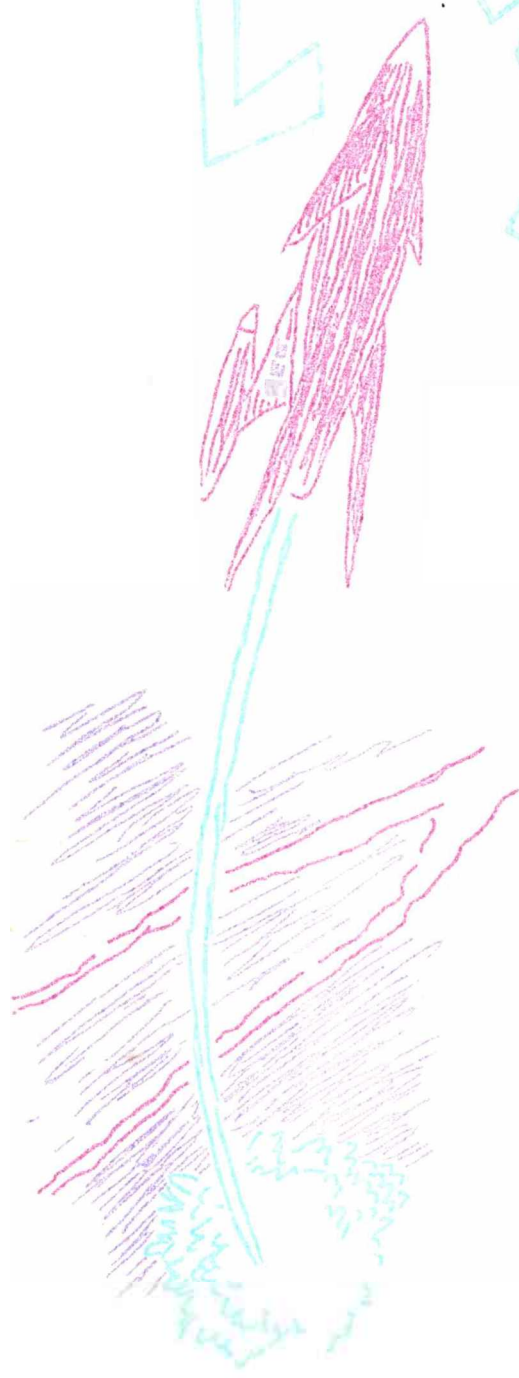


CINDER

NO 9



Edited and published bimonthly (ak
 heck -- monthly) by Larry Williams,
 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass.
 This is the March issue, Volume 2,
 Number 3. Far-East Publication
 number 25. Available for LOCs,
 trade, or \$5.00, with no long-term
 subscriptions being accepted. The
 next issue, and all issues there-
 after (I hope) will be titled Em-
 ber.

Artwork: Robert E Gilbert (page 7)
 Allen Kracalik (page 8)
 Arthur Thenson (page 12)

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ashes

a column revealing the weird workings of your editor's mind.

AN EDITORIAL DONE WITHOUT

I am an adherer to an unfortunate habit. For instance, I'll be sitting at my desk merrily studying for a test, when suddenly I think of something that I could write about. I immediately jump up, scream "Inspiration!" and run to my typewriter, sending every obstacle crashing to the floor. I bang out an article to be sectioned in my editorial or for my column for another fanzine which I prefer not to name, since the editor would probably be stoned if it were disclosed that he is printing material by Larry Williams, a fan so commonly shunned when material-obtaining time comes around in fan circles.

At any rate, this habit can be quite an embarrassing one at times. Of course, not nearly as embarrassing as picking your nose must be to a person who happens to indulge in such a habit, but it does tend to make one feel out of place. Can you imagine me standing talking to some friends at a dance? When I notice something that interests me? I think to myself: I'd like to write that up in my editorial! Suddenly, the dance hall is split by a wild scream of "Inspiration!", and I'm seen dashing out the door to put it on paper as soon as possible.

Yet, this month has been a bad one. I've been actually hoping to have a chance to yell "Inspiration!", but have not been endowed with such an incident. So this editorial, mind you, is written by an editor who has nothing to say. If you find it entertaining, you'll know that windows in my house were shattered with the wild call from a tired soul before I finished typing this manuscript.

WEIGHED IN BALLOTS (SORRY, REDD)

I'm as yet unsure of when Walter Breen will be sending out the FANAC poll ballots this year, but since I'm just itching to say what I like, I'm not going to let the absence of a ballot hinder my scratching this itch.

Ted Pauls states in KIPPLE #21 that he spent a long time deciding what to vote for. I didn't do so. I had my likes and dislikes rather well outlined before I read his editorial, and decided to take after the great Pauls. So here it is:

- Top Ten Fanzines: 1) WARHOON, 2) VOID, 3) AXE, 4) DANE, 5) KIPPLE, 6) HORIZONS, 7) PANFARONADE, 8) PARSECTION, 9) DISCORD, 10) CADENZA

Best Single Fan Publication: no vote

Best Fan Writer: Richard Bergeron

Best Fan Artist: Arthur Thomson

Best Fan Cartoonist: Rhob Stewart

Best Column: Redd Eggs: "File 13"

#1 Fan Face: Ted White

Best New Fan: Dave Locke

Fugghead of the year: Chrys Moskowitz, who else?

I couldn't very well vote on the "Best Single Fan Publication" category, since I have not yet had the very great pleasure of seeing any Single Fan Publications. The ones that gave me the most trouble (damn them) were "Best Column", "Best Fan Face", and "Best New Fan". On the latter category, I had to pick from the few new fan I've had much acquaintance with. I almost typed Gary Deindorfer's name, but remembered that he just made his return this year. So I had a toss-up between Dave Locke and Bill Bowers, and picked Dave because I've had more correspondence with him, read more of his writing, and generally knew he was a Good Man, while in Bill's case I wasn't sure, having had little correspondence with him.

So there you have it, as if you really cared.

NEVER SATISFIED

Since CINDER is now becoming a hot publication, I pray, I'm changing the title. With issue #10 you will no longer feast your eyes upon a CINDER banner at the top of the front cover. You will now scoff at the title EMBER. Though I'm well aware of the fact that the title EMBER has been used previously, I'm not going to let this effect me.

I happen to consider it a noble achievement to have used the same title on eight issues of this magazine. I started by calling it FLUSH, but since this title was universally misinterpreted, I changed to CINDER in a moment of panic. This time, however, the change is a calm one, since my disenchantment with the present title has been gradually becoming apparent to me.

In future issues I expect to feature more material from other fans, since I've been hounding quite a group of people for contributions. I asked Harry Warner for material while well aware of the fact that his fan history work occupies the majority of his time, and, lo and behold, he sent me something. Jack Cascio also brightens the pages of this issue with more libelous material, while always makes for a nice selection of letters the next issue. And Larry McCombs also banged out something for me, which seems to be the comment dragging type. I've also asked Larry for a column, so if he doesn't concede you'll know he's a dirty old bastard (that'll get him to contribute!). And since Bob Jennings and Jack Cascio direct some dirty language in the direction of 107 Christopher St., NYC 14 (the home of Theodore White, incidentally), you can expect at least a letter from a certain Libertine and Lecher in EMBER #10.

Ah yes, things are looking up!

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

Allen G. Kracalik said to make sure everybody knew that his illo in CINDER #7 was a copied one, so in case anybody noticed, they wouldn't think he's committed plagiarism. It's from an edition of "The Haunting of Hill House".

Also, on page 16 of #8 I warned you, at the bottom, not to turn the page to violently and thus rip the issue all to heck. I really needn't have worried since there wasn't a page to turn. Oh, those on-stencil things never work. I could also point out the all-too-numerous typos from last issue and various other numbers, but this would take an issue in itself. Filled with more typos of course, and you know what goes from there.

WHY A FAN IS

LARRY McCOMES

One of the most interesting results of the WHY IS A FAN? poll was the indication that a majority of fans are eldest or only children. Had this fact been discovered five years ago, it would have been of great interest to professional psychologists.

Freudian theories had led them to expect significant differences between first-born and later-born children, but they found no such differences. In all their tests - intelligence, aptitude, achievement, personality, etc - the first-borns and the later-borns scored alike.

Finally in 1949 a Doctor Schachter discovered a consistent difference. His discovery was accidental - a side-result of his major research. That research throws some interesting light on the question, "Why is a fan?", so I should like to describe it in some detail.

Dr Schachter was interested in the psychology of affiliation. He wanted to know why man tends to be a gregarious animal - why solitary confinement is punishment. He theorized from his own experience that men tended to be more gregarious when they were anxious. Calm, unworried men did not object to solitude.

Fortunately he was able to test his theories. At the university where he was working, an undergraduate psychology class was offered special credit for participating in psychological experiments. He devised a means of testing his hypothesis with the use of these students.

A group of students would be brought into a room filled with electrical apparatus. A white-smocked scientist would explain to them that they were about to take part in an experiment involving electrical shock (the subjects were girls, so this was a rather mysterious, frightening threat). They were asked to fill out a questionnaire which asked them whether they were anxious about the experiment, and they were then given a chance to quit if they were too afraid. They were then offered a choice between waiting alone or joining other girls in a common waiting room for the ten or fifteen minutes until they were called.

In order to vary the degree of anxiety, Dr Schachter gave different briefings to different groups. Some groups were told that the shock would be minor and harmless - other groups were told that it would be very painful, but brief and without lasting effect. The questionnaire on anxiety provided a check to make sure that the different instructions had the desired effect. Both the questionnaire and the number of girls deciding to quit the experiment despite loss of credit indicated that the girls who had been given the second briefing were much more anxious.

The results showed a very strong tendency on the part of the more anxious girls to want to wait in a common waiting room while those who were not worried preferred to wait alone and read a book. Dr Schachter's theory had been confirmed.

But he was now curious as to why the girls wanted to be together. He proposed several possibilities: a) the presence of other people would distract them from their worries; b) they were uncertain how to act in this frightening situation and wanted to talk with other people to find out what to do; c) they wanted to watch the other girls and see how they reacted, in search of clues to their own correct behavior.

In order to check these theories, he continued the experiment with some modification. Again the girls were told that the experiment they were to take part in would involve electricity, but this time all groups were given the high-anxiety briefing. (These were, of course, different girls and the first groups had been sworn to secrecy. As an additional precaution, friends of the original subjects were not used in these tests.) After the briefing the girls were divided into four groups. Girls in Group 1 were given a choice between waiting alone, or waiting in a room with a group of girls not connected with the experiment. Group 2 chose between solitary waiting and waiting with other subjects, but under orders not to talk to them. Group 3 had the choice of solo waiting or waiting with other subjects under orders not to talk about the experiment, though they could discuss other things. The last group chose between waiting alone and waiting with other subjects under complete freedom to discuss what they liked.

The results were sharply divided. Group 1 preferred to wait alone. The other three groups preferred to wait in a group, with Group 4 expressing the strongest tendency toward gregariousness.

To Schachter this seemed to indicate that the reason for man's desire to be with other men when nervous or anxious was his desire to see how other people in the same predicament would react. Thus the girls preferred to wait with someone with whom they could discuss the coming experiment and find out what other subjects were thinking. But they were even anxious to be around other subjects when they couldn't talk about the experiment, but could still watch the others' reactions. However, they had no desire to be with people who were not in the same predicament. Schachter's guesses about motives seemed to be confirmed by the girls in questionnaires they filled out after the experiments were over.

It was in analyzing these questionnaires later that Schachter discovered the fact which I mentioned in the beginning. He noted that girls who were eldest or only children had much greater tendencies toward gregariousness than did later-born children, even though all had been brought to the same degree of anxiety.

At last psychologists had found that for which they had been searching. Dr. Schachter suggested that the first-born children were more dependent on the opinions and decisions of others. This follows from his study of the reasons for wanting companionship. So Schachter suggested that first-born children tend to be more dependent than later borns.

Other psychologists at once went to work to follow up this promising suggestion, and at present their work tends to support Schachter's conclusion. Air force records showed that later-borns were better fighter pilots than first-borns. Medical records showed that a large majority

of alcoholics are later-borns, while more early-borns take psychotherapy and keep it up longer than do later-borns. First-borns tend to be joiners - any club or group will be apt to have a majority of first-borns.

All of these tendencies can be explained by the assumption that first-borns are more dependent; they want to be in groups and to have help on their decisions. Later-borns are more independent; they prefer to work out their own solutions to problems. The explanation of the majority of first-borns in fandom becomes obvious in the light of the last statement in the preceding paragraph.

Psychologists are now busy trying to find out why first-borns should be more dependent. One possible explanation is suggested by a recent poll. Parents were asked four questions about each of their children: 1) Was the mother delighted to know she was going to have a child?; 2) Was the father delighted that the child was coming?; 3) Was the baby breast-fed?; 4) How long was the breast-feeding continued? The results were@

	First-borns	Middle-borns	Last-borns
Mother delighted	58%	40%	10%
Father delighted	55%	49%	15%
Breast-fed	55%	43%	26%
Duration of b-f.	4.0 mos	2.1 mos	1.7 mos

All of these figures seem to indicate that parents are fonder of their first-born children and tend to give them more time and attention. Thus we might expect that the first-borns would come to be more dependent on the affection and help of their parents, while later-borns would have to learn to be independent.

But regardless of the reason, it would appear that fans tend to enter fandom in search of companionship and approval from their peers, as well as to observe their peers and seek signs of how to act themselves. Most fans admitted in the WHY IS A FAN? poll that egoboo was a strong motivating fact to their interest in fandom.

This theory will not be put to a precise test until someone develops a test specifically to measure degree of dependence or independence, and compares the scores of first-borns and later-borns. But until such direct evidence is available, we must admit that it looks as if fans tend to be dependent persons, strongly swayed by the opinions of others. It certainly wreaks havoc with our favorite picture of the fan as the courageous, non-conforming cynic.

COMMENTS?

a letter from

JACK CASCIO

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING

I want first to thanks Larry Williams for giving me the opportunity to speak my piece in toto. Next I want to reply to the letters of comment directed at me via "The Fire".

In CINDER #6 about the only letter that made any real sense was written by Bob Jennings. The most accurate, by far, was penned by Don Fitch. His brilliant comment went something like this -- I'm all for new talent provided it doesn't get in the way of the professionals. Thank God it isn't really like that in the publishing business. If it was, who would ever have read anything by Ray Bradbury or Bob Bloch? Why print them when HP Lovecraft's stories could be printed?

But I want to get to the subject in CINDER #7.

I see that the first letter comes from the great-white-father and loyal guardian of fandom, Ted White. I was wondering when the protector of ENF's would come to their aid. Maybe, I don't know very much, but I do know of you, Ted. I know that you claim credit for starting fandom as it is today, which isn't much to brag about. Of course, you overlook Palmer, who did it long before you.

But, I'm not sure just what kind of fandom you claim to have started, sci or EC (this latter is a comics publishing house.)

Mr White, you say that, living in New York, you have the opportunity to talk to many editors, among them I guess is Campbell (who knows only what Ray Palmer taught him). Then do me a favor and discuss this next statement with them. See if they agree or not. "Sci hit its peak sales and otherwise when Ray Palmer was the head of AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC, and has been on a downward slide since he left the field late in 1949."

Let me know what they say, and I'll read you off some circulation figures that will prove my point.

Ted, I agree with a lot of your points in your letter, but I can't quite make you out. At one time you appear to be a hot-head, another time sincere and still another time prejudiced and ill-informed. You call REALM OF FANTASY



a boundary? you're... if you ever... Be honest. Have you?

Maybe I do... but they are... Just who is going to put... I say to myself, but... only the... of things though.

There are a few... he says... That is... I've... which is so... and... on the... you... go home. There are too many... and even smaller...

Maybe... We're not... and... which is...

George... I'm... a dull... you. And... I... I... you... about. You... not... William... Wangyang

... and... and... You... the... of...

... and... and...

... and... and... you

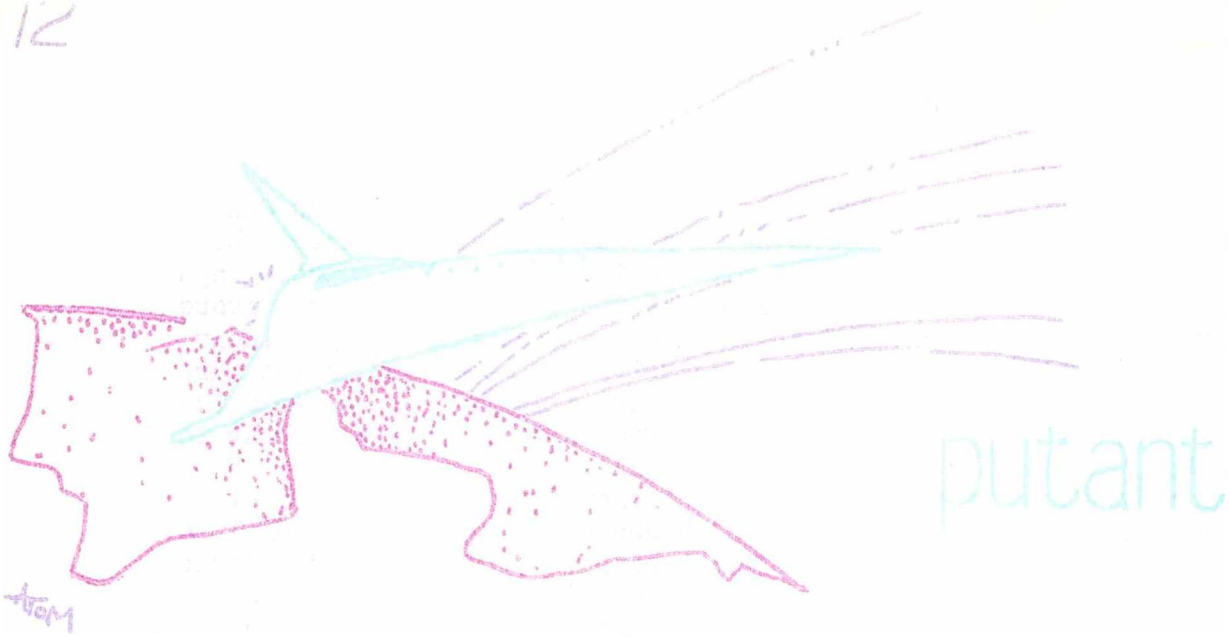
... which... in the... error... with Jack's... of... of...

fort or trouble for the person who is doing the lying. The famous Odd Tales project was an excellent example of a true hoax. It involved the drawing of a fine painting, complete with lettering, so that a photograph could be made and distributed as a sample of the cover of the first issue, plus contacting a dozen big names in the professional field to get their permission to be listed as writers and illustrators appearing in the first issue, supplemented by a number of conspiratorial activities to avoid the truth from leaking out. It was really too fine a hoax, because nobody to my knowledge realized that it was a fake until the perpetrators were forced to announce the facts to stop subscription money from coming in. On the other hand, the original Tucker and Willis deaths were the result of lies, not hoaxes. The first of them involved nothing more than writing a letter to Astounding Stories, the second consisted of mimeographing some postal cards which were mailed to various fans. In neither case was there any effort to set up circumstances that would make it hard for fans to learn the truth. I think that Leslie Norris, Joan Carr, the Invention, and a few more hoaxes deserve the name. But if someone telephones your house and says it's Dean Grennell when it's really just the loudmouth new fan in the next town, he's lying to you, not inventing a new hoax.

Much less important than these cases of misuse is a peculiar one that doesn't occur very regularly but bothers me when it does show up. For some reason, fans keep misusing "erstwhile". Every three or four months, regular as well-oiled clockwork, you find some prominent fan referred to as "the erstwhile Bob Bloch" or "the erstwhile Rick Sncary". The intention is always clear: it's being used in the sense of a title of respect. This is one case of fannish misuse that can't be sanctioned in the least by the dictionary. In the mundance world, I can find no evidence that erstwhile ever means anything other than previous or former or onetime.

I think that we've finally broken up the bad habit of using "satire" to describe parody. Unfortunately, "parody" is now being used to define items that aren't parodies at all, but are simply written in a certain style, like Asimov's poetry in the style of WS Gilbert, which is not a parody of Gilbert's style or message at all. The topic is too involved to go into in this article: We desperately need a long dissertation on the real nature of satire, parody, pastiche, pure nonsense, and other forms of humor. Meanwhile, remember what the dictionary says: "A parody follows the form of the original but changes its sense to nonsense."

Examples could be piled up in large heaps. Fans keep speaking of "censoring" in contexts which make it obvious that they mean bowdlerizing. They talk of pocketbooks when they mean paperbacks. See the next fanzine that arrives through your mailbox for further specimens of carelessness with perfectly good words.



COMMENTS ON CINDER 7:

GREG BENFORD, 204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma: Don't worry about surviving thru the year. I personally doubt whether there'll be an intentional war, but accidental war is getting more likely all the time. Did you hear about the occurrence some months ago (probably a year or so) at SAC Hq. where-- in radar returns from the moon were mistaken for tracks of missiles, some one hundred in number? Yes, it certainly is a wonderful world we live in. My personal policy is to try and survive in all circumstances, whether the nation goes or not. I don't regard myself as moving in lock-step toward destiny or whatever with the rest of the country, but instead as a cog in a wheel within a machine over which I have little control. I think there are a pretty large number of fans (relative to rest of population) who are somewhat survival-oriented -- say, Grennell, Rotsler, Busby, maybe Burbee, Ballard -- with whom I'd like to be associated in such a situation. It seems to me Rotsler himself was saying this in WARHOON a few months ago.

Oh well. Perhaps I should start up target practice again.

I see Ted White has a letter in here. That's ~~probably a good~~ good advice he's handing out for free -- most of his better advice costs 7¢ a word -- and I hasten to endorse. Ledger-minded faneds somehow never get their zines off the ground. I don't completely agree with Ted's dictum of sending your zine to anyone who mails you a few sheets of crud, but I must say this seems preferable to setting up rigid rules and bothering to keep track of who sent you what. Hell, I didn't have time to read most of the stuff I got when I was publishing VOID myself, much less do anything other than file it in a large stack in the corner. It's worth much more to both yourself and your readers to spend time developing your writing than doing bookwork.

It is interesting to see comments on Gorran's testimony of the rise and fall of fandom within his sphere. I think fandom is a Good Thing and all that, but it is best to wait until inspiration strikes and knock out something, rather than making work out of creation. Ted White is probably

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the best example of continuous output over the last five years (or more), and it's obvious that he doesn't force himself to any schedule or work. (It's even more obvious if you happen to be waiting for the monthly VOID.) This is liable to tend to the deadwood such as that of FAPA, but remember, that "deadwood" is quite brilliant.

I think this issue is pretty damn good as a start toward high-quality zine of concise "message". Keep it up.

Unless a neo sends me a sheet of crud, which explains for all the world to know, that this crudzine is the greatest thing that ever happened to fandom, and then turns around and calls a trade copy of CINDER absolute trash, I'll trade with anybody. The above type though greatly annoys me, so I'll refuse to trade. Otherwise, anything that represents the hard work of some fan is worth a trade copy of CINDER. ## An accident seems the most logical occurrence to start a war. Either that or the actions of some fanatic who doesn't know what he's doing. Castro, for instance, would be the type that would start a nuclear war. Raoul Castro claims that his greatest wish is to drop two hydrogen bombs on New York City. And he means it; this is what we have to be afraid of.

ROBERT JENNINGS, Box #462, Tenn. Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tenn.: Television commercials are pretty obnoxious alright. However, we've got one here that is to me the Ultimate in revolting tv commercials. A little girl rushes into the house and deposits her books on the kitchen table. Her mother (a neat efficient woman naturally, who looked like she just stepped out of a shower and into a common ordinary \$9.50 dollar house dress) hangs up the phone. Pan in close on the cute little girl (about age 10 or less) who says in a voice that trembles slightly, "Mother, what is the Tenderness Test?" (she sounds like she has just asked for the facts of life. Her well-groomed mother in her well-groomed motherly fashion then tells her that other inferior breads are made from harsh old-fashioned mixes, a ton at a time, and as a result they are full of air holes, and they tear raggedly and unevenly, get stale so quickly. While Sunbeam, that excellent produce, is mixed in small, carefully controlled batter whipped batches, it's smoother, fresher, better, with Vitamins added (just like every other bread), and see, no wasteful costly air holes (just thousands of smaller, finer, costly air holes) and when you tear the bread, it tears evenly. A nice shot of her tearing the bread into two perfectly divided pieces follows. See, "Mornie, can I try it?" "Certainly, darling." And the camera leaves the ~~xxx~~ happy pair ripping bread into small, evenly divided pieces. ACGGGGGGG.

I take offense at Nasty Ole Ted White's statement, I damn well do. I would be extremely interested in knowing how Ted White could tell whether Jennings published crud or not since he hasn't seen an issue of GHOST in over a year and a half. I don't object to somebody calling my fanzine crud, if they have at least read the issues, but I am somewhat upset when a person comes along and announces to the world that I publish crud, and to my knowledge hasn't got anything to backup his evidence, even past reading. As for Ted White's trade policy ... way back when I started publishing I sent three or four issues of my fanzine to Ted White in hopes of trading with him, because I had heard the VOID was a pretty good zine. I even sent a letter once. I heard nothing. I have since heard nothing. I don't intend to pour fanzines down

It will be a pleasure to
submit your report to the
Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors
has reviewed your report
and has approved the
recommendations.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Finance
and has authorized the
President to execute the
necessary arrangements.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Administration
and has authorized the
President to execute the
necessary arrangements.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Personnel
and has authorized the
President to execute the
necessary arrangements.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Public Affairs
and has authorized the
President to execute the
necessary arrangements.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Legal Affairs
and has authorized the
President to execute the
necessary arrangements.

Very truly yours,
[Signature]

John Doe
Chairman of the Board

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Operations
and has authorized the
President to execute the
necessary arrangements.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Technology
and has authorized the
President to execute the
necessary arrangements.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on International
Relations and has authorized
the President to execute
the necessary arrangements.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Environmental
Affairs and has authorized
the President to execute
the necessary arrangements.

The Board of Directors
has also approved the
recommendations of the
Committee on Safety and
Health and has authorized
the President to execute
the necessary arrangements.

PUPANT

CINDER #9

it may be radioactive. Indeed. Did they say also not to breath the air since it might be polluted? Hech!

The reason Buck Coulson draws in 75 pages of comment per issue is because he prints material worth commenting on. Any questions? (Yes. Is the material in this issue worth commenting on? Answer in an LOC. Hecha!)

My favorite quote from Animal Farm: "All animals are equal. But some are more equal than others."

4A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME THE OTHER DAY

In fact, it is occurring at this very minute, by Ghod.

You see, I'm completing this section on comment concerning CINDER #7 before I even have #8 in the mails. You see, last Saturday, I took an excursion to Springfield, of which Jolly Ole Longmeadow is a suburb, and had within me the intent to purchase some 3¢ postage stamps for use in mailing the copies of #8 out to all you lovable readers. Well, I forgot to get the stamps, and those copies have been lying on the floor decaying for a week. If I forget to get the stamps tomorrow (another Saturday, hurray) I'll make it a point to pound me head hard against the nearest wall in a trufannish manner. Or maybe I'll hang from the ceiling and drip green in true Boggsian manner. In any case, the 80 or so copies of CINDER #8 will go out on Jan 20; even if you have to pay postage on receipt.

And it seems I've run completely out of words. Maybe if I run the WAMP column cleverly I can fill space. At any rate, I really hate to stick these poor souls in this final listing, but not every letter can be printed. I assure you all that every letter received here is appreciated, complimentary or no.

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM: JACK CASCIO, DON DOHLER (competition with Chrys Moskowitz for Fugghead of the year), DAVE LOCKE, VIC RYAN (who wrote again), ALLEN G. KRACALIK (who thinks #7 was my worst issue yet -- alas), GARY DEINDORFER, BILL PLOTT, RICHARD EDGAR AMPROSE, and HARRY WARNER. Also, DAVID CROSSEN, and RON HAYDOCK sent in late letters on #6.

SNEAKY

"I can think of at least one magazine that he might have in mind which has published articles about "student riots and the HCUA". This magazine also published a major share of the "Starship Troopers" controversy and articles on science fiction movies, science fiction television, and science fiction books; all of which seems to count for naught if its editor happened to brush through a subject that lends it self conveniently to John Birch Society-type attack. I hesitate to name this journal, while its editor still has the respectability of anonymity, but I'll be pleased to drop Joe Gibson from the mailing list after this indication that he apparently doesn't read it."

-- Richard Bergeron, "Joe Gibson, Meet Joe Gibson", KIPPLE #21, January 1962

OOPS Almost forgot to mention that Bob Farnham sent in an LOC on both CINDER #6 and #7.

COMMENTS ON CINDER 8:

RICHARD BERGERON, 190 Bank St., New York 14, NY:

I enjoyed the fanzine reviews by Mister X very much. It's a pleasure to find fanzine reviews that read as though they were set down with careful consideration (though, come to think of it, there seems to be several fine review columns in the business now). However, there are any number of reasons why I don't like the fact that he starts off this column masked: (1) he hardly flatters his readers by assuming that they would tend to question the validity of his criticisms on the basis of his past activities. An answer that depended on citing the accomplishments or lack thereof of the critic does not affect the validity of the criticism and leaves the commenter open to all sorts of mayhem. Of course there are people who would, in effect, say that Mister X doesn't know what he's talking about because he has a trusted left ear, but I assume that he's writing for people who can concentrate on his criticism

not for people who can't see beyond him. People who reply to criticism with the ad hominem will find other means of missing his points, so I don't think Mister X has protected himself significantly by adopting a disguise. (2) I dislike debate with anonymous characters. This is admittedly a personal quirk and one that tends to verge on the ad hominem because, as I've just said, we must talk about what's being said not who's saying it, but I find a singular lack of excitement in not knowing who I'm addressing. True, the important matters are Mister X's criticisms but fandom isn't that impersonal a set of relationships for me and I find myself deciding that if Mister X isn't willing to dignify his comments on Joe Gibson (to mention just one example that should inspire me to rebuttal) with his own name then my impulse to involvement is correspondingly low. With people like myself, Mister X has set himself the herculean task of arousing personal interest impersonally. Atheling did it; Fandergast did not. For my sake I wish him luck. (3) This masked appearance frustrates me: who'll I vote for in the next FANAC poll when I want to set down the top fan writers? His lack of interest in ego boo is noteworthy, to say the least. (4) I do hope Mister X will take care that he isn't dropped from the Wrmb mailing list. Unless he's a member of SAPS, trades, comments, subscribes, or contributes under his own name, that could very easily happen. That's the final reason why, though much enjoyed, "Jung and Thoughtless" fills me with insecurity. ::: Unlike McCombs I didn't enjoy either "Spartacus" or "Breakfast at Tiffany's" more than "La Dolce Vita". I did enjoy them more than "La Verite", his other example, though. I had a deadly case formulated against that film immediately after seeing it but all thoughts of it have been driven out of my head by "La Dolce Vita" — perhaps the greatest hedonistic experience of the screen I've ever seen. I'm still urging everyone to see "La Dolce Vita" — the next Wrmb is expected to feature a detailed analysis of it. As for Larry's enchantments: "Spartacus" I found fascinating for roughly the first half — the period of gladiatorial training, fighting, and escape — but it went downhill after that point and became a fairly typical chase and battle epic with the usual love interest (haven't we had Jean Simmons as the Roman love interest, yet?). But, as I say, the gladiatorial training was beautifully done and a fine touch during those scenes was the death of the black giant. As a matter of fact, that particular scene contained one of the few touches that alerted us that this was a Stanley Kubrick film. (How many of us have seen his "The Million Dollar Killing"? A brilliant robbery film to end all planned robbery films.) "Breakfast at Tiffany's" failed as the brittle sophisticated comedy it was pushed as because it tried to convince us that that's

what it was by indirection. The comedy of Holly's party was the sorriest Martha Rae sort of situation mugging: people kissing in a bath-tub, girls called Herman, a ridiculously long cigarette holder, a cat named "Cat" lapping up liquor, and the bits that drew the biggest laughs were when the hero pinched the woman's bottom and pored a shot of liquor down another girl's back. I fear sophisticated comedy is beyond George Axelrod. Sophisticated comedy doesn't consist of telling us how sophisticated and funny what we're seeing is, it consists of letting sophisticated and witting lines come out of your characters as though that were their natural mode of conversation. The only trouble with that is that you need (a) a writer who can write sophisticated and witty dialogue, (b) a director who can direct it without underlining it, and (c) actors who can deliver it. The audience will take care of itself. The perfect examples are, of course, Ernst Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise" and "Desire". ::: CINDER continues to improve.

As Dick and maybe some of you will notice, I've incorporated the WARHOON manner of preventing paragraphing of the letters. I'll use it entirely in the lettercol next issue in hopes that I can cut the weight of CINDER down even more excessively than at present. When the postal rates go up, it'll be even more necessary. ::: Next issue will be titled CINDER rather than EMBER as planned, and the EMBER title will begin with number 11. Reason: Dick sent in a lovely cover with a CINDER logo on it, and I'll be damned if I'll change anything on that cover.)

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, NJ:

Your editorial was interesting. Your opinions on the tempest in the teapot not too valid. It's high time a few people were sued or otherwise brought to heel who indulge in needless and extensive vituperation. Not that I'm taking sides in the case, but so far there has only been one side of the story presented to my knowledge. This is never quite fair. ::: I see you got the typical White welcome at Christopher St. I could have told you what would happen. Think he is deliberately cultivating reputation as acid and eccentric type to attract attention and publicity. Worst thing you could do to him would be to ignore the guy outside of LOCs and VOID.

Seth, I didn't really visit Ted White. I had no idea that my humorous shot at Ted would seem so realistic. I really don't think Ted is like that, but I've never met him, of course, so I can't back my opinions with anything tangible. ::: Let Chris Moskowitz present her side of the story. I'll listen. But my opinions will be swayed by the fact that she threatened to sue. Suing isn't quite fair, either; don't you agree, Seth? No, you don't agree. Perhaps you should go into the matter a little more next time. I'd be interested in hearing an argument that gives approbation to suing in fardem.)

Chris Moskowitz had but one person to compete with for the Fughead of the Year position on this year's FANAC poll. He is:

DON DOHLER, 1221 Overbrook Rd., Baltimore 12, Md:

Sorry, pal, you seem to have had taste when it comes to humor. You've got half of the humor-lovers in the nation against you when you start mumbling about how "poor" MAD is. ::: Conceited, aren't you? ::: I've gotten my paws on a copy of CINDER. Pretty weak, if you ask me. ::: (From a later letter:) I'm getting sick of your childish little remarks about WILD, as in JH #5. ::: We don't solicit such comments, and if you must continue this immature "ani-

mosity", do it with someone other than I. ::: We have no time to altercate the question of WILD's funniness with an irrational teenager. ::: See SMUDGE #2, if you want an intelligent opinion of our mag.

Oh yes, Don Dohler, you must be one of the new creed of really intelligent humorists! WILD is really funny. I die laughing at every issue! If you don't believe how funny WILD is, just look at all the enthusiastic reviews it's gotten. Dick Lupoff thought it was lousey, Buck Coulson gave the first issue the lowest rating I've ever seen from him, and didn't even bother to rate the second one. Boy, how's that for enthusiasm. You feel that anyone who doesn't agree with you must be stupid, immature, irrational, and a complete fugghead. And the fact that I'm a teenager makes my opinion unimportant? You will find that most of MAD's circulation is made up of teenagers. I have a complete collection of MAD (#1-69) and feel that I know what I'm talking about when I criticize it. MAD is not funny, and WILD is the worst fanzine I've every seen. This is my true estimation, but it isn't important to you. Those who like WILD are nice, but those who don't like it aren't. Unfortunately I haven't seen JACK HIGH #5, so I don't know what was printed. ::: What fandom needs is more good fuggheads like Don Dohler; always good for a laugh, I say.

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland:

The interesting material and fantastic cover of CINDER #8 enthralls me to take typewriter in hand and write a letter. That cover is truly amazing. I had no idea you were acquainted with my history teacher of some years ago, but this is certainly a photographic likeness of dear Mrs Rundle. Please congratulate your artist for me. ::: I haven't any idea who the anonymous reviewer may be, but I've managed to narrow down the list considerably by discarding the names of fans who couldn't write this well if their lives depended on it. So far I have -- let's see -- twenty-four people who absolutely could not have written "Jung and Thoughtless", and future installments ~~will~~ will probably narrow the list still further. But whoever he is, this is one of the finest fanzine review columns I've ever seen. Ted White's "Wailing Wall" and Harry Warner's defunct "Opere Citato" are probably the only better fanzine columns in existence. ::: But as fine as it is, I must register one objection: a fanzine critic should not be anonymous. This particular reviewer may be a paragon of virtue, but nevertheless this form of anonymity is a license to make harsher criticisms than the critic might ordinarily voice. I frankly don't think much of the criticism of a person who evidently hasn't the conviction to sign his or her name to it. The fannish code of ethics seems to dictate that an editor has the right to know the identity of his critic. It appears to be the rule rather than the exception that a critic protected by the shield of anonymity becomes louder and more courageous, since none of his comments can be bounced back into his face. Jim Elish as "Atheling" evidently didn't fall victim to this curse, but "Franklin Ford" (the pseudonym for fanzine reviews by Ted White and Dick Eney) did, and "Penelope Fandergast" became downright obnoxious after a while. I've never authored an anonymous review column (other than one column in which the pseudonym was admitted and used only for humor-value), because I feel that anything I haven't the nerve to sign my name to doesn't warrant printing. ::: I have a few other comments on "Jung and Thoughtless", but these are merely quibbles where my personal opinion disagrees with that of the reviewer. I don't believe that Cry quite deserves the criticism he offered, for example. Fans who remember my letters in that august publication of a few years ago may be amazed to see the phenomenon of Ted Pauls defending Cry, but I hardly consider it to be the most over-rated fanzine currently being published. I would apply that term to the Cry of three years

ago, but it has, as even Anonymous J. Anonymous admitted, improved tremendously in the past few years. Your reviewer did point out the one serious flaw still remaining -- the letter column, which is loosely edited, and largely composed of froth -- but other than that, Cy is certainly a worthwhile fanzine. ::: McCombs must have shaved his beard before you met, because he grew one on his cross-country jaunt. I trust he had better luck with it than I have had. What I laughingly refer to as a beard looks like a piece of transparent Brillo which has been badly frightened. My hair is blond, but my facial fuzz is nearly white, very fine, and of course invisible at any distance exceeding four feet. I've gotten disgusted with those chin-whiskers three times, shaved them off, and I suppose I have harbored the hope each time that when they grew back I would have a presentable beard. But alas, no. ::: I recall being croggled by Bob Jennings in CINDER #6, where he spent two pages to explain a system of book-keeping which must consume as much time as the stencil-typing of the MONDAY EVENING GHOST. As Ted White commented in #7, fanzine publishing has got to be fun, and these complicated systems are a drudgery I'd rather not face. ... I give issues for letters or postcards of comment, regardless of length ... The fact is that a fanzine which is interesting will receive long letters, and a dull or otherwise unworthy one will not, regardless of editorial policy on issues-for-letters. (Letters written merely to get the next issue are largely worthless, anyway.) The reason that Jennings gets many short letters may simply mean that his readers don't consider GHOST worth any more than that. ::: As for subscribers ... the nameless fans who send you a buck every eight issues or so aren't contributing anything ... This is especially true of an individzine sub-type alpha such as KIPPLE, where the reader-participation largely determines the value of a given issue. Subscriptions to KIPPLE are strongly discouraged, and I retain them for only two reasons: (1) so that fans writing for sample copies will be certain to enclose 15¢ or so to cover "postage and handling"; and (2) as a courtesy to friends who find themselves unable to comment or trade, such as Betty Kujawa, who recently took a long vacation and was consequently unable to write letters. ::: Redd Eggs had an excellent solution to his problem, however, which he outlined in a letter to me before DISCORD had begun accepting subscriptions. He had thought of placing DISCORD on a subscriptions basis, but by invitation only. I don't remember why he didn't go through with this, but it was probably for the same reason that I have considered but consequently abandoned the idea; inevitably, it would offend someone who was not invited to subscribe. A person who didn't even want KIPPLE in the first place might still become angry if I didn't properly invite him to subscribe. ::: I can't understand Redd's refusal to watch television. Of course, I agree that 95% of it is crud of the first water, but that isn't any reason to refuse to watch the other 5%. I can usually find something better to do than ogling at the nothink-ox, but I do watch some programs: the Huntly-Brinkly newscast, baseball games, some of the special sports events, special news programs, the Jack Paar Show, Twilight Zone, and occasionally Naken City. I suppose some of this (particularly Jack Paar) falls into the 95% of that is crud, but I find it very enjoyable. Paar does for television what fanzines do for periodicals: he offers an uncensored place to air disagreements with the controlling powers-that-be. ::: Larry McCombs mentioned a play about a priest with "Oliver" (I suppose he meant Laurence Oliver) in the lead called "The Agency and the Ecstasy". That was the title of a biographical work on Da Vinci, wasn't it? ::: Well, since you gave special thanks

to Larry for sitting up until 1:00 am writing a letter of comment. I suppose you'll have to thank me as well. It's a few minutes after 2:00 am now, and I've been devising sparkling comments to send you way since midnight. As special thanks, you might award me some sort of plaque. A gold shield trimmed in filigree and engraved with my name will do nicely, thank you. Anyway, I hope you find a few paragraphs herein worthy of appearing in your next issue. I can't guarantee continued comments but if the following issue is as interesting as this current one, I'll probably write again.

Well, Ted, as you will notice I found a few (ha!) paragraphs in the fine letter worthy of space in "Putant". :: One show I make it a special point absolutely never to miss, no matter what the circumstances, is "Bonanza". The characterization in the show is truly magnificent. I have never viewed a show which surpassed "Bonanza" in this particular respect. I've seen few shows or movies for that matter, that surpass it in quality of the story. Once you become acquainted with the show's characters, you begin to live with them and feel as they feel, as you watch the show. I almost let my casual appearance go to rot last week, when the show was so sad as to make one want to cry. It's that good! I hope a few of you will take heed, and watch it next week, and you may not agree with me. But I really love it. :: Thanks to all of you who write. Any letters received after Feb 1, today, will be acknowledged or printed next issue. Lack of space prohibits using any more letters this time. ALSO HEARD FROM: A. SILVERBERG, LARRY McCOMBS (who sent a postcard and promised a longer letter in the future). DICK SCHULTZ sent in a late letter on #7, and JOHN McGEHAN sent in an LOC on issues 6, 7, and 8. :: See you next time. ::

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STATUS:

- Rock-Solid
- Weakening
- Bad
- Last issue

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- You commented
- I'd like to trade
- I'd like a contribution
- I'd like an LOC from you

NUMERICALLY:

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This is CINDER #9 from:
 Larry Williams
 74 Maple Rd.,
 Longmeadow 6, Mass.

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