

LUNACON 1968

This year's Lunacon was on a much smaller scale than in 1967. I thought it was more of an open Lunarians' meeting, than a convention. And the rooms chosen were not up to the use they received. Still, it was a good trip to make, and I felt it was a success so far as I was concerned.

It was very interesting to listen to Delaney talking about the marketing of science fiction in paperback books. His description of the cover problem and the importance of finding a good answer(s) seems like what must have been going on among the monthly publishers a few years ago, a matter that does not seem to have ended yet. Somehow it seems sensible to try for a mass market, and then comes the discovery a mass market may not have so much to offer after all. There is no greater difference than that between the intangible quality that makes thinking people value some writing, and some other quality that is supposed to make work salable in the attractive mass market.

Perhaps we all tend to imagine a few individuals who go well enough with our own styles of thinking, needs, or whatever, and then to suppose there are millions of them, all over. I should think a look at New York City's streets would disabuse any thinking observer of such an idea. Down there you can get a real cross-section of humanity, and it is a shock indeed. Is the future we are striving for written here? I hope not, but still...

I missed the room parties Friday night due to being a little preoccupied, and I forgot to look around for them. Made up for that on Saturday evening, when I discovered a Gilbert & Sullivan type variation on the Star Trek theme, under way in one of the rooms. It was really enjoyable, but the general public will have to get by without some of the material I heard. I thought it was fascinating. Who was the fellow with the Spockish haircut, sitting on the bed leading the singing? You very rarely see that much talent in one package.

That experience has opened up a new line of thinking about fandom. What percentage of fans could qualify as "creative?" Very probably a larger percentage than of any other sizable, publicly accessible group in the country.

Is fandom a hotbed of Star Trek writers? The obvious occurred to me during an interesting conversation with one amateur writer who claimed her Star Trek script was an exercise with no practical application. But her thinking had a very good sound to me, and the plot as outlined appeared to have necessary properties of cohesiveness, good structure, and consistency with what we see on the screen. Her description gave an impression of workmanship way out of proportion to what she intended to do with the script. Or rather, maybe she's a pro, and was feeding me a line of bull about that "just for kicks" bit.

Saturday evening I wandered out for supper, and wound up walking into a Pancake Shop just in time to meet Harriett Kolchak along with Ed Dong and Mike Lalor. We chose a table, and the waiter promptly abstracted the tip but the dishes remained for some time. He was a very remarkable waiter, and managed to wipe off the table into Ed Dong's lap without Ed noticing. But maybe that's because Ed was trying to understand the very strange expression on my face as I watched the wiping operation. Later, Ed received a Coke in his lap, arranged by the same waiter. I now know Ed is a remarkably stable person: he didn't even flinch, and the final reaction was one to two minutes in coming.

Well, Mike told me something about the

CINDER whole number 7, this issue. Fan and personal items and all that from Jim Ashe. Published monthly, available for 20¢, 6/\$1 or contribution, LOC, or special goodness. +++++Copyright James E. Ashe, 1968+++++

difference between OSFS and COSFS, a matter that seems to confuse many people. I hope to hear more about this, and maybe you'd like to contribute, Mike.

On Sunday I picked up some opinions on writers' workshops. If you are interested in writing, what is the most effective way to develop your ability if any, and to get out of the field quickly if there isn't? I have been inclined to think a workshop experience would be a fast answer to this question, but is that true? I just plain do not know, and some people seem to feel hindsight does not provide the required answer.

My own experience in an unrelated field has led me to some tentative conclusions but they are too uncertain, yet, for publishing.

After the Lunacon I was so full of ideas and things to do, I deferred a planned expedition to Delaware by about two weeks. I expect to attend the Disclave on May 10-12, and it turns out the north end of Delaware is on my best route from Ithaca to Washington. That is two sound reasons for postponing the trip. Looks like I investigate Delaware after the Disclave.

TOMORROW IS CANCELLED

This phrase has a shock and fascination value way out of proportion to its direct relevance to anything in sight on my personal horizons. I found it at the Lunacon stuck up on a wall, during a graffiti contest. The complete wording is "Due to a lack of interest, tomorrow is cancelled."

Something in these words had a compelling quality, so that I looked at them again and again. Why should they be so interesting? They seem ominous in some way, and there is a difference in tone from the comments you expect to see on walls. After mentioning this to several people I had made no progress at all.

A day or two later I discovered why the words are so interesting. They are a perfect description of some Government policy. History's greatest opportunity is being thrown away, traded for instant satisfaction or for some other objective even less defensible. This is the tradeoffs our government is making to raise money for the war in Vietnam, deferring valuable and forward-looking research projects and internal upgrading for the satisfaction...I cannot imagine what satisfaction, of carrying on a war in Vietnam.

What words could express more clearly the facts and implications of our government's managerial choices in running the country? "Due to a lack of interest, tomorrow is cancelled."

THE EPIC CYCLE

Small children laugh, and I have seen grown men with thoughtful expressions on their faces as we all observed the epic cycle of need, development, action, and total frustration that constitutes the entire plot of the now-classical Road-runner cartoons.

The cast consists of two characters: a hungry coyote (Famishus Famishus) and a Roadrunner (Speedipus Rex). The coyote appears to have resources so generous you expect he could come up with GE, IBM and Cape Kennedy combined, but somehow he cannot find food. He is hungry, and he wants food.

Food appears in the form of one Roadrunner traveling at incredible speed on some nearby highway. The Coyote discovers the Roadrunner, and is able to chase the Road-

runner and nearly catch him. But then the Roadrunner makes a raucous noise and vanishes over the horizon at an incredible velocity. The road settles back into place and we go on with the rest of the story.

Faced with a real personal problem, the Coyote applies the same strategy any of us would try: he seeks resources, and a way of using them that should solve the food problem. Better resources than most of us could find are duly brought forth and appropriately set up. The Roadrunner appears and the climax approaches. The moment of climax arrives. And it passes, with no result except that something has gone wrong. But what could go wrong?

Usually it is almost nothing, ranging from a slight error in timing to a slight perturbation of natural laws. The Roadrunner may pass the trap after it is activated, but for some reason it does not fire at the proper moment. A cannon may recoil backward from its projectile, which drops innocently to the ground while poor Coyote who was standing in back of the cannon, is pushed several feet into a rock wall by the heavy recoiling barrel. I will say this for Coyote: he is tough, and resilient. In a few seconds he is ready to try again, and the only visible result (which everybody expects) is practically the same as in all preceding attempts.

Why is this funny?

Because it is so true to life, I think. It is an allegory, cast as humor, fascinating because so recognizable. You can laugh at it along with everybody else, and think quietly inside yourself that nobody else could be laughing for quite the same reason you do. Ha ha. It is a compact summary of everyday experience. That is why it gets attention, why we laugh when we watch it. I wonder if anybody laughs deep down inside, except the children. And maybe even they understand more than we think what it's really all about.

PUBLISHING NOTES

Further changes in C & P format are several months away, at least. This three-column arrangement is just large enough to experiment with editing and layout variations, it looks good enough, and the various technical problems of making it up are worked out. I think further changes will be in detail, rather than in overall format.

Here are the specs. The 3 columns per page are made up in 42 character width, which is $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide in real size. Space between columns is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in real size, so that if you submit art work it should fit nicely into a space $\frac{3}{4}$ " or $7\frac{3}{4}$ " inches wide, and be of appropriate line weight. An unusual drawing might go the full width of 11 inches, but I would not want to fill much of a page with it because there are only four pages in the issue.

Each column is 90 lines high, with the lines spaced 6 per inch in original copy. I've made up a paper scale calibrated in line numbers, which I use in pasteup work, and I follow this schedule rigorously. The resulting format, optically reduced to fit the $8\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 inches final page size, with appropriate margins, seems to look pretty good for a typewritten product.

I do plan to find a typewriter that will put down heavier letters.

The wide margins at the LH side of the sheet are provided to get the print away from the unusable region formed when you collect the zines in a binder. A narrower margin here would look better but I designed these to store well. The 1967 issues of S F Times were designed for the same reader convenience, but I see publishing convenience wins out in the new miniaturized 1968 version.

Typos are an embarrassing problem. When

there is a lot of work to do they are easy to miss, or maybe it is the familiar experience that you do not see your own typos but others spot them instantly. I hope to do better this time around, although I feel I am doing alright for working alone.

Next thing after I get PHOENIX sorted out from CINDER (this issue, I hope,) is to avoid the Vortex Problem...what's that?

It is the state of getting completely wound up in a publication which becomes increasingly remarkable and perfect, and then one day somebody says, "By the way, whatever happened to....?" So C & P will remain at one sheet apiece for a while, and either may be smaller on occasion. For instance, I may be attending the Clarion Workshop and simply won't have the time for full-scale issues in August and Sept. Should make for some interesting copy, but that would have to come later.

SPRING PROGRESS REPORT

I've just realized the idea of doing a Progress Report on Spring is a little bit nutty. Yet, why not?

Another couple months and the weather will become routine summer weather, occasional thunderstorms with many hot sunny days. Very good travelling weather, except when it gets really hot in July. I prefer Spring I think, after my real favorite Fall weather.

It's raining now, a good soaking puddly wet Spring rain, perfectly distinguishable from the rain that falls at any other time of year. I've just returned from getting a natural car wash along with some coffee and hot apple pie from the local McDonald's place. There is a nearby swamp, and I could hear the peepers, loudly. I understand they are little frog-like amphibians which are very hard to find (reports verified by actual test), and they make a volume of noise that is way out of proportion to their actual sizes. Or maybe peepers just don't come a few at a time. The racket they raise makes a case for a few thousand. Peepers and Spring rain go together very well.

Some of the local trees have leaves out, and a few early flowering types are past that already. It looks like a good year for the lilacs, and while there are not as many birds as we saw in the country there is certainly no shortage. If I had to vanish and reappear as a bird, I think I'd choose the English Sparrow. There are an awful lot of them, but they seem to enjoy every minute of it. In fact, I note a resemblance in their activities to a continuous SF convention.

There have been frost warnings but no frosts locally. Some areas several miles out seem to run two or three weeks later in the Spring and earlier in the Fall, but I recall no recent frost reports. Spring is going along well here.

FIAT REPORT

The 1100R Fiat turned in a good performance for the Lunacon trip. The time to or from NYC is about 4 3/4 hours over a distance of 250 miles. That's an average of 53 mph, a tremendously better speed than I could have attained a few years ago without driving dangerously. Now it's almost nonstop on limited-access roads, and good times are easily achieved. My route has two 50¢ tolls: a short piece of Thruway, and the George Washington Bridge. This is a very convenient route bringing me directly into Manhattan.

Manhattan is incredibly congested.

Gas mileage was 33.6 miles per gallon, including some very inefficient puttering around somewhere south of Central Park. If I can reset the slightly dragging brakes and a couple other difficulties this figure can be improved, but I do not think I

can achieve better than 40 miles per gallon from the Fiat.

Before getting off to Washington, I hope to make a small revision in the tailpipe. There is an occasional odor of exhaust gas which should be easily curable.

STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING...

Reading fanzines is something like panning for gold. Once in a while you come to something really good. I used to wonder about fanzines for just that reason, but as I have become more deeply involved in my writing it has become increasingly clear that if you are going to do any good work you have to put out a lot that will only get by. This has made fanzines far more interesting to me, and I try to discover what may have been going on when various things were written. It is an interesting exercise, perhaps even profitable. No, it is not honest to say that; it is profitable. I do not have to feel amused when a writer makes a try that doesn't pan out, not least because some things I try do not work either. That reminds me of the old woodsman's comment to a man who boasted he had never been lost. "I reckon you have never been out of your backyard, mister."

With C & P getting out regularly, more zines are coming back. My collection for January thru March fills an Accopress binder, not too full. The arrivals for April fill another binder a little bit thicker, and I'm happy to have solved the fanzine storage problem.

They aren't very useful if they wind up in piles, and I think if somebody goes to the expense and effort to send me a zine it is worth better treatment than that. So the solution is to dismantle each zine upon arrival, 3-hole punch it, and reassemble. Then the zines go into a heavy Accopress binder and when that is full I start another. Zines are arranged alphabetically in each binder. But this system fails for two classes of zines.

First class is super zines like WITZEND and ODD. They are permanently bound, and have narrow inside margins. I will have to make up library volume boxes for these. And the other class is those tiny zines, made up to some peculiar size like 8 1/2 x 11 halved.

Those zines are produced in such dimensions for some apparently practical reason relating to publishing. Perhaps the publisher doesn't have a full-size press, or it may be he wants to miniaturize for some reason such as sharpness. I feel this is not good thinking.

Some investigation of local printing resources should turn up a printer who can do a nice 8 1/2 x 11 page, either an accessible pro or an amateur or an office somewhere. If you want to reduce to 8 1/2 x 11 from some oversize, as I do with C & P, my best advice is it's hard but if you really jump at it you will find easier ways to do it next time. If you think your zine is a worthwhile effort a part of the job is to arrange for maximum life and utility from the viewpoint of those who are going to be receiving it.

I experimented with a planned evolution development, and I think this policy has been outstandingly successful.

Alphabetical order seems to be the best presentation of zines received. This enables me to avoid a kind of quality judgment I'd rather not make with respect to the zines left over after I have picked out the ones that are truly remarkable. And here we go...

COSIGN #15, 50 pages, bimonthly. 35¢, 8/3¢, contribution, LOC or swap. From Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202. Black on darkish green is notably dim on contrast and I would like to see experiments with lighter paper and perhaps

some trial adventures with colored ink. But I liked the content which I felt was more relevant to serious readers than last time around. Kropp's discussion of WALDEN TWO was specially interesting. The utopia idea has a very strong hold on many thinkers, who tend to ignore inherent and possibly humanly insoluble difficulties.

GLAMDRING #6, 5 pages, monthly. For 15¢, or 2/25¢; swap. Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. A fantastic table of recently published zines classified into APA, NAPA, FAPA, the Cult, and others. New or changed addresses also listed. Amazingly informative.

HYPERDRIVE #1, 27 pages on 31 sheets, by Roy Langbord, 323 Cherry Bend, Merion Station, Pa. 19066. Resembles most #1's but more readable than many. Some editorial problems need close attention or maybe only experience, and the lack of a dictionary is excruciatingly evident. Prognosis is good.

NEWFANGLES #9, 2 pages, bimonthly at 10¢ or 10/1¢; usable or juicy unusable contributions. Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio 44060. Comics fandom information and news from an adult perspective, directed towards readers with a collector's or professional interest in the business. Nicely written. Subscribers are needed.

NIEKAS #19, 66 pages, erratic. 50¢, 5/3¢ or contribution, LOC to other editor Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301. Eastern editor and business manager is Ed Meskys, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226. A huge effort, jampacked full of mature fannish material, partly in a miniature type which fortunately is relatively easy reading. Foster's Middle Earth glossary is continued from Meduseld to River Running. The Charlie and Marsha Brown have taken over the printing operation. Piers Anthony remarks favorably on DANGEROUS VISIONS, with a typical cryptic remark about H.E. There is a lot of good work here.

PERIHELION #4, 38 pages, quarterly. Sam Bellotto Jr., 190 Willoughby St., Brooklyn N.Y. 11201. There should be a price, or something in there, but I do not see it. Sam has access to a lot of good material and printing gear, and he evidently gets out after things too. You have to stretch the definition if you call it amateurish. Bellotto analyzes the state of the art in SF, and there are other fiction and think-pieces. There is even advertising! Very nice clear through.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY Vol. 3 #4. 167 pages appearing quarterly. 50¢, 4/3.50 from Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada. Good prose, good poetry, and good think pieces. On page 149 I discovered Selectric balls with Elvish characters are available at \$215. This discovery courtesy of the MITSFS. Campbell ~~1444~~ writes again about the problems of science from his usual viewpoint. Much other good material, and Sapiro's special typer makes the zine very readable.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #454. 11 pages, monthly. 30¢ or 12/3¢. Ann Dietz, Box 559, Morris Heights Stn., Bronx, N.Y. 10453. Ken Beale writes 3.5 pages on Kubrick's 2001 movie, which I think deserves about a page. Other material includes convention reports and nice lists of coming publications and conventions.

SPINGE #20. 30 pages, twice yearly. It should be oftener than that. Trade, LOC, or special goodness, from Darrell Pardee, 95 E. 12th Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43201. It is offset, I think, printed in an attractive violet on white. Fannish news and some writing, and poetry. Very readable. Ken Cheslin suggests a fannish code by which messages could be conveyed on zines, using symbols and code books. I think this has merit for some basic fannish situations as

'write, or I'll have to pull your name out of my mailing list.'

....Humm....

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #72. 52 pages, bimonthly. 35¢, 3/\$1, LOC, contr. or exchange. From Ken Rudolph, 735 N. Sycamore Ave. #14 Los Angeles, Calif. 90038. Very readably printed fancish material of various types including experimental writing. I've wondered about script-type writing noted in other places and comment on that elsewhere in CINDER. Could this be where the Gilbert & Sullivan type material I enjoyed at the Lunaccon was originated? Enjoyed HANNIFEN'S HORDE.

TAPWORM #6, 54 pages, no fixed schedule, I think. Available for contributions, especially. Aimed at fandom, which it often hits (and fandom hits back, by all reports.) Black on blue but fairly readable anyway. Lots of enthusiasm here, and I do think Mebane's contribution is a takeoff on a book due to be published soon. Joe Haldeman writes a nice short about a demon accidentally called up by a frustrated mathematician. I have seen other stories like this, in which devils and demons are awesome enough to the primitive mind, but cannot follow the power and subtleties of modern mathematics. Alexis Gilliland and Gay Haldeman write recipes for potboilers.

WITZEND #4, 36 pages. Irregular schedule and firm price of \$1. From Wally Wood, Box 882, Ansonia Stn., New York, N.Y. 10023. A real treasure of work by cartoonists who are probably very happy to be free of the Comics Code. There is one cartoon I think has a specially good future: Pipsqueak Papers. An enjoyable, whimsical combination of fantasy and comic picture presentation. Also some writing. Wally Wood's influence is visible all through, and it is a very good influence.

EPIC #1, CONTINUED.

I've only room for one more new character this month, and it may be quite some time before he enters the action. His name is Eeg O'Boo. I think he is Irish, and he does seem to have a marked preference for green and for places where green things grow.

Eeg has an oddly practical yet visionary way of looking at things. He is one of the nicest fellows I know, but there is some tendency to be erratic, I think. I don't have his character entirely worked out yet, but with a name like that he just has to have some character.

Now Peanut, Filbert & Cashew have captured an alien spaceship, with no resistance at all from its operator. That little fellow seemed very disturbed upon seeing the kittens approaching him in Feline Single File. He pushed a Panic Button on his spacesuit, and vanished. Is that a typical action for an intrepid space explorer? All things considered space seems to be a very hostile region full of all kinds of traps and hazards for timid or careless explorers. So I suppose we have to expect Pan-red knew what he was doing when he pushed his Panic Button. It may not have been a Panic Button. But whatever it may be, it does not seem to have taken effect yet and so the kittens are off to do some exploring.

Their first adventure takes place in the form of an attack from a narrow-minded but very purposeful Sprint missile fired by some military types who, unable to identify a radar blip, decide to shoot at it. The ship's computer asks the kittens for instructions, but as kittens will they become so involved in their debating, the computer finally is forced to act without their instructions.

Peanut, Filbert, and Cashew all had the same impulse at the same moment. They all

wanted out. But at an unknown altitude and with an exploding missile outside the door there seemed nothing to do.

Then the lights came back on. The sensation of concussion diminished, and the whine ran back down the studio scale and vanished. Apologetically, the computer began to speak.

"I didn't mean to scare you, but we had no more time. I've tried to do what you would have chosen to do, without your instructions. The sound effects were our in-space Field Drive, and I've just jumped us out five AU's further from the sun and a little North of the Ecliptic. Since you seemed interested in the missile I moved it out here too and it's run out of fuel but still wants something to blow up. It has the nastiest temperament I ever saw in any basically decent electronic circuit. Boy, can that monster move!"

The kittens were a sight. Each had moved toward the others for physical support and closeness, there being nothing else they could think to do. They were a fuzzy black pile in the center of the control room's floor, with six bright eyes fixed steadily on the control panel.

Three forms emerged, gradually. Cashew opened her mouth, but no sounds came out. Filbert finally broke the silence. "I'm hungry!" which was typical of Filbert. She was the smallest of the three, and even before her mentality had been improved by BTU she would try to eat a little bit more so she could grow faster. "Besides," she rationalized, "The bigger I get the more I can eat, and I do like good food!"

"I think we've learned something," said Peanut, "Or at least we have had an excellent opportunity. Our getting through that attack was just luck, and we won't always have the computer to back us up. We should have been listening to the computer, and not talking so much among ourselves. Do we understand?"

They understood.

She spoke to the computer. "We think the missile could come in handy sometime. At any rate it's worth investigating, if we can get to it. Can you put us and the missile back on the ground?"

"No," replied the computer. "The Field Drive won't work in close proximity to the ground because it moves anything close to the ship. We might make an emergency landing that way but it would do a lot of damage to the site and it would be heard for several thousand miles in an atmosphere like yours. My planetary drive won't move anything except the ship, and even that is relatively slow. But I can move us and the missile quite some distance in space."

"I think not," said Peanut. "We cannot go outside in space because we haven't any protective suits. Is there any way we can look into that missile out there? And what if its detonating circuits are still alive and it explodes?"

"No trouble there. I've been monitoring the missile's circuit radiations, and they are becoming erratic. I think it will run down completely in a few minutes. After all, its construction suggests it had an operational life of a minute or so. Whatever do you want to do with that beast?"

Cashew joined the conversation. "We want it because it will make a fine damn bang somewhere, and July 4th is coming up. That is what we want it for!"

"I'm convinced," said Peanut. "Computer, is there any way we can get the thing under our control without risking an abrupt end to Epic #1 right here?"

"Well...yes. I've got a couple siblings stowed away which Pan-red and I use for maintenance work and dangerous investigations. Like this one. Wouldn't be good to go into space without them, you know. I'll fly them over for a closer look. The mis-

sile seems pretty well run down, and the siblings are inherently undetectable anyway." The ship seemed to rock slightly. "We've moved in closer to the missile, and the siblings are out looking at it now."

A background twittering noise, hardly noticeable, became louder. "That is the siblings calling back," said the computer. The kittens listened closely, but the signals were too fast and complex to understand. They heard the computer conversing with the siblings, and then it spoke to them again. "Alright, they've checked it out, and they say it's safe. I'm moving in closer." A slight bump. "There, we've made contact."

Peanut spoke up. "We want to talk to the missile."

"It's too stupid."

"But maybe you could supply power to the brain and translate for us, and we could find out something about how it works."

"Oh alright. You kittens are always curious about things, aren't you? I've got the siblings carrying wires over there now so there'll be a connection shortly."

Filbert had been off exploring, and returned at that moment. "I've found where the kitchen and refrigerator are."

"Just a minute," replied Peanut. "We're going to hear from the missile. Our computer is running leads over, and will provide a translation for us."

The computer emitted an odd noise. "I do hope you aren't expecting too much from this fellow. Very single-minded, you know. Here he is."

"Chop-chop...chop-chop, Where? Where is? ...Chop-chop...Ho...Ho...Ho...."

"That's a start," thought Peanut, "and I admire that single-minded philosophy, even if it is built in. Seems to me there should be something we can do with that. I wonder what?"

"I said, I've found the refrigerator. WE CAN EAT!" Filbert was becoming very insistent. And after all the kittens had been several hours without food. They trooped out of the control room to the kitchen.

What am I going to do about Pan-red? He very nearly appeared in this chapter, so he is almost sure to find his way back in the next. While he is in limbo, some of his character has emerged.

Pan-red is not really an explorer. That explains his relatively timid manner. He is...My Ghod! He's a writer! He was out collecting material for...for a...No! No! This is plagiarism! He was collecting material for an Epic, and I'm in it! This is the very worst kind of plagiarism. He's copying me. He has me as a character in a story he is writing. This cannot be. I'll solve this by grim determination. No imaginary character is going to imagine me as an imaginary character! That is illogical, because if he's imaginary that makes me imaginary imaginary, and that makes him... No by Ghu, this has to be stopped right here. I cannot let it spread...Ugh! Groan...haul...pull.....(we're engaged in a... battle of...wills...)

Continued, next month.

CONTRIBUTORS WANTED

Long hours of hard work, and maybe you only get your manuscript back. High standards but no pay. Chance of honor and recognition in case of success. Jim Ashe, 301 Dryden Road, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

AD SPACE AVAILABLE

Send me an ad which arrives before the end of the month, and you'll see it in the next issue of C & P. Typewritten copy only please. It should fit into my 42-character wide columns, and a maximum of 20 or so lines high. The price is one dollar. Jim Ashe, 301 Dryden Road, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

PACKAGING IN SF

I think the single most important event at the 1968 Lunacon occurred right at the start. Sam Delaney stood up and talked about "The New Science Fiction Package." His talk was specially interesting because there is strong indication the thinking he set forth works. A "new era" in science fiction has arrived.

Yet his idea is not a new one. Some science fiction in paperbacks has always had good covers. Wollheim's "Pocket Book of Science Fiction," for example, has a mild, futuristic cover, is nicely colored, and contains a relatively innocuous "Fantastic Tales of Super-Science" tucked away at the top in a style suggesting Wollheim would have been happier without it. The book was published in 1943, and I think I purchased the copy before me now in 1944. Looking in the table of contents I see Weinbaum's "Martian Odyssey" and Heinlein's "And He Built a Crooked House." A very good book, but that is beside the point. It looks like a good book.

It cost 25¢ and its paper is in far better shape than a comparable book purchased in 1966.

Upon returning to Ithaca I promptly made my way to the local Smoke Shop, which carries large quantities of paperbacks, monthlies, and newspapers. At one side, unobtrusively located to be accessible but out of the way, there is a place where you can purchase smoking supplies. I looked at the rest of the store, and I thought about it from the viewpoint of Delaney's talk. It appears the market's image of itself is improving rapidly.

Reading has become far more respectable than it used to be. The Smoke Shop relocated last fall, and their new site has a non-squeaky floor with good, thick carpet all over. It is very well lighted, and an attractive place to do business.

One area, a prominent display about four by six feet, is devoted almost entirely to science fiction books recently released. It looks good. The change has taken place over a number of years, but when I looked at this from the perspective of Delaney's talk it was evident that tremendous change has taken place. The rack of books almost exuded an aura of great-new-ideas, and it was perfectly evident this display was not expected to compete with the beer-and-TV mass market.

Perhaps the location within easy distance of Cornell University has had an appreciable influence on the Smoke Shop's policies. Yet two other stores that are much closer to Cornell do not seem to feel science fiction material deserves an outstanding display.

Another thought this brings to mind is, what is the effect upon the market of displaying science fiction material in those disreputable corner shops?

ACCORDING TO HARRIETT
by Harriett

SF mistakes are several right at present. First one came when the Balticon put out their con ad without giving an address for the hotel. Where do you write for reservations?

Second one came when Lunacon notices arrived here with different hotels printed on each one. The first named one hotel and the second another one????

The third and best boner, was partly the fault of the YMCA in Philadelphia. We were scheduled for a meeting last night, it being Good Friday. The Y called Ozzie Train and asked if we would hold the meeting and were told it would be held as usual. Notices went out to the effect the meeting would be held at the Y and then when we arrived we found they had closed the place down for meetings for the night. We were

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then told to meet at Rittenhouse Square, which now holds the Municipal Building. Upon arriving there we were lost and found after wondering around that it was at the square across the street. I know many missed the meeting that night. We also found it rather chilly for outside meetings and adjourned to H & H at 9 PM, and then some went back to watch the eclipse of the moon and many left. The speech for the evening was given, but most of us on the outside did not hear more than a few words.

No boner was pulled here though. Ann Chamberlaine is the winner of the coveted "Kaymar Award" for 1968. She has already received her \$10 check and has ordered her two books from Martin. She is greatly delighted and said that she wants to thank all concerned with this award. It will enable her to shop for some food without having to scrimp madly for the next month.

Got the place all cleaned except for a couple small items. Going to make the Easter basket up today, finish off mail. Kitten wise I am going mad....Some kids tore up and cut off all my hyacinths, tulips, daffodils and one rose bush last week and were made to pay for them. Don't think we will have much trouble for a while, word flies. New tulips, more daffodils, two hyacinths and the grape hyacinths are in bloom now. Weather permits leaving rear door open now for kits to run in and out and feed in the yard. They have some of the herbs I planted peeping through the ground already so they will have something to chew on this summer in the back yard. Looks like I am finally going to make it to the con in the Bay area this fall. Hope to see you there. Harriett.

TWO CABELL FAN CLUBS
by Jim Blish

James Branch Cabell is no longer a forgotten man. Within the past three years, two different groups have started Cabell societies. The older of the two, the Fellowship of the Silver Stallion, was started by Missouri fan James N. Hall, and numbered 61 members as of April 15. It is made up chiefly of novelists, editors, journalists and readers, ranging from Poul

Anderson to Roger Zelazny.

The younger group, The Cabell Society, began officially in January 1968, and reported about 40 members as of Feb. 15. It draws its membership chiefly from the academic community. There is some membership overlap between the two groups.

The Fellowship publishes a lithographed journal, quarterly (not monthly, as some earlier accounts have reported). The seventh issue, due out in June, is 28 pages, with artwork by Jack Gaughan and others.

The journal, called KALKI, is edited by James Blish; but subscriptions should be sent to: Paul Spencer, 665 Lotus Avenue, Oradell, N. J. 07649. The price is \$5 per year, which also confers membership in the Fellowship.

The Cabell society also plans to publish a newsletter, the first issue of which is scheduled for this Fall. A merger of the two groups is being explored.

JIM BLISH NOTES

Jim Blish has been appointed book review editor of AMAZING STORIES by Barry Malzberg. His column will be "The Future in Books," under his critic pen-name of William Atheling, Jr. He will pass his own books on to other reviewers.

Sol Cohen is paying standard rates for the book review work, and this has been the policy at Amazing at least since the start of Harrison's editorship.

The number of books reviewed will be limited by space and publishing requirements, but Jim will try to get reviews printed early enough for selective readers convenience.

He won't review science popularizations, and asks that straight fantasy books continue to be sent to Fritz Leiber.

NEW ADDRESS for Jim Blish is: 579-A 6th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214.

CONTRIBUTORS WANTED

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