations. I should think that the pricing of a fanzine would depend in part on what the editor is giving fandom in return. Certainly none of us are attempting to make

money out of our fanzines. It isn't possible and if it were, the zine would no longer be fan, but pro.

Few fanzines are put out on a cash only basis these days. Most are available for trades which is as it should be. This grows muddly so let me cite my own case to show you my feelings on the matter of fanzine payments.

It costs me roughly \$20 to put out an issue of DYNATRON. Four issues have seen the light of day so far which means that so far I have put out approximately \$80 hard yankee cash to publish my magazine. I have received back less than \$3 hard yankee cash. Obviously I don't expect DYNATRON to pay for itself in money. But it pays for itself in other ways. I enjoy putting out the magazine -- it is fun. If it every stops being fun then I will stop publishing. By trades DYNATRON brings me other fanzines which, for the most part, I enjoy. It also brings me letters from interesting and intelligent people which I enjoy. So DYNATRON is put out for enjoyment and as such is available for trade, letter of comment, or for cash. Certainly the zine has a price on it. Not because I expect it to pay for itself but because some fans don't publish and either don't have the time or inclination to write letters, so they prefer to buy the zine.

How should fanzines be paid for? DYNATRON is paid for by the pleasure and amusement it brings to the editor.

Tom Harper's "Dark Night of the Soul" was fair fanfiction. He has succeeded in painting a word picture of a very sick young man. Not a pleasant story, but do stories have to be pleasant?



/Well that about finishes the lettercol this issue. Now I'll tell you why I'm sending you CINDER 4. You are getting ~~it~~ because:

- We trade ()
- You subscribe () If the next box is checked this is the last issue you will receive until you do something for CINDER ()
- I'd like to trade (X)
- You contributed ()
- I'd like some material from you (X)
- This is a sample ()
- I'd like you to review this issue ()
- I'm sending you a copy because I have nothing else to do with it ()
- I hate you ()
- If I really hate you you'll get CINDER 5 too ()
- Who needs a reason? ()
- If you are a subber, the last issue you will receive is #().

4 CINDER 4

CINDER #4

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