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by

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Bletherings.....	a column on OMPA.....	Ethel Lindsay
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This is the last issue of SCOTTISHE that will be published  
through OMPA. Fro now onwards it is a genzino.





on the 37th OMPA Mailing.....

One of the finest things I've ever read in OMPA is the page that Charles Wells devoted to commenting upon Bobbie Gray's remarks in her last VAGARY. I sigh for more folks with such a clear and level-headed outlook on life as Charles shows in this; I sigh for good writing and constructive level-headed critical comment in Mailing Comments as I read here; and I sigh for more like him in OMPA.

I've filled up the questionnaire introduced by Dave Hale, although I have protested to him that I think the questions are far too biased to give the answers any real value. Either/or questions are the bunk anyway!

I was very interested to read Dick Shultz's thoughts on what was the matter with OMPA. He is right in thinking that this constant large turn-over every now and then is a large factor in giving OMPA a disconnected image. There are not enough members who have been in for years and years to give the sort of solid background that is needed. Significantly, we often lose a potentially good member almost before he has had time to settle in. We often see, however, the same names coming up on the waiting list and getting ready to have another bash. Dick's thought, that what OMPA lacks, is more humour could be true: but too many magazines which consist of purely mailing comments are bound to produce that.

There are now 28 overseas members as opposed to 17 British. I hardly think that we can expect things to be much different, for there is a lower entry of new fanzine publishers on this side. Also, the new editors like Roy Kay and Lang Jones, have hardly caught their breath yet from producing their first fanzines -and they are into OMPA. They are liable to vanish into there and stay and so make one less genzine publisher in Britain. When I consider that last point I wonder if perhaps OMPA was a bad thing from the point of view of British fan publishing in general. I wouldn't mind so much if thereby OMPA were made something good; but what do you bet that in a short while we may receive from these two the frothy sort of mailing comments that are churned out by that erstwhile publisher, Ken Cheslin?

The trouble with Mailing Comments is that there are always a few like Elinor Busby who can write them really well (and so can be forgiven for

producing little else) this is apt to make them sound easy. But if Elinor writes her comments directly onto stencil, then I am very far cheated in my judgement. In her comments we find care and thought throughout.

Now, Terry Jeeves is not as good a writer as Elinor, but he shows real ingenuity in producing new features for his magazine. Also his consistent rating of the Top Cover and Top Fanzine in each mailing is a valuable index as to his appreciation of the mailing as a whole. I get the feeling that, like me, Terry has trouble keeping his page count down. How odd of us.

It seems hard that Bob Lichtman should have all the work involved in issuing the results of the Egoboo Poll when so few members bother to use their vote. Does the membership wish to continue with this Poll? Perhaps that is the first question we should ask next time. And I do wish that the people who do vote would do so sensibly all through. How can I possibly receive four marks for best fiction writer --when I never write any? But I am very pleased to see my two staunch contributors receive the due that is theirs.

It was nice to see Don Ford back again, and indeed I would rather receive once a year a good helping like this POOKA, than be receiving four times a year a couple of pages of froth. To be sure I don't always agree with Don but he always expresses his opinion in a quiet sort of a way so that it rarely induces any heat in me. Also he often writes something that has good horse sense in it like his remarks on the fact that nowadays you have to be able to adapt to the changing technology.

I wish I could think of something helpful for Archie when he says that GTPA "rides him" and that he thought of resigning for that reason. I doubt I am the type to help; I too am compulsive in some things. Particularly in wanting to finish all at once anything I have started. As lots and lots of times this is impossible (due to lack of time mostly), I am often in a continual state of frustration about my fanac. The only time I've felt comparatively happy about the whole thing was just before I left for the States. Then, I had not only my fanac up to date - I was ahead of myself! I suppose I have been trying vainly ever since to get back to that blissful condition.

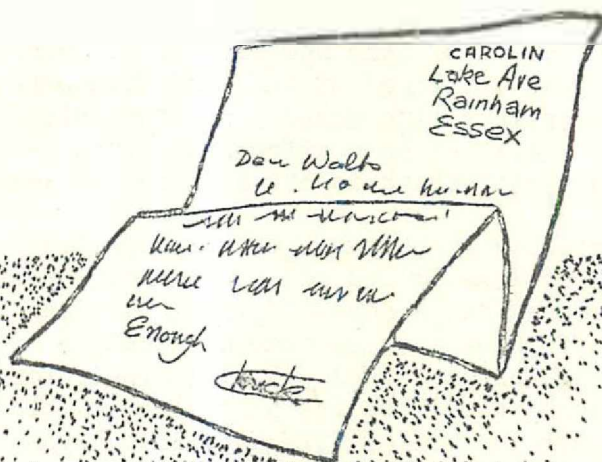
George Locke is another member with whom I will not quarrel. He may not be in every mailing but when he does appear he gives us more than our money's worth. I suppose this is what they mean by brilliant deadwood. One of the other good things about George is that he rounds up a lot of British talent, like Potter and Geldart, that would otherwise not be seen.

I'm puzzled as to why Fred Hunter should think I would know bothy ballads.. why I've never even seen a bothy! A city gal I am. Seriously though, I could sing "Up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee"--but I'll refrain out of deference to the feelings of Joe Patrizio.

The mention by John Roles of the trials of flatbed production reminds me -- the SFCoL has a small Emgee Rotary machine for sale. \$6 is the asking price.

Ethel.

WAL\*  
WILLIS



1953 which don't seem to have been mentioned in these memoirs yet, like the confidences Peter Hamilton used to make me about the behaviour of Ted Carnell and vice versa, and the grandiose plans of Bert Campbell which were always highly confidential until they fell through, and sending a telegram to John Brunner while he was still at school with the news of his first professional acceptance (a novel to Curtis Warren: they didn't have his school address so they told me), and being offered an Associate Editorship of Galaxy, and the excitement of seeing all those Slant stories being bought by prozines, and being on the International Fantasy Award panel and everything. Oh I was a Great Big Man.

And true enough it was all very exciting at the time, but it doesn't mean much to me any more. I used to think that pros were sort of deified fans, whereas now most of them seem rather poor creatures who are not as good at their jobs as we are at our hobbies. I feel less compunction about throwing all that junk in the wastebasket than over one letter from Chuck Harris. As for the International Fantasy Award panel, I knew I was only on that because I was a sort of foreigner and that "Tandom's Leading Expert and Critic" as Les Flood called me in his blurb, to Vince Clarke's disgust, would be dropped as soon as they got hold of some more serious-minded Europeans and Americans. I read the books and voted soberly enough, but Chuck took it far more seriously than I did. He would try subtly to influence my decisions, thus.....

"Ghu knows why you voted for Fairy Chessman(you told me why you voted for Sands of Mars.Nyaaa), Kuttner has written a damn sight better stuff than that, that I would have voted for. Geller is a Moron, the other continental judges are ignorant swine. Fred Brown is the only competent judge on the panel and I told him what to vote for. (He ignored me). I am seriously thinking of starting a rival Award with only one person on the adjudication panel. Me."



Here's another letter from Chuck, referring to my thanking him for contributing to Shelby Vick's Fund. He was the only British fan to do so and I wouldn't have known about it if his name hadn't been on the scroll they gave me at Chicago. I had felt guilty about being invited to the States instead of fans who deserved it more, like Ken Slater, and had sort of kept the existence of the Fund from British fandom. This wasn't difficult because at that time Quandry was the only US fanzine with any circulation in Britain and it never mentioned the Fund because until nearly the end Lee Hoffman didn't think it had a chance of success.

"Certainly my name was on the scroll. "Rainham's No 1 Fan endorses Willis". Being your True Friend and Confidante I felt it incumbent on me to help swell the coffers, and I sent Shelby an American coin that I had (with a picture of a buffalo on it) and some uncanceled stamps that I steamed off of various issues of Quandry. Hell, I bled myself for you. The lifetime sub to Cf that I got could never replace that foreign coin (I don't know what its worth in real money) or fill in the gaps in my stamp collection. I shall be wearing my ribbon (in my hair natch) at the Whitcon. I shall expect some really fervent protestations of gratitude and half a column of acknowledgements in the next Slant."

The ribbon referred to was a green silk thing with my initials on it in Gothic capitals, that Henry Marshall was distributing to everyone who contributed to the Fund. They were supposed to wear them at Chicago. I hated the whole idea, though I couldn't very well say so. I visualised people avoiding me or apologising because they hadn't got one of the damned things, and watching me to see if I was observing who was wearing their receipt. I was neurotic enough about the Fund without that. Chuck had a talent which amounted to genius, and one which was to recoil upon him later, for putting his finger on sore spots like this.

Another belated repercussion of the 1952 trip was the arrival of a suitcase I had left in London. It was too heavy to go on the plane to Belfast so I had left it with Vince Clarke to forward by rail. This resulted in a clash between Vince Clarke and British Railways. They tried to charge him twice, and got this letter...

"Re. attached slip, this account was paid by me when I visited Broad St Station to hand in the goods for despatch, at approximately 5.46pm on a Friday in the middle of October, probably the 17th.

I received a small, white, printed receipt at the time. At the moment, I have neither the time or inclination to pander to your inefficiency and see whether it is still in existence; no doubt a proper check will reveal your copy. Surely it is not your custom to allow private individuals to send goods by rail without pre-payment? Kindly remit 2½d to cover cost of this letter when forwarding apologies.

With the Compliments of the Season."

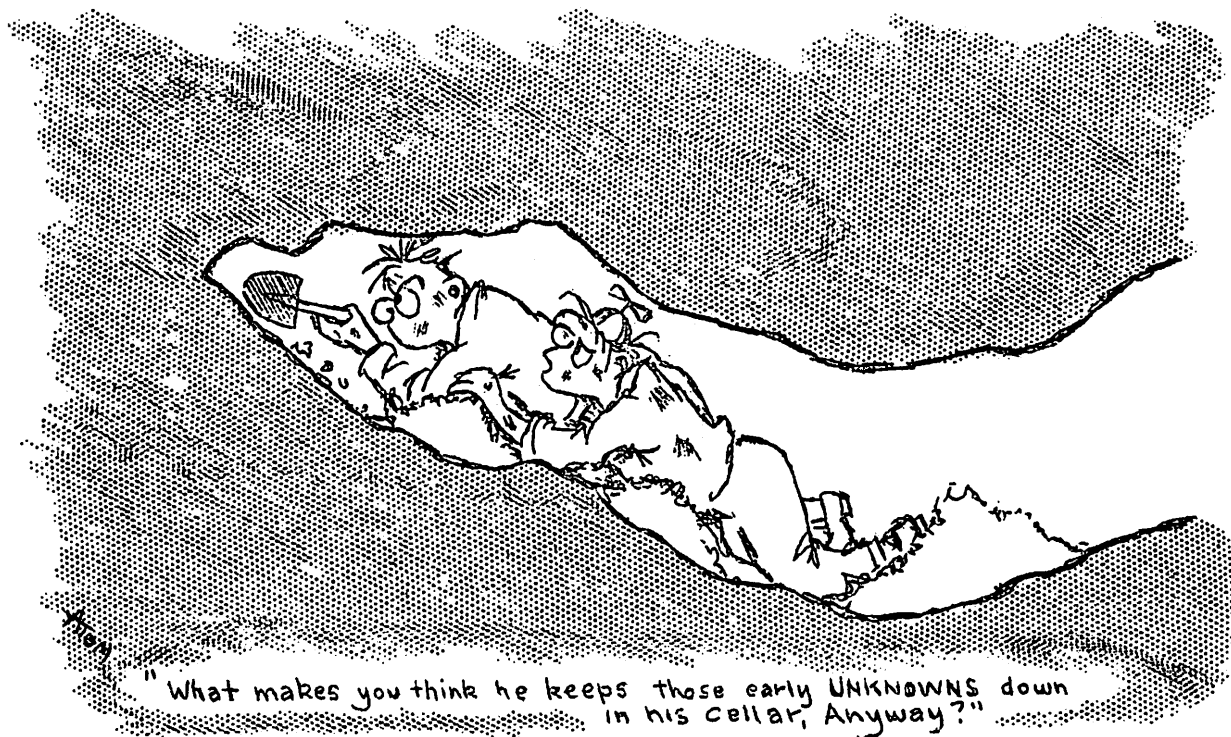
My comments on this at the time still seem to me appropriate, and a possible basis for a faan fiction story...

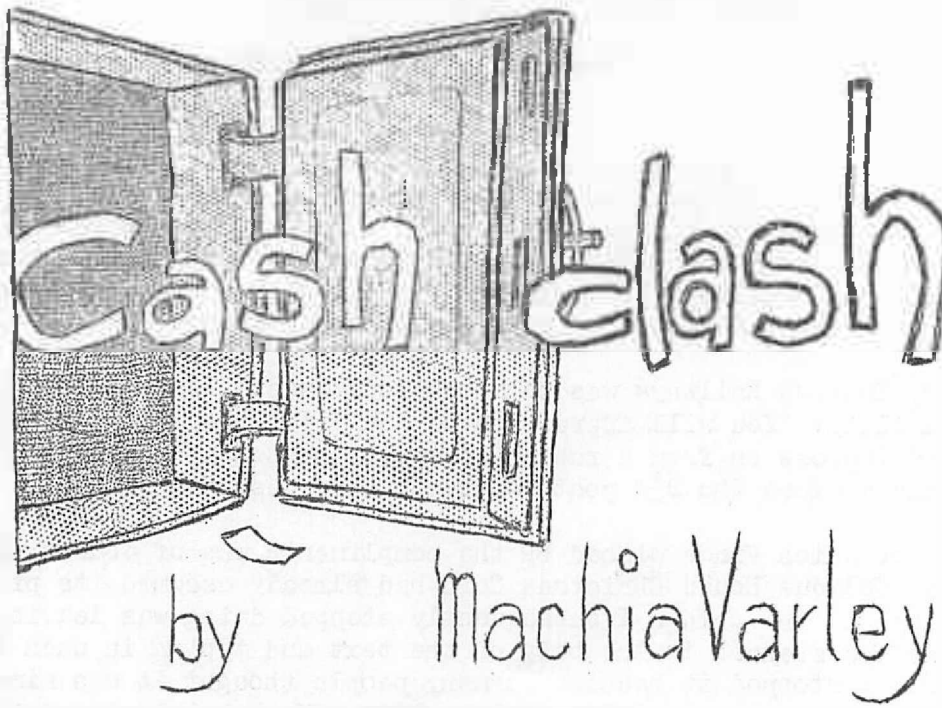
"I love to see this sort of situation...it's one of the basic dramatic situations like Cinderella and almost as appealing---the one in which some powerful giant comes up against an apparent weakling who turns out to be a giant in his own way. You know, Harpo Marx, David, etc. I can imagine BR bumbling on its way through thousands of easily-awed and incoherent men-in-the-street and then unexpectedly coming on a fan, who has been writing rude letters all his life and sees a victim even bigger and more vulnerable than the National Fantasy Federation. You know, one of these days some fan will be the centre of a national cause celebre."

True enough, British Railways was no match for Vince. They replied with incredible humility: "You will appreciate we deal with thousands of accounts ..due to a bad impression from a rubber stamp...regret the trouble you have been caused and enclose the 2<sup>nd</sup> postage stamp as requested."

The season of which Vince wished BR the compliments was of course Christmas 1952. The Oblique House Christmas Card had already assumed its present form, though one of the things I subsequently stopped doing was leaving a blank space in the stencil in the body of the text and typing in each recipient's name. I stopped it because so many people thought it was mimed in, and were flattered at the individual mention. Not that I minded that, but I was afraid they might be hurt if and when they were disillusioned. One I had no compunctions about though was Rich Elseberry, who had no compunctions about other people's feelings. So when I found he had made this mistake in 1951 I typed his name in red in 1952, with the footnote: "Look, a special run in colour!"

Walter A. Willis.





# Cash Clash

by Machia Varley

The following tale of horror, suspense, and derring-do revealing the innermost secrets of the SFCoL is being written for two reasons. Firstly, at the request of a well-known figure in fandom who said they hadn't realised how interesting the SFCoL was until they read my last column. (Strangely enough this fan happens to be a member of the Club, so obviously we attend different meetings). Secondly, because Ethel has been pestering the bejusus out of me again. "Brian" she crys, "when am I going to get another of your magnificent columns for Scot?", and in vain I point out that there's something positively Fredurian about her desire to collect phallic symbols.

The story really begins at a Club meeting last July when the question of raising funds to support the 1965 London Worldcon was discussed. A real bull session developed, many ingenious and crafty ideas were put forward, but nothing seemed to come out that offered a cast-iron certainty for making sufficient brass. Some of the suggestions were very interesting; for example, if you cast your mind back to those faraway days you may dimly recall two young ladies who were prominent in the news at that time, their names were Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies. Well Frances and Ethel gallantly offered to have a bash at this, but after consideration we decided against it for it didn't seem fair that they should have to do all the work. Anyway it had been done before and we really did want to be original. I should explain that there were no authors present at this discussion;

Someone suggested that we should sell the Club Library, but it was quickly pointed out that we'd been trying to do this for the past two years already. Then someone else suggested that we should rob a bank.

For a while the Club continued along its normal course, but underneath things were simmering until one evening a quick flurry of conversation



revealed that we had all been contemplating robbery. For once in the history of the Club it was united and after a short discussion it was agreed that the event should take place as one of the Club's usual Sunday outings. It was a sign, perhaps, of the unique amity of the occasion that when Betty Peter's said, "Actually it'll be a SINDay outing" everybody laughed hilariously and nobody threatened to hit her. Our only disagreement was over which bank we should break into. Ted Forsyth wanted to do one near Regents Park so that he could spend the rest of the afternoon photographing the animals. Jimmy Groves, our young idealist, suggested rather romantically that we should have a day trip to Monte Carlo for the occasion. A great traditionalist is our Jimmy.

In the end, when it looked as if we'd never agree, it all happened quite by chance. This particular Sunday, following our usual practise of visiting well-known London beauty spots, we'd taken our sandwiches and cameras down to Tooting Bec. Suddenly we were caught in the middle of the High Street by a heavy downpour, causing us to dash like mad into the nearest doorway. Well, as you may have guessed, it just happened to be a bank doorway, but this may well have led to absolutely nothing if I hadn't indulged my normal habit of preferring to prop something up rather than stand on my own two feet. The door I was leaning on creaked and started to swing open. All eyes turned and a silence fell.

Here we were with what seemed a truly miraculous opportunity and not a single safebreaking tool amongst us. Also the local citizenry was out in force, taking their constituonals, and would surely note the disappearance of a dozen bodies into a bank. Mind you, we didn't mind about the English. None of our business, they'd say, and anyway bloody good luck to you. Unfortunately there's so many foreigners around these days, Tibetans, Zulus, Scots, etc., that one of them would surely create a disturbance. Still one doesn't spend the formative years of one's life reading space-opera without learning the heroic art of improvisation. Someone hacked Ella on the shins and soon there was a nice thick blue fog around us. And so we entered.

Now the problem was to get into the strongroom. Jimmy thought that a piece of stale salami from one of his sandwiches might be used to force back the catch. Ted had other ideas and was busy with a penknife carving a key from a stick of celery. Peter Mabey, on the other hand, had produced his extension tubes and was concentrating, to the exclusion of all else, on the problem of photographing the lock mechanism. Typically, it was Brian Burgess who actually tried the handle and found that the door was unlocked. Nothing now stood between us and wealth!

At that moment the clock on Totting Bec Town Hall struck five. The Club has some fine old traditions and I can proudly record that there was not one objection when Ted produced the gavel and pronounced the business meeting in session. Ethel read the minutes of the last meeting which were full of her usual wit and humour and gained much appreciative laughter. Ian Peters, the Treasurer, commented that although the funds were rather low he had high hopes of an improvement in the near future. Taking no chances, however, he went round and collected the dues. Finally we

moved on to the venue of the next meeting. Keith Orter proposed that we should come here again as we were having such a good time, but this notion was defeated as most members felt that we might be getting into a rut. It was finally agreed that we should try the Lloyds Bank at Hammersmith Broadway. The meeting then closed at 5.47pm.

We immediately got down to the task of searching out the loot, but soon discovered that there wasn't a pennypiece in the place. In Ella's own immortal words: "Some essing, beeing bees have beeing-well been here before us!" It was generally agreed that this, if anything, was a slight understatement. As Ian said, it just shows you what a lousy state this country's in when honest people can't rob a bank without finding that some crook has been there before them. He also felt that it might have something to do with the Common Market.

Anyway we agreed that it was little use hanging around there anymore, and we might just as well finish off the night at Ella's. Now we hadn't been back more than an hour when the doorbell rang. "It's probably Fred" said Ella, but it wasn't - it was a policeman. He surveyed us with a forbidding eye. "Members of the Science Fiction Club of London, I arrest you in the name of the Law. And you'd better come along quietly."

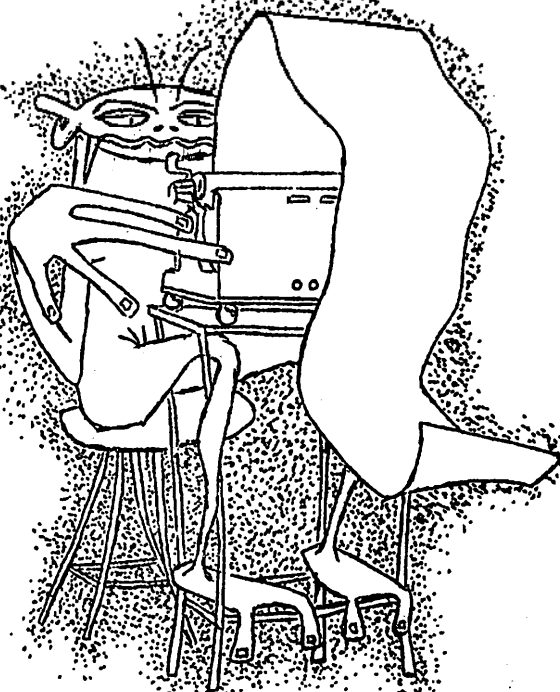
Why then, you may ask, am I able to sit typing this at home instead of doing it for publication in the "News of the World", for hard cash? A good question. Fortunately for the flower of fandom, as all readers of detective-fiction know, the sleuth can never resist explaining his genius to the baffled villains. Alf, as we found he was called, was promenading his beat when he noticed that the bank door was ajar. Easing it open he peered inside and what did he see but this simply enormous clue. Even the cleverest of criminals make mistakes and we were no different for there, in front of the strongroom door, as large if not larger than life crouched Peter Mabey, still single-mindedly concentrating on photographing that lock.

Whilst Alf was expounding at considerable length Ella had placed a pint of tea in his hand and the atmosphere had got so friendly by the time he had finished that he felt rather embarrassed at having to arrest us all. Actually, he confessed, he didn't really want to, but he'd always dreamed of seeing his name in print and this looked like a golden opportunity. He'd hardly got the words out before Ethel was busy describing the joys of OMPA and how he could see his name in print regularly four times a year. Ella suggested that if he joined the Worldcon committee he would get his name in the programme. Needless to say Alf is now on the Concon, is a fully-fledged member of the Club, and you'll see his name, Alf Grimshaw, on the OMPA waiting-list.

We actually held an ad-hoc meeting there and then and swiftly elected Alf a member before he returned to his beat. As he picked up his helmet and headed for the door, he was brought up short by a sharp Scots voice. "Hang on a wee second, laddie. Annual subscription ten shillings, if ye dinna mind." Then, in a kinder tone, "But ye'll nae hae to pay yer half-croon this week."

Brian Varley

# Letters



Colin Freeman  
Ward 3  
Scotton Bank Hospital  
Knaresborough, Yorks

"How true your reply to Harry Warner that nursing is more a question of "having a knack" than anything else. Here at Scotton we have a considerable number of auxiliary nurses (with no training whatsoever) yet some of them give injections and suchlike far more competently than some of the trained staff. Conversely I have known an SRN to place a bedpan upside down beneath the patient! Whenever I am a victim for student nurses' first injection I am always consoled by the knowledge that she's more scared than I am.....I agree with you about "Glory Road" Ethel. I had to pack it in half way through and this is a very rare occasion for me. I was terribly disappointed, especially after enjoying "Stranger" so much. I would sum it up in one word-corny!" ++Will pass your 'hospital' remarks with a sigh..dear dear..and move on to "Glory Road". I finished reading this because of a review by Ted White in his zine MINAC. He had said that Heinlein had some good points to make at the beginning and the end.++B+

Boyd Raeburn  
189 Maxome Ave.  
Willowdale.  
Ontario, Canada.

"Good on John Roles. ("good on" is an Aylmer, Quebec expression) and his comments re Estate Duty. As neither I nor my heirs are likely to be affected by such taxes, I take an impersonal view, and in my old-fashioned individualistic way I am rather rocked by the concept of "This guy is loaded, so it's perfectly o.k. to take most of it away from him." I know little of English tax law, but Keith Otter's solution wouldn't apply in Canada, for in Canada the donor would run foul of "gift tax". In Canada there is much official concern over Canadian business coming under American control. Oh, there is much weeping and wailing by the



and what can we do to stop it? they keep asking each other piteously. But let us consider a case where a man owns a large business: he dies, and the business has to be sold in order to pay the estate taxes. But can Canadian buyers be found? Rarely. So to whom is the family forced to sell this Canadian industry? Why, to those nasty ol' Americans. While on the subject of taxes, may I point out that one of Marx's prime proposals for the overthrow of capitalism was the imposition of a stiff graduated income tax. And which countries have the stiffest graduated income taxes? I wonder that no U.S.Senator has accused the U.S.Bureau of Internal Revenue as being an agent of the Comintern. So now I wait for your readers to spring to the defense of the graduated income tax. It would be interesting as I have yet to hear a good defense." +++I have my opinion on this subject; but to explain it I would need to quote numerals and percentages. Now: my mind goes blank(as all my friends will tell you) at even the mention of numerals---so I am peering out hopefully to some reader to come to my aid and refute this point of Boyds'. +++

Brian W.Aldiss  
24 Marston Street  
Iffley Road  
Oxford.

"I must drop you a line before you hear from ten other sources. It looks as if I shall be off to Yugoslavia next March, for several months. Fabers have commissioned me to write a travel book; this is a great chance for me to embark on a new leg of career, though of course I shall not be giving up sf...Although no doubt you are sick of old John Baxter and me, I'm sending you yet another verse against the man. Incidentally, much as we hate each other, this is a friendly exchange. To prove it, inspect the introduction of my current short story collection, *Airs of Earth*; that has an amiable reference to John Baxter." +++Congratulations on the new leg...just so's you are here for '65 is all I ask.....+++

Sf: A Culmination

Ah, BAXTER, flattery - but this you know -  
Will get you nowhere, though it comes in rhyme!  
Yet still we warmly hope your skill will grow  
To make you Metre's Master and, in time,  
A Lord of Language, Prince of Words, and lo! -  
King of the old King Street P.O.

Your point of course is taken: sf tales  
Should not be idle dreams; to nourish wit,  
Substance is needed. But, when all else fails,  
I still say fancy has some meat in it  
Where you (as I) must feed when true fact ails.  
A case in point: your belching whales.

So let us to this duel of verse give pause -  
Ah, BAXTER, face it, fighting to the death'll  
Please our readers! And these wars  
Take up the space that should belong to Ethel;  
So let us go our ways (adding this clause:  
I in the way of truth, and you in yours.)

Brian Aldiss

## Letters 3

Mike Dockinger  
14 Salem Court  
Metuchen.  
New Jersey.USA

"The folksingers who ran into trouble with the police in "SUNDAY" were finally permitted to continue as they had been doing for so many weeks previously until the cops thoughtlessly stepped in. I've been to a few such gatherings myself at Washington St. Park during the summer, where the riot took place. There has never been any rowdiness or deliberate antagonism when I was present and these exhibitions have almost become tradition with the Village. And while the films may have been intended to refute the image of a glorious and untroubled America, in some cases this motive backfired. The defiant students, the determined civil rights leaders and marchers, and all the others who actively opposed the authorities revealed in these films were some of the most inspiring examples of American citizenry depicted. These were people demonstrating for their beliefs and ideals, in the face of a juggernaut of deceit, untruths and hypocrisy. What more inspiring image can you present than this one? Further, there are a goodly number who actively deplore HUAC and all it stands for, and these are not confined to any country or specific political leaning. The basic assumption that HUAC tries to maintain; that those who are against it are communists, is just a step removed from the unjust impositions of a tyranny in which one power-mad individual is given absolute rule over everyone of diversified working classes and affiliations. The most recent example was probably Hitler in Germany, whose his insane actions slashed Germany so irreparably that a thousand years from now (optimistically assuming we'll still be around then) he will still be a reviled part of history. Dictatorships can be instituted in the name of freedom and democracy, as well as totalitarianism. The labels are just an excuse to establish absolute rule." ++ That was certainly my reaction to the films..but the point I was making was - that if you have stereotyped ideas to begin with you can twist the meaning of the films around.. I do not think they should be shown to a foreign audience without first a very clear lecture on what it is all about. ++

Peter Singleton  
Ward 2  
Whittingham Hospital  
Nr.Preston. Lancs.

"Your editorial comment on Sid Birchby's is very interesting. Ethel:(quote)"Thanks for telling me that the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots is in Peterborough Cathedral..next time I'll go inside"(unquote) Do you think there will be room enough for two people? ....I have no political inclinations at all and I thought the whole subject was a crashing bore until Miss Keeler entered the field and livened up the proceedings. What's this? You didn't like THE DRAGON MASTERS? I hereby declare on solemn oath that Ethel Lindsay is a Fugg-headed Fakefan!" ++Nitpicker!!++

Ian Peters  
88 Newquay Rd.  
Catford.London.  
SE6

"I had a good laugh at you jumping to the defense of the Americans during your interview with the Young Socialists, but I am grieved that a good Socialist like yourself should have, apparently, allowed your judgement to be clouded by the hospitality you received, while in the States, from a few nice Americans. I cannot for the life of me see why such a trip should have so influenced you that you should feel compelled to defend America so viscerously. It

is like estimating the worth of a painting; one can approach closely and admire the brushwork but it is also essential to stand well back and gain the overall appearance. You have met several highly selected representatives, mostly well-off, I gather, during, mostly, festive occasions and just what conclusions this enables you to draw, I am unable to decide. Just for a laugh, Betty and I tried to make up a list of facets of American life we really admired. Note, one must consider America, not just Americans, (especially not just "Americans I have known"), but America as a social/political/judicial/economic system. I was brought up in the post-war, "let's love US."/"blood brothers across the ocean" era, on a diet of Reader's Digest & National Geographic Mag. but in spite of this propaganda, the more I learned of the facts the more disillusioned I became. Frankly, my list bogged down after the Smithsonian (founded by an Englishman!). Please note: I am not questioning your judgement concerning the Americans you met; I am questioning the relevance of your experiences as regards the wider questions of American politics, etc.etc.etc." +++I doubt that such a stout Tory as yourself seriously believes that there is such a thing as a "good Socialist." The majority of Americans that I met may have been highly selective; but they were not "mostly well-off". I think that many of them would not be in as high an income bracket as yourself. A list of facets of American life that I admire would be much longer than your own, certainly too long to insert into the body of this letter column. I'll cite it, however, in NATTERINGS.+++

Robert Coulson  
Route 3  
Wabash, Indiana

"I bow to Redd Boggs as an authority on the acquisition of fortunes...There is such a thing as a "benevolent dictator", however. Benevolence consists of doing what's right for the country (in practice, in doing what the viewer/critic feels is "right for the country", which may or may not be the same thing) You're quibbling when you say that he can't be benevolent regarding everybody -- no government or society can do that, but the term still has relevance when applied to government or society. Of course, since "power corrupts", benevolent dictators are extremely rare in the real world. Tch; what do you have against fantasy? Even "Space Viking" wasn't all that bad, though admittedly it was space opera pure and simple and it got quite simple in spots. And if you don't like fantasy and sword and sorcery, you should have loved "Glory Road" because Heinlein was poking a surprising amount of sly fun at the entire field ( a fact which an amazing number of fans refuse to believe). +++ I wouldn't have called it "sly fun" but rather that he thought..I'll show 'em how easy this stuff is to read off..my theory is that he wrote it between breakfast and lunch! I think that is one of the reasons I do not care for fantasy..it is so old and every version of the 'adventure' has been written up. But my biggest peeve is at the females in fantasy. Cardboard the sf females may be..but the fantasy ones are mostly drips.+++

Rick Snoary :

"The UN: I hope it will be the home of all nations. I'm discouraged at times, especially as the Conservative voice became louder in our land. But, then there are bright eyes that go out and join the Peace Corp, and I hope...It is almost impossible for most people to understand that some people could be pro-Communist, and not be working for the USSR. Or that



Communist could be fore something that was not politically related--But it is sad to see liberals with closed minds.--Fandom may end as the last holdout for the free of mind." +++I like that phrase of yours - "Bright eyes"..isn't it nice that there are always some who look at life through bright eyes?+++

Dick Schultz  
19159 Helen  
Detroit 34  
Michigan USA

"I'm rather proud of our Marches and Freedom Rides and whatnot. Never before in the history of the world has a people fought without violence for their rights and never before have they been approaching so gratifyingly the very rights they seek...no nation other than the Scandinavians have ever met the protests of their minorities without repressing them first. If you think England gained her freedoms bloodlessly, let me disillusion you. I think it is a marvellous triumph for civilisation, law, order and humanity that any group can seek redress without reaching for their rifles first...No, I don't really think those films shown are basically anti-American. Minds that use them to hit at the USA could turn anything into a weapon against us, so I'm not too worried that some say that the films prove something is wrong. Rather they prove that something is right. That, by Ghu, we're not quick-quick swallowing whole some cure-all pancrea like Hate America. Pancreas are the easy way out. Some people would probably like the US to simply proclaim a fait by which everyone is equally free and has equal liberties. Wonderful. But first, write up such a bill for me where it hasn't got some loopholes and gaps in it wide enough to let Longstreet's Corps thru. And then figure out a way to enforce it without taking away some of the freedoms of other people. What no one seems to realise is that we're doing just that. And doing it through the actions of the very people who stand to gain the most from such laws(in other words..it is no gift, it is something being fought for and try not to tell me that that doesn't make it all the sweeter to the negro). And maybe most important of all, doing it at such a rate as to make the change not a sudden and schismatic and long-wounding one but to make a gradual process. The last time we tried a sudden clean-cut fiat. It took us forty years to get over that one and Jim Crow was the reaction to the too-sudden swing to power for the negroes. As a point about the Civil War and the Emancipation Proclamation..Lincoln, a very wise man intended neither to de-franchise the Confederates nor to free all the slaves at the same time and to do so without compensating the owners in some way. The way the Reconstruction Congress did it made Jim Crow inevitable, when the southern whites re-gained the vote. We're just now getting around to doing things the legal and procedural way it should have been done a century ago. And what's more I'd bet that this way would make real integration possible sooner and with a heck of a lot less friction than any dictatorial pronouncement ever could, too. And as you pointed out, a dictator is going to have to step on some toes. A legal process will too. But it'll be the will of the people, not the will or whim of some mighty despot, that's for sure!" That's telling 'em, Dick!+++

## Letters 6

Harry Warner  
423 Summit Ave  
Hagerstown  
Maryland,USA

"I heard Ted Sturgeon make similar remarks about civic responsibilities to those you quoted. The sound is impressive but I have my doubts that there is any particular truth in Ted's exhortation. I attend court hearings even when I don't want to, I

not only know my senator and the representative from this district by name but also as acquaintances, and I don't see that it's made any difference in my life or in the effect that I've had on the world. The politically conscious citizen seems to me to be about as useful and necessary as the person who tries to cope with a flood with a tincup. The only way to help run the country better is by becoming a politician, as important a politician as possible, just as the only suitable battle against floods consists of large earthworks, proper land management, and erection of buildings at the proper places. Theoretically I suppose that if I'm politically conscious I'll set an example that may encourage others to imitate me. But it hasn't worked out that way over the past couple of centuries in this country, where the number of persons who vote intelligently and write letters to their congressmen and do the other advisable things are still such a small minority as to have no real effect against the masses who vote for the person whose face they prefer on the television screen or join the Goldwater movement because someone said that he'll keep the n-----s in their place." +++ I think I'll sum up my answer to that in 3 rather hackneyed quotations--- "Great oaks from little acorns grow/" "Mony a mickle nak's a muckle" and "They also serve who only stand and wait."-r++

Seth Johnson  
339 Stiles St  
Vaux Hall  
New Jersey.USA

"I wish Heinlein would write a non fiction book presenting what he really thinks and what his philosophy and attitude to life really is. First he comes out with a militarist almost fascist philosophy in his STARSHIP TROOPER, Then he comes out

with a high sexed religion with slot machines and sex in church. Finally he comes out with this last one. Three entirely different philosophical outlooks, find no indication of which is truly his. What does the man believe in then?" ++I wouldn't say the philosophy as such is very much varied..there is the 'tough' outlook in them all..the women are quite unrealistic in them all..there is a good deal of contempt also though it is not always clearly directed..I find lots of similarities...++  
YWe also heard from..but do not have room to quote sorry..John-Henri Holmberg, Rory Faulkner, and Dr Dupla..

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All comments are passed on to the contributors concerned—

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# matterings



First: I'd better present that list for Ian Peters who wants to know what aspects of America I admire. I'd head off with the Declaration of Independance if only for the following sentence alone:- "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." I'd include the fact that America is not burdened by our class conciousness. I'd praise the American ability to criticise itself and quote Thurber and Lehrer. I'd cite schemes like the Rockefeller Foundation and the Peace Corps. I also admire America's contributions to modern culture such as their novelists - ours are puerile in comparison - stack Amis against Mary McCarthy! I like their singers; our own seem poor imitations..we have no Ella... All that is new in Art today is coming out of America; their experiments in architecture are exhilarating. Jazz came out of America; Science fiction came out of America..and so did fandom.

The majority of peoples in other countries aspire to America's standard of living; and it is good to keep an eye on what happens over there. What happens there today - comes to us tomorrow. Should you wish to know what happens to people experiencing general affluence..just take a look over the Atlantic - it will come to us soon. If you want to know what the effect of automotion will be; heave a look - the problem is just beginning to come up



and hit them in the face. I'll add another aspect that I admire; their way of choosing a President. Imperfect it may be, but preferable to the way in which we have watched ourselves acquire a Prime Minister? I think so. Not that my list will appease Ian. The only thing in America of which he approves...I think...are the Red Indians.

I have decided after consultation with my contributors to take SCOTTISHE out of OMPA and make it a genzine. This fanzine has been a genzine for quite some time now. I run off 170 copies of which only 50 go to OMPA. It is my hopeful intention to re-start my zine of comment HAVERINGS at the end of January. This will be my trade item and perhaps I can then make a slash at the SCOT mailing list. And what shall be the aim of SCOT now that it is out into the cold hard world? A fairly modest one: we hope to entertain and maybe win a HUGO one day.

#### WHAT IS A POLITICIAN?

Politics is a subject which has often been debated in the fanzines. Certainly the pros and cons of liberalism, conservatism, civil rights, CND, etc have been well chewed over. Yet I have not seen much discussion of the fundamentals such as my question...what is a politician? So I turn to the dictionary; it is one that MachiaVarley rather pointedly gave me for Christmas one year. This is what I find -

Politician: 1.One skilled in the science of government.

2.One active in political parties;office seeker,one adept at gaining favour.

Politics: 1.The theory and practice of government.

2.Social conniving for personal gain.

It seems that even in the dictionary one can see the ambivalent attitude of the majority of people to politics and politicians. On the one hand - "skilled in the science of government" and "the theory of government". On the other hand - "adept at gaining favour" and "social conniving". This attitude was best shown in a famous Gallop poll---Mothers wished their sons to grow up to be President...but some 73 per cent did not want them to become politicians in the process!

I prefer my own definition:-

Politician:One skilled at getting people to do what he wants.

Politics:The art of making people vote for your policies.

Using my definition you can see that we all indulge in politics; that to live among other people we must learn the art(or skill) of getting them to do what we want. It doesn't always work out of course; sometimes we must do what the other person wants - but that's life! We learn early that we cannot have it all our own way and must adapt to the majority view.Should we want to change the majority view to our way of thinking; then we must use politics. The other alternatives are force or failure.

It seems to me that first of all a politician must be one who is good at communicating with other people; he must have an over-riding sense of the rightness of his own policies. To progress in the political field he must

learn how to compromise so that he may achieve his own ends. He must have a bit of the actor in him, have the gift of the gab, and above all - be a tireless worker. In such men I find an increasing interest; for by their deeds (sometimes by their inertia) the life around me is planned. I have been reading..the list goes in a way you may trace ---

"Advise and Consent" by Allen Drury  
"The Making of the President" by Theodore H. White  
"Report of the County Chairman" by James Michener  
"Kennedy or Nixon?" by Arthur Schlesinger  
"Profiles in Courage" by John F. Kennedy  
"The Un-Americans" by Frank J. Donner  
"The Conscience of a Conservative" by Barry Goldwater  
"The Fabulous Rockefellers" by Robert Silverberg. This is our Bob...  
"The Quotable Mr Kennedy" edited by Gerald Gardner  
"The Cuban Invasion" by Szule and Meyer  
"Hawaii" by James Michener  
"A State of Difference" by Allen Drury  
"Kennedy in Power" by Professor Crown  
"The World's End Series" by Upton Sinclair.  
"Roosevelt in Retrospect" have lent this one out so cannot give the author  
At this point I read one about President Eisenhower by Sherman Adams which I had out from the public library.  
"John F. Kennedy, President. A Reporters Inside Story" by Hugh Sidey.  
"The Psychology of Politics" by H.J. Eysenck.

This last was a disappointment to me: it discussed exclusively why and how people vote as they do, it never mentioned once - what is a politician and why? You may wonder why so much about President Kennedy in my list. It started by accident, but continued by design. How better to study politicians than by studying one man - and there does seem to be an unlimited supply about him.

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It is now November 29th - all the above was written before I heard the dreadful news of President Kennedy's assassination on November 22nd. I had intended stopping there and awaiting comment with interest. That I go on is not that I think I can say what others have said better; or write what others have written more elegantly - but because I must.

On my visit to America I received many presents from my generous hosts. I came to prize one very much - a book "The Making of the President 1960" - given to me by Anna and Len Moffatt. In the last week I have heard many people talk of President Kennedy as a man who could "fire the imagination" and this is what happened to me as I read this book. Before I was halfway through the campaign slogan "All The Way With JFK" most certainly applied to me.

After that I read all I could about him and by him; and I gradually came to pin all my hopes for the future upon him. He spoke with such a sane voice and for the things in which I believe. I might not have put

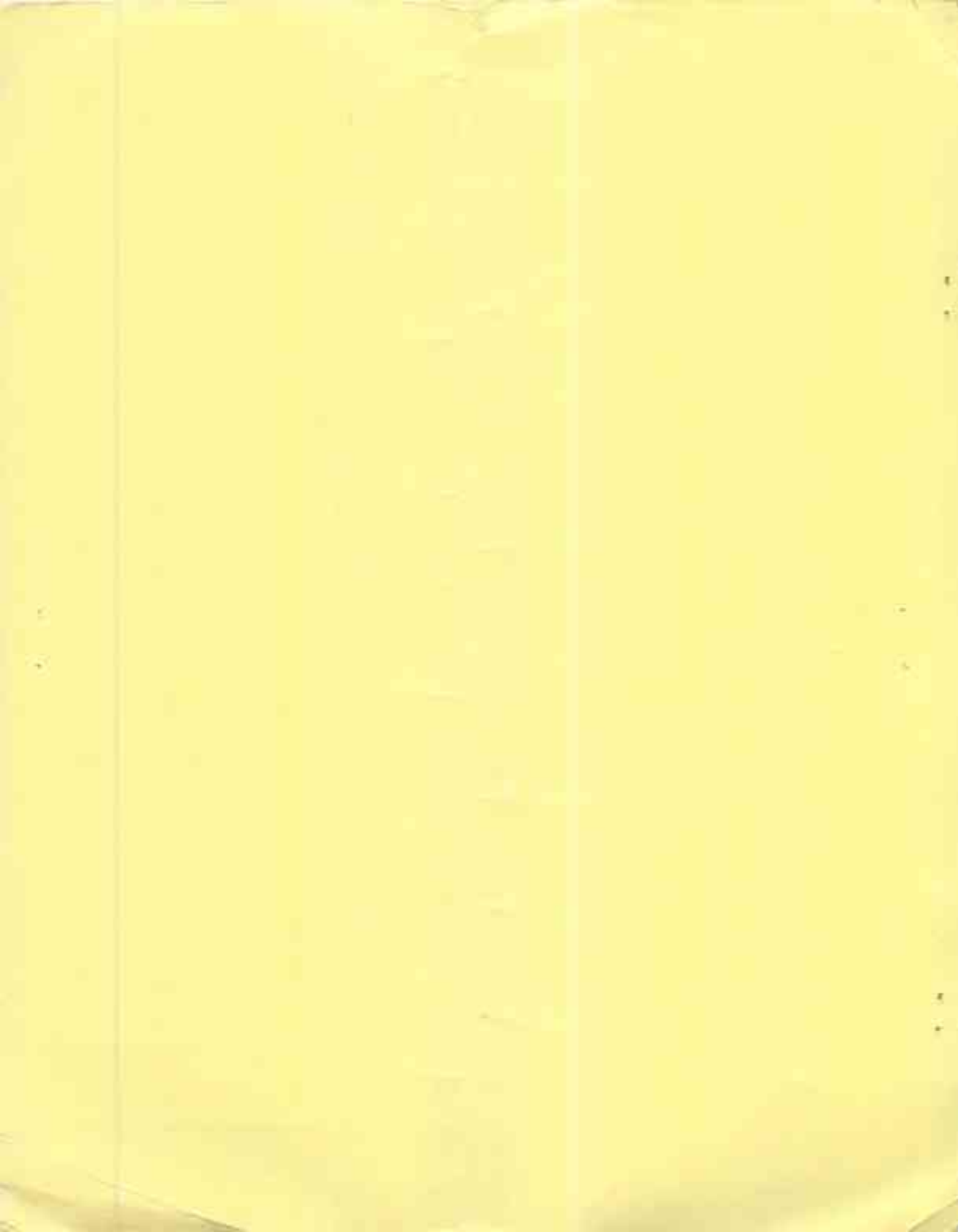
all my hopes so completely upon this man had I heard voices of inspiration here at home. But the voices over here said - "You've never had it so good" whilst he said "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." The leaders over here vied with each other in promises for my vote; whilst he stood up and spoke out for unpopular measures. This earned him not only unpopularity but hatred -- so much so that it endangered his chances of re-election. He got little praise for it: on the one side they said he went too fast; on the other that he did not do enough. It seemed to me he was doing his best; and certainly more than others had done before him.

At first I could not believe he was dead, a general feeling I know, but the grief that came from the realisation of all he could have done was very painful. It was Monday before I could think clearly of all the implications. I tried to console myself with the thought that President Johnson seems a good man; that there are still two Kennedy brothers; that there are men like Adlai Stevenson

Last night I listened to President Johnson's Thanksgiving speech, and began to feel some slight ease of mind. Maybe the life that was lost will not be wasted after all; perhaps this terrible tragedy will make people more tolerant of others. I can begin to hope so - I guess I just can't bear it unless I have something to hope for.

Ethel Lindsay  
Nov.29th 1963







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