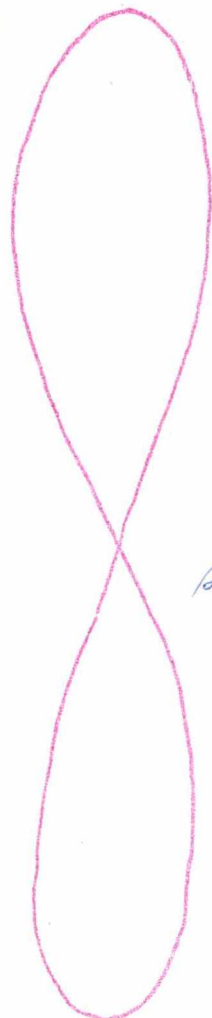


CINDER

NUMBER



~~Smith~~
 sent to
 Bert

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ASHES

editorial

3

GETTING INTO THE ACT

Since everyone else is commenting on the White verses Moskowitz lawsuit, I certainly don't want to be left out. I don't have any definite opinions on this suit in particular, but I do have some very definite opinions on the subject of suing in fandom.

First of all, I think Ted White is due for a big hand from all of fandom for not forcing a countersuit on Sam Moskowitz. From what I've heard there was plenty of mud slinging on the Moskowitz side also, and SaM evidently felt that he couldn't put Ted down verbally (Ted is very talented at making people look ridiculous. See VOID #27.), so she'd have to sue him to shut him up. If I had been in Ted's position I would probably have sued him in return, but I'm rather hot-tempered, whereas Ted White, Libertine and Lecher, apparently isn't.

Anybody who would sue another person for something said in a fanzine can go to hell in my opinion. Calling names in a fanzine can be likened to an argument at a party. If you go to a party and get into an argument with a person, do you sue him if he calls you names? Of course not. The White-Moskowitz feud is in perfect resemblance; not enough people hear it to create any serious damage.

Another point that should be brought up is the fact that fanzines are the last source of uncensored writing in the United States. We are allowed to say most anything we damn please about anything or anybody. It isn't necessary to censor fanzines because they are published by an ingroup. Just as there are no grounds for censorship, there are definitely no grounds for suing in this situation.

Certainly a person who has been in fandom as long as Sam Moskowitz should know that it is unwritten trufannish law not to sue a person for something he says in a fanzine. Suing Ted was sinking to a level for which SaM can never be forgiven. And he won't be forgiven. This seems pretty definite already, as fanzines are cutting the Moskowitzes from their mailing lists and dropping correspondence with them. This is what they deserve and this is what they are going to get.

FAN MEETS FAN

In one of my happier moods, I decided to go down to New Haven and pay a visit to Larry McCombs. Since I don't have a car, and I didn't feel in the mood to steal one, I took the bus, having made prior arrangements to meet Larry at the terminal.

I got off the bus and immediately spied a guy of about medium height, with red hair, a red beard, and a real firey look in his eyes. "That's Larry McCombs," I said to myself. But this guy seemed more interested in the girl he was talking to. At any other time I would have felt even more sure that this was Larry McCombs. But after all, another fan is even more important than a girl, you know. At any rate, I noticed another character smiling at

me from above the crowd. He was about 6' 1", with black hair, and No Beard. Figuring that this just couldn't be Larry McCombs, I stepped up to the lunch bar to have something to eat while waiting for him. But this guy walked up to me and started to say something. But I beat him to it. I said, "No propositions even considered, pal. Now get outta here."

"But I'm Larry McCombs," he stammered.

"Oh," I returned dumbly. But I caught myself quickly and snapped, "But still, no propositions considered."

He chuckled after swinging and missing, and we walked over to his apartment. Upon entering Larry was immediately told by his landlady that he was a Bad Boy. He'd forgotten to switch a light off the previous night. We finally got up to his apartment. I walked; Larry ran.

We spent the remainder of the two days in many activities, such as bowling, eating out, buying groceries, and sitting around talking and reading fanzines and ROGUE about ten hours a day. It was all real fannish. He drank coffee and I drank cocoa, since he was out of beer. We combined on a letter to WARHOON, I wrote one to KIPPLE, he is writing an article for me. I'm going to run off his N'APAZINE, and we thought about going to the '63 con, and even to a New York Fanoclast meeting together next summer.

I really enjoyed meeting and talking with Larry. He's a great guy and all that rot. And Fannish, too!

HAVE FANDOM, WILL TRAVEL. All the thinking about going down to New York brought some unusual pictures to mind. I began to form my own ideas of what it would be like.

I walk into the basement used as the office of Metro Mimeo and I see a big cloud of smoke hovering over the proceedings. Lying around the floor stoned cold with Pepsicola I see all the prominent members of New York fandom, the most outstanding of which is J. Wesley Trufan. But he ignores my entrance, so I look round for Larchmont's pride and joy, Jeff Wanshel. Ah, ha! There he is, over in the corner admiring himself in the mirror, and reading his file copy of FANFARONADE #3 for the tenth time (just the great editorial, as he'll tell you).

Williams: Hello, Jeff Wanshel.

Wanshel: Hello, who are you?

Williams: Larry Williams.

Wanshel: Oh.

Williams: You're 14.

Wanshel: You're 15.

Williams: We seem to be alike in many ways.

Wanshel: No we aren't.

Williams: Oh?

Wanshel: I'm more intelligent than you.

Williams (ignoring this recent defamation of his mental abilities):

Our last names even begin with the same letter.

Wanshel: True. Wanshel is before Williams, however.
 Williams (stuttering): Yes it is.
 Wanshel: I'm ahead of you all the way, aren't I.

Feeling the need to find someone with a less completely fanish attitude, I spot Ted White combing the lice out of his beard.

Williams: Hello, Ted White.
 White: Hi, you darty little drunken juvenile Delinquent.

I leave.

CIANOL

Oh, I had plenty more material planned for this issue, but it got squeased out, as did a lot of artwork.

Next issue, I can promise the article by Larry McCombs, which is mentioned in the lettercol, called "Why A Fan Is". I had planned an essay by myself this time on my opinion of the big hassle raised by the episode of the tv drama show called "Bus Stop", called "A Lion Walks Among Us". Since I'm mentioning it now, those of you who know anything about it might feel inclined to comment. Oh, please do. If you show a sufficient amount of interest I'll go through with it. Even if you don't I'll probably do it, since this business angers me ~~xxx~~ no end.

Well, Vic Ryan wrote and explained to me that although he had expresses a want to review fanzines in CINDER, he wouldn't be able to since BANE takes up what little fan time he has that he is now in college. That's okay, Vic. I'm sure you would have done a great job, but you will notice that I did get another reviewer, so there's really no problem. Incidentally, you will undoubtedly notice that this reviewer prefers to remain unknown. He explains all this in his column. I never considered the fact that a person's own publishing status would effect the reaction to his reviews, but I agree with Mr X on this. If I suddenly attacked WARHOON, I'd be sure to get all the comment I'm launching for. In fact, that sounds like a Good Idea! If I really get desperate for letters, I'll hit some top zine or fan! Or say something stupid! Look at all the comment Cascio's articles draw. Lastly, I hope this review column will be fairly regular, but considering the bulk of the comments, I doubt it will be so frequent as I'd like.

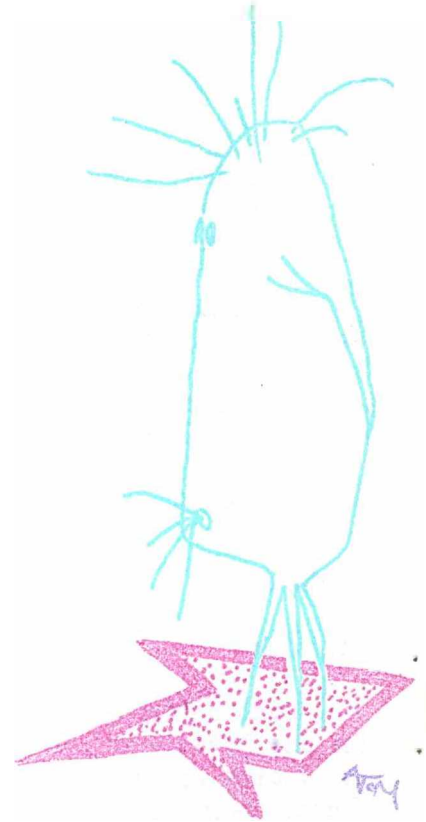
No, Bob Lichtman, I did not up-date this issue. I expected to finish CINDER #8 sometime in February since I have mid-year exams coming up. But suddenly, lots of letters and material came in, and I finished it early. In fact, I had to squeeze things a little. This issue will be ten sheets of paper, which I imagine will cost me ~~4 1/2¢~~ postage, instead of 3¢ a copy.

ARTWORK: Cover: Allen G. Kracalik; page 6: Arthur Thomson; page 14: Robert E. Gilbert. Staff artist is Robert E. Gilbert, as soon as he sends some more illos.

See you in CINDER #9 ...

jung and thoughtless

I suspect that any fanzine reviewer who ventures into great detail and length to relate under what purpose he's laboring would be thought to be more than a little boring and superfluous; it's largely self-explanatory that he's just another Joe, indulging in that age-old famish frivolity whose originator has wisely remained anonymous. However, departing as it does from the common practice, the absence of any byline for this column might be a different matter, demanding of a word or two in explanation.



Primarily, the opinionating which inevitably follows identification is the basis for this departure from the norm. As a matter of unconscious course, readers would tend to associate my opinions with what they know of me, personally -- my tenure in fandom, my publishing status (or lack of same), and so on, to either the detriment or benefit of the reviews, instead of allowing them judgement on their own merits, or demerits. Secondly, it's always been a source of personal amusement to me to watch others guessing as to the identities of the Fandergasts and Athelings -- and I confess both participation in these Sherlockeries, and an interest in watching similar proceedings from a more personalized standpoint.

That time-honored system of inducing speculation, as well as a good deal of comment and not a little heated argument, involves using the cloak of anonymity as a shield behind which to simultaneously cover in safety and hurl forth a multitude of nasty remarks, fully as content as Michael Valentine Smith in his comforting foetal position. I abstain, being pleasant by nature, possessive of no rabble-raising instincts, and, perhaps particularly, fearful of later recriminations.

It wouldn't be at all amiss to adopt a pseudonym, of course, and I considered such action; but the effort expended (all of four minutes, I was later told) produced nothing of particular significance, and only a pair of "cute" cognomens, both of which are better left unrepeatd. It's obvious that I'm not presenting an address to which eager young editors might send their opi; I get all the fanzines I could conceivably ever have use for, and don't have any particular, burning desire to receive more than I do as a matter of natural course.

Any subject of fanish reflection is naturally open to divergent evaluations of both ex- and intrinsic worth, and the matter of "soul-searching" is no different; some will staunchly defend it as worthwhile and even necessary, while others would willingly write it off as undue pessimism and wasted play at analysis. To me, a little self-introspection on the part of fans, no matter how naive, is worth the effort, and various individuals have recently taken it upon themselves to illuminate some of the not-so-niceities of fandom. It's a healthy sign, this.

The work most thought of in this connection is Laney's Ah! Sweet Idiocy!, partially because of its Herculean proportions, and partially because Tower apparently is still far and away the most candid historian fandom has ever known. Not only was he candid, and completely unafraid to report what he knew or believed to be the truth, he was a veritable master of slanting. By carefully sprinkling the earlier sections of Ah! Sweet Idiocy! with a number of self-derogatory remarks, he has lured far too many readers into believing that since he's being so honest about himself, it follows that what he says of others must be completely unquestionable and above-board.

Time has brought to the fore a number of fans who disagree with portions of Laney's unsolicited testimonial, and can prove their points; but, basically, argument only solidifies the latter's reputation of being a basically truthful individual. While Joe Gibson generally isn't thought of by modern-day fans as being a "Stormy Petrel", as was Laney by his generation, he might be the logical successor, if such matters were even considered seriously. His article "Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores, and Moochers" from the fifty-eighth Shangri-L'Affaires is not only ambitious in title, but precise in its condemnation of fans who are tardy at "cleaning house", who allow the deviants and unfits of society to roost contentedly herein, and who never seem to think of this as a matter of pressing concern.

Gibson has been a fan for more than twenty years; not only does this provide him with a more adequate background from which to draw (mostly un-named) examples, it enables him to employ one of the slickest tricks I've encountered in many a fanning day. Specifically, Joe is unwilling to argue fan history with anyone who wasn't there to experience it -- and when this prohibition extends back twenty years, it's an effective stop-block for nine-tenths of present-day fandom, myself among the comparative innocents. I'd be hard-pressed to argue segregation with an old-timer who insisted that my grasp of the matter was inadequate, since I wasn't alive prior to the Civil War and therefore missed the basic precepts, but to Gibson this isn't an impossible prerequisite.

I think only those involved could have serious objections to our cleansing our ranks, but Mr Gibson is overlooking one important factor. Most of the "vital" issues in fandom today, either by nature or wish, are not generally open to public discussion and action; depending upon the groups they concern, they are narrowly discussed and passed on under the vague label of "DNQ". Thus it's obvious to only a small segment of fandom that so-and-so is a pervert, or that Joe Blow is currently in the State Pen. All fandom cannot be blamed for inaction on issues which aren't general knowledge, and, by rights,

send
letter to
Chet.

ought not to be.

Gibson's isn't the only worthwhile material in this particular issue of Shaggy, although it far overshadows the rest, as well it might. The regular feature "Springboard" carries an article by Ed Cox on the necessity that TAFF cultivate a good "Public Relations Man", of the caliber of Larry Shaw. It's a problem, certainly, one which demands faster action than is taken on such matters, generally. One reason for the success of the Willis Furd and the letdown in the current TAFF campaign is that legend speaks louder than words; even if Walt Willis hadn't been writing top-quality material for fandom in recent years, he'd still command healthy contributions to a fund designed to bring him back to the States for a few brief, halcyon moments.

However, the main issue is that the Don Fords and Bob Madles haven't been real go-getters while the Shaws have, and it's more than coincidence. Both convention and fanzine fans are interested in having an enjoyable trip, and pleasing those who elected them; but only the latter are interested in fanzine orientation for the ensuing campaign. Ellik could be a first-rate TAFF executive if job and local fandom activities don't too completely buffalo him.

Not a great deal more can be said about this slimmer-than-usual Shaggy, save that it carries the inevitable cartoon of squirrel Ellik packing A&W for his long severance from the States, as well as other notable artwork. The headings are neat and competent, but impractical for any fanzine without a qualified artist on its editorial staff -- yet the cover is equally unpretentious, simple but decorative, and completely within the reach of a great number of fans who should, in all likelihood, emulate it rather than struggle with unwieldy illustrations.

FM Busby has something of a knack for condensing issues to the bone and picking the marrow for presentation, and he displays this talent in the 155th Cry of the Nameless. The current hassle between Dr. Chris Moscovitz (and lawyer) and Ted White (and sexy wife) has shown, Buz points out, that comments obviously riddled with only fannish connotations are subject to legal interpretation on a different level. Thus when Ted Spoke (in FAPA) of articles by Chris as being incompetent; it isn't readily obvious to a lawyer that the reference was only to works written within, and for, fandom. It's a hitherto unmentioned fact, to the best of my knowledge, but on that very definitely bears keeping in mind.

Recent reports that various investigating agencies might be afoot in fandom make John Berry's fiction, "The Interloper", all the more cogent, and nonetheless entertaining. The FBI, CIA, WCTU, and HCUA might currently be at our heels (crowding the omnipresent postal authorities), but there's still an element of pleasure to be drawn from Berry's cosmical allegory of a Soviet agent operating within fandom, and the rather unlikely manner in which he is detected.

It's tempting to disregard what I said earlier (much earlier) said about

comments designed to arouse controversy; so tempting that I believe I'll throw minor ethics aside and digress. Simply, Cry might be the most over-rated fanzine currently being published. It's "improved" tremendously during the past few months, but at one time the adoration it received by those who were permitted full reign of genius (?) within its pages (as well as others who had no personal connection) was simply appalling, alarming, and completely incomprehensible to me. The much-applauded letter column was a conglomeration of vain attempts at humor, pointless fol-de-rol, and no little repetition. Today, the only difference is that the rantings, for the most part, are ranted by more mature individuals, but the technique is much the same.

A few sensible things are said, almost inevitably. (I say almost, thinkings of somewhat earlier Cry's.) Ed Meskys and Ben Jason receive gold-stars for the issue at hand, with silver tetrahedrons going to Betty Kujawa, Harry Warner, and Roy Tackett for at least providing a certain modicum of entertainment. To the rest, the traditional puke-colored, tarnished brass pentagrams. In all, it's a rather dull fare; I much prefer the conciseness of other letter columns, such as those in Kipple and Bane, which might not be "cleverly-edited", but at least concern themselves with matters beyond the obvious, and eliminate the unneeded repetition. All considered, the Busbies are competent editors, but lacking in willingness to bend or to assert themselves.

It's strange to think that a discussion of the factors which lead certain strange individuals to become fans could easily evolve into one concerning the wrongs of fandom, but Jim O'Meara's hypothesis that most fans are first-born or only children, Earl Kemp's Why Is A Fan?, and numerous mailing comments have apparently brought the issue thus about-face. This places the matter conveniently within the range of the expressed theme of the revelation of fannish nastiness, which is a good thing; it clears the way for a word or two on Viper³.

If the amount of new light thrown upon an oft-discussed subject is suitable standard by which to evaluate mailing comments, Bill Donaho's must be about the best of the numerous examples which concern themselves with Why Is A Fan?. Donaho makes a special point or two about mailing comments in a separate article in this fourth issue, and wisely follows the advise with a sound example -- an example worth reading, in any event. Not that there isn't other good material in Viper; the editorial section is concerned with a pot-pourri of matters, most of them handled successfully, as is the section of home-brewing, that succulent Southern California-Seattle pastime. It's also to Donaho's credit that he rambles entertainingly on the subject of cats; despite thousands of words on the feline monstrosities, the only other personally entertaining account of an author's habitation with cats that I can recall is Marion Zimmer Bradley's, and she, being young and innocent, ended by dashing one beast's head in, in a fit of rage. (I hasten to assure you that Donaho did nothing of the kind.)

The controversy over the necessity for a Public Relations Man for TAFK was precipitated, indirectly, by the fine work on the part of Lavery and

Noreen Shaw on behalf of the Willis campaign, and it's altogether too obvious that this Larry Shaw fellow is prone to controversy-spanning--controversies such as that on draft-dodging, which is further perpetrated in the fourteenth Discord⁴. This isn't a genuine Controversial Issue, I'm afraid; your sentiments on the matter are likely to go from those on the obvious to feelings on conscription, to an evaluation of our society, per se; depending on whether we're good or bad, by your evaluation, you'll agree that either Boggs, who feels rather negatively towards the draft, or Shaw, who is definitely (and to me, rightly) appalled not so much by the individuals' lack of "patriotism", but their arrogance in bragging of their cleverness in eluding draft authorities.

Still, the fact that there are definitely fans in our midst who have safely eluded the draft authorities (who they are, I don't really care to know) is definitely prone to askanse eyebrows and a little communal soul-searching. (These individuals, then, might be the characters in the title of Gibson's article in Shaggy; they fit all the qualifications, save the fourth.) Our society may not be perfect, but it's the best available, and the same might be said for "patriotism"; it's "Shabby idealism", certainly, but it's indicative of something important, something binding, something we very much need, although I often wonder at the necessity for just having to express it, to the subsequent loss of meaning.

A fine review by Marion Zimmer Bradley, a concise and interesting lettercolumn, and some welcome words from Boggs on such divergent subjects as meeting Ella Parker and observing a hidden value to the hitherto unappreciated PAR (Pay-After-Reading) method round out what's a typically fine issue.

We can't always correct those flaws which inevitably spring up because fandom is the sort of foot-loose-and-fancy-free organization that it is, but a number of writers in Warhoon⁵ make it painfully obvious that we don't always mend our own fences, and be as good at farming as we might be, for the sake of others who might conceivably be involved. Much of this "criticism" isn't readily apparent, but all of it is obvious either by inflection or suggestion. For one thing, we obviously are not altogether too careful about what we say, as Bergeron demonstrates by taking Bob Leman to task in the editorial section, GM Carr in the letter section, and Vic Ryan in the mailing-comments section; also, we might be just a little more perceptive (analogy by Blish) and a little more analytical (kudos to Lowndes).

For a certain segment of fandom there's certainly a little self-introspection due; SAPS, as Bergeron points out, is losing (through disenchantment or defection to FAPA, or both) many of its Egoboc Poll higher-ups, which is equivalent to saying that the most talented people are losing interest. SAPS, then, might do well to consider the matter -- but I'm unwilling to bet there won't be any constructive action taken.

I think it wouldn't be at all amiss to depart and say a few words about Warhoon -- general words, readily available to one and all in any respectable dictionary. Particularly, six words come to mind: "Warhoon is the world's finest fanzine." My incarceration in fandom hasn't been marvelously long,

Check this

but I possess a number of old fanzines, and I'm more than hard-pressed to remember one that had the potential which Warhoon has just in its columnists, to say nothing of outside material or letters. These towers of strength are John Berry, James Blish, Redd Boggs, and Walt Willis, with Bergeron doing regular, yeoman work; Has anyone every topped this?

The lettercolumn is exceedingly good fare. Bob Silberberg is talking-up money fandom; Ed Wood is spreading Holiday Season asininity; and John Brunner is bitching because the US has condemned England to death. It's Gloom and Doon personified, but all seem to be enjoying themselves.

There are naturally other examples to be found in further current fanzines, but these particular magazines have been chosen as both representative of the theme at hand, and fortunate enough to appear in the upper stratum of our publishing world; ~~misfits~~ efforts which no neofan would be mistaken to secure. As to the method of introspection: no conclusion was reached, and none was intended. It's obvious that there are pitfalls to the process, however; if the method ever becomes "fashionable", the depth of perception is likely to suffer. And, perhaps potentially most harmful, the neofan, in reading his first few fanzines, might come to the conclusion that fandom has more than its share of perverts and misfits. It might, but I think it's necessary for the newcomer to be given time to meet the other type of fan -- the intelligent and personable sort who makes this microcosm the fun it is, or ought to be, in proper perspective.

- 1: Shangri-L'Affaires #58 (Fred Patten, 222 So. Grammercy Pl., Los Angeles 5, California.) Available for letters, artwork, contributions, and trades; Archie Mercer is the overseas representative.
- 2: Cry of the Nameless #155 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington) Some letters, trades; contributions, or 25¢ per, five for \$1; John Berry handles Sterling area subscriptions.
- 3: Viper #4 (Bill Donaho, 1441 Eighth St., Berkeley 10, California) An OMPA magazine, available for letters, trades, or a quarter per issue; Jim Linwood, outside the US.
- 4: Discord #14 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl. NE, Minneapolis, 21, Minn.) Trades, letters, or 15¢ per copy, four for fifty cents.
- 5: Warhoon #13 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, NY) Published for SAPS, but generally to be had for letters, contributions, trades, or twenty cents the copy, five for \$1.

THE
FIRE

PUTANT

COMMENTS ON CINDER 6:

MIKE KURMAN, 231 W. 51st Ct., Miami 44, Fla. -- On the whole, I'd rate this of CINDER 2. Funny the way it came out -- the same rating you gave MIAFAN. But I'm not doing it for "revenge", or some such dastardly reason. That is my true estimation of CINDER #6. I would've given #5 an 8. You've gone up to forty pages and sacrificed good material.
/Those ratings kind of shocked me./

GARY DEINDORFER, 11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Pa. -- Aside from the baad repro with the black masters and Seth Johnson's "article", I found CINDER on the whole to be enjoyable and interesting. Considering the fact that you're only fourteen /you mean fifteen, you goddam fake-fan/, the production of a fanzine of the general quality of CINDER #6 is quite an achievement, and you should be proud of yourself. And don't mind the slashing reviews which you are bound to get from reviewers of fanzines here and there; take them cum grano salis. I'm glad that you have decided to continue publishing CINDER after issue #6, too; it's too good to drop by the wayside, believe me it is.

I won't comment on Cascio's "rebuttal", except to say that I wish Monumental Fuggheads would not always feel constrained to pen rebuttals to criticism of their work or, in this case, complaints that they have been unfairly edited. I would like to pass this article of Cascio's on to a psychologist or two; it's a revealing reflection of the mind of a paranoid.

Coulson's piece triggered this vision in my mind of a parallel world where balls roll around on level surfaces, people of the same height appear to grow or shrink in relation to each other as they move from spot to spot, pendulums hang at 60° angles, etc., and up on the Michigan Upper Peninsula there's this Mystery Spot where pendulums hang straight down in relation to a level floor, people appear to be the same height as they move around are seen in various relations to one another, and all the rest of it. ("All the rest of it" entailing an Indiana fan with moustache and narrowed eye who comes to get material for a skeptical-type article to be published in a fanzine called CINDER, and a Pennsylvania fan who writes a letter to said fanzine in which he envisions a world where pendulums hang straight down in relation to a level floor all over the place, except in a place on the Michigan Upper Peninsula called The Mystery Spot where ...)

I have come away from "Meanderings" ever the more impressed with the com-
positional abilities of Seth A. Johnson, and the obvious powers of his incisive, relentlessly logical mind. Yessir, Seth A. Johnson is certainly a good writer. Note how he states his theme in his first paragraph, that he is going to discourse on the medium of the alternate worlds story, and then builds a

beautifully written article about that theme (written in his usual sparkling style). Honestly, though, I have yet to see a Seth Johnson article which ever managed to follow the theme suggested by its topic paragraph. Seth Johnson is a master of free associative style, and all of his ideas a beautifully ineptly stated. This particular article is some sort of new monument to fuggheadedness, and places Johnson right up there with Cascio and Ed Wood as a Fabulous Fugghead.

Pilati seems to be a perceptive fellow, on the basis of his little article. Very entertaining for a how-to article. I especially dug his list of "in's" and "out's" in fanish correspondence, and his suggestion to "mention your own fanzine." I have always felt that 80% of the fanzines mentioned by people as former fanzines were completely fictional, and, of course, there is no way to check up on such a thing, considering the frightening superabundance of fanzine titles, present and past.

Gorman seems to be a master at writing about himself, and usually most un-interestingly. The sort of thing which Gorman attempts in "Wordage" #4 must be done with wit and style, neither of which Gorman displays in any great degree. I have never been particularly interested in the trials which a mediocre writer has had to go through in order to get out the great glopping piles of Truth inside of him (in this case, that Gorman became bored with publishing his fanzine, that he spent most of his day writing piles of articles, and that occasionally he relaxed later in the day with a beer or two).

God, but I am a critical bastard today. Ah well, it'll all pass.

BILL PLOTT, PO Box 4719, University, Alabama -- I'm confused. Just what the hell is Cascio arguing for or against? I can't quite decipher his "article". What's this jazz about fandom killing stf? I think he is somewhat off base with that remark. In the first place, it was fandom in its early beginnings that kept stf alive. Without the closely knit body of science fiction fans in the last 20's and early 30's science fiction as we know it today would never have evolved. Those fans were the ones who talked stf up among their friends, formed fanclubs (ever though many of them were haphazardly organized), and inspired the first conventions -- first regionals and then worldcons.

Modern fandom and fans are playing their role in keeping stf alive today rather than killing stf as Jack suggests. Where do the serious letters-of-comment and suggestions for improvement come from? They come from fandom. Fandom is a unifying body where fans develop life-long friendships, have opportunity to express themselves, and discuss their favorite form of literature. These letters come from fans, generally those who are active or semi-active in fandom. The general John, Q. Citizen who picks up THRILLING HORROR STORIES at the local drugstore is not the type reader who keeps the genre alive. He might buy half a dozen copies of each prozine per year, read a handful of paperbacks, and be considered a science fiction fan in general. He is of importance to the genre for his monetary contribution, of course, but as for the betterment of the field -- he doesn't offer a damn thing. There are

exceptions; I'm not so narrow-minded as to ignore that fact. I'm sure there are a number of serious devotees who have never heard of fandom and/or are not interested in fandom, but fandom forms the core of the critical stf analyst whose taste and appreciation cultivate over the years and helps to set the standard for good science fiction. It is this group of devoted followers who hang on despite the lean years and who are among the first to give all they've got when things look blackest. Cascio needs to delve into facts a little more before he starts slinging accusations that he can't logically back up.

KEN GENTRY, 3315 Ezell Rd., Nashville 11, Tenn. -- You ought to give Cascio a regular column. That way, he can give his opinions, and then the rest of fandom can stone him. It'd be good for the zine. Everyone will be waiting for the next ish. just to see how Cascio is going to stick his foot in his mouth this time.

Pilati had a nice piece. Wonder where he got that list of "ins" and "outs" though, since he left out a lot of important things. Like ANALOG, *sex*, Cascio, and etc ...

Good Ghu, more Gorman! I always have been bothered by the metamorphosis from neo to active or at least semi-active form. I didn't do a whole lot since college let out, except for the last couple of days, but I consider myself at least semi-active anyway. There are a lot of things in fandom that I'd like to get into, but there's not time for all of them. Then there are other things to take up what free time I have got. Like girls, dates, girls, art, girls, and then there are girls, too.



LARRY McCOMBS, 147 Bradley St., New Haven, Conn. -- I hesitate to even bother replying to Cascio's article in #6, but I will jot down my comments here and trust you to delate those which are overly repetitious of what other letter-writers have said. First of all, I cannot understand Jack's attitude of not caring what his audience likes. I too print only material I like, but I try to choose an audience that will like it also. And I do print things which I like only moderately well when I think that some of my audience will like them very much. And I must take strong exception to Jack's statement that a novice editor must produce a certain kind of fanzine. GAUL does not follow very many of the standard rules about fanzines -- it uses mostly material and artwork by artists unknown to fandom. Yet, although it was sent to an original mailing list composed mostly of fans who did not know us, it has received five or ten enthusiastic reviews for every one who disliked it for being different. Yes, an author has every right to ask his readers to set aside their prejudices and accept his premises while they read his story, but he has no right to ask them to believe that those premises are true in the world outside his story. If he can make them so convincing through his fiction that they will believe the premises, so much the better. But if he must resort to tricking them into thinking they are reading non-fiction, he is using deception to get around his own lack of talent or the utter invalidity of his premises.

I enjoyed Coulson's article on the Mystery Spot. I've never stopped at one of these places, since I assumed that they were done by optical illusion. However, it is interesting to note that small variations in the earth's gravity field do exist and are of great use to the geologist, though it takes sensitive instruments to detect them. For example, suppose you're standing in a valley near the foot of a great mountain range, and you have a very sensitive means of detecting whether a plumb-bob is pointing to the center of the earth. What do you think would happen? Suprisingly enough (to me, at least) the bob would point slightly away from the mountains. The explanation for this is that the earth's crust is made of lighter material than the mantle in which it floats, and mountains have roots of this lighter material sticking down into the mantle to balance them -- just as a large sponge will extend both higher and deeper than a small one floating near it. So the average amount of mass on the side of the bob away from the mountains is greater and it points slightly that way. Who needs optical illusions when nature keeps coming up with such tricky little gimmicks of her own?

The horrifying thing about Pilati's article is that it's about 85% true!

Bowers' story was enjoyed, but it leaves me wondering. He raises in my mind the question of why man came and why he left, and whether the two events are related by other than coincidence, but then leaves these questions unanswered. If he did this deliberately, he has made his point well but left the readers with an unfinished feeling. If he didn't notice this, it is a good point to think about in the future. I first learned this when Al Lewis (of Califandom) spent several hours in careful criticism of some of my stories. If you raise questions in the readers' thinking, you must either answer them or leave the readers with a feeling that you cheated them. Bill's command of words and his descriptive ability is excellent, though, particu-

larly in "Arrival". I'd very much like to see more of his writing in future issues.

To poke my two-bits worth into the big fanzine-price war: ... I strongly disagree with Dodd on the question of answering letters of comment. Most need no answer, and if I had tried to answer each one personally, I'd never have gotten the next issue of GAUL done. The following issue was my answer to letters of comment, and any answers which needed to be made were made in the lettercolumn therein. Likewise with tradezines -- only a very exceptional issue would have gotten a letter of comment from me since I considered GAUL to be paying for these zines in trade. If I had had the time, I would have loved to have written more letters, but all my available fanac time was going into LASFS and GAUL. Now that I'm not actively involved in either of those two, I can devote considerable time to letters, and I do try to answer all letters and zines that I receive, though it often takes quite a while.

And on to the other big topic of discussion: speed-reading. I will join the crowd by bragging that I can reach speeds in excess of 1300 wpm when I want to, having done some work in highschool with a tachistoscope and with a gadget that covers up the page as you read along and so forces you to read faster. But I hasten to add that my speed varies from next to nothing on an organic chem text up to full speed when skimming material from which I need to extract major points and can ignore minor ones. I think the latter skill is vital to college survival, since many profs assign large amounts of reading which must be covered for general knowledge, but which need not and cannot be read in detail if the student is to have time for his other courses. The real trick comes in knowing what speed to use for any given material. That little knack is getting me "Honors" grades in a couple of courses which are nearly flunking others of equal intelligence and reading ability. I find that I read novels at a fairly high rate of speed.

For one thing, very few novels are worthy of careful reading to appreciate the author's style. When I find one that is, I usually slow down to enjoy it. Today for instance, I found time to write about ten pages of letter besides this one, write the second draft of the enclosed article, carry on all my normal daily activities such as cooking, eating, etc., and read the last 2/3 of Kennedy's Profiles in Courage, all of Darkness at Noon, large portions of Bulfinch's Mythology and Suzuki's Essays in Zen Buddhism, two fanzines, two newspapers, and work the Times crossword puzzle. Not to mention a couple of hours in just relaxing, napping, etc. Without speed-reading, I'd never get half as much done.

And I Also Heard From About CINDER #6: DAVE LOCKE, KEN HEDBERG, and FRED GALVIN.

All of you who just can hardly wait to read all the juicy comments on CINDER issue #7 should hurriedly turn the page (Without Tearing It!!) and dash into some libelous material by REDD BOGGS. Not too quickly now. That's it

COMMENTS ON CINDER 7:

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Pl NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota: Your remarks about tv in the editorial are quite amusing and describe the sort of experiences that I have had which make me refuse to watch tv as a normal thing. However, a few puzzling remarks intrude. From my limited experience I would say that commercials on AM radio were more numerous than those on tv, rather than vice versa, last time I listened. Maybe they run about even. The reference that confuses me is your remark that radio commercials are read by "some egghead". Last time I heard anything on AM radio the utter lack of any intellectual content was its most obvious characteristic. I had the feeling the whole operation was automated -- written and delivered by an IBM machine. Finally, I croggled at your suggestion that the announcer on radio was "reading verbatim (sic) from a cue-card." After a while, I realized that this is the sort of remark a child of the television age is likeley to make, and ~~it~~ it's time somebody broke it to you gently that in radio, a non-visual medium, all announcements, commercials, speeches, and dialog are generally read from a script. You can find this curious, archaic term defined on p 760 of the New Collegiate dictionary.

Your book reviews were rather judicious summaries, perhaps a little too heavy on telling about the books rather than on your analyses thereof. Still, it was a very good job, and as far as you went in analyzing you made good sense. I think you're wrong in at least one respect about Level 7, but it isn't something I could prove, and I won't take up the matter here because I've got a review of this book coming up elsewhere. ...

/If you will pull your copy of CINDER 7 out of the towering stack of zines, you will discover, I'm quite sure, that I made a statement that tv commercials are less frequent. Yes, Redd, I really thought that verbatim was spelled in that manner. Alas. You are quite right in stating that the word "script" seems to be rather archaic, almost obsolete in fact. I knew that cue-card was the incorrect word in this case, but couldn't think of the correct one. Please inform me as to where your book review of Level 7 will be printed, since I am quite interested in seeing where you disagree with me. I felt that I rather thoroughly analyzed Level 7. ~~##~~ Let it here be noted that Redd Boggs is definitely a good man. He sent me the Atom illo on the first page of the fanzine reviews, and also one other which will probably be used next issue. He also comments well on CINDER rather regularly even though I send CIN in trade for DISCORD. Hale to Redd Boggs! /

LARRY McCOMBS, again -- I, too, hate television, and except for a few special programs (such as the Hurley-Brinkley report on "crime does too pay", and the recent production of "The Agony and the Ecstasy" or some such title -- the one about the priest with Oliver in the lead) I haven't watched it for five years. I'm conducting a one-man campaign to give my entertainment money to good movies and plays. Of course, my idea of a good movie is rather strange. I like to be entertained. I'm getting sick of these depressing French dramas which are dedicated to proving that life, like the movie, is nothing and that death, like the end of the movie, is a relief.

Despite the fact that I'll probably be drummed out of sercon fandom for saying so, I enjoyed Spartacus and Breakfast at Tiffany's much more than I did La Dolce Vita or La Verite.

The review of Animal Farm is an excellent school book review --- it assumes that the reader has read the book, and it proves to him that you read it too and know what it was about. On the other hand, the review of Level 7 is an excellent magazine book review. If the reader has read the book, it gives him something new to think about which he probably missed when he read it. If he hasn't read the book, it is still an interesting review, since it explains the references to the book and brings up some interesting points which are comprehensible without the book. In short, the first review will get you an "A" in an English course and loose readers for your review column. The second review will have the opposite effect.

Amen to Ted White. If fanzine pubbing isn't fun, don't bother. When it becomes a chore or a bore, it's time to gaffiate.

[On the book reviews: I have a confession to make. The Animal Farm review was a school book report (as Larry already knew), while the Level 7 one wasn't. I did get an "A" on the former. Incidentally, I reported on Level 7 at school, too. I got an "A" on that also. It seems to me that I read with more comprehension when I am interested and enjoying a book. When I read something for school that I don't find particularly entertaining, I find it harder to be able to back up my points in the report. So there's a question for all of you who have been commenting on the speed-reading argument. Does interest and entertainment effect comprehension of reading matter? If textbooks could be made to really interest the student in what is being said, would this raise his grades in the course? I definitely believe so, and I wonder what you think about it.

You will notice that little is said in the lettercol this time on paying for fanzines. This argument has been rambling on since CINDER #2, and I have begun to feel that the readers have been losing interest. Maybe I'm wrong, but from now on, anything that is repetitious of what has already been said a million times will not be printed. Larry McCombs told of his policy with GAUL. I delated it figuring that enough fans have told of their policies in CINDER. Redd had a few things to say, also, but were mostly repetition of what Ted White said last issue.

This column is being closed January 3, 1962. Any comment that comes in later than this date will be used next issue if suitable for print. And please do comment. Comment is still not what it should be. Anybody who writes a good letter of comment will have a check mark in the "rock-solid" box. Those who did write this time get my deepest thanks for doing so. Special thanks to Larry McCombs who sat up until after 1:00 am ~~xx~~ commenting on #s 6 and 7. Larry is also a Good Man. As good as Redd Boggs, even!

I ALSO HEARD FROM: VIC RYAN, KEN GENTRY, PHIL ROBERTS, and JOE PILATI, who sent in a fine letter mostly marked DNG. Damn you, Joe!

This is CINDER #3 from:

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