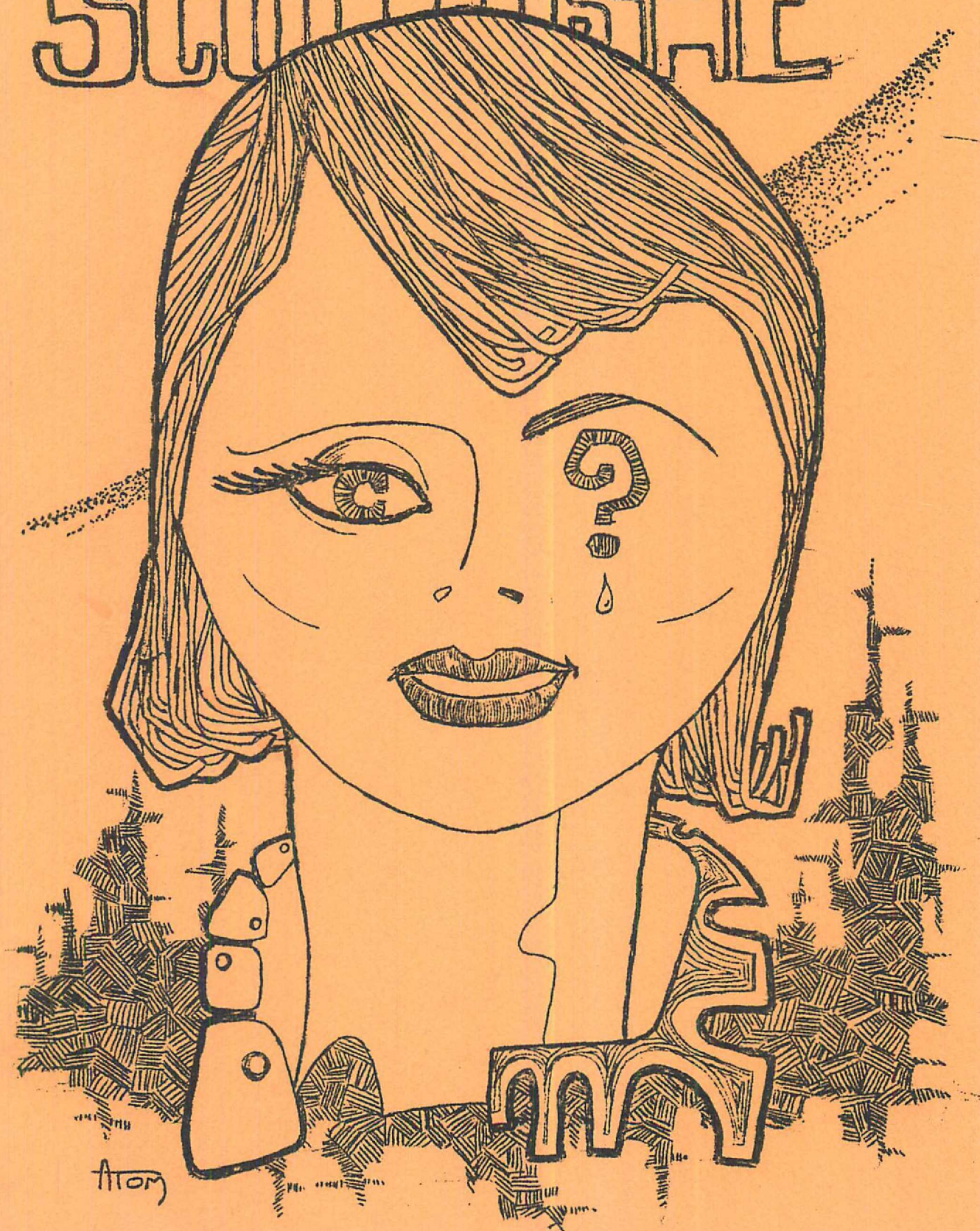


SCOTTISHE



Atom

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Nipplings

Rork! by Avram Davidson. Rapp & Whiting. 18s. This is the kind of alien world adventure that always enthralles me. The planet of Pia 2 has been colonised and then, due to war, left on its own for long enough to thoroughly demoralise the inhabitants. By the time the hero arrives the original settlers are divided into "tame Tocks" and "Wild Tocks". There are also the Rorks..the native animals who are considered highly dangerous and aggressive. The small Station of humans who represent the central society sprung from "Old Earth", huddle together and have not explored the planet properly. The author keeps the action going as he shows the diversity of the different cultures and he has then logically worked out. Perhaps rather a lot of change stems from the arrival of one man—but he is humanly fallible and no superman..so this is forgivable.

Orbit 2 edited by Damon Knight. Rapp & Whiting. 25s. This is called a collection of science fiction stories. I am going to quibble with this statement for a start. There is as much fantasy here as science fiction. I would apply this particularly to the two stories by Joanna Ross which feature a woman called Alyx who mightily resembles a man called Elric or Conan or any other of the saga figures you can recall. Not my favourite type of story and no better by having a female protagonist than a male. THE HOLE ON THE CORNER by R.A. Lafferty is one of the fantasy type in which nothing is explained and anything goes. It could be classed as a horror story—or it might be meant to be funny. This would also apply to THE FOOD FARM -fantasy pure and simple—and again with a touch of the horrific. One of the longest stories is FIDDLER'S GREEN by Richard McKenna. This starts off with 8 men dying in a boat at sea who find a way into another world; a world dreamt up and sustained by one of them who becomes the god of the world. I would call this one fantasy too—well done and very absorbing. THE DOCTOR by Ted Thomas comes into the class of time-travel stories, and it has been a debatable point as to whether these can be counted as SF. again this is very well written. There are two which are quite clearly SF—THE DIMPLE IN DRACO by Philip Latham and BABY, YOU WERE GREAT by Kate

Nibblings 2

Wilhelm. Brian Aldiss writes in FULL SUN, a story of the future where man is being hunted by both werewolves and machines. I'd call this one a half SF and half fantasy story. The most effective story is BABY, YOU WERE GREAT. It tells of the 'star' of the future who is wired up so that listeners cum viewers can feel all she does. Oh yes, this is SF alright -but it is also a real horror story that really made me shudder. I guess it touched on one of my basic fears-that of losing my individuality. As a collection - I did not like this; I was left feeling depressed after every story.

Cities of Wonder: edited by Damon Knight. 25s Dobson. Much more my favourite type of reading. Using future cities as the theme of this collection adds to its value. Some SF classics are featured, notably DUMB WAITER by Walter J. Miller. I've always liked the cheerful hero of this; and his competent way of looking at life. His philosophy towards things mechanical-they are there to serve humans - is refreshing if you turn from the contemporary gloominess about technology. SINGLE COMBAT is of this gloomy type in which the City kills a man who would try to kill it. Another classic is Heinlein's IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK which tells of the effect of Earth upon a couple returned from years of living in Luna City. Still among the classics is E.M. Forster's THE MACHINE STOPS; we had a very fine version of this on our TV screen not so long ago. One of the few stories written by Ballard about which I will enthuse is in this collection..this is BILLENIUM..a very well-thought out description of life in the city should the population explosion continue unabated. There is an OKIE story of that most wondrous city, a Kornbluth story of war between cities in the future, Aldiss with a tale of alien immigrants; and an after-the-bomb story by SV Benet with an uplift ending. This is a collection that will really enhance your SF book-shelf.

The Judgment of Eve: by Edgar Pangborn. Rapp & Whiting. 21s A very beautifully written story. It takes place "after the Holocaust" and tells the story of Eve and her blind mother who live together with Caleb who is a half-wit and useful for work. To them come three men - Kenneth - "to him women were people, a cause of success with them which, by the way, can't be faked"; Claudius who was the oldest, who had been a violinist and whose arm was now crippled; and Ethan who thought of himself as a simple man. They all want Eve who sends them out for a period -and to come back to her with words to answer "What is Love?" Then she will choose. The tale of their travels is engrossing and their different characters lovingly drawn. The author does not tell us who Eve chooses in the end. I've read this twice in an effort to glean clues as to her choice -had I been Eve I know who I'd choose--but dear knows if that is when the author had in mind.

Asimov's Mysteries: by Isaac Asimov. Rapp & Whiting. 25s. Before reading this I had not realised just how many short story mystery type SF Asimov had produced. Handily gathered together here they are enlivened by the Doctor's own urbane humour as he chats to the reader both before and after each one. Dr Urth, the extraterrologist, is featured in quite a few as the man who ultimately solves the puzzle. What I enjoyed most of all was Dr Asimov's idea of a love story in I'M IN MARSPOUT WITHOUT HILDA. I enjoyed all the clever puzzles (and didn't guess one of them) but I laughed out loud at the ending of his 'love story'.

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Is Anyone There?: by Isaac Asimov. Rapp & Whiting. 35s. The blurb says.. "Speculative Essays on Time Travel, The Future, Flying Saucers, LSD, Life on Other Worlds and lots more...". Really, what more do I need to say? SF fans already know that Asimov can write well; he is one of the towering giants in this field. We also know, through his articles in various magazines, that he has the ability to make a scientific idea readable to the layman - and enjoyable! This collection fulfils all this abundantly. I should think every SF fan would want this as a reference book to keep. Budding SF authors most certainly should have it.

The Other Side of Time: by Keith Laumer. Dobson Books. 18s. In this Universe of Laumer's there are alternate worlds.. which makes for exciting adventures for the hero Colonel Brion Bayard. In his travels he meets the Hagroons - ape-men who end up back as the Neanderthal of our past. He reaches a world where Frances is the Empire - never lost by Bonaparte. In fact he fairly gets around in a series of hazardous situations.

The Traps of Time: edited by Michael Moorcock. Dobson Books. 25s Not time-travel stories—but stories that are "speculating about the nature of time." They mostly appeared originally in NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY. They are all very clever and very downbeat. The one I found most absorbing is Aldiss' MAN IN HIS TIME - the story of an astronaut who returns to Earth and finds that he is living slightly ahead of everyone else's time. It is told, very sympathetically, from the point of view of the astronaut's wife.

Paperbacks by ACE

Is Anyone There? by Isaac Asimov. Ace N-4. 95¢. If you cannot afford the hard-cover version of this which I reviewed earlier, then here it is in a very neat package.

The Flying Saucer Story. by B. Le Poer French. Ace. N-64. 60¢. The author is chairman of The International Sky Scouts. The writer believes in flying saucers and marshalls his proofs. Should you also believe, no doubt this is the book for you. I am with Asimov who says in the above book that whilst he does not believe in flying saucers-he does believe that intelligent life exists somewhere in the depths of space. Asimov adds: "until an actual spaceship with its non-human crew is exhibited (lights in the sky, however mysterious, are not enough) I will continue to assume that every reported sighting is either a hoax, a mistake, or something that can be explained in a fashion that does not involve spaceships from the distant stars". If you really want to know the pros and cons of intelligent life other than our own.. I would rather recommend the Asimov book than this.

The Occult World of John Pendragon: by Brad Steiger. Ace. K-307. 50¢. An odd sort of collection - the major part is taken up by stories of various worth; ghosts and black magic strongly featured. Pendragon himself claims to have made true predictions and offers a shaft of them at the end so you can check up. I wonder what his real name is.. I just don't believe in that Pendragon bit.

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Swords Against Wizardry:by Fritz Leiber: Ace. H73.60¢. A Fafhrd and Gray Mouser series of adventures; one leading logically from the other. The first episode will please fans who also like mountaineering tales with their fantasy. Should you have enjoyed these adventures in the past--this new lot will not disappoint you...there is plenty of sword-play and plenty of wizardry.

Picnic on Paradise:by Joanna Russ. Ace. H72.60¢. The heroine Alyx is again featured in this..but to me she bears no resemblance to the woman in the other short stories. Indeed, this is one of the most original SF adventures I've read. Alyx here, is not the least predictable; a refreshing thing to say about an SF heroine. Moreover the other characters are fascinating as they reveal the alienness of their culture. The descriptions of an alien planet and the future mores are exceptionally good. Highly recommended.

World's Best SF.1968:edited by Wollheim and Carr. Ace. A15.75¢. A very good selection and each choice is also of a good length. The most gruesome is Ellison's I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM. The most humorous is Richard Wilson's SEE ME NOT, an 'invisible man' story. The others range nicely between an Asimov science/crime story and the works of Disch, Zelazny and Delaney. Money's worth with this one.

Doom of the Green Planet:by Emil Petaja/Star Quest:by Dean R.Koontz. Ace Double H70.60¢. The first is a rollicking adventure--an SF base to justify a medieval romance. The second is more SF slanted. The hero starts off as the mind in a tank at war in the future--but he soon shoots off to further exploits in a struggle between "Muties" and "Normals".

Star Hunter/Voodoo Planet:by Andre Norton. Ace. G-723.50¢. Two adventure novels--would be particularly good for starting off a young lad onto the SF trail. The first tells of young Vye Lansor who suddenly finds himself taken from the foul tavern where he had to work to an alien planet with memories of having crash-landed there as Rynch Brodie, now heir to a tremendous fortune. Well-plotted. The other tells of a planet to which fled Africans after a Terran Race War. The influence of witch-doctors is still left in their culture. Briskly worked out--the use of mass-hypnosis making the resulting adventure believable.

The Lincoln Hunters:by Wilson Tucker. H62.60¢. A welcome addition to the classic SF shelf. Time travel story magnificently told with a wealth of detail of future and past history. Exciting too, with a breathless finish. --will Ben Steward man of the 26th century meet himself 700 years in the past and so cancel himself out? A knowledge of history in the Lincoln years will help your enjoyment; but ignorance of this will not spoil it.

Anthropol:by Louis Trimble/The Time Mercenaries:by Philip High. Ace Double H-59.60¢. The first has a totalitarian-feminist government that has to be destroyed by the hero. Women in power, it seems, are no better than men. In the High tale a whole submarine crew is brought into the future to help the human race which has deleted the aggressive tendency by genetic means. The humans are now threatened by an alien enemy and are unable to fight back. The second is the better of the two.

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New Lands: By Chas Fort. Ace. H74.60¢. Really this was a bit too technical for me. Definetly meant for those who have more astronomical knowledge than I have.

Carpathian Castle: by Jules Verne. Ace. H60.60¢. An early SF story told in the Gothic manner. Interesting to the fan from a historic point of view and to seeing how the two styles are blended together

The Village in the Treetops: by Jules Verne. Ace. H-67.60¢. Ace has contracted to produce a series of Verne novels—to include his lesser-known as well as his known works. This is the first English translation of this story. It was written at the time of the controversy over the Darwinian Theory; and describes the finding of a "missing link" tribe in Africa. For the completist and the fan interested in SF's early beginnings.

The Key to Venudine: by Kenneth Bulmer/Mercenary From Tomorrow by Mack Reynolds. Ace. H-65.60¢. One for the fantasy buffs...Princesses, a Witch-Woman, flying griffs, sterling heros and Portals that open into other worlds. Fun. Reynolds on the other hand postulates a TV-watching future which demands war games to watch. Plenty imagination here..a caste system that can be climbed..but not easily. One watches the hero do so..with the aid of gliders. This one must have been written for George Locke.

Rite of Passage: by Alexei Panshin. Ace Special. A-16.75¢. I think I liked this best of the bunch. Somehow Panshin's approach to the "world in a space-ship" theme seems different. The whole way of life there is drawn well - and is seen through the eyes of adolescents. Most of the action is concerned with the month of Trial that each must live in a hostile world. Very much a life or death trial too. I see some other reviewers discussing the parallels with Heinlein. I was mostly interested in the fact that Panshin tells his tale through a young girl. Both Zelazny and Brunner are praising him for his portrayal. Now I found the heroine anything but feminine..her story could have been told equally as well by a young man. But it is a very good story for all of that.

Psi High and Others: by Alan E. Nourse. Ace. G-730.50¢. This really consists of three stories about humans in the future..linked by the device of Watchers who will decide if they are fit to join the Galactic Federation. They are well done showing how humanity deals with three problems..that of immortality..that of psi powers..and that of the meeting with intelligent aliens. I found the treatment of the effect of immortality the most original; quite a convincing treatment of the theme.

A Private Cosmos: By Philip José Farmer. Ace. G-724.50¢. This is the third book in a series..and I find myself handicapped by the fact that I have not read the first two. Very colourful writing telling of a world of tiers and layers..another on the theme of 'gates' into various worlds. It might set you off thinking as to what you'd have if you could have your own private cosmos. The hero of this has plenty stirring adventures.

Across Time: by David Grinnell. Ace G-728.50¢. This story starts with mysterious lights in the sky and shifts to many years in the future. Running through it is the tale of sibling rivalry that keeps the interest.

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The Enigma of the Poltergeist: by Raymond Bayless. Ace H-68.60¢. This is written up in a strange manner. Each chapter is solemnly given a whole lot of paragraph headings..which are then repeated and listed at the end of each chapter. Initially this gives the feeling of a serious study..but I found it very chaotic. Descriptions of poltergeist activity of recent times are jammed ~~against~~ that of many years back. Mention is made of the book POLTERGEIST OVER ENGLAND by Harry Price; a much better written book on the subject. Yet, this is a useful book if you know little of the subject—and if you find it as fascinating as I do—it could lure you on to reading more.

Strange Encounters: by John Macklin: Ace K-305.50¢ This collection consists of many short descriptions of "baffling" cases. Typical is that of the man who gives a lift to a woman whilst he is driving in a fog..then later learns that she had in fact been dead from an accident at the same spot for over a year. A ghost story -with no attempt to explain or produce anything except a matter-of-fact acceptance of ghosts. They are all on this level and so wearisome if read all at once. Should you believe in ghosts this won't shake your conviction..if you do not this will not convert you.

EDDIE

ALREADY

FOR

T A F F

a country column of city life

The Old Mill Stream

by
Penelope
Fandergaste

The detective in the television series pulled out a packet of cigarettes, lit one and blew smoke towards the restaurant ceiling. He looked across the table to the beautiful young girl and asked, "Where do you come from?"

She spoke with the slight accent we've come to accept as "Mid-European." "The country I come from," she answered, "no longer exists."

"Tell me," our hero continued, "why did you come to America?"

She smiled. "When I was a child," she said, "every little girl was promised that if she was good she would go to America."

Well, I don't remember anyone making me such a promise, perhaps because I wasn't such a good little girl. But tell me, am I wrong? Wasn't The Dream dangled before our eyes too? Perhaps nobody actually said anything about our goal being the Land of Opportunity across the Atlantic, but didn't we view the far off glitter in our daydreams?

The Dream must have depended upon the contrasts of course. We had austerity and rationing and the long drizzle of English weather and everything, yes, everything about America seemed superior. Whilst we were walking to school to save a penny bus fare American kids were enjoying bobbysox coeducation, sipping sodas at the friendly corner drug store. Whilst John Mills was urging his men on American soldiers were dating girls at the Stage Door Canteen. Whilst Vera Lynn was singing We'll Meet Again Glenn Miller and the young Sinatra were wowin' 'em from coast to coast. Hey, remember the Road films and the way we queued up in the rain to see them? Remember Harry James and Fred Allen and Anchors Aweigh and The Best Years of Our Lives and Bob Walker's Private Hargrove and the beautiful, ill-fated Helen Walker and Abbott and Costello and the Lobby Song and My Friend Irma and the swing on the old porch and Frank Jenks, the postmen in the Blondie films, and Tom La Guardia and Peggy Ryan and the delivery boy throwing those thick news-

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papers at the front door as he rode by and those films with "guest appearances," and Jose Iturbi and Esther Williams and those long drape jackets and Betty Grable and.....hey, sure. You remember. Even the comics they had in America were better than the Beano and Radio Fun.

Well, as I said up there....tell me. Was it really like that, or was that merely the Hollywood idea of American life twenty years ago? The outsider certainly saw it that way. I don't think for a moment that my impression of The Dream was a personal one. The girl in the television programme had it, too. America was to us, that dazzling, golden land.

Tell me, too, what happened to that Dream? What happened to that Better Life those Yanks Over There were fighting for? Do little girls view America in a similar light today? Does Hollywood? Tell me, I don't know. Are little girls promised a New Life in America these days? Where? In Harlem, Cleveland and Watts? In a land which kills its Luther Kings and Robert Kennedys?

To me, somewhere, somehow, at some time, the Dream turned sour.

Didn't it?

Tell me I'm wrong.

If any man's death diminishes us, what are our feelings when genius becomes wasted by early death? Do we become saddened because of unfulfilled promise, of unattained glories? How do we regard the deaths of the Fitzgeralds, the Beiderbeckes, the Deans, the Thomases, the Monroes, the Kovacs, the Elliks?

Let me tell you of one man whose name belongs in that list of giants, a man who died a few months ago, virtually unsung.

His name was Tony Hancock.

A dozen years ago Hancock's Half Hour was, with Take It From Here and The Goon Show, one of the nation's funniest radio programmes. And in those days before television had really taken its hold, a programme which listeners stayed at home to hear. Not since the days of I.T.M.A. had the British radio audience such a hero as Hancock, full of conceit, arrogance, pseudo-culture and easily punctured bluster. All of the wonderful schemes devised by Hancock backfired, often because they were counter-schemed by his excellent straight man, the conniving lay-about, Sid James. Eventually the show was transferred to television (I almost said "progressed to television," but I don't want to be controversial) with equal success. We learned that there was an added quality in obtaining Hancock's bewildered and exasperated expressions in the visual medium.

The programme, however, did not last. Tony Hancock decided that he should move to new pastures whilst the show was still its roaring success and before audiences grew tired of it and during the years that followed he tried a number of different ventures;

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First came a pair of films which were box office blights, though one of them, The Rebel, certainly had its moments. Then came a series of inconsequential variety performances which culminated in a disastrous Sunday evening television programme. A breakdown in health and an unsuccessful marriage hardly helped. Hancock did not seem able to climb back.

And so a second marriage was ended this year. And a week later Tony Hancock committed suicide in an Australian hotel.

What went wrong? Was it poor health, the unhappy personal life, the string of public failures? Or was it perhaps some personality factor born of an inherent desire to be constantly proving oneself to oneself? Who knows; perhaps Tony Hancock's sad decline was an accumulation of all of these.

But whatever the reason, I, for one, mourn.

Back in the Good Old Days...oh, come on now...you remember the Good Old Days, those Golden Times of our youth, when fans would feud at the drop of a deadline, when the Vargo Statten Magazine was in full swing, when students couldn't afford to attend conventions, when the pound was worth 11/6 instead of the 6/11 it's worth today...way back in those dim, distant, neolithic years the young, vital, dynamic Penelope Fandergaste would sit down and type a regular fanzine column. One feature of this obviously forgotten series of diatribes was the book review. Well, now, sure....Go ahead and sit there over your breakfast cornflakes and scoff with the sophistication that comes with living in suburbia. There's nothing special about book reviews. Gee whiz, even Gibbon's Monthly and Books And Bo have book reviews. What I attempted to do, however, was to keep fandom informed of books written by science fiction writers which were most definitely outside the science fiction field. For example, John Boland, who broke into print with White August, later became the darling of the ladies' guilds with his terribly stolid crime series, the best known of which is probably The League of Gentlemen. Our highly esteemed John Christopher turned out three pretty good mysteries whilst writing under the pseudonym of Peter Graaf (I can re-recommend Daughter Fair as being excellent) and of course our old friend from the pulps S.A. Lombino, became extremely prolific and best-selling under his by-lines, Evan Hunter and Ed McBain.

My own favourite amongst these happy wanderers was an American writer, John D. MacDonald, who is best known within the science fiction field of the fifties for his excellent Planet of the Dreamers with its oft-quoted description of the New Mexico countryside. MacDonald specialised in highly realistic small-town American characters who would be caught up in some situation of violence. Although some of his novels suffered to a very minor degree of a sameness of characterisation with their bluff construction engineers, wronged cops, Hitler police chiefs (hardly a fair criticism if one judges each book as a separate entity), his characters were realistic people who acted consistently in periods of stress, with heroes who didn't shake off a blow on the head in one sentence. His books were well constructed and, at their worst, highly readable. All in all, a writer's writer.

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I've used the past tense here quite deliberately, for I was writing in this vein ten years ago. The descriptions are, of course, still applicable with the present tense.

About four years ago, John D. MacDonald tried a new venture, a series about a hard-boiled, soft-at-heart, philosopher-at-soul detective called Travis McGee. I hadn't actually read any of these novels at the time of the 1965 London WorldCon, but was very interested to hear this series being talked about on two or three occasions, the most notable of which was during the rambling address given by my old friend, Ted White, whose very name makes ten years' accumulation of grime and stencil wax fall away from my type-writer. Whilst discussing the then-modern trend of writers to explore psychological situations, perhaps bringing into their work the effect of drugs, Ted referred back to the old master himself, Raymond Chandler, and spoke of the mastery of the Travis McGee series. I mention this to go on record as agreeing with Ted that the McGee novels are very alive and are excellent books but which I feel are as close to Chandler as Rudi Blesh. The asides and inner thoughts of MacDonald's hero are moral commentaries, deep and anti-traditional, on the world in which he lives. Chandler's bent was the harsh, sardonic, original simile thrown out in annoyance at the people his heroes met. And MacDonald goes further, too. Wasn't it Poul Anderson who quoted Balzac's brilliant use of sensory writing at the same World Convention? Ah, read MacDonald for an object lesson in the use of sight, of colour, of scent and of sound. As I say, a writer's writer.

It's really not too surprising to find that John D. MacDonald is indeed a prophet in his own land. I do not ever recall science fiction fandom producing a fanzine devoted entirely to the works of someone who, during the fanzine's lifetime, is virtually not a science fiction writer, but man alive! it's happened to MacDonald. The JDM Bibliophile, published by Len and June Moffatt, 9826 Paramount Boulevard, Downey, California 90240 at 25 cents a copy, is such a journal, and an excellent one, too, as befits its Boswellian role. Try it.

And John D. MacDonald too.

Penelope Fandergaste.

an Introduction

BY

LLOYD

BIGGLE JR

Early in his conscious existence man began to wonder.

The small world he inhabited was besieged by massive unknowns: the hills on the horizon, the foreboding shapes of primeval forests, that unutterable mother of mysteries, the sea. Fearfully he asked himself what lay beyond, and what would happen to him if he went there—or if whatever was there came to him.

Eventually he went and did not believe what he found, for until quite late in his history man's wonderings were far more puissant than the realities that confronted them; and whenever he surmounted a barrier another lay on the horizon—to be wondered about.

His awakening consciousness began to probe other barriers: what lay beyond tomorrow? Or beyond the stars? Or beyond life?

As with most human endeavors there were more men who specilaized in wondering than became professionals. Today some of them write Science Fiction.

That term has been examined semantically and found wanting, for it links a word referring to objectivity, systematized knowledge, factuality, and — ultimately—truth, with one meaning the opposite, something feigned or imagined; but science devoid of imagination has fostered more false doctrine than all of the purposeful fiction ever spun. Science Fiction combines man's most venerable literature with his most modern; his hereditary awe of the unknown and his compulsion to wonder about it with speculation concerning the fearsome power science has given to him to shape his own destiny—or destroy it.

Primitive man inhabited a terrifying world where even a faint breeze was a question mark and a slash of lightning a stroke of doom. He did not think of his wonderings as Science Fiction, but they were. Man inevitably speculates about the unknown in terms of the known, and the word "science" originally meant 'knowledge.' Throughout human history every age has produced a 'science fiction' that reflected its own technology and scientific thought.

Primitive man peopled his wonderings with spirits; the ancient Greeks, with gods. Only to later man were such tales superstitions and myths. Homer's audiences accepted his epics as history, and to a surprising extent they were; but they were also the 'science fiction' of that age, the realisation of man's wonderings in terms of his understanding of his environment some eight hundred years before Christ.

Several major themes of today's Science Fiction have an unbroken development from man's earliest wonderings, with deep roots in his most ancient folklore and myths. The fantastic journey must have fascinated man long before Ulysses's epic tour of Mediterranean wonders. It still fascinates, whether through the voids of space or the recent Fantastic Voyage through a human

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Doubleday & Company, Inc.

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body. The amazing creatures described in travel stories of the past are in their way quite as remarkable as the fabricated bug-eyed monsters that populate remote worlds in today's Science Fiction. Lost, or unknown, or undiscovered tribes, races, civilizations, continents, worlds have occupied man's wonderings since he first projected his imagination beyond the horizon. The archetypal utopia was doubtless dreamed during a period of overpopulation and cave shortages in the Pleistocene, the interplanetary romance is no more modern than the second century A.D., and the visitors from outer space have a venerable history. The artificial man, or robot, was already present in myths concerning ancient Crete.

There are significant differences between today's Science Fiction and the "science fiction" of earlier times, and two of them may be seen in the use of the words "science" and "fiction." Changes in science and technology have wrought changes in man's wonderings, and changes in literature have affected the forms in which they are expressed. The gradual emergence of fiction as a respectable literary medium relieved writers of the necessity of presenting speculative literature as true experience (though the practice will certainly endure as long as there is a gullible public susceptible of hoaxing for fun or profit). Man's wonderings were cast in the form of fiction at least as early as Aristophanes, however. A Science Fiction scientifically oriented in the modern sense was not possible before the tremendous scientific and technological advances of the nineteenth century, and because these transformed the human environment within the scope of a man's lifetime and so obviously presaged a continuing accelerating progress, they made possible new dimensions in wondering. The prophets of other ages sought the future in the stars, or in sacrificial divinations, or in drug-induced dreams; the modern prophet consults technical journals and his slide rule. For the first time in human history it has seemed possible to calculate the future.

Finally, today's Science Fiction reflects modern man's widening horizons. Homer's Mediterranean world could encompass the wonderings of two epics; but men went out to Homer's horizons and to the horizons beyond, and the blank spaces on the maps of the Earth were gradually filled in. Even on this shrunken planet there is still room enough in which to wonder, and writers who do so continue to discover unknown worlds: A. Conan Doyle's South American The Lost World and James Hilton's Lost Horizon, to name only two twentieth-century examples. Others have been glimpsed in such unlikely locations as down a rabbit hole, with Alice.

But increasingly man has turned his attention outward and inward. On the one hand the space sciences, and on the other such developing sciences as psychiatry, psychology and sociology probe today's ultimate barriers: outer space and man himself. In the past three thousand years man has explored a world and discovered two universes—one in the sky, and the other in his own mind. Today he wonders; tomorrow, give or take a few millennia, he will know, but long before then he will have sighted new horizons.

To wonder about.

Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

RED POWER

A BOOK REVIEW

by IAN PETERS

When Ethel asked me to review "The New Indians" by Stan Steiner (Harper & Row, 1968, \$7.95) I was delighted and am indebted to her for the opportunity to read this excellent book. Anything on the American Indians is grist to my mill and an up-to-date account of modern attitudes and conditions is particularly valuable. Little did I suspect how difficult such a review would be to write. Playboy's sympathetic and sensitive review (May '68) calls it "an important and impassioned book" and certainly emotion is a basic ingredient of this description of the rise of "Red Power" and the philosophy (alien to the Anglo-Saxon) behind it. It is this emotional content which makes for difficulty facts being so much more easily handled in our technologically-oriented society.

Does the "passion" imply bias? I can only answer with another question. Is a computer-type objectivity of any value in the consideration of human problems and especially of human ideals?

The statistics of poverty are there: Indians have the highest unemployment rate; average lifespan—43 years; infant mortality double that of the general population; 500 out of 1,700 will die before their first birthday of preventable diseases. Their annual income is \$105. The myth of the oil-rich Indian looks silly when the Oklahoma tribes have an annual income of \$1,200 per head including oil-lease payments.

Steiner fleshes out the bare bones of statistics with multiple quotes from his Indian confidants. "The new Indians seek 'proper adaption' But to them it means adaption of the non-Indian society to their modern Indian-ness. It means rejection of the melting pot. It means, most of all, rejection of assimilation by the consuming maw of the mass urban society." "When the tribal Indians did speak they spoke truthfully. It was not merely their morality that made them truthful; but in a society without written languages, without signed agreements, and without licences a man's word had to be his bond. If men lied, the tribal society would not function. Words were literally truths. Under the surface layer of English these tribal meanings of language persist. And so the tribal Indians talk carefully and sparingly."

Red Power is principally a youth movement. Youth is in "revolt" throughout the world at present and the young college-trained Indians are the ones who first began to organise the tribes politically. Just as the Berkeley students revolted against the soullessness of the mega-university so the Indian students revolted against the constant erosion of Indian land and cultural identity. If anything I think the Indians were earlier in the field (1960) than their white counterparts. One big difference: white American youth is in revolt against the uniformity of their parents' status-seeking civilisation while young and old Indians are united in a common aim; it is simply that the college graduates

Red Power 2

know the language of power politics and modern economics. The basic philosophy of young and old remains the same: a religious view of life and living. It should not be strange that I, as an atheist, so strongly support the Indian religions; I do so because they are people-oriented and imply a love of nature and a reverence for life. Fans as a whole seem to me at any rate peculiarly uninvolved with life. A facile acceptance of One-Worldism in its old-fashioned form is common and fandom seems to be an escape for many from reality. To find conservatism and inability to recognise the value of cultural differences in readers of SF is disappointing. The furore over Heinlein's ideas and the hearkening back to the poor quality early SF are symptomatic of a malaise in fandom.

Basically the Indian rejects assimilation. Americans are shocked to be told that white is not necessarily right. The Red Power movement is of course part of the world-wide clamour among coloured people for freedom and equality or at the very least to be left alone. I have tried on various occasions to explain the tribal outlook. I consider the loss of kinship ties, personal responsibilities and individuality in Western society to be one major source of psychological traumatism. I found many of the ideas in "The Moon is a Harsh Mistress" interesting in this respect. Steiner on tribalism:-

"The Indian is fiercely and proudly individualistic. He had to be a 'man for all seasons', self-reliant and self-sufficient, to survive in the wilderness. 'If you take away the Indians' religion and tribal community you destroy him as an individual. And as an Indian,' says Herbert Blatchford, a Navajo youth leader. Individualism and tribalism? Aren't these two words contradictory? The member of the tribe is at the same time a very private person. He is a whole man within himself. Knowing the nature of his world he is able to explore and express his own individuality with ease and freedom. He lives within himself but not for himself. Everything in tribal life is based on the community's protection of the individual. The tribe shelters a man's family within the umbrella of the kinship family. Communalism of tribalism does protect him socially and thus frees him individually. The stubbornness of the Indian was born of his bond of oneness with his community and the feeling of security it offers him. C/f urban man in his mass society: his individuality is denied, technology is the enemy of the individual. Technology makes people feel an obligation to live but does not give a reason for acting or the feeling of having done something of importance to the person himself. (Vine Deloria, Jr. Sioux)."

The modernity of some of their ideas is startling. The Indian reverence for life is possibly more real than that of Schweitzer; the Socialists in Britain have recently formed the concept of a "participating democracy", an old idea in Indian thought; "modern" ideas of child-rearing strongly resembles age-old Indian methods. A 19th century Shawnee cited two commandments:-

"Do not kill or injure your neighbour, for it is not him you wrong. You injure yourself."... "Do not wrong or hate your neighbour, for it is not him that you wrong. You wrong yourself."

A British psychologist recently published a plan whereby people would work when they felt like it (and hence when at their best) but should they want to live for a few days (fish, golf, etc) could do so; a pipe dream in this society but a living reality on the Yankton Sioux Reservation. A Simak-like philosophy?

Red Power

Non-Indian society is being influenced by Indian culture. The "Digger" communities of the US are the extreme example; the musical "Hair" is another.

A few strands of comfort emerge: Johnson's War on Pverty is doing some good on the reservations; Indian unity is strengthening; the Indian is flexing his political muscles and can seat and unseat Senators, etc in some States and repressive legislation has been successfully fought; the Sun Dance is again being danced on the Plains and "with skewers" (Sorry, Ethel).

Let me finish with two quotations: "...the Indian has a cruel and savage nature that far exceeds that of any wild beast...(they) need not be judged by rules or laws of warfare applicable to any other race of man." General Custer.

"We shall learn all those devices the white man has
We shall handle his tools for ourselves
We shall master his machinery, his inventions,
his skills, his medicine,
his planning;
But we'll retain our beauty
And still be Indian."

David Martin Nez. Indian poet.

Please read this book.

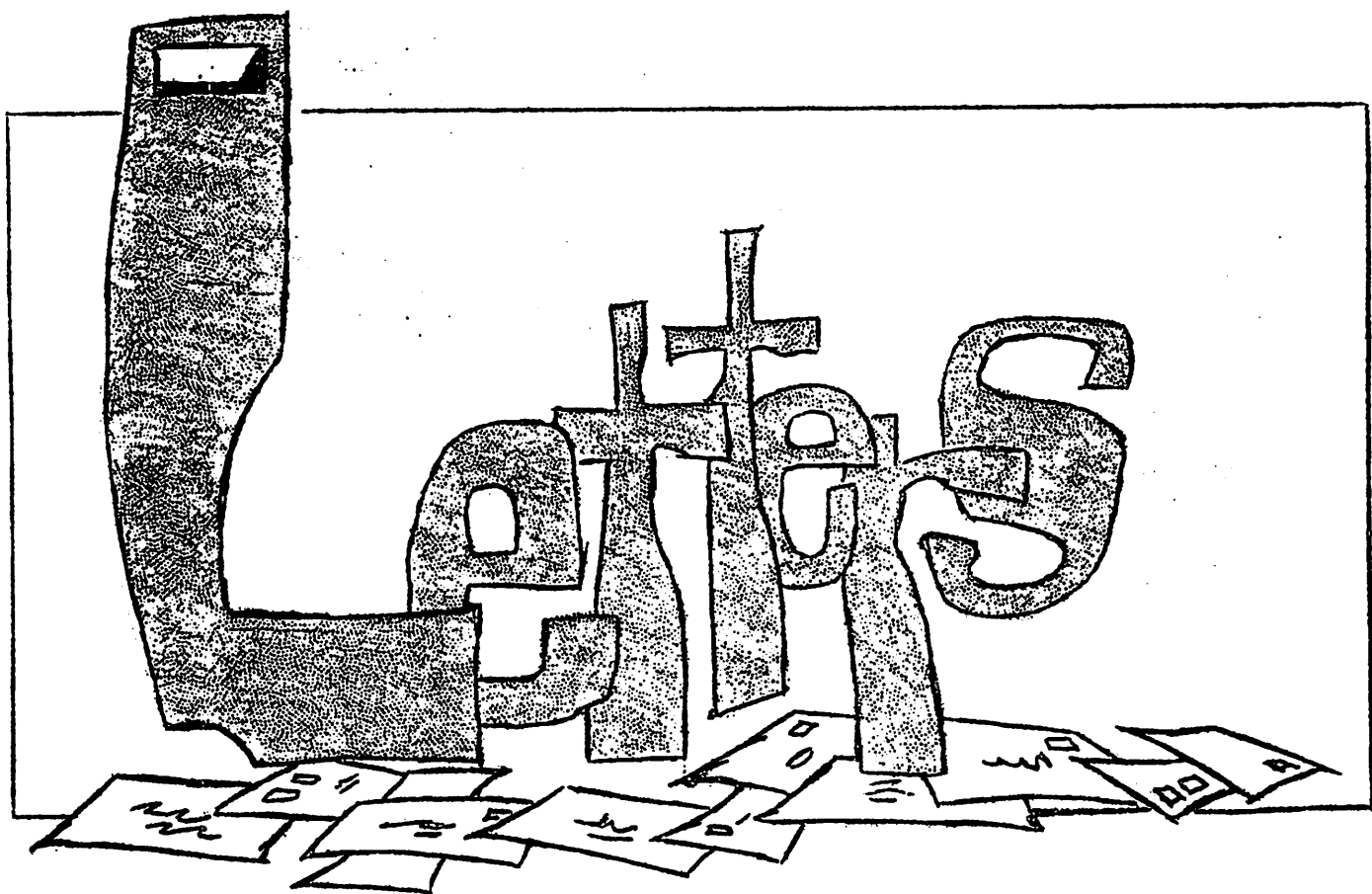
Ian T. Peters.

A NOTE TO THE READERSHIP.....

I have been pruning out the deadwood from my files again;
and so cut the amount of SCOTS that go out. Postage going
up again..I cannot afford too many free-loaders.
Should you find a tick here--

then the message to you is..no more copies unless
I hear from you in some way.

ETHEL.



Chuck Harris
41 Storr Gardens
Hutton, Essex.

"Thank you for SCOT'. I have never had an Appreciation Issue dedicated to me before and I feel properly humble. I have done so little to deserve it. My efforts are as nothing compared with those of younger, more vigorous fans. I thought that Arfer did a wonderful job in spreading the word concerning my latest issue. I did think of future fan-indexers and considered calling them "Hyphen Vol 2 No 1" and "Hyphen Vol 2 No 2" but Sue, who is not really a Truefan, insisted on Samantha and Sean (Sean being for Sean O'Casey, not Cornery 007) The trouble though with these small editions is that you just can't trade, which means no egoboo from the fmz review columns. However, I am planning a longer production run for next year. If things turn out properly and Sue will only cooperate I will bloody well astonish the 65 FAPA members next summer...Walter Himself, my mentor in all the different methods of reproduction from hecto to sex, was properly delighted at the news of the boy and the girl. "I thought" he wrote hapolly, "that you had given up being a comp-letist. Suggest you award Susan a productivity bonus."...When the glad tidings first broke I had vision of setting up a new fannish enterprise, of founding a Fan Stud, (motto: service with a smile) to cater for those devoted faneds with deadlines to meet and no time for the niceties of life, but at present I just don't have the time myself. Sue has asthma, the boy has colic, the girl has nappy rash, the bud-gerigar had a stroke, and Pollydog the Dalmatian has diarrhoea. I am not really the Disenchanted Duplicator but for the time being all fannish enterprises will have to wait...This is a pity because I'm genuinely curious as to whether this was an isolated instance or whether I am REALLY Superfan. Susan says I have always

Letters 2

been more than a little curious and that I can stay that way. She will not cooperate in any fancy experiments and will, if necessary, sleep in a pair of ex WAAF dreadnoughts with elastic round the legs and a pocket for the penny rather than satisfy my nasty instincts, but she just doesn't appreciate my Sense of Wonder....Is there then no dedicated girl fan who would care to work closely with me in this great Research Project? And aren't you sorry now you wouldn't go to bed with me at the Mancon? (People spurned me for incestuous thoughts about Little Sister Lindsay, but I know there are matronly instincts beneath that starched apron)...I did, in fact, mention to the Staff Nurse at the hospital that the history of twins was on my side of the family, but she pooh-pooed the hereditary idea, and, worse still, started talking about seed as if I were some sort of a begonia. Remember though, people laughed at L.Ron Hubbard at first. Just as soon as I find that dedicated girl fan and found Sex Fandom...Am I Anglofandom's answer to Dean Grennell? Will the Harris Horde dominate Tenth Fandom? Will the Chuck Harris Appreciation Issue of SCOT become an annish? See our next thrilling issue,-and the next,- and the next."****You leave my instincts alone..saucy thing!****

Jhim Linwood,
18 Kew Bridge Court
London W4

"Although I like Don Wollheim from what I have heard of him and the high standard of the ACE SF series, I found his GOH speech both sanctimonious and predudiced. It would take a whole book to state just how much I disagree with him and why. Firstly the assumption that SF's success boils down to a simple GOOD v Evil motif; this may apply to a handful of writers like C.S.Lewis, Tolkien or Burroughs but certainly not to the majority of authors. Readers demand that that SF novels backgrounds be both technologically and sociologically accurate and plausible. The reduction of reality into terms of Good and Evil is a dangerous way of thinking, and taken to fanatic extremes leads to assassination in the belief that one man embodies all evil. Freud, Jung, or any other 20th century mappers of mans' mind Wollheim discounts and leads us back to mediieval thinking ..the Crusades...the Inquisition. Why is SF the "last bulwark" of the struggle of good against evil, it could be that other forms of literature have grown up?...As for Don's blast at "cynical satire" I prefer the total pessimism of a Vonnegut to any of S.F. Lewis's reactionary "Up-lifting" novels. Unfortunately disagreeing with Don is like shadow boxing; he refuses to name names, what is cynical satire to him may be the holy scripture to me. One name he did name however was that of BUG JACK BARRON, an interesting piece of sub-Mailer, that despite it's faults I'm glad Mike published. It's most praiseworthy points was the realistic dialog and some of the best erotic passages I've ever read....The blast at Ellison's Hollywood sewer was inappropriate considering the rape of Tolkien by the Ace publishing sewer. If I did think the world was lousy and that people were rotten I would read Don's novels of "wondrous visions" to retain my sanity, as it is I think the world is wondrous and people are..well people, the SF I read and like; Dick, Delany, Zelazny adds reality, beauty, and fantasy and enriches my experience, something the dubious underlying philosophies of Lewis or Tolkien can't do."****As I didn't want to see the Ace/Tolkien controversy start up again in my zine - I almost didn't print that line. However, as I didn't cut any of Don's words I felt this would hardly be fair..and Don is a very fair man. I would just point out that Tolkien himself was well pleased with the money paid to him by Ace. I don't know why

Letters 3

you keep citing Lewis as the SF author Don would prefer; particularly as you've read the Ace SF series and know that Lewis is hardly indicative of the majority of authors featured there.***

Betty Peters
292 Southend Lane
London SE6

"I am not surprised that Sid Birchby should misunderstand the character of Charles II; for 200 years puritan christian hands have been at work to blacken his character. A man who so obviously enjoyed sexual dalliance could not be recognised for his intellectual ability and political genius. As for currying favour with potential headsman, nothing could be further from the truth. The instances where he deliberately antagonised his potential allies are so numerous but I am able to instance only a few as I know how Ethel keeps saying brevity, brevity.... The first thing he did when he was reinstated was to make legal the promises which he had given in the Declaration of Breda. The second was the granting of a general amnesty for all who had taken arms against his father or himself. He quieted cries for blood and vengeance decreeing that the 28 regicides alone should be executed and even then when ten had died said "I confess I am weary of hanging-let it rest" and so even the majority of his father's killers were reprieved. When he heard of the excesses committed in his name by the new Royalist Governor in Virginia he exclaimed angrily, "That old fool has out to death more people in that naked country than I did here for the murder of my father." His third action turned most of the country gentry against him and their influence being strong in Parliament resulted in them consistently refusing to vote him adequate funds largely due to a desire to get their own back. This was the "Security of Tenure" law. Lots of Royalists who had lost property not unnaturally expected it back when Charles came to the throne but to do this would have meant wiping out at one stroke every transaction in property for the last eighteen years. In a large number of cases land confiscated or sold to assist the Royalist cause had changed hands a dozen times. What was to be done? Obviously it was impossible to satisfy everyone so a middle course was taken -- All lands which had been arbitrarily confiscated by the Commonwealth were to be returned to their first owners; lands sold by Royalists for whatever purpose were to remain the property of the present holders. A howl of execration went up against the King and on every side he was accused of base ingratitude towards those who had served him best; hardly sounds like currying favour to me... Rochester's epigram is more characteristic of his sardonic wit than a genuine character analysis of Charles. Charles's own answer to this is startlingly revealing: "That may well be, for my discourse is my own, but my actions are my Ministers." Far from allowing tyrants to flourish, after trying hard to work with various obstructionist parliaments for 20 years he dismissed the last with these words "I will never use arbitrary government myself and I am resolved not to suffer it in others". The Five Mile Act was one example of the intolerant legislation produced by a rabidly Anglican parliament; this act applied to 2,000 Non-conformist clergy and when Charles, who advocated religious toleration, attempted to attenuate the rigours of the act by securing pensions for the rejected ministers Parliament rejected his humane amendment... Would 65 Boroughs voluntarily have surrendered their Charters to the King to have them amended so that they could not be used to subvert justice in the interests of a political party had he been a tyrant? Would a tyrant have stood ankle deep in water in dangerous areas fighting against the great fire of London when he had others to take the risks?... I could go on indefinitely but would

Letters 4

advise Sid to read Dennis Wheatley's "Old Rowley" to get the other side of the picture and while he may not agree with Wheatley that Charles II "was undoubtedly the cleverest and perhaps the greatest man ever sat upon the English throne," (strictly speaking it should of course be British), he may form a more balanced judgement of at least one of the Stuarts!****I hope Sid notes that it is Betty Peters who has written this letter, not Ian... and that he replies with caution.***

Beryl Mercer
10 Lower Church Lane
St. Michael's
Bristol BS2 8BA
for Chuck I'd probably have dropped him a get well soon card or something while the matter was still fresh. Congratulate him for us... On the one hand, I must admit to a slight curiosity as to what relevance the title "Bug Jack Barron" can have to sf. On the other hand, the title itself is among several things that put me off first-hand investigation... Whilst I entirely agree with Don Wollheim's sentiments, his phraseology leaves him wide open to attack. He's altogether too dogmatic in labelling his hopes as "fact" and his fears as chimeras... It was an adequate issue, though without this time prompting me to several paragraphs on one subject (Bring Back Ian Peters!!!). ****Will Betty do?***

Harry Warner
423 Summit Ave
Hagerstown
Maryland 21740
unbearable area that contains all the nastinesses that surround us here on earth, with only a brief moment of happiness on the final page or two of each novel. Nor do I feel that science fiction has come into actuality as Don claims. Some of the basic ideas contained in sf are now theoretically in existence, but they haven't come into everyday use in the way that scientific marvels began to enter common use in the earliest years of this century. My parents when young saw electricity come into daily life, saw the discovery of motored flight, encountered the advent of the telephone and radio, the phonograph turned from a plaything into a practical entertainment device, the movies and the motor car became popular, hospitals and high schools were made available to everyone, and a dozen other revolutions in ways of living came about. In my youth, I saw television become commonplace and the discovery of several miracle drugs and polio preventive, and that's about it. All the other changes were either improvements on existing things or creation of novelties that never came into general use like flying belts and orbital flights. Now I'm middle-aged and if I live out my life expectancy, I'll probably read about man's first trip to the moon and possibly to Mars, the internal combustion engine will probably give way to improved use of electrical drives, and surgery seems on the verge of major breakthroughs. But where are the rejuvenation, domed cities, successors to the automobile like inter-city moving roads and automatically controlled small aircraft, general use of psi powers, animals bred through scientific means to near-human intelligence, advanced forms of entertainment that provide complete replicas of experience by acting on all the forms of sensory perception, and a hundred other basic trappings of the old sf stories?****I fancy the flying belts most myself..then I wouldn't have to worry about trying to learn to drive a car!****

Letters 5

John M. Miller
71 Thorne Rd
Doncaster, Yorks

"10.06 on a bright June morning and I hear the news-flash - "Senator Robert Kennedy has died" I have heard the bare facts of his death given out four times now in the space of 25 mins. The ceaseless flow of pop music is stopped by this news. This atrocity, and the recent murders of Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Medgar Evers, and John Kennedy will be the reference points of American social history for the next 100 years. And this is the society that more than any other on this earth has embraced the scientific achievements of the last decade or two, with such cool, almost blasé, business-like efficiency... The Americans are beginning to realise, as we are, that science brings as many injuries as it does benefits, to the society that struggles along in its wake. But they are hopelessly committed, as we soon will be, to continued economic exploitation of its peaceful and military applications. Yet the people grow jaded in the daily rat-race of living; some, as ever, turn to the swift action of a gun (next century, a death-ray?) to bring a solution to a tortured mind... As Donald Wollheim says, in his address to the 1968 Convention, among SF readers, as Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, so is the Atomic Bomb, Germ Warfare and Chemical Defoliation... So is country-wide famine and contamination of the natural habitat by pesticides... This is the "humdrum world of cold reality" from which he wants to escape, and I don't blame him either. If only we could start afresh tomorrow or this century by taking off for another world where Good has triumphed over Evil before we get there!... But we can't! We're stuck with our beastly existence on rotten old Mother Earth and the sacred quests for the buried secrets of the Universe are likely to become more and more frustrating to us as reality gets even colder... When we do manage to colonise other planets, if ever, will it be any different? I doubt it. Space travel is made possible only by the reality of painstaking research and routine checking. It is born of the tatty motives of commercial and political gain and is most likely to carry those with it, on its voyages of discovery... I hope that I shall not be labelled a cynic or nay other term calculated to deride. This is not the way to pursue Mr Wollheim's "wondrous vision" - mutual understanding and tolerance is the prerequisite to establishing one's dreams as reality. Like him, I have gained pleasure from reading SF - I have delighted in its range of imagination, its ability to erase the pain and sheer despair at times, of everyday existence... Because I am in agreement with his assertion that SF fans are idealists, I am surprised, in a sad kind of way, to learn of the bitterness that exists between different branches of this genre. Surely, if you are able to hold a convention to explore the normal social pleasures of meeting others who share the same interests, then it should be possible to come to terms with those who hold differing ideas on what SF is about... I am not acquainted with the finer points of the argument that Mr Wollheim rages about, between the two main schools in SF literature, and I don't want to be. I should be more interested in the common ground which each holds - this would be, if anything is, the philosophy of SF. Is SF has a philosophy it must surely be that of international unity and understanding, not petty squabbling between members of a family... Rethink, by all means, the direction in which SF is heading, but let this process be placed into the perspective of 'cold reality', which for me is the assassination of Robert Kennedy, a man who also had a "wondrous vision". ***** I should think you are more likely to be labelled a 'idealist' than a 'cynic'.. SF circles as the same as all others - full of human frailty. ****

Letters 6

Sid Birchby
40 Parra Wood Ave
Didsbury
Manchester, 20

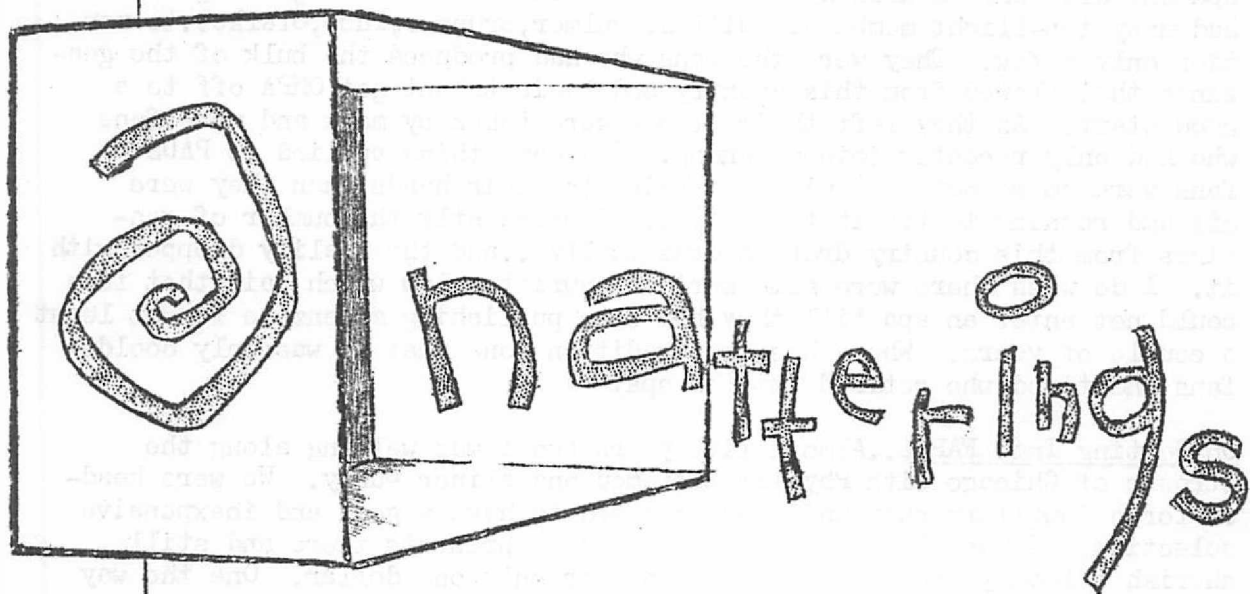
"You might like to know that this afternoon I saw a ghost. I'm quite serious: I've been thinking about it ever since, and it must have been, I cannot remember ever having seen one before...and it is the sort of thing one remembers, is it not?...and it was right after lunch, a very workaday lunch of sandwiches and a thermos flask of tea, which I ate in the car, before starting the job, which was to take some soil samples for a building job I'm designing. This was right out in the heart of Cheshire, at Great Morcton Hall Special School, run by Manchester Corporation, where I work, and they're having some extensions done. So I'd gone out there to have a look around...The Hall was built by some Victorian merchant in tremendous neoGothic style and the grounds were laid out accordingly. At one side, on the boundary with someone else's farmlands and looking down on them about eight feet, there's an impressive wall complete with battlements, arrow-slits and bastions, almost as good as that other Victorian fantasy, the Pena Palace, near Sintra....I was digging away with my spade and filling plastic bags with subsoil in a patch of marshy ground outside the wall, when I looked up and saw someone on the other, higher, side of the wall, in one of these bastions, if this is the right word. A sort of bay. It would be about 200 yards away. I could only see him from the waist up, but it seemed to be a man wearing a white shirt. Unusual this: I was wearing a raincoat, and so were two other men I'd seen working in the gardens near the Hall. It had been pouring rain for hours and was just stopping. This would be about 1.30 to 2.00pm...Although I couldn't see quite what he was doing behind the wall, he seemed to be just gazing out onto a cornfield, not looking at me. But I got the impression that he was a workman and that he was digging, like me. I didn't take much notice, being busy, and when I next looked up, he had gone....Half an hour later, I thought I'd take a look at a stream which came out from under this wall, between where I had been and where the man had been. To do this I had to go back to the Hall, passing the two gardeners and back across the lawns to the boundary wall. I was now on the higher side and found that there was an overgrown path alongside the wall which must once have been a very pleasant stroll. So I walked along it, looking down onto the ground where I'd been working and came to the bastion where I'd seen the figure. There was no sign that anyone had been digging or anything else. No footprints, either. By now I was a little curious, and looked for them. Ground wet after all the rain, but no footprints....That's all that really happened. Thinking it over, I am sure it was not one of the groundsmen, nor one of the boys from the school. The dress and the height was wrong. Also, looking back, the figure was peculiar in that it didn't really seem to move and seemed flat, like a cut-out. The shirt reminds me of one of the old-time workmen, except that I suppose they usually couldn't afford nice white working shirts. A smock, maybe?...Next time I go there, I must have a quiet word with the head groundsman..I know him slightly..it was his half-day off today. He's been there for years and ought to know if there is anything funny round there..I must declare now that I am absolutely serious about this, and take my oath that it really happened. I am not making it up. Now you or the readers will take it, I cannot say. I only related it because I was at a loss for anything else....One thing I should add, namely that I am acquainted with (a) the Versailles mystery and (b) the books of T.C.Lethbridge. From the former I recall that the figures and scenes glimpsed at the Petit Trianon had a peculiar flat appearance, like the figure I saw. From the latter

Letters 7

I recall his theory that ghosts are mainly thoughts which become impressed on what he calls static force-fields. These fields, he says, occur naturally in the locality of certain geographical features. When someone happens to duplicate the particular thoughts or emotions that caused the original impression, he sees that impression again. Like a camera-slide projected on one of those wretched beaded screens, it can only be seen in proper focus from one angle. Hence it seems flat; and if one changes position, it vanishes "with the swiftness of a ghost". Left to themselves, these images gradually leak out of the field, hence, he says, one rarely hears of anyone seeing, say, Roman or cave-man ghosts...I am not sure that I subscribe to these theories, although they do seem to explain what I saw. One of the natural features, by the way, which he considers to be capable of generating a static field, is running water, and certainly the brook between me and the figure was running like mad after all that rain...Until I can think of something better, though, I remain a lot more favourably inclined to such theories than I was when I first read about them. Of course you may say that I am supplying from my reading a supernormal explanation of a perfectly ordinary occurrence. Maybe so. But nobody who has seen a ghost can prove it, I suppose, so I'll just go on record that I truly believe that I saw one, and leave it at that."***I have just been reading an ACE book-STRANGE ENCOUNTERS(reviewed elsewhere in this SCOT)and what strikes me about your ghost story is how un-melodramatic it was. I guess this lends it an air of reality. Yet..I wonder what you were thinking about as you dug...had your mind been pondering the history of the place and your mind's eye seen what your real eye had not? Well, as you say..who knows?****

Ron Whiting,
76 New Oxford St
London WCL

"As you guessed, I was very interested to read your various remarks about the NEW WORLDS New Wave. In fact, I found myself-rather to my surprise-considerably in agreement with Don Wollheim's article. But you know, the so-called 'old' SF and the New Wave SF are not directly opposed. Surely what we are all aiming at is a better standard of writing for SF as a whole and this can be in imaginative, speculative, writing or fantasy or in good, old-fashioned adventure-type story-telling. Certainly on our emerging list I want to be able to reflect all aspects and, for example, in a very much a New Wave sense, we are doing R.A.Laffert's first novel,PAST MASTER. It certainly isn't old-fashioned story-telling, but equally it isn't just plain sick as so much of the 'modern' writing tends to be."
***My thanks to all who wrote..and bad cess to all those who didn't..Ethel.



On Scientology: Perhaps London is rather insular after all. Scientology was laughed out of it; and it has hardly been mentioned since. Yet, we have been learning lately through our daily press that it has been going from strength to strength. It has been featured in our papers ever since our Minister of Health denounced it as a harmful cult. This seems to have sprung from the case of a girl who had been under psychiatric treatment and who returned home much the worse for a stay at a Scientology centre. Lately too we have had reported a even stronger denunciation from the Australian authorities. As far as I can gather, one of the reasons that the cult has escaped unfavourable press notice up till now, is a fear by the newspapers of a libel action against them. Apparently Scientologists are strong believers in the power to sue. As I have pointed out before -the law of libel in this country is tougher than that in the States. I have wondered if perhaps this is why Scientology made its headquarters here. Our law is such that our newspapers are much more inhibited in their comment than that of their American counterparts. At the risk of repeating myself too much I point out that it is safe to sue over here-you will nearly always win your case. (An Englishman's home is his castle!). On the other hand one would hesitate to sue in America; as one would nearly always lose. This is because more stress is placed there on the right of free speech. It is amusing (and sometimes downright awesome) to note how this difference can be seen among fan comments in the British and American fanzines.

On OMPA... I have had a letter from Beryl Mercer who is bent upon getting OMPA onto its feet again. I greet this news with mixed feelings. One the one hand

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one has to admire Beryl's initiative; however I always knew that if OMPA was ever to be revived it would take a Mercer to do it. On the other hand I am sorry to see it coming alive again; just as PADS seems ready to fold. British fandom, in my opinion, is not large enough to absorb an apa and also have a healthy number of genzines. In the beginning OMPA had many top-flight members...Willis, Bulmer, Brunner, Tubb, Clarke..to mention only a few. They were the fans who had produced the bulk of the genzines that flowed from this country and their talent got OMPA off to a good start. As they left their places were taken by more and more fans who had only recently joined fandom. The same thing applied to PADS - fans were no sooner seen with a fanzine in their hands than they were off and running to try it themselves. Consequently the number of genzines from this country dropped drastically ..and the quality dropped with it. I do wish there were some sort of unwritten law which said that fans could not enter an apa till they had been publishing a genzine for at least a couple of years. Where has the tradition gone that it was only oold fans and tired who retired into an apa?

On Getting Into FAPA... Almost five years ago I was walking along the streets of Chicago with Phyllis Economou and Elinor Busty. We were headed for a jewellery shop which was reputed to have a good and inexpensive selection. I was able to buy some take-home presents there and still cherish a lovely green bracelet bought for only one dollar. On the way Phyllis talked me into putting my name down for the FAPA waiting list; and assured me that it would take five years to get in. As she insisted on paying the fee; I felt I could not gracefully refuse..and anyway five years seemed such a long way off. So here the time of entry has arrived and I now enter the ranks of the oold and tired I mentioned earlier. Time to reflect, I suppose, here I am still bashing away at SCOT and with a HAVER to cope with as well. Should I fling them both up and retire into FAPA with its deliciously small amount of required pages? It seemed the natural thing to do; and something that many fans have done before me. Oddly enough, I found I didn't want to stop my genzines. Or perhaps it is not so odd; I am, after all, still single, still with more free time than most fans, and still dependant for a lot of my fanning by post. Were I to stop my genzines -the waves of fanzines and letters that now come in would stop; and I should sorely miss them. I may sigh now and then at the piles that await my attention..but I do not really kid myself..I should feel very ill-used if the postman never called to me.

On Ghosts... One way and another there is a fair amount about ghosts in this issue. Great as my respect is for Sid Birchby; I do not believe he saw a ghost, nor can I believe in such things. I have seen people die and do not think there is anything that is more final. Och! I wouldn't believe in a ghost if it came up and bit me! I can't believe in any kind of afterlife I'm afraid. Mainly, I suppose because it would be just too good to be true. Which is one reason that makes me fiercely content with my lot. I'm not about to waste my life bemoaning anything I can't have. I have just been to visit a patient who has gone into hospital for (we hope) short-stay psychiatric treatment. At the moment she is very subdued and when one of us asked her was there anything she would like us to

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bring..she replied..."Some happiness."

On Happiness... That set me thinking - what is happiness? Some people need an awful lot; some very little. "Happiness is-" was a little fashion-fad a short time ago. So here is mine--

Happiness is - a parcel of books I wasn't expecting.
a letter from a friend.
not having to get up in the morning.
a new dress that feels right.
all the bills paid.
the feeling of success when I've talked someone into doing something they did not mean to do in the first place (but they must like to do it or this one doesn't count)
coming back to my room when I've been away for a while.
undoing the stencils for SCOT when they return from ATOM
having my desk clear (a rare one this).
dancing with a man who can really dance.
listening to a clear tenor singer.
seeing an issue of SCOT finished.
like this.

Ethel