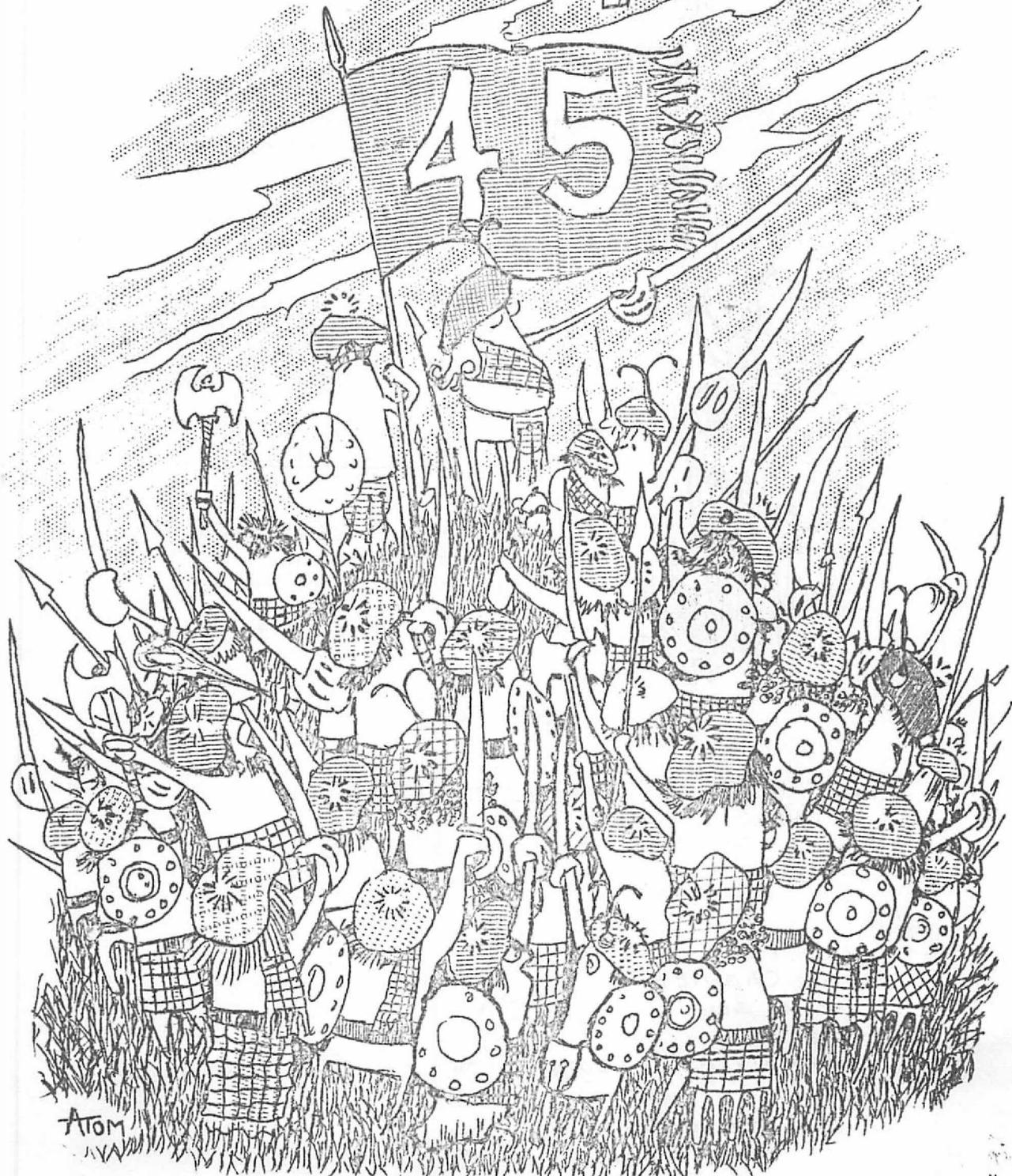


# SCOTTISH

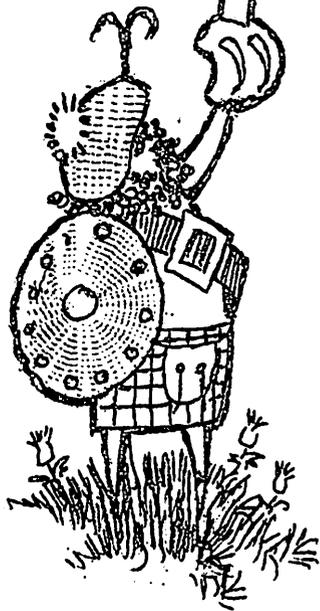


"SO OKAY, I'LL GO ALONG WITHIT, BUT IT'S ALL PRETTY DAMN ESOTERIC IF YOU ASK ME"

# Scottishe 45

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Artwork by ATOM

This issue is dedicated to ATOM,  
that braw man,  
without whose talent SCOT would  
never survive.

\*\*\*\*\*

QUARTERLY

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Bonnie Charlie's  
Gone awa  
In fact  
there isna anybody  
at aw  
It wis the boamb  
y'ken

# nibblings

A mighty machine  
Came doon in the heather  
Am tellin' the truth  
this isna nae blether  
So ah told the family  
tae be wheesht an'  
caw canny  
But it let out a ray  
An' burst ma' Aunt Annie



I'd like to write a bit further about author John Coates, whose book HERE TODAY, I described in the last issue. His first book was titled TIME FOR TEA. It is a favourite of mine because of one passage that I propose to quote in full..you have been warned..

"You should read his books," said Angela, "That would prepare you for anything." Tim put another couple of sandwiches in his mouth. He looked like some enormous contented gargoyle.

"What are they like?" asked Jennifer.

"At the risk of spoiling an old friendship I'll tell you," I said. "First you have the hero. Tim has three types of hero. The first is a dark, handsome, urbane sort of chap, usually just on the fringe of the aristocracy--you know, the younger son of a baronet or the nephew of a peer. He's always very well off, and he spends a lot of time in London dining in restaurants where he knows all the head-waiters, and going to theatres where he knows all the actresses--in a nice way, of course. And he's always a good dancer."

"Pearls," muttered Tim with his mouth full. "Pearls before swine."

"The second type of hero is the blonde one," I went on. "As a matter of fact he's rather like me--"

"Don't talk rubbish," said Tim quickly. "He's a decent chap. Got ideals."

"I was coming to that. He's rather like me as far as looks go, but of course being the hero he's got a much finer character; also he's quite rich, like the first one. But he's more of a country boy. He comes from a long line of squires and his family have been there since the Doomsday Book. He's awfully good at games and rather despises dancing. And he invariably smokes a pipe."

"Those two are easy," said Angela. "It's the third one that's different"

## Nibblings 2

"Unless Tim's been getting original lately the third one's quite easy really," I said. "In fact the third one might be called a good public-school type. He's rather nondescript in colour, but he's full of open charm and practical jokes and horseplay and he has a hobby. Sometimes his hobby is his job because this poor chap has to work for a living. He jokes about everything except his hobby. He gets serious when his hobby is mentioned and a far-away look comes into his eyes. He hasn't much use for girls until the right one comes along--this part never rings true in Tim's books--and he gets a bit tongue-tied when he meets her."

"He has a chum," said Tim. "You obviously haven't studied him properly if you haven't noticed the chum."

"Oh yes. The chum's very similar. He often confides in the chum. Sometimes he has a younger sister instead of a chum."

"Like Angela," explained Tim. "Only sympathetic."

"That's all the heroes," I said. "Then there are the villains."

"I'll do the villains," said Angela. "I like the villains best. They're three of them too, counting the villainess. The first is the sinister flashy man in the limousine. You can tell he's the villain because sooner or later the hero calls him a rotter. He smokes cigars, but otherwise his physical attributes are much the same as the first hero's. It's in his mind he's a real villain. He's always making plans to ensnare the heroine."

"Does she get ensnared?" asked Jennifer.

"Only a little bit," said Angela.

"And against her better judgement," I explained.

"Exactly," said Angela. "The trouble is that her better judgement never really comes to the fore until the last chapter. The second villain is thin and elderly and he has greying hair. He also has a yellow waistcoat and a past. In fact you can recognise him as the villain when the hero says he's got a rotten reputation. And he's got the wicked continental habit of kissing girl's hands. This and his beautiful manners make a great impression on the youngest and most innocent heroines until they learn better."

"The encouragement I've had from my family has been a great help to me in my work," said Tim.

"The last one is the villainess," said Angela. "She's always dark, beautifully dressed, sophisticated and well made up. You can recognise her because she wants the hero."

"That's no good," I said. "The heroine wants the hero too."

"Not openly," said Angela, "It wouldn't be decent. At least not till she's been asked to marry him."

"Isn't there a blonde villain?" asked Jennifer.

"No," said Tim sadly. "No one would believe in a blonde villain. Otherwise he'd be just like James."

"Then they're are the heroines," I said. "They're very easy because there's always a picture of them on the wrapper. The first is dark with a maddona-like face; the second is fair and breath-taking, and the third is an awful jolly sort surrounded by dogs."

Tim passed his cup to Angela for more tea.

"One day I'll write a psychological novel about people like you and Angela," he said. "I'll expose all the mass of envious hatred in your twisted insides."

"But I still don't know what your books are about," said Jennifer.

### Nibblings 3

"Well those are the characters," said Angela. "Then you have the plot. It's always the same plot."

"Oh no," I said. "There are three plots too."

"I think you are forcing it, James," said Angela.

"Not at all. There's only one ending, I grant you. But there're three plots. The first is the hero meets the heroine and all goes well until the villain comes along and upsets it. The second the heroine meets the hero and all goes well until the villainess comes along and upsets it. And the third is the hero and the heroine meet and all goes well until the villain and villainess comes along and upsets it. The ending is a happy one. All misunderstandings are explained and the hero marries the heroine."

"I think that's just quibbling," said Angela. "They're all the same really".

"No respect for ideals," said Tim. "Nothing sacred to them. Poor warped creatures."

Now either you think this is deliciously funny or you shrug your shoulders; if you haven't shrugged your shoulders - let me tell you some more. I fist picked up this book thinking it was a respectable murder mystery. Well: there is a murder mystery; but it is merely a device for producing some marvellous characters. Tim is a highly successful pot-boiling writer, his Father, Andy, is an equally successful pot-boiling painter. These two pot-boilers maintain a lovely country-house and the action takes place over a typical? English country weekend. I feel that Coates read a few of these typical English country weekend murder mysteries and decided to use the same formula but to infuse life into the characters. This he does with a vengeance..even the butler is not a cardboard butler. The hero, James, would not fit into any of the above categories; I'm afraid that slightly rakish is the best way to describe him. An original, though, who manages to fall in love at first sight..and Coates actually makes me believe that this would be possible. James has decided to make a lot of money being a detective story writer..so he plans a murder and carries it' out in detail except for the actual detail of committing the murder. Only someone else decides that his chosen victim is definetly the murderee type!

Not one of the characters acts in the typical English country manner -- when the detective, Collins, arrives on the scene he finds them all sitting around 'making book' on who the murderer might be. Alec and his butler are only concerned with their precious country house. James bewilders the detective by falling in love at first sight and thinking that a swim in the pool means he need not take a bath. "A queer chap;" thinks Collins. Tim decides that he might get some good publicity out of it all and regales a smuggled-in journalist with lurid speculations on whom the murderer might be--and that includes himself, of course. Then there is 'Aunt' Bessie, an ex-Lady of Easy Virtue--she is solely concerned with the thought that she might get rid of a few paintings done by the deceased whilst there is this wave of publicity about him. It is no wonder that the detective succumbs to all this atmosphere..here is Tim describing what happened to him in the end...

"Well, I'd been playing gooseberry again--I've been playing gooseberry all evening you may have noticed. Angela comes in and sits on the arm of Dad's chair and says she's brought Collins in for a drink. Not a murmur of thanks at my turning the county upside down looking for her. Not a word

#### Nibblings 4

of explanation about where she's been for the last six hours. Not even a hint of a car breaking down and her having to walk home--though she must have heard that story often enough from me. So Collins has a drink and says he's finished his investigation and that he'll leave the jury to bring in a verdict of suicide. Then Angela drifts across to the window and tells Collins what a lovely night it is--as though they'd been cooped up in a cellar since it got dark. Collins drifts across to the window too, and says yes it is a lovely night, isn't it. Then Angela drifts out on the terrace, and Collins sort of drifts after her, and then they just drift out of sight. She just brought him in for a drink, she said, and he went out still clutching it. If you trod on anything that broke on the way up from the lake it was probably the glass. The last time I saw him he was holding it as though it was a cigarette--and he wanted to throw away. I must say Angela surprised me. If it had been anyone else I could have understood it. But Angela doesn't do that sort of thing. She's drifted off all right for the last twenty-five years--at least since she could walk. But it's always been by herself. I've never seen her drift off with a backward glance before. I didn't think she knew how to do it."

I thought I had picked out an ordinary mystery and this book came as a delightful surprise to me. It is even more intriguing when you think that the same author followed this up with another off-beat book HERE TODAY. Next time I'd like to tell you about his third book, which is as different from the first two as it is possible for a book to be.

Ethel Lindsay.

TIME FOR TEA, by John Coates, Methuen & Co. Ltd. London 1948.

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A BBC RADIO PROGRAMME IS BORN.....by Rob Wood

In my capacity (what a lovely word..makes me sound like an oil-drum) as Studio Manager for the BBC Club Drama Group, I have had some interesting times. It is usually entertaining to see behind the scenes; and I have enjoyed this experience.

One of the most amusing episodes recently was when I was responsible for the technical effects on a comedy series called "The Electric Wireless Programme". This was produced by David Rider, who is now a Light Programme Disc Jockey. The effects were all pre-recorded on tape and then edited to the required length. A couple of unintended effects that had to be removed were a hiccuping typewriter and the compère's toes squeaking in time to LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY. The comedy sketches had been recorded some weeks earlier and David and I were in for a mammoth editing and compilation evening with the compère standing by for 'link continuity' inserts.

We were in Studio B11, one of the big stereo studios at Broadcasting House. Dave is swarthily dark, hippy-dressed, and wears horn-rimmed spectacles. The compère, Pete, looks prematurely aged with his receding hairline. At the studio control panel, surrounded with some 300 switches, dials, buttons and

A BBC Radio Programme is born...2

plugs; five tape-machines, eight grams and four acoustic effects selection machines sat a tall youth with long dark hair and a puzzled look on his face--that was me, folks!

By 7pm we were ready to start recording the continuity inserts. All was going well and Dave and Pete were each giving as good as they got in their script-fight - until the last section! David turned over two pages at once and kicked the ash bucket straight into the microphone at the same time. This was accompanied by hoots of laughter from Pete. All this went down on tape till I recovered the presence of mind to turn off the tape.

So I had to go off for fifteen minutes to the editing channels for some nifty tape-cutting. Meanwhile Dave joined what recorded material there was into order. Pete, sensible chap, went off to the restuarant for a sleep.

However, by ten o'clock that night, after much sweated labour(not to mention blunted gram stylii; worn tape-machines;bleared eyesight; trays of cigar-ash; and worn scripts), the show was in the can. There is no truth in the rumour that the can also contained the remnants of the baked beans that we had been consuming as we worked.

Later that night Dave went off to conduct his live European Service Programme. I, meanwhile, went to Studio B6. There I sat in on MUSIC THROUGH MIDNIGHT. This is conducted by David Hamilton every Friday night. The show is produced by Doreen Davies. David sits in a dark studio, lit by only an anglepoise table-light; and talks to himself between records. He, poor fellow, must remain sober, no matter what may be consumed in the control-room by visitors like myself. Rob persuaded Doreen to allow him to insert a message to his parents--and to dedicate a record to fandom!

There was a break for a news summary which came from a studio four floors above us. Afterwards the news-reader - already slightly alcoholic-joined the drinkers in the control booth. Only when the programme was finished could Dave Hamilton join us to finish off the bottle. As I came out with him, I reflected it was a good job I had the next day off!

Rob Wood.

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SF WEEKLY

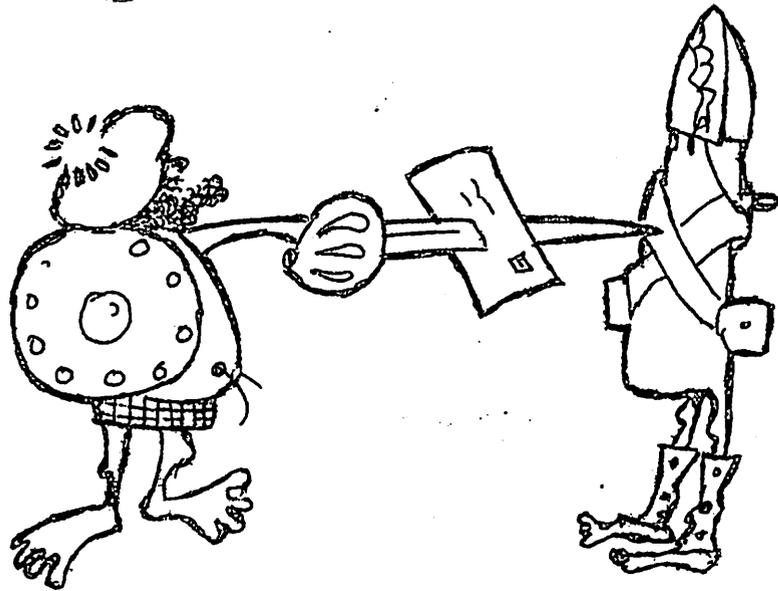
A weekly news-zine that comes out on time--full of news of fandom's social scene; convention news; the latest in sf publishing; and outlets for the sf writer. A must in the sf world.

From Andrew Porter

24E 82nd St. New York 10028. USA. British Agent: Ethel Lindsay

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# Letters



Reading Science fiction  
Isna sich a crime  
It's no like drinking 'Biddy'  
or metholated wine  
Bit mah father say's ah  
Shouldna  
Read ~~these~~ trashy coamics  
'specially wi mah een sae bad  
frae the fallout from ATOMICS

Sid Birchby: "You complain in 'Natterings' that you felt a little out of touch at this year's Convention. Don't fret. I don't even comprehend Atom's cover on this issue (Caption: 'Would you believe...ten million miles..") So don't talk to me about being in the out-group. Likewise Chris Priest, who's also moaning about being left behind by the remorseless vanguards of youth. (Chris Priest? who-he? a neofan?) Seriously though..and of course I have met Chris years ago..I long ago realised that it's hopeless trying to keep up with teenage culture in any shape or form, fannish included. There are too many pace-makers. I don't mean that I've taken to a bath-chair and stick. In fact, there's a lot of pop-cult items I've adopted very happily. I believe in the Transistor, The Stones and the Mini-skirt..

## Letters 2

..who was it said youth's too good a thing to be wasted on the young?  
Answer:Heinlein and several dozen more authors of immortality stories.  
And..uh..if you happen to know, you might tell me what's meant by  
'psychedelic'? I know the context in which it's used, but nobody seems  
to define it. Dammit, it took me long enough to find out what 'charis-  
matic' means, and now that's out of fashion"

\*\*\*You made me browse through my dictionary stalking psychedelic. Under  
psyc..comes quite a few interesting words and I guess you can take your  
pick as to which is the originator for this new word. For instance there  
is ..psychosis..a serious mental disturbance... As to Atom's caption...  
I've seen written quite often in US fanzines the expression.."Well, would  
you believe..." followed by some wild exaggeration. Obviously a catch-  
phrase and better understood if you hear the inflection in which it is  
used. Perhaps someone will now explain to us who was the originator of  
this phrase -and then SCOT will be educational, if nothing else.\*\*\*

Archie Mercer: I have never read anything of Thomas Hardy's that I recall.  
There's a "Hardy Monument" on a prominent height somewhere in the wilds  
of Dorset, but I've never been sure if it's designed to commemorate Thomas  
H. or Nelson's captain. However, I gather that the author is renowned for  
his ultra-pessimism with unhappy endings radiating in all directions. It  
strikes me that this might fit rather well with certain aspects of the  
Japanese character as typified by the practise of ceremonial hari-kari.  
More than this I cannot very well say without reading some of the books,  
and I lack the hardihood. Re Jean Muggochs letter, one reason why  
editors don't normally ask contributors to cut their own work on stencil  
is that contributors can't spell and editors can. Even if a given con-  
tributer spells better than a given editor does, the editor probably  
thinks that he's right and the editor's decision is final. Present com-  
pany should consider itself excepted of course. The thing which has  
really made me think deeply, though, is this business about a rift  
between pre-and post-1964 fans. I think I've succeeded in working out  
where the trouble lies, though I had to start from the beginning with  
"Duh -what rift?" There's no rift in the BAD SF Group that I can detect.  
Tony Walsh and myself have been on the fannish go for a fair number of  
years as the crow flies, Simone happened a year or two pre'64, and  
although Beryl happened at the same time as Pete Weston and Chris Priest  
she's sufficiently older for it not too show too much. The other more  
regular attendees at BAD Group meetings are students, heavily CRABAPPLE  
-oriented. Yet no form of segregation is practised - I talk with Gray  
Boak, Tony with Brian Hampton. All mixed up together, and so on. I'm  
not claiming any particular virtue for the BAD Group, I'd better make it  
clear, simply stating how matters look from this end, and why I had to  
wonder:"what rift?". Thinking back to 1964, I find the new intake divid-  
ing itself by age into two broad categories; the youngsters and those  
somewhat older. There is no absolute dividing line, but it lies roughly  
at 25. Above the line, those that have stuck seem to have integrated  
entirely with the pre-'64 veterans. Jean Muggochs'one example. Below  
the line things are considerably more complicated, largely with a geog-  
raphical basis to the complications. The younger element of the 1964-ish  
intake was centred originally on four localities-London, Birmingham, Man-  
chester(or Salford)and Nottingham. Nottingham virtually disappeared from  
the scene early on. Manchester formed the basis of the 'Delta' group,

### Letters 3

which seems to be integrated quite successfully with pre-existing fans in the area including LIG. I got the impression that Birmingham was integrated well enough with what pre-existing fandom there was in those parts - otherwise known as Ken Cheslin - though the younger Brummies were never a very united group among themselves in any case. That leaves London. And there, somehow, the younger element did not integrate effectively into the established scene. I'm not entirely sure of the reason, but a clash of personalities between certain of the parties concerned may have had something to do with it. The sub-group for which Chris Priest seems to be acting (in the pages of SCOT) as spokesman, possibly augmented by certain left-over Brummies and some more recent recruits into fandom, go around with a regulation-size chip on its collective shoulder concerning the alleged hostility, overt or covert, of the older-established fans to it. This, however, is not a very large sub-group. Considerably larger is the sub-group of younger fans that revolves around CRABAPPLE, and this sub-group has in the main been instrumental in cutting itself off from the pre-64 mainstream of things fannish, by being privately in-groupish. There's nothing "superior" about this - any older fan who bothers to study their ingroupishness will be accepted into the in-group without a thought. It's simply that they found it easier and more natural to start their own in-group rather than to infiltrate somebody else's. There's also a certain difference of basic interest too. On the whole, pre64 fandom was sf-and-fantasy fandom. The "Chris Priest" group of younger fans is on the whole a "new sf, Moorcock-oriented" fandom. And the CRABAPPLE group has a tendency, though by no means does it exclude other matters, towards a patronship of horror and the grotesque. Although these various groupings of fans do exist, it should be borne in mind that at basis they do consider themselves to be all parts of one whole. "Priest" fans may consider themselves to be vaguely ghettoed, CRABAPPLE fans may derive so much fun from digging each other that they have not much time left for those not of their in-group, but only in London I think do they live entirely distinct fan-social lives. I want to make another related point. Where, in SCOT, is pre-64 anglo-fandom? In the letter-col only except for yourself. WHY? I know I'm as guilty as anybody. I thought I'd bring up the point nevertheless.\*\*\* Many thanks, Archie, for such a long and interesting letter. On this question, you have covered a lot of ground and made some things a bit clearer. I don't think you have got it right about London's fan-social lives though. Throw a party and you will see all the bits integrating like mad! I didn't originally complain of having any local difficulty, but had felt a strangeness at the convention. As to the other pre64 fans, they are all gaffiated are they not?\*\*\*

Darroll Pardoe: "I think it's a fine thing that so many TAFF delegates are willing to go to work and publish an account of their travels after they get home, and I think it's terrible that fandom generally doesn't support them by buying the finished product in sufficient quantity - I know I for one buy a copy of every TAFF report as it comes out, but it seems few other folk do so. I'm sure they are missing something worth having. But then, think of all the fans who don't support TAFF anyway. I look at the voting information each year, and I'm astounded by some of the names that are missing from the lists..people you'd think WOULD support TAFF-but don't. I must say something about the current zine-scene (there; I've used it now. Anything to keep RMB happy..) The majority of British fanzines are PADS-produced, and indeed they are all alike and mostly mediocre. The neo of these days can

## Letters 4

rush straight into fanzine publishing, can get his material from the CCP without difficulty, can have someone else type the zine for him, and gets the duplicating and collating done for him through PADS. There's just no hard work involved anymore, or indeed much work at all. The inevitable result is that all the PADSzines look and read alike, and, since they compare themselves with each other, there's no reason to try and improve the fanzines; though heaven knows, they need improvement. Although Chris Priest took the wrong example with CRABAPPLE, which is quite unlike any other fanzine, of any fan era. It stands alone, and though probably an acquired taste, is intensely enjoyable once you get hooked on it. But the other PADSzines are, sadly, not up to the standard of pre-'New Wave' days. The trouble with British fandom today is that the New Wave ever existed. Too many people came in all at once, and they identified with themselves as a group, rather than fandom generally. And this trend continued later with PADS..and the PADsers see themselves as PADS members, not as fans. Many of them are content to be completely insular, and make no attempt, for instance, to contact American fandom. So there is, definitely, a split in British fandom at the moment, or rather a fragmentation into little sub-cultures. I like to think I have friends in all of them, and I hope British fandom will recover its unity soon. I hope so\*\*\*\*I hope so too!\*\*\*\*

John Bangsund: "I was particularly interested to learn from Chris Priest's letter that I'm not as much of a neo-fan as I've always considered myself to be. I read my first sf story in 1963. Australian fandom is split too. One of my hopes for ASFR was that it might bridge the gap that exists between the two main groups here. There has been some success, but less than I hoped for. The two groups are loosely associated with the Melbourne SF Club and the one-time Futurian Society of Sydney, now known as the Australian SF Association and based in Canberra. But as in most divisions there are many people who belong to both organisations; I am one; and the main trouble is with a few people who want to run things their own way and to hell with everyone else. The ASFA is Graeme Stone's organisation and it exists purely and simply to bibliograph every darn thing to do with sf. Fair enough; someone has to do it. But Graeme detests anything associated with "fandom". He hates the word and all its derivatives; thinks conventions useless; and most of the things we fans enjoy childish. Like fanzines. He produces one himself, called the ASFA JOURNAL. Except in an early correspondence with me, I have not known him to mention ASFR. We might not exist for all the ASFA is concerned. This is an unfortunate state of affairs. Interest in sf has probably never been higher in Australia than it is right now, and ASFR is virtually acting as its focal point. If things were organized properly the magazine would point to something like the ASFA and say 'There: that 's where you go to find out more about sf, to meet people who are interested like yourself, and to do fannish things.' But this is impossible. Melbourne folk have the club. Everywhere else you just fend for yourself"

Derek Nelson: "Normally I don't write letters to people who give critical (whether complimentary or not) reviews of my writings. But this time I have to make an exception, not because you pasted me (I'm used to that) but because you misunderstood my point. First point. (Ooops. I should mention I'm writing about your review of DOUBLE BILL in HAVERINGS 27) It is true that I was attacking US "liberals", but I was not defining them in the

## Letters 5

"US sense of far left". Perhaps it was my fault for not making myself clear. A better word than "liberals" would be "moralists"; i.e., those who look upon foreign policy from the point of view of morality. In other words--who is the good guy and who is the bad guy as determined by the individual's own ethical outlook. I attacked the American Right-wing liberals, laughingly called "conservatives" in the USA, as hard as I attacked the American left-wing liberals. They are the same breed -- moralists. The Right is willing to fight in Vietnam because all they can see is some perfidious evil called Communism. The Left is not willing to fight because all they can see is some perfidious evil called American imperialism OR a progressive people's revolt against feudal tyranny. A different type of opposition comes from others on the Left; namely Full-bright, Lippmann, etc. That brings me to Point 2: "Our day is done in Asia. Let's bring the troops home" is not my interpretation of what Lippmann says. This is his basic point. He believes the limits of American imperialism should be the off-shore islands of Asia. For precisely the same reasons as he opposes aiding Vietnam he opposed US intervention in Korea in 1950. "Since when did Americans have a 'day' in Asia?" you ask. Since 1850 or thereabouts is my answer. There is no moral judgement involved in this. Somebody somewhere is going to be top dog in the international circus, and in South-East Asia it'll be either the US or China at present. Later, perhaps, India and/or Indonesia might be able to compete with the Chinese. Point 3: Vietnam has nothing to do with Capitalism and Communism. If every industry in the USA was to be nationalised today (which would only mildly irritate me--nationalisation is inefficient) the Vietnam conflict would still continue. China would be a threat in Asia to American influence regardless of who ruled it--the Nationalists or Communists. In actual fact a good case could be made that a Nationalistic China would be a far greater threat than a Communist. The former would be pragmatic in domestic reforms, and more important, would not have the religious intolerance the Communists have for their deviationist heretic neighbours--the Russians. The 'day' of a state is decided by its power and its willingness to use that power for political purposes--moral judgements (except to give the 'idea' to a state's existence or direction) are irrelevant. I hope that expresses my thoughts far more clearly than the article.\*\*\*\* I am more firmly convinced than ever that the use of the word 'liberal' by Americans is farcical. How you can talk of a 'Right Liberal' and a 'Left Liberal' and expect anyone to understand what you mean, I dunno! You still haven't convinced me, either, that Americans had or should have, a 'day' in Asia.\*\*\*

Roy Tackett: "How's the program for converting Britain's currency to the decimal system coming? I presume you'll retain the pound as the basic unit and revalue things. Could lead to confusion. I think the Aussies had the right idea when they switched to new terms and all. Our Indian population is now roughly 500,000. The largest concentrations are in the west, of course. We have something like 50,000 in New Mexico. The Jicarilla and Mescalero Apaches and the Pueblo people. There are 17 different Pueblos scattered along the Rio Grande. Boardman errs when he says there was no urban Indian culture north of Central Mexico. The Pueblos were established in Arizona and N. Mexico ca 800 AD. They are most definitely town comparable, say, to the towns of Mesopotamia or some six thousand years ago. However, Boardman is quite correct when he states that some of the tribes are still dominated by outmoded ways. A good example is the

## Letters 6

is the Taos pueblo—one of the most primitive in the state. Last year some of the Taos people on the edge of the reservation land had electricity brought into their homes but they didn't keep it long. The tribal elders decided this was a threat to their traditions and way of life and Reddy Kilowatt departed post haste. Ernest Vallo, an Acoma with whom I worked at Sparton for four years, is forever cussing out the elders of his tribe. Acoma, by the way, is considered to be one of the oldest continuously occupied towns in the area of the US. The other is the Hopi town of Oraibi in Arizona. Ernie says the elders are the power in the tribe and they are exceedingly conservative (No, no, not that kind of conservative) Change is exceedingly slow. The younger chaps are educated and have ideas about modernising things but the elders say 'no' and that's it. The Lagunas a cousin of the Acomas who live across the north side of US66, are quite progressive on the other hand. The tribal treasury is fairly fat and wisely invested and the Lagunas are always on the lookout for something new. A couple of years ago they sent a delegation to dicker with one of the electronic companies and as a result there is now an electronics plant on the reservation. The Navajos, surely one of our poorest tribes, are slowly making progress and are also getting into the electronics business. The Mescaleros have discovered a new way to scalp the palefaces—they built a ski resort. But as for total integration of the Indians into modern American society—that's a long way off. Individuals do, of course, and they do well too. But too many are content to follow the elders and sit on the reservation, dreaming of the old days and trying to hold fast to the past. I'm surprised at the anti-Indian tone of John Boardman's letter. Sounds suspiciously like prejudice.\*\*\* And that last remark sounds suspiciously like fighting talk...\*\*\*

Harry Warner: "You've probably heard by now that the Pong title for the fan awards has been dropped by the Nycon committee. I'm rather sorry, because I thought it was a touching way of paying tribute to Bob Tucker, one of the most important fans of all time. However, I suppose that the name seems silly and ugly to any fan who wasn't around when Hoy Ping Pong was active in fanzines... "Our day in Asia" probably means the period during which the US exploited natural resources and the natives of Asia to make rich people over here still richer. That day is done, praise be.. The book you cover so thoroughly sounds very interesting. I wonder if there are more allusions in it than those you found explained by the name of characters. If Jane Austen sounds so much like Jane Austen, why should a character named Eleanor sound so much like the conversation in Virginia Woolf books, incomplete sentences predominating in a semi-stream of consciousness way?..The Japanese never cease to surprise me. They show an interest in the things you'd never imagine them to have even heard about. If it isn't Thomas Hardy, it's fandom, which they developed quite along traditional lines with little knowledge of fandom in other countries... Strangely, the youngsters in fandom haven't made me uncomfortable, up to now. My own purgatory has been in the office, not in fandom. Every summer we have two or three college kids working at the newspaper. Each year, I find these kids less satisfactory, as workers and as people, and this summer, I've just barely succeeded in retaining my self-control around them. The trouble is probably the increasing age gap between me and them. But I can't for the life of me recall myself at the age of 20 or so taking the attitude that a 95% average on a school test is fine so it is equally

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equally praiseworthy to get only five per cent of the names incorrect when writing a news story. Of course there is more evidence in SCOTTISHE that both of us are growing older: we're both reading more science fiction. I think I've averaged one novel or anthology or prozine a week ever since early spring. The quality of the current stuff seems no better, but I mix some older fine stories with the indifferent new ones, and the merits of the past combine with the novelty of the present to keep me at it.\*\*\*\* I am reading more sf. mainly because I have found a source of pbs at cut-rate prices in Woolworths! The only prozine I am getting however, is NEW WORLDS--and that's because I promised Mike Moorcock I would give it a six months try. I'll let you all know how I make out.\*\*\*

Robert Coulson: "I certainly feel cut off from British fandom. of the "new" fans -- anyone who entered in the last four or five years-- I know Pete Weston pretty well, and that's about it. Some of the others subscribe to YANDRO, but they don't seem to be the commenting type. These days I get more letters from Australia than I do from Britain. I get LES SPINGE, but it doesn't really come out often enough to give me much insight into Darrell Pardoe's character. Of course, I suppose my restricted trade policy is somewhat responsible for a lack of fanzines, but I don't know what's responsible for the lack of letters. But then why am I complaining? Even without any from Britain, I get more letters than I can answer. Fandom doesn't change much, and individual fans don't change much--if at all-- but an individual's position in fandom changes. Stick around long enough and you're considered a BNF, whether you've ever really done anything outstanding or not. Then I look around for people that I consider BNF's-- Willis, Akerman, Tucker, Grennell, Haeburn, Bloch etc--and I suddenly realise that either they're out of fandom altogether or they've retired to FAPA. Tucker still writes things for fanzines, and Harry Warner writes letters-- and who else is left? You're a British BNF now, Ethel, and the younger fans approach you with awe--or don't approach you at all, in case you might not speak to them if they did. Someone in comics fandom recently wrote to me that he'd heard that I was the big name in stf fandom and he hesitated to bother me, but...(I disabused him of the idea, but I was a little afraid to ask where he'd heard the story.) All sorts of stories get out about anyone who's been in fandom a few years... There have always been a few writers who I have depended upon to provide me with a good story. I usually hoard their books for a few weeks after getting one, waiting for the time when I've had a hard day and I'm sick of third rate stf and I desperately need entertainment. While I like Zelazny and Delaney, they haven't reached that pinnacle of my admiration yet. It used to be Heinlein, Sturgeon, del Ray and De Camp; then for awhile it was Poul Anderson. Now the writers I save for a rainy day are John Brunner and Thomas Burnett Swann (along with the non-stf writings of Hans Helmut Kirst, L. Sprague de Camp, George R. Stewart and Alan Moorhead)\*\*\*\* I once had a talk with Ron Bennett about who we considered were BNF's. We concluded that we would name Willis (does every list start with him?) Bulmer, Chuck Harris, Viné Clarke and Ted Tubb. After that we ran out of steam. We also concluded that neither could ever be a BNF to the other as both Ron and I entered fandom at roughly the same time. No matter what we did subsequently we would still be just Ron and Ethel to each other and certainly never awesome! I can understand your not checking on that story--I am rather wishing now I had never mentioned seeing that quote card. I feel rather nervous at the explanation that might come up\*\*\*\*

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Chris Priest: " I must confess that in my last letter to you I was referring almost exclusively to British fandom. I have never had anything more than a passing interest in foreign fandoms. Call it insularity if you like; I prefer to think of it as a subjective thing, comparisons of roots and all that stuff. I don't think of IF as foreign, incidentally. Just about my favourite fanzine is THE SCARR, but I don't receive it any more for some reason. I think it is unfair of you to lay the blame for lousy fanzines at the door of PaDs. The only thing that might be said against PaDs is that it encourages people to publish a fanzine who might not normally. Whether this is a good or bad thing I'm not willing to opine. I agree, they all look the same, but surely this is because they are all produced at the same time on the same duplicator and, sometimes, on the same typewriter. I suppose that part of the qualification of a proper fanzine is that the faned has to go through all the inconveniences of typing stencils and finding someone to duplicate the finished product. PaDs makes it all too easy. And the same people are writing for each fanzine these days. No names, natch, but there are three people fanwriting today who by themselves are capable of lowering the entire tone of an otherwise good fanzine. And these three, incredibly, have imitators."\*\*\*I wish you had explained a little more of what you mean by "comparisons of roots". I don't understand. I think you miss a great deal by confining yourself to British fandom alone; some of my best fannish friends are in what you call "foreign" fandom.\*\*\*

John Boardman: "Anent Ian Peter's column, I've recently re-read Macaulay's History of England, and in several places he compares the Highlands of the late 17th century with the American frontier. And certainly, before they were pacified in 1745, the Highlands had as rich a record of bloody deeds as the Indians did. This, of course, does not excuse either the Glencoe Massacre or the many comparable affairs which disgrace American behaviour towards the Indians. Whenever a tribal, hunting society-like the American Indians or the Scots Highlanders - is in contact with a settled agricultural society, bitter conflicts are inevitable. As Macaulay writes of the history of your own country:

"National enmities have always been fiercest among borderers, and the enmity between the Highland borderer and the Lowland borderer along the whole frontier was the growth of ages, and was kept fresh by constant injuries. One day many square miles of pasture land were swept bare by armed plunderers from the hills. Another day a score of plaids dangled in a row on the gallows of Crieff or Stirling. Fairs were indeed held on the debatable land for the necessary interchange of commodities. But to those fairs both parties came prepared for battle; and the day often ended in bloodshed."

Change a few place names, and this passage describes the frontier of America, between whites and Indians. It ill behooves the descendants of the soldiers of William, Duke of Cumberland, to criticise the way in which the Americans of the 19th century settled the matter."\*\*\* The following letter is in answer to your letter in the last issue. I dunno what Ian will say to this latest!\*\*\*

Ian Peters: " My thanks to John Boardman; he typifies, far more explicitly than ever I could hope to, the ill-informed American(or European for that matter), so much so that I despair of ever impressing him with the injustices inherent in the situation, since not only facts but feelings are involved.

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The US Government has certainly paid out large sums (up to Nov. 1966. \$190 million) but once this is paid out so much per head how long will a paltry few hundred dollars last an individual, with no skills to enable him to survive in the white man's economic set-up, and his precious land which has a spiritual, as well as a material, value, lost to him? Ed Cox makes this point in a sort of way. John has given no evidence as to how this "largesse" has benefited the Indians concerned; he can see the (material) \$190 million expended by his government - he ignores the Indian slums in Dakota. There is a helluva difference between going slumming or being a beatnik in California and being forced to live below the poverty line in Dakota. John should in all fairness have mentioned that the Indian Claims Commission (1946), which has so upset him, was specifically set up in expectation of wholesale "termination". Termination, instituted during that period of reaction which also generated McCarthyism, aims at removing all federal protection and services from the Indian tribes thus, presumably, bringing about their dissolution. Emphasis under this policy, is placed not on co-operatives etc. but on individual emigration to the cities in search of work, to become another depressed "coloured" labourer in the ghetto (to take the worst possible view.) Perhaps John did not mention this because he was not aware of the implications. Much as it grieves me, I am also compelled to disagree with Archie Mercer; individual integration sounds good, is logical etc., - but in fact strikes right at the heart of Indian culture. Co-operation on a family/tribal basis is still deeply rooted in the Indian psyche; even school children avoid competing against each other. Much more acceptable to Indians is the success of the tribe or community. Many experts feel that this tribal spirit will persist for a long time, and that it is a good and valuable attribute. I tend to agree; indeed I feel we could learn something from them - the breakdown of personal relationships, far less family ones, is perhaps the most worrying aspect of life in Western urban areas. Sociologists are desperately trying to devise methods to produce a community spirit yet the Boardmans of this world must destroy communities where it exists naturally, because it does not fit into the frenetic pattern of US status-conscious society. And of course various tribes do use their land as the basis of tribal co-operatives e.g. the Navaho Council runs a sawmill, motels, trading posts, a supermarket, furniture and ceramics factories etc. much of the income from leases on oil, gas, helium, uranium and vanadium deposits. The income has unfortunately been unable to relieve the desperate poverty of many Navaho (there are 80,000 on land capable of supporting 25,000). A vigorous self-help programme is in action a model for other tribes: 198 tribal budget \$15 million. Oil-rich Indians are few (I quote Oliver La Farge): an Osage with \$1,000 per annum in oil money is above average. The Indian oil scandals, involving murder for oil "head-rights" are a matter of history. The wealthiest Indians today belong to the Agua Caliente band (100): they own most of Palm Springs, 1958 per capita assets \$338,577. John's remarks on the Iroquois once again reveal his inability to visualise any other way of life than The Great American Way. The comparison between the S.S. and the Iroquois is too ludicrous to take seriously: the S.S. was a cadre of trained murder/terror specialists whose only reason for existence was the extermination of various "inferior beings", which is exactly what the Americans did to many Indian tribes - e.g. as late as the 1850's they were hunting Californian Indians, men women and children for sport (c/f The Sound of His Horn). In Pre-Columbian

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N.America(North of Mexico)there were 1 or 2 million Indians; by 1900 about 300,000 survived; now (1960)523,591. The Iroquois, when torturing an enemy to death were doing him the greatest honour, namely, giving him a chance to show his courage. During breaks in the torture, which could last for days, the victim discussed with his captors mutual acquaintances, indeed acted as a news service. It is not easy to appreciate, but it is obviously beyond a Boardman. Possibly the result of insufficient study. I could quote several instances of white girls captured and adopted (married into)tribes, resisting every attempt at "rescue" by white Americans. Can you imagine how the wonderful free life on the Great Plains, (the Cheyennes had probably the last pure democracy)compared to the dull "Victorian" religiously-dominated life in the settlements? Nor do I overlook the corollary - many white women captives were raped to death, especially in the Southwest, by Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches. Much of the land in question was stolen, defrauded etc. barely 100 years ago yet John compares this with the Saxon invasion of Britain in the sixth century - how strained can one's analogies become? Or is he suggesting that the US is still living in the sixth century? I am no proponent of the Noble Red Man hypothesis, I agree that every race has its share of psychopaths, cowards and cheats, but none of this in any way excuses the disgrace of the US's treatment of her Indians past and present, in pursuit of her belief in her Manifest "estiny." \*\*\*Phew! I guess thst ought to hold John for a bit! Knowing, as I do, John's 'liberal'(US version of the word) viewpoint--I reckon steam ought to be coming out of his ears by now..... I don't think I would defend the tribal way of life as Ian has. All right if you like the tribal way--too bad if you are an individual who likes to be individual.\*\*\*

Which brings a rather larger letter-column than usual to a close. My thanks to all who wrote.

Ethel.

\*\*\*\*\*

TRANS-OCEANIC FAN FUND

The Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund is a project to bring Japan's No 1 sf fan, Takumi Shibano, to the US for the 1968 Worldcon. \$1000 is needed for TOFF, so items have been gathered for auction. TOFF will gratefully accept donations of cash or saleable materials(books, comics, art, mss interesting etc), and donors will be announced in MANEKI-NEKO, the TOFF fanzine. Donations of \$1 or more will bring a subscription of this fanzine; which is full of information about the TOFFund, and how the bidding on auction material is going. MANEKI-NEKO also exists for the purpose of introducing Japanese fandom to other fans.

Make checks payable to, and send auction material to:-

Dave Hulan, TOFF

PAN-PACIFICON

P.O.Box 422

Tarzana

Calif.91356. USA

# Natterings

*Oh great Purple  
coloured beastie  
Whit a horror  
in mah breastie  
Sich a mouth  
A muckle hole  
Tae look at you  
Ah canny thole*



## NATTERINGS.....

on Complaints: There were a few complaints from my British readers last issue that they could not understand the ATOM cover. A little patience on their part will bring the explanation to light; it takes about a couple of months for a catch-phrase to cross the Atlantic! I don't know how many of you are going to get the meaning of this latest cover. My English readers will probably be the ones to find it most obscure, that is if George Locke is a good guide to them. However, any Scotsman unable to discern the meaning immediately should be drummed out of our nation.

on The Fan Achievement Awards: I do think they are a very good idea. For years fandom has been entertained by fan writers, editors, and artists who have done as good work as any professional and, in some cases, better. I hope you voted, I did and I would like to tell you about my votes. I chose Harry Warner as Best Fan Writer. Some might say that, because Harry is a journalist by profession, he should not be included, but I would never agree with this theory. For years Harry has been wholly and completely a fan, and should be judged upon this alone. He always writes well and is never dull. His own fanzine HORIZONS is always extremely good and he writes it all by himself. As it is a Fapazine it does not have a very wide distribution; but it is also sent out to some non-Fapans. In any case, I would award him the prize even if HORIZONS were excluded from consideration. This is because he

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is a consistent contributor to other fanzines and in them always produces an article that is highly readable. Then, there is his letter-hacking. Of all the fans in fandom - Harry takes the prize for output and a high standard of letter-writing; many a fanzine editor with a letter-column to fill has blessed the name of Harry Warner. Not only does he write the letters--he always adds to the discussion in the points he touches upon. His letters are a model: each topic is dealt with in a handy-sized paragraph so that the editor can include all or leave out a few according to the space available. Yes, he deserves the award for his letter-hacking alone.

I chose Arthur Thomson as Best Fan Artist. Again because of consistency. It isn't just that he is good; and has been since the day he first ambled into fandom. He is also prolific and is generous to fanzine editors in the amount of artwork he sends out. Over and over again fanzines have had their appearance improved by the artwork of ATOM. He has won many prizes, of course, at the Project Artshows, but I do think he is overdue an award which names him Best Fan Artist.

The award for Best Fanzine didn't cause me any trouble with my vote either. I plumped for Australian SF Review without hesitation. In the short life of this zine so far it has soared to the top and deservedly so. In this zine the subject of sf is treated with real seriousness; there is no doubt that the main interest is sf. Yet it is always a fannish zine - the twinkle of a good humour is never lacking. It is obvious that sf is treated as a subject worth study but not given an over-rated value. Fond as I am of reading sf; an undiluted diet of it would send me up the wall. I am convinced that anyone who reads only one type of book - such as sf, is not qualified to be a judge of what is good or bad. The writers in ASFR are certainly not in this category. This zine not only has the two things I look for - an interest in sf plus a fannish air; it attracts many good writers. The letter column is particularly good in this respect. Lastly, but not least, the editor himself, John Bangsund, is a good writer.

on TAFF VOTING: This has begun again and you should find a ballot form enclosed with this issue. Please use your vote. I particularly make my plea to British fans. I have noticed, in the past, that there is a drop in British voting figures when it is the turn of an American fan to come over here. This always strikes me as a sad reflection on human nature.

on British Fandom: The letter-column in this issue has some letters which discuss the idea of a "split" in British fandom which set me reflecting. One fan admits to insularity. A great deal, I feel, depends upon how you first encounter fandom. I feel that fans who do so through a local group are at a great disadvantage. For, when they think of fandom, they think of it as being mainly the first fans whom they met. The fan who meets fandom first through letters; who is too far away from centres of fans than to do other than make his first contacts by mail, gets a much better feel of what fandom is all about. When I think of fandom I think of a map with little sparkling dots where a fan or fans flourish. There are a few dull spots here and there where gafia flourishes instead!

I can remember how clearly I saw this difference when I first came down

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to London and went to the Globe meetings. There was the group of fans who went there every week and took no other part in fandom's activities. Then there was a smaller group who either published zines or at least were in touch with other parts of fandom in some way. They both mingled with each other, but there was no doubt about where I felt most at home, with the fans who knew what I meant when I talked of fannish things outside the small world of the Globe.

A friendship that is first formed by mail is entirely different from one that starts by a meeting. In the first instance when you do meet - you have a head-start on the second instance. Also, if you get on well on paper, it is highly likely that you will do so in person. Mind you, this doesn't always follow. Some fans who are brilliant on paper can turn out to be difficult to talk with. This, however, is often due to shyness. Again you have a head-start on the problem and time may solve it. One of the joys of my US TAFF Trip was finding out how many fans I did know on paper well enough to feel at home with them right away. I do feel that being insular is to your own disadvantage.

on Contributor Rob Wood: Rob, apart from working for the BBC, publishes a fanzine called COMPASS. He has asked me to say that he is interested in correspondence with American fans and to give his address. It is: 27, Rochford Avenue, Shenfield, Brentwood, Essex.

on The results of the HUGO and Fan Achievement Awards: These have come out since I first started writing this column. On the whole I have no complaint because my own choices did not come in first; I was of the opinion that all the names on the final ballot for the Fan Awards were of a high standard. It then became a matter of individual preferences. On the HUGOS I was astonished that THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS won; I thought that BABEL 17 would have been the winner. So I will finish off this here natterings and give a short review to MOON to close this issue.

Ethel.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Moon is a harsh mistress: Robert Heinlein. Dobson Books, 25s.

This is the only Heinlein book I have read which I found difficult to read. Mainly this is due to the "future language" in which it is written. It seems to mostly consist of the missing out of small words--supposedly rendered superfluous--such as "the" and I found it irritating. I was forever mentally putting in the missing words and this detracted from my concentration. Naturally, this also detracted from my interest. The main character is O'Kelly who is called in to repair a master computer. He finds that the computer has developed a personality and dubs 'him' Mike. The idea of Mike is cute--but he never came alive to me. That too care of the two main characters--O'Kelly's talk irritated me; and Mike I found boring. Yet, I will admit, that this is a clever book, obviously Heinlein has planned his future society carefully. He does not stint with the background details and I don't know quite why this fails to interest me as much as it usually does. All in all, I was considerably disappointed and I am blowed if I know why it won the HUGO. I look forward, however, to the discussions that will now probably burn fierce in fandom over this latest Heinlein. At all events, he is never an author you can ignore. E.L.

Ed Cox

A TAFF man should represent his country, and his country's fandom, as a good will ambassador. The greater his knowledge of science fiction, of fandom in all its facets, and of his country, the better TAFF ambassador he will be. Ed Cox has been reading and collecting s-f since the early forties. A prolific writer and publisher, he has been active in fandom since 1947. Genzines, apas, conventions, local and national clubs --all have benefited by the wit and industry of Edco. (DYNATRON, QUIP, AUSLANDER, SHAGGY, FAPA, SAPS, Westercons, Worldcons, NFFF, LASFS, etc.) Currently, he is in five apas, is reviving AUSLANDER, and is Executive Secretary for The Institute of Specialised Literature. No ivory tower for this fan -- he lives in the real world, of which he has made fandom an integral part. Ed Cox for TAFF!

Nominated by: Arnie Katz, Len Moffatt, Harry Warner, Ethel Lindsay and George Locke.

Ted Johnstone

There are two TAFF Images: the Reward for Services Rendered and the Gee, He's A Helluva Nice Guy. Ted Johnstone is one fan who illustrates that the two are not irreconcilable. A club-, convention-, and fanzine-fan for ten years, Ted edited THE WILLIS PAPERS and brought THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR to a whole new generation of fans. Solacon committeeman, Cult OA, Multi-APAn, Director and Secretary of LASFS, a fine speaker (he writes filksongs and sings well, too), and well-known for photograph-illustrated convention reports --an ideal TAFF representative--for those who care enough to send the very best.

Nominated by: Rich Brown, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Bruce Felz, John Berry and Carl Brandon, Jr

Steve Stiles

Steve Stiles' work speaks for itself: his art is some of the freshest and funniest in fandom, while his articles and columns are equally witty. In fact, Steve is probably the best double-threat fan artist/fan writer to emerge in this decade. He's been a little less active for the last couple of years, but that will soon change --he'll be out of the army and in civvies again. In person, Steve is quiet, warm, and every bit as amusing, when he chooses to be, as in the pages of so many fanzines. He is a Trained Killer, of course, but smiles often, and pets cats. In sending Steve to England, we'll not only be sending One of Our Best, but will be able to count on a fine TAFF report, in both text and illustrations.

Nominated by: F.M. & Elinor Busby, Bill Rotsler, Ted White, Arthur Thomson and Walter A. Willis

I Vote For:  
 (first place) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (second place) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (third place) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (fourth place) \_\_\_\_\_

Signed: \_\_\_\_\_  
 (address) \_\_\_\_\_

I ENCLOSE THE SUM OF \_\_\_\_\_  
 AS A CONTRIBUTION TO TAFF

# THE TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND

VOTING BALLOT

## The candidates

Ed Cox  
Ted Johnstone  
Steve Stiles  
"Hold Over Funds"

## Voting:

TAFF uses the Australian Ballot, a vote-counting technique with a built-in runoff count: On the first "ballot" only first-place votes are counted; then, if of 100 votes four candidates get 40-20-10, the last one is dropped and the second choices of his 10 supporters become first-place votes distributed between the remaining three candidates; this procedure is repeated until the leading candidate has over 50% of the vote, thus assuring a majority winner.

When voting, rank the candidates in the exact order in which you prefer them. If you don't rank them all the way, you forfeit your vote if the ones you list are eliminated.

## "Hold Over Funds":

This choice, similar to a "No Award" vote in Hugo balloting, gives the voter an opportunity to vote for no TAFF trip in a given campaign in the event that either the candidates don't appeal too strongly enough to him or he feels that TAFF should slow down its program of trips. "Hold Over Funds" may be listed in first, second third or fourth place, just like any other candidate, and the votes will be counted accordingly. If the final, majority vote is against sending a candidate this year, funds will be held over for the next election.

## Continuing Voting Rules:

Under no circumstances may a fan vote more than once or enter one candidate's name more than once on a ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret. Write-ins are permitted. No proxy votes are allowed; each voter must sign his own ballot

Each candidate has promised that barring acts of God he will travel to the British National Convention on Easter, 1968, if elected. In addition, they have posted bond and provided signed nominations. Their platforms are on the reverse of this sheet, along with the voting blanks.

Votes must reach one of the two Administrators on or before January 5, 1968. The result of the election will be announced as soon as possible after this date.

## AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR

Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St  
Brooklyn, New York 11201, USA

## EUROPEAN ADMINISTRATOR

Thomas Schlück, 3 Hannover  
Altenbekener Damm 10.  
Germany

To be eligible to vote you must contribute a minimum of five shillings (5/-d) or one dollar (\$1.00) to the Fund, and have been active in science fiction fandom prior to September 0966. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Money orders or cheques should be payable to the Administrator receiving your ballot --not, please to TAFF.

If you think your name may not be known to the Administrators, please give here the name and address of a fan or fan group to whom you are known:

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Reproductions of this form are authorised and encouraged, provided the wording is reproduced verbatim

7  
Thomas Schlück, 3 Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10

TO BRITISH VOTERS:

Due to unforeseen difficulties with British currency regulations I have to ask British TAFF-voters not to make use of my Lloyds Bank account as stated in the attached ballot. And since I cannot handle Postal Money Orders from over here and want to have things easy for you I asked Ethel Lindsay to handle the British kitty for me. She willingly agreed (praise Ethel!), and so I beg you to send your voting form and money to

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue  
Surbiton, Surrey

Both will be accepted and taken charge of competently. Votes accompanied by bank cheques or cash might still be sent to me directly.  
Sorry for this complication.

Tom.

