

It is now the first month of the new, leap year. In fact, it is now well into the second half of said month. And this is the first stencil of the - I hope - issue of Celephais for the February mailing. That string of uninterrupted issues looks mighty nice, but every issue seems to take just a little longer to get started on. Of course, it is probably a combination of post-Con gafia and Christmas vacation. fafia. Never the less, here is something; if I made it, you'll be reading this as a part of the mailing.

One reason for the delay is my usual one - travel. I've been jaunting again. This time, it was my usual "summer" vacation, over Christmas, at home in Oregon. This isn't a time for fanning, obviously [or maybe not so obviously; after all, a lot of fans in school plan fanning for the holidays] as I don't have with me a) the mailing, b) a typewriter, c) stencils, and d) the time. I try to use that time to relax and enjoy home and Mother. And, she seems to find ways of keeping me from getting bored. Before I leave there is a hectic spurt at the office to get a little ahead; when I get back there is the worse struggle to catch up with the accumulated work. So, I'm not starting on this issue any too early.

The trip out was prerry much like the usual trip - by rail, with almost no fanish overtones this time. The only noteworthy events were: 1. Being 7 1/2 hours late into Chicago from the East - with a 6 1/2 hour connection, which I made! The train was so long that the steam boilers on the engine couldn't get the steam back to the last cars, and the steam lines kept freezing up. Every 30 miles or so, they would stop and thaw out the lines. And it was cold in those cars - by noon, the car I was in had warmed up to 56^o, the car behind was 44^o, and the last car, the lounge, was so cold they had to close the bar. I also think that set of cars made the fastest turn around in years in Chicago. It was due out for the east 15 min before it arrived; they had all the train crew on hand, together with the supplies. Each Pullman had two porters handing out baggage - the incoming and the one due out. The Redcaps were bringing out baggage to put on, and taking baggage back into the station. I didn't take the time to check, but I believe they had the outbound engine standingby, waiting to couple on. I'd guess the head-end cars were switched, rather than loaded and unloaded in place.

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[I really didn't intend for that page to be 3/2 spaced; I didn't notice that it was until I was taking the stencil out of the machine. I did think the bottom of the page came awfully fast....]

To resume. I made my connection to the City of Portland, which had seemed so impossible that I hadn't even tried for a ~~rapid~~ station change - easily. Not because they had held the train for the late eastern connections - all the crack eastern trains were late that day, I believe - but because they were late getting extra cars ready to go out. So, we left two hours late. And, as it developed, I could have caught the City of San Francisco, which left 3 hours later, by schedule, but which didn't detour via Denver, and so got to Green River, where the Oregon Short Line takes off, before the City of Portland, and transferred there.

Except that this time, so I heard, the City of SF or the City of LA, I'm not sure whether they were running as one or in sections that day, was derailed in Iowa, and I'd not have made my Green River connection. Still, it was a point worth remembering for the future.

That wasn't all, tho. We were 19 1/2 hours late into Portland. The eastbound City of Portland had been wrecked just east of Rock Springs, Wyo, tearing up both tracks and blocking all traffic for hours. So, we sat in Denver for some 8 hours while they built a shoo-fly around the wreck, and then had to slowly make our way through the grand conglomeration of delayed trains that were piled up for miles in each direction. To make it worse, we couldn't leave the train, even to go into the station, as we might leave any minute, as soon as word came the track was open. So, I couldn't even go book-shopping or call Huck Hansen or anything. Except play cards.

The trip back was noteworthy only for the on-time arrival in both Chicago and DC, the hospitality of Buz and Elinor, and the actual getting to the train in Seattle with time to walk to the train, get settled in the roomette, up to the club car, and get a drink before the train left. I did miss the hectic dash for the train, but I will admit this is easier on the nerves.

So I arrived back in DC just before the blizzard, which dumped 10" of wet snow on DC.

I've managed to go through the mailing this time twice - once before I left, looking for credential material, and a second time last week for enjoyment. So, for a change, it looks like there will be some mailing comments this time, after a long dry spell. But I refuse to start them this close to the bottom of a stencil, and don't have time to do any illos for the space, so I'll just try to fill it up by nattering away.

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Clair, Rene, ed. I Primi Eroci. 4to. xii, 478p. ill. L.6500 (\$10.50) Aldo Garzanti (30 Via della Spiga, Milan). How could there be a more delightful "bibliography" than this international checklist of comic strips?! Who needs words when there are complete strips in full color?! Surely one does not need to know Italian to recognize the dear friends of our childhood--and adulthood. Here are but a few: Max and Moritz, Camicia Gialla (Yellow Kid), Buster Brown, Katzenjammer Kids, Fortunello (Happy Hooligan), Mut and Jeff, Arcibaldo and Maggie (Jiggs!), Il Piccolo Re (The Little King), L'Amico Wimpy, Popeye & Castor Oyl, etc. Text to, a concise history of comic caricature from earliest times to Hogarth's Marriage a la Mode and concluding with Superman. Short bib & full index. The editor is the noted movie critic.

Antiquarian Bookman

LOOKING BACKWARD

or once over the 105th mailing.

Revolting Development [[Alger] Or should I say Schultz? At any rate, this is a typical Schultz zine. I liked the Berry item. But can this be credited to Alger against renewal requirements? I say no. [And so told him].

Different [Moskowitz] I think, Sam, that if you did add in all those issues of the pulps that had sf/fantasy stories in them, you would soon reach well over 15000 items. After all, Argosy and All-Story published at least 2500 issues, and I would guess at least a quarter of them had at least one item of interest. Add in Blue Book, Adventure, Doc Savage, Operator 5, a big bunch of the air-war mags, and the other misc pulps, and I think you would reach 10000 easily. You know, maybe the way to hear from Sam himself is to step on one of his toes.

Larean [Ellik] But, Ron, one of the reasons I like working at the NBS is that I don't have to dress up. I usually wear slacks and a quiet sports shirt - not a Lee Jacobs type, but a light colored one, or a white one with open collar and short sleeves. Only when important visitors - like Department brass - or a retirement lunch are in the offing do I put on tie and take along sport jacket - a very conservative one, I will admit. Seven steps, WHITE to BLACK? White, write no, I can get it several ways in 8 steps, but not in seven. I always require three extra letters somewhere along the line.

Alif [Anderson] As always, some of the most beautiful mimeo artwork in the mailings. I sort of wish I could have been there - the Westercon - but we were sort of busy around then. And, too, I was on board ship heading the other way at that time.... A report that makes me feel I was there. And, we missed you at the Discon, Karen. Muchly. And get that novel finished, so we can get back some Vorpall Glass back

Akvavit in Aylmer [Clarkes & Raeburn] Another group I'd like to visit some time; it sounds so fascinating. I really don't know whether they are as freely imbibing as they say, but....

Bobolings [Pavlat] Really, Bob, I didn't work that hard on the pre-registration. I figure it took no more than an hour a week, plus maybe another hour on the books. After all, with the card system we had, all I had to do was fill it out - by hand - and address an envelope, also by hand. I'd post the money every few days, and type the address labels about the same time. The only requirement to putting on a con at a distance is a couple of visits to the hotel, or have a reliable contact on the spot.

I'll certainly agree with the stupid and industrious being a danger. One at the office - not in my group, thank goodness - works terribly hard and gets nothing done. And yet he thinks he's one of the big brains. [Even signs his Christmas cards with his title of Dr. and has it on those little gummed address labels.]

Alexandria Trip Trio [Bney] That typo came while I was thinking of the white problem. [see above]. I wonder how many people/FAPAns have seen the Herblock cartoons? Either in the papers or in the books? [If not, I recommend him as the best present-day political cartoonists. Liberal, but very biting.] You know, I'm going to have to collect the various Discon reports so that I can find out what really went on those days. I was so busy, I don't remember much of it. The few times I relaxed, it was a party and I don't remember too much about them - Scotch is a wonderful way to relax. And I agree, that Lee should have been there - we could have used more woman power of her caliber - and too, she's a good fan/person. Just to have around.

Turning to FTL and ASI. Thanks, Dick, for getting Alva to dig back in his memory of those long-ago days so that he could at least present a part of the rebuttal to Laney which has been lacking these many years. It is strange, too when you consider that both FJA and BEE were in FAPA when the two sections of ASI appeared. And yet, I don't remember any great outpouring from them. It may be that they decided the simplest thing would be to ignore it, especially as several of the "Laney" crowd were also being very articulate at that time. And, too, Laney was at the height of his popularity with the fine issues of Fan-Dango with interesting material not about the LASFS. I've always wanted to talk to someone who knew FTL well before he went to IA. From the letters I had from him, he seemed like a very enthusiastic guy, but certainly not the stormy petrel he became. Someone should have looked up F. Lee Baldwin.

Anyway, I hope this helps to tone down the picture ASI presented.

Horizons [Warner] I think you're confusing the taste senses with the sense of taste, Harry. The taste buds on the tongue can detect, so I understand, only four sensations - acid, bitter (alkaline?), sweet, and salt - and that all taste is a combination of these. In fact, I've heard, or remembered, that these four stimuli are detected in pairs - two in the front of the tongue, two on the back. The flavor is something different - this is mainly a sense of smell, as people with bad colds soon learn. Brackish is probably salt, with maybe a touch of bitter. Hot metal is probably slightly bitter, as most metal oxides - the coating on the metal - are slightly basic. Or, if it is sulfided, then the slightly acid H₂S produced by the hydrolysis can give you a slight odor, not strong but just a minute sensation. Yeast seems to affect none of the sense buds appreciably - no reason for it to - and so we have a bland taste due to the odor. The water....? Chlorine with the smell and the slight acid taste?

That statement of the scientist's about starstuff is in the world because of the unlikelyhood of ever getting it here to weigh, and the problem of keeping it under such conditions while you do. What is being said is that if you were able to get and keep such matter, it would weigh that much. The fact in question is not the density of the material, but the problem of performing the experiment. The alternative statement is "The specific gravity of the material is 1.12·10"⁹ [If I haven't goofed in the decimal point.]## I can think of another reason 30 cups of coffee per day would be a nuisance. That's a lot of fluid.

You know, Harry, for one who objects to JFSpeer mentioning Tanrydoon as not being likely to be known to readers - after all this is the FAPA and the book was reissued several years ago - you are equally careless with your reference to "boilerplate" on the last page. I realize this is the FAPA, but for most of us, the Press is a mimeo.

SaFari [Kemp] A nice introduction, Earl. May I add the "Amen" about names on material - not only the zine, but the contributions. As S-T, I've had a job at times deciding who gets what credit. In fact, I've about decided that if I can't easily identify the culprit, I won't give any credit for it. Or, if I know the publisher, he gets credit. This wasn't aimed at you, though, but just sparked by your comment. I did notice throughout the fiction a curious lack of definite tense - there seemed to be abrupt switches from present to past and back again. And, at times, a curious twisting of point of view, which made identification hard.

Kimchi [Ellingtons] Now Dick, if you can just get Pat to do a little of the writing. I know she can be interesting, if only she will. ## I'd guess that Elinor meant the ideal writing style was one that wouldn't distract you from the content of the writing - that would fit the material. I'd guess that only those who have seen a production of Our Town will feel really in with Dave Riley's neat little satire on it. I liked it. And am sorry to hear there can be no more.

Bisbigliando [Janke]. Sure, it's easy to answer your question. If it's papa escorting junior, then mama is home manning the defenses. ## Look up the definition of sub-sconic and you'll find it is that portion of the sound spectrum below the normal limit of audibility - somewhere around 50 cycles. You can feel them, even if you can't hear them. Or are you one of those people who wants every term defined every time it's used? How about super-sconics? They exist, but you can't hear them. And, I still say that if a concert grand is playing with an orchestra of fifty-one hundred men, and you're listening to it from the back of the hall, it is damn close to a point source, compared with the total sound source. If you come down to that, each string of the piano isn't a single source; it's a vibrating string. A rough calculation indicates that a 6' sound source at 50' subtends an angle of less than 7° , which isn't much visually, where light-waves are concerned, but is a lot when sound is concerned, especially at the lower frequencies or long wave lengths.

When was microfilm invented? At least before 1870 - they used microfilm for the balloon messages and the pigeon posts from and to Paris in the war.

A Propos de Rien [Caughran] A 37 digit Zip code? How would that work in the computer with only 36 characters in the six words? Jim, head back for that physics course. You don't use energy in creating a force. Work is done by a force acting through a distance. A support holding up a roof isn't doing any work, really, as there is no motion. Otherwise, we would be able to get work and energy, merely by putting up enough supports and letting them heat up. Or are your walls getting warmer?

I wonder, Susan, if those who disapprove of travel have ever really gotten their feet wet? After all, to a lot of people the unknown thing is to be shunned, on the principle of better the devil you know.... I've known some like that, who are really afraid of new things. And obviously you're not afraid of getting your feet wet in the dark, muddy waters of FAPA. Welcome.

The Lovecraftsman [Boggs] Too strained to make a good parody.

Psi-Phi [Lichtman] Read, appreciated - but nothing clicked this time.

The Ambivalent Amoeba [Harness] Gaudy, aint' it?

PersianSlipper [Johnstone] Diplomacy sounds interesting, but rather complicated - and when does it end? I'd like to see the next few issues of Ruritania, just to see how it works out.

Baldly [Hevelin] And I note that Pelz slipped up in the listing on this one. It's a good thing you didn't try that campaign for write-in votes. I might just have resigned. Or am I to take this as filing for next year? ## No, it wasn't quite like that. It was the major goals that were the source of disagreements.... But I'm truly sorry to hear about the hyperphasia.

Phantasy Press [McPhail] Glad to see you've kept your string intact, just as I had to. Hope you'll be getting back to normal and can do the PP we like so well.

Salud [Elinor Busby] When you come down to it, the dogs best able to survive on their own would be the working dogs - German shepherd - and the plain mongrels with so much in them that they're on the way back to the wild dog.

Sercon's Bane [FMBusby] But, but...the big brother of the Lettera 22 is the Lexicon 80 (?); the Studio 44 is only the medium-sized one. They still call it a portable, although it isn't too portable. It means, so far as I can tell, that you have a case for it, in which you can store it when you don't want it out, and that a strong man can lift it with one hand. But mention of typewriters brings to mind something that has popped up at the office, and which has caused some soul-searching by the typewriter people around here - we've been asking slightly embarrassing questions. On most machines the same key is used for the lower case "el" and the digit "one" - like this machine - llllll. In straight text this isn't too bad, but in chemical work it gets very messy. And the machines that have separate keys for the two, aren't more useful - the symbol is the same or almost the same. The trouble is in writing formulas, in which C and Cl, A and Al, are used, and also space group symbols such as Cl. Now, how do you indicate that Cl is chlorine and not "Cee one"? In most type-faces - or at least those the printers favor for technical material - have easily distinguished symbols. But in the cruder typewriter type-faces, it apparently is hard to make distinctive symbols that will stand up in service.

Agreed on Labor Day for cons. Unless you are in a resort area, where that is the big end of the season, you will have the hotels and motels trying to be very nice to you - they want that business. Unless they get jammed up like ours was by the political/social problems that arose.

It sounds, from your description of the new facilities at the Hyatt House area, that in about 4 years you will have to put on a Season II....

This clipping, from the home town (Salem, Oregon) paper is given here because of the dateline. It's several months old, but I don't have the date.

Religious Leader Murdered

SEATTLE (AP) - a 33-year-old religious leader was shot to death Tuesday night as startled members of his congregation looked on.

Witnesses said the Rev. William J. Fisk, local head of the Church of Scientology of Washington State, was conducting classes in the church's headquarters here when suddenly he stopped.

"Please, someone get a cop," they quoted him as saying. Then, a single shot was fired and he fell to the floor, they said.

Police said a man they identified as Russell Edward Johnson, 36, walked into headquarters and surrendered a short time later. He was booked without charge.

Police also said they found a pamphlet at the scene of the slaying describing Scientology as "...the study of the Human Spirit in its relationship to the Physical Universe and its Living Forms." The home of the sect is believed to be in England.

Know any more on this, Puz?

Booze in the Night [Seattle and way points] You can tell that Boyd, if quoted correctly, is confused - who ever saw a glass can? Not the canners. And certainly not the ad men who proclaim the virtues of cans over glass (and vice versa!). And, I'm sure the best grades of ground glass won't hurt you, Boyd; it's those larger pieces with the sharp corners and jagged ends that do the damage. After all, sand is really - the best grades - ground quartz.... Turning to Calkins, we see how even an officer of the organization errs in expecting the s-t to find a change of address buried in some obscure part of some cruddy one shot....And, of course it's wrong by now....

Bete Noire [Boggs] An issue that arouses nothing in me, even on rereading.

Ankus [Pelz] All too short, Bruce.

Included Out [Lyons] There is just one trouble with your theory on the old movies all being with/by Richard Arlen, and later being remade. Not having tv, I can't speak for the new versions, but I can distinctly remember that Tarzan was some bloke named Johnny, not Richard. And what happens to cases like Laurel and Hardy? I prefer to think you have been vilely brainwashed by the tv.

Was that name for the inhabitants of Paris deliberate or just a slip that makes sense? And I'm sure Sam will refer you to his series in the Ziff-Davis mags for the dope on JWCJr. [I chuckled when they reprinted one of Campbell's shorts from the old days; I wonder how the editor felt (and his bosses) about being in a competitor's mag.] ~~##~~ Having been the person who entered most of the current crop of wl, I'm sure any significance to the order therein is of my doing, and not theirs.

A Fanzine for Now! [Lewis] I enjoyed your ramblings, Al, better than some of the more formal stuff you've used before.

Jesus Bug [Main] Your mention of the lightning in Iowa brought back memories of the two years I was there. Late spring and early autumn were the times I can remember these heat storms. It would be hot and sultry - high humidity and no wind. I'd go to bed at night, usually after a session with the books, and lie there, with no covers, just trying not to move to keep from working up a sweat. The window was at the head of the bed, and I could look out at the sky and see the sheets of lightning that flickered on and off on the horizon. Never close, but at times it looked as though the whole horizon was the scene of a tremendous artillery engagement. Except that it was quiet. There seemed to be none of the thunder I had associated with normal lightning. A couple of times when on the train going or coming - at that time I got on/off in the middle of the night in Ames on the C&NW - I'd be lying in my berth (tourist sleepers in those days, no roomettes - and watch the lightning as the train raced through the darkness. Quite impressive. I enjoyed your rambles on your rambles. Avram was interesting.

Damballa [Hansen] Welcome in; huck; may your second stay be longer than the first. ~~##~~ So you think you were in a daze at the Discon.... I'm collecting accounts so I will know what went on. I do remember the expression on your face when I handed you that package.

Have you ever encountered the self-flushing water closet? When you arise - ortake your weight off the seat it goes "Ursh" and everything is taken care of. Somewhat astonishing and surprising when first encountered. ~~##~~ I'm gradually recovering from the con - not the con itself, but just the feeling of so much fanning. I have been in a period of gafia (partial) for some time, I'd say - things I want to do I don't.

I seem to have some extra space, so I'll just fill out with stuff from the file - my section of "boilerplate".

This has been kicking around for 3 years now, but I don't know if anything more has appeared on it. In the Capital Journal (Salem, Oregon) 9 Mar 1961:

Did Flier Go Back In Time?

WASHINGTON (UPI) - The Federal Aviation Agency is investigating - so help us - the story of an airplane that went back in time.

The investigating request came from the highly respectable but doubtful Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association which told FAA it got the story from an unidentified member.

9 His story:

In January 1960, the pilot of a new Cessna 162 reported that he had collided with a Laird biplane, an aircraft of ancient vintage. Neither plane crashed but some months later, the Cessna pilot stumbled across a Laird biplane in a barn on an Ohio farm.

Pieces of aluminum were found imbedded in the Laird fuselage. They matched the aluminum on his Cessna. Paint also was found on the old plane and an analysis revealed it came from a Cessna.

The pilot looked in the Laird cockpit and picked up a flight log. In it was written the account of a collision "with a strange metal plane."

He took the log to Washington where an FBI laboratory test showed it was written about 1932.

That was the story as told to FAA. An FAA spokesman said it already had checked its records and found no January 1960 involving a Cessna and anything resembling a Laird.

He said the agency was checking the FBI to determine whether it actually ran a test on the alleged flight log.

One question bothering the FAA: Did the supposed collision occur in 1960 or 1932?

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Any comments?

ETAOIN SHRDLU

When linotypers fault a line
These telltale keys they tap
To indicate with mystic sign
The testual mishap:

In token of 'this line is daft'
They strike that keyboard cue
Known only to the printing craft:
Etaoin shrdlu.

Indeed, all human error may
Be couched in that charade,
As in the world from day to day
The masquerade is played.

To err is human--old cliché--
Our faults let God construe,
For earthlings must forever say
Etaoin shrdlu!

W.H.B.

Antiquarian Bookman