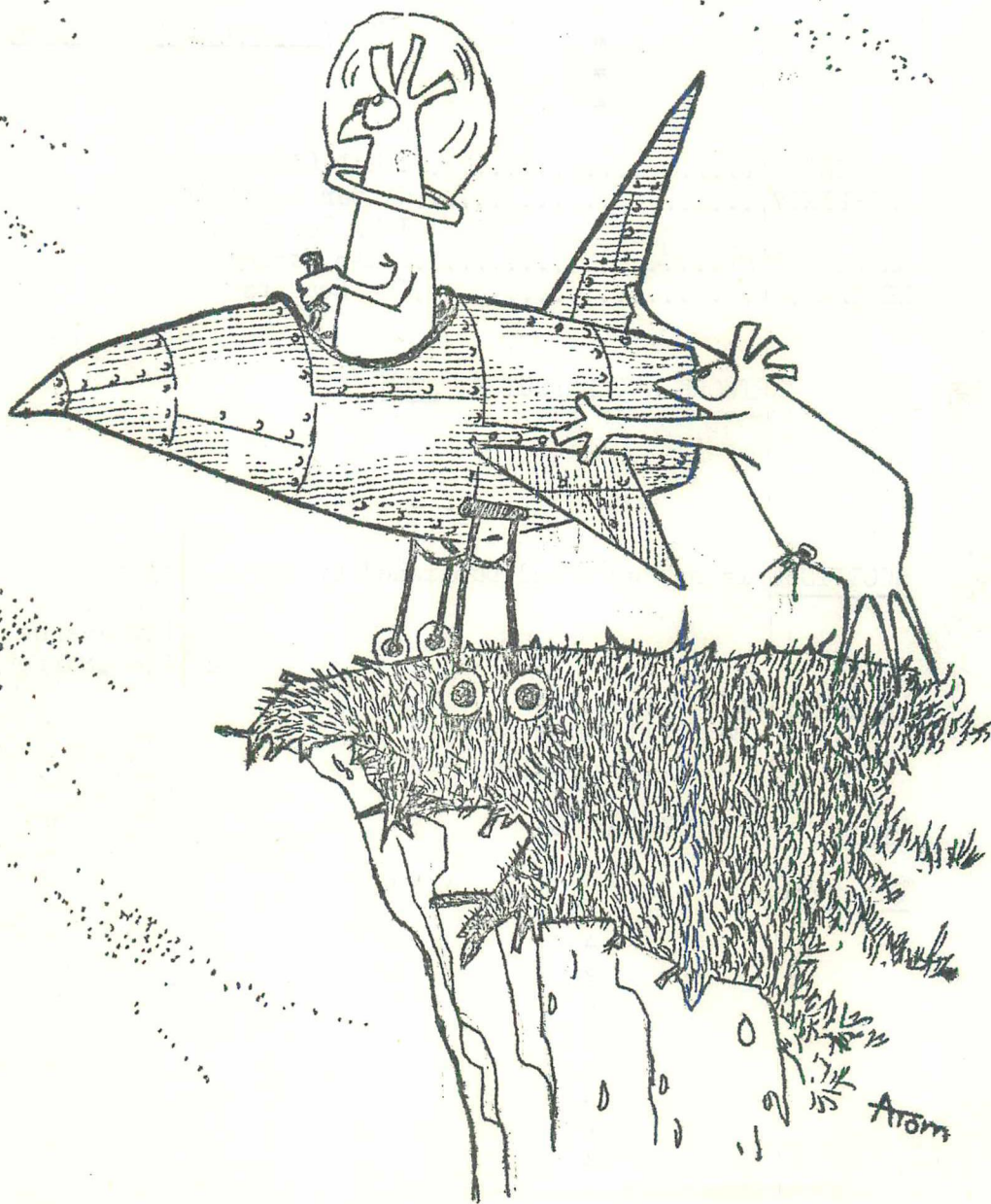


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JANUARY 1966

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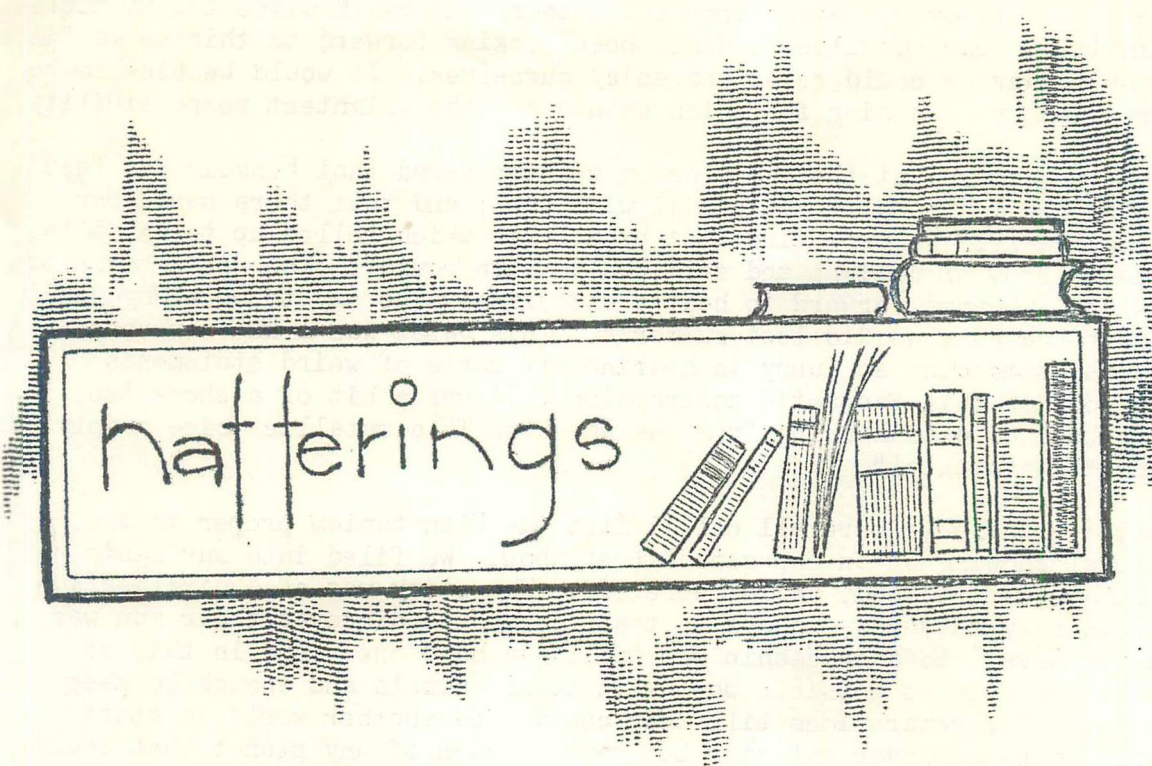
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hatterings

The last issue of SCOT came out in February of last year. I had hoped to keep to my quarterly schedule; but I soon realised that I'd never be able to cope with the Worldcon and my publishing schedule both. Regretfully, I had to let the latter go. I would like to thank the many faneds who still kept me on their trade list. I suppose it was because there is a bond between faneds that makes us look kindly upon sudden long gaps in publishing. After all, we never know what is going to hit us next... let's hope that very few of you ever get struck by the dread Worldcon Committee disease that harried me so last summer.

Not that I regret it. 1965 was the most exciting year for me in fandom since the year I was TAFF delegate. The mail alone was something stupendous. I soon found myself with a briefcase crammed with folders; correspondance that required indexing; file cards in two boxes; and every night saw me hunched over the typer. After it was all over it was quite hard to stave off complete gafia; and I certainly haven't got the energy to write it all up. Besides, I keep hoping someone else will!

However, there is one part that only the committee know about, which may interest you. A feature of this worldcon was the interest engendered outside fandom which came from newspapers, the BBC, and the publishers. No less than four firms gave receptions for the authors who were present and really did our guests proud. Gollantz, Dobsons, and Mayflower all hired a room at the hotel to do this, but Penguin topped the lot by

Natterings 2

hiring the Planatarium. This affair took place on the Monday night after the con was all over. Apart from the authors and their wives the committee was invited. Our committee had all been looking forward to this as we felt that by Monday we could relax and enjoy ourselves. It would be nice to be entertained by something for which we had not the slightest responsibility.

When we arrived at the Planatarium we discovered that Penguin had laid out tables all around the main hall with eats; and that there was a bar flowing freely. We were first met by a Dalek which rolled up to us. Ella let out a crow of delight and said, "Oh do turn round". The Dalek began to speak and I leaned forward to hear a masculine voice say to me - "Why don't we twist again as we did last summer?". This Dalek was a huge success--- there was something so funny in hearing all sorts of weird statements coming out of this fantastic contraption. It was a bit of a shock too, having been used to hearing from the Dalek (on TV) a metallic voice mainly saying "Exterminate!".

After a while we were all called into the Planatarium proper to see the first showing of an experimental sf show. We filed into our seats, the lights were dimmed, and we were off. The story was of a civilisation that was very advanced; enough so that they could discover their sun was about to nova. So a spaceship was built - a huge one - and in this as many of the race as possible went with their animals and enough to keep them going for generations till they could find another world to start again. We roamed over galaxies but never a sign of any planet that could be used, a planet with exactly the right atmosphere upon which this race could live. At last, after many galaxies they came to one. The speaker described it (and his audience was mentally tallying off the planets) how this one was no good, how they proceeded to the next and it was hopeless too until - are you with me? - they reached the planet which was exactly as their home planet and success had crowned their flight. Only --- it was not the third planet from the sun!

The commentator went on to tell us that it wasn't really success because by this time the race was dying out; only the last survivors could make it and they would leave no descendants. Their only hope was the animals - they were still breeding. They had high hopes that one of their animals might eventually evolve into something rather like themselves. The show ended on this high note of hope and we all straggled out arguing fiercely. Had the writers made a mistake in not choosing the third planet from the sun? Impossible---not at the Planatarium! Then what was the point in avoiding such an ending? Don Wollheim came up with what I thought was the best explanation. The idea was that this show would eventually be presented to the public. Don felt that perhaps the writers had chickened out at the notion of giving the general public a story which strongly implied that we were mere descendants of the domestic animals of another race. I never did find out!

After that we amused ourselves with the many gambling machines that were scattered around the hall; and I soon ran out of pennies. The best at the game, that I could see, was Judy Blish, she certainly could win the money! I went looking for the Dalek and found, behind a pair of swing

doors two females helping a man to get out of the Dalek..so I had a good look inside. It was a hollow sphere that divided in half. The lower half had a seat strung across on which you sat whilst the upper part was lowered over you. I had cherished ambitions to get inside myself..but then I discovered that the locomotion was obtained by walking! Hard work -the occupant assured me. The gliding motion which masked the fact that someone was walking inside was obtained by rollers all around, this also gave a smothth turning movement. This walking business did not deter many however; quite a few of the authors could be detected rolling around squeaking -"Exterminate!" The funniest sight was Harry Harrison who managed to be inside with an arm stuck out demanding "Whisky".

When Ella and I got back to the hotel we got the idea that it was high time that we invited somebody up to our suite. We had a very magnificent suite which, up till now, had only been seen by Ella's brother Fred. It had been a real haven to ~~was~~ all weekend. The only trouble was that we seemed to take turns in sleeping! On the first night I had tossed and turned all night, too excited to sleep; whilst Ella slept soundly in the neighbouring bed. The second night I slept like a log; whilst she never managed to close an eye..and so it went! This being the last night we knew we did not have to get up early and so decided to invite all that we could find. Unfortunately by that time all the folks that were in sight were the survivors from the Planatarium bash. Quite a few begged off and went to bed, but we gathered up the Harry Harrisons, the Brian Aldisses, the Poul Andersons, the Bob Silverbergs, the Terry Carrs, Judith Merrill, Dick, Eney and Danny Flacha..the last two being the only fans we could find.

So, at last we had time to sit down and talk to some of these people and the hours flew by. What I remember most clearly was Judith's interrogation of Poul Anderson. "What would you do if you had all the money you'd want?" she asked. Poul had asserted he'd never write again if he didn't need the money. To Judith's question he promptly replied -"Try to win the America Cup". "Right", said Judith.."now you've got all the money you could want and you've won the America Cup..now what would you do?". Poul thought that one over a bit longer. Translate a long saga from the Danish was his next ambition. This, he told her firmly, would take him a long, long time. Judith persevered...he had done that, got all this money and won the America Cup("twice" said Judith, equally firmly.) Now what would he do? "Oh" said Karen,"own up. You know you would write." "Yes," said Poul with a sigh, "I'd write".

It was a nice party, I retain some good memories of it. Poul, I noted had very graceful hands and he just could not talk without using them. Karen and Carole Carr were two of the most fascinating women I've met and I'd love to know them better. There is a final memory, which has me chortling. When they had all gone I was still wide awake and full of perfidy..so I took out my camera and got a magnificent shot of Ella sound asleep on the sofa with her head on Danny's shoulder.

As secretary to the Worldcon committee I took down notes at all the meetings. I have culled a comment from each committee member which may amuse you. Of course I can only give samples of printable comments---

ALL: How to run a Worldcon-----don't!

P.S. Keith: at least not for another five years.....

* * * * *

It was early afternoon, I had been in the Labour Room of the maternity wing of my training school all day. There was only one expectant mother in at the time; a Mrs Russell, who was awaiting her second child. She had one little boy of two and was not particularly anxious for another. She had become resigned to the fact however, and was hoping for a girl. At last the signs came and Sister bustled up to watch my delivery of the child. Another boy and a normal delivery; I hadn't done anything wrong and heaved a sigh of relief. At first I was busy with the baby and was glad to leave the mother under the capable hands of Sister. By the time the nursery nurse had collected the baby I became aware that Sister had discovered that there was another baby still to come! I had a case of unsuspected twins on my hands. Sister immediately rang a three bell alarm, which alerted the whole maternity wing to the fact that something unusual was happening. At one minute only the three of us in the room; the next we were surrounded three deep by medical students and nurses. Not that I had time to worry about that; I had another delivery to cope with whilst already hot and tired.

Normally we all come into the world face downwards. This is why, as soon as a part of the head is visible, the nurse must press down firmly so that the largest part of the head does not come until the vagina is fully dilated. But there was something odd about the feel of this head. I tried to tell Sister but she was excited and kept hissing "press down" in my ear. As it dawned upon me that this baby was coming out face upwards I realised that I must reverse the technique and deliver the baby upwards. I tried to tell Sister that this was a "face presentation" but she was still hissing instructions at me all of which would have been the wrong thing to do. So, in the end, I ignored her and brought the baby out upwards and had the pleasure of seeing Sister silenced for once as she realised what was happening. The second baby was very small but his cry was lusty enough. Our audience rapidly dispersed and we were left in peace once again.

Mrs Russell was a kind-hearted woman, not too bright, and rather

overwhelmed by the sudden increase in her family; yet anxious to do her best for them. Next morning when I came on duty she informed me that, whilst the eldest boy would be called Angus, the youngest was to be called Lindsay after me. Lindsay Russell...it had a nice sound, I thought. They both proved to be difficult babies, reluctant to take their feeds and slow to put on weight. At last they went home and I turned to other pre-occupations. One day, about a month later, I was told they had been admitted to the Childrens ward on the General wing. They both had Gastro-Enteritis. That night I went up to see them and found Mrs Russell there. We talked quietly in whispers..."it was always such a job to get them to feed, and there's the eldest boy..he's always into everything..so energetic, I daren't leave him alone for a minute". We sighed at each other. "If only they had come a bit later" she said.

When I looked at them they seemed little different from when they had left our care; still far too small and both with a wizened unhealthy look. Angus died the next day, and Lindsay the day after. They both seemed to just fade away. Mrs Russell shed a tear or two; but who could blame her if they were partly tears of relief? I felt sad at seeing life snuffed out before it had hardly began..poor Lindsay Russell..I wonder what would have become of you had you lived?

When you look back why does it always seem as if the sun shone more in those days? I can remember pausing to look out the window and seeing brilliant sunshine pouring down on the hospital buildings. I had been almost five years here, I reflected, and I suppose I looked at the buildings sentimentally. I'd never want to go through these years again, but I felt rather proud that I had stuck it out. The last hurdle was before me - that of the Maternity examination.

I had done well in all my exams and perhaps that made me a little complacent. If so, I had forgotten that I no longer had our Sister Tutor Emma to prod me on; that this was a subject which I didn't have a real interest in; and that I was not studying nearly as much as usual. Suddenly the exam was almost upon us and I came awake with a start to realise that I was not at all sure on many parts of my subject. But, willy-nilly off we went by train to Perth to the maternity hospital there. We were each assigned a patient whom we had to examine, diagnose, and be prepared to talk learnedly about. A slight feeling of panic attacked me, the first time this had ever happened and so all the more frightening.

The patient whom I confronted was very helpful which steadied me a little so that I began to hope I might get through after all. An elderly male doctor, blinking kindly, came to question me and I acquitted myself fairly well. After that we were ushered in turn to another room where we were questioned by a lady doctor. I took one look at her efficient face and my heart sank. She handed me the skull of a baby and asked me to detail the points I should know. Under her keen eye I floundered..I did not know my stuff..and this was soon obvious. Further questions and she soon sat back satisfied that I just did not have a firm grasp of my subject. We were told our results before we left and, just as I thought, I had not passed. I kept a brave face on it whilst with my companions; but then hurried home as soon as I could.

At home I found my Father sitting by himself at the fire; my Mother was out. Poor Dad suddenly found me weeping loudly all over him. He was astounded because this was so unusual for me. It seemed to matter to me so much that I had failed. Now, I can't understand why. At all events, six months later I re-sat the examination and passed. I've never, ever had to use the knowledge since...

I was now a State Registered Nurse with a Maternity Nursing Diploma; and without a plan in my head as to what I wanted to do with my life. If I could go back to that girl I'd take her by the shoulders and kick her out of the country--anywhere just so long as it was abroad. That I tamely made no adventurously plans exasperates me now - so that I turn to the nearest young person I know and urge them to emigrate. It's not my fault that there is still a British fandom!

The main thing I seemed to be interested in was getting a job near home so that I could continue to pal around with my cousin Alison. This is the main reason I joined the Civil Nursing Reserve (the Forces were still full up). It was wartime and we were just teetering on the brink of the National Health Service. I was directed by the CNR to go to a hospital called Bangour on the outskirts of Edinburgh; and my scheme to be near Dundee fell flat at once. Not that I was particularly daunted; I thought that I would like Edinburgh.....

GALAXY is sponsoring a futuristic fashion show at Tricon, Sept 2-5th, 1966. Prizes will be color photos of the costumes; your design worn by a model in at least a 5X7 inch framed color photograph. Deadline Mar. 1st 1966
Categories (A) MALE (1) Main Costume

(2) Accessories

(B) FEMALE (1) Main Costume

(2) Accessories

(C) *CHILD (1) Main Costume

(2) Accessories (*Anyone under 14yrs of age. Indicate whether design is for male or female child)

(1) Main costume; dresses, gowns, suits, sports clothes etc.

(2) Accessories: hats, shoes, gloves, belts, sashes etc; anything extraneous to the main costume.

For further details write: Luise Petti, 601 S. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. California 90005.

Which reminds me.. I have been watching the latest fashion shows on tv and have reflected that the evryday wear gets more and more like the kind of costumes one has seen for years in the sf world. Guess the entrants for the above contest will have a hard time trying to top them. It also reminds me of a quote that I cut out from the Fashion column in the Sunday Times:-

"A recent study of pop clothes revealed to me with blinding clarity that they are not only for the birds but for the bird that used to be called plain or mousey. Today, that girl can have a ball if her skirt is short enough, her legs (no matter their shape) generously displayed in bright-

coloured tights, wildly patterned stockings, or tucked into boots; if her fringe dips far enough down over her heavily black-rimmed eyes or straggles in wild lengths over her shoulders. All this may not be fashion but it's a Fairy Godmother to many a Cinderella." The latest Paris fashions show skirts at 6 inches above the knee....we are going to get very tired of knees before this is all over!

At the end of 1964 I cut out a column which was called "A Preview of Annual Things", written by Russell Baker. Looking at it now I see that all one need do is alter the dates and stick in a couple of references to the length of skirts to make it as timely as ever. His first sentence sets the tone..."The new catalogue of things is just out, and it's enough to make a person give up and resign himself to being passé. Stay-ing hip in 196 will be harder than ever before. Most of this year's things are out." He goes on to list the things that are out (and I notice that he includes the Beatles on the grounds that parents are now getting to like them). Some of the things he lists as out, like the Watusi, I never did catch up with so as they are now out--I can feel I have saved some time. The new dance, he said would feature, "partners never re-joining each other. Thus it is a dance which expresses the fundamental senselessness of dancing in an age of lonely quiverers". From what I saw at our New Year party - they never join each other in the first place. In fact, in my opinion they have taken all the fun out of dancing. Those poor girls can't snuggle up to their partners any more. It was probably invented by a man who hates women.

I must include the next paragraph for the education of European women readers (the Americans know all about this) and I feel that Europe should be warned what is coming--the time lag is usually about two years. "The ladies will be glad to learn that they will no longer have to go the supermarket wearing those big hair curlers the color of wet bubble gum. The new supermarket thing defies description. Suffice to say that there is a great deal of plastic hosing and aluminium involved. It will express more intensely than ever before woman's 20th Century determination to go to the supermarket no matter what they look like".

Shades of my Mother who won't go along the street in sleepy old Carnoustie without putting on her hat...

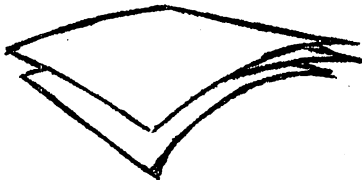
Baker points out that many people will probably decide that they simply cannot go on staying with it; and that every year a certain percentage of people usually drop out.

Bump.

The publishing schedule of SCOTTISHE is JAN. APR. AUG and OCT, bar any fannish or mundane catastrophe (like Worldcons and ulcers). Lots of you are getting this issue because I'm so guilt-stricken at the long gap between issues. Faneds receive this as a Trade. All others are warned that I can't afford too many free copies. If you are hard up too - a letter of comment will be very welcome.

Ethel Lindsay

Warblings



WALT
WILLIS

I REMEMBER ME.....

Having already spent three hours on this column without getting past the first paragraph, I am forced to a dread conclusion: Creeping Perfectionism has struck again. This disease is one of the most serious that can afflict a faned, since it can lead to annishthesia and permanent gafia, and like malaria it's never permanently cured.

I used to have it pretty bad myself. I remember my first letter section, for instance, in a forgotten fanzine called Inclinations which consisted of letters of comment on Slant. Slant had never had a letter section, since few people write letters of comment which cry out for immortalitytersely enough for a hand-set printed fanzine, so when I finally got myself a duplicator I had years of frustrated letter-section editing to work out of my system. That letter section was the most edited there has ever been. First I typed out all the interesting bits from the letters: then I rearranged them in what I felt was the most effective order; then I typed them **all out again** with a linking commentary so designed that the comments on one letter led on to the next one, the idea being that each quotation should fall into place with uncanny aptness; then I transcribed the lot onto stencil. By that time, as you'll have noticed, I had copied out each letter three times. And yet in the end I had a letter section not half as good as Max Keasler could produce with one hand tied behind his back.

What he had got, and what I had thrown away, was spontaneity. You knew that anything was likely to happen in a Keasler letter column, so you kept watching with the same fearful fascination that you watch live outside broadcast interviews on tv. Somebody might say something rude, and in Keasler's fanzines they often did. It's arguable that the best letter section is one that is not edited at all, like Forry Alerman's VOM. That was claimed to be the Mirror of Fandom, and with some justification, because Forry took pride in reproducing each letter with photographic completeness, even down to the signature. You knew that what you were getting were the readers' reactions to Forry and his fanzine, not what he wanted you to think they were.

In the same way it occurs to me perhaps that I am wasting my time by trying to impose some sort of thematic continuity on the quotations which make up this column. It's a temptation to link up letters one with another, discerning trends and all that, but if I were writing a Decline And Fall of Sixth Fandom I wouldn't be writing this column at all. All it was ever meant to be was a final wastebasket for my correspondence files, and people who expect something else from it are looking for silk purses in a piggery. I only hope there are enough of you others, people like me who like reading other people's mail, to out-number them.

12.Feb.1954. Robert Bloch on fan activity and pro writing:

"As to my fan activity being a secret vice...vice it may be, but hardly a secret one. The reason for my indulgence is so basurdlly simple (I started out to write 'absurdly simple' but now that I see the neologism I think I'll leave it that way: isn't it a dirty looking word?)

In the words of AdoAnnie (a character in 'Oklahoma' which is as you know the American equivalent of 'Hearts of Oak') my trouble is that I can't say no. Somebody writes and asks for an article, chances are if the request is at all reasonable I'll oblige. Get roped into all kinds of fanactivity that way. too. (Did I hear some cosher in the back of the house mutter 'Egoboo'?) Well, it's not that at all. Egoboo is earned by pro activity. Me, all I get is headaches. I spent the whole morning doing an article for Calkins: because he asked me, and because he said he needed something to balance your illiterate contribution. It's just weakness that keeps me in fandom. Here I am, on p.111 of a slimy little opus about a one-eyed private eye---really ---and instead of finding out what happens on p.112, I am penning random remarks to some faraway Belfastness in the wilderness. Are we still in this confounded parenthesis? Let's get out before we're suffocated.)

Hadacol and dianetics might help you to do creative writing. But with me the big trick is impersonation. More and more I've come around to writing stories in the first person, pretending to be somebody else. No need to be self-conscious then, because you merely adopt an empathy for the person you're supposed to represent and allow his or her attitudes and viewpoints to flow freely. At times you may find your own personality intruding, but usually it's easy enough to keep on the track. Of course I'm not a successful pro writer---just a hack, and a rather old-fashioned one at that, inasmuch as I don't adapt myself to current trends in sf. But what I do seem to sell is

largely a product of this little trick, assuming a role for purposes of narration. Variation or extension of a monologue, that's what it is. I don't know if such a device suggests anything to you which might be of help, but perhaps you can try it."

Well, at least this voice from the past may give hope to other writers who are thinking of themselves as oldfashioned unsuccessful hacks. The advice about writing wouldn't help me, but on another occasion Bob wrote trying to help me about public speaking on similar lines, and he did. He confided he hated public speaking and always felt nervous, and the way he made out was to make believe he was delivering someone else's speech. Thereby, as it were I suppose, shifting the responsibility.

3rd. April. 1954. Mal Ashworth, on receipt of The Enchanted Duplicator.

"You told me you were hectically busy but when it arrives it's mimeoed! ...Fannagrevos. Aaaah yes. Harrumph. When I did finally get the Janish of Space Times I found they had run that review I mentioned earlier of Hyphen 5. Well it wasn't exactly a rude review, just plain moronic and unappreciative. But then it was done about last November and that accounts for it. I don't know why the hell there isn't some injunction to stop neoactifans from diving in and judging, criticising, expressing opinions about things and generally making fools of themselves before they know what things are about at least to some degree! There ought to be if only for their own sakes!"

Round about this time Mal Ashworth and Tom White published the first issue of Bem. Recently I had said something about all first issues being badly duplicated, and Mal had the bright idea of saving a set of spoiled pages, further messing them up with inky handprints etc even including one page with an outline of a necktie in white down it, as if someone had got his tie caught in the duper, and stapling them all together and sending the horrible mess to me without comment. I was just finishing an issue of Hyphen myself and after I had run off the editorial stencil I cut a hole in it, inserted a disgusted review of Bem, and ran off one copy especially for Mal. By return of post I had a furious letter threatening to denounce me to every fannish authority. In case it was genuine I had to dash out and send a telegram to Mal telling him to look at Tom's Hyphen. By 1st May the smoke cleared and Mal wrote..

"Did you not have even a tiny little fit about my proposed plans to restore Ben's fair name? Oh well I tried. I wish you'd call in an arbitrator and find out who ended up, relatively, where. I knew of course before I wrote that letter that my copy was a hoax, but I didn't know from the start. Oh no, not by a long way--you got me completely, I admit it...I never even considered my copy might be a hoax even tho there was some type missing beneath the review."

As for who came out best at the end, well you are posterity and you can judge. Personally I always felt that I had won because my hoax worked although Mal could have detected it: while theirs worked only because I couldn't check on it.

23rd March.1954. Ted Tubb with some helpful suggestions about TAFF
"Each contributor to TAFF to be entitled to nominate ONE candidate.
Then contributors will vote on candidates. The trick is, votes will
be proportionate to amounts contributed, ie 2/6 and under -one vote,
5/- --2 votes, £1--8 votes and so on. The winning THREE candidates
to then be revoted on. Now I know this seems undemocratic, but it
makes good sense. Surely if a man is willing to contribute a £1 he
is helping the winner eight times further on his way than one who
chips in 2/6 and so should have eight times more say in who should go.
Also, and this is it, it will make for a keen sense of rivalry and
the money should come rolling in faster than it does now. After all,
if a man gives 2/6 and then knows that no matter what others give he
has the same power to vote as they, there is no incentive to pay more
other than pure fannish love which seems to be non-existant."

Fortunately Ted seems to have been wrong.

Walt Willis.

Which reminds your Editress-----

TOM FOR TAFF

TAFF FOR TOM

TOM FOR TAFF

TAFF FOR TOM

WHICHEVER WAY YOU SAY IT ***** IT SOUNDS JUST RIGHT!

For those of you who have not met Thomas Schlueck of Germany - he is a
tall, good-looking guy who has become a firm favourite with all the UK
fans who have had any dealings with him. He is concientious - you never
turn to him but what he delivers help without stint. He is a good organ-
iser - the dependable type; he can write and speak good English. He
has an infectious laugh and a good sense of humour. He would make a
great TAFF delegate.

Ethel Lindsay

Like..TOM FOR TAFF....

Sir Oswald's Other Lives

by John Boardman

"What the less intelligent Englishman said about him varied, and anyhow, it does not matter now."

-H.G.Wells, The Holy Terror.

In our time, Sir Oswald Mosley is ending his days in a deserved discredit. To most of the English-speaking world, he is a dim memory from the 1930's, a posturing imitation Mussolini who provided comic relief to the aimless British political life of that decade. Yet few people reflect how close he came to the seats of power, how at one time in his career this man set his feet on the path to the highest places in public life.

During the 1920's, this holder of a hereditary knighthood was the rising star of the Labour Party. He had a brilliant oratorical style, great personal magnetism, a program that found wide support in the rank and file, and a parliamentary manner that could, and did, match that of Winston Churchill. In those days he was associated most closely with John Strachey and Aneurin Bevan, though some of the Labour rank and file showed either prescience or class prejudice in believing that this wealthy member of the gentry might one day turn against them.

In 1930, annoyed with the failure of the Labour Party to adopt his programme, he broke with them and went off on his own road, increasingly inspired by the example of Mussolini - also an ex-Socialist. In The Facists in Britain, an account of Mosley's and similar movements, Colin Cross indulges in a brief speculation of what might have happened had Mosley not forfeited a brilliant political future by this peevish resignation.

"During the period 1931-35," Colin writes, "the Labour Party was lacking experienced leadership in the Commons." Their parliamentary leader, George Lansbury, was elderly and in poor health, and was soon to resign over the rearmament issue. Mosley would have been able to establish himself as a prime critic of the drifting policies of the Conservative government. When Lansbury resigned, he rather than Attlee would have become Leader of the Opposition. In the wartime Churchill Government he would have been Deputy Prime Minister. "In 1945 he would have become Prime Minister and, with verve, leadership and imagination - qualities which he certainly

possessed to a high degree, as shown by his career in the 1920's -"would have presided over the post-war social revolution".

And he would have given this social revolution quite a different flavor than it actually had. Eric Heffer writes in The True Believer: "Events in England at this moment" -(1951)- "demonstrate the indisoensability of a gifted leader for the crystallization of a mass movement. A genuine leader(a Socialist Churchill) at the head of the Labor Government would have initiated the drastic reforms of nationalisation in the fervent atmosphere of a mass movement and not in the undramatic drabness of Socialist austerity." Mosley, had he not gone off on a tangent, could have been a "Socialist Churchill", and Labour today would not be plagued with the memory of this drabness which the competent but undramatic trade union leaders in its postwar government have left as an oppressive legacy to their party.

The Fascist Mosley of the 1930's, of course, gave limitless material for satire to the more trenchant English novelists of the time. His sister-in-law, Jessica Mitford, caricatured him as "Captain Jack" of the "Union Jackshirts" in Wigs on the Green (1935), and P.G.Wodehouse called him "Roderick Spode" in The Code of the Woosters (1938). In 1939, by which time internal schisms and a growing anti-Fascist feeling had rendered Mosley's British Union of Fascists a political non-entity, H.G.Wells wrote the blackshirt leader into The Holy Terror.

The Holy Terror is the last of Well's Utopian novels, and shows the increasing pessimism of his old age. In this novel, as in many of his others, he brings to pass a peaceful, democratic, collectivist World State. But the means by which it is acomplished are quite different. Wells had apparently come to the conclusion that only a charismatic mass movement, carrying the collectivism and the dedication but not the tyranny and brutality of a Fascist or Communistic movement, would be able to bring this about.

Rud Whitlow, protagonist of The Holy Terror, is a short, ugly, bad-tempered man with a great deal of drive and the ability to sum up and drive home the ideas of his less kinetic associates. As Rud's mentor and right-hand man, Chiffan, who bears a strong resemblance to Wells himself, tells him, "To make a new world, the leader must be a fundamentally destructive man, a recklessly destructive man. He breaks his way through the jungle and we follow. We cannot do without you, Rud."

Early in his career, Rud encounters a British Fascist group, the "Popular Socialist Party" or "Purple Shirts", headed by "Lord Horatio Bohun", once a rising hope of the Labour Party. This provides the opportunity for Wells to make a scathing denunciation of Mosley in his "Bohun" character, so much so that the following table of correspondance can be drawn up between Wells's characters and actual history:

Popular Socialist Party
Lord Horatio Bohun
The Purple Shirts
Lord Thunderclap

British Union of Fascists
Sir Oswald Mosley
The Blackshirts
Lord Rothermere

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Neil Francis-Hawkins

By 1939 there was a substantial body of Blackshirts and ex-Blackshirts who had dropped out or been expelled from the British Union - some dissatisfied with Mosley's fumbling leadership, others disliking anti-Semitism or the panoply of uniforms or the street violence. Wells supposes that Rud welds this group into an organisation, seizes control of the "Popular Socialists" from "Lord Harry", and reorganizes the party along lines of what are in fact Well's own ideas of how a political movement ought to aim at a World State.

Mosley's career illustrates how class lines in politics are drawn more sharply in Britain than they are in the US. A recurring phenomenon in American life is the man of wealth and talent who joins the more democratic of the existing political factions, and becomes its leader despite his own aristocratic origins. Thomas Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt were examples of this type, and John F. Kennedy the most recent example. The Labour Party, on the other hand, is deeply suspicious of the aristocrat who professes to share their principals. Their experience with Mosley confirmed Labour leaders in this feeling. Rising political leaders in France and West Germany have tried to set themselves in the Kennedy image, but such a development is less likely in Britain.

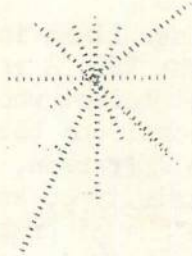
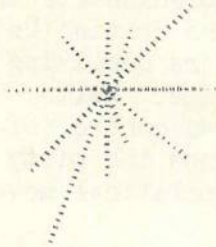
Mosley, in fact, might be said to have anticipated the Kennedy style in his early career as a Labour hope. Even later, there was something of this in his public image. There is a distinct Kennedy ring to the following words, spoken by Mosley at a rally in the Albert Hall in March 1936:

"We count it a privilege to live in an age when England demands that great things shall be done, a privilege to be of the generation which learns to say: 'What can we give?' instead of 'What can we take?' For thus our generation learns that there are greater things than slothful ease; greater things than safety; more terrible things than death. For this shall be the epic generation which scales again the heights of time and history to see once more the immortal lights - the lights of sacrifice and high endeavour summoning through the ordeal of the soul of humanity to the sublime and eternal. The alternatives of our age are heroism or oblivion. There are no lesser paths in the history of great nations. Can we, therefore, doubt which path to choose?"

Clearly, Sir Oswald Mosley's petty egoism caused his other gifts to be worthless, and brought to ruin the most promising political career of his time and nation.

John Boardman.

MACHIAVARLEY



The Varleys moved to Leeds in Yorkshire; all in a hurry and hardly catching a breath. I must say I was surprised - I always thought that the Civil Service worked surely but slowly! And here they were wanting Brian sooner than soon and with barely a week in which to arrange the sale of his house and the buying of another. Considering that the Varleys like to plan everything to the umpteenth detail - my heart bled for them. Brian, however, achieved the impossible and had the sale agreed upon within the week. After that it was a case of dashing madly between Leeds and London each weekend until all was fixed. All this upheaval is Brian's excuse for not writing directly for Scot this time. The real reason is that he has got clear away from my best source of persuasion (my tongue); and my second line of persuasion (his wife) has not been really trying. Balked I may be - but let's hope it is only temporary...Meanwhile - snippets from the Varley mailbag...Ethel

Frances: "Moving out went splendidly but there were one or two minor hitches to moving in. The moving men were busy putting everything in the wrong rooms upstairs, Mum and I were unpacking china and glass in the kitchen, and Brian and his Dad were taking care of other things. Packing cases were piled up outside and it started to rain. Dad dashed in to say that things were getting wet. "Put them anywhere", I said, abandoning all my beautiful order and method in this emergency. The next day I found my fox stole in the greenhouse and (for some inexplicable reason) a butter dish in the garage. Ho Hum! Not quite what I meant! The garden here is lovely - full of colour. Asters, carnations, dahlias, some late roses etc etc it really is a joy. Mind you Brian wasn't so enthusiastic after mowing three lawns. He came staggering in on his knees babbling wildly about power mowers."

Anyway the upshot was that my office phoned through to me at one of the firms I was visiting to say that the secretary of the Junior Chamber had rung up to say that the meeting had been cancelled. Many of the members had told him they didn't fancy coming in (from around Sheffield) to the meeting. Fair breaks your heart doesn't it? Ought to make a good film, gallant Board of Trade spokesman fighting through the fury of the blizzard to bring succour to beleaguered exporters. Anti-climax though arriving triumphantly to find that they'd all gone home and decided not to come out to play today.

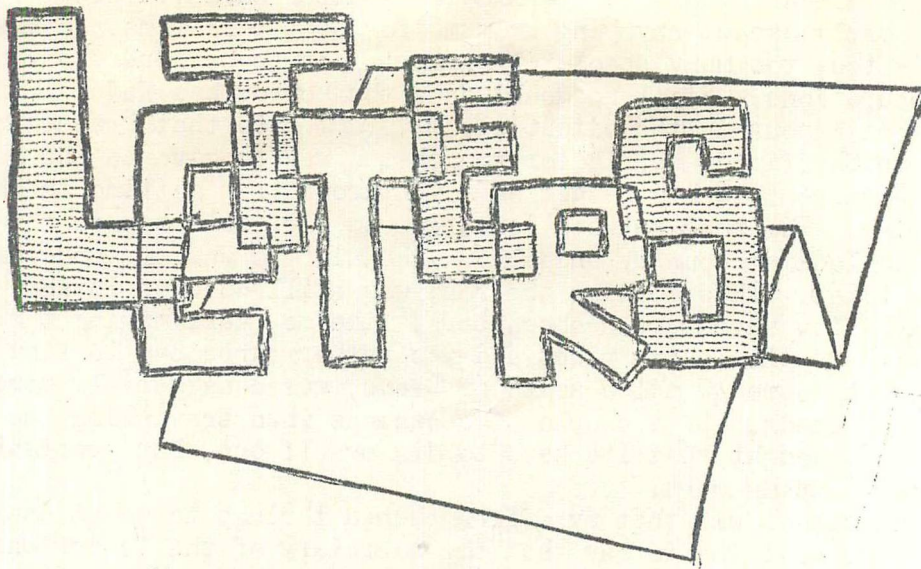
Can you imagine the 7th Cavalry arriving to find that the Indians are sitting down to tea and crumpets with General Custer?"

[illegible]

There are some books that I would like to buy..name your own price...

Just Friends and Brave Enemies by Robert F.Kennedy.
Bobby Kennedy's New York by Avram Ducovny
Robert F.Kennedy.Assistant President. by Gary Gordon

E. Lindsay



Doreen Parker,
38 Millfield Rd
Deeping St James
Peterborough

"The MachiaVarley column was of particular interest, I have worked in a legal firm. With regard to the call in court that puzzled him I consulted our Articled Clerk on this and he said it was slightly misquoted and should have read "General gaol". This dates back to the Middle Ages when Judges went around the country indiscriminately and tried everybody who was in gaol at that time. The Sheriff is also a relic of that time; as he was the King's Representative and used to try all the cases in his Shire. He now appears just as a matter of form to see that Justice is done. The "other chap" in black etc is the Judge's Clerk - this also goes back to the Middle Ages. Here I became very unpopular because the Articled Clerk didn't know his function. We called in the other Clerks and they came to the conclusion that he was there to see the Judge's pencil was sharp and he had clean water and etc..but the last I saw of the A.C. he was biting his finger-nails going through his books trying to trace why he still appears...he's got a nasty feeling the question may be raised in his next exam."

Tony Glynn
144 Beresford St
Manchester 14

"I was tickled by your mention of BULLSEYE. It was published by the Amalgamated Press in the very early thirties and you are right, it did contain hair-raising stories. Nearly all these stories were the work of a single man(I mean one man, not an unmarried man)Alfred Edgar, a prolific writer of boy's stories. Alfred Edgar was to earn greater fame under the name of Barre Lydon with a successful West End play "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" - it was eventually made into a film and Edgar moved to Hollywood to become a scriptwriter and I heard last year that he was killed there in a car accident, but I don't know if this is correct...you may remember this one. Called "The House of Thrills". It deals with a millionaire adventurer John Pentonville, who has been crippled in an accident and can no longer follow his adventurous career. To compensate for his loss, he

Letters 2

offers a large reward to anyone who can come to his strange old house and thrill him with a story of their own experience..Ah yes, as a Scot you must have been weaned on the Thomson mags from Dundee. I always loved 'em and my taste for fantasy was fed by them. Remember Strang the Terrible?. My uncle once wrote a series for the WIZARD. Called "Busty's Brainy Baboon".It dealt with a baboon adopted by the bandboy of a regiment in India. I haven't seen "The Pulp Era" but I would quarrel with the suggestion that Britain didn't have a pulp era. It had a flood of popular magazines from the 1880's onwards -a direct result of the Education Act of 1870, which created a literate public. Long before Lord Northcliffe was knighted he made his fortune by bringing out TITBITS, CHIPS; COMIC CUTS,THE MAGNET,THE GEM,THE CHAMPION, and dozens more. We had a pulp era alright...gosh what a tangent to go off on.!"
+++My remarks on The Pulp Era were also picked up by Mike Moorcock who very kindly sent me a copy of the old BULSEYE. He also wrote...

Mike Moorcock "There are collections of the mags still treasured -- in 8 Colville Terr fact there's a club of people who treasure them called London.Wll The Old Boy's Book Club. They're a bit odd, mind you... but then I suppose sf fans of certain sorts would seem odd to them. The prices these things fetch are outrageous -2/6 for a late-period 2d Magnet is fairly reasonable! There was a lot of sf-type stuff in Boys Friend Library too--E.R.Home)Gall, if my memory serves me, was one of the most prolific contributors of sf, mainly of the lost civilisation sort, but also of straight adventure sf on other worlds. George Rochester, better known for flying stories, was another. Partly, it was collecting these old papers when I was a lad that led me to my interest in sf - or anyway prepared me for sf."
+++I wouldn't be surprised if a lot of us started that way--+++

John McCallum "I just recently got HYDRA No 5 from Pete Campbell.On the P&M Section,SES cover map:"Scotland-plenty scenery little fanac". So I Ralston.Alberta naturally looked down to see if the London Scottish was Canada there, in London town. BEYOND in the general vicinity, but no SCOT! I can, perhaps, forgive his missing THE SCARR and POT FOURRI; so many good things come from Belfast, and HYPHEN was listed. But to leave out SCOT and put in BEYOND, that's beyond anything."
+++Well- Peter has been away from fandom for quite some time and was out of touch. Not that I printed the above just to give you that explanation--I couldn't resist publishing the compliment...+++

Ivor Latta "God forbid that Robert Coulson should think I was equating 16 Merryton Ave Scotland with Texas..(still, "Remember the Bannockburn!" - Glasgow.W5 "The Lone Haggis State", it's certainly a thought.) To paraphrase his definitions..a conservative has something worth conserving from those who haven't; a liberal wants to liberate someone, anyone. "Liberal" has a sort of pussyfooting aura about it, perhaps deservedly Our own crop make me think of people who were born on the right side of the tracks, and are guilty about it. What's all this chat about "conservatives" and "liberals" anyway? If the Americans wish to describe themselves by these anaemic terms that's their business. In this country labels seem somewhat gutsier:Tories and Labour - you know where you stand with labels like that.

Letters 3

I was too young to remember much about the Second War, hence I've no repertoire of stories of the Event. But it's something I suppose to say that your first memory is of being awakened by the bombs falling on Clydebank. Curious that so many people's memory of the war should revolve around the difficulties of the 'black-out'; as if they accepted the fact of bombs falling on their city, but putting the lights out went beyond the limits of tolerance. Reflection of a truly urbanised population, I suppose" +++And since you wrote this there has been the Great New York Blackout.. it will also have its quota of personal stories I suppose...+++

Harry Warner
423 Summit Ave
Hagerstown
Maryland.21740

"Wim Struyck's complaint is a valid one, of course. But there's another side to the coin. Quite possibly those individuals who are quiet when out in company and don't get involved in long discussions are as reluctant to indulge in vocal discussions as

Wim is adverse to participating in literary arguments. The objections to a face-to-face discussion are at least as great as those he cites for paper battles. Mainly you can choose your words carefully when writing things down on paper, pausing whenever you want to think of a better word or clear up a point in your own mind before expressing yourself about it; when you're talking to someone, you chatter on and on at whatever cost to your logic, because those long pauses would be embarrassing to your companion and would seem to weaken your own statements. Then there's the unfortunate fact that you don't always have a chance to finish a point you're trying to make in conversation, if you do yield to the temptation to pause a moment and the other fellow assumes you've finished and starts to talk himself. Certain subjects are better suited to discussions in one medium than the other. Arguments about favorite foods, for instance, should be done verbally because they seem childish and pointless on paper. Discussions of subjects about which there are strong emotional connotations or extreme gulfs of opinion are better done on paper, for conversational discussions of this type will usually collapse into side issues or just plain invective...I may not have the courage to do any more work on the fan history..now that I've read this instalment of Willis. It is the first intimation that has reached me about the apocalyptic nature of the Great Mackenzie War. If I failed to hear about something that impressed Willis as much as this, who knows what other awful lacks may exist in my fannish memories and notes?" +++Unfortunately, Walt hasn't actually started yet..I have been watching sympathetically his attempts however. I wouldn't blame him if every time he goes to start- he gets to thinking maybe it had better be left for another 50 years! Well---so many people are still around who were involved---British fandom is so peaceful these days---maybe better let sleeping dogs lie---I don't see how it can be written without a lot of work in the choosing of careful words. After all I started writing my own recollections of those times -- got quite a lot written and then - it got too difficult.+++

Sid Birchby
40 Parrs Wood Ave
Didsbury.
Manchester.20

"..I hope you make a quick and perfect recovery... At the same time, I don't see that worrying over being able to do what you call your "fair share of worldcon work" is exactly what the doctor would order. You suit yourself:everyone has their own

Letters 4

particular form of self-torture, and I'm not trying to preach. But compulsive fanaticism does seem, in your case, slightly more undesirable than for the average Keen Fan. This is not just an up-to-date version of, say, Dr. Johnson's railing-tapping, or the habit of avoiding treading on the cracks of paving-stones. This..and mark you, I judge solely on your own admissions ..not-relaxing with your non-hobby after a "pretty hectic" day's work, surely is more likely aggravate your condition than alleviate it? However I said I wouldn't preach. And to show that I have my own compulsions, listen to this account of my efforts to start this letter.

7.30 pm. Decide to type letter. Fetch typer from upstairs and put it on table. Find it skids about on polished surface. Remember there is a sheet of foam sponge somewhere.

7.40 pm. Find foam sponge wrapped around tape recorder in bedroom. Switch on tape to see what's on it, having forgotten Mozart..so listen to last movement.

7.50 pm. Sit down at typer. Get up again, having typed address, to look for tobacco and pipe. Will think better if smoking, I reckon.

7.55 pm. Find pipe, but clogged up. Need a pipe-cleaner. Ha! perhaps there's one in the garden shed. Well, there might be, mightn't there?

8.00 pm. Yes, there was. But I can see the azalea is in flower. Wonder if it is scented? Better not start smoking till I've smelled it. I'll have a beer while I'm waiting.

8.10 pm. Sit down at typer with bottle of beer, and type words "Dear Ethel" ..but I've forgotten something. Oh yes, the azalea. Get up and go into garden.

8.20 pm. Yes, it was scented. Well, back to the letter. But wait, Lulu our dog, has just brought me a rubber bone to play with. And if I don't she will be offended. Maybe just a quick once round the garden with her.

8.30 pm. Exhausted. Sag into chair, with head practically on typer. Must get on. I've been at it an hour already.

8.31 pm. Now where was that pipe? "

+++Sid: you write the best non-letter I ever get..and I am much better now thank you.*++

Robert Couslon
Route 3
Harlford City
Indiana.47248

"What would I have the Scots think of themselves as? Well, what's wrong with British? They are British. Even if they're called English, that's no more insulting than it would be to call me a Yankee. I always suspect that these people who

insist on everyone paying proper attention to their ancestral heritage do so because they know they've never done anything themselves that's worth paying attention to. And that, dear lady, is why all the writing about the national characteristics of Scotland -- and Texas -- makes me think less of Scots and Texans...I think it was a lovely inspiration to include Varley's article on British jurisprudence in the same issue with Ian Peter's comment on the US "Peculiar judicial system"..I believe you have it right about the number of girls who have it in their heads that to be intellectual is a bar to marriage. Of course, intellectual activity by women is somewhat of a bar to their marriage in actuality since it drastically reduces the amount of eligible husband-material that they're willing to settle for. If a woman is dumb enough she'll marry almost anybody--we get graphic examples every day in the Ann Landers columns. She may not be happy, but she'll be married...Interesting the

things one can discover from an editor's editing. Such as the fact that you changed my phrase "a stf story" to "an stf story". From this I deduce that you do not pronounce stf as "stef". You, undoubtedly say it as "ess-tee-eff" pronouncing each letter. Now the short, blunt monosyllables suits my personality, while your pronunciation undoubtedly agrees with your warmer, unhurried, outgoing nature. Right Watson?(Wim Struyk should study little details like this..) I'm surprised that Varley didn't comment on Aldiss' two statements, first that SF HORIZONS is dedicated to the proposition that stf can be more than a form of light relief, and second that he didn't say that stf was a serious form of literature. Any type of literature can produce more than light relief. If Aldiss thinks that stf should do this, then he said so in so many words. If he does nt think stf should do this, then he has no business as editor of a magazine dedicated to that proposition. (This is also nit-picking, of course, as long as other people do it, I indulge myself.)"

+++Anytime you indulge yourself so - I have to guffaw. I'm going to explain this Scottish thing one last time--after that I'm never going to mention it again! Scots people (and Welsh and Northern Irish) have no objection to being called British. They do object to being called English. Why can only be explained to an American by an example... If every time a foreigner meant to say an American he automatically called that person a New Englander - and could not understand why a New Yorker or a man from California contradicted them... there is your example! And don't all write and tell me that Americans aren't all that bothered about their personal State--not with all those "I'm a Hoosier myself" type statements--not with all the "carpet-bagger" screams at Bobby Kennedy! At least a Scotsman could stand as MP for an English seat without all the hoo-haw we heard from New York. +++

Bill Donaho
10.Box 1284
Berkeley
Calif. 94701

"Aha ha! You didn't think you were going to get away with that now. You didn't think I'd relax my vigilance and leave you without owing me a letter. Silly girl... re Coulson's letter, the fact that Texas has considered itself a separate unit from the rest of the country seems to raise the hackles of the rest. During WW II when some American Division or other crossed the Rhine a Dallas newspaper headlined "Texans cross the Rhine", mentioning several by name etc. This raised screams of outrage. The idea being the dwellers in one state are supposed to consider themselves Americans first and Texans--or whatever--a very long second if they think about it at all. Likewise an educated New York accountant I know, a liberal Democrat, said that he had been anti-Texan ever since he attended a funeral in Texas and they gave as much prominence to the Texas flag as they did to the American one. Of course this is an extreme reaction... As an English major, and one who is strongly interested in both literature and science fiction, I'd like to disagree with Brian Aldiss's point of view. SF can be good literature, but when it is, it is seldom good sf. The qualities are not antithetical, but they are different. To me sf is primarily ideas and concepts and I judge it by how good these are and how well they are developed and integrated into a story. I also judge according to the quality of the story of course. Literature is both different and considerably more than that. It deals with human universals by pointing up particulars. It is much

Letters 6

more directly concerned with human beings and human experience than SF. But must this be so? Couldn't something be both good SF and good Literature? Generally speaking, no. For one thing in any given story or novel, there is only so much space. One can develop either the ideas and concepts or the humanness. To develop both you either have to use more wordage than is customary these days or you have to cut down the development of both. Of course there is some good SF which is also good literature: "1984", "Bring the Jubilee", "Fahrenheit 451", "More than Human", and the Hot House series to name a few. When I read literature it's the universality of human experience I'm after; I'm not that concerned with what themes the individual author is using. If a book of SF is literature, I enjoy it for its literary quality, not its scienfictional-themes. But I am very fond of SF. However I'll note that the SF that appeals to me most, that I think the greatest, is goddamn awful judged by literary standards. Tony Boucher as spoken of the category Good "Bad Books". Books that are bad by literary standards, but which have other excellences and are rattling good stories. SF belongs there. As far as I am concerned one of the principal things wrong with modern SF is that the good SF writers are not sticking to their last. (The hacks are still hacks of course) They're aping the Bitch Goddess Literature. And some of them are succeeding some of the time. But I'd rather have more attention devoted to the ideas and concepts or even to the plot, and less to the literary quality.."

Bill - I've quoted the first part of your letter to show fandom that whilst you were on a Worldcon committee I heard nary a word from you (although to show willing you once put ten blank pages in an envelope to me) but whenever you came off the committee and I went on one --you at once started sending me looong letters. That's as bad as Terry Jeeves who hoards all his letters up and posts them just before he leaves for the con; so that everyone will owe him a letter after the con. Fans sure are tricky

WEALSOHEARDFROM: Beryl Mercer, Sid Birchby, Rory Faulkner, Les Sample, Wim Struyck, Earl Evers, Archie Mercer, Phil Harrell, Terry Jeeves, Seth Johnson. Thanks folks - your letters are passed on to the contributors.

New Moffat
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