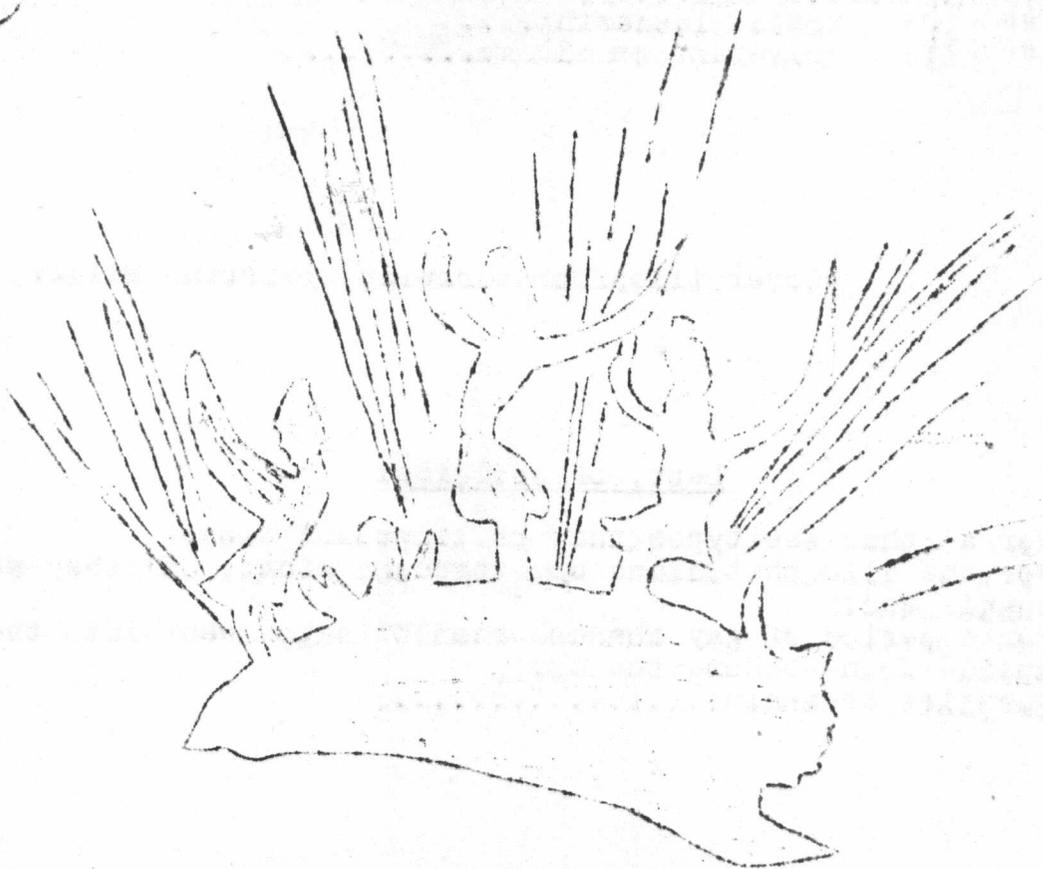


SCOTTISHE



Scottishe No 3 published for the June 1955 Mailing of O.M.P.A.
by Ethel Lindsay,
126 West Regent Street, Glasgow. Scotland.
to whom all complaints should be sent...

Whits Intilt.

Page	I: A Letter from Sandy....by H.P.Sanderson. (a baw lad)
""	2: Continuation...also a Poem by Tony Thorne (a Sassenach)
""	3: Twa Poems...by Matt A. Elder and Eric Needham.
""	4: Confidentially...by Joyce Roydon (a bonnie lass)
g"	5: Continuation.
""	6: Continuation...and three wee bit things.
""	7: Cartoon...by Michael Duggan (an Aussie ye ken)
""	8: A Nurses Eyeview...by ma'sel.
""	9: Bletherings...by me again (if ye can thole it)
""	10: Still Blethering....
""	11: Havering on and on.....

Cover illo from a drawing by Brian Miller.

Dept. of Apologies.

For a' thae wee typos that are tiptoein' aboot.
For the illo that aiana come through richt, an' they were sich bonnie,
bonnie een!
For a period of gay abandon when 15 pages went into the duplicator
upside down--ochone the day!
For jist breathin'.....

Dear Ethel,

Your letter suggesting I write on "Live With Joan", (would I sign it The Jock or Hearts?) for your Ompazine filled me with pleasure. Unfortunately it can't be done. You see, despite all my arguments, Joan steadfastly refuses to live with me. (A friend of mine who is striving desperately to attain the heights of cynicism in which I currently have my abode once said that every woman has her price, even if it's only a marriage certificate) How then, can I describe something that is non-existent? I could make it all up, but I am frightened of what SHE might think. Her wishes are my command you know and I go in fear and trembling. I believe that when snuffling the paste-boards it is possible to term the joker a 'wild' card. This just makes a neat potted biography for HEH, and it is as far as I will go.

My main reason for going gaffa is that I like fandom so much I hate the thought of spoiling it. This I can, and would appear to have, done in two ways. First by writing material for fanzines and secondly by discovering neo-fans. Facts speak for themselves, and these are the facts. My first attempts at writing were published in Space Times. Apparently they had not then acquired the ability to devastate, for S.T. survived. But not for long. After the appearance of my penultimate article, S.T. folded and my final piece never saw duplicating ink. Heaven only knows in what limbo it now lies. You'll notice that several items did appear before the end arrived. Undaunted, I switched my affections to 'Astroneer'. This time my writing was a little more potent, and only one article appeared (in the second issue). The second article is still in the hands of Harry Turner but the third Astroneer has been so long in coming I can only assume it has also folded. My third and final attempt was with 'Haemoglobin'. This time my writing assumed its full and terrifying potency and my first article (written for the second issue) has not yet seen the light of day. Neither has the aforementioned second issue. Pity. So you see, I have no desire to ruin your Ompazine or any other zine for that matter. Luckily for fandom I am not an unscrupulous character who would wield this strange power for blackmail. (Just think of the possibilities. An article to Hyphen-and no more Hyphens, just like that!) I am practically forcing myself to remain non-active for the good of fandom. I always knew my writing tended to be deadly serious, but I never realised before just how deadly.

I mentioned discovering neo-fans a while back. When I was the neo-ist of neo-fans myself I attended the '52 Convention in London and came back full of wonder and the knowledge that there was a group in Manchester. On my section in Manchester was a tall gangling lad who took an interest in my tales of the Con, and when I decided to go to the N.S.F.C meeting he came along as well. Need I point out that the N.S.F.C. is now extinct? Mind you, Brian Varley and I are still the firmest of friends but even now, I wake up screaming in the middle of the night after dreaming of the thing I was instrumental in releasing on fandom. I should have known my fate then, but it took Joan to make it all clear in my mind. I am innocent of everything you see, because I do nothing (bone dale SHE says) I am simply the catalyst.

VISION. by Matt A. Elder.

Broken bridges thrust,
Lance like at a gaunt and cloudless sky,
Their makers long since gone
To sail the inky seas of space.

What unknown drive obsessed
Their proud and noble race
To send them out against the universe?

What caused the sudden exodus
That left this planet silent, and
its buildings to decay?

What mighty dreams of conquest
Led this warrior race into the void,
Forgetting home and heritage?

What was the glittering prize
That led them to oblivion?
No man can say,
For no man lives to tell.

Fan Square Dance. by Eric Needham.

Tune: Sister Lindsay o' Glasgow (A. Mercer)

Ladies on the outside, gents on the in,
Choose your subject and we'll all begin.
Grab your paper, an eraser too,
Draft it out, a pencil will do.
You edit it up and you cut it down,
Change the words and phrases round.
First drafts done and the second one too
And all the rest must follow through.

Dummy up to the end of the line,
Fill up the gaps with a different sign.
Write on down to the pages end,
Repeat the lot on the stencil again.
Place your stencil, smooth and straight,
Crank around, now duplicate.
If the first one out ain't nice and neat
It'll do for an interleaving sheet!



praised
Italian Winick

CONFIDENTIALLY. by Joyce Roydon.

By the way, have you ever been half a jar of honey in the immediate vicinity of a bee-hive? No? Then let me tell you of the past few hours. My girl friend is the tall, blonde, glamorous type with a scarlet cigarette holder. At the moment I would say that the short cut to a nervous break-down is spending an evening with her in a club full of men with blood in their veins, (especially when they are Mediterranean and tending to run a high fever emotionally already) Alternatively one may acquire more poise, philosophy and general savour raise in a couple of hours than is usual in a couple of years. We rendezvous about once a month in this mid-town cafe, where downstairs they have divans, soft lights, a Greek guitarist about whom I would rave if there were time, and a very mixed clientele. So tonight she and I wander down prepared to ~~swat~~ settle in a corner and swap life stories to date. The place is just beginning to fill up and we have just reached the "why the hell what he said to me was-"stage, when a hand appears just under our noses gallantly flourishing a packet of cigarettes. We come to with a start and follow this up to a set of gleaming teeth, a moustache that bristles like an agitated porcupine, and a mop of black hair. We thank the general ensemble, wonder if they are marijuana or just plain Players Please, and accept courteously. Three pairs of hands whip into action with matches and faster than a BNF swooping on Bea Mahaffey we find ourselves very much in the midst of two Cypriots and an Italian.

Their English is definitely Basic in two cases and quite nonexistent in the other, but it soon becomes obvious that they are just big healthy boys who haven't seen a woman for at least two hours. Longing to return to our gossip (pardon me - our serious constructive analysis of the emotional imbalances of men) we are mildly surprised to be lured via the necessity for their learning English more fluently and the undeniable importance of international understanding, to the sudden discovery that at least one of them must have had a mother who had mated with one of Lovecraft's octopuses. Bear in mind that during all the following my friend was ignoring with an admirable imperturbability the limpet-like entwinings of the monosyllabic youth on her right, I am luckily protected by a corner. Once or twice her nerve snapped and she made an earnest attempt to clamber back into my lap, but I figure if it is O.K. to throw a victim to the parading wolves on the Russian steppes, that goes for me too, and I pushed her back quite ruthlessly.

She is only twenty although she looks much older, and is essentially kind-hearted, so neither of us want to hurt their feelings, but I give you my word that at the end of half an hour there are nineteen men clustered shoulder to shoulder around her, and we are mildly hysterical at the improbability of the situation, especially as the rest of the room are by now cheering them on in the same spirit as Arsenal supporters at a Cup-tie. We raise various hares such as the charm of Broadstairs, the fascination of Cypriot postage stamps, and the difference of customs in various countries. Interspersed politely with no thank you very much we wouldn't really like to go for a walk, or to the cinema, or to a party or to a club, or for jost one drink! Most of this is in broken French to the Italian who then translates it into

Greek for the benefit of the assembled multitudes, with laughter. We explain that I am engaged, that I have a responsibility to her father, that she is too young and I too old to visit mens flats, that we live miles out and have trains to catch...but by the time our immediate neighbours have reached about 30 I am thinking wistfully of the serene tranquillity of earthquakes and volcanoes and s.f. conventions. Yet in spite of everything we are quite enjoying ourselves, as apart from three rather unpleasant characters, it is all in a spirit of good clean, healthy fun.

Suddenly I have an inspiration for direct communication and draw out a writing pad with the intention of sketching something on the lines of 'my friend and I meet so seldom that we really prefer to sit and talk' So I drew two stick figures, holding hands, added skirts, pointed to us and to indicate friendship, sketched a heart hovering over us. While I am brooding over how one indicates 'meet so seldom' an unequalled babble breaks out, my friend turns pink to the ears, and I realise rather belatedly that I should have struggled past chapter I of Communication Theory..For a few moments we even consider putting this up as a last-litch defence, but when it becomes evident that this merely arouses their reforming zeal, I try to indicate no-I meant friends by sketching two of them joined also by a heart. By the time this hub-bub dies down I discover I have apparently suggested a twosome. We give up and settle down to a state of seige, figuring that there are at least two very attractive propositions there, one a dark clean-cut profile with considerable brooding charm and the other a delightful boy who looks more French than Cypriot and has a laugh instead of a leer on his face.

There are a few assorted Italians and Spanish, but mostly Cypriots- as I said a nice bunch but mildly monomaniacal, and by now we would have to levitate to get out. We are obviously tagged as prim English misses whom it is their duty to awaken to the pleasures of life and I felt too exhausted to try drawing brother-the bloom-is definitely-off-this-rose! I tackle the amusing young Turkish boy nearest me on the post-war reconstruction of his country, as I am a great admirer of Kemal but this seems to depress him slightly; I cannot imagine why! Just as life is getting a little difficult, Byron and Tony walk down the stairs and we feel like Pearl White being snatched from the railway lines to the accompaniment of lavish sub-titles.

Maybe its something to do with their being not only pure bred Greeks but Athenians, maybe its that they are men not boys-but these two are really wonderful, each in their own way. Byron is dark craggy, well-dressed, at once direct and sympathetic: Tony is the finest natural comedian I've seen since Danny Kaye. I'd just love to have them both to a fan party one time and see what happens. It is a bit grim when you consider that in the five years they have been here they have never once been to an English home....

Anyway Byron takes in the situation at a glance, turns grim as a thundercloud, and leads off with a peroration which makes even the Limpet disengage himself and try hurriedly to look as though his mind had been on higher things. (The coffee is practically coming out of our ears by now, as we have tried to keep a hot cup in hand on the paradox-

"MUSIC IN AUSTRALIA"

Michael
Duggan

OR DO YOU PREFERE BE-BOP?

Michael Duggan is an Australian pen-pal of mine who enlivens his letters by a series of cartoons on 'Life in Australia'. He is a commercial artist for a publicity firm, did the publicity for their Con this year. Reports a visit to the Sydney S.F.club by Arthur C. Clarke, and the news that when a shark was sighted in the harbour A.C.C. went diving for it. Alas! the shark then departed. Bah, the scardey..

A NURSES EYEVIEW.

Earnestly lots of Ompa members (well two of them anyway) have entreated me to give a nurses eyeviews on patients. They are certainly off-trail enough....

The most common fallacy encountered in an ophthalmic hospital by people who have undergone an eye operation is the insistance that their eye has been removed from its socket, repaired, and then replaced. How often I hear them say "They took my eye out and then sewed it back in again", or "They dropped my eye right out on my cheek and scraped the back of it". This is of course, impossible, since the eye cannot be removed from the socket without severing the optic nerve and causing blindness.

Having a taste for research engendered by reading ASF, I decided to explore the origins of this widespread belief. Many times I am asked "Is it true they can take the eye out, etc?" and to my answer of "No" I get many unconvinced looks.

The majority of eye operations on people over 14yrs of age are carried out under a local anaesthetic, i.e. a cocaine injection by hypodermic needle. Although the patient feels no pain, they still retain certain sensations. Following the injection the surgeon inserts a speculum which holds open the eyelids, and by tightening this he can propel the eye forward a little in its socket. This feel of the speculum on the cheekbone is one of the reasons patients are so doggedly positive they felt the eye 'out' or 'put down on the cheek'. The vision is obscured by instruments busily cutting and suturing, so with only incomplete data to go by the false impression arises and is perpetuated.....and woe betide the fan who asks me this question when I am off-duty!

And all those insomnia sufferers I meet so often as a Night Sister ought to hear my views. For nigh on 3yrs I have been on night-duty, and if asked by the day staff, "Did you have a quiet night?" sometimes I answer bitterly, "Nobody sleeps in our hospital" On my way to my wee bed I have been heard to mutter words to the effect that there is just no such type crittur as insomnia anyway. I know of nothing more exasperating than to listen all night long to someones shattering snores, and then, as they blink their eyes open in the light of day, to hear them state that 'they hardly slept a wink all night' The rare individuals who admit to sleeping well are few and far between and deserve a medal.

Often I have kept the 'light sleepers' under observation, have watched them stir, toss irritably for a minute, ask "Is that you Harry?" or something, and then go to sleep again. Yes, they remember waking up, but never, oh, NEVER, dropping off to sleep again. Others waken regularly as the clock chimes, sigh fretfully, "Will I never sleep?" and then sleep soundly until the next hour chimes. This type greets you in the morning with their news that they heard the clock strike every hour, so they did, bless them, they wake up especially to do so.

It is impossible to convince such people that they have slept well. Complaints from other patients of their loud snores are indignantly denied. They retaliate by complaints of the other fellows snoring--it kept them awake. Of course, they are both wrong. They slept in spite of the snores and heard them in their sleep. I was the one who suffered them.

II

reading, and I wondered if you scientific experts could help me out in a personal problem? I use glass thermometers in my work and after years of boasting that I never break one, in the last six months I have been breaking them at an unholy rate. I gently shake them down and one flys half-way across the ward. I place one under a patient's arm, and go back to find him sitting on it-in bits. I place one tenderly in the receiver and it breaks in two. All of a sudden I am death on thermometers. Can you explain this peculiar phenomena? Your treatment of the review question was funny, but I hope you will give us some yet.

Stean.3. This was fun to read, and on re-reading it I am struck by the thought-what a lot you manage to convey in 2 pages. Anyone who automatically jumps at the idea that Walt would be conceited because we call him Ghod-is the type of person who would be affected that way themself. They just cannot conceive anyone receiving so much egoboo and still remaining modest. The only time I heard Walt speak out was when Ted Carnell asked if he would like to say a few words, and he answered 'No'----- Cannot you just see those guys who critise Walt jumping up into the limelight in nothing flat?

Bilcyn.I. You want a nurse for that biliiousness Ken? Only my charges are high I am really grateful for those Pogo books you got me, they are priceless.

Omnibus.3. 4o'clock on any morning has meaning for me pal-it is when I have to leave off my fanning and go and tend to my work. This is the way I like to see reviews written. Enjoyed your story of the trip to Cairo, altho Sandy had already told me all about it, even the bits you missed out.

Schnerdites.2. Cover was the best in the mailing, your artwork throughout supremly fannish. I loved the cat story, much better than seagulls, they do too look peevish. Now I wait with baited breath, just what can a goldfish do? I can now tell you what Harry Turner looks like, so you will know the sort of society you have joined. He wears glasses and looks at you through them (not over the top you will notice) he also smiles blandly like a cat who has just licked the cream. I am liable to come down there and 'gaunt highlander' you! The girl friend will be no protection. Don't get me wrong though, I just love Helen, she is even wittier than you are. I feel so flattered at having a cartoon all about me that of course I am not offended at it- I bet you knew that would happen..but please, how do I get that tune out of my head?

Bias Binding.I. A lovely job, and Helen gets more endearing all the time As Medical Correspondant to B.B. don't I get to be a member of T.H.F.& L.M. Society?

Morph. Snazzy cover, and all intresting stuff intilt.

Cake. Showed a very blogggy atmosphere.

Amour. I doubt this gal Sheila is a gone gal and liable to disappear in the direction of Siberia at any moment. Well my conscience is clear-- I warned her well.

The Lesser Flea. So you like good tecs stories Joy. Try 'Death of a Doll by Hilda Lawrence. I especially like the bit where the aetective trying to find the murderess says-"I've put too much time on the outstanding deviations from routine when what I really want is the small piece of extraneous matter that some bright girl slipped into the machinery. Its so simple that I don't know what it is or who did it. But somebody looked me straight in the eye, folded her hands in her lap, and told me she was breathing, Mr East, just breathing. And shes my girl."----- I just love that last phrase, and its suspense all the way.

