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C E L E P H A I S

DEPARTMENT OF EGO-BOO...

Otherwise known as the review column, where all you good little editors/publishers can get your full share of fame. Looking again at the stack of zines waiting for comment I'm appalled at the size of it. My remarks last issue seem to have come home to roost. So, with an attentive ear cocked to the George Wettling jazz on the air at the moment, we have:

Al La Baboom, #1: Not too bad for a first issue. On rereading now I find that the article on thinkers or dreamers irritated me, but I just can't put my finger on the reason. Maybeeee, it's just too neat...

Skylark, #9: Sneary is Sneary; after deciphering some of the less obvious misspellings - what is a "Whife"? - I found it mildly interesting. Dryatics - remember the Cosmic Circle and its imitators?. Sam's rehash of the Campbell/Stuart legend makes a good book review, but one that would be much more suitable for a subzine.

Contour, neka: Bob's "I Weep" started me thinking about the changes in fanzines - and fandom - in the ten years I've been hanging on the sidelines. I can remember the fanzines that were tops when I entered - Fanfare, VoM, Spaceways, Le Zombie, Pluto - now all faded into the limbo of things-that-were-and-are-no-more. They all emphasized the fan element, fandom and fantasy, with articles on and about fandom and its doings. They were interested in the pros; current issues were reviewed, writers and artists were praised and panned. The doings of fandom itself were reported fully and minutely. The newszines had a large circulation; everyone was interested in reading and collecting fanzines. How many fans today collect fanzines? Of the few that I know at all well, only one does; the rest read them when they get them and then... Briggs on the same theme enables me to put my finger on at least two reasons for the lack of color ad art work in the average zine today. First, a number of the old mags were hectoes and that does lead to lots of opportunity for colored art work. Fanfare is an example of that. Second, the average, more mature fan of today just doesn't have the time he once had to put in on nice little touches; thus I would like to dummy this material and adjust the margins and polish the language, but I can't find the spare time after working all day for a living. (I know that it's commonly supposed that all Government workers have an easy time of it, with short hours, nothing to do but scribble "Forwarded for action" and detach three copies from a few letters, and such facilities as a pretty, willing, and eager secretary quite accustomed to after-hours work; I'm still looking for that type of job.) (Does anyone know of such a job for a nice chemist?). Anyway, to the fan of today, time is of more importance, and he spends what little he can spare on the material (I hope he does) rather than on the format. Mimeo is so much easier than hecto, too, especially if you have to pull hecto by hand. I've done both. For the same reason there are more of the chattering type of material, rather than the serious article; I've several serious articles I'd like to write, but just don't find the time. Hence, this stuff, composed directly on stencil, with no proof-reading.

I've just had another thought about the change in fanzines. Today, there are more fans rolling in cash - at least moderately so - than there were in the dark days of 1939-41. More own or have access to mimeos. So, more publish their own fanzines. Again, fandom is not the closely knit group

it once was; I find people coming into fandom - and FAPA - I've never even heard of. And there are two ajs, and recently, three. Hence, there are more openings for material to be published, more material needed, and yet less established sources of good material. Hence, the great amount of staff-written material (by "staff-written" I mean written by the editor and one or two close local friends) and the scarcity of well rounded zines. In the past, many of the better zines were group-edited and published, and drew upon all of fandom for their material.

Tsk, tsk, Bob! When did Hytha Nattana Solvadia sail on the Marsh Duck with you? Or did you persuade Dorna to lend it to you. Also, isn't the correct form ettera and nekka? At least, so are the Hyths named.

(Page two and only 3 mags covered!! And there are 30....)

ZZZZZ ZZYZZ ZZYZZLE, # 82(!): The description of the nautical amazes me. Would that I had a little space like that for my junk. Checklist noted.

Slothful Thing & Somethin' Else (Otherwise known as Two Complete Science-Fiascos #3) (And what a mess for the poor indexer! Have a heart...) (Just noted that the inside title is Something Else! Great Ghu!) Actually I've spent more space on the title mess than on the contents. Noted.

Atote, May 1951: I also read Amazing Stories. I prefer EEE when he is discoursing upon the philosophy of time-binding, etc. Something to get your teeth into, at least.

Nudity, #2: The gal on the cover couldn't be charged with carrying "concealed weapons". Or could she.... I guess I'm not any of the fan types; I seem to skip around from class to class - except the gwob group.

Lark, v 1775, No 23: Re Simak's "City" series: Amazing (!) had one about a year ago, a short, that was well worth reading. Good reviews, with no punches pulled. Only one comment comes to mind - ASF seems to have dropped dianetics and EESmith and AEvanVogt have been noticeably absent recently. Still one of the best sets of reviews. Maybe there will be a revival of the art of reviewing.

Orgasm, #2: Gestation period of a male yak!! Official report has a few mistakes in official lingo. First, the organization of the Bureau of Standards is by division and then by section; hence, the report would be from the Chief, Linguoidal Section, Division of Metrology, National Bureau of Standards. (For some reason you can never say "the Bureau" or "thes Bureau", but the word must include the mystical word "National"). Second, there is the new proposal to define the meter in terms of the wavelength of the green line of one of the isotopes of mercury (196, I think) which is obtained from irradiating pure gold. The cadmium line is not too good, too much fine structure due to isotopic effects and too hard to maintain. Two lamps wouldn't give the same line at the same place sometimes when the operating conditions weren't just the same. Corner sewer good, but I expected free samples. I thirst. On the whole, enjoyed.

Since I don't want to start Warner at the bottom of a page, again we have the colophon.

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This is CELEPHAIS, Volume 2, number 3, whole number 6; August 1951. Published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Bill Evans, at 4530 - 37th St, N.W., Washington 8, D. C. Printing by F. Kerkhof, courtesy of AAR.

Horizons, #46: Ackerman in the concluding half of his obit reply merely makes me feel exactly as I felt after the first half, only perhaps more so. The best thing about this issue is Harry's comments re television and books. However, I think that the television influence - at least on adults (so-called) - will pass away to some extent after a few months. While a rather new thing - as it appears to be from Harry's description - the owners sit fascinated by the pretty pictures; after a few weeks or months, depending upon the other interests of the person, television becomes something to turn on for a special type of program or artist - Jack Benny, wrestling, the baseball/football game, etc - or when the neighbors who don't have a set come over for a visit and want to be entertained. That, at least seems to be the experience of several friends of mine in Washington. For children the story is a little different - they seem to be almost mesmerized by the old westerns, with a consequent falling off of their reading, even including the "comics".

I am also forced to agree with Harry re the teaching of reading in the schools today. Looking back a number of years I can remember only one course that was a reading course - one semester in which we had nothing to do but read books - American authors, though - and make brief book reports or summaries to the teacher. It was wonderful; for once I could read the books I wanted to read and still be doing school-work. That was the only time I took any work home, except for languages. English literature was absolutely ruined for me for a number of years - and still is not as attractive as it should be - by the way in which we had to analyse, dissect, rehash, parse, etc the plays of Shakespeare and the poems of most of the great English and American poets (I've often wished that they had some other plays besides those of Shakespeare in high school; to too many people he is the only writer of plays, except for Shaw, of whom they have heard rumors, mainly about his personality.) until I became sick and tired of the whole group. Only within the last few years have I begun to do any reading in the classics, and that only at odd times. Recently I've been reading through the Modern Library's paperbound "Eight Elizabethan Plays" and have found them quite interesting, although perhaps not a resounding as Will S. The title of the last, which I haven't gotten to as yet, is most intriguing - "'Tis Pity She's a Whore" by John Ford! Leaving H with part of a page left, we pass on to

Lazilee, #1: I enjoyed it. At least that comic books was more honest than most of the "true" confession magazines...

Celephais, #5: I thought I had kept the typos to a minimum and look at them! I hope this turns out better... Mimeo on one side of the page is Frank's idea, and I can't very well say nay, since he does the work.

Glorious Spool, #1: I got a great kick out of this conversation, especially considering it as an example of baiting by one CB. For once we get Sneary comments spelled in English.

ibid, No 2: Much different, but quite informative. The music, as some of you no doubt know, is on record (CI 6151) and holds up quite well even without the pictures. (But avoid the children's set of the same title - H₂S!!!)

Irusaben, #3: Page 17 (!) contains one wonderful statement by the usually careful Warner: "He claimed that he had never slept in a bed most of his life and saw no reason to start now."

(Page four and still a pile of mags to look over...)

Burlings, May 51: I enjoyed this when I read it for the first time; on rereading it just didn't click. Still, I want more. I wonder if the habit of . . . to be humorous isn't sometimes a little too much.

Fanews Magazine, pp1-4: Noted.

ibid, pp5-8: ditto.

Mag Without a Name, May 51: I'll suspend judgement on the project until some more of it comes out. It is certainly an ambitious undertaking, and could be well worth while.

Leer, May 51: I weep for the missing postcard. Otherwise, I enjoyed the whole magazine -but can't find anything that makes me want to start an argument!

Borogrove, #1: Welcome to fapa, Ken; may your stay be long. For a first effort, B wasn't bad; the review of TMPX was quite good - and kept me from going. Thanks!

Nudity, #3: I'm glad the cover was in the middle of a bundle; post office inspectors...for once Eney comes down off his fanciful horse and talks straight out; the result is a damn good - and brief - editorial. The story didn't strike me that way at the time; I just thought it was rather a poor story. However, on looking back, I think most of Eney's charges are adequately justified. Two things must be said though. First, Piper, in writing his story deliberately (whether intentionally or no) picked a certain type of culture; within that framework certain events happen as a logical consequence of preceding actions and the structure and customs of the society. Second, Dick had better read a few issues of Planet, for example, to see that theme brought out time and time again. It is just too damn common.

The review of "The Thing" finds Dick in a more normal vein; I think is one of the fairest reviews to appear in the fan press (I haven't seen the picture, though). I believe Eney's somewhat off-base in his comments on Walstead's "City Series" article in Cold Turkey; I think the latest one in Amazing should cover the points he mentioned. This is the best Eney zine yet.

Fandango #26: I wish I could get in the habit of thinking all those nice little fillers while working. Actually, I do get some nice ideas, but usually while hanging on in a crowded streetcar - by the time I get off and can jot them down they are gone. Laney's reviews, especially the part on Ackerman are among the best things in the mailing. When Towner has something to say, I'm in favor of standing back and letting him go to it. Only once or twice does a taint of the LA strain seep through in this issue.

(I have just noticed that this stencil has slipped around somewhat. So sorry)

Gamma Tones, No 5: A newcomer - and from the first sample a welcome one. I actually found myself enjoying the fiction; the other material was interesting, and readable - at least I've read it twice and still like it. I'm wondering what Carr's reaction will be should another of the heated religion controversies spring up in fapa?

Bond Sinister, #1: Warren, I hope you have typed a little harder on the second issue. Decision reserved until I can read an issue.

Wastebasket, #1: I don't think the title describes the material accurately. At least the physical format is one of the nicest to appear in fapa for many a blue moon. The material was about average; not having read the first part of "How to Build Your Own Spaceship" I can't comment on the proposed power plane and drive, and since the second part depends directly upon the first, nothing can be said. Sounds rather interesting, though. I'd like to see some design figures on the first part. This makes three items in this mailing that are printed. Something of a record.

And that concludes the reviews on the 55th fapa mailing!

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The only postmailed item for the 55th mailing to come to hand to date is

Post-Mortem on the Fanscient; I was greatly interested in Don's comments on the various issues of Fanscient; some of the comments are most revealing. A fitting obit for a good mag.

Which ends the reviews for three months; What a Job.

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Some time ago, feeling that I would have a little more time this fall I stuck my neck out by filing for the office of official editor for the coming year. Now I learn that I will have to teach for four more months; however, true fan that I am (!), I have decided to remain th a candidate. If I should be elected - campaign speech-- I can promise you mimeographed Fantasy Amateurs, no art work, and mailings on time. Anyway, the important thing I wanted to mention, and the whole reason for this paragraph, is: If I become OE, all packages of magazines should be sent to me at the following address:

c/o The Record Loft
814 - 17th Street, NW
Washington 6, D.C.

The reason for this is that there is often no-one at home during the day where I live and such packages might go back to the po to sit and wait for me to pick them up. This address will be only for such packages.

I just noticed that I left out the Fantasy Amateur from the reviews; usually the OO has nothing much to comment upon, but I liked the fapa poll results. I was surprised to find myself in the top ten. Some of the results were rather interesting: I have just been comparing it with the interlineations in Contour #5 and found that out of 11 in the "Braintrust," 7 were in the top ten and ten in the first twenty. Of the "Highbrows" only one made the first twenty (two were close behind). The "Graybeards" and "Vets" had only one in the first ten, three more in the first twenty. Apparently the vets are coasting. Some of the also-rans furnished the biggest surprises.

Which brings me to the end of page 6, with nothing more to say. No reprint this time; no time to dig one out. more Black Cat (how many I don't know depends upon material and stencils.

See you next November,

January 1897 - Volume 2, Number 15.

- The Purloining of Ruth Allen - Elizabeth Flint Wade 11p
Two old maid sisters, one dominating the other. The former suitor of the second returns and wins her back.
- The Scoop of the Scarlet Tanager - Edward B. Clark 10p
He was looking for the nest of the tanager - and found the wreck of the missing lake steamer.
- The Honeymoon at Candlestand Mountain - Grace Macgowan Cooke 11p
Cowboy humor. The father kept all suitors at bay, but one married the girl by stealth and was going to have a honeymoon atop an isolated mesa. However, his "friend" and partner turned the tables, substituting the irate father for the girl atop the mesa, which was then cut off from all contact with civilization for at least a month, and marrying the girl - legally this time - himself.
- The Man Without a Name - Frances M. Butler 10p
A Civil War soldier who lost his memory in the war finds his wife.
- Denny - Landis Mills 4p
The miners keep his grave green because he saved four of them from a blast. Well told.

February 1897 - Volume 2, Number 17.

- The Lost Paradise - Geik Turner & T. F. Anderson 8p
A floating island used as a vacation resort in the Atlantic leads to international complications. Somewhat humorous.
- My Invisible Friend - Katharine Kip 13p
A liquid to make a man invisible. Too long for the plot.
- Pendarvis, the Cracker - Allen Chamberlain 5p
He was so lazy he didn't want to leave jail.
- "Le Bretagne" - W. A. Fraser 5p
He returned to his wife as promised from the fishing trip - though dead.
- Carmen Gutierrez - Edward Sylvestra 13p
A tragic story of the first Cuban revolt of 1869. She gave her life for her American lover.
- Regina - Grace Frances Bird 5p
A Japanese student in America in the 1860's falls in love with an American girl. Years later he frees her son during the Japanese-Chinese war.

March 1897 - Volume 2, Number 18.

- The Stolen Melody - Constance Fauntleroy Runcie 14p
The music teacher used hypnotism to steal a melody for a contest.
- The Bramble Gift Trust - Zollie Luther Jones 9p
She kept gifts "in trust" for people, to be returned when needed. A very unusual idea.
- The Parchment Slave - A. M. Barnes 13p
The will was all right - except that the signature was torn off. A mystery.
- Monsieur Angot - Charles F. Bourke 7p
A parrot tells the story of broken love. Rather odd.
- The Ivory Bells - James Buckham 5p
A necklace made her the object of all eyes at the party.

April 1897 - Volume 2, Number 19.

- The Peacock and the Copper Moon - Frances Aymar Mathews 16p
Russia under the Tears. A search for two revolutionists, one of whom is hiding as a clay statue. Atmosphere.
- Westward Ho! - J. Wesley Glover 7p
A surprise party was what he expected for his birthday - but no one came.
- The Captain's Gray - Ella F. Mosby 3p
The ghost (?) of a cavalry captain keeps his horse going all through the Civil War.
- M'Goughigan - Francis Lynde 12p
A convict - "Diamond in the rough" - stops a runaway but is shot by error.
- The Man with the Iron Arm - Geik Turner 9p
A boxer cleans up on Texas local champs - using a mechanical piston arm.

May 1897 - Volume 2, Number 20.

- The Passing of the Polly Ann - Collins Shackelford 12p
Marooned on a whaling ship inside an iceberg. Reminds me somewhat of Hodgson.
- The Obsequies of Ole Miss Jug - Jean Ross Irvine 6p
A western ranch with the men away and an Indian uprising. During the raid the children are missed and a fire is seen on a nearby butte. Investigation finds the children holding funeral services for a cat.
- A Modern Goliath - J. G. W. Brooks, USA 16p
He was on trial as a coward for leaving his troop because of a small scratch. Unexpected evidence changed the verdict.
- The Colby Girls - Charles Bryant Howard 7p
Two old maids row out and salvage an abandoned drifting yacht - and make their fortune.
- Trans-Saharan Station 15-M - J. E. Pember 6p
Drilling for water at a mid-desert station of the Trans-Sahara RR. The station is cut off with no water. The well finally comes in - too late.

June 1897 - Volume 2, Number 21.

- The Man-Hunt of Mendocino - Frank Bailey Millard 9p
She unknowingly sheltered her son's murderer - then tracked him down in the redwoods.
- Silas Bartle's Snake-Bite Cure - Winthrop Packard 12p
His wife was a strong WCTU member, so, when he was bitten by a snake, it offered a golden opportunity to imbibe. The whiskey proffered turned out to be ginger por; the snake, though, was defanged.
- Tunnel Number Six - Eugene C. Derby 8p
Digging an iron mine near the sea. In one tunnel, running under the ocean, a cry for help is heard, but no one is there. This is repeated. It turns out to be the iron ore acting as a telephone wire to a Siberian prison camp.
- An Old Maid's Wedding Trip - Juliet Wilbor Tompkins 11p
She went on a solitary honeymoon, met an old beau, and the trip became a real honeymoon.
- The Official Report - Thaddeus M. Lakewood 7p
A cavalry officer, deceived by a woman, commits suicide.