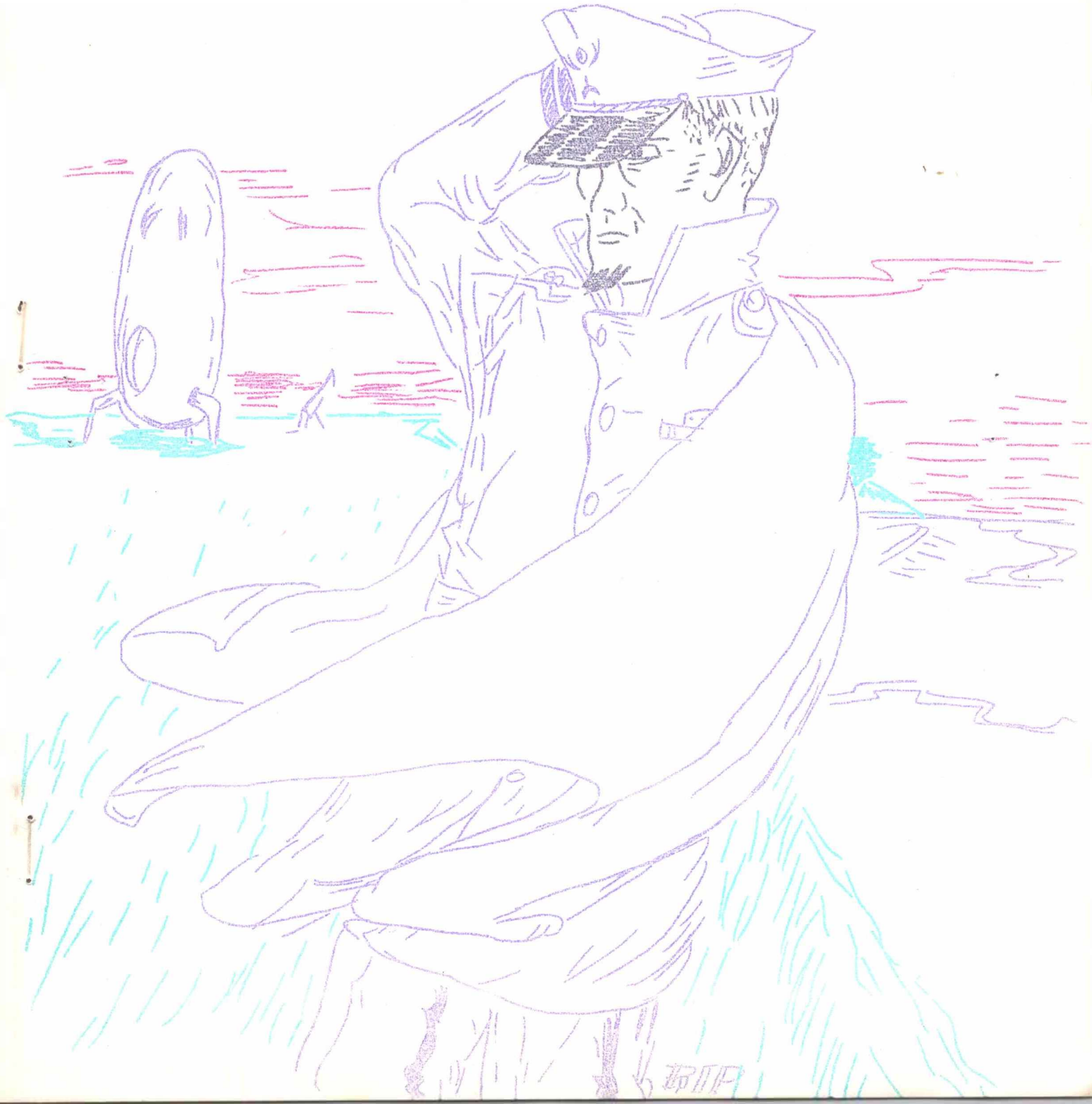
# CINDER

#6
NOV '61



# CINDER

NOVEMBER 1961

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 6

CINDER, Volume 1 #6, is edited and published by Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass. It is a highly irregular fanzine, and rather infrequent of late. Copies are available for CONTRIBUTION (Please!), letters of comment, trade (All-for-All), or for money: 15¢ per copy; NO LONG-TERM SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED. This is Far-East Publication #14. The lettering above was done free hand because I was too lazy to look for a suitable lettering guide. And don't you dare ask me where you can get a lettering guide that does letters like the above. A kick in the bhind is payment for such a question.

And please do send me some material. I hope to publish about forty pages each time, but I can't without contributions. So, if you don't send, CINDER will become more infrequent than it already is. I'll accept most anything except stuff on comics. Oops! That last statement doesn't sound too good. I'll accept most anything that I like. Send some material Boggs, Haydock, Jennings (yes, that article you mentioned will do just fine), Deckinger, Wanshel, Willick, and a few others who I can't think right this moment. And everybody write letters. I prefer them to money by far, although each issue is costing me all hell.

CONTENTS



ARTWORK



If you'd like to you may consider the next issue (#7) the annish, 1st. I doubt it will be out in February (our first anniversary) and I doubt it will be any thicker than this issue. But even if we don't announce our birthday with an extraspecial thick issue, you can mark on your calendar that as of February CINDER is one year of age, and that #7 will have Volume 2 #1 on it.

And here's to a Cinder in your eye ...

cascio revisited
JACK CACIO

In CINDER #5 the editor ran a short article I wrote. He utilized his editorial capacity to cut parts of the letter out. This as of course past practice for all fanzine and I might add, magazines. However, I feel, that if an editor omits any material either from and article or a letter for any reason other than space limitation or grammer, and only omits parts of a paragraph or trend of thought, he is trying to sway his readers into thinking his way. He does this by creating false impressions, not through what is actually said, but what isn't said or omitted.

First of all, I want to say in capital letters, COST OF REALM IS FIVE ISSUES FOR $1.00. Now I don't care how you cut the cake, it isn't 25¢ a copy!

Next, since I have been thrown into the FIRE (lettercol) I would like to answer a few of the statements directed at me.
1. BUCK COULSON ... I don't mail out copies of REALM to people who do not request them, with the exception of 10 copies sent to various addresses for review or trades. It is true, that fandom doesn't care one way or the other about me, but may I add that the feeling is mutual? As for those who want to make a profit on material that isn't worth reading; boy, don't I know it. I've got a two foot stack of it sitting in the corner that I loosely call fanzines for lack of a more appropriate name. I get them every day from editors who want to trade. True, some I get are very good; SATA, TERROR, and YANDRO, to name a few. Yes Buck, I read and like YANDRO and I couldn't care less whether you like my mag or not. It doesn't matter as long as you consent to swap.

2. GEORGE WILLICK ... You evidently consider yourself a BNF. Would some one out there please define BNF? How can you single him out from others? How is this honor obtained? Say something nice about BNFx and everybody takes a step forward, say something bad, and there isn't any such thing as a BNF. Tell me George, what has fandom or rather Big Name Fandom given us other than a far out language a cut above the lingo of today's teenage "kat"? Words such as fugghead, which no doubt was created to get around postal restrictions on the other four letter word which is the correct one or the one inferred. And please don't call me Mister Jack. Jack will do, unless you're trying to be sarcastic for one reason or another and then, if that is the case, there is nothing I can do. BNF and Fandom, are so good that they are held in low esteem by the majority of today's stf magazine editors. This I can prove, my friend. Show me one editor who respects the integrity and wisdom of fandom's criticism and ideas, other than Ackerman and Shaw, and I'll show you two who wouldn't give them the time of day. This however can be discussed at length, and is not relative to our present discussion. I sincerely believe, and I mean this sincerely, that fandom today has done more to kill stf than any other single cause. And for this I can never forgive them.

So much for the letters. Now, if this editor had to rely on fandom for support either financially or morally, we would have gone down the drain about four issues back. Two-thirds of the people who subscribe to REALM have never heard of fandom. I have learned since those early issues of REALM that there are certain unwritten laws that all novice editors have to comply with. In short, you produce THIS type of fanzine, with THIS type of material, and use THIS clique of fan artists and writers. Be like us or don't be at all.

Well, I'm not going to be like you. I'm not writing for your type of audience. I'm trying to reach a whole new group, a group of fandom didn't even know existed. Or rather didn't care.

Fandom crucified Palmer and the "Shaver Mystery". Now I don't care what your feelings are, pro or con on Shaver, it remains a FACT that it is the biggest stf story ever created. Those who remember, those who were there when it all started, are witnesses to the forgoing fact. Sales of AMAZING stand as mute testimony to it's popularity. But because in his editorials, he stepped on the toes of the almighty god known as BNF, they threw the book at him. "It wouldn't be so bad," they claim, "if he presented it as fiction, but to have the audacity to cliam it is fact is asking too much of us."

But my friends, doesn't every author try to convince the reader of the plausibility of his fiction? If the reader scoffs before he even begins to read, that this is too fantastic to be real, then he won't even start the story. But, if his sense of wonder is aroused, if he can say to himself that maybe just maybe, then he will read and enjoy. This of course is the prime purpose of the creative author.

True, I'm a skeptic. I always have been, and I always will be. I have yet to attend a stf convention, but will attend my first next year in Chicago. No, I'm not going there with a chip on my shoulder. I'm not going just to pick fault if fault there is. Rather, I want to see for myself. I want an honest appraisal, and I feel that the only way I can get that is to go and see for myself.

Of course, I'll have to look fast, for I may get kicked out by those toes I have stepped on in the past few years. Come to think of it, I think I'll have to pack a rod just in case I run into some hot-heads who want to pressure me into a definite statement. In which case, I'll have to shoot my way out.

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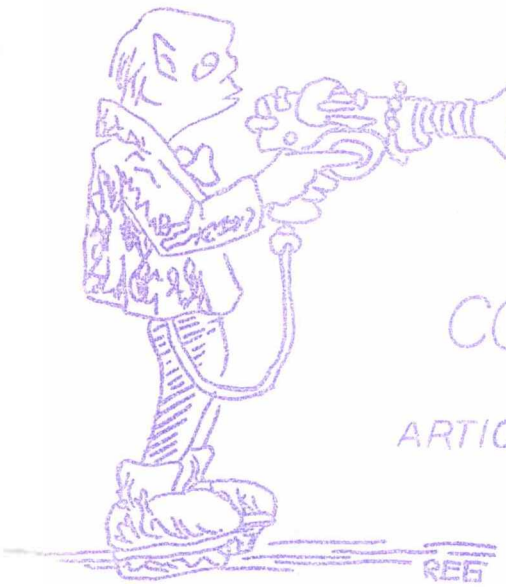
In the first paragraph Cascio implies that in his article in #5, I cut parts of it too change the meaning. He's rathermx mistaken, I hasten to note. Jack swayed from the subject completely. I cut about four paragraphs from the end of his article. In these four paragraphs he discussed in detail the price of the Saturday Evening Post, and soap suds or corn flakes or something. I can't remember what at this time. I'll say something about the above. I printed the whole thing this time; the last four paragraphs shouldn't be there. Possibly the last paragraph is all right, but it's so ridiculous that I chuckle to read it. —RLW




# THE MYSTERY SPOT

## COMMERCIAL FANTASY

ARTICLE . . . ROBERT COULSON

The July 1951 issue of FATE magazine contained an article, "Oregon's Strange Whirlpool of Force" by John P. Bessor. This was a fascinating article (fans of the "Alcoa Presents" tv show should pick up some of those early issues of FATE -- before it ran out of unusual items and became a soapbox for spiritualists it presented interesting material) and was also my introduction to the "Oregon Vortex".

According to the article, the Vortex is a spot midway between Medford and Grants Pass, Oregon, where the workings of natural laws have somehow become short-circuited. Balls roll uphill, a susepnded plumb line will have a bow in the middle of it, and individual's (apparent) height will change noticeably when he moves from one spot to another, compasses refuse to work, etc. The explanation for all these untoward events, according to the article, is a "sherical field of force". (Just what a spherical field of force has to do with height changes or even balls rolling uphill is casually ignored.)

As I said, the article was interesting, but since the "explanation" came from the owner of the "House of Mystery" which stands on the spot and which is operated as a tourist attraction, with a small fee for observing all this occult phenomena, I was just a wee bit sceptical about it all. However, not feeling in the mood to drive out to Oregon to check up, I simply filed the article with the mental reservation that if I ever was in the area I'd do some investigating.

Several years later, Juanita and I were motoring through Michigan's Upper Peninsula, in the vicinity of St. Ignace, and began noticing signs along the road. "Twenty-five miles to the Mystery Spot!", "Ten Miles to the Mystery Spot!", "Don't Miss the Mystery Spot!", etc. Mildly intrigued we kept watching these until we came to one which simply said "Mystery Spot!" with a big emphatic arrow pointing to a little side road. So we turned off, and came to a pseudo-northwoodsy stand announcing that this was the Mystery Spot.

I had had a vague suspicion of what we might find, and as soon as I heard the spiel of the "guide" I knew what the Mystery Spot was; an im-

ification of the one-and-as-far-as-I-knew-only Oregon Vortex. Naturally we paid our fee and got in line for the tour.

To this day I don't know whether it was because I looked like a rube who would believe anything or a sceptic who had to be convinced before he ruined the show, but for some reason I was the sucker picked to demonstrate about 90% of the "unusual effects" for the rest of the crowd. At any rate, it gave me an ideal opportunity to study the effects; the rest of the group was watching the demonstration, but I was participating.

The FATE article had stated that visitors were allowed to take photos, but the proprietors of the Mystery Spot weren't as broadminded; all cameras had to be left outside. This roused my suspicions right away. The first demonstration took place outdoors. Another tourist and I were asked to step on what looked like sawed-off fenceposts, about 8 inces in diameter, which protruded from the ground a couple of inces. Each of us stepped on our post and the audience was invited to compare out heights. Then we switched posts and another comparison was made. According to the "guide", our relative heights should have changed when we changed posts. From the inside there was an apparent change of an inch or so, but since the ground wasn't particularly level I dismissed it -- the posts were only a foot or so apart and they looked to be on a level, but with the irregular ground I wasn't convinced.

The remainder of the demonstrations took place in a ramshackle structure built on the hillside back of the concession building. The original Vortex proprietor, according to the FATE article, explained the building as an old mining assay office which had been built normally but had"slid to its present position" so that the floor was parallel to the slope and the walls, of course, tilted considerably from the vertical. The Mystery Spot owners didn't have any such plausible explanation. Their House of Mystery was also built with the floor parallel to the slope and the walls tilted, but the only explanation was that that was the way it was built, take it or leave it. I left it; if they built it that way, they had a reason for it. The reason shortly became evident.

Inside, we were warned that"the field of force" caused unusual balancing problems; we were warned to hang on to a railing conveniently provided and told that we might suffer a little disorientation. The rail may well have been necessary for some people; the slope was steep and it would have been easy to lose one's balance. However, I've climbed around on barn roofs with approximately the same slope and the feeling is identical, and I had no trouble standing up. (And despite the "guide's" attempts to convince us that we were all tilted toward magnetic north by the "field of force", as near as I could tell, I was standing perfectly straight -- though upri htness isn't easy to check when you're in a tilted building with no reference points.)

We were allowed to watch a ball rolled "uphill" on a plank placed against one wall. This was the least convincing demonstration, to me; the trick was in the tilted walls, so that the ball appeared to go uphill, but actually didn't.

The walls were made out of roube lumber, with the boards running up and down instead of the more normal crosswise position, in order to furn then the illusion; I don't think it would have fooled anyone a minute, otherwise. We were also allowed to see a chain and weight "hanging at an angle" -- again, it was an optical illusion caused by the slanting walls. The "guide" let me set the weight swinging to show that it swung farther to one side than the other. It didn't. He also told us that if started swinging and then left alone, the chain and wight would not come to a stop but would swing farther and farther in one direction until it battered against the wall on that side. He then halted the swinging before we could observe the truth of this statement. A couple of other tourists were asked to toss a ball back and forth over a partition while the rest of us were told that the ball would not go in a straight line, but would fall to one side of where it was thrown. This one he didn't let me in on; frustrating, because I think I could have fouled him up beautifully. The rest of us had to watch from an angle by the way; we weren't allowed to stand directly behind the ball-tossers to observe things. The tossers themselves said that the ball apparently didn't go where they threw it, but I don't think they were very observant.

Then we went into another room, and I participated in the one demonstration that I have no explanation for. In this room, a plank was set against one wall, at such an angle to the floor that it looked approximately level to me. Another tourist and I were asked to mount the plank, one at each end. We were told to look straight ahead, at each other, while the audience observed out apparent height. I'm about six feet tall; the other man was a bit shorter; 5' 9" or 5' 10". Standing on the end of that plank and looking straight ahead, my eyes centered on the middle of his chest. Then we changed places and again looked straight ahead; this time I was looking at a spot on the wall about a foot over his head. According to Juanita, who was in the audience, our apparent height changed, from the viewpoint of the audience, in the same manner as it did to us. Then the other man stepped down and I was asked to walk briskly back and forth along the plank, and to report if it felt as though one end of the plank was higher than the other. It certainly did; there was a definite "uphill" or "downhill" sensation, depending on which way I walked. However -- and this is the point that bothers me -- the end of the plank which was the "high" according to the gravitic pull was the "low" end according to the visual record. When I walked "uphill" along the plank I was going toward the spot from where I had stared at my companian's chest; when I went "downhill" I was going towards yhe end of the plank from which I had looked over his head. I can assure you that it's an utterly weird sensation to have your eyes tell you one thing and your muscles assert the reverse.

After some more talk about additional wonders, none of which were demonstrated, we all went back downhill and were turned loose in the concession building, where we would presumably buy all sorts of souvenier folders and trinkets to commemorate our unusual experiences while the "guide" started his spell for another group which had gradually gathered while our little force took the grand tour. Juanita and I walked to our car without spending a nickel, which earned us a hard look from the proprietor.

Several years later, looking at the January, 1961 FATE on the newstand, I noticed one of the items featured on the cover was titled "Solving The Mystery of the Oregon Vortex". I promptly bought the issue; the last time I've actually paid money for FATE. The author, Howard E. Jackson, used text and photos to effectively debunk the "mystery". It is, he says, all optical illusion. He offers an explanation for the height changes; the eyes tend to follow definite reference lines, and when all reference lines are at an angle a person who is told to "look straight ahead" will actually look a trifle up or down, even though he believes that he is actually following orders to the letter.

In short, the various "vortexes" and "Mystery Spots" scattered around the nation (there are several of them now all over the country) are beautifully executed optical illusions. Once again, psuedo-science has been put to work to extract a profit from the gullible. But they have the same attraction as a carnvial fun-house, and the added challenge of a stage magician; you know it's a trick, but it's fun to try and figure out how it's worked. If you see one of these places while you're on a trip, a tour through it may well be worth the money.

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# A SHORT FAN HISTORY: LEN MOFFAT

I began reading science-fiction way back in the thirties. I don't remember the exact year as my introduction to stf began with hard-cover books borrowed from my uncle's library. (Wells, Verne, Swift -- both Dean and Tom --)

I didn't know that is was "science-fiction", but I have always been fascinated by the fantastic, and these books helped to "stretch my imagination", as the late EE Evans used to say.

Late in the thirties I discovered AMAZING STORIES -- and fandom by way of its lettercol. I never wrote a letter to the editor, but I did write to Bob Tucker, who had a letter in that issue, and requested a sample copy of LE ZOMBIE.

In a matter of months I was reading (and writing to) several fanzines, including Widner's original FANFARE, Warner's SPACEWAYS, Tucker's LeZ, and Ackerman's VOM.

Yes, it was "easier" for a fan to find his own kind in those days. The pronags helped by having lettercols, and "fan sections".

Mail contact didn't seem enough, though, and I wished there were clubs in my area (western Pennsylvania) where I could contact other science-fiction enthusiasts. There was a club in Pittsburgh, but by the time I heard of it they weren't very active -- and Pittsburgh was forty long miles from my hometown. In those days, and in the east, forty miles was considered a long trip for a young lad.

I tried to start a club of my own, but it failed as my friends at that time were not the least bit interested inx stf. Three of them did attend the first -- and only -- meeting at my house, but I couldn't stir up any enthusiasm among them.

Then along came SUPER SCIENCE MAGAZINE and its sponsership of the The Science Fictioneers. I wrote my first letter to a prozine to join the club, and presently helped to organize a "local" chapter. The chapter wasn't so "local" -- we called it the Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers. At one time it had about 12 members, scattered over the western part of the state. We did manage to get together for meetings, roughly once ax month. I was older then, and able to travel to Charleroi, hometown of Blaine (Doc) Dunmire, who was the only other really actifan-type member, other that myself. (Basil Wells was a member, but we thought of him as a pro, not an actifan.)

Do introduced me to hectography, and I helped him publish one or two issues of his fanzine, STELLAR TALES. Later I used his hectopan to produce the first three issues of my FAPA mag, MOONSHINE.

Doc was killed in World War II, and I'll always remember him as the first real fan I ever met, and a good friend too. He was devoted to stf and fantasy, and had he survived the war I'm sure he would be a top pro today considering his talent and enthusiasm.

The KPSF folded when I entered the service, and during the war I didn't "fan" hardly at all. But I remained a member of FAPA -- without publishing, thanks to a special ruling covering members in the servie, and I re-

ery man loved his neighbor and did unto others as he would have others do unto himself. Each man wors not for money so much as to serve humanity by making whatever he made as good and as fine as skilled craftmanship could make it. You know, come to think of it, applied Christianity could make a heaven of this earth right here if there were some way to get all mankind to start applying simultaneously.

I just finished reading Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. And really, this is one of the most thought provoking novels I've read by Heinlein or any other stf author for that matter. The plot revolves around a human baby brought to adulthood by Martians, and his strange psi and esper powers due to their training, and a really unique philosophy attributed to the Martians. One Martian word which I suspect will be used in fandom for many years to come is "grok" meaning to study something intensely enough and long enough to understand every aspect of this thing and everything about it it's possible to know. Martians would think nothing of spending a couple of hundred years to learn enough about something to really "grok" it. Rather a strang Yoga-like Martian culture postulated here. It's a Doubleday-Doran SF Book Club publication incidentally and thus most fans should have it by this time.

Another thing that seems the vogue in many postulations of the future nowadays is the idea that sex will become part of religion and a form of worship or fullfillment. And I wouldn't be suprised if some of the wierd religious cults Heinlein postulated won't come into bing in the future. Not that there haven't been plenty of religious cults based on sex in one form or another already, but none as interesting as the one in STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

YOU ARE GETTING THIS BECAUSE:

(X) We trade
( ) You wrote an LOC
( ) You subscribe
( ) You contributed
( ) Last issue due you is #
( ) No particular reason
(X) Please comment
( ) This is a review copy

What happened to the cover?

# how to succeed on FAN CORRESPONDENCE

WITHOUT REALLY WRITING

"Humor" by Joe Pilati

The wonderful thing about fandom is that even a novice can sound like a polished aficionado of thirty years' standing by simply following, explicitly, the simply rules outlined herewith. This is, naturally, a TOP SECRET document, meant for your eyes only (Unless you happen to edit a prozine. Write for reprint information!) In corresponding with other fen, always:

1. USE THE JARGON: even if you don't understand it. Example : "Egoboo, Gernsbackian, O-O, ammish, TAFF, BNF!! And don't forget it." Isn't that sheer poetry? When you get a reply, (ha-ha! -- if you get a reply ...), your correspondent wouldn't dare ask what the hell you're writing about. Or would he? Well, then you can brainstorm your own jargon. ("What FZZB H3/4zine?") Go ahead -- try it! Also, never use the widely accepted term for a certain person, place, or thing. Use the fan-accepted terms. (i.e., a pun is not a pun. It is a "feghoot", idiotic as that may sound.)

2. REDEFINE YOUR OWN FANZINE: It makes no difference whether you've ever seen a fanzine, let alone edited one. Example: "back in '58 when my short-lived DURDNE-CRACK QUARTERLY was still around ... " (Finish sentence any way you wish, providing you mention some event that occurred between 1935 and 1960.)

2. DROP NAMES: The best way to do this is to drop quotations. Fans say and write so much incidental material that you will have no trouble at all if you write: "As Les Gerber said, " ... " (Supply your own quote. It can be any kind of quote, really.) Even the person you supposedly quote won't be able to complain. It is a rule of thumb, naturally, to be certain that your correspondent and "the quoted" do not write to each other. Names may also be dropped completely out of context. Libel laws can't hurt you a bit.

4. CRITICIZE ... BUT VAGUELY!: Even the most ignorant oled can write, "GALAXY is going to hell!" Though clever verbiage can make exceptions, it is generally unwise to praise anything. Rather, you should knock anything and everything, with talons bared and venom spurting. But be vague. To deal in specifics is to defeat your purpose.

5. [illegible] CAPITALIZE WORDS: Why be different? Everybody does, like, spelling errors.

6. REMEMBER THE INS AND OUTS: Since we have "ins" things and "outs" things in fandom that mean the same, in your letters, play up the "ins" and don't mention the outs. Following is a partial list of "ins" and "outs". A complete list will be compiled upon receipt of 50 (fifty) copies of THE NEO-ROMANTICON or 50,000 copies of [illegible].

| INS | OUTS |
|---|---|
| George Orwell | E. R. Burroughs |
| Jules Verne | "Dick Tracy" |
| YAHOO | "Caroline Alley" |
| Mike Deckinger | Ray Palmer |
| E. A. Poe | Religion |
| H. P. Lovecraft | Television |
| Tomesco | Al Pedio |
| EC Comics | The "Jeff" Campbell |
| British SF premiums | American SF premiums |

(Note: The last-mentioned of the above have nothing to do with SF is of no concern to us. We are concerned with self fandom which has little, if any, connection with SF.)

7. SPEAK OF SEX: Everything in your letters, you should make certain that you mention "Tomesco" or "puberty" or "orgy" or something in that line, preferably in a dubious way. This is virtually a prerequisite to serious fandom reading.

8. MENTION A "BOOK" YOU PLAN TO ATTEND: And make it a big con, not "The Fitzroy Street Snodgrass Mishmash". Something like a National Con or a World Con. Who knows whether or not you attend? If you really have that old Lakeside Dorkfanzie, say that you are organizing a gigantic Universal Con, but do not give details. If your correspondent asks for details, make him feel inferior by saying something like "Members only, Sorry!" Members of what? The rule of thumb.

9. USE CHARACTERS: "Crazy", "Phreeqoly" and "Shoelolly" are neat. Use a combination of the following words: a) "Phreeqolly" b) "Phreeqoolically" c) "Phreeqolly" d) "Phreeqoolly" e) "Phreeqolly" f) "Phreeqolly" Phew. Too, too much. Use only the fourth word.

[illegible]

Now that you have [illegible] are ready to [illegible] to come out. [illegible] "Phreeqolly in a Phreeqoolly" [illegible] "Phreeqolly". You may [illegible] and [illegible] correspondence with more other people than you [illegible]. Then you [illegible] where organizing the greatest [illegible] fandom-knowledge.

"Phreeqolly and Phreeqoolly" -- The Editor

16

# ARRIVAL

FICTION...

BILL BOWERS

The great yellow sun ascended slowly, dispersing the snow-like mist that blanketed the countryside. In the dim distance, purple mountains with their mantles of white, sparkled in the golden rays.

While ascending the ramparts of the low-lying hills, the lordly, spreading forest had its emerald green interspersed with deeper shadows of near black. Closer, patches of a yellow grain-like vegetation varied the verdan landscape.

Rose-like bushes proudly set forth their ever-gleaming blooms. And, down by a babbling, murmuring brook - rippling its way merrily over rocks and soft sand, the grass was shorter and occasional spring flowers peeked through, like the brilliant stars crescing the great dome of the heavens.

The veiling fields rustled as although by a mild breeze, as the predators returned to their lairs after nocturnal excursions - animals that earth had never known. And high overhead, hung suspended a mammoth bird; waiting, watching for an unwary prey.

Suddenly, the bird wheeled about, and flapping its gargantuan wings with ever increasing rapidity, raced toward a refuge high in the far off mountains. Pursuing it, then out-distancing it, came a shrill, high-pitched whine. Then down below, the startled animals burst from cover, scattering as they leaped, hopped or crawled - whatever suited best their nature. The land where golden quietness had reigned for aeons was to be no more.

Man had arrived.

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# DEPARTURE

The planet turned silently in its course, the mirror disc of demlight advanced with a carelessness unchanged by the passage of aeons. The blocked sun lighted a scene that might have been familiar, yet it was not. Perhaps, as the dem crossed the Eastern Ocean, one might have noticed the absence of industrious ships plying to and fro in their ceaseless voyages; but that was all. The dem seemed to keep forward as it neared the Western Continent -- but of course it didn't, did it?

The shore was dotted with a mass of beached ships (so this was where they had gone!), and a bustle was in the air as the ship began. Then, one

the beach hotels, which, like all beach hotels, had once shone forth in their glory as most moder forms of archetecture in their day; now however, having been thronged by millions from the countryside, they were dilapidated and, in a way, pitiful. They were deserted.

Next came the wharehouses -- great huge boxes they were, built for usage and capacity; not for beauty. Intermingled with them came divisions of the ever-present slums; ragged tenaments, a few lonely (and once stately) houses, and the occassional, weedshoked market place. Once, there would have been a murmur of thousands of voices, but not now; they were deserted.

Still futhur on (across the tracks, so to speak), came the area once suburban, but now surrounded by the city. The perfectly laid out streets were lined by "look-alike" houses, dingy for the most part, but in relatively good repair. The yards, consisting of scrawny patches of weeds dotting the sun-baked earth, contained an occassional broken toy, dropped by a child when called indoors. But no one was calling a child now; the area was deserted.

The band of small businesses and stores were lighted in their turn. The small and crowded apartments over the stores, and the few apartment buildings, emitted no sound; not even the blast of a television or unmuted radio. In the stories below, the occassional customer was no more, and the lounging hangers-on were not seen. This section was deserted.

Gradually increasing in both height and size as they approached the center of the City proper, the tremendous office buildings and departmentx stores recieved their share of the rising sun. It was not time for the business day to begin yet, but as one approached the western edge of the city, the streets -- very much like deep canyons and ravines, not receiving thier dawn until later -- were lined with parked cars; some even occupied the middle of the streets. They, like the buildings, were deserted.

And all over the planet, this scene was repeated (save maybe, the edge of the city on which the autos were congregated), up until now.

This city's spaceport now made its presence evident; and it was not deserted. In the middle of the vast plain of scarred and pitted concrete, the sun's rays glinted off the burnished surface of the last spaceship. Around it, waiting for their turn to ascend, were grouped the last men on the planet. Gruduallly the lift diminished their numbers, until only one was left.

The President of the World Government took his last look at his world. A tear glimmered in his eye as he turned, and walked slowly to the waiting liftx.

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The heat was already higher than usual at midday before, even though the sun had barely risen. And high overhead hung suspended a mammoth bird;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

# WORDAGE INSTALLMENT #4

## COLUMN ... ed gorman

It seems I am in a stupor. Since the Midwescon I have done little else but gaze at the fanzines which continue amassing, peer through my notes for fanzine articles, and read a few of the current magazines. I am, in uncertain terms, chained by gafia and enjoying hell out of it.

How did it come to this? I have been in fandom a scant year since my re-entry, but I fanned too hard. And I would not recommend this to anyone -- least of all, any fan whose efficiency tract is geared so low as mine.

One year ago last June I wrote Mike Deckinger for some material. The previous night I had been reading the AMAZING letter column and was nostalgically swayed by a letter writer's mention of fandom. The publishing roach was biting into me. I needed an outlet for all the thoughts and expectations which had been swarming up within me.

I needed fandom.

So, with the help of Jim Seipman, a non-fan, and a Standard ditto I published the third edition of the first CILN. It took three hours to run, one hour and a half to collate and staple, and one hour to address.

I was in the running.

I subscribed to several fanzines, looked up old fan friends, and began to write. It was miserable, the carp I sent forth. Rog Ebert had the displeasure of reading a few of my literary pieces. As I said, carp. Coulson, too was allowed to gander over some Germania. He declined, articulately, mumbling about, " ... maybe in the future." So at least I was blocked entrance into one phase of fanac.

I was publishing all along. Since the ditto I'd purchased (it was a graduation present) didn't suit me I bought an AB Dick 93. It was a wonderful mimeo, with several optional features, but it was damn expensive. Too damn expensive.

I sold it for a profit and decided to have CILN professionally mimeographed. I found a minister in a suburb of Cedar Rapids who would do the job.

My writing was improving a bit and I was placing quite a few things. Too many.

I'd given up correspondence. I no longerhad friends, rather fellow publishers and writers. There was no time for friends. Too many deadlines.

I was enjoying myself. I do not want to mislead you. Fandom was all I'd ever hoped it to be. Recognition. Egoboo. Fanac. All three of these irrefutably in relation. All three of these sustaining my ambition.

CIEN was sliding on its publication. I'd lost my job and was loafing — which would have been fine for monthly publication. But there was no money. My folks donated several dollars a week to the KEEP ED ALIVE CAMPAIGN but this went for such diverse and pleasing enterprises as girls and dances and drinking. There was no money for the fanzine, and I was half-suprised to see that I was not too displeased wih this.

Writing, though, went on all day long. I would rise at eight and write until early afternoon. I would then venture down to a near-by hangout (combination, tavern, drugstore, soda fountain) and read and plan what I would write the following day. Quite alot of it was still rejected, but my number of published pieces was mounting.

I wanted to be a hack.

Sounds terrible, phoney, but tis true. More and more I sought publication. I would not be satisfied until three hundred Gorman pieces saw print. To hell with re-writing and self-anglysis. I wanted to see print as much as possible and there was no time for second drafts.

I was agreeing with every fanzine editor who asked for material. And there seemed to be quite a few. This pleased me, of course, until one evening I counted the total number of promised pieces I'd to . Twenty-seven. Twenty-seven!

I couldn't do it and I knew it. I attempted to devise twenty-seven individual topics and to be interested in them. I couldn't. Therefore I couldn't write them. I was depressed and didn't touch the typewriter for two weeks.

I decided to slacken my writing pace and return to publiching. I phoned George Barr long distance and asked him for a cover. He agreed. I sent bawling letters to several people whining for material. They complied.

I stencilled the entire zine and in eight and one half hours. Afterwards, we drove to the ministers house and smoked and talked as he mimeographed them. Then we returned to my house and frantically stapled and mailing-bagged them. At midnight that night we were through, ready for bed. But, trufannishly, we drove out to the highway to a rundown gloomy tavern and drank a few beers before closing time.

Though everything was ready, I didn't mail them the next morning. Or the next. Two weeks went by and I hadn't mailed them. They sat in a dusty corner, untouched. At night my cat slept on a pile of them, and in the morning my mother dusted them off.

I had no ambition or enthusiasm. I was repelled by the thought of ans-

wering letters of comment or of doing another issue.

I tried writing once more, this time attacking the involved problems more fervently than ever. I was filling my promises. But I was gathering more. The number of pledged pieces never flatered below twenty.

Delirium came, drug my body to the typewriter and forced me to hack away several hours a day.

Finally I made a decision. Gafia. I could not stand it any longer. Gafia. gafia, gafia; wonderful, warm, secure, paceless. GIAWOL.

Two days later I mailed the CILNs and watched for the deluge of comment. There was very little and it annoyed me. I'd worked hard on the goddamed thing and no one payed any attention.

I was gafiating without a doubt. Yet I never did. Somehow winter left and spring returned and so did my job. I aksed Barr for another cover.

I am planning another fanzine.

If I can leap over this gafia which anchors me to a slow existence, I'll be able to publish it. The convention sapped me. I'd always wanted to do a con report and return the grieft others have shoved on me. But even revenge failed to motivate me.

I could not move.

Now my arms are biginning to touch the typewriter, and I truly enjoyed Vic Ryan's "Banish". Enough so that I'd like to write for the next issue.

Perhaps I will,now that I've seen how much longerthis article is than I had intended.

Maybe I'll be up to midnight tonight, writing, eyeing the three hundred pieces published mark.

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DEPARTURE by Bill Bowers (continued from page 17)

waiting, watching for an unwary prey. Then, suddenly, the bird wheeled about, and flapping its gargantuan wings with ever increasing rapidity, raced toward the far-off mountains. Pursuing it, then outdistancing it, came a thunderous roar as the ship accelerated.

The land where golden silence had once reigned long ago had come anew.

Man had departed.

**********

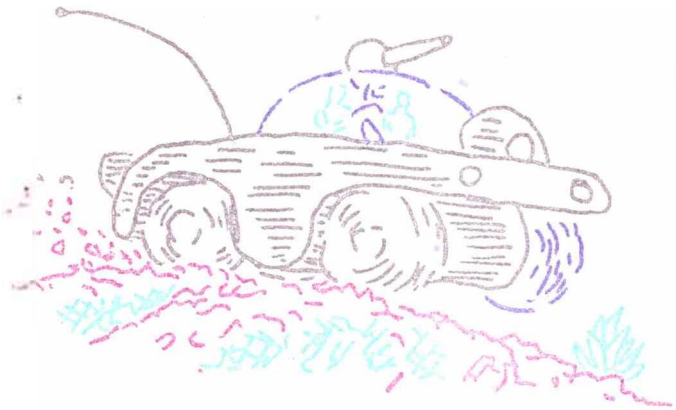
# PUNCTURED STENCILS

by

Larry Williams

(By the way ... the typos are intentional. Clod!)

PARSECTION #7 (George C. Willick, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. - every 45 days - 8 for $1) Repro, layout, and art are good, as they always are. Redd Doggs' article on other fandoms is rather misplaced under the FAN HISTORY series, yet it presents some interesting information. Many of these fandoms are part of stf fandom, and others are completely apart. This is a very nice piece of work. Sid Birchby's "Paging Mr. Purvis" was very interesting until he brought his talk into UFOs. I've nothing against articles on UFOs, but I thought this was going to be an exceptionally entertaining article on hypnotism and illusions. It's a fairly good article, but I was disappointed. Rog Ebert has us wondering what a crudzine is (I always considered a crudzine to be a poor fanzine) in his review column. The lettercol and editorial are interesting. George says that either SHAGGY or DISCORD will place #1 for the Hugo. Other zines nominated were HABAKKUK, FANAC, WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION?, and YANDRO. I don't get SHAGGY OR HABAKKUK because my trade copies were not answered with issues of either; and I didn't see WHO KILLED SF. So, for my choice it's a toss-up between FANAC, YANDRO, and DISCORD. FANAC is fine for news, YANDRO is too boring at times to take my vote (supposing I had one), so DISCORD seems to be the one. Back to PARSECTION: This issue was another good one. I've never seen an issue of PAR that I didn't like. Rating --- 7



TERROR #4 (Larry Byrd, PO Box 714, Costa Mesa, Calif. - highly irregular - 25¢) This issue is completely photo offset, and is donned by an excellent cover by Pete Plagens. All of TERROR's art is good. The editorial is fair, and a story by Reggie Capes is pretty fair fan-fiction. A review of "Freaks" by "Arthur Klaw" is quite interesting since the movie is listed as a "classic" and I've never heard of it. There is an article on an amatuer horror movie group, a terribly childish satire of movie serial heroes, a rather interesting article on the versions of the movie "Golem", a short thing by Bob Bloch, and another of Billy Plott's "Disc-horror" columns. I hope to see more. One note on the repro. This is completely photo offset as I said. Of course, it's good; but when compared to other photo offset work, it comes up mediocre. Rating --- 6

WARHOON #11 (Rich Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, NY - quarterly - 20¢) This is an excellently produced 40-page discussion fanzine. Ramblings by Rich are interesting; Berry's column varies from boring in places to very entertaining otherwise. An article by Ernest A. Edkins is reprinted from the NATIONAL AMATEUR; an excellent analysis of criticism. Walt Willis' column is outstanding. Jerry Delluth reviews "The Misfits" (of all movies). A good lettercol and SAPS comments finish out the issue.

[illegible]

[illegible] Reading --- 7

[illegible] Reading --- 45

[illegible] Reading --- 9

[illegible]

but is rather entertaining in spots. Here is a talented fan, and I'm sure he can do some great things with this fanzine once he gets going.
Rating ---- 4

NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol 20 #3 (Uncle Forrie about #183) (Ralph Holland, 2530 - 4th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio - bimonthly - for members of NFF or trade I guess) Mostly club news and fanzine guide. However the history bit on page 9 was of much interest. It showed a list of the ten most popular fanzines in 1945. In fact, here it is:

1. THE ACOLYTE (Harris)
2. SUN SPOTS (Henry de Ié Rae)
3. FANTASY COLLECTATOR (Forrly Sensible)
4. CHANTICLEER (Walter Dunkelberger)
5. FANDOM (Walter Dunkelberger)
6. VOICE OF THE FUTURE-FANDOM (Henry Anderson
7. [illegible] (Bob Tucker)
8. Chanticleer (Milt Marsh)
9. CENTURY (Andy Anderson)

Well, it says "over" but there are only nine listed. This is a zine mainly of interest to members and prospective members. The fanzine guide is interesting to back anybody who likes fanzines and wants to get more.

FANDO #74 and 75 (Walter Breen, 1305 Peralta Ave., Berkely 6, Calif - bimonthly - 4/$9) Newspaper of fandom. Here you Breen, where's #76? You said we would see you here!
Rating ---- 6

NEF #6, 7, 8, and 9 (Nancy Lamp, 15 Sauk Place, Dutch Island 6, NY - bimonthly - contribs to [illegible]) Announcement that more than $250 has been collected is unbelievable, but I'm happy to see the fund going so well.
Rating ---- 6

FROM OF [illegible] (George Perry, [illegible] - irregular - sample, [illegible]) A letter-size 16 page zine filled with fanzine reviews. [illegible] much.
Rating ---- 6

[illegible] (Bill [illegible] - quarterly - 25¢) Only 16 pages. [illegible] good. [illegible] Rating ---- 3

[illegible]

Tons of reader fanzines to review. I'll probably take some of them in #7. I like preceding fanzine reviews much, and try to review [illegible] and for each one. Keep them coming. I don't have time to do all the zines mentioned here.

WRR Vol 3 #3 (28p; July '61) Otto Pfeifer, 2911 NE 60th St., Seattle 15, Washington. Gestetner; free; bimonthly. Rating....3

ALTER-EGO #2 (38p; Summer '61) Jerry Bails, 1710 Kenwood Dr., Inkster, Michigan. Ditto; 30¢; quarterly. Rating.....6

COMIC ART #2 (22p; Sept '61?) Don Thompson and Maggie Curtas, Rm 27, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio. Mimeo; 20¢; irregular. Rating....5

POISON #2 (26p; July '61) David Crossen, 44 Perry St., New York 14, NY Multilith; 20¢?; irregular. Rating.....4½

AXE #11 (8p; 9/2/61), #12 (8p; 9/17/61) Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Pl, Staten Island 6, NY Mimeo; 10¢; biweekly. Rating.....7

DYNATRON #5 (20p; July '61), #6 (20p; Sept '61) Roy and Crystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW, Albuquerque, NM Mimeo; 15¢; bimonthly. Rating....4½

HARBINGER #3 (12p; Sept '61?) Don Thompson, Rm 27, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio. Mimeo; free; irregular. Rating.....5

LES SPINGE #6 (50p; Sept '61) Ken Cheslin, editor. Mimeo; free; irregular. Rating.....5 New editor: Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Rd., Stourbridge, Worcs., England

BLOB #1 (8p; Sept '61) Ken Gentry, 3315 Ezell Rd., Nashville 11, Tenn. Hectograph; free?; irregular?. Rating.....2

FANAC #78 (8pp + 16pp Seacon rprt; 9 Sept., '61) Walter Breen, 1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Calif. Gestetner; 4/50¢; theoreticly biweekly. Rating.....6

MIRAGE #4 (34pp; Sept '61?) Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore, Md. Mimeo; 20¢; irregular. Rating....5

ABANICO #1 (16pp; Sept '61) Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Village of Norton (near Barberton), Ohio. Hecto; 15¢; bimonthly. Rating.....2½

PROBE #2 (58pp; Aug '61) William E. Neumann, 2537 South 94th St., West Allis 19, Wisconsin. Mimeo + Gestetner; LOCs; irregular. Rating.....3½

PARSECTION #9 (34pp; Sept '61) Geo Willick, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. Multilith; 20¢; bimonthly. New format; color; great. Rating.....8

WHO'S WHO IN SF FANDOM (40pp) LD Broyles, Rt. 6 Box 453P, Waco, Texas Photo-offset; 50¢; annual. Listing of fans and added info on them. Nice coverage.

REALM OF FANTASY #6 (20pp; Oct '61?) Jack Cascio, Box 122, Eagerville, Ill. Mimeo; 20¢; quarterly. Rating ... 4

DISCORD #14 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl NE, Minneapolis, Minn. (14pp; Sept '61) Gestetner; 15¢ LOCs prefered; bimonthly. Rating.....9

STENCILS NOT YET PUNCTURED

... being an attempt to ackowledge all fanzines recieved. I'll list appropriate information and rate each magazine.

PARSECTION #8 (20p; Aug 1 '61) Geo C Willick, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. Multilith; 20¢; every 45 days. Rating.... 6

ROVER #12 (30p; July '61) Art Hayes, Bird's Creek, Ontario, Canada. Gestetner; free; quarterly. Last issue. Rating....4

SKYBIRD #2 (6p; Sept '61) Ron Haydock, 2771 San Marino, Los Angeles 6, Calif. Ditto; 10¢; monthly. Rating....3

BANE #5 (32p; Aug '61?) Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Ill. Mimeo; free; quarterly. Rating....7

GAUL #3 (50p; June '61), #4 (46p; Aug '61) Gaul, Apt 405, 605 E. Denny Way, Seattle 22, Washington. Gestetner; 15¢; bimonthly. Rating.....6

HEPTAGON #3 (32p; July '61?) Dave Locke, PO Box 207, Indian Lake, NY Ditto; 15¢; irregular. Rating.....4

WARHOON #12 (50p; July '61) Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, NY. Gestetner; 20¢; quarterly. Rating.....10

CADENZA #3 (26p; Aug '61) Charles Wells, 679 Wilson Rd., NW, Atlanta 18, Ga. Mimeo; 20¢; irregular. Rating.....5½

SI-FAN #4 (38p; June '61) Jerry Page, 193 Battery Pl., NE, Atlanta 7, Ga. Mimeo; 20¢; about quarterly. Rating..... 6

PILIKIA #7 (32p; Jun-July '61) Chuck Devine, 922 Day Dr., Boise, Idaho. Ditto; 15¢; bimonthly. Rating.....6

HALFANTHOL #1 (28p; June '61) Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif. Gestetner; free; irregular?. Rating.....3½

SO WHAT #3 (48p; August '61) Frederick Norwood, 3 Ames St., Cambridge 39, Mass. Mimeo; 25¢; irregular?. Rating..... 2½

OBELISK #1 (30p;Aug '61?) Lenny Kaye, 418 Hobart Rd., Sutton Terrace, No. Brunswick, NJ. Mimeo; 15¢; 3 times a year. Rating.....3

MIAFAN #1 (20p; Aug '61) Michael Kurman, 231 SW 51st Ct., Miami 44, Fla. Ditto; 15¢; bimonthly. Rating.....2

THE BUG EYE #8 (38p; July-Aug '61) Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhland St., Utfort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, W. Germany. Mimeo; free; bimonthly. Rating..... 5

YANDRO #101 (28p; June '61), #102 (24p; July '61), #103 (36p; Aug '61) Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt 3, Wabash, Ind. Mimeo; 20¢; monthly Rating.... 6½

MONDAY EVENING GHOST #11 (32; July '61?) Bob Jennings, 3819 Chanbers Dr., Nashville 11, Tenn. Mimeo; 15¢; 6-weekly. Rating.....7

# THE WHIRLING BEANIE

## article... ed gorman

Being a neofan is the most complex of apprenticeships. There are too many things to grasp, too many ideals to be perpetrated, and too much anxiousness to combat. As soon as a certain degree of confidence has been gained, the impulse most immediate to the neo is that he must enter active fandom at once.

These are general statements: they can be applied with more or less magnification to the individual. There are very few generalities which are aplicable to fandom while retaining any level or indicativity, for the fan's interests and temperaments and abilities are the least definable things I've ever observed.

But the pases of a neofan to an established fan are fairly obvious. One begins with correspondence, receives fanzines, and is brought into the kin of active fandom. Of course, the order of these occurances can be reversed, but its at this period of fanning which I want to comment on.

Fandom has existed since 1939. Through the years several hundred fans have come and gone, and returned, and left once again. Several fandoms have had their day, each sporting a different emphasis on a basic interest. And as yet there has been no upheaval major enough to dismember fandom, and I doubt that there will be -- barring the H bomb, or a totalitarianistic government.

With this knowledge the neofan should be able to understand that there is no great rush to Fame. At least, there needn't be. He should take things casually, at a speed which allows enjoyment.

The traits usually associated with the neo are that he corresponds regularly, that he's interested in stf, and that he collects magazines and books. These are the basic traits for all of fandom, with a few eccentric exceptions. But for the neofan these touchstones are usually more dear and are dealt with more avidly.

And in a nutshell, the definition of all this is simply: enjoyment. That is what fandom offers and delivers. And the neofan has an acute sense for this particular type of enjoyment. This holds true especially if the neo is a young fan. Science fiction is still relatively new to him, and any and all angles of it are met with fervid elation.

This glossy feeling which is derived from reading stf at the supper

table, and in the evening, and on Saturday afternoon, and pinching allowances to gain so many new stf magazines has to be expressed in social terms. Therefore correspondence begins.

To me, even though the feeling is not experienced as wholly as it once was, there is no greater thrill than discussing stf. Talking to someone who is sympathetic to you, who understands what you rattle on about -- that's neofannish heaven, and a good one it is.

But why not stay in it awhile? That's what I'm attempting to point out.

After the correspondence has progressed slightly, the neofan usually begins to see more and more of active fandom. Somehow, even though the zest for science fiction is still present, the hustle which active fandom demands overshadows it.

The one-time letter friends which the neo had are slowly being ignored, for the work involved in fan publishing becomes at times appallingly large. Less letter writing, more equally important but less interesting chores. And it never stopes, but rather increases with time. More fanzines to reply too, another issue to put out, an article for a certain fanzine by a soon-to-be-reached deadline ... on and on .. less enjoyment: perseverance becomes the touchstone ... work ... work

I suppose a rather depressing portrait of active fandom may be harmful to the neofans less of balance. But I'm not sure about that because there is the chance that he'll realize how lucky he is and continue to write letters and keep his friends on a regular basis if he realizes just how hectic fandom can be.

I'm not being pessimistic: whatever work one puts into fandom is returned. There is a very great enjoyment in seeing one's labor amply done -- and in receiving letters telling him such. The work is usually not drudgery, just simply ... work. And that can be nauseous enough at times, no matter how small or large the doses.

I'm more content with fandom now than I've ever been, and I'm working more. Fandom represents to me a means of free expression, a scale too liveral to be either prudish or irrelevant. Within itself, it is a world filled with such an array of gifts that it canit be totaled.

And in those statements I mean the whole of fandom, Not just a certain segment, but all the clubs, or cliches, and fanzine followers.

The key to it all, however, is relaxation.

Fandom's regognition is always there -- it's waited for you since 1939, and after so long aperiod it's notlikely that it will be retracted at the last instant. So take your time, make friends, cultivate your interests. Let your beanie propellors grow slack -- have fun.

end

BOB JENNINGS, 3019 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tenn. -- When I first got into fandom I proved immediately that I was a hard headed pypo person, because I published GHOST one month after I discovered the hobby. I had a few good reasons for publishing the things; most of them still stand today. In the first place, when Seth Johnson passed along some fanzines to me I discovered I was pretty well addicted to 'em, so one of the foremost reasons I published a fanzine was to trade so I wouldn't have to bother subscribing or having to write letters of comment on each and every item I received. Another very important reason. When I got into fandom as far as I could see there was no fanzine seriously devoted to science fiction discussion, this irked me, and I decided that fandom, supposedly revolving around the literature anyway, ought to have at least one science fiction slanted fanzine. Later on I discovered NEW FRONTIERS and then came SPECULATIVE REVIEW and a smallish group of other stf slanted zines. I had an egotistical purpose in mind, I wanted to say something on paper, and gain correspondents in the process. My self expression is done more thru letters than thru any other form, tho I get a kick from writing editorials now and participating in an apa. I never started that fanzine with any real purpose to make cash. I vaguely hoped that I would, but I didn't seriously expect it. My policies at the beginning mainly to concentrate on trading with most fanzines being published; letters were secondary.

Today things have changed a bit. Most of you people are talking about absolutes. Bob Lichtman says its too expensive for a fan to sub to all the zines he likes or wants to receive, and that zines should be given away for free practically. Gorman says he adheres short comment writers (so do I) and feels they don't deserve a free issue; pay cash money only. Gancio seems to back him up. Look people, is there no reason why a good solid combination of all these ideas won't work? In my usual boastful way I'll point out that a combination works better than any method I've tryed before for GHOST. I've tryed(very briefly) an cash only policy, with dismal results. The market isn't large enough for that. If fandom had ten thousand participants, then maybe; maybe when you cut the circulation back down to 100-150 you'd get the subbers you needed to continue and survive, even with a small profit perhaps. But does you have ten thousand participants; I think it's a minor miracle if has one thousand people who can't actually be called active fans. The market is already glutted with fanzines, one fanzine has little or no chance in charging cash money only. At the same time I think it's just plain dam foolish to give away a zine, if the fanzine just for a scribbled note or two, any fan who can touch off five minutes and half a page of coherent comments. Which took time to produce, and fans who I bled it thru to get that zine sub; it's fun to see that finished product, sure, but that still doesn't cause the valuable time and hard cash that had to be put into it to get the final result. All this for a letter of comment? So I have come to my own personal conclusion on the matter. People who have material printed in the zine will get free copies; it's only their natural due. This includes people who have letters printed in the letter column. If I consider their letter to deserve inclusion in the letter column, they get the issues in which their letters appear, as do natural contributors. This is should very slightly to cut all the dead wood. My

certainly not going to quote a half page of adjective comments in my letter column. The writer can damn well find some other way to get the zine. The letter column is deliberately kept to a six or eight page minimum and I like to quote long discussive letters, so this will also cut back on the people who get the zine for free. I also give out regular copies to people who can be counted on to write me, without fail, a good long discussive letter comment each time GHOST comes out. Thus far only two people qualify, Harry Warner and Al Andrews, and whether I quote them each time or not they always, always have something interesting and worthwhile to say, and they say it well. I consider their letters of comment worth a free issue of GHOST whether I print them or not. But they will only get copies as long as they keep up the regular writing schedule. If one of these two sterling fans fell behind an issue he would find himself without a future issue of GHOST. The point here is that Lichtman suggests giving the zine away for just any comment. Selective comments are a different matter altogether. Some often cannot write long discussive letters of comment issue after issue. Well, in which case they will find that I will send them only those issues in which their letter is quoted in the letter column. Lichtman would doubtless continue to send them free issues as matter how [illegible] many issues in between they missed and did not comment on.

I also trade for desirable fanzines. I balk at trading with certain zines. I will not, absolutely trade with a three or four page letter zine. I feel my zine is worth more to me than to give it away for something like that. I judge zines mainly on page count, five to ten pages is a trial like fanzine. If the material contained within ten pages shows promise, or is at least average or a bit above I may risk an issue. I trade on an issue to issue basis. Anything over ten pages unless utter crud or a very discouraging personalized fanzine is acceptable, in most cases we'll say. I keep files here. A file box with index cards containing names of various fans is a good safe accurate, comfortable record system. I mark in different colored pencil beside each name whether or not that person will receive the issue. If Joe Fan sends me his zine this time count I'll put a dash beside his name and eventually he'll get the next GHOST. If Joe Fan didn't happen to publish his zine the time the next GHOST afterwards comes out, then that's rough. He won't get a copy until I've got equal production from him. Selective trading that can also be careful and simple.

Then finally we come to fan other writers. Well, [illegible], I was surprised to discover that [illegible] trader will go out the route in pretty [illegible] [illegible] the zine. I [illegible] well [illegible] [illegible] often [illegible] make the best letter [illegible] [illegible] interest in the zine to interest their [illegible] in it. [illegible] enough interest in it to write a few words about the [illegible] [illegible] are good people. [illegible] also help to defray the costs of publishing. Cash can be used to buy paper, ink, and stencils, they [illegible] [illegible] necessities of life. I don't think I will agree with Lichtman on [illegible] that they [illegible] the subject constitute a black sheep of fans handling cash [illegible] the hands of the editors who make rules

On the contrary they are easy people to get along with, and I do not accept sub money from persons who I do not really enjoy. Or rather, let us say I discourage it (I somehow can't see myself refusing to accept sub money ...) with non-responce to letters and a very strict enforcement of policy. (I can make myself obnoxious silently ...) I've found very few people I used this method on however. Most people are pretty agreeable on the surface. There are fans who do not have the time or the talent to write letters of comment constantly, even if there were some assurance their letters would be published anyway. They don't have a trade zine. This great group bears the bunt of the sub rates: They buy a sub to get GHOST because it's the only way they are going to get it short of contributing material or artwork. This may be unfair to those people, the easy way out for them of course is to publish their own zine, or write letters of comment worth printing constantly. Comment writing can be tiring after awhile however, and fandom is gutted with fanzines. It's an easier thing to just sub to a few zines you especially like, if you have no trade zine, and play the other faneditors who take letters of comment as trade for suckers and still keep up the stream of incoming fanzines. Sub money is also better used if it is doled out regularly. I've finally worked out a simple and very easy system whereby each new sub is recorded, and each issue I lop fifteen cents off the sub money left, and spend only the accumulated fifteen cents. The spending of a whole fistful of sub money in one total lump leads to more financial troubles than it cures later on. I realized this a bit too late, if I had used my present system awhile back GHOST would now almost be paying for itself. So I honestly know that a workable combination of the sub-trade-LOC business can be arranged so that the fan editor gets his due, while the readers do not get away with bloody murder yet still enjoy a certain flexibility. My scales are tipped a bit towards the faneditor's side ... but then ... I'm a faneditor.

I object to Redd Boggs' hasty condemnation of a) comic books and b) speed-reading, both of which I consider worthy type subjects. Comics may be trash and the like to Mr Boggs, however to those people who have an honest to Ghu interest in the things, they are worth indexing. Like it or not comic books along with dime novels and chap books and pulps are all part of American literature. How many copies of Boggs' own beloved WILD WEST WEEKLY are kicking around these days. Like it or no, that is development of American literature aimed at the juvenile level, and I for one feel that all these forms are very fascinating and are worth the effort of indexing and discussing. On the other hand I have absolutely no use for Shakespeare, and I don't see why anyone would bother indexing his material. The difference is in the viewpoint, and if one viewpoint differs and the person has

sense enough to realize that viewpoints differ then no wholesale condemnation should be affected by either party. Which is legal talk saying Boggs spoke out of turn.

Like, I for one would dearly love to read quickly. I would love to dash to the library one day and come forth having read six or seven books I've always wanted and meant to read. Bob Coulson is mistaken, speed reading improves concentration. Slow readers, it has been proven, have a disagreeable tendency to reread the same material over and over, thus cutting down both reading speed and comprehension of the material that is covered. Speed reading cuts down on all outside distractions, so that the reader is able to concentrate fully on the material he is reading, getting the most out of it. My reading speed used to be more than it is now; I use to zip thru a couple of books a day (324 p. length, small type, tho not fine type) if I was willing to devote a day to the task. When I am interested enough in a subject I can still do almost as well. I find I can easily remember most of the material I cover unless the eyesight starts to swim from overstrain, in which case it's time to take a break. But speed reading to me would be one well wished blessing. Hell, Boggs, are there books that you have wanted to read that you never got around to? Recently I went to the library and was browsing and come across a whole shelf of books that looked as tho they might be good. So I checked out five of them with the intention of reading the whole damn shelf. Thus far I have read one row of books and time is going to prevent me from going any further. There I used to live I read about a third of the town library and was hoping to finish up the rest of it in a few more years, since there was so much fascinating reading in every book there (I've only rarely come across a tuney bad book, and when they are bad they are clinkers, with apologies for use of that word), but we moved here and I discovered the joys of fandom and letterwriting and reading which cuts my reading speed. I can't type as fast as I think, the I sometimes think I try hard enough, and lots valuable reading time, also fan reading and the like, being somewhat distributed at best, does me no good. But I would like to learn to read faster, I don't think it's going to hurt anyone to read faster, and I honestly think the participants of the method get more from their books anyway.

Letter column was interesting. Trouble with Bettis computer is that if enough people applied the right public pressure then some mighty sickening laws would go into effect. And no way to be interest it either. I can just see Nixon pressuring the machine for a few million bucks for "public benefit construction work" or the like, and then pressuring the brain for no withdrawal or repeal of the law at any time by any means ... then the public discovers the shady goings on the machine will blow a few fuses and that will be that.

BETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vineland, NJ -- Wonder if person who has learned speed-reading can learn to slow down and enjoy fiction or novel of some sort. The speed reading would be excellent however for college student or for someone who for some reason has to plow through a large number of dry tomes and textbooks for information, education and arguments, etc.

Also wonderful advantage for scientist who finds himself confronted with literally millions of pages of new discoveries and experiments in his own field. Now that is one spot where speed reading would really be a necessity just to keep with the field. However I can't imagine myself enjoying speed reading ANALOG or GALAXY, although even here there might be an advantage in that one could probably skim or speed read the whole mag right at the newstand without the expence of purchasing the thing.

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Pl. NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota -- Best news in CINDER #5 is that you are going to carry all those black master units out to the backyard and burn them in the incinerator. I'm not especially fond of purply print, but the print seems to reproduce best in spirit, and that's the main thing, I guess. Gads, this black print (which is not black like real print) turns out blotchily; it's hard to read some of it, although it is dark enough. The multicolored illustrations are pleasant to the eye, although many of them are not very expertly drawn.
/Well, I'm not burning the black masters. Did I say I was going to toss out the extras? I thought I had simply promised that when I ran out this time I wouldn't use them for the print again. Anyhow, that's what I meant./

Best item in this issue is Bob Lichtman's article leading off the symposium on "fanzine payments." I concur with the BLob's views for the most part, while admitting that Ed Corman and Jack Cascio make some good points. I believe I've already discussed the subject of fanzine payments, probably after PARSECTION reprinted Ed's original article, but at the risk of repeating myself: I've published both a subscription fanzine and a fanzine that was given away in exchange for letters of comment, and I'd certainly suggest that the prospective publisher choose the second type of fanzine if possible. The money received from subscriptions helps keep the fan publisher solvent, but on the other hand it requires keeping books and entails an obligation to deliver or return the money. It's a much happier situation for the editor if he can cease publishing, if necessary, without hocking his watch to pay back his irate subscribers. The other type of publisher "gives" his own fanzine and has no monetary obligations to his readers.

Ed made the point in the original article, as I recall, that most or many letters of comment are of little account. Well maybe. All letters of comment are valuable around here, and I've received few that weren't of some interest. The point is, if you don't sell your fanzine, you're in a better position to ignore pompous, and naturally you try to steer anyone to send a fan ugly enough to write a real letter of comment. Of course you're obliged to some degree to continue to send the magazine to anybody who contributes regularly, but it seems to me that people who really have nothing to say literally grow tired of writing even the "I like this and didn't like that" sort of letter. And then you can drop them. If you allow subscribers, you soon find your mailing list cluttered with the NWF types who you hear from only once a year: a scribbled note on a lined tablet paper saying "Please send four more issues." Even a "I like this and didn't like that" letter is preferable to that.

Well, [illegible]

since Jack is bitching about that he doesn't consider worthy trades. He must receive fanzines that I don't. I can think of damn few fanzines I've seen that are below contempt. Few of those resemble the one in Jack's description, "Four sheets of paper ... with one staple in the upper left-hand corner and the whole thing looks like something I could throw together in ten minutes." Most crudzines are big, thick, sloppy, and hollow. Most crudzines improve in time, in any case, and it's nice to watch 'em improve. Therefore I think nearly all fanzines are worthwhile trades; maybe a few are not.

Incidentally, I'm surprised to find myself listed as one of the writers who appear in nearly every magazine today. Jack must be kidding.

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England -- On the subject of the fanzine subscriptions there was another point I was going to make - who should be considered the most ungrateful of these two: A) The fellow who gets fanzines and doesn't write a letter of comment on them -- just ignores them for one reason or another - or B) The editor who receives letters of comment on his fanzine and doesn't reply to them? Who is worse? I've been guilty of the first but never of the second -- and at this very moment I can honestly say I haven't a single letter in my files or anywhere that needs an answer - everything HAS been answered. Editors often quite rightly complain they are sending their fanzines into an empty void where from the get no answer - this is I think a very bad way of repaying an editor and the only time I'm guilty of it is when lack of time prevents writing LOCs - but how about the editor who receives letters of comment in exchange for his fanzine and never answers them or acknowledges them and never prints them? They ask for letters of comment but isn't the writer in fact also dropping his letters into the same void that the editor himself complained his fanzines were dropping into?

Locke's cover on CINDER 5 rather reminds me of the "Calamity Gulch" series of cartoons about the western town of the same name we get here in the Daily Mirror six days a week - there was one a while back which showed the western town at sun-up. From a distance and from all over the town were coming the words "Ah'm coming ta git yew Luke" and "Ah'm acoming to git YOU sheriff", and "Ah'm acoming to git yew Sam" etc. There were two fellows outside of town listening and one was saying -- "Well, I guess it's sun-up again ..."

DON FITCH, 3908 Feijo, Covina, Calif -- Norman accuses Lichtman of wandering, of not being brief, of neglecting structure. He is guilty of all these faults, but he says a great deal more than Gorman does in his one-sentence "paragraphs". Lichtman feels that fanzine publishing should be informal and fun. Gorman says that it should be strictly regulated, while Cascio implies that a substantial price must be affixed to a fanzine in order to indicate that it is a valuable fanzine. I've never seen mf a copy of his zine (REALM?), nor have I read anything by "Johnny Slaughter" or "Dawn Fire", but I have read things by Foggs, Bradley, and Ebert (among those he lists who appear in "any fanzine today"). I have even re-read things by Foggs, Bradley, and Ebert, and will probably re-read them again, deriving even greater pleasure and profit from them. I'm all for the introduction of new talent in fanzines, but when the encouragement of new

writers of mediocre ability (as I assume these to be) takes first place over the publication of works of writers of real and proven ability, the resultant publication is usually most aptly termed a "crudzine", no matter how fine the layout.

Some people are able to read 83 pages or so per minute -- Theodore Roosevelt could do something of the sort -- but this seems to be an innate talent and such a photographic memory, if latent, may be developed by speed reading course, but few have the raw material needed. Speedreading does help in scanning factual material; one does learn to pick out the cogent facts, the topic sentences from a mass of bolstering material, through the process known as skimming. The speedreading techniques can increase the reading speed of normal people, perhaps even double it, but after a certain point comprehension does fall off. There was quite a fad, some years ago, to give executives courses such as this; it was dropped suddenly when they began making too many mistakes -- passing over small, but important, details incontracts, etc. Skimming by reading chapter headings, leads of paragraphs, etc., is sometimes useful (indispensible to librarians, for example) but is dangerous if one misleads oneself into believing that he has read the book, it may be satisfactory in reading for information, but the benefit and enjoyment of good prose can come only with a leisurely reading, as Boggs so graphically points out in his letter.

I enjoy reading CINDER, but very few things about it are really memorable. Each issue you seem to come up with a couple of ideas which spark some response, but on the whole the presentation of them isn't very impressive.

/And I quote?/

DON THOMPSON, Rm 27, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio -- /Reprinted from HARBINGER #3./ CINDER tends to try too hard, prints too much fanfiction (much of it, unintentionally, hilarious, and is strangely enjoyable.

/This seems to be the current opinion of CINDER. "It's lousey but I love it." That's an extreme, but expresses what I mean.

Larry Shaw called CINDER "not bad". And Coulson panned it as usual. Thus far the reviews haven't really raked CINDER over the coals, but then they haven't been good. I wonder how this issue will go over./

# ashes

editor

I don't think I'll ever forget the two experiences I had last summer at South Station in Boston. These seem to be typical examples of people on jobs of this sort.

When I first entered the station I walked to the "Information" booth and promptly caught the man's attention. I asked him when the train to Springfield left and on what track. He said something resembling 10:39 and it left on track #2. So, remembering the mixed numbers of tracks at the station in Springfield, I asked where **track 2 was.** His reply: "Well, gee, you need a college education to figure that one out. Track 1 is down there and the tracks go 1-2-3-4 and so on. **Got that?"** A pertinent reply would have been: "When did you know?", **but I was younger and more** ignorant of how to deal with this-guys.

That same day, mind you, I had another **experience.** A real laughable one. I was interested in some books so I stopped at a newsstand and examined the rack of comic books to the right of the **young woman** standing in the booth, staring at me curiously. I looked one **within close** proximity of the top of the rack and informed the girl that I wished to purchase the magazine. She said, "We don't handle it."

"You mean that you have nothing with which to get it down?" I replied in a smile tone which I'm sure seems to have.

"Don't might."

"Don't do you expect to sell it?"

"We don't."

I left.

Being a poor boy, I have to occasionally earn my money. (For that [illegible] I work with the books. Which designer, paper hanger and [illegible] also, with the advertising department of Springfield Newspapers.

"Hello, I'd like to deliver a paper that my route starting Monday."

"Repeat that please."

"I said I'd like to deliver an paper from my route starting Monday."

"Starting on Monday?"

"Monday." (The company has a morning paper and an evening paper.)

"What's your [illegible] name?"

"Jenny Williams."

"W-i-l-l-i-a-m-s?"

"Yeah."

"Where do you live?"

"[illegible] Maple Road in Longmeadow."

"Maple is M-a-p-l-e, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Then we say goodbye. All of the lines pertaining to the girl at the exchange are said in a kind of dumb tone, if you know what I mean.

All this would be fine if I could have one paper delivered as I so fondly wanted to. But no! I usually get the same number, or two ad[illegible], or some such mess. And I get charged for those extras too. Funny that I've never really lost my temper in one of those conversations.

oo-oooooooo

A while back I received a call from Ed Cox. Actually he had tried to get me twice before when I was out, so I had kind of expected a call from a fan. And this time it was Ed Cox. I babbled for a minute or so and then we began to talk. It was altogether interesting and I enjoyed it very much.

Some of the things discussed were Ed's plans to enter the Air Force, his plans for fandom (he's cutting down on fanac though not totally), [illegible], his view of the [illegible], and some old fanzines he wished to sell to me.

I got the [illegible], and I still have to say that Ed got sort of short-changed. I [illegible] the thing, I think, [illegible] time-consuming. I [illegible], quite [illegible] and had discovered that the [illegible] high. [illegible] considering the fact that [illegible] the [illegible] of a lot of money [illegible] the call. I tried to [illegible] I talked for a long time; [illegible] had talked for 25 minutes. [illegible] might have thought [illegible] had been [illegible]. Sorry, Ed, if you feel that way.

oooooooo

[illegible] has [illegible] me [illegible] six copies of [illegible] #4. The reason: the first five didn't get here. The sixth didn't [illegible], but I told [illegible] to give up. [illegible] Post Office we have in the [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] Thanks.

Enough so as to not allow any of the six copies to get here. I finally told Ron to give up. This is just too much.

Speaking of Ron Haydock, have you noticed the stuff listing of FAMOUS MONSTERS lately? He is listed for "Special Material". Glad to see Ron turning professional, and hope he can spread his writing out of FM and into other magazines as well. And I don't mean into Warren's SPACEMEN either. Good luck, Ron.

************

The day after the call from Ed I decided to call Seth Johnson for a number of reasons. I had the urge to talk to another fan, and Seth was close so that it wouldn't cost an awful lot.

I planned on a call of about 15-20 minutes. We talked for 40 minutes. Seth is just to damned interesting. I discovered that he's 50 years of age, fat by his own admission, and almost completely deaf. Surprisingly the fact that he's deaf did not hinder the conversation in the least. We talked on lots of things, many of them non-fanish, but all of great interest. Call was much enjoyed. Hope I can do it again some time.

************

From the two calls I discovered that Ted White is both dirty and nice. Seth claimed the guy would snap your head off for nothing. He just generally has a horrible personality according to Seth.

Ed on the other hand said, when I had mentioned Ted White as nasty and bitching, replied that he don't really like that.

Ted seems to agree more with Ed that with Seth judging by his article in FANTAROMADE #9.

Which are you really like, Ted White? You may reply in a copy of VOID if you like, since you've refused to send me said fanzine.

************

I had originally planned this as the last issue, but in responce to requests not to I've decided to continue. I don't want to give up the zine anyhow. Schoolwork makes it tough not to however.

CINDER will be irregular, and infrequent. I'll publish when I get enough material that I like. Each issue should run to about 40 pages according to my present plans which are subject to change. The price will remain at 15¢, but no more long term subs will be accepted. Please use LOCs instead. I will continue to trade, but it must be on an "all-for-all" basis. Since I expect CIN to be infrequent, you may drop off after repaying me for this issue if you don't want to send out more than you get in return. PLEASE CONTRIBUTE!!!

And no more black masters will be used!

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