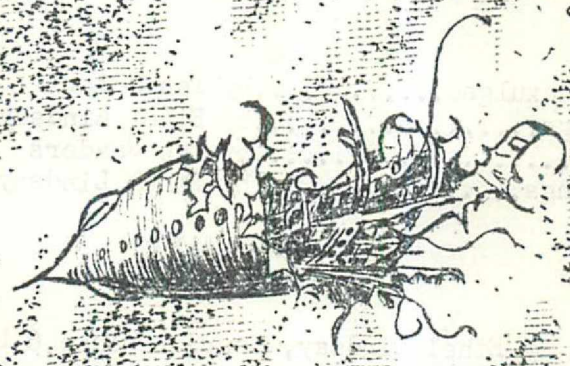


# Scottish



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## C O N T E N T S

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ARTWORK BY ATOM

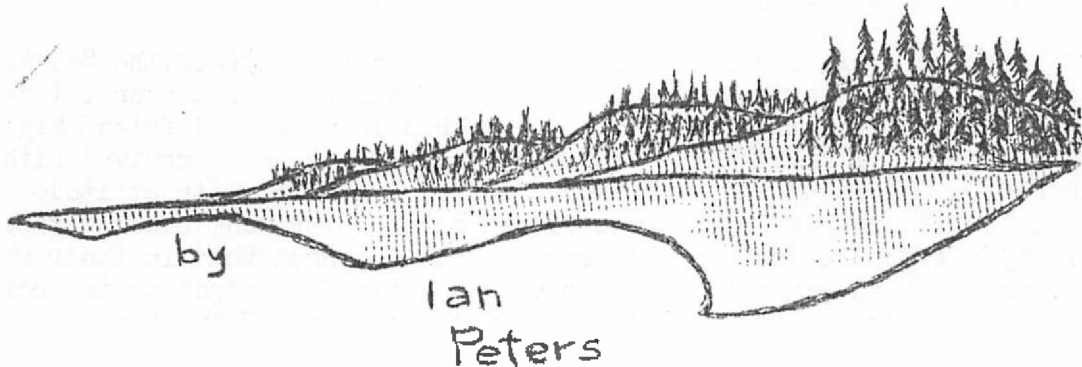
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QUARTERLY

# econnaunuxulgee



by

Ian  
Peters

The Reader's Digest has never held much appeal for me. That blend of superficial "fact" and sugary optimism is intellectually unsatisfying and emotionally nauseating. Very occasionally it produces an article of genuine interest but more often frustrates by its bias (Don't knock the Establishment: don't worry people) It is an example of the latter from which I quote below..mid '50s vintage:

The Redskins are still Scalping the Paleface. by Blake Clark.

"..in place of tomahawks they are using law books. The white man took their lands without just compensation, they say. Now they intend to get paid for them. In 1946...Congress set up a three-man Indian Claims Committee to get the facts and see that justice was done. The Indians were given five years from Aug '46 to file claims...The Supreme Court ruled that, after the coming of the white man, the Red Indians never really owned any land. All the land they inhabited..belonged to the Federal Government.."by virtue of discovery". The Indians therefore had only squatters rights...After the Declaration of Independence(1776)practically all land obtained by the U.S. was bought and paid for..But it still may be asked whether the Indians received a fair price. Except in a few instances when soldiers helped to force a deal, the sums paid satisfied the Indians at the time. The amounts were not niggardly....."

To go from the ridiculous to the sublime I quote the words of John F. Kennedy, President of the United States 1961(The American Heritage Book of Indians) - "America has much to learn about the heritage of our American Indians. Only through this study can we, as a nation, do what must be done if our treatment of the Indian is not to be marked down for all time as a national disgrace"

These two statements are so contradictory that considerable research is needed to determine the truth. In fact, the history of the white conquest of North America covers a vast area in space, time, and literature and I can only scratch the surface in this article.

An Indian could no more own land than he could the air he breathed. The land was there to use for the benefit of the whole tribe, hunting grounds being traditional but varying with population pressures and relative tribal strengths. Indeed, so sacred was the land that after the final conquests, many tribes on the Plains were reluctant to injure Mother Earth by ploughing her surface. The European has never been renowned for his ability to see the viewpoint of other races and this attitude to land ownership was the source of much misery and apparent treachery.

Many warrior societies have a tradition of hospitality (e.g. the Scottish Highlander), and the North American Indian had this in full measure. I can find no instance of whites being met other than in peace and friendship by the indigenes. The Puritan colonies would simply not have survived without Indian help. But as soon as they were established, the white attitude changed. 1631, Winthrop: "This savage people ruleth over many lands without title..may not Christians have liberty to dwell amongst them in their waste lands..For God hath given to the sons of men a two fold right to the earth.. and so on, the Bible being used to justify the seizure of the lands of their benefactors. Their success can be judged from the fact that in 1800, 25,000 Indians inhabited New England. Today six very small reservations remain, some having only a few families resident on them. This was achieved in two ways.

1. Direct Massacre, e.g. the Pequods of New England, not even at war with the settlers. Secretly surrounded, the village was fired, and the Indians butchered. In the words of an eye witness: "...Those yt escaped ye fire were slaine..and very few escaped. It was a fearful sight to see them frying in ye fire, and ye streams of blood quenching ye same: 400 thus destroyed..ye victory a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the prayers therof to God, who had wrought so wonderfully for them" Hallelujah! In another example, a settlement of 500 wigwams estimated to contain 4000 men, women and children was fired and destroyed. Any survivors were sold into slavery.

The last massacre of Indians occurred in 1890 at Wounded Knee when desperate, frightened Sioux fled the reservation after the murder, in cold blood, of Sitting Bull by the authorities. One large group surrendered and was rounded up only to be decimated by the courageous 7th Cavalry, howitzers against a few rusty old guns. 31 soldiers and 128 Sioux men, women and kids died, the bodies plundered and the wounded (Indians I need hardly add) left for three days in the snow before the authorities deigned to send aid. Incredibly some survived. One of the first to reach the scene was Dr Eastman, Santee Sioux graduate of Dartmouth and Boston medical school, medical officer at Pine Ridge Agency. He described the way young girls had knelt and covered their faces with their shawls so they would not see the troopers come up to shoot them.

The list is apparently endless and pretty nauseating. If you are interested study the Seminole war, the Sand Creek massacre 1864 (Perhaps the foulest and most unjustifiable crime in the annals of America - General Miles) the "battle" on the Washita 1868, The Santa Rita Copper Mines Massacre 1837, the Camp Grant Massacre 1870, just for a start. One remarkable thing: I am unable in my reading of American history to find examples of similar massacres perpetrated by the Indians!



Nor can Ernest Thompson: vide "The Gospel of the Red Man"(1939)

2.Treaties. There is hardly a treaty that has not been unilaterally broken by the Americans or that was not fraudulent in the first place. In 1686 Thomas Penn defrauded the Delawares of their lands by the infamous Walking Purchase. At least this was simple fraud, in that the Delawares, as a tribe, agreed to sell their land. However, many subsequent treaties were signed with Indians, often besotted with liquor, who had no right whatsoever to sell land, which belonged, of course, to the whole tribe. 1804: four "chiefs" of Sauk and Fox signed a treaty with Gov. Harrison ceding 50 million acres to the U.S. for \$2,000,000 in goods plus an annuity of \$1,000. Harrison, in 1809, by similar methods gained 3 million acres for \$7,000 cash plus an annuity of \$1,750, from the Delawares and Potawatomies. So much for Blake Clark's "not niggardly amounts".

Andrew Jackson is possibly the most notorious Indian defrauder. His own papers in the Library of Congress give details of his methods: "We were compelled to promise John Chisholm (a white Indian) the sum of \$1,000 to stop his mouth...and..to promise the chiefs from Arkansas \$100 each for their expenses".

President Jackson's greatest(?) coup was his seizure of the Cherokee lands in Georgia. In a letter to President Monroe in 1817 Jackson had said: "I have long viewed treaties with Indians as absurdity not to be reconciled to the principle of good government", so when Georgia in 1828 extended its jurisdiction to cover all Indian land in the state, an appeal by the Cherokees merely elicited the reply that they had best submit to removal west. The discovery of gold on Cherokee land in 1829 brought a white invasion of prospectors and that same year the legislature "annulled" all Cherokee laws, forbade the Cherokee council to convene, prohibited them from digging their own gold, provided for the distribution of Cherokee land, excluded an Indian from being a witness against a white man, etc. The Cherokee nation was, indeed is, one of the Five Civilised Tribes. Quick to learn from the white settlers they had developed agriculture and ran cattle, adopted a formal constitution with a legislature etc. Much of this had been made possible by Sequoyah, generally rated as a genius. In spite of the lack of formal education he actually developed a Cherokee syllabary (1821) and within a short time the tribe was wholly literate and produced its own newspapers.

The Supreme Court, under Chief Justice John Marshall, ruled: "The Cherokee Nation is a distinct community, occupying its own territory, in which the laws of Georgia have no force and which the citizens of Georgia have no right to enter but with the consent of the Cherokees..." Jackson's comment? "John Marshall has rendered his decision; now let him enforce it"

1830: Jackson signed the Removal Bill. John Shermerhorn was given the job of "negotiating" a removal treaty with the Cherokees. He called a council but to show their disapproval the Cherokees stayed away, save for 79 no-good Indians out for easy money. It was considered that all not present were to be considered as voting in favour!!! In this way 8 million acres were, is stolen too strong a word? David Crockett, among others, protested to no avail. The Cherokees wrote to Congress;.. "We have neither land nor home

nor resting place that can be called our own..We appeal with confidence to the justice, the magnanimity, the compassion of your honourable bodies against the enforcement of a compact in the formation of which we have no agency. Our cause is one of liberty and justice., learned from yourselves for we have gloried to count your Washington & Jefferson as our greatest teachers.... Spare our people!" What a hope! 7,000 troops were detailed to round up the Cherokees into 11 concentration camps (1838) with the utmost brutality e.g. one 90 year old Cherokee, attempting to prevent the rape of his 15 year old granddaughter by white militia, had his head bashed in. As the Indians were herded away, the waiting whites moved into their prosperous farms. 15,000 set out for the 1,200 mile "Trail of Tears" to Indian Territory(Oklahoma), 4,000 dying(or being bayoneted)on the way. Before they moved they made a statement: "The title of the Cherokee people to their lands is the most ancient, pure and absolute known to man; it's date is beyond the reach of human record..The free consent of the Cherokee people is indispensable to a valid transfer of the title. That consent has never been given. It follows that the original title and ownership still rests in the Cherokee Nation..and cannot be dissolved by the expulsion of the Nation from its territory by the power of the U.S.Govt." And to the best of my knowledge this still stands today; I wonder what the United Nations would make of it?

Across the length and breadth of America this example can be multiplied as nauseum. But, you will say, this is old history. I suppose you are right. The last survivors(Indian, of course)of the Custer fiasco on the Little Big Horn died in the early '30s. The Indians are well looked after by the Bureau of Indian Affairs and all is well. But is it? Let's get down to modern history.

When the Indian wars ended in the 1870s(except for sporadic outbreaks of men driven to distraction)a situation arose where the sad remnants of many proud nations were confined on "reservations", usually worthless, even desert land, with few natural resources. But even the little that remained was coveted by the insatiably greedy white American. This was the Indians darkest hour! Reservations were established in perpetuity under the authority of Acts of Congress or by treaties between the tribes and the President, with ratification by the Senate, in "payment" for huge land cessions. After 1871, treaties were replaced by "agreements" and reservations were enlarged, or more likely diminished, by Presidential order. Reservation land was still stated to be inalienable but, unfortunately, later Congresses were under no obligation to keep the nations' promises.

Repeated and vigorous efforts were made to demolish tribal structures. Religious activities were proscribed, children were removed to compulsory boarding schools, their heads shaved(a symbol of death or mourning), taught to despise "blanket" Indians(their parents) and starved, sometimes to death(7¢ per day per pupil was the budget for food in some cases).Chronic hunger was the big reality for many Indians on the reservations,literally "Concentration camps"(Wm.Brandon -American Heritage Book of Indians).

But the surrounding white citizenry never gave up trying to acquire the last little remnants of Indian property. Thus in 1887, the Allotment Act, one of the most unsavoury pieces of legislation ever produced,became

law. Under it, individual Indians were given tiny "farms" and the enormous area left over was sold to white speculators who had backed the bill with everything at their disposal. The "farms" of course were completely non-viable, economically and the Act resulted by the 1920s in widespread chronic poverty aggravated by population increase. Hardest hit were the Sioux in S.Dakota (the descendants of the warriors responsible for the destruction of Custer's 7th Cavalry - any connection, I wonder?) where the economic wreckage is still in evidence today (1958 per capita income \$19.12).

On BBC 2 on 7/12/66, the weekly "Man Alive" programme was called "The Pride and the Shame" and gave harrowing visual evidence of the distress among the Sioux in Dakota today. It started with a wedding and a farewell dance to boys drafted to fight in Viet Nam and switched to a Sioux who had spent four years in the Army but now was lucky to get 20 days work a year and was not eligible for dole due to "a poor work record". Racial discrimination works equally well against the Indian. They literally have no constant or dependable food supply. Yet the budget of the Indian Bureau was quoted as £100,00,000 a year and the contrast between the hovels of the Indians and the smart bungalows and cars of the Bureau's staff, was, to say the least, startling. An organisation called Vista had sent a young American girl to "help" on the reservation; which she did by teaching the children "free expression". For this she received \$70 a month and lived in a luxury caravan yet had not taken the trouble to visit the mother of one of her pupils who lived only a few hundred yards away. The child's father had recently committed suicide, a not uncommon feature of reservation life, and the mother had spent her last cash on the funeral. Her seven children were living on bread and coffee. Yet she was still proud to be a Sioux and several others questioned admitted they were Indians first and Americans second. President Johnson was quoted as saying that the conditions of many Indians should bring a blush of shame to everyone's cheeks--the "shame" of the title.

It is thus obvious that the Indian Reorganisation Act(1934) brought in by Roosevelt's New Deal, while stopping much of the corruption and financial degradation, should give no cause for complacency. It abolished allotments, increased reservation land and many tribes pulled themselves up assisted by federal law, health services and education. I am thus often asked the question; "Well, it is all past and done with, what are you complaining about now?" Well, apart from the illustration above I shall tell you.

In 1950 Indian policy was again reversed, as part of the political reaction known as McCarthyism. The late Felix S.Cohen, govt.expert on Indian legal affairs, said..."our treatment of Indians, even more than our treatment of other minorities, reflects the rise and fall of our democratic faith" A programme of "termination" was put into effect, aimed at removing all federal protection and services from the tribes to bring about their ultimate dissolution. The Menominees of Wisconsin and the Klamaths of Oregon were terminated by specific acts of Congress; both were owners of rich stands of timber! In 1956 the Yakimas defeated an inexcusable attempt by the Commissioner for Indian affairs to throw out their elected council and force an unconstitutional election on them that would have elected a more docile group.

The itch to grab the last of the Indian loot still produces its crop of injustices. Poll tax and literacy requirements in several states serve to disenfranchise some Indians. In Nebraska, New Mexico and S. Dakota, Indians have been murdered by whites who either have not been charged or if charged have been given suspended sentences. A govt. enquiry in Dakota in 1962 found that the local police "kicked, beat and black-jacked Indian men, women and children" when they did not obey orders. A 3 year old girl had a tear gas gun fired into her face causing permanent eye injuries, by a police chief who afterwards said: "I should have used live ammunition". Mr M. Creech chief counsel of the Senate sub-committee, said: "I am appalled.." but the committee had no power to take action against the police. At a subsequent grand jury hearing in 1963 Swift Hawk, chief of the Rosebud Sioux, produced impressive evidence of brutality by Deputy Sheriff Freenan. 23 Sioux gave evidence of the beating up of 10 squaws before the eyes of their handcuffed husbands. Another tribesman was beaten and left to die in a field. The Indians calimed that they were treated as second-class citizens and that there was a conspiracy to steal their land.

All this has inevitably had its effect on foreign opinion. In 1960 East Germany alleged that the U.S. mistreated its Red Indians. A West German TV camera team immediately set out to make a documentary proving the Communists wrong. Unfortunately, the tribe they chose was the Seminole, a tribe which was never defeated in spite of a long and costly war fought on completely unjust grounds. Their chief Osaola was captured by the Americans under the flag of truce and imprisoned until he died. The Seminole spokesman told the Germans "The U.S. has broken its treaties with us. We are promised land to live but do not get it. We do not recognise the U.S. Government".

To anyone interested in the rights of the individual and especially minority groups, a nasty situation exists in the State of Washington. In 1854 under the Medicine Creek Treaty, the Nisqually and others gave up millions of acres in return for a small reservation, with perpetual fishing rights on the Payallup River, fishing being their chief livelihood. In 1964 a court injunction severely curtailed their fishing rights (you may remember Marlon Brando was one of the demonstrators against this), in effect breaking the treaty. The Authorities claim the Indians are ruining the fishing: the Indians blame pollution. "Fish-ins" staged by the Nisqually have been broken up brutally by the police, canoes sunk and nets which they are too poor to replace, confiscated. Negro freedom movements are helping.

I communicated with Governor Evans of Washington about this case, to be politely informed that it was not the Nisqually tribe which is involved but "renegades" and that the reason for the ban is "conservation". Yet the Bureau of Indian Affairs informs me that "The Dept. of the Interior does not agree with the state's interpretation of the rights reserved by the Indians in the treaties, and the tribes are being assisted in the court test cases" Doesn't sound like a bunch of renegades exactly! Indeed the Bureau maintains that "on three occasions recently in which the Indians had been arrested while exercising their fishing rights" US attorneys assisted in their defence resulting in their acquittal in each case. Several cases have still to be heard and the "renegades" show little signs of knuckling under. Unfortunately they are short of funds



and it cannot be much fun trying to buck the establishment in a place like Washington.

Let me, in conclusion, tell you briefly the story of the Tuscarora Land Grab. The reservation situated in New York State, consisted of 6249 acres, all that is left of the vast area once under the sway of the sachems of one of the Six Nations of the Iroquois. In March 1957 the State Power Authority asked permission to survey part of the reservation. Just to survey it not for any specific purpose you understand! The Tuscarora refused. Sept. 1957. Map in local paper showed that 950 acres of the reservation was included in the plan of a promised reservoir. Nov. 1957. Federal Power Authority Commission held hearings in Washington. Acreage now 1383! Indians testified that the land was priceless to them and that compulsory purchase would violate the treaty. License granted to the State Power Authority to proceed. April 1958. Special bill passed in New York State Senate allowed appropriation of any Indian Reserved lands. April 16th. Combined Iroquois Confederacy meet to resist surveyors who were "protected" by 35 sheriffs and 50 State police, roughly 100 police in all armed with side arms, tear gas and machine guns. Three Indian leaders arrested and put before a JP of known prejudice. Their attorney pleaded innocence and after much trouble they were released until further hearings. June: State Power Authority paid the bill for all those sheriffs etc. Case against the three leaders thrown out for lack of evidence. Summer 1958: \$1½ million amenities offered. Not accepted. \$1½ million in cash offered as a final offer. Refused. Judge Burke, federal district court grants temporary possession of 86 acres for erection of power lines. S.P.A. - hired deputies attended all work. S.P.A. Chairman Robert Moses threatened to stop all work on the Niagara River Power Project unless Tuscarora land taken over. This was a \$700,000,000 project, and money talks. \$3,000,000 offered for land. Rejected. Feb. 1959: Federal Power Commission decided 3 to 2 in favour of Tuscaroras. Alternative reservoir planned off Indian land. Mar. 1960: U.S. Supreme Court ruled 4 to 3 against the Court of Appeal and Tuscaroras and Six Nations. S.P.A. pays \$8000,000 to Tuscaroras. Reservoir built.

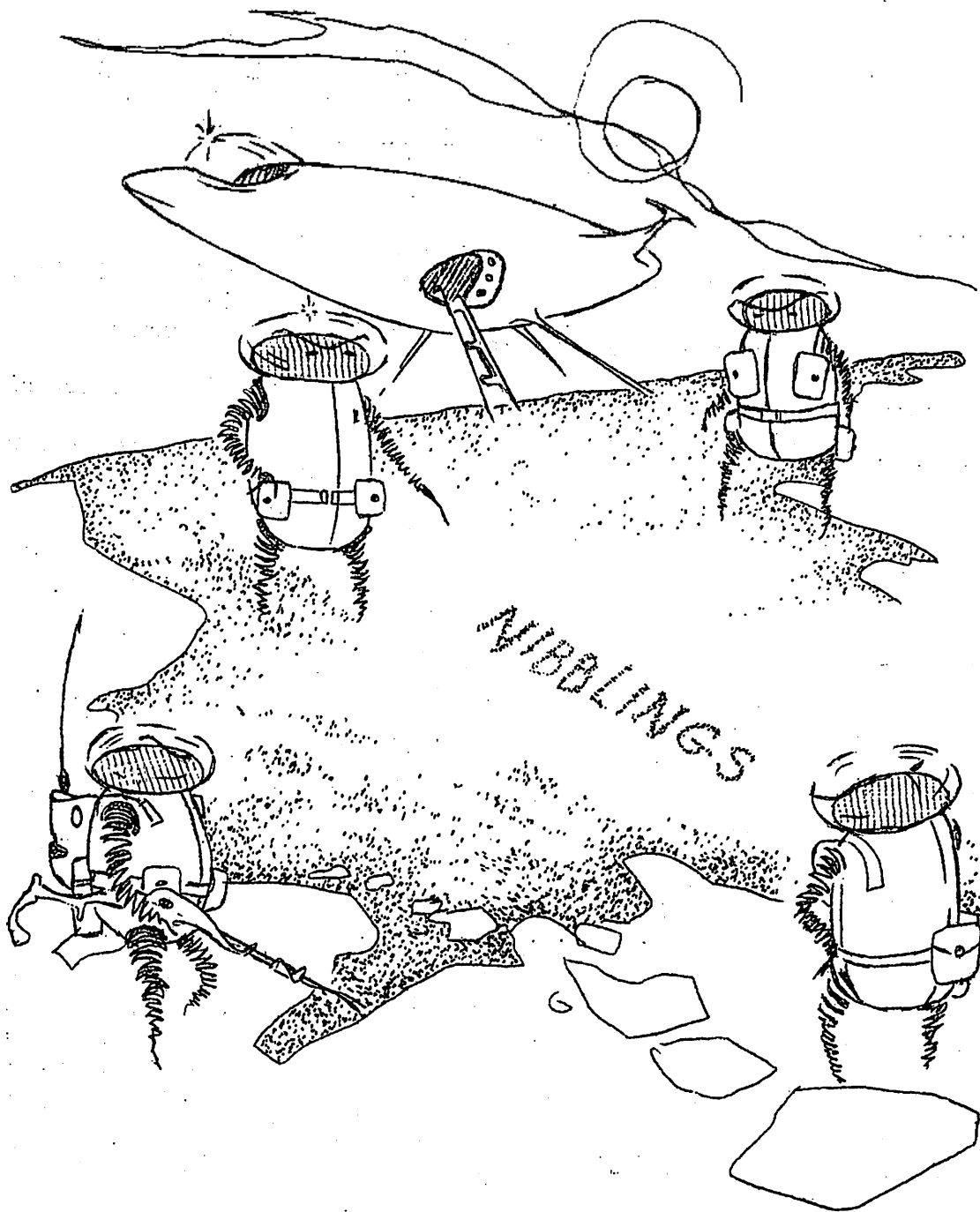
I have questioned the Indian Bureau on this case. Apparently the land taken for the reservoir was not a "reservation" within the meaning of the Federal Power Act but was held "in fee simple", hence could be acquired under Federal powers of "eminent domain". The Supreme Court also held that the Tuscarora lands were not the subject of any treaty between the Indians and the U.S. They also included the following statements:

"An Indian treaty, like any other may be modified by mutual consent. However, Congress may, by legislation, repeal, modify, or disregard treaty commitments including these made to Indians." So much for the honour of the U.S. Congress!

Oh yes, my title? It is the Cherokee nickname for white men and can be translated: "People - greedily-grasping-after-land".

Offers of help and requests for information should be addressed to: Janet McCloud, Survival of the American Indians Assoc. Inc. PO Box 719, Tacoma, Washington, USA.

Ian Peters



Now that you know that I love a bargain; you will not be surprised to hear that I often prowl the many second-hand bookshops around London. From one of these prowls I came back with a copy of *THE ACCIDENT* by Dexter Masters. Again, I cannot really call this an sf book; although it is fiction and it is about atomics. Let's call it another odd one.

Masters, says the blurb on the cover, is a leading science journalist, with a first-hand knowledge of Los Alamos, of radiation disease, and of what physicists talk about and think about. The central character is a man called Louis Saxl who is dying of radiation poisoning.

The name Louis has always been a favourite of mine; to me it seems to

## Nibblings 2

have a romantic ring. I guess this stems from thoughts of Scotland's own Robert Louis. As I start to write about this book I am minded of Robert Louis and then my butterfly mind darts to a quotation from Neil Munro. Munro invented (in THE DAFT DAYS) two dear spinster ladies whose great adventure in life was their one visit to Edinburgh. The rewards of this travel included many things such as a new crochet pattern but pride of place went to a phrase which lasted them for years...that Edinburgh was "redolent of Robert Louis". Munro comments "I have come home myself with as little for my time and money". With the mind still darting I then think of Stevenson and the fleeting picture of him as a child in Edinburgh that I have from another quotation...he loved to carry a lantern buttoned inside his coat which no-one could see and wrote..."The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night, the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned, not a ray escaping, whether to condition your footsteps or to make your glory public: a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bullseye at your belt, and to exult and sing at the knowledge". From there it is only a step to one of Stevenson's poems from A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. This one was written for a child that was named after him.

### TO MY NAME CHILD

Some day soon this rhyming volume, if you learn with proper speed,  
Little Louis Sanchez, will be given you to read  
Then shall you discover, that your name was printed down  
By the English printers, long before, in London town.

In the great and busy city where the East and West are met,  
All the little letters did the English printer set;  
While you thought of nothing, and were still too young to play  
Foreign people thought of you in places far away.

Ay, and while you slept, a baby, over all the English lands  
Other little children took the volume in their hands  
Other children questioned, in their homes across the seas:  
Who was little Louis, won't you tell us, mother, please?

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down and go and play  
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands at Monterey,  
Watching all the mighty whalebones, lying buried by the breeze  
Tiny sandy-pipers, and the huge Pacific seas.

And remember in your playing, as the sea-fog rolls to you,  
Long ere you could read it, how I told you what to do;  
And that while you thought of no one, nearly half the world away  
Some one thought of Louis on the beach at Monterey!"

All that, I may add, is probably because I am putting off thinking about Louis Saxl.

Louis had an accident whilst working with an atomic experiment at Los Alamos. He received a fatal dosage of radiation and the book describes the eight days it took him to die. That, of course, is only the bare bones of the book. In the telling of the story, Masters traces the career

### Nibblings 3

of Saxl; and gives a kind of history of the Los Alamos project. He pictures the mesa where the town was built with its chain of mountains in the background. He conjures up very well for me the almost university-like atmosphere of the town and its inhabitants. This story is timed for just a little before the first peace-time tests at Bikini; and all the uncertainties and the dilemmas that faced the physicists then are shown very well.

I think one of the things that impressed me early on was the point made that outside the laboratory where the experiment was taking place was a soldier on guard. Yet the danger was inside, and all that the soldier heard was a small explosion and a man's voice crying "Louieeee!". When the soldier rushed in all he saw was a few men standing around, one of whom - Saxl - was looking down at his hands. The soldier was looking at a man as good as dead and everyone else in the room (including Saxl - who better?) knew it. It seemed to me a very good way to illustrate the deadliness of radiation. A man with a gun against it would be helpless.

The accident to Louis affects everyone. One friend of his remembers a line from a Russian writer: "All prayers come to this: 'Dear Lord, please make two and two not equal four'". But the sum of four always comes, doesn't it? By that evening Louis has his hands in troughs of ice and whatever else might be saved his anguished friends know that his hands cannot be.

The author turns from that grisly fact to describe the beginnings of Los Alamos--the beginnings of atomic research in fact. This town, he explains was built in fear - fear that the Germans would discover atomic power first; and also fear that they would find the answers themselves. C.P. Snow once said: "In July 1939 - unless one were an unqualified pacifist - there was no moral dilemma. Everyone was afraid that the Nazis would get the bomb first. If so, they would rule the world. It was as simple as that."

Still, it couldn't have been all that simple, for afterwards so many scientists left Los Alamos; and some of those who stayed did so in agonies of indecision. Louis was one of those and the author implies that this indecision may have had something to do with the slip of the hand that caused the accident. Well, we know it was true that many scientists left there and protested against more atomic research. One of the things they did accomplish was to remove the research from Army control to the civilian Government control.

One of the people to whom I feel kindly in this book is the nurse Betsy. "She was not a squeamish girl; she could view with equanimity or even with interest the contents of a bedpan. There was little, indeed, in all the muck and dirty work of her profession to which she could not assign some kind of value. But she knew not what to get hold of, or where to look for meanings, in the mysteries of radiation sickness. It did not bother her that she had no more experience with it than with leprosy or the 'king's evil'; but it bothered her that this sickness was more comprehensible to physicists and chemists than to doctors and nurses, and seemed truly comprehensible to no one". Even as I first read this I knew she was going to be helplessly angry at the radiation sickness.

## Nibblings 4

One of the distressing things about this story is that Louis knows all about the effects of radiation. He knows that there is a line of erythema across his abdomen, pain from his tongue rubbing against a gold-capped tooth can let him guess the height of the neutron dosage he has absorbed. He knows that a flock of experts are gathered around him from all over the country. He thinks.. "Everyone will be reading something, mostly about mice and dogs because there isn't very much about us humans; and the usefulness of all the reports on the casualties and survivors in Japan is not much, since there were so many variables in estimating the radiation and most of them died, the doctors being killed and the nurses being killed and the hospital beds destroyed. Out of seventeen hundred and fifty nurses in Hiroshima, sixteen hundred and fifty killed or injured. Out of eight hundred and fifty medical students in Nagasaki, six hundred killed outright. Out of forty-seven hospitals, three left usable. Do I remember right? he asked himself. Out of two hundred doctors in Hiroshima twenty left to work. But this is not the writing that will be read now, he reflected. These specifics are the wrong specifics for now and might as well be written on the other side of the moon, for they cast no light. Yet what a dreadful light they cast and in their light is anything else worth reading?"

The author does not spare the reader from the symptoms that march inexorably towards a climax of death for Louis. If you had to swot up radiation sickness for an examination, you'd find this book very useful. None of them are pretty; the only relief being that first delirium and then a coma set in before the end. I'm not quite sure how he does it but the author leaves you feeling that Saxl would have been such a good person to know. Yet, if I think Louis' death is distressing I have to flinch slightly when one character says: "Louis? It is sad, by heavens it is sad, but it's endurable. When it can't be endured, don't you understand, is when you think of him as one among others, sixty thousand at Hiroshima, fifty thousand at Nagasaki".

It is so much easier for me to be sad for Louis than for fifty or sixty thousand; and maybe that is the moral of the book.

THE ACCIDENT by Dexter Masters. Cassell & Co. Ltd 15/-.

Ethel Lindsay

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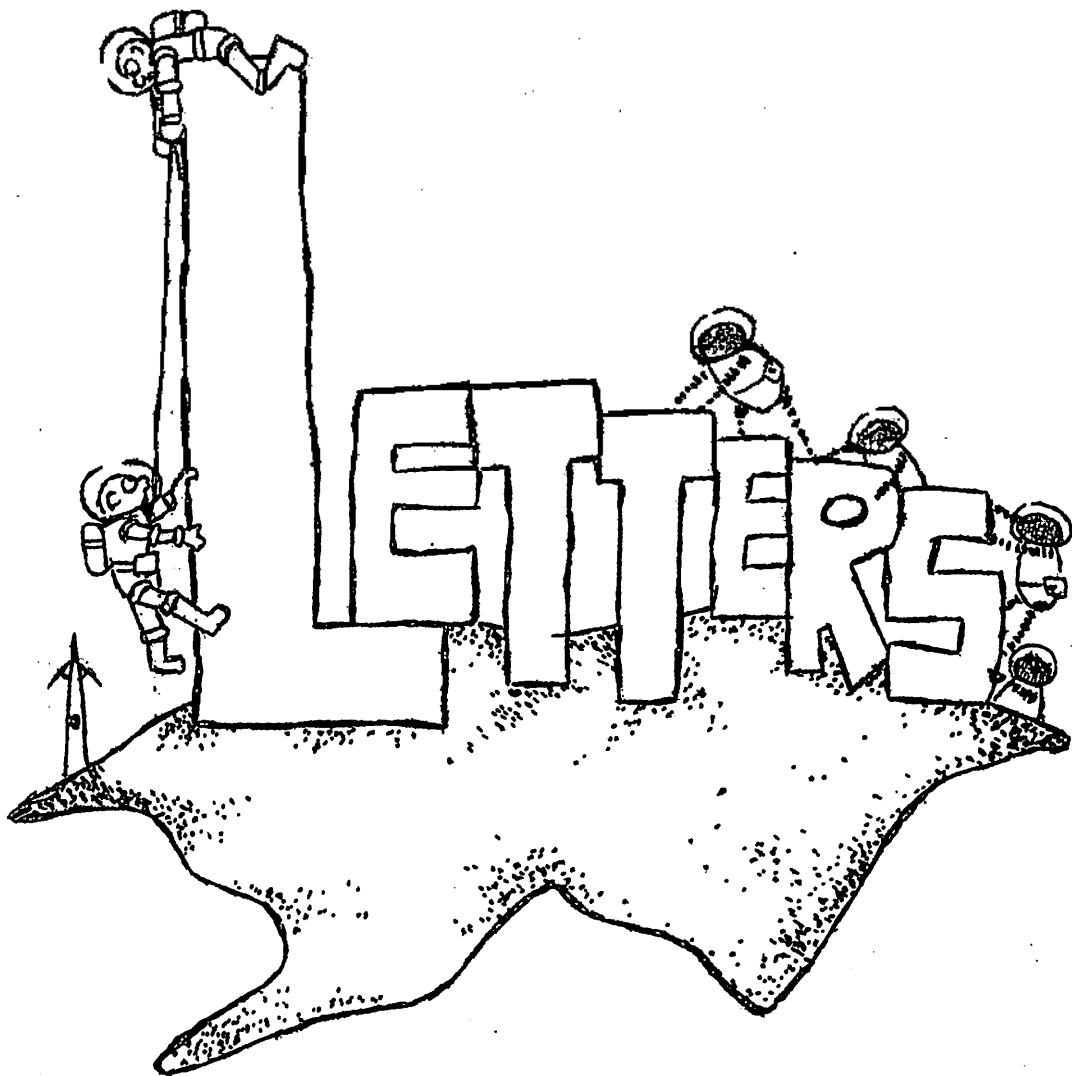
I am British Agent for the following fanzines:-

PAS-TEL: The fanzine by artists for the fan-editor and the fan who is interested in artwork. Full details of all Art Shows. 7/- or \$1

DEGLER: Fandoms only newszine. Published weekly. 10 for 6/-

DYNATRON: The Green fanzine for the sf fan with a sense of humour. 2/- per copy. No long term subs wanted.





Rick Sneary: "In recounting your work in the Wards, and morning routine—did you mean you got—made it yourself that is--the patients' brakfast. Ghee! I was talking to a nurse last month — while working in the local Demo club -- who has been at it longer than you have, and she was speeking of the changes. How nurses never did dressings, took temat-ures, gave shots, or any of the other medical things they do today. It was all done by the doctor. What they use to do is done by Housekeepers and Aides. Doctors just look at the patient—tells the nurse what to do, and then wanders off for another \$10 call. In one of our local papers there is a little comic strip about a steam-powered robot(shades of Ken Bulmer), every once in a while he serves as a robot doctor. Fifty cents for three minutes. But maybe that is what it will have to come to. Prices have gone up again. One day in hospital here, with no extries, is up to something like \$40....David McDaniels 2nd UNCLE book didn't see quite as good as the first to me..but I never liked spooky vampires. But in talking about Illya he has said that he does not plan to reveil his background. Or not a "true" one..as in the current book he mentions were he was born, and Solo says that he's said he was born somewhere else before. Dave believes Illya's background tought him to be secret about himself, which he cannot brake. Dave gets

## Letters 2

letters asking questions which he answers with detailed vagueness"

\*\*\*Cooking breakfast or supper for the hospital is fairly easy..what I blench at are the,fortunately infrequent, occasions when I've had to tackle the lunch. In fact if they had told me at my interview here that I might, at a pinch, have to take over the cooking..I'd never have taken the job. But it's marvellous what you can do when you have to do it. I am very glad that they are keeping Illya's background vague. Still, with all the different people writing those stories it would be a wonder if there isn't a mixup soon.\*\*\*

Harry Warner: "This isn't criticism of you or any other recent TAFF delegate. But I feel that the best sort of TAFF publicity is the kind that comes from fanzine publication of account's of delegates' trips. For a while it was customary for the TAFF traveller to tell his adventures in fanzines, and I think this was better publicity than the one-shot containing the whole story, in the sense that it kept appearing before the fannish public, month after month, sometimes year after year. It also reached different segments of fandom in the cases of the delegates who spread their adventures among a lot of fanzines. Conceivably, fanzine publication of the adventures would preserve for the future a chronicle or two that will never get published because the delegate lacks the time or energy to put out a big trip report as a separate publication...The snobbery and racism mentioned by Roy Tackett are quite shocking when encountered unexpectedly in older 20th century fiction. I've just finished reading When Worlds Collide, which I started to read when a boy and never completed at that time because of the prodigious nightmares it caused me. My paperback version has been brought up to date in such ways as changing references to political situations in today's world to conform with reality. But it still retains a description of some character or other as possessing all the good qualities that come only from being born in an aristocratic family. Not long ago I ran across a news story in an old local newspaper about a talk some Maryland educator had given about the problem of keeping Negroes in school. "Of course", he said, "there can be no question of actually educating the colored people" and then he went on to explain how their time in school might be utilized to teach them how to do properly domestic work and manual labor. Such things make me more than ever convinced that it would be impossible for any disguised time travellers to mingle with the people of any other era; there would be too many blunders on such fundamental differences in attitudes as these."

\*\*\*I remember what fun it was chasing after the various instalments of Ron Bennett's Trip Report..I wonder if this would be a good thing to revive? I notice that Tom is writing in one of the German zines. I had thought of asking him if he'd like to run it in SCOT..but would only four times a year be capable of sustaining interest? The ideal place would be a regular monthly zine like YANDRO. Only: Buck has no lack of material and takes a dim view of Trip Reports anyway...\*\*\*

Robert Coulson: "The Brain sounds like an interesting idea, developed in a way that I wouldn't approve of at all. I mean, authors are always saying that "power corrupts", but I always feel that it's better to find out these things for one's self. After all, how does the author know? How much power has he ever had? Anyway, if it happened to me I don't think I'd tell the Brain to go away, symbol for the Devil or not...Tackett has

### Letters 3

a point in that writers are influenced by their times. However, the fact that snobbery and racism were once respectable does not mean that they were ever right. Inasmuch as the authors are still being read today and still exerting influence today, I feel it's quite right to judge them by today's standards. They've already been judged by the standards of their times, by the critics of their times. Today's critics certainly aren't going to hurt the feelings of the authors themselves, and they may offset any of their harmful ideas."

Arnie Katz: "Although lending libraries, at least in the eastern part of the US(I don't know for sure about the west, though I suspect the situation is the same), are few and very small when they are found, I can still sympathise with your agonies while waiting for a book you want to make its way to the bargain table. I feel much the same way waiting for some record to be placed on sale. This situation occurs when the record is one I want, but not at the regular (discounted) price, but which for a dollar or so less is a good deal. Eventually, in department stores which stress Low Prices various labels will be placed on sale; but this doesn't do any good if the record you want is sold out. My typical strategy is to hide the records I want behind other records that few people ever look through. Then, when the store announces that all records on that label will be sold for half-price, I retrieve my Hidden Treasure and blow the difference on stencils or some such foolishness....I agree with you about TAFF publicity in that there is damn little of it in the US. I think the fact that the last two US TAFFmen have gone gafia immediately after coming home has something to do with it. Terry has shown signs of renewed activity lately, so perhaps this will improve. I'm glad to see that TAFF trips are to be spaced out a little now -- I think that there've been too many in the last couple of years to keep up the interest necessary for the successful running of each campaign. Not that I don't enjoy seeing overseas fans come here, but I think TAFF races, when held too often, just seem to get taken for granted instead of being Events as they should be."

Rick Sneary: "I think the quote by Priestley is only partly right. Looking round and reading biographies of famous writers, it seems to me that writing has to be something you can't resist doing, to expect to do it well. Of course many say that writing is hard work, many famous writers that is. But still, most writers seem to me compelled to write, no matter what. For these the advice is good..Certainly the more one writes, the better and easier it is. But I'm sure you know fans too, who say they want to be writers, but who never really get in and do much. They can write, and they want to write, but there is no real monkey on their backs making them do it...on TAFF. I agree that a good administrator has become more important than a Trip report. Let's face it, just about all the original views of a foreign country have been written. Now it is only personal variations on these views..interesting, but few fans write like Willis. I believe we are currently four reports behind, right? Maybe it is time to stop thinking the Reports expected. I would personally not care to take on the task." \*\*\*Having a terrible memory I'm not sure where you get four Trip Reports behind from. I have heard that Wally tore up his first draft--unsatisfied with it, I suppose. It does seem to me, however, that unless you write it straight away--just when you are at your lowest ebb of energy--you never will start it later.\*\*\*

## Letters 4

Rosemary Hickey: "We rented an apartment and called the movers and made a date Jan 30th to move us over; then the Great Chicago Blizzard dropped 24 inches of snow all over Mohawk area and a good part of Chicago. Movers cancelled the 30th and two subsequent dates. We're still packed in hopes. After each cancellation had to unearth dishes, silverware, pans, pots, salt etc! So - I called another company and they have promised to move us this Sunday starting at 7.30am. The weather has been warm the past two days. Every conceivable form of four-wheeled transportation has gotten stuck on Mohawk St; including the tow-truck that had come to pull out a lorry. I foolishly let the gas company switch service today. We're now on cold cuts."

\*\*\*I hope that things are sorted out now for you..but I couldn't resist letting folks know of one of the effects of the Great Blizzard. One reads of such things usually, and thinks no more of them.\*\*\*

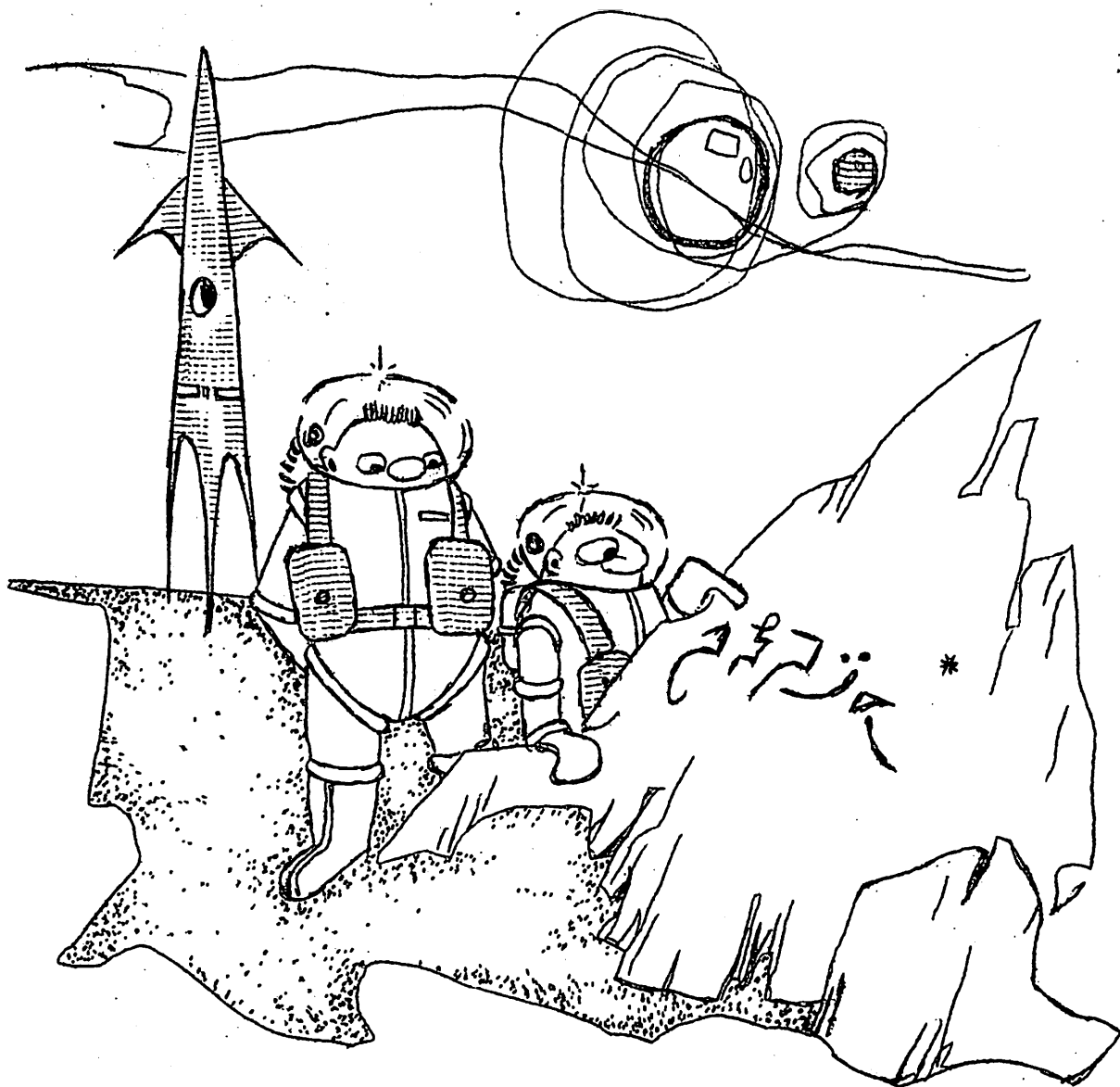
Sid Birchby: "I'd like to comment upon your column 'Nibblings'..damn, spelt wrong..sounds like a Norse Gnome..never mind! Like you, I do regret the passing of Boots's lending library. I have two big boots..I HAVE TWO BIG BOOT'S BRANCHES...near me, namely in Manchester and in Stockport and both of them used to have sizeable lending library sections. Hardly a week went by that I didn't get some really good SF bargains for the ridiculous price of 1/- (later 1/6) wait..I'll have a look on the bookshelf...I forgot, it fell down last week. But I assure you. Nowadays for cut-price SF..and what other sort is worth buying?..I go to Woolworth's and Henry's, both of which have jumble boxes at about 1/- a time of remaindered paperbacks. Yesterday I got a Belmont anthology 'Way Out'...worth it for a Poul Anderson story 'Honorable Enemies'. Funny how history repeats itself: The first SF I ever bought was 'Amazing Stories' in Woolworth's at 3d a time. So every time it repeats itself, the price goes up."

\*\*\*Do I detect a slightly disorganised atmosphere from your letter? But then the last letter was mentioning the subject of beer...I too have found those jumble piles of paperbacks in Woolworth's. It makes up slightly for the loss of the big Boots alright.\*\*\*

Archie Mercer: "Have a brief LoC on a brief SCOTTISHE. (that rhymes, scans etc., now you come to mention it) Three Otters have I met - the other two although they worked at the same place and thus lived in the same general neighbourhood (Lincoln), claimed to be no relation to each other. Although the word is of course a perfectly good English word, it refers to an animal that I don't think I've ever seen - and the same probably applies to most people. Thus it tends to sound unfamiliar - and there is a Germanic ring to it, so I see what Keith means."

Peter Singleton: "I'd like to comment on your review of Dan Morgan's STORY from VECTOR 41. I'm afraid you've missed the point of this entirely: it's an hilarious parody of the avant garde brand of sf produced by Ballard and Disch. Morgan pokes fun at this variety of nonsense - the use of STORY as a title is one indication of this. The last two words of this parody are "Nothing happens.." Dan obviously shares your views and more regarding the deplorable new trend: the quote you picked out yourself "anal landscapes" is a good indication of this. Please read STORY again and I'm positive you'll come out of it covered in a different slant, if you'll excuse the mixed metaphor."

\*\*\*I'll take your word for it, thanks, and herewith bow an apology to Dan Morgan.\*\*\*



....On TAFF: The scene has brightened up considerably since I last discussed TAFF. Two definite names have now come forward for the next campaign - that of Ed Cox and Steve Stiles; and I have even heard some rumours of a third name yet to come. ATOM's Trip Report will be out by Easter; I hear that Terry Carr is at work also. Tom Schlueck will be at the Bristolcon and will be talking about TAFF. I even heard what happened to Wally's Report: it seems he tore up the first draft and has started again! To crown all; a Progress Report popped into my mailbox today from Terry Carr. I just hope everyone realises how much work is involved in these Reports. As I've just finished duplicating ATOM's I know wherof I speak. If you don't all but the 150 copies of this 90pp Report...grr!

\* Natterings



....On Fan Writing: I was given a large pile of fanzines a while back and have been working my way through them. Lots of them were Sapszines which consisted mainly of mailing comments. I found myself skipping chunks of these comments--even when written by favourite fans of mine. These comments were rarely interesting in themselves. However, on the whole, the number of fan writings than can stand the test of time are rather few, I'm afraid. Yet, all those old zines were worth wading through for the occasional gem that came my way. I found that best of all, the one really worth re-reading, was written by Wally Weber! This was his hilarious account of the wedding of Otto Pfeifer at which Wally was Best Man. Wally brilliantly evokes a bachelor innocence in the face of a marital affair, which never goes beyond the edge of the farcical into the ridiculous. It seems to me that the fans, like Wally, who are good at humorous writing are really good. It really is a pity that this should be left to moulder in an old pile of fanzines. I was sorely tempted to re-print it.

Of course often the reason that fannish humour is so good, is because fandom itself is such a lush pasture in which the humourist can browse. It is almost as good for the writer as is politics! However, even the treatment of such an overworked event as a wedding, can stand out. Benchley at his best could not have beaten Wally..yes, I will quote...

"Reverend Dunlop asked Otto and Pat a lot of questions during the course of the ceremony, most of which I would have thought over pretty carefully before answering myself, but Pat and Otto went right ahead and agreed to everything. You would think that Otto, especially, with his Army background and all, would have thought a long time before volunteering to do some of the things the preacher brought up, but there he was, answering "I will!" to things I'm sure he wouldn't have promised even his Commanding Officer in the Army. Reverend Dunlop was a good master of ceremonies, I will say that. Once, when things got a little dull, he folded his hands and sang, "The Lord's Prayer," and did a marvellous job of it. He had a cold audience, though, so nobody applauded...Finally the bride and groom gave way to impulse and started smooching like they were out of their minds right up in front of all of us, and the preacher saw there was no use trying to talk to the two of them any longer, since they weren't going to listen to him anyway, so he let us go. Actually, interesting though the ceremony was, I was kind of anxious to get down to the refreshments, myself."

The one big snag about our fannish humorous 'greats' is that it is so difficult to get them to write. There was James White--do you remember THE BEACON REPT? James turned to professional writing of course, which was fandom's loss. There were two that Britain could be really proud of --Mal Ashworth and Ken Potter. It's not my fault they aren't still with us; I give them hints enough. Another who wandered off and left us, alas, was Nigel Lindsay. He sends me a birthday card and a Christmas card, so I know he is still living. I've only touched on the British scene. Make up your own list of Americans!

All gone and who to take their place?

Fish and tush..but I never dated the first three copies of H:VERINGS, my zine of comment upon fanzines received. From internal evidence I must

### Natterings 3

have started it by 1960 at least. So, that is six years now that I have been commenting upon the fanzine output that comes my way. Not too many zines are featured in the early issues; but the last issue contained my comments upon a total of 35 zines. As the years roll on, I have become more critical. Said a friend to me recently - "Don't you get a bit bored reading all those zines?" Well, admittedly, to take some of these zines in isolation would be rather boring, for amateurish they often are. Yet, to take them as part of a continually changing scene, is to see them in a different light.

I can no longer remember many individual items, I can get a whole heap of zines mixed up in my mind; but I feel I have an overall picture of the zine-scene to which I can refer when assessing individual items. There is, too, the continual odd and delightful surprises, one can never be sure what will come next.

At the moment, it seems to me, there is a great sameness in the British zines that come my way, as opposed to the Americans who vary delightfully. Less and less of the British zines have been coming my way lately; perhaps because my comments upon them have been getting more and more critical.

For one thing, they all start from square one. Not one, so far, appears to have learnt from the others. For example: the second issues have long letter columns filled with comments upon the first issue in boring detail. Articles mainly skim the surface of the ideas contained. The fiction is mostly poor, good writing is rare. Young guys practising away--you may say. Well, some of them should practise a bit more before venturing into public. The editors do not seem to have read more than a handful of other British zines before starting up on their own. I keep thinking that British fandom must surely soon produce another Harris or Clarke--and prove me wrong in thinking that British fan writing has taken a real nosedive lately.

....On Whatever became of the HUGO Committee:  
What did?

....On the subject of critics: Should someone get mad at the way I criticise ..boy they ought to see how mad I get at critics myself! I can never resist reading the book reviews, the film reviews, the television reviews, and nine times out of ten I can get irritated at the critic. In particular I get irritated at television criticism. What annoys me is the way a play on tv will receive a full scale review, no matter what its worth. Sometimes the reviewer will discuss one of the news programmes, but this is rarer. The reviewer hardly ever discusses a particular instalment from any of the popular series which hit the Top Ten with monotonous regularity. Unless they are very controversial.

When the critics do discuss a series it is usually with great condescension. Or else they will seek a psychological explanation for it's popularity. Here is Stuart Hood in The Spectator: "As we follow the desperate attempts of THRUSH to marshal the hordes of darkness and dominate the world, are we harmlessly indulging our paranoic fantasies? Watching the egregiously silly plottings of the villains, do we indulge that Jungian side of our personalities?" I suppose we couldn't simply be seeking an

#### Natterings 4

an escape from the tension of our daily lives by suspending belief and enjoying a laugh!

Some time ago the OBSERVER newspaper ran an article entitled "Spies who come into camp". Here, my main complaint, was that the critic wrote of Bond, the Avengers, UNCLE, Modesty Blaise, and even Batman as if they were a single phenomena. Not content with treating these various styles as if they were one, the writer blamed them all on Jean Genet! This critic described The Arabian Nights as "Scheherazade's mixture of cruelty, sex, and wonder". So it is no surprise that he concluded that a liking for fantasy, adventure and tongue-in-cheek foolery stems from "the shame which clothes Genet's world of lawlessness, violence, and sexual libertinism". "The spy-spoof syndrome", says the writer, "skirts and camouflages the appetite it covertly satisfies".

This article was nothing if not educational...did you know that it was odd that a sexual silence shrouds Ilya of UNCLE? That he maintains a mysterious, monkish chastity because he is not only embodying the isolationism of the spy-outcast, but "saving himself for something - whether a cause or a person remains unstated"?

Dear me, I thought it was because the teenagers who follow the show objected when he kissed a female in one episode! Such a mundane explanation would not occur to the serious critic, of course.

My theory is that all TV critics are either frustrated theatre critics or ex-theatre critics who cannot really criticise television. Mind you -- there is one exception -- Milton Shulman of the EVENING STANDARD newspaper. He always produces good solid and constructive criticism of all types of television. He lately won the award of TV Critic of the Year. This was wholly deserved; he is our only real television critic.

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