

HBT TV

CINDER'S

VOCKE

CINDER #5

June 1961

CINDER, Volume 1, Number 5 is published on an irregular schedule by Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass. The material is not copyrighted but it would be appreciated if the editor was notified of intentions to reprint. Rates: 15¢ per issue or seven issues for \$1. Trades preferred to cash; no free issues for LOC's that aren't particularly helpful to me (a case which will be rare -- better to just say no issues for LOCs, I think). Advertising rates: 1/4 page at 25¢; 1/2 page at 50¢; entire page at \$1.

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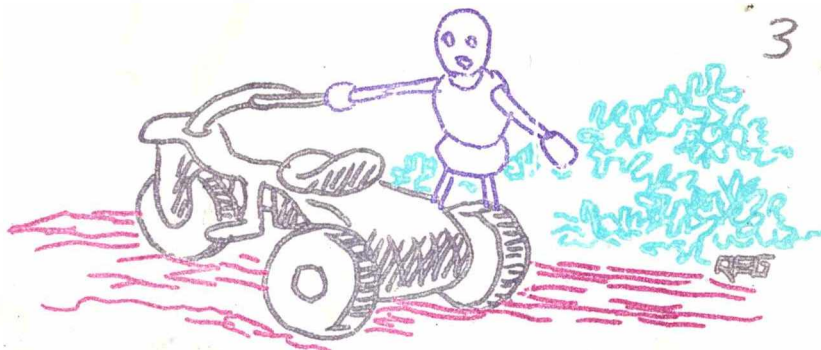
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A few notes: Ed Gorman's "Mordage" is not in yet, but should be in #6. The repro thish is pretty bad (worse than the last issue or so). Anybody know how I can improve the repro? Chip Fossa lives at 14 Ferncroft St. in Longmeadow in case you'd like some artwork. School's out! Finally have time to read stf. Now reading "New Maps of Hell" by Kingsley Amis. Very interesting.

ashes



3

Here it is June 13 and it is hotter than hell here in Longwood. If any of this issue looks a little damp, you'll know why. I perspire by the bucket.

One of my problems in the production of CINDER with black master units is this: I can run about 30-40 copies at a time before I have to put some more paper in the ditto. The second run is always lighter. This lighter black looks sick when compared to the dark, rich black. So if you are one of the recipients of a light black copy, my apologies. I will probably switch to purple masters permanently. These purple things have their faults also. Many of the copies done in purple seem to get creased in the machine. Yes, no matter what I do, running CINDER off is a headache.

One of the illos Robert E. Gilbert sent me is portrayed on page five. If you get one of the light copies the thing looks poorly stenciled. Actually it isn't. I made sure of that. But, again, the master copy messed things up.

After seeing PILIKIA #6 I've decided to do most of my illustrations in color. Like the one on this page for instance. I think it looks much better than a completely black, or completely blue illo. Also notice that I've incorporated a few of Pandora's really good artists like Gilbert, Shultz, Fosza and some others which will be appearing off and on. Also notice that I no longer do illos in CINDER. I guess that's a welcome sight, eh?

So far the only material set for this issue is stuff by Lichtman, German, Casado, and Harper. I will probably include THE FIRE but I didn't get many letters this time. I've got a lot of material here to edit so I should be able to find some stuff within it that I like.

Whether I will review farines this time or not is as yet not set. I've been getting more zines lately.

In fact, let's look over the mail received over a five or six day period. AXE #5: from Larry and Noreen Shaw, #6 Grant Pl., Staten Island 6, NY. This is a 6 page report on the Willis fund and other news items. Entertaining, too. YAIRO #100: from Buck Coulson, Rt. 3, Wabash Ind. A big thick 63 pages. Lots of dry, boring stuff here but DeWeese and Hensley are good. Beautiful artwork. BANE #3: from Vio Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Illinois. Fannish material, and an excellent lettercol. PARSECTION #6: from George C. Willick, 856 East St., Madison, Indiana. Mostly letters but they're good letters. I'm happy to see that PAR is going to expand. HARRINGER #2: from Dan Thompson, Rm. 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio. Very brief, very interesting. FANAC #74:

Aches - the editor

from Walter Brown, 1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Calif. It's still great for fan news. Royce is fair; and it just isn't the same old FANAC, somehow. Terry's had more personality. HEPTAGON #2: from Dave Locke, PO Box 207, Indian Lake, NY. Fair material; lousy ditto reprs. He uses too much color. And finally in the fanzine bracket: PILIKIA #6 from Gmiek Devins, 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho. A really lovely piece of work.

I also received letters from Redd Eggs, George Willick, Gen Contry, Robert E. Gilbert, Buck Coulson, Art Hayes, Ed Garman, and others. I got a post card from Allen Kraealik in which he states that he is going to re-write a story of mine sent to him for NIGHT #1. So, any of you out there that got NIGHT, please note that the story isn't even mine anymore. I don't want to take the blame for it.

I would really appreciate it if any of you that I ask for material somewhere in this issue (maybe at the bottom of this page) would send me something recent and good by you. If really need good material since I have to reject most of the stuff that is sent me. You may believe that a little fanzine of a 30 circulation isn't worth your while. But if you contribute and help make the magazine good and more circulated, we'll have another fanzine that all fandom will receive and enjoy. Certainly we need more good fanzines. GUNDER can not be good without your help. Please, send me something. Not an old pile of crap from the back of your files, but something that you recently wrote and think yourself that it is good.

I'd like to trade ()

I'd like some material from you

Kart & winter?

We trade (X)

You contributed ()

I'd like an LOC, although it probably won't get you a free issue (X)

You subscribe ()

This is a sample ()

This is the last issue you will receive ()

The last issue you will receive is # ().

I like you (X)

I'd like you to review GUNDER ()

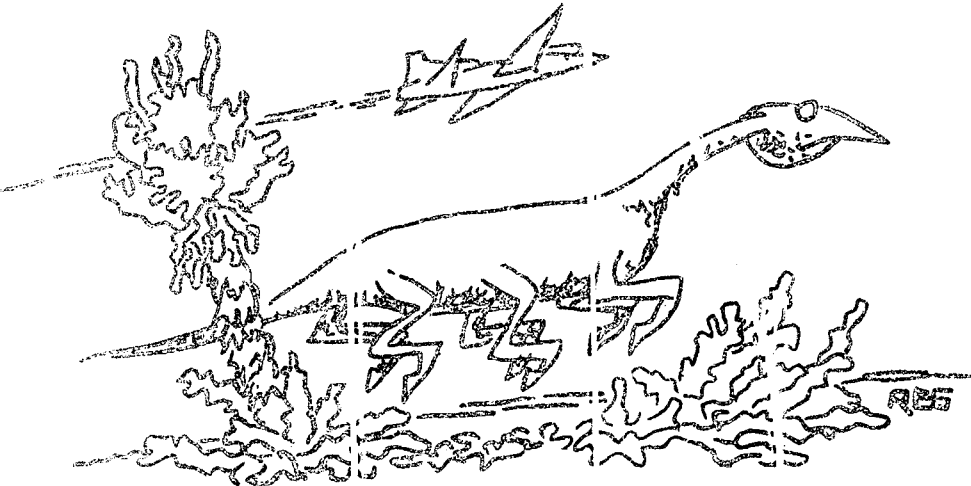
You're a BFF, damn you (X)

I'll send loc on WARHOOD #11 real soon,

three views on



fanzine payments



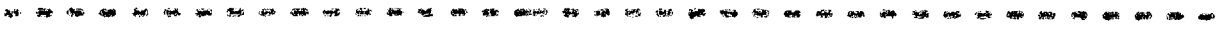
I'VE SEEN
 ONE PUTRID
 FANZINE
 TOO MANY (*)
 article ...
 BOB LICHTMAN

This is not going to be an article in the usual sense of the word. I've just read Ed German's excuse for a column in CINDER #2 and gotten a bit ticked off at it. Therefore, as resemblance, dogleal progression from one topic to another, and anything else you may have come to expect in my writing should be considered, if it appears, as being totally accidental. Just as German was being subjective as hell in his appraisal of the advantages of subscription rates for fanzines, so will I be equally subjective in my opposition to this sort of thing.

To go back to a day before Ed German even knew that fandom existed, no doubt, let me examine my motives in publishing seven issues of my fanzine, PSI-PHI. I joined fandom by way of subscribing to some fanzines reviewed in IMAGINATION and by the time I had been in fandom six months I published my first fanzine, the terribly cruddy PSI-PHI #1, in conjunction with Arv Underman. Why did I do it? Well, there were several reasons, both of them good ones, so far as I'm concerned.

In the first place, at that time I was almost totally unknown to fandom. Even though living in Los Angeles, then as now somewhat of a fan-centre, I had no idea that the LASFS existed (SFANUROL'AFFAIRES hadn't resumed publication yet). I corresponded with no one, and indeed the only fan letters I had written were letters to various fanzines commenting in my noisish way. The only fans I knew personally were two whom I had dragged into the field myself: Don Durnard, and my co-publisher, Arv Underman. So, to get to the point, one of the prime reasons for publishing was to become known.

The other reason, a less simple one to pin down, is just as relevant to the discussion. I wanted to have someplace where I could blow off verbal steam to a group of people who would listen to me. PSI-PHI served this function quite well at first, and then I started joining apas and transferred most of my interest there as far as sheer verbalizing and opinionating went.



(*) F. Founer Lancy, "Syllabus for a Fanzine," SPACEMARP #42, September 1950

FIVE STEPS ONE TOWARD FINANCING TOO MANY - Bob Lichtman

Note: nowhere and at no time did I have any idea whatever of making money on the magazine. I did change a subscription rate, but this just seemed the sensible thing to do. In fact, throughout PSI-PHI's history, while I have always charged a sub rate that is just a bit more than the publication has ever been worth, I have never had many subscribers. This, to me, was a good thing, too, for I dislike keeping books. Most of the time, though, I kept the subscription rate up to a high point for the simple reason that I wanted to discourage subscribers.

PSI-PHI has folded now. It is not any more the same magazine that it started out to be. Instead of being a place where I can speak off to my heart's content, it has turned into a symposium for discussions on such topics as making a movie out of Tolkien's Trilogy and is Ben Singer's Fugate, and Higher Science-Fiction. These may be very worthwhile topics in themselves, but they are not particularly what I'm interested in anymore, and I'm even less interested in publishing a magazine devoted to them, even though had the mag continued it would have done so only on an annual basis. There went one of my reasons for publishing out of the window, you see: I was no longer blathering on by my own devices in PSI-PHI; outside of a few pages of editorial I served only as a sort of supervisor and moderator for the material. My chicken-chicken has shifted mostly over to my appendix, where it gets far more attention.

As for the other reasons for publishing the magazine in the first place, that of becoming known, this too has passed. I am known -- enough so that people like Larry Williams send me magazines out of this side -- and so I don't need a general magazine for that purpose either.

There was one other thing that kept me publishing PSI-PHI on an irregular schedule these past few years. This was the advantage of being able to trade for other magazines rather than having to subscribe to them or write for them. Since my folding PSI-PHI will affect this in some way, I have decided to put out a purely individualistic, AMNESIA, which will be sort of a personal mouthpiece that PSI-PHI might have become had it not gone off into a magazine tangent. This new magazine will probably appear no less than quarterly and will seldom exceed a dozen pages. It will go to people whom I think will be interested, and also will serve as a trade time. However, I don't intend to allow the circulation to exceed 100.

Financial Advantages of a Subscription System

What are the hypothetical advantages of enforcing a subscription system for your magazine? Well, in the first place, you stand to lose far less money on every issue, says the proponent of this idea. This is certainly true; if 70% of your mailing list of 100 people sends you 15¢ per issue you can break just about even. However, this dandy little theory breaks down in practice.

To wit: suppose now that every fan-editor going suddenly started charging for his magazine, and no longer sent out issues for love or comment, trades, and the like? Well, now, in order to get anyone else's magazine, you

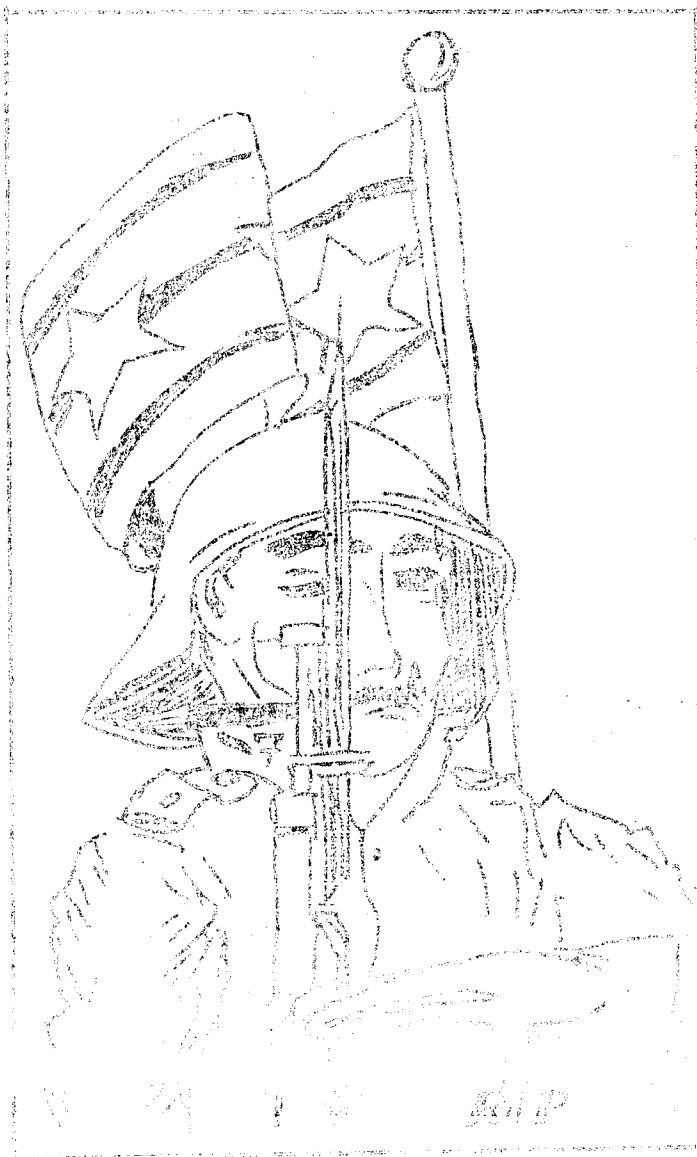
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HAVE BEEN ONE PUTRID FANZINE TOO MANY - Bob Licigan

would have to start paying out hard cash. Therefore, you would end up losing money on fandom anyway. Isn't it much simpler all around simply to send your fanzine out in trade and in exchange for letters of comment? I appeal to laziness: who wants to keep books not only on your subscription receipts, but on the fanzines to which you subscribe so you'll know that your editor isn't shorting you an issue or two on your six-issue sub? I certainly wouldn't want to go through all that bother. If general fandom were that way, I'd retire into the apes and forget about everything else.

To turn for the advantages of subscription-rate enforcement. Now what about the disadvantages to the faneditor? We shall leave aside that of his losing money, having already established that this is not a valid point against. Here I choose to quote from the same article that has already provided me with a convenient title for just this little article. Laney says on the subject:

"To my mind, the advantage of a fanzine paying its own way is far counterbalanced by the way it ties its editor down. A subscription fanzine, if published with any degree of regularity, quickly becomes an almost un-supportable burden. You find yourself peering away on it whether you want to or not. An enjoyable hobby turns in- to an incubus."



I concur precisely. Remember that my viewpoint and Laney's are not from the angle of the reader, who, in Gorman's words, sends "laconic letters in hopes that the next issue will be his" (sic). Rather the viewpoint I take is that of the editor, and also incidentally of the lazy person who wants to receive and publish fanzines with a minimum of work and bother. It is possible to have a lot of fun in this field. You can do whatever you damn please with your fanzine if you're not obligated to a group of subscribers who "expect" a certain measure of an indefinable quality from your every effort. Fanzines, unlike any other form of publication I know, are sold

I'VE SEEN ONE PUTRID FANZINE TOO MANY - Bob Lightman

ally free. You can say anything you like, and the only risk you run is being blasted by your fellow critics. You can run material by others if you wish, or you can write the material yourself. If you're a good artist you can gain laudatory comments by experimenting in your own magazine as only you can, knowing that if the results are lousy it will be your fault and not that of some bumbling incompetent who can't copy your work for beans. And if you're not an artist and have a talent with a stylus you can get artwork by the best fan artists and if you do a good job of producing it on stencil or master they will be only too glad to send you more.

In short, fandom can be stimulating and it can be fun. Why take the fun out of it and make it sheer hard work and sweat by trying to make rules of conduct. I just don't see it ...



TAWF NEEDS YOU!

[Handwritten signature]

1. The first part of the report deals with the general
principles of the theory of the firm. It is a
very good introduction to the subject.

2. The second part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

3. The third part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

5. The fifth part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

6. The sixth part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

7. The seventh part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

8. The eighth part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

9. The ninth part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

10. The tenth part of the report deals with the
theory of the firm. It is a very good
introduction to the subject.

Two Soon One Fabled Member Too Many - Ed Corwin

and seeks enjoyment from giving. I doubt, for instance, Walter Willis is enthusiastic over Edler's remark, "WAW is a terrific writer." Reputation dulls the ear.

The same holds true in my Finnish culture. I publish a Finnish to stimulate active words. Dick Carlson has been kind in his reviews; Dick's private letters are far more interesting than his compliments. There are some wholly egotistical, but goodness is seldom long-lived.

There was a time Harry Warner -- broken hip and all -- would have jumped ceiling-height at someone's applause. But he's still semi-active; doesn't this indicate a more balanced self-appraisal, seeing your worth in his fair love?

These arguments are my interpretation of your "being known" statement. Your first reason for publishing.

This is, as you realize, a crucial view of your article. You were correct in bulk; but your conclusions seemed superficial.

FIANOL!

Egotism, because of its Swedish contrasts and after-effects, is not.

I contemplate a "Finnish" security law, which is important to those living in the age of SS.

After Ed.

* * * * *

ED CORWIN, 212 10th St. NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa -- Here is my reply to Lichten. You may notice it's brevity. That is simply because I'm learning a structure. I demand it even in a semi-formal media, such as language. Lichten wants too much; a substance should be accurate, condensed, simple. I hope mine is.

I'll try to get a "Wergago" out this week-end. So top the press. Your deadlines are terrific, and I have too damn many of them. For instance, some of them came spontaneously; yours included. And language I'm now abrogating (I hope) quality instead of quantity. Too many languages (mine) have entered here containing something by me. I don't want to be known as a hack.

//
I thought I'd include this here since I'm not sure whether a lettered will be in this issue or not. I wonder if anyone has any further comments on paying for language. Well!

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WHAT'S IT WORTH?

article by JACK CASANO

A short time ago I wrote the editor of this fanzine a letter stating some of my views on the cost of fanzines. Portions of it were reproduced in GUIDE #4. If GUIDE has one tenth of the circulation I think it has, this letter will land the wrath of readers down upon my head.

You let us get one thing straight at the beginning of this article. My zine is not a hobby. You say, Lenny, that it is a hobby. Okay. Fine. I say I work for a profit. Why not? I love my work and I want to produce the finest zine that it is within me to produce. I want to give my readers the best that I possibly can. To do this I must strive for a profit. You seem to think when I said profit, I meant personal gain. I do not!

The other reason is "self-egoism". This takes in 95% of all zines printed today. Fanzinists are just dying to see their name in print. In a small measure, I guess that I'm guilty of this also.

There are those who publish as official organs of different clubs, such as GUY and SHASTY. And usually these to them is a way of life. Now I'm referring to Bob Coulson.

You say you don't ask Bob Coulson for cash; rather you trade. I guess you do! I also trade with Bob, but consider his doing so as an honor. His zine is far ahead of both WASH and GUIDE.

I think it's safe in saying that every fanzine editor will agree with me on the following statements. Fanzine's require work and money to turn out well, and they do not pay for themselves.

Now, because I charge for WASH doesn't mean that I can't trade. But I trade only for zines that I think are worth something. Also I give copies to contributors and for letters of comment.

You won't believe what I get in the matter that the editors send me for trade. Four sheets of paper representing a cross-section of some guy's mailbox with one staple in the upper left-hand corner and the whole thing looks like something I could throw together in ten minutes.

I'm picky about my work and I respect the taste and judgement of my readers. I charge one dollar for five issues or 20¢ a copy. I try and give my readers art and material that they won't read elsewhere.

I've introduced new artists -- Frank Kalaskie and Karl Richter whose work had never been seen before. We've offered new fiction by authors who have never before appeared in fanzines. For example, Johnny Slaughter and Tom Bird.

What's It Worth? - Jack Cascio

Pick up any zine today and you'll find Deckinger, Hoggs, Radley, Ebert, and Willick.

I'm not saying I won't print their work, but they will have to take second place to new talent.

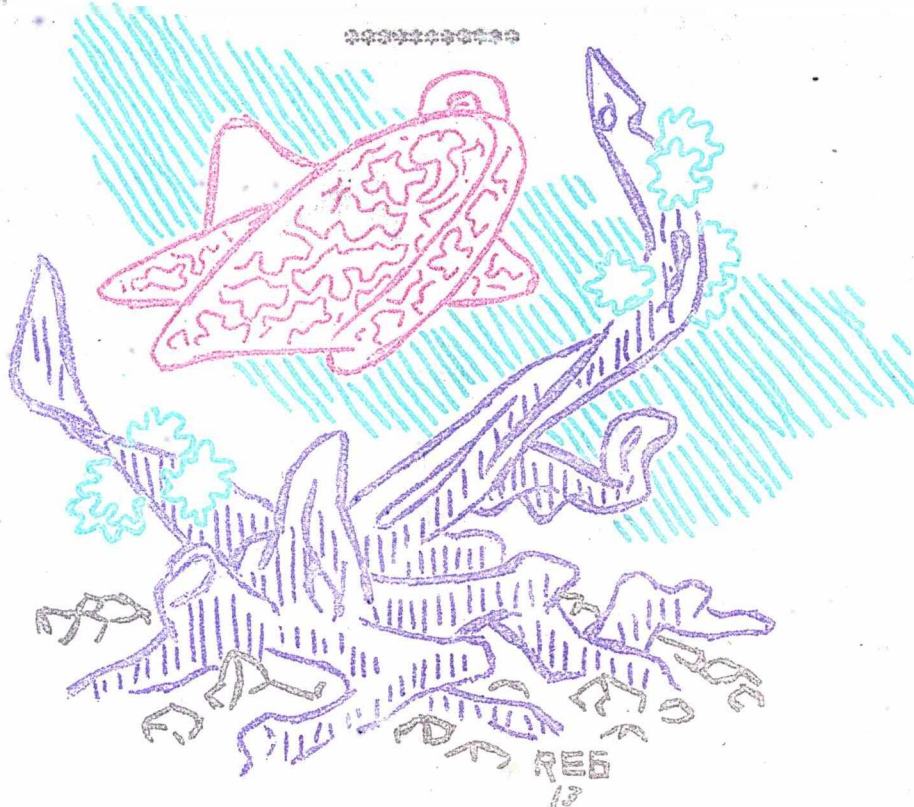
I plan the visual layout of my zine in advance of the actual cutting of the stencils. This is what my readers are willing to pay for!

In closing, I was taught that you're only worth what you think you're worth. I cannot and will not insult the taste and intelligence of my contributors and readers by offering HEALTH for a ridiculously low price. I don't think it fair to judge a zine only by the number of pages per issue.

I'm not trying to cheat my readers by charging 25¢ a copy.

EDITOR'S NOTE: And that ends the "Three Views" section. I hope you liked it and will continue to send comment on fanzines and paying for them. It has all been very interesting to me and I think it has been to you also, judging by the comment.

Gorman's article in this section is in answer to Lichman's piece, and Cascio's is a defense of his views.



the counterpart

fiction ... TOM HARPER

It was night, then, and I was still staring at the closed door. Hours, before, Katherine had walked out, and I'd doubts that she would ever pass through it again.

My apartment was crowded with darkness, and sitting there listening to the inevitable old-house sounds, I realized how hopeless my life would be without her. I rose, and went into the kitchen for some food, but it was flat and tasteless, and hard to digest, so I settled for whiskey.

After my third swallow the phone rang and I half ran to it.

"Hello," I said, ashamed of the anxious tone of my voice.

"Greg, Greg, this is Rex."

I cursed softly, into the silence and blackness. I knew that he had nerve, but I didn't think it would lead him to this. Rex Gavin, the man whom Katherine was eloping with. Rex Gavin, one-time friend of Greg Kersoy.

"Go to hell," I said.

"No -- listen. I know what you're thinking. But before you say anything else, think about everything." Pause. "I'll be right over. Wait"

Click.

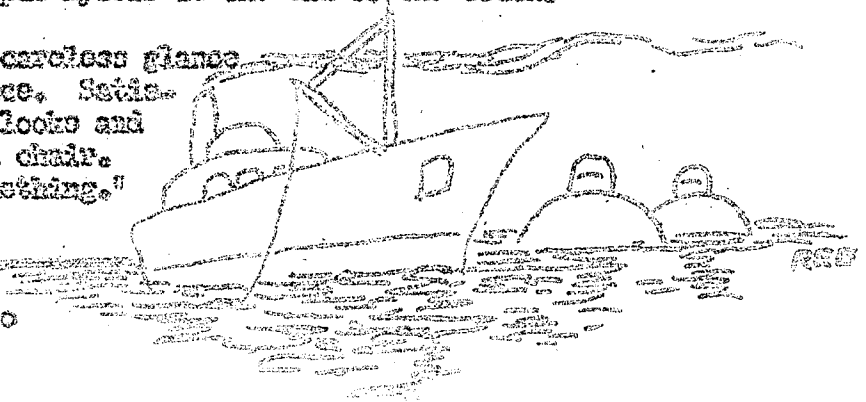
Another whiskey, seasoned with some dangerous thoughts, and some harsh sentiment. I should have gone. But I didn't want to. For some reason I was staying.

Gavin was smiling when he came through the door. He was dressed in his usual: light weight suit, white shirt, elegant tie. The cigarette he puffed was imported, and filled the room with a bizarre odor.

I turned on the light, and put myself at one end of the couch.

He examined himself with a careless glance in the mirror over the fireplace. Satisfied, as usual, with his good looks and well executed chin, he took a chair. "Greg, I've got to explain something."

"You don't have to explain a thing. It's all there in front of me. And you can go to hell."



The Counterpart - Tom Harper

"You don't understand," he said, a strange pleading apparent in his words. "I'm doing this for you."

"How noble," I sneered. "My ex-best friend taking my fiancée. How unselfish of you, you bastard."

"Please," he said. "Spare me the dramatics. And just listen."

I took some whiskey and a cigarette and a grain of salt and prepared myself.

"Remember when we met?" he asked. I did, and he knew it. "When I met you, you were pretty dull. Boring. School teacher type. So I introduced you to society -- you met women, and good times, and they've stuck. Now you like that sort of life."

I was waving my hand for him to stop.

"But did you ever stop to think why I did this?" He took another of his cigarettes from the box, gracefully. "Did you ever stop to wonder why I'd introduce you to Katherine when I evidently wanted her for myself? I doubt if you did. I did it for you -- because I am a part of you."

I wanted to swing at him. What a story! I knew that Gavin was prone to exaggeration, to distortion. But this -- this was too much.

He was on his feet then, in a dramatic pose. His fists were buried in his pockets, and the cigarette burned heavily from his lips. I'd never seen him like this, because it was a sloppy stance, and Gavin never allowed himself a sloppy stance. Maybe it was for checking effect.

"You willed me into existence," he said. "Because you were suffering the life of a bore, you wanted outside activity. And you needed a guide. So you searched within yourself -- and you came. I'm the exciting, buried part of your personality."

"Get the hell out of here, you damn nut. Get the hell out before --"

"Before what? There's nothing you can do to me. Because I've got Katherine, and no matter what, it will be that way. Unless ..."

This was the punch line. Here the comedian informed his audience of his intent.

"... unless you listen, and do what I say."

"What is it?" I asked, surprised at myself for kidding this farce.

"Wait until after the honeymoon and then take over; Katherine won't notice the difference because there won't be any difference. You'll win."

Her room has been cleared, only faint shadows of perfume, and one of Gavain's cigarettes were left. I searched drawers, drawers, for any clue of where

pushed back and two-staircase went up the staircase. Katherine's apartment house was dark. I leaned on the banister for a

dimly lit redoubtable, and used only second gear; no brakes. For one my head turned on. I started James, named yellow lights.

Somehow in the next apartment a lady called. I stood stunned for a few moments. Gavain had always been so kind. But now, like this? He and Katherine alone, and never even with me? ...

"This is Greg, Katherine -- no James. Something happened to Gavain. Something -- well, some, certainly. No, I'm not jealous -- well, certainly. I'm serious. Gavain's gone insane. You can't go with him -- no, don't hang up. KATHERINE!"

Katherine answered.

Shush went the door. Gavain I went to the phone, began dialing.

"I'm going to pick up Katherine now. She'll be yours in a few days."

He was at the door.

I stood back, half-gasping. This all seemed so incredible; Gavain standing like this, talking like this ...

"If you think Katherine, think about it. You can't let me out of existence, besides, so you have nothing to worry about. But of course, if you suppose to 'kill' her before Katherine becomes completely mine -- our game -- sense of personalization will be killed."

"I'm calling Katherine now. She wouldn't be safe with you." I started toward the phone. He pressed the hand about my wrist.

"I know it sounds insane, but -- just trust me. I'll be working for you one way or another. I've no other choice."

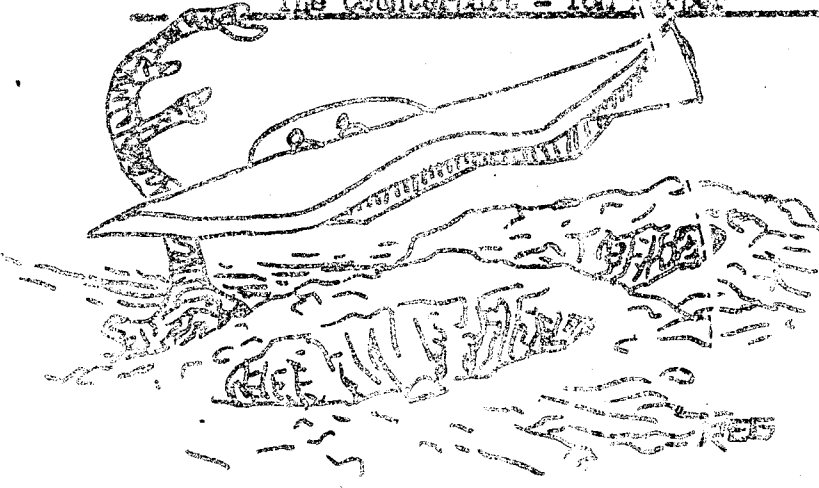
I sighed. "Are you drunk, or what is it?"

He nodded. "If you love Katherine you will."

"Do you actually believe that I'd go along with this?"

"It was just insanity." My fingers were personally into yours -- because it is yours, actually.

The Countess - Ten Years



they might have gone. Where did one go to sleep?

There were two very answers to that question.

Downstairs, I asked Mrs. Swanson if Katherine had mentioned anything.

"No," she said. "But if she had I wouldn't tell you. I mean, getting married and all. I hardly think --"

"Look you dumb bitch," I said nastily. "Katherine's life's at stake. If she dies because of you --" I cringed a little and told her what had happened.

"No, I'm sorry -- but she didn't mention anything."

"Okay, thanks a lot. Sorry about --" She shoved the door shut behind me.

Where to go. Make in the car I sat and smoked. Where would they have gone? I turned on the radio to soothe myself.

A few hours later, I pulled away from Mrs. Swanson's and drove slowly back in the direction of my apartment. There, I parked the car and went upstairs.

And found Katherine.

She was sprawled on the couch, her face buried in her hands, her body quivering, deflating, whispering. I went to her and bent.

"What happened, Kath? I heard."

She looked up, her beautiful English face red, pained by tears and confusion. "He -- he, was like you said. He talked every -- about having me. About you and I -- oh! -- her face fell back to its regularity."

The bastard. I knew he'd pull something.

"Have you been married yet?" I asked.

She bawled, nodded.

"Go back later, Kath. Echo what you want. And don't worry." I closed the door as quietly as possible, went down the stairs, and kept to my side.

I should like to ...

There was a ...

A girl ...

"The ..."

"He ..."

She ...

"When ..."

I ...

Given ...

"That ..."

As ...

"What ..."

He ...

"But ..."

"In ..."

He ...

"The ..."

Laughing, laughing.

"And you can't stop me. You need me. You marry Katherine" Tears were starting down his cheeks.

He stopped suddenly, and as he did I felt an uneasy tremor shoot up my back.

"She's yours, Greg. As a present from me. Take her. Go call her. She won't know the difference. After you've successfully gotten your wily counter-personality back into you -- and were whole again, it'll be just seen that I've disappeared."

I was around the desk, over him.

"But don't do anything foolish, Greg. You can kill me -- and if you do, your more electric personality will die, and you'll be like you were before -- dry. Greg, listen, Greg ..."

My hands were around his throat. Tight. Growing tighter. My mind was blank. My entire body, soul, intellect was in my fingers, taughening. I couldn't stop. Deliriously, deliciously I went on ... on ...

"Greg!"

Katherine was in the doorway, called even against the light from the living room.

She stared at Gavin's limpid form, and at my hands. "Greg," she muttered. "What've you done?"

"My dear," I said. "Please don't consider this act of mine --"

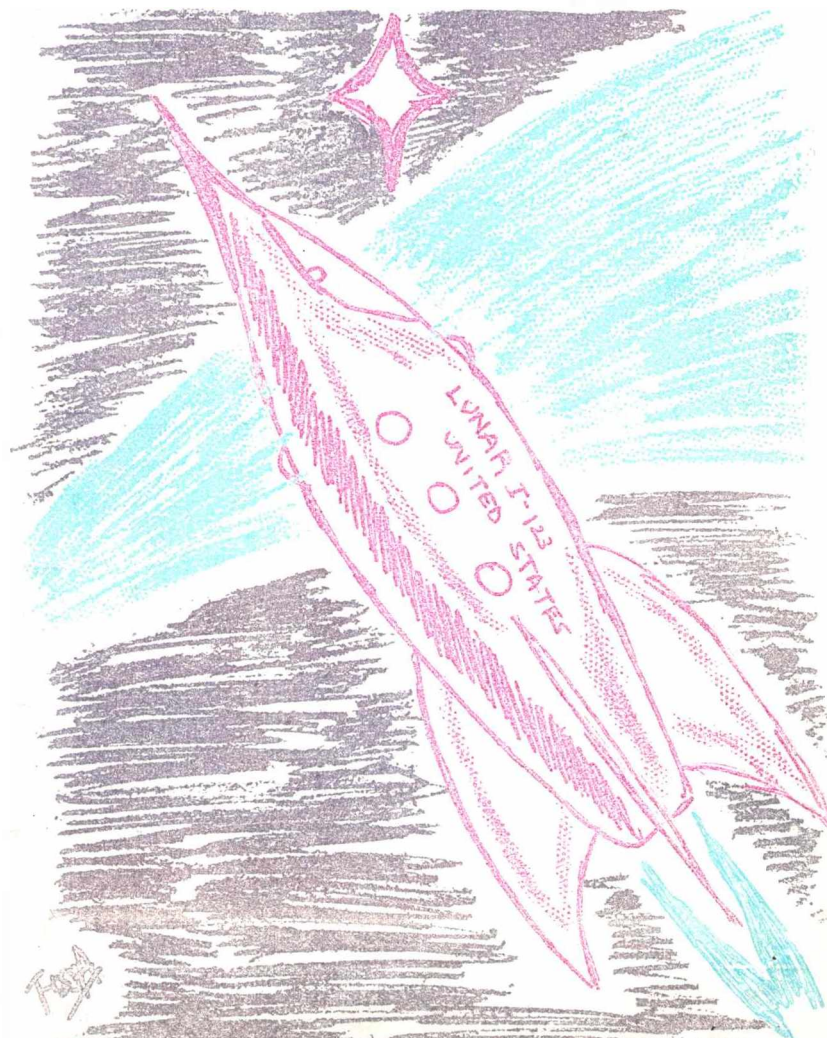
I stopped.

My voice? So dry, so clinical. I tried again. "What I have done here is simply to execute one facet of my personality."

I wanted to scream.

Katherine was wringing against the doorway, easing her way out among the other guests.

"Dearest," I said. "Don't interpret this could act as indicative of --"
= I talked on, and stared down at Gavin.
At myself.



THE FIRE

REDD DOGGS, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota -- The wind keeps blowing CINDER off my desk and scooting it clumsily under the bed. I conceive of this as a better criticism of the magazine than I can make, and if I manage to write this letter of criticism it will be because the wind showed me the way. For, though it has 27 pages or more, CINDER #4 is a pretty light-weight affair and wafts out of sight and mind at the least touch.

Of course I found myself unable to read Ren Haydock's story, "One Man's Heat", beyond the reference to The Invasion of the Poo-poo People, and that omits quite a lot of pages from my notice. "The Clock" by Mike Deckinger was worth reading, but is only a synopsis, not really a story.

And then there was all that material about comic magazines. XERO, CO-MIC ART, and other magazines have taught us that comic magazines are worth chattering about, or as worth chattering about as any other trash we knew and cherished as children, be it postage stamps, comics, or science fiction magazines. But you and John McGeehan are trying to convince us that comics are worth indexing as if they were quarto editions of Shakespeare, and after skimming this neatly columned mélange of numbers and letters I confess I don't believe it. I was upset that all this la-

bor was utterly wasted, except as an exercise of one's sense of system and persistence. The page of notes that preceded the index was of some interest.

Thanks for the reviews of DICORD and

THE GOLDEN APPLE. You are right that I duplicated TGA except for issue #1; the duplication method is Gestetner, not mimeo. I'm a little surprised by "special note" at the end of the fanzine reviews that FLUSH and CINDER are the same magazine. The latter title is a slight improvement, but very slight. Reminds me, though, that in 1947 Don Brazier folded his news-weekly EMBER, and offered to turn over his subscription list to Bob Stein and myself if we wanted to publish a successor to his fanzine. Stein wanted to call the new fan-



The Fire

sine either CINDER or ASHES, and preferred the latter title as the logical ending to LMBER. But I foresaw (a) that "Ashes" are sterile, and a dead end, and (b) we'd be the butt of numerous jokes about our losing our ashes, and refused to accept either title. Finally Stein suggested calling the magazine TYPANI, and this was the title we used.

In the letter column Chrya Tackett had the most interesting comment on Ed Gorman's article. First time I've seen a letter by here in a fansine, I think.

Your editorial contained a few interesting tidbits. I've heard a lot about "Speed-reading," but I have no desire to be able to read at a pace of 250 pages every three minutes or even 60 in three minutes. I read fairly fast, probably 1200 words per minute, like JFK, and had few difficulties in keeping up with reading assignments in college, but in general no desire is to read more slowly, in order to savor what I read. Speed-reading was obviously invented by the same fellow who created Met-recal. Now you can swill down lunch without effort, or sop up 250 pages of reading material in three minutes in the same mindless fashion. That's really living, eh?

As for "comprehension" being "actually greater" when one speed-reads, what do you mean? Greater than what? It seems probable that this indicates that the speed-reading prophets assume that nobody understands anything they read anyway, and so miss nothing when they sip through 250 pages each every three minutes. Let's see; that would be about 5000 pages per hour. One could read the complete works of Melville in an hour and have time to finish off with a couple of Henry James' works as well. With comprehension at high pitch, one would learn between 9 and 10 o'clock, everything it took Melville a lifetime to comprehend and set down, and everything James distilled into a couple of his leisurely and closely written novels. Yeah.

250 pages in three minutes; picking up the book on my desk, The Anchor Book of Stories, I discover that I could buzz through no fewer than 26 short stories in three minutes at that rate. And of course I could adjust myself to the mental processes, philosophies, and art of these 26 authors quite easily because, after all, that'd be an average of only eight different authors a minute and that is a simple feat for a speed-reader to pull off, I'm sure.

Reading at such a pace might be useful for somebody who wants to note that "high points" of a work or has to skim through a lot of material in order to find one or two suggestions of value. A man who reviews books for a living or a busy scientist ought to find speed-reading helpful. But otherwise, I see little sense in sucharrant foolishness. Recently I spent perhaps four hours reading Hardy's The Mayor of Casterbridge, which this sophomoric phenomenon could have read in four minutes, but I don't think I wasted my time.

I've a capital idea! I think I'll start a pad for speed-listening --

RR

The Fire



a 11-week course by which the student can increase his capacity for hearing. The graduate of my course will be able to play all his LP records at 78 rpm, and thus hear a concerto that takes about 20 minutes at normal rate in less than ten! Later he can tape the complete Brandenburg concertos of Bach and probably listen to them complete in three minutes. Comprehension, of course will be greater, and -- I'm sure every-one will agree -- enjoyment will be enhanced. No more sitting in a concert hall listening to an orchestra plodding through the two or three hour concerts. Switch on your tape recorder and listen to the entire concert in the time it takes to belch. I'll have to apply for a patent on this thing! It sounds to good to dream up and forget.

BUCK COULSON, Rt. 3, Wabash, Ind --
 A few comments on CINDER #49. I saw a couple of newspaper or magazine accounts of speed-reading. "Up to" 15,000 words per minute, I believe. (I always get a chuckle out of the phrase "up to" after Dean Chrenell's hilarious dissertation on it in a YAPA mag and his occasional comment since, such as "up to 984 pages per issue" or "up to \$50 per copy".) Of course,

speed depends a lot on what you're reading -- and what you're accustomed to reading. A long textbook grind will cut your reading speed because, despite any claims to the contrary, the more you want to remember the slower you have to go. I've been checked at 800 words per minute on a pulp, AMAZING, and I could easily remember it afterwards because there wasn't really much to remember. The prolonged bout of studying I did last year cut my speed considerably, though; it's probably down to 500. 600 now and I'll have to build it back up. A friend has been clocked at 2000 words per minute, but of course even that's slow compared to the claims for the new speed-reading course.

Have I commented on CINDER #47? I was going to say something about Cassio's letter and then I seemed to recall already saying it. Oh well, at the risk of repeating myself I'll say it anyway. Like a lot of editors who try to make a profit on their mags, Jack seems to be getting all worked up (in this letter and in the last REALM) about the "greedy DMF's" who want to read the fanzines without paying for them. The idiot that most fans who have been around very long would just as soon not get his fanzine

The Fine

at all seems to have escaped him ... there probably are such fans as he describes, but the other side of the coin is that there are greedy neo-fans who want to make a profit on material that isn't worth reading /even for free.

Dodd has a very good point about no long-term subs. One addition, though: most of the mags which require more than a letter of comment have been around long enough to give some assurance that they won't fold overnight. I recently got AMRA #15; it's been going regularly for over 2 years now. HANERO has been around for 100 issues and 8-plus years, S F TIMES for 358 issues and I don't know how many years, FINAC lasted for 3 years and 71 issues under one publisher (how well Breen will work out remains to be seen, but he is still publishing and giving a return for subscription money) and so on. How long you subscribe for depends on how much you trust the publisher, which is a purely personal item. (If you're too trusting, you can get stung, as Alan mentions.)

GEORGE C. WILLIAMS (C for Christonighty), 856 East St., Madison, Ind -- I wonder what Cascio considers BEF propaganda to be. This is an interesting line of thought he has brought up if only because it is typically fuggedded. The insinuation that faned's of a year or better publish for a profit is too asinine to consider ... but this term of "BEF propaganda" is what pulls me into the argument. Cascio is obviously excluding himself as a BEF by disagreeing with the propaganda and this is as it should be. Why don't you have Mr Jack do an article on this unknown part of faned?

[I think Jack is creating BEF propaganda to defend himself and the fact that he charges 25¢ for a 20 page manifesto (mostly, anyhow). He is trying to create an impression that he is in the right on the younger and newer fans. He probably believes that they will sub to BEAFM and believe that they are contributing to the "Cascio cause"! "Stamp out the BEF's", yells Jack! "Onward", yell his neo-follower!! And Jack starts making a tremendous profit on BEAFM, and he is happy. One note: in my return to Jack's letter insisting, I said that you didn't want to trade at first because you didn't like "comment". My apologies, George, I meant "comic" as you know.]

Well, your magazine is starting the long haul toward improvement. Somewhere along the way, you will find that it is getting out of hand. My advice would be to give it time and let it run.

The cover was much better on number 4. [And I'm sure you will certainly be glad to have that, and all the other favorable comments on his covers. He is working on another by the way, and it should be on #6 or #7.]

Now as to being a fast reader ... I got through this course when it was given to me by Steve Plicht. The whole thing is geared to advance the

The Five

reading power of a certain type of mind. A mind that possesses the attributes of an electronic computer can benefit from the course. Bob that likes to view nature and take life in stride is bewildered by the course. Four pilots gave up after the third week. I had to run the course off on a camera and therefore had to see it all but I'll tell you this ... I gave up after the third day. I hates fast reading, anyway. I like to sit and absorb a sentence or thought ... I sure as hell don't care for this cramming that gives knowledge and a headache in five minutes. The human brain can hold only so much in its memory banks that is, assuming that you are a normal person and that your reasoning ability is equally in balance with the memory ability. Anything read beyond the limit is either lost or previous information is forgotten completely. So what the hell good does it do for you to have read several thousand more books than I when we both retain (depending on intelligence) the same amount of knowledge in our memory banks? This course of fast reading reminds me of a get-rich-quick scheme ... can't be done.



Having learned the hard way, I no longer read fiction in fanzines ... so I have no comment on Haydock's story. The comic corner wasted five pages. /Comic material, either checklists or articles, will no longer be contained in CINDER (except, possibly, if it interests me). I can't understand how adults can like comics -- at least no SUPERMAN and FLASH material./

As a fanzine reviewer, you show promise ... but it takes time before you can give a fair judgement ... there are many fanzines that must be read and evaluated ... once you have seen them all you will find that what you have rated as 10 will fall to 7 or 8. A lot depends on how objective you are about your own fanzine ... I'm afraid that if you judge it as normal (5) then your ratings will remain high. Unless your zine improves, of course.

/I'd rate #1 as 2; 2 as 3; 3 as 3; 4 as about 3 1/2 or 4; and this issue I think I would give a 5. Now, how about it; isn't thisish an improvement? Sure it is, dammit!/
Sure it is, dammit!

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, NJ -- I find CINDER #4 awaiting my attention. Pretty good job too for even an experienced faned like Coulson or Eggs, not to mention a rank upstart like yourself. Just hope you keep up the good work. Front cover was alien enough to please even Prosser. Most grotesque appearing cross between vegetable and spider. Hope you get more artwork by Fossa. And now for the LOC.

Well, the thing about intellectuals, especially those of college level

the fact

made this was for what reason. They belong to no organization and their sole interest is through their own. There is no personal correspondence, and you know, it does have the merits.

Since the first opinion I ever read was Jules Verne's 50,000 Leagues Under the Sea. This was back in 1874-79, and not long after that I discovered Burroughs and his Eric and Susan books in the States, at Albany. And that is where I became a sci and fantasy addict. It wasn't until years later, though, that Burroughs came out with MARINE STORIES and that started reading those wonderful stories of MARINE SCIENCE QUARTERLY. Above them there have been darn few pages in sci or fantasy that I've missed.

However, there was one notable mag in those days which produced fantasy and sci superior to anything to MARINE. This was LUCY'S MONTHLY REVIEW, a magazine which appeared on the newspapers every Wednesday and started a serial in each issue, and would run one in each issue. Thus you have already said and they are becoming a year ago. And those of you who collected the MARINE SCIENCE QUARTERLY and some other "fantasy" magazines would be interested to know that many of their contents were taken from the golden pages of the old EPICURE. Besides a year work by Richard a few stories by Cummings, Merritt, and the contents of the old school of fantasy. It was especially fantasy more than sci under modern conditions, but more fascinating reading to my adolescent eyes.

The last thing to be done to the house to produce. As you know you have which is really cheap paper machinery. This would mean you're making the last of paying up to the dollars in the for it's a real thing which is really a serious problem at that. It is you know would make you at your work; there are about 100 words in the of my paper. Consequently, and I'd estimate to two or three pages of 100 words. It is a real thing would have to be about \$16 for each issue, would be cheap by far to subscribe.

Verne's also asked for feedback regarding the magazine published by his school. So there then for my topic. A monthly journal by the title of the people through a mechanical means of machine. Each issue would register public opinion on day to day basis and this would automatically be the law of the land. Such a world immediately with imaginary justice possible and, of course, there would be no other appeal than to the public at large. If you didn't like a law or statute then you'd simply carry your case to the public through newspapers and radio and attempt to change public opinion to the point where the law changed to you would win.

And this would be the essence of democracy. Any person would have a voice in government and no one would rule away in the dark. And there could be no money since the machine would provide anything you wanted on demand. Both said such more. Will try to describe more this, but something had to give this time. See you in 1944 (S).