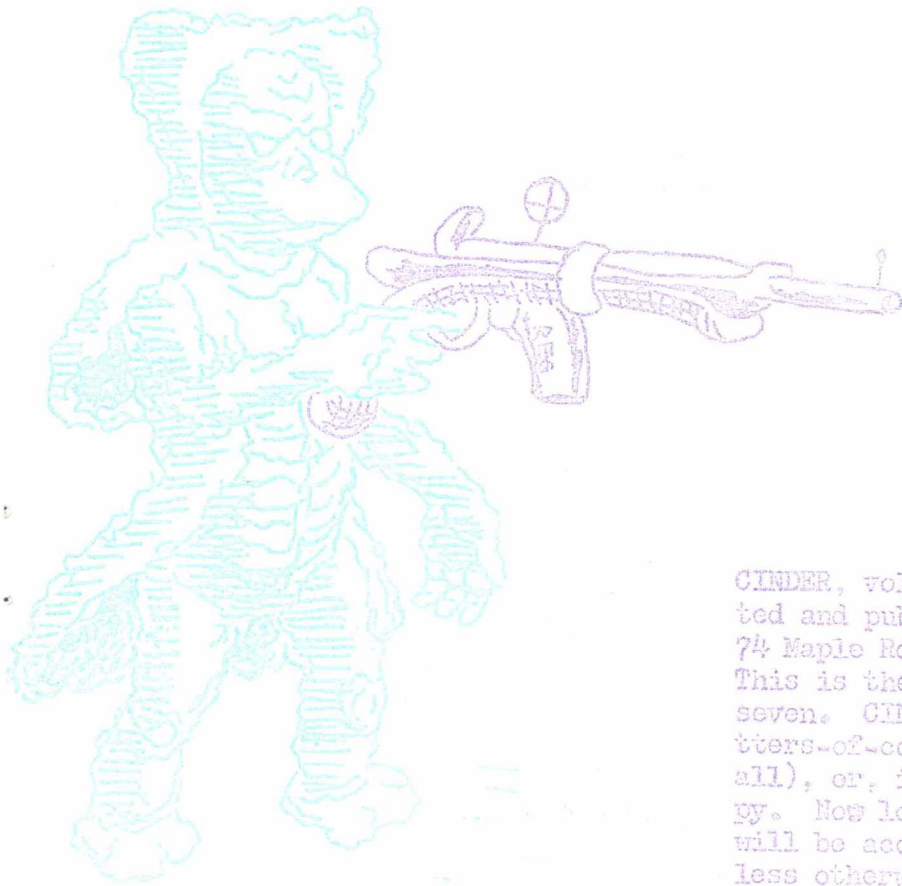


CINDER



CINDER, volume 2 number 1, is edited and published by Larry Williams 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass. This is the December issue, number seven. CINDER is available for letters-of-comment, trade (all-for-all), or, if you must, for 15¢ copy. Now long-term subscriptions will be accepted. All material, unless otherwise credited, is written by the editor. Staff artist, simply because I use more of his work than that of others, is Robert E. Gilbert. This is Far-East publication #19. Artwork: Allen G. Krackalike (page 6), and Robert E. Gilbert (pages 1, 9, 12, and 14.) ****

ASHES *editorial*

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSER Although commercials are obviously necessary in television they are rapidly becoming the bane of my existence. I remember the time awhile back when I was watching a movie on tv. After I had become sufficiently disgusted with the whole business of the commercials between segments of this movie, I decided to count the number of commercials and the interval between each group of them. I discovered that every ten minutes there were five commercials. The only good aspect apparent to me was the fact that this provided quite ample time to run upstairs and get a bite to eat. I would even have time to eat the snack upstairs, and not have to bring it down to eat while watching. This was fine, except that I wasn't a bit hungry.

On the other hand the heavy eater has problems with commercials, too. He invariably seems to watch the shows with short "one-minute" commercials, and therefore wishes there were more of them. Either way somebody is disgusted.

These obtusions extend themselves to radio, also. The stations in my area are not as bad now as they used to be. I remember that station WSPR used to have quite a few commercials. More ad time than show time if I remember correctly. At the present time you can turn on WBZ and get all the commercials you want, if you happen to go for radio commercials. The radio commercials are probably the worse. Most of them consist of some egghead telling you to buy something like a used car, for instance. He has a high, weasel voice at all times, and it is very apparent that he is reading verbatim from a cue-card.

Although tv commercials are less frequent (not much so), they are just as bad in many cases. Sample:

"Oh, Mildred! What kind of wonderful coffee is this?"

"Why, Hazel, don't you know? I can see you haven't been keeping up with the latest and greatest tv commercials! That's "Vomit" brand coffee which is made from coffee beans while they're still green. "Vomit" wouldn't think of using aged coffee beans in their coffee. They use fresh, new beans. Now watch the friendly African negro put his hands into the beans and take a whiff! Wow! See, he likes the smell! By the way, I'm switching brands. I ain't takin' no coffee what's had nigger's hands in the beans! DAMMIT!"

Of course, the above is a satire, but it pretty well sums up the situation. Some of them may be better than the sponsored show, but even in the present state of tv, the hideous commercials make you want to stop watching the show. The damn things are in too great an abundance.

...and that's why I'm seeing more movies at theaters lately.

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU.

I do wish I had the current issue of THE JET JOURNAL, our printed school newspaper, on hand. I don't subscribe to it, because generally it isn't worth having, but this is-

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sue is. It contains the results of a poll taken by the paper to determine the favorite book at Longmeadow High School. They listed the results as twelve books. I thought you might be interested in knowing that 1984 scored fifth in the school and that On the Beach also placed, although I can't remember what number it was. I stated in a letter printed in YANDRO that four students in my English class read 1984 for one book report. I said this to attempt to prove the fact that although teenagers may not do a hell of a lot of reading, they do read and enjoy science-fiction, even though Buck might not think so. My argument is now strengthened by the results of this poll.

CIAWOL

Namely, Cinder Is A Way Of Life.

When I looked at the repro derived from the black masters last issue I gave forth with a vicious guffaw, stomped up and down on the floor, and hit the wall rythmatically five times with a closed fist. No, the results were not good. But since the pages were remotely readable and I was too damn lazy to retype the mess, I decided to let them ride. But I'm through with black master copies.

You may have noticed that I typed the last paragraph of last issue's "Ashes" on a purple master for easy legibility. I did so because that last paragraph was rather important. I thought so, anyhow. But now I find myself making some more changes. In fact, I'm going the opposite way. I predicted that I would produce thick issues of CINDER on an infrequent schedule. Now I expect you will receive thin issues of CINDER on a frequent schedule, maybe even monthly. Don't believe me, eh? It's questionable, no doubt. I'll attempt to produce CIN monthly, but a combination of schoolwork, bankruptcy, and laziness (mostly laziness) may prevent me from doing so.

Each issue will contain, if matters go well, my editorial, a new fanzine review column by Vic Ryan, and an article by some Good Fan. A lettercol will also be included, but that's nothing new. I would like to turn CIN into somewhat of a discussion-zine, because of jealousy of WARHOON and DISCORD.

My editorials will either discuss a subject in a critical manner or be a milange of misdirected nonsense. Probably the latter. The articles that get printed will be good. I'm going to be rather choosy here. So, if nobody sends material, there will be no article. The lettercol ... well, that's up to you. You can have CIN for an LOC whether it's printed or not, so send along some good letters, please. No postcards will be accepted as LOCs. Trades will be on an all-for-all basis, as per usual.

HAND ME MY CANE

I'm now a whole, big fifteen years of age. As of November 23, I entered into this year of age. And what's more, I only have a year to go before I can drive a car ... legally. See you at the '63 Worldcon!

Every night I pray to live yet another year. In this day of progress, the prediction of death is ominous. As a note of interest I here include

a note pasted on the back of an envelope containing a letter from Larry McCombs:

"It's not "Snow" ... it's Crystallized Fallout. Beware!"

Over the loud-speaker at school, while we were having our first snow-storm of the season, the people down at the principal's office were warning us not to get too thirsty and eat the snow. The reason was that the stuff very probably contained fall-out.

Well, later that day I began to get the feeling of looking at an empty canteen while on the desert. So I ate some of the snow. I hope my future wife's children don't have three or four eyes. I doubt they will, personally. So unless the town dogs happened to pick this particular spot from which I got the snow, I'm fairly safe.

I note that the Geneva talks on a test ban are a complete failure. The Russians refuse to OK a ban that would include inspection of the particular countries to make sure that they aren't testing. This forbodes the fact that the Russians simply aren't going to give up nuclear testing. Fall-out will continue to be prominent in the air above us.

Indeed, living to be sixteen is something I question.

"THIS IS THE OPERATOR; NUMBER PLEASE!" For any of you out there who ever feel an urgent need to telephone me long distance, my number is LOcust 7-5882. My Long-Distance Dialing number is 413-567-5882. I have no idea whatsoever how long-distance dialing works, so don't ask.

I just found this out a minute ago when I went to the phone and noticed an "Area Code" seal on the dial. Before this time I had been under the impression that there was no long-distance dialing in this area. I had heard some rumors of a new thing in dialing around here, but I thought this meant we would have our local dialing system changed. Thank Ghod we aren't. It would be most inconvenient.

I can't think of anything else to say on telephones. Oh well ...

UNUSUAL BLOSSOMS (with no apology to Buck Coulson) ... Since there is still some doubt in my mind as to whether Ryan will do the fanzine reviews. I accepted his offer in the last CINDER, but there is a chance he didn't receive the issue. I'll write him.

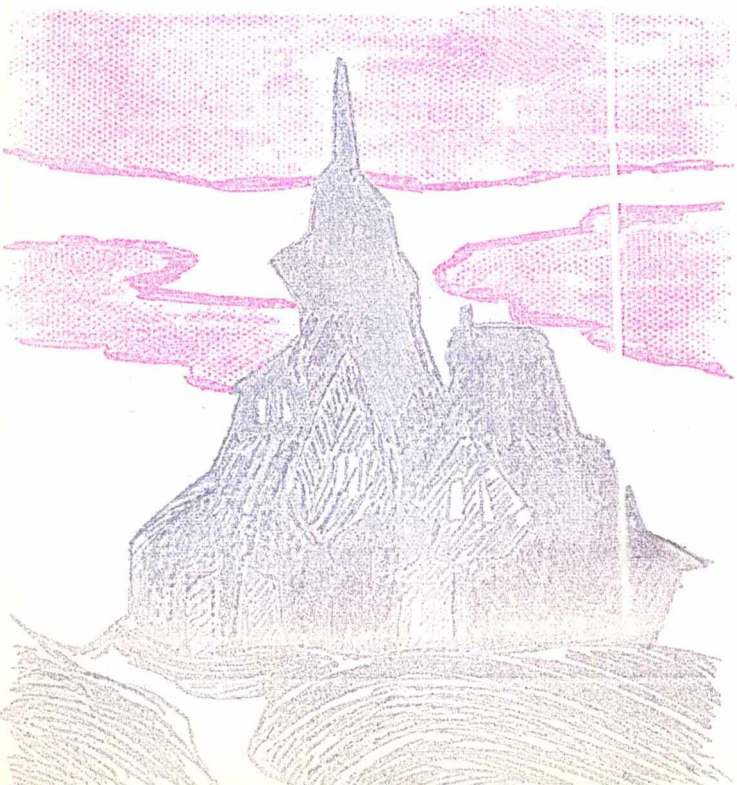
CADENZA #3 is available for 20¢ or the usual methods from Chuck Wells, 2495 Sherbrooke Dr., Atlanta 6, Ga. It contains an editorial, fanzine reviews, and a lettercol. I enjoyed the issue but little else can be said, except that I

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find it deeply disturbing that Chuck will no longer completely review all the fanzines he receives. But, after taking a gander at the long list of the fms he receives, I can see why he finds it nearly impossible to do so. CADENZA is still one of my favorite fanzines.

WARHOON #13 comes from Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, NY and is available for LOCs, trade, or 20%. This issue was rather startling. When I first pulled it out of the envelope I almost fell over backwards. WARHOON has a cover! Miracles never cease. And a very fine cover it is, Dick. My first remarks should be on the outstanding quality of the issue. The art is typical Bergeron; that is simple but excellent. The issue is magnificently Gestetnered and runs to 66 pages. The material is excellent also. I found Dick's article on Leman rather boring, as I did John Berry's column. But otherwise, it was quite an issue. Keep them coming, Dick.

YANDRO #106 comes from Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt. 3, Wabash, Ind. Price: 20¢, or trades. No LOCs accepted for a free issue. And since Buck won't take letters in trade it completely shocks me to here that he has 60-75 pages of comment to go through each issue. I accept letters, yet, as this is being put on master, I have one printable letter, and about 6 letters in all. A pretty poor record, CINDER 6 readers. The best thing in the issue is Gregg Calkins' column; while it is not memorable, it is vastly entertaining. This installment of DeWeese's startlingly regular column is rather bad, compared to past DeWeese work. Ed Wood follows up his first article with another, which is rebuttal to an argument printed in article form last issue by John Trimble. I fail to see what all the fuss is about. I devoted one paragraph of a letter to it, as shown in the lettercol. That's all I feel this argument deserves. Oh well, I'll never understand these fans. A piece of poor fan-fiction precedes a good lettercol. An fair issue for YANDRO.



SMUDGE #1 (Joe Pilati, 111 S. Highland Ave., Pearl River, NY) Send him 25¢ if you want the issue. A nice offset cover by Don Martin dons this magazine. It sets you up to expect a wonderful magazine. Well, it isn't a wonderful magazine. Only moderately interesting in places, but the editors seem capable of putting out a good zine in the future. Dittoing is poor, but I'd be the main one to notice that.

VOID issues 25, 26, and 27 from Ted White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, NY are an outstanding example of a fannish fanzine; and a damn good one in my opinion.

#25 is a very entertaining issue. One comment: Why the hell do you print so much of that Dave English crud? Personally I feel that this artist has no talent whatsoever. #26 is less entertaining, and I haven't read much of #27 yet, but it seems to be the best of the trio. I enjoy the editorials more than the rest of VOID, except in 26 when Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" takes the spotlight. He brings up a good point, something I've known for a long time but never thought much about. Perhaps the best thing to do is not to tout on and on about something like HARP STATESIDE or AH! SWEET IDIOCY! to a person such as I who has never read either of them. But then I might not be persuaded to get something which I might ~~have~~ loved. I guess dulling the affect of a great work to a neo by over-praising it is something that can't be avoided. People feel that everybody loved it in their time, so why shouldn't the neos love it? The neos won't love it because things have improved so much as to make a great fmz of the past seem only slightly above average now. But, Harry says all this in his column, so I'll shut up.

XERO #7 from Pat & Dick Lupoff, 215 73rd St., New York 21, NY. for 35¢. LOCs that are published, limited trades, or 35¢. Beautiful color ~~cover~~ - The cover? I haven't the faintest idea who drew it, except that whoever he is has his styles mixed up, but doubtless that is intentional. Included in these 54 pages ~~is~~ are book reviews and an article on Tolkien by Lin Carter, "The Slant Story" by Walt Willis, "Don't Call Us ... We'll Call You" by Donald E. Westlake, fanzine reviews, comic book material by Don Thompson, and a letter-column. A hell of a lot of good material, isn't it.

FREE PLUGS DEPT. Although I won't make a constant practice of devoting editorial space to plugging fanzines, people, etc. I will make an exception here. Since this zine is the first one I received and the first one to print my material, although it was poor, I feel it is only right. Anyhow, I like the editor.

TERROR, a semi-professional horror magazine. 28 full size lithographed pages per issue. If possible, we will feature a full 4 color Lithographed cover for issue #5. And quite a number of great things in the horror vein are also planned for later release. Samples only 25¢ each. (Sorry but no back issues are available.) TERROR ANNUAL #1, the best from issues #1, 2, and 3 of TERROR Magazine, plus an additional 50% of all new material --- superb fiction, articles, artwork, perhaps a full color comic section, and as an added BONUS a Monster Calendar for 1962! Supply will be limited. Only 50¢. Order either or both from:
TERROR Magazine
PO Box 714
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Although I don't agree that the articles and fiction are superb, I can tell you that the artwork is uniformly excellent. And, anyhow, the editor is a good man. So get a copy!

LIFE AMONG THE ANIMALS

a book review

Animal Farm by George Orwell

Signet Classic CD3 ; 50¢

As a satirical work Animal Farm stands out as a brilliant classic. It's satire is uniformly excellent, and the truth of Orwell's ideas is proven again and again as we recognize the animal characters as symbols of actual types of people.

We see in the character of Snowball the person who is working to help the people. But Orwell proves that no matter what the intentions of the people and the leaders are, a perfect socialistic government can not be attained. One person always wants more individual power. In Animal Farm a pig named Napoleon represents this person. At one point in the book Snowball is ousted and Napoleon forms a complete totalitarianism. Orwell satires the ways used to gain more power. Napoleon gradually changes the Seven Commandments, which were set down immediately after the revolt, to suit himself. The public of animals is led to believe that Napoleon is a wonderful leader, that conditions are better than in the time when Jones ran the farm, and that Snowball is at fault for anything that goes wrong.

The most admiral symbolism is that of the common animals as the public of a socialistic state. Orwell brilliantly attacks the stupidity of the public in matters of government. Orwell shows in an excellent manner how easily the public can be led to believe almost anything. The most interesting symbol is that of Boxer, the horse. He symbolizes the person who is definitely the most complete devotee to the totalitarianistic state. He is all muscle and no brain. He believes in the two maxims which follow: "I will work harder." "Napoleon is always right."

DEAR DIARY

a book review

Level 7 by Mordecai Roshwald

Signet Books D1956 ; 50¢

I found Level 7 to be outstanding, and very depressing. Depressing in view of the fact that it points out vividly that if an atomic war occurs there is no escaping the total de-

struction and complete death that would result.

Level 7 is presumably the complete diary of a man stationed on this level. He is a member of the PBX command or the center where the buttons are pushed to loose the missiles at the Soviet Union. About the first hundred pages of the book are taken up with information and opinion on the set-up of protection from Atomic Blasting in the United States.

There are seven levels. The first two are for the common people, and levels 3, 4, and 5 for the elite of society and for people necessary to the society, such as doctors, scientists, and teachers. Level 6 is the defense center, or PBX command. Level 7 is for offensive measures. X

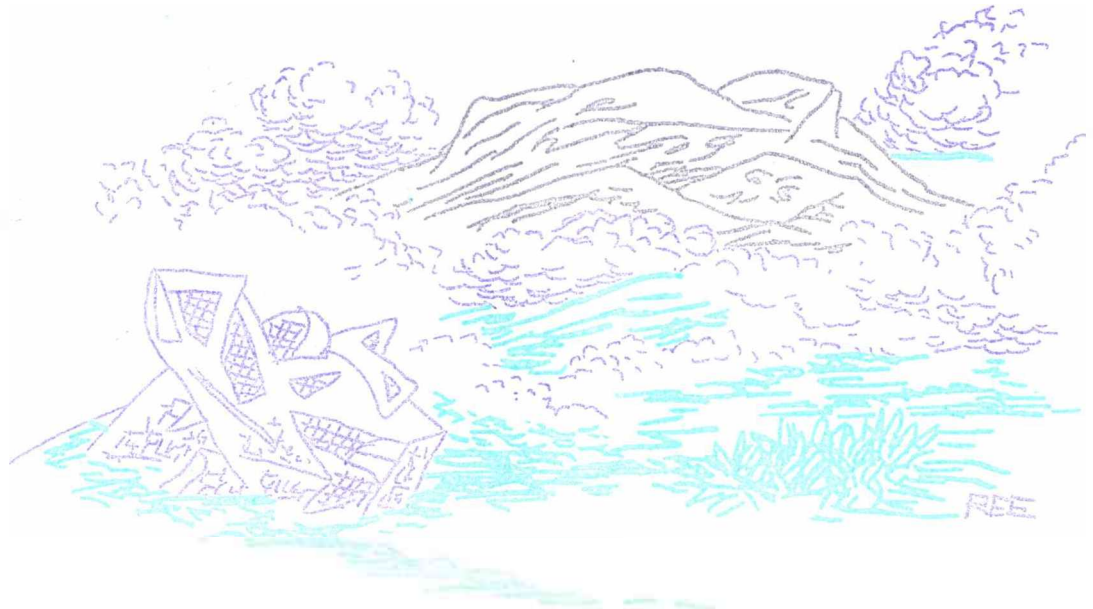
The author tells of the air and water systems, sewage system, the types of food eaten, etc. on Level 7.

Then the buttons are pushed. The remainder of the book explains the destruction above, and final complete destruction of civilization below the earth's crust. After reading the book, the horrid consequences of nuclear war seem more ominous. As I said, Level 6 is depressing.

However, I find a few holes in the excellence of the book. First of all, why are the people of level 7 given nothing with which to occupy their time? All X-127, the "hero" of the book, did was to spend a short while each day setting his ideas down on paper supplied for him. He also had one half-hour a day in the so-called "lounge", and a shift during which he sat in front of a board with a number of buttons on it. Despite space limitations surely there could have been a number of books. Not a full library, as pointed out in the book, but a few books to give the people a chance to ease their minds. Why weren't they allowed to play cards? The author portrays an incident in the lounge where some men were gambling useless money on the flip of a coin. There is a fight, so the game is put to an end. An announcement is made that there will be no gambling on level 7. So, we are shown that games are not to be played to prevent arguments that would set the efficiency of level 7 back. Why couldn't they play bridge or solitaire? There is no gambling involved in these games. Being a fan, I think that having a mimeograph and some supplies would provide people with some amusement. The population of level 7 could spend some time printing, writing for, and reading an amateur magazine. The argument against all of this is that amusements such as I have mentioned might create instability. I contend that people are only human, and having nothing to do would make them nervous wrecks.

Secondly, after the war is over (it takes 2 hours and 58 minutes) the gradual death of people on levels 1-5 is portrayed. Then suddenly all contact with level 6 and the former enemy stops. No reason is given as to how the fallout got into these levels as there was in the explanation of death on levels 1-5.

From the tale of death on those levels we know that dying from fallout takes some time. Yet contact stops immediately. Evenally Roshwald could think of no reason other than the one he had planned for level 7, so rather than be un-



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original, he just stated that all others except those on level 7 were dead.

Thirdly, the death of level 7 is caused by an accident. This is very bad craftsmanship. Roshwald was trying to make the point that nuclear war would cause total destruction, yet he has the final death caused by an accident. The atomic reactor filtering in air from underground sources line with plantlike mechanisms (carrying on photosynthesis, which keeps the air pure) broke. Fallout leaked in. If this had not occurred the people might have lived another 499 years as planned.

Certainly, to make his point better, the author should have worked out a death that was not caused by an accident. In any book, in a section so important as this, an accident or coincidence should not bring about the climax.

However, after all my quibbling, I did greatly enjoy the book and highly recommend it.

READERS, NOW HERE THIS Please, please, please COMMENT! I received eight letters of comment on this issue. This obviously is very poor. I put a hell of a lot of time, money, and sweat into the last issue, and only eight people felt like commenting. This is certainly not satisfying return for a fanzine.

Also, contributions are not "rolling in", either.

If I'm to publish a fanzine, a good one, I've got to have support. I wrote most of this issue myself, but there are many, many writers in fandom that are much better than I.

STATUS

- Good (X)
- Weakening ()
- Bad ()
- Do something! ()

I SENT THIS TO YOU BECAUSE

- You commented ()
- You contributed ()
- You sent money ()
- You're last issue is ()
- We trade, all-for-all (X)
- PLEASE CONTRIBUTE (X)
- PLEASE COMMENT (X)
- This is a review copy ()
- This is your last issue ()
- Unless you do something ()
- I like you (X)

THE FIRE

TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, NY -- GINDER #6 does not seem outstanding, but I was quite amused by the Cascio item. You'll find the reason for my amusement when you read my editorial in VOID 27: this Cascio seems destined to carry on the Message of Warren A. Freiberg.

Cascio has a good case of Running On At The Mouth Disease, which no doubt someone will eventually plug with his foot. He knows so little that there's hardly any point in arguing with him. He descends into raving in his reply to Willick, for instance. He seems totally unaware of what the term "BNF" means (and no, Jack, George Willick is not yet one, although some might nominate him as LMJ). Living in New York I've had the opportunity to talk to the staff editors, none of whom have refused me "the time of day." Of course, there are only four staff editors in the magazine field today, and since for every "Ackerman and Shaw", Cascio is going to give us two who hate fans, I suspect his cause is doomed. Cascio's notion that "fandom today has done more to kill staff than any other single cause" is demonstrably absurd.

But then, so is Cascio.

I think your pages 25 and 24 are reversed. /Aha! Old Sharp Eye White noticed that. I didn't discover my error until after I had run off the whole zine and collated and stapled the first copy, and by then it was too late!

Your lettercolumn seems devoted almost entirely to the question of fanzines for fun or profit, and it is interesting to see how the letterwriters stack up on this. Without wanting to be dogmatic, I would say the fans whose zines I prefer to read, or whom I dig more are people who prefer the looser policy of "giving away" their fanzines, while the N3Fish deadly serious types would prefer to make a profit, tote those ledgers, etc. Jennings makes some good points, but for me his ruminations on who he will trade with, and the worth of IOCs are sharply colored by my opinion of his fanzine, which is low. I mean, if you're pubbing a crudzine (as Cascio most definitely does, and Jennings has not totally escaped), why haggle over which zines you'll trade for? Be glad you can get what you do!

I recall when I began publishing fanzines that Dean Grennell, who was one of the top BNFs of the day (in a more active fashion than he is today, alas) freely sent me his GRUE for my thin crudzine. He didn't haggle. On the other hand, several publishers of crudzines no more than a cut above my own very definitely did.

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I think I can safely say my crudzine pubbing days are long gone, and I try to trade for most of the zines I receive. My policy is one of charging a ridiculous price for VOID (although 25¢ is no longer the ridiculous price it was when we began it; perhaps I'll increase it to 35¢ or 50¢), with no discount for subscriptions. However, this is merely so that those who feel impelled to subscribe will not waste my time by logging sticky dimes in my cardfile -- they usually send soggy dollar bills. The rest spend a quarter a copy, and if they like it they send a letter of comment, and off we go ...

I try, as I said, to trade for most of the zines I receive, and will, if pressured, even for those I care little for. Sometimes I forget to note when a zine comes in (as with CINDER, Larry) and the faned in question assumes a Hurt Look in his next letter or zine. Sometimes, as in the case of a comic book fanzine, I am suprized that the editor wishes to trade -- it being so obvious that VOID offers nothing to comic book fandom. In one case, I received a hectored bunch of advertisement called NORB'S NOTES, which I glanced over and filed away. After several of these things came, I received a letter from the editor asking why I hadn't the courtesy to trade. Well, I hardly think his zine is a zine, but if he wishes to make an issue of it, I'm not going to fink out on him: I put him on the List.

Point it, as some of these younger faneds haven't realized, fanzine publishing has got to be fun. It has to be, because there is nothing else -- nay, not even Money -- which will pull you through eight or more years of fanzine publishing. Chores are chores, and bookkeeping is one of them. More important, the whole setup of fanpubbing has got to be enjoyable to the editor. He's got to want to see those letters and reviews come in, otherwise, why mail out his zine? Joe Pilati may figure he's got to break even on fanpublishing, but I bet if he ever does he won't keep at it for long. The pleasure of communicating with people is far more important, and it goes beyond simple egoboo. Those LOCs are sign that what you do is not being lost in a void; that it is being appreciated, and responded to.

And as for Gorman and Dodd, who feel impelled to answer their letters-of-comment, mighed! Why? That's a chore. When a direct question is asked, that's one thing, but there's hardly any point in acknowledging a list of L-liked's. No wonder Gorman grew weary, and Dodd hasn't published anything of significance in years. I figure a LOC is much the same as a trade for my fanzine -- since I handle such in much the same way, on a roughly all-for-all basis -- and my next issue is acknowledgement enough, especially if I print a portion of the LOC.

Why, I could go on, but I trust the message is clear: in fanpubbing, as void obligations and chores which can turn fun into drudgery.



REB

GEORGE C. WILLIAMS, 306 Broadway, Madison, Indiana --- It is good to see that Ed Gorman has not expired completely. I remember writing him once and telling him to lay off writing so much and to try and limit himself. Seems as though he has gone from one extreme to the other.

Ed is one of the few fans I know who should not gaffiate. Fandom is better place because of him. We usually disagree on everything but this has nothing to do with his value. I know how he feels since I am in the midst of fighting off a mafia which is a result of a year's hyper-active fanning.

At the Midwescon Ed and I were talking and Cascio happened to come up. I knew little about him and the end result of the conversation was that Ed shook his head and said "Chee". After reading his comments re me I can only do a poor imitation of shaking my head and saying "Chee".

But Cascio angers me. Not what he says, but the demented overtones that go with it. I won't bother to refute the obvious things such as considering myself a BNF. First off, BNF is a term with obvious humorous implications. Anyone who takes this seriously is either very uninformed or just plain stupid. And to take your self-righteous finger and point to a non-existent mass of gas and call it Big-Name-Fanism and try to prove that this is E*V*I*L ... well, bat your head against a wall for all it matters.

Everyone enters fandom with an idea that he is the best thing to happen all year and that he will wow everyone with his insights and off-beat philosophies. And naturally, you get put down and either grow up or go home. Cascio, however, is the exception to the rule and has done neither. He remains the same. And this is fertilizer upon which nut trees grow.

Cascio can show us two editors who disregard fans for every editor who listens to them. So what?

Fandom has done more to kill SF than anything else? Really. Cascio, you are an ass. If editors don't listen to fans then how can they have done more than anyone else to kill SF? By your own mouth, it would seem that editors are twice as responsible. You can't FORGIVE us? Ha! Who cares? If there is one thing that keeps fandom awake at night it is the fact that Cascio will not forgive them for killing SF.

And here he goes ... 'I shall not be browbeaten by unwritten laws that make me publish a certain way.' ... 'God help Shaver and Palmer, and deliver them from the fans.' ... 'The only way to get an honest appraisal is to get it myself.' etc., etc.

Now undoubtedly, Cascio can point to me and say, "SEE! HE PROVES IT!" Well, don't get carried away by letting one person form the opinions of the mass. For after all, Cascio is after and honest appraisal ... and my honest appraisal of him and his thoughts can't be printed.

Degler, anyone?

Good issue.

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HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland -- This is a bad night for me to write you a letter of comment on CINDER. I've just a few hours ago taken photographs and written the story about the annual banquet for news-paperboys in Hagerstown. We have 275 of the squirming little thingsons the the two local newspaper, and I spent four hellish hours in a badly over-packed auditorium. Each boy was allowed to bring one parent or other guest of his choice, but some parties looked like family reunions, causing the crowded conditions. The food was cold, the football coach who ~~did~~ the speech turned out to have a disgustingly girlish voice, and I had to walk two blocks in the rain with that heavy camera and flash equipment for lack of parking space. I'm sure you are a much better quality newspaperboy than the ones around here.



"Casco Revisited" gives me a fairly good idea of the reasons for the violence displayed elsewhere in the issue in connection with him. I suppose he's kidding when he talks about taking a gun to a convention, but this is something that bothers me, the danger that some person will be drunk enough or angry enough to take a weapon into a big fan gathering and it goes off a couple of times. Even if nobody got hurt seriously, one incident like this might be enough to keep world conventions out of the best hotels.

I'd probably be a sucker for the tourist traps that Bob Coulson describes.

I don't have the usual amount of level-headedness or whatever you call the ability to know whether something is tilted. There were several spots in this county where I could have had a serious accident, the first time I drove there, because I stepped down on the accelerator under the illusion that I was climbing a hill when I was actually going down a grade with a sharp curve at its end. I try not to think about what would happen if I had the task of landing an airplane.

I enjoyed the Joe Pilati item very much, both as a piece of humor and as

a fairly factual article with only slight exaggeration. Lovecraft seems to be much outer than inner just now, but that's the only thing I quibble about.

Ed Gorman's article under the "Wordage" head should be reprinted in every edition of the Neofan's Guide as a warning about what can happen. Most of us go through crises along these lines, but Ed's seem to have been even more severe than usual and could serve as an Awful Warner. His other item, "The Whirling Beanie", isn't quite as effective, because it generalizes a little too much and contains some errors of fact. Fandom, for instance, didn't start in 1939, although the Second World War did, and Ed's mistake is understandable, because it's frequently hard to tell the difference between two things with so many points of similarity.

It's nice to see in the letter column that some other fans agree with me that speed-reading is not as desirable as most persons think. The disadvantages involved seem to me to outweigh the benefits, unless the reading is done for some specific reason like making more money the faster you read, as a literary agent may do. But I've observed that the people who are proudest of their fantastic reading speeds are the least likely to enjoy good style of a writer; they don't see enough of the words to recognize the difference between stylish and weak writing.

All the soul-searching over trade and loc policies reminds me of the uncomfortable fact that I was in fandom so long ago that the policy of giving a free issue for a letter of comment hadn't been invented yet. It would be nice if someone with much patience and many old fanzines would hunt and hunt until he found whowas responsible for introducing the practice. I don't think any fanzine was doing it in 1942, when I published my last subscription issue of a fanzine. Complicated trading systems hadn't been invented then, either. You just sent all you issues for all of the other guy's and stopped sending trade copies if he showed no signs of life for six months or so. I never expect editors to write letters in response to my letters of comment. This could develop into troublesome fannish etiquette, if every editor undertook this task, and the commenters then decided that it was necessary to reply to these answers, and the editor didn't want the replies to his answers to go ignored and wrote letters in response and the readers -- well, you can see what would happen to the nation's supply of postage stamps.

ALSO HEARD FROM: ALLEN G. KRACALIK
JOE PILATI
SETH JOHNSON
JERRY G. BAILS

My deepest thanks to those who wrote.
To those who didn't, get on the ball!

CINDER 7

Larry Williams
74 Maple Rd.,
Longmeadow 6, Mass.

Printed Matter Only
3rd Class Mail
When necessary, Form 3547
Requested

Richard Bergeron
110 Bank St.,
New York 14, NY

