

C E L E P H A I S

Believe it or not, this is another issue of those rambling monologues about persons, places, and topics that have been coming from Box 86 for the last six years, every quarter, for the amusement and amazement of the members of FAPA, selected waiting list persons, and others. I expect there will be the usual ramblings, which make some sense, I hope, concerning items in the last mailing, plus assorted odds and ends.

But, first, I'd like to talk about conventions and trips to such. I went to Chicago last Labor Day, attended Chicon III, had a wonderful time - and came home with more money than I arrived with. No, I didn't get into a poker game with Tucker or anything interesting like that. I just ended up as the treasurer of the Discon for 1963, and sold a few memberships before I left. There have been moments when I think it would have been better to come away broke, but so far the work hasn't been too much. I'm sure this happy situation of money continuing to come in for little or no effort on my part can't last, but for a while it gives me nice feelings of wealth. Have YOU joined? ~

Today is a rather gloomy November day, with a gray overcast sky and a cool, damp wind that chills worse than the 40° reading would suggest. I suppose I should translate that into the Celsius scale, for the benefit of the members overseas, now that the United Kingdom has converted; it would be about 5°C. [Sounds colder, doesn't it?] Anyway, it's a great deal cooler than it was back on the 22 Aug. I know, because that was the day I left for Berkeley and the convention.

The day before had been the first really hot - like H*O*T - summer day we had had, with the sidewalk sizzling as the drops of sweat touched it. Even as early as I left the apartment for the airport bus terminal, down town, it was sticky and uncomfortable. I left earlier than I really had to, and caught an earlier bus, so had to wait at the airport - Friendship - about half an hour. The waiting room had some attempt at cooling, but it was still hot. Finally on to the plane, a nonstop jet to San Francisco, and still hot. At least the plane wasn't full, and I had only one other person to share three seats with - a girl who worked for me, and who was going to the same meeting. The trip was fairly short, with a meal to interrupt the monotony. Very little to see in the way of sights - too cloudy over the Rockies. It did clear going over the Sierras, and we got a good view of Mono Lake, and the valley east of the mountains. Too high, though, to catch any glimpse of the remnants of the narrow gage line that the SP recently abandoned.

The airport at San Francisco was a relief - cool with a refreshing breeze. The transportation that was to have picked us up didn't, so we finally grabbed a cab for the ride to Berkeley - quite a cab ride, through SF without seeing anything of it. After a little trouble, the cab finally located the residence hall, and we were ready for the Calorimetry Conference. Except that we were about two hours too early to check in.

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A Weltschmerz Publication

This wasn't as bad as it could have been, as the weather was nice and there were a number of others also waiting. Finally, the head of the residence hall appeared, and we were registered for both the conference and the accommodations. The latter were a real bargain. We had rooms for Tues, Wed, Thurs, and Friday, breakfast and lunch Wed, Thurs, Fri, and Sat breakfast, all for about \$22. The breakfasts and lunches were at the cafeteria of the living group, and were real meals. Breakfasts were cereal, eggs and ham or pancakes and sausage, fruit, juice, coffee, etc.

The residence hall was one of the women's group, and the mixed character of the group required some arrangement as for toilet facilities. Like most dorms, there was only one bathroom per floor. So, the second (English:1st) floor was reserved for single women, of whom there were a few. The next two floors were for married couples, with bathrooms segregated by sex per floor. The next two were for single men.

There was one rather unusual feature, that makes me wonder just what sort of coeds go to the Univ of California, at least in Berkeley. The toilets in the john on our floor, at least, were of the automatic valve type, connected directly to the main. Everyone was rather surprised to find, when using the facility for the first time, that hot water came out. It was even more surprising if you followed someone else, and felt the heat gradually steaming up...

As a matter of fact, the cold water ran warm and the hot water ran hot. A shower was a real adventure.

The meeting, though, was very interesting, although it did run and run and run - all day Wed, Thurs, Fri, and Sat AM. This is an informal group that is made up of the thermochemists and calorimetrists in this country and abroad - they met in Ottawa last year - and in the last ten years has grown from an half-day session as a part of an ACS meeting to a one day get-to-gather before or after the ACS to a two day meeting to a three day meeting. There are about 90-125 people there, which means you can meet people and talk to them. The programs run from reports of work and apparatus being started to papers ready for publication. Most of the papers come from the US and Canada, but there were a couple from England and one from France was on the program, although not given because of the illness of the author. The fields covered included heat capacities below 1 K, temperature measurements above 2000, heats of solution in liquid metals, heats of reaction using less than 0.1 gm samples, etc. I wasn't interested in all the papers, and did cut one afternoon to bookshop in Oakland, but most of them were worth listening to. I find I get more out of this meeting than I do from the big AmChemSoc meetings, with 10000+ 2000 in Atlantic City or New York or such.

The banquet was held in the best eatery in Berkeley - some seafood place. Before the dinner there was a social hour with free drinks at the special bar - all you wanted. I had at least 4 Scotches, and I was going light. Then, at the dinner, each group of eight had two bottles of wine, one white sauterne, one rosa, to pour from. The dinner was good - real good roast beef or fish, a big slab with baked potato and string beans, salad, fruit cocktail (I believe), and an ice for dessert. All this for \$4.50.

I think the Bay Area group should investigate this arrangement for the 64 con. That dorm would be a real arrangement. And the banquet.

even the afterdinner speaker was good. He was a low-temperature physicist from Cambridge, who spoke on the thermodynamics of gastronomy. [and, from his build, he had been doing personal research on the subject.] A very good, and entertaining time.

Tuesday night, a group of about 25 decided to go over to San Francisco to see the sights - bar, nightclub, strip joint, etc. However, being a true fan, I called Bill Donaho, and found he had arranged a little get-to-gather at his place. So, I was picked up about 8, and had a real evening of home-brew, fan-gab, etc, with Bill, Ben Stark, Alva Rogers, Ellingtons, Knights, Moskys, Halevy, and others. We talked about FAPA, Chicon, plans for '63, plans for '64, Westercon, rumors, feuds, gossip, and maybe something about science fiction. I don't remember what time I got home, but it was not quite as late as the group from the expedition. And, I made breakfast the next morning. But the coffee did taste good. The next night Bill and I went out to Ben Stark's place, to look at his basement. It reminded me of Ackerman's garage in its heyday. And, of course, I found some things I wanted.....

Friday afternoon I left the meeting and bussed over to San Francisco, checked my bag at the airport terminal, and did a brief bit of book and stamp shopping. Not brief enough, though, as I found a set I'd been looking for from Belgium - one of the parcel post issues - that was scarce and expensive. It was a good thing DC got the '63 con....

Then I caught the airport bus and crawled out to the airport. Going out at rush hour is not for the person with tight connections. I'd thought I had allowed plenty of time, but I actually was able to board almost at once. For once I could see something on a plane flight - the view of San Francisco just at dusk from the air - the fog rolling through the Gate, the lights on the eastern slopes twinkling in the dusk, while the other side gleamed in the setting sun, the cliffs north, with the surf washing on the beaches at their foot, or the trees reaching down to the water. Then it socked in below us, and we flew up towards Portland in daylight or twilight, with nothing visible below us. Only for the last 70 miles or so could the ground be seen through great rents in the clouds, with the lights of cities twinkling far below. Then we swung over Portland to the Columbia, lowering down to the Portland airport.

We were early, and I was in the terminal before my mother and her friends could get there. This is the second time I've come in to Portland and had trouble with meeting people. One time I came in while they were eating, expecting me to be over an hour late, instead of the 20 minutes. This time we were about 15 min early.

We had dinner, and then drove back to Salem through the cool, quiet dark. Next day we found out there had been an earthquake shock while we were on the road; one hard enough to shake things around. We never felt it.

I spent the next week loafing at home - as much as I was able to. We were invited out to eat at least three times during that week, with cards following. And, we had one dinner for a group. So, I didn't get too much real quiet. It was a change, though.

Then, Thursday evening, we drove to Portland, picked up an aunt of mine, and had dinner in a seafood place in Vancouver, right on the waterfront. It is an old wharf warehouse, fixed up nicely but not overdecorated, with a superlative view of the river and the interstate bridge. It was fun watching the dusk creep over the water, the lights of the small boats appear to bob along casting fifful red and green flashes, the lights of the cars on the bridge. Finally, out to the airport for a final drink, and a jet to Chicago.

They really drive out there, too. We left Salem a little after 6PM, and arrived in Portland, 50 miles away, a little before 2PM. Which isn't bad, when you consider Salem is on Standard time and Portland on Daylight time. The time situation out there this summer was real confused. Legally, Portland, its county, and counties adjacent can adopt daylight time; the legal time for the rest of the state is standard. Although some communities advance their clocks semi-legally, with the official, legal offices sticking to standard time, etc.

Anyway, I got off about 12:30 AM for Chicago, about a 4 hr flight. The first hour or so we were served snacks and coffee, so I got no sleep then. Then, just as I was thinking I could cat-nap, the sign "Fasten Seat Belts" flashed on, the cabin lights went up, and the stewardesses checked everyone; it seems we were running into a thunder storm we couldn't go around or over. For the next hour we were bouncing around - a bouncing jet is an experience - watching the lightning flash all around us, and a couple of times hitting the plane. Finally we got out of that, and things quieted down - for a few minutes. Then we started the long glide into Chicago, hitting rougher weather as we went down. So, I didn't see much on the ground, but I didn't sleep much, either.

Chicago at last - back in the sticky heat of the east. Airport buss to the Pick Congress, where I checked my bag, and headed out for breakfast, then out railroad book hunting. Found some nice items, which killed some time. Then finally back to the Pick Congress, where I found fans, met Pavlat and Ron and Peggy Rae, who were just pulling in, and the Chicago was on.

No, this isn't going to be a con report. I remember meeting people, drinking, going without sleep, judging the art show, meeting people, selling memberships, drinking, meeting people, listening to program, attending auction, attending banquet, attending costume ball - in costume, this time - drinking, buying picture, buying manuscript, drinking, meeting people. I don't remember sleeping. I did have a good time.

Monday afternoon, after receiving the pass-on from George Price, I dashed to the airport bus, and caught my plane for Washington. This was a slow, turbo-prop, but first class, with a good dinner - steak - and free drinks. This flight I enjoyed myself, although I was sleepy. Coming in over Washington was pretty, watching the lights of the various prominent markings appear. And then in at National, where it had been raining. Limousine out to the Bureau, where I had parked my car, and then home, where I glanced at some mail and fell into bed. I believe that I had had six hours of sleep from Thursday AM to Monday midnight.

And in to work the next morning. I've spent most of the last month or so trying to catch up with my desk.

And thus ends another, brief, episode in the travels of Bill Evans. Another installment next time, I hope, when I'll have taken my "summer" vacation home.

Which leaves nothing but the 100th mailing to talk about. This time I'm just grabbing things as I come to them. Starting with the biggest, A Sense of FAPA [Eney]. But what can you say, other than that it's a marvelous job, something to read and reread, little by little. Probably one of the outstanding items in the first 100 mailings. Remembrance of Things Past [me]. I left out a lot of dated stuff and culled from columns. It wasn't designed as the "best" but as a cross-section of the material. I wish I could have included "If I Werewolf" but it would have been too long, especially as it was unfinished. Maybe next year....

The Last Gasp [Martinez]. I hope you've got your breath back, Sam.

Pantopon [Berman]. As you see, I'm taking them as they come. If you want something to call Lord of the Rings, why not the early Victorian term, "three-decker" which described a novel so long it took three volumes to complete. Most of the classic novels of the day appeared in these three volumes; some of Dickens first appeared in parts, 20-in-19, weekly, before they came out in book form. The form persisted quite late; one of the earliest Haggard stories, "The Witch 's Head" I believe, did. And is down-right expensive as a first ed.

Dry Martini [Martinez]. It was interesting to read your account of the trials and tribulations of 50-50 and then read the zine itself. So that is what they do on these trip prizes. I would like to win one, but never find time for the contest. But at least you got to go first class. Try the tourist seats.

Fifty-Fifty [Parker/Martinez]. I'm not sure, but I believe that all of the cells in the body are replaced many times throughout life. I think part of the aging process is due to changes in the type of cells replacing. I liked Marion's sketch - except for one thing. This might not have annoyed others, but to someone who works in such agencies, the various inappropriate terminology used for governmental agencies jolts me. Like the "Department of Cetological Psychology" which sounds like a cabinet post - until you read it is part of the Department of Agriculture. Specifications are not a part, now, of the National Bureau of Standards' tasks; the appropriate agency would do the job, or, if something that would be of wide usage, would have the General Services Agency set up the specs. And, where is the Department of Conservation?

Sam, you left out the 4x4 square, which is a little different from the rest. And, too, you kept the secret of how to make these squares easily - or, at least, how to make one for any odd square. Do you have the general method for making all of the possible versions, excluding rotations and inversions, for the general case? If so, elucidate.

The stories certainly go into bare facts, don't they. The first was too long on the buildup, do quick on the let-down.

Lighthouse [Carr/Graham]. Walt, I've just been rereading your analysis of Carmina Burana, and think it quite an impressive thing. I don't know if I would agree that it shows Orff's Weltanschauung. I think you'd have to go through the other of the similar works, and see if the same applies. I haven't - I'm not familiar enough with them - to decide whether Orff is merely depicting an emotion, or actually feeling it. Now take Mahler's 9th...

So, Pete, why didn't you write Martin some time last year and let him know you would support a petition, or that he should appeal to the vp? "No action... is the backstop of autocratic bureaucracies everywhere." Like that at East 5th St?

A Propos de Rien [Caughran]. Whoa, Jim, come again on that bit about energy and work. It took me three readings to see what you meant to say, not what you did say. You don't mean "at each point on a line out from the earth, the force of gravity is the same however fast you are travelling..." do you? You mean that it takes a certain amount of work, given by the integral of Fdx (the force operating over the infinitesimal distance dx), is required to reach a given distance from the earth, independent of the time involved (and hence of the velocity of the particle). Of course, the faster you are going, the more excess kinetic energy you will have, which can be converted into more work, taking you out further (coasting) against gravity. Rockets with more powerful thrust are better for several reasons - they get out of the thick air quicker, reducing air resistance, and also the variable effects of winds and air currents, which cause deflections from course; it takes less fuel to reach a fixed velocity, meaning you need carry less fuel on your back, which means things can be smaller, or you have a bigger payload.

Ice Age [Shaws]. It does come once every ice age, doesn't it. Unfortunately. Noreen, I've eaten those Howard Johnson "Tendersweet Clams" in a couple of their leased chain. And in at least one Hot Shoppe. I find them rather good; much better than a lot of the stuff they sell, and better value for the money. I avoid HJ pretty much. ## Another of the absent-minded walkers. And for the same reasons. I'll even pass people at work - out on the grounds - for much the same reasons.

Both Shea and AJ were good. Shea is very penetrating - and so true. The only thing missing from AJ's piece was the music. What Bernstein music is used?

A small comment, but one of my favorite items in the mailing.

Since I typed the preceding stencil, things have happened. Like at the office - more work. Like visitors, who managed to kill the last five evenings. (Not the same visitors - just strings of them) As a consequence, I haven't time to ramble as I wanted to do, but will have to hit the high spots, items I've checkmarked, and pass the rest.

Sercon's Bane [FMBusy]. I'll agree with you that Harness seems to be living in a somewhat different time-world than the rest of us. I've noticed this in the case of the infamous meeting a year ago. ## When I read 'Necromancer' I kept wondering who had been cutting the novel; at the end, I had the feeling I had missed about every other word - like reading a message that had been badly mangled in transmission - or that it had been written for some inside group that knew what was missing. Even worse than a Van Vogt story; vV seemed to try to fill in the background as he went along and decided he needed something.

Oblique ["Ellick"]. I think McCain's piece should be required reading - not only to FAPAns, but also to fans in general. Even without the other three parts, this section stands as a good piece of advice. ## The Geis piece shows why he has been able to sell to magazines such as Adam. And yet, I liked it. Thanks, Ron

A Rubber Meat Ball [and I refuse to dig through the pile to find who did it; if you are ashamed to put your name on the mag....]. nyway, I thought that bit about Tarzan and Jane being legally wed had been disposed of several times. Go back and read the first two books, carefully. That's your punishment.

No, a good share of the art show, both Seacon and Chicon, was not "visual depictions of science fiction." In fact, speaking of the Chicon show, we had a hard job finding certain sf topics. I assure you there was some art there, too. [After all, people like Rembrandt and Renoir and Monet and Gauguin illustrated things in their paintings. They aren't art?] And rules - like size and framing and how to ship and who pays for what; after all, the show, art or otherwise, doesn't spring fullfledged from the brow of the con. Someone has to do a hell of a lot of work - a lot of someones. People who give up other parts of the program to put on the show.

Agreed, fandom is not an escape from the totality of reality. The reality that is meant is the daily drudge of earning a living, enduring the hostile world, etc. The escape is the ability to forget for a while the things one has to cope with - lessons, jobs, bosses, sickness, dirty diapers, bad weather - and do something that give you enjoyment. It takes you for a short while into a world you can control.

Serenade [Bergeron]. Dick, you should be the one to take over RDSwisher's shoes on this Fantastic Advertiser bit. He would place ads in the fanzines complaining that some particular fan owed him so many issues of such and such a fanzine. I certainly don't think Wells is on firm ground regarding labor and racial affairs. I'd say that around here, the skilled unions are certainly resisting as hard as they can any attempt to do away with segregation. Examples - the "non-promotable firemen" who are colored, the craft unions in the building trades who have no colored members, and manage to turn down qualified applicants in some way.

Wells is most exasperating in his article. He discusses the various voting systems - or their results - and never describes their operation. This is like saying "This is it; because I told you so, it is." How can anyone judge the argument as anything but a diatribe with no more data. I might add, though, that in Oregon, this election, the vote was on shifting from a completely population-based legislature distribution to one based on area and population; just the reverse of most states.

And, regarding religious scientists; I've known too many good Catholics who were also good scientists, and did not have the divided compartments.

Hulan, of course, may be forgiven for not knowing of the analysis of types of fanzines Jack Speer made years ago, in which these points, and many more, were complete analysed.

Karuna [Gallion]. I wasn't certain who wrote this until the last page. Anyway, welcome, Jane, and next time put your name up front where we can see it early. You made me hungry, in addition to setting forth a interesting commentary on certain aspects of LA fandom. Which might explain why LA fandom differs from NY fandom.

Dry Martooni [Patten]. I can remember taking an aptitude test, when I first entered college, one of a bank of tests - English, math, general knowledge - that required developing and learning an artificial language, complete with grammar and inflections and conjugations and all the problems of languages in general. Nothing about vocalizing it, thank God, but plenty on translating. I never knew how I came out on that.

Horizone [Warner]. Why should you indicate who went off the w1? The membership roster, yes, as that is the membership of the organization. The waiting list is just something extra. ## I'd guess the Christmas decorations/cards at half price in May were left overs from the year before. Of course, the Christmas stuff is already being displayed in the stores here - down with pumpkins, up with Santas. I long for the good old days when this didn't start until after Thanksgiving. ## Closing a car door and listening for the sound can give an indication of how sturdily the body is constructed; rattles or tinny sounds show up easily here, much more so than kicking the tires or the bumper. After all, that gives the car a pretty good jolt. ## But just try to get into most medical schools - so many doctors, no more. ## Government is one of the worst situations for this authority over people. If you want to get very high, you almost have to supervise people - one of the standards for setting grades is the number and grades of people you control. Only in the technical lines can you avoid this - and even there it becomes hard. I've been fighting it for several years. [I'm afraid a touch of power....] # Prophet - Act I of Die Walküre is back on Angel; Acts I & II, both with Lehmann, are also available on Electrola. And the Elena Gerhardt Wolff Society Volume I is now on Rococco.

Old and Rare [Boggs]. This title always reminds me of Thorne Smith, and those dirty books. And other related things. Thorne Smith wears better.

The Insurgent Manner [Anderson]. Don't believe that formula for Nuclear Fizzes, please.

Target: Papa [Ency]. Sure, Dick, the Mormons are willing to take the money of us Auslanders for drinks; they just don't do it.

Le Moindre [Raeburn]. Where can you find slots that take both the Canadian 8-sided and the US 5c pieces? And the quarters are distinctly of a different size. I remember noting the stamp dispensers in Ottawa with signs pointing out that US quarters wouldn't work.

The Venus Organization [Rotsler]. Sneaky, putting it out after the party is over.

Churn [Rapp/Rapp]. There have been several cases where sequels to stories have been written by second authors, sans permission. Usually, though, the author was dead, and obviously there was no intent to continue the series on his part. But the "Laughing Dragon of Oz" Big Little Book was withdrawn; I would guess it could be considered a tort, damaging a property. The Mickey Mouse, etc, are registered trademarks. In addition to being copyrighted. The latter prevents reprint, the former use.

Day*Star [Bradley]. I can't resist the comments, Marion, that FAPA seems do have done a pretty good shaping job, but why don't you sit down, sometimes.

Up Arms. I believe you are equating "true Science Fiction" with the gadget story, the story in which the wondrous invention is the beginning, the middle, and the end. This does demand a short framework - I can't imagine "Stuart's" "Twilight" as a long story - unless something more than the gadget lead were incorporated. A longer story give you an opportunity to insert the background so necessary for the operation of the gadget, to expand the effects of the gadget on others, the interplay of people and emotions - in short, to write a story, based upon the gadget, rather than a gadget story. To take an extreme example, "Lord of the Rings" could have been condensed into a "short novel" but would not have been the same rich tapestry the three decker is. And, I feel, there is the same division of gimmick story and story about a gimmick in fantasy - either you have the short, gimmick story, or you have a "Roaring Trumpet" with a filled in background. Or, don't you feel a "mere novel of the future." is science fiction? I feel it is, if the action and story develops from the basic plot idea.

Apocrypha [Janke]. Boy, you've been reading at least a different part of the mailings than I have, if you feel that's a discription of what the average FAPA member thinks the impression should be. True, there are a few who seem to have that feeling, but a lot of us regard it merely as a chance to bat the breeze with some congenial ~~idiots~~ friends who don't live around the corner.

Phlotsam [Economou]. That cover reminds me of the parties - except I don't remember one of the con shindigs with young offspring. And speaking of parties, if you are that one lone girl in the faan party - it's your own fault. ## I don't know why I'm not a "travelin Jiant" except that I'm not traveling primarily for fan purposes. I'd guess that, since 1942, I've averaged about 6000 miles per year in cross country jaunts, not counting short trips of less than 500 miles. Mostly by train, but probably 20000 by car, 15000 by plane, 5000 by bus. Which leads to the remark that there are at least 5 main line rail stations in Chicago. It is possible to go from the East coast to the West Coast without changing station - Penn to Chicago, Milwaukee, or any of the CB&Q trains to SF, LA, Portland, or Seattle.

And then we have Linard. What more can I say.

This will have to end the all too short - at least I had a lot more to say, whether you would have liked it or not - comments on comments on Next time I'll have to read the mailing earlier - as sec-treas, to give credit where due - and maybe I can get something out of the way early.

Before I stop, I'd like to mention a few other of the mailing items I enjoyed but didn't have enough of a hook to make me include them in the above truncated comments: Grue [DAG], An Index to ASI [EBusby], Self-preservation [Hoffman], Wraith [Ballard], Astra's Tower [Bradley] (which meant much more to me after reading Sword...) (And remember when Jiral met Northwest Smith?), Phantasy Press [McPhail], Iconoclastic Quarterly [Lewis], Helen's Fantasia [Wesson] (Whoooo...), Alif [Anderson], Different [Moskowitz] (Even though I thought it came from England, at first, in that format), Fabulous [E Busby], and Bull Moose [Morse] (So now what will you debunk in English history).

Bill