

▲ OLYMPUS ▲

OLYMPIUS

WITH THE OLYMPIANS

The semiofficial screening committee was going over the next day's calendar. Those of us who happened to be there would, in discussing the bills, often get off the track. We got to discussing the project to bridge Puget Sound.

Someone said that after the immediate project was paid off by tolls, there would eventually be another bridge farther north. I suggested that before the immediate project was liquidated, we might not be using automobiles much.

John Robinson, the caucus attorney, seized upon this and said he wouldn't be surprised if by that time we'd be flying about on rocket belts like in Buck Rogers. I posed the problem of rapid flight sans windshield. John amended his remark to refer to the kind of thing Buck Rogers had at first, the jumping belts that offset weight. He referred to the incident where they tied a number of jumping belts onto--he hesitated--a horse--I interjected "the cook"--and he went sailing skyward. It was quite a charge to find someone who remembered Buck's outlawry among the cowboys in 24-29.

Later we got onto the subject of growing population, the direful spring of all our budget woes. John is a Catholic, with nine children so far.

In came Mike McCormack, no Catholic no, but a militant Mason. Parenthesis: In the last legislative session, when the atomic energy bill was under consideration, a conservative Republican opposed passage on the ground "I'm not an atomic scientist, and I'm in no position to judge this legislation." Mike stood up and said, "Well, I am." He hails from Richland, and has limited his future as a radiochemist by going into politics. He was still in a position, when they were wondering about possible atomic competition with proposed hydroelectric projects, to describe generally how far ahead scientists can foresee developments, and how much longer it takes from the appearance of a new possibility to its practical application; thus he advised us to proceed with hydroelectric development without fear of economic competition from atomic energy.

Mike said he could prove mathematically that if we were to take no responsibility for birth control, in a short period of time--he thought it was seven generations--each individual on earth would have just one square foot of land. John pointed to various factors that might interrupt a theoretical culmination, and once again showed his scientific orientation by expressing faith in the ability of scientists to lick the food problem, and build vast towers to house the population.

But Mike had a bit of stfnicism up his sleeve too. He said that as population grows, and more people burn more fuel, the small percentage of carbon dioxide in the air is increased slightly but significantly. This in turn alters the filtering function of the atmosphere, leading to warmer weather, melted icecaps, and drowned shore cities. "There is some reason to believe," he said, "that this is already occurring."

WRAITH

We too were fascinated by trapdoors as children, and we too (i think it was my idea) made one in the top of a chicken-house shed attached to the barn. I think that trapdoors and many other things that fascinated kids are to be explained from --is it Jungian psychology which emphasizes the power drive? Anyway, kids have to think of ways of hiding from or thwarting the dominant adult scheme of things.

There were two reasons for knotting the rubber bands. One was that this gave assurance that the band would stay on top of the gun barrel instead of sometimes catching on the butt (we didn't always round corners). The other was that rubbers (we called them that, in our innocence) were becoming longer as larger-gage tires became popular. Nowadays, i suppose, it would take about a six-foot gun to stretch a rubber properly.

When i was in the scouts, we tried to play Capture the Flag, as well as Steal the Bacon. It was always somewhat frustrating to me, because things seldom ran in a fashion bearing any resemblance to organized warfare. But there was one fine evening (the game was always played at night, with no lantern on the flag) when a teammate directed me to the enemy flag, and i brought it in, running and leaping over gravel and gulch.

FANTASY PRESS

Vodoso properly was Virgil Douglas Smith, son of Morojo, who was a teenager in the thirties.

CELEPHAIS

Is there any reason to limit the number of fen who'd have fallout problems? According to McCormack--and others reacted as if this were common knowledge--the US can overkill Russia about three times and Russia can overkill us about twice. That seems to take care of just about everybody.

Save Our Ship or Save Our Souls is one of those pieces of naive folklore which is probably as hard to get rid of as anything, except it be pseudo-learned folklore such as that commas in series replace "and" and that the genitive apostrophe-s is a corruption of "has".

AMIS

Back during the war (the big one) there were lots of cartoons in the fanzines like that one of the guy with an article from Bloch. Some of them were stolen direct from GI post papers. Any time you want to show how strong and ridiculous a guy's hobby urge is, you compare it with sex. Somehow i am sadly reminded of the Hollywood remake of Pepe le Moko.

Horatius's full name was Horatius Cocles. Fletcher Pratt complimented readers of Ordeal by Fire with the assumption that they'd know what he meant when he referred to Ben Butler as a shambling Cocles, but i had to look it up.

This about eyeglasses preventing eyetracks is, to me, a delightful addition to fanlore.

VARDY

While other people talk about their fainting spells, I'll talk about something for which I somewhere picked up the name dissociation. This has happened a time or two a year recently, and is a condition in which I've lost track of what time of year it is. Normally I know at any given time that this is, let's say, early May 1959 (which it is), and summer is coming, and I have some meetings to go to later this week, bills to pay, a case coming up next week, kids at the sitter's today, and so on. I'm firmly locked into place on the time track. But when this condition comes upon me, I have to dig out my datebook, hope it's properly kept, check my diary, and search over the possible things that are to be done. The condition doesn't continue for more than an hour or so, but it is upsetting. It usually follows a *deja-vu* experience (that's the "sensation of repeated occurrences" which of course all of you remember being discussed under the latter name in a lettercol of the thirties) **UNAC** I have persisted in trying to track down to some testable premonition, thus taking nearly all my attention-units off the present. As a hardrock materialist, I think it especially incumbent upon me to give a fair test, if possible, to immaterial things like *deja-vu*.

A PROPOS DE RIEN

The squirrel cover is wonderful.
 You see a letter like the "Down with scientists ... and eggheads" thing and you suspect they're too perfect to be true.
 My memory for my early years is better than most people's, some images going back before the age of three, but I can't hope to match Bradbury's claimed record of remembering an illness when he was six weeks old. My own kids have seen so many different and easily identifiable scenes in their early years that they should have little difficulty dating their earliest recollections.

WOW, PROFESSOR

I confess I have never felt right in my layman's mind about the supposed tidal drag on the earth, but my objections were not those Andy mentions. I would feel more capable of following this discussion if I had in capsule form something I've looked for in vain since the Sputnik went up, a description of the relation between distance from the earth and time to circle the earth. I throw out one observation Andy may have overlooked: Won't Earth lose its atmosphere before atmospheric tides have had any great effect on Earth-Luna relations?

LARK

It would appear from your brief report of the brief news report that the item on Indian treaties merely meant that the government has the right to take Indian lands by eminent domain, the same as it can take any other privately owned land, paying for it. Much of the litigation over Indian treaty rights impresses me as

nearly a racket. I hold to the quaint idea that what belongs to a man should be something that he has earned, and I see little relevance in the intent of treaties made with his ancestors, except insofar as he has acted in reliance on such treaties. Perhaps this comment is not in point on the right of eminent domain, but it has a bearing on who shall get the advantage of unearned increments in the value of real estate, which is usually which is involved in treaty litigation.

Yes, "tekeli-li" is in my standard banks too, from somewhere.

GEMZINE

All the way back to Monsoon before I felt impelled to comment on anything: "reaching-out for some standard of values that can explain the existence of evil and suffering and degradation". I suppose "standard of values" slipped in there inadvertently, for whatever Gert's religious beliefs, it is probably not the standard of values that solves for her the problem of evil. The true solution is so simple that it is a little remarkable if any of the beat generation is having trouble with the problem of evil. The problem exists only for religious people, who believe that God is all-powerful and wants his world to be happy.

I must also take exception to Ray Nelson's quoted remark that "Christianity is only a minority religion compared with, say, Buddhism. This is a common error. According to the only data we have, Christianity has more adherents than any other religion.

Glancing back through, I found another ridiculous remark in an editorial comment disagreeing with Alan Lewis's letter: "any mag which is sold for money is technically a prozine and not a true fanzine in the sense of being an amateur publication only". An asserted technical meaning ought to have at least a little usage to back it up, and I doubt if "prozine" has ever been used to include subzines. Speaking of "prozine", I feel a little unsatisfied with the term, though nothing can be done about it now. Perhaps this is the result of acquiring a rather strict idea of what constitutes a profession. (Down at the legislature, any group that's trying to secure a licensing act to protect the ins claims that it constitutes a profession.) Anyway, I prefer to refer to ASF etc as commercial rather than professional magazines.

On the back page of this Gemzine, I scrawled a hasty note referring to something inside: "On the human race putting death before dishonor she has filed her petition in intellectual bankruptcy". I do think that old ideas which assumed that there would always be survivors are inapplicable in the atomic age.

HORIZONS

Since what constitutes a single FAPA mailing is in part a theoretical question, I don't think we need be too concerned about whether this is Mailing 87. The figure 87 expresses the significant thing, that this is the third quarterly mailing of our 22d year. In the past, mailings were both split and combined; it probably balances out pretty closely.

I have not cared for your Jason stories. The one about the papier-mache monster made no sense in advance of the detailing of consequences, because we didn't have your detailed mental image

of the monster's construction. The latest one is not an effective satire on services-club antics, or anything else.

Oik. Even Harry Warner uses "instigated" to mean "instigated" in a neutral sense. And a new paragraph would certainly have been in order when you began to talk about Mark Twain learning the river. I have added in the margin the note "quirk or compulsion", but whether it referred to your paragraphing or something else I do not know.

In your description of your lifework, I felt you had perhaps failed to grapple with the question of whether you are doing any really useful service, as a newspaperman. Lawyers explicitly ask themselves this question, probably while still in law school, so it is not hanging around bothering me. But perhaps after discussing the job security and other aspects of your job, you still felt an unidentifiable discontent because this question was unanswered. I would certainly recommend to anyone contemplating a career that he pick one where he's sure he's serving some real human need. This would eliminate advertising, land speculation, the teaching of judo, raising sugar in the US, and quite a variety of other occupations.

REVOLTIN DEVELOPMENT

Very good photographs of the Sputniks, which I especially appreciated because I've never seen one.

CHAPTER PLAY

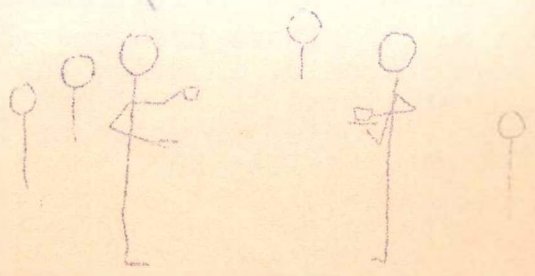
Yes, and I always wondered if Haggard had some kind of commercial motive in promoting the bacover painting for Amazing.

I can't accept your apology for the sci-fic movies. A medium not thoroughly corrupted should have profited from the pioneering done by the s-f magazines, instead of recapitulating the infantile stages. Moreover, horror is more ridiculous in movies than in print. This is partly because of the extremely bad special-effects work in the movies, and partly because of the Lovecraft principle. By the nature of the medium, movies tend to concentrate attention on superficialities, and this needs to be counteracted by careful writing and direction.

The inclusion of my name in the list of profen is an error. The only fiction I ever had published in a prozine was a Probability Zero, and it was not one of those that reader reaction rewarded with payment. Thus I am still pure.

I'm your contact man for the education forces.

I feel like a witch being introduced to her familiar.



LE MOINDRE

While it's true that RPSmith attaches a mystique to a kid kicking a can along the road, it's defensible. The idea that the simple pleasures were best is probably in the front of his mind, but in the back of it, I think, he is impressed by the fact that we

have, in this child-world, a complete, self-sufficient culture, and just as anthropologists rush out to study the culture of a vanishing tribe to see what they can learn from it, so we should examine this one, and sorrow over its passing. Hence the insistence on its peculiarities of language (we referred to marbles as marbles and not imbies, but we did take pleasure in calling them by other names, just as fans and tennagers enjoy their special vocabularies).

Others will doubtless elucidate the meaning of "table". The varying English and American usage of the previous question is interesting also. Whenever i've had a hand in writing parliamentary rules for a convention, i've sought to outlaw the motion to table, and permit the closing of debate by a simple majority instead. This is more likely to produce a final vote strictly on the merits of the main question, instead of combining the votes of those who oppose the proposition with those who are merely tired of the debate.

"Score" is another of those horrible headline words, short and oversimplified. (Notice that what it emphasizes is that A criticized B, not what the grounds of his criticism were.) I will loftily pass over the other language question you threw out for discussion, for i'm sure others will not.

The Mayfair quotations are another of those things that are almost too perfect--on the wrong side--to be true. It is a little surprising that there is a market for this kind of snobmongering; i would think most of the would-be aristocrats would feel uneasy at anything so extreme.

"We're in the region of the Big Dipper now."

We note there are a couple of booklets, Growing up with Books, and Growing up with Science Books, compiled by Julius Schwartz and Herman Schneider. Could this Julius Schwartz be the founder of Fantasy Magazine? Personally, i never took counsel of any booklet in building my library.

"A dead whale or a stove bolt!"

These are not worth separate paragraphs: ' In case anyone didn't know, there's a play around concerning a visitation to Earth, entitled Visit to a Small Planet. ' Sometime last summer AP sent out a supposedly humorous piece by Saul Peis, which is headlined "Aug. 15, 2008: 'A Day Like All Other Days'". ' And i suppose everybody saw the NYTNS release which (by the Seattle Times) is headlined Soviet Science-Fiction Writers Ordered to Use Imagination. It seems that "fantasti" is the name for them there, but i wouldn't bet on it; remember how we were misrepresented.

Here are some more that aren't: ' A fragment from a Hdmn comic, in which the Foo-cat, on a fireman's pole, bears the approximate title of Art Widner: Pole Cat. ' A panel from the Nancy comic, in which an interplanetary television broadcast shows e-t's whirling hula hoops. ' And a clipping that indicates the Atlantic's 101st anniversary carries a satire about a first moon flight, by Peter Ustinov.

"Remember 'The Investigator'!"

A CRICK MITT FROM CUPIT WITT SYKEE ⁷

✓An American form of humor that we no longer care for is the dialect story. However, there is one dialect (which never was on sea or land) that I still think is funny. At least it is funny applied to the materials it embellishes.

✓This is the exaggerated Yiddish dialect used by Milt Gross thirty years ago, before the rise of Hitler, in comics, New York World sketches, and books. The following sample is from Dunt Esk, and is a story Mrs Feittlebaum tells Nize Baby.

✓As an aphologist gives some hints before plunging a reader into Chaucer, some linguistic notes may be in order here.

✓It is common knowledge that persons whose background is a Continental language have difficulty distinguishing English long e and short i. Gross exaggerated by almost always using long e for short i, and vice versa. Short a and short e are swapped the same way.

✓A background language which is basically German is likely to cause difficulty in applying "of" and "from". Gross always used "from". "by" is the German "bei".

✓The Brooklynese practice of following "which" with a non-relative clause (a result of the Brooklynese's inability to carry the pattern of a complex sentence in mind until the period) was applied by Gross to the Yiddish-American equivalent "wot". He went further and used this invariably as the coordinating conjunction for compound sentences. The conjunction for single words and phrases is "witt".

✓The word order may occasionally give you trouble, but anyone who knows German will recognize the many forms of a "there is" construction, which is the chief stumbling block.✓

Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de Brossell sprots, so momma'll gonna tell you a Crick Mitt from Cupit witt Sykee.

Cupit was a son from Winnus, alias Hephrodite, wot she was in Griss de gottess wot she won dere de whole time beauty countasts. So was ulso dere hall kinds deeference gotts witt goddesses witt de-¹itizz--in fect, was more from dem as was dere muttals¹ wot was by dem Baccuss wot he was de Gott from Wheesky witt beer witt light wines yat--ulso Wolcon wot he was by Mont Oleempus de weelage blecksmeet witt--Jupeeter, alias Zeus, wot he was de furrman wot he was in chodge from hall de rast from dem--witt de Meesus Jupeeter--honly instat she should be entitled Meesus Jupeeter, so irrigoddless from de fect wot it deedn't was dere a Loosy Stun Ligg²--so she ritained gredually de maiden name annahoe wot it was Juno.

(Nize baby, take itt opp annoder Brossell sprott.)

So Juno hed chodge from de Dippottament from Merridge Li-censes witt bolts³. Of cuss, she deedn't rilly hed to woik--was jost a wheem dem days from de sossiety pipple wot it kapt de meesus on de site idder a beauty pollar odder a Tirroom⁴ odder a Entikk shop.

¹mortals.

²there wasn't a Lucy Stone League (probably a feminist organization). "gredually" is an adverb without meaning.

³births.

⁴Tearoom.

So wan day she was in de huffice geeving a look de reputts from boidays so it flew in de Stuck--so she sad so:

"Noo, Stuck, so is born gredually somebody dot I know?"

So de Stuck replite so: "Hm, you know de keed witt de bow witt de harrow wot he poses by de St. Welentine Day cuds?"

So she sad: "You minn Cupit?"

So he sad: "Notting helse bott!!--I brutt heem yasterday he should be by Winnus a son."

So Juno sad: "Yi Yi YI YI--Wait teel it hears Jupeeter from dees! ! Goot nite! !"

So de Stuck sad: "Say! ! Wot for I was hired here, ha? If Jupeeter can't like de kind babizz I breenging he could hire annoder stuck!!--I'm troo--!!--Besites, I got annahoe a batter uffer from de Bold Woman wot she leeves in a Shoe I should be by her de priwate stuck! !"

So Juno sad: "No--No--we poifictly setisfied witt you here --in fect, you could hev Toisday hefternoon huff. . . Bot--you know --Cupit is de Got from Luff--und is alrady scendels wot it's gung on all kinds nacking witt patting poddies occurding de Mont Oleempus Budd from Wice witt Refurm! . . ."

POT TWO

So irregodless it was born Cupit.--So he was romping wan day in de woots so he saw dere a beeg, beeg snake wot it was jost abbott to dewower a rebbit. So he took from de queever a harrow wot he pushed it in de bow wot he shot witt de harrow de snake.--So in-stat it should keel de snake so de naxt day was in de Roto Saction so:

SNAKE ADOPTS REBBIT

Bleesful sinn from luff²

So Cupit sad: "Wot's dees? ? Geeve a look! ! Ho, Boy--me for de Merridge Broker recket--WHOOY! !"

POT TREE

So beezness was werry breesk wot it was rispownsbile Cupit for a whole lot from metches--like Rummeg witt Jooliat--Hentony witt Clippettra--Bronning witt Pitches Hinnan³, end so futt. So wan day it sant for heem Winnus; so he came in so he sad:

"Hollo, Momma!"

"Hollo, Dollink!"

"Wot is, Momma?"

"I weesh you should make it a metch betwinn a hogly, hummly, mounstrous ront wot he should be like Lon Chaney yat--end a coitan frash yong hopstott from a high hettish flepper wot she teenks wot she's got me yat stopped. . . ."

"So wot's by her de name, Momma?"

"Sykee, Dollink."

"Ho K, Momma, is agribble by me?"

"Denks, Dollink!"

"Goot pye, Momma. . . . Say, by de way, when you heving feexed dot statue wot it's a disgrace wot it's brukken huff de harms? ?"

¹According to the Mount Olympus Board of Vice and Reform.

²Scene of love. Accompanied by a cartoon in the book.

³Browning and "Peaches" Heenan, a scandal of the twenties.

"Anny day now, Dollink. Goot pye."

POT FURR

So was riting on de Sobway Cupit so it came in a beautiful demzel wot he stoot opp wot he sad:

"Take plizze mine sitt, mees."

So she sad: "No, denks."

So he sad: "Ho, bot I inseest. . . ."

So she sad: "Hect you hage, kirro!" Wot she gave heem a push beek in de sitt wot it was steeking opp dere one from de Harrows wot he gave a seet don gredually on de harrow.

So witt a hower later it came roshing in Moicury to Winnus witt a night latter wot it sad so:

"DEAR MOMMA JUST MERRIED OXCUSE OSS LUFF WITT KEESES

CUPIT WITT SYKKE

BRIDAL SOOT HOTEL REETZ ETLENTIC CEETY."

(Hm, setch a dollink baby--ate opp hall de Brossel sprots.)

"I'd rather know more about France and less about my neighbors."

"economic and social phenomena . . . afford to the individual a luxury not given by physical phenomena. Within a considerable range he is permitted to believe what he pleases. . . ."

"As a consequence in the interpretation of all social life, there is a persistent never-ending competition between what is relevant and what is merely acceptable. . . ."

"Just as truth ultimately serves to create a consensus, so in the short run does acceptability. Ideas come to be organized around what the community as a whole or particular audiences find acceptable. And as the laboratory worker devotes himself to discovering scientific verity, so the ghost writer and the public relations man concern themselves with identifying the acceptable."

The Affluent Society

Let Moskowitz seat him sure; for we will shake him, or worse days endure.

"Mr Speaker, this is one amendment i'm going to vote for, because i think it strengthens the bill by providing an answer to questions that otherwise the courts might not know how to resolve. Any time you impose a common-law concept such as joint tenancy on a system which is built around community property, you raise many questions. It's somewhat as if you tried to apply Emily Post's book of etiquette to Martian society, where, as everyone knows, there are three sexes, man, woman, and twile. You can apply it consistently if you arbitrarily rule that twiles shall be treated as women, and so in this amendment we have the rule laid down that there shall be no joint tenancy in community property, which will at least enable the courts to apply the law consistently."

"I'll be a pie-eyed emu."

This one-shot Olympus was produced for the May 1959 FAPA mailing by Jack Speer, partly at Olympia and partly back at his permanent address, North Bend, Washington.

I wonder what Thomas S Gardner thinks of the Royal Jelly advertisements.

The bill is a good one in all respects, and I think it will be well received by the public. It will give the Government a better understanding of the situation and will help to bring about a more efficient administration. I believe it is a step in the right direction and I hope it will pass quickly.

The bill is a good one in all respects, and I think it will be well received by the public. It will give the Government a better understanding of the situation and will help to bring about a more efficient administration. I believe it is a step in the right direction and I hope it will pass quickly.

The bill is a good one in all respects, and I think it will be well received by the public. It will give the Government a better understanding of the situation and will help to bring about a more efficient administration. I believe it is a step in the right direction and I hope it will pass quickly.