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First, a beautiful cover done by Atom to whom my undying thanks.
I coloured the cover by hand, maybe I will do it again, in another
50 years, I think....

Next, a blank page...don't read that...no I am not Irish..

Page 1; is this

Page 2: A poem by Bobbie Wild, to whom thank yuh, illo by Atom

Page 3: " " " "

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SCOTTISHE Number 7 is produced for the June 1956 mailing of
OMPA.

by

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Stuart House,
161 Cromwell Road,
London, S.W.5.

The title means that I am not a Sassenach.. .

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~~TURN FOR THE WORSE~~

MALE PATIENT.

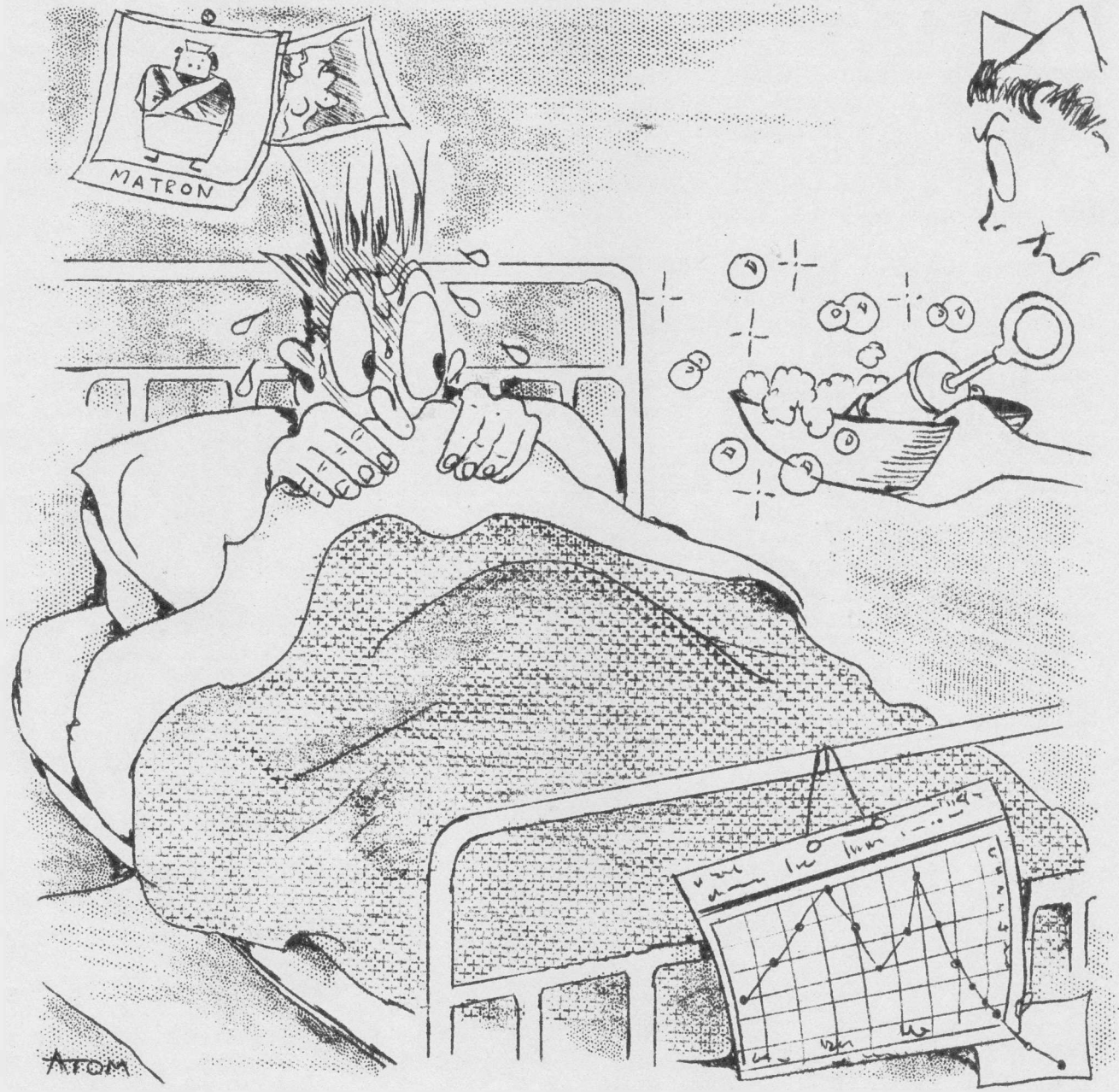


BY BOBBIE

WILD,

Have you ever been in a hospital bed, feeling desperate because you're not allowed to rise?
 Although you had your operation days ago, but whenever you ask to get up you're told it isn't wise
 To be on your feet too soon. So you have to lay back on your pillows and spend your time in fruitless conjecture
 About the nurses, but you can't ask them for a date when you're well because they've all had to go to a lecture,
 Except one, who is run off her feet looking after a private patient, who in hospital slang is called a p.p.,
 And you spend ages and ages trying to tell the nurse you'd like to speak to her when she's free,
 Because you have noticed as she rustles past that by any standard she is exceedingly pretty,
 And you want to tell her that when you're well you'd like to show her the sights of the city,
 But the pp rings his bell so often that you're convinced he is soon for the sweet by and by,
 Until you realise he's making a fuss because he's a p.p. and then you fervently wish he would die,
 So that the nurse would be free, because by this time you have decided that she's worth a mild flirtation.
 And in any case, you want to find out all the intimate details of your operation.
 But at last she gets the p.p. quietened and when she passes your bed you give a feeble cry of "Nurse"
 And when she comes over to find out what's wrong, you tell her you've taken a turn for the worse.
 You describe the most horrible symptoms and insist that you've had a relapse and you're dying,
 And you look at her and she looks at you, and you know that she knows you're lying.
 Then she says knowingly: "Oh, yes, you're on my danger list. I know you convalescent types.
 There's nothing wrong with you that can't be cured. You've just got a touch of the gripes."
 So she brings some foul tasting medicine and makes you drink it, and gives you a look that is absolutely freezing,
 And it isn't long before you're yelling for nurse again, but for an entirely different reason.

When you are tucked in once more, you ask what the devil that stuff was
 and she mutters something about Mist. Diabolic,
 And remarks that it is a sure cure for a lovesick convalescent's colic.
 So you make a resolution that she is one nurse whose heart you won't
 attempt to break,
 As even a pretty girl isn't worth a damned awful belly ache,
 So the days drag by and eventually you're told you're free to go, as
 now you are absolutely well.
 Are you glad to go? Glad to leave your comfortable bed, and all the
 nice looking nurses? Are you hell!



E43

BLEATHERINGS



I will start off by quoting extensively from a letter by Fred Smith. I doubt he will have time to join in the mailing as he is still studying hard for his music exams. His views are of interest to us all I am sure. "I've now finished the current OMPA mailing. What did thou thinkest of Ted's diatribe? Personally, I thought this was one of the most interesting things in the mailing and I bet it provokes a lot of comment. Of course he's utterly wrong in his idea of what Ompa's purpose actually is but I think he's right when he says that there's an awful lot of mutual back slapping in the review and an awful lot of crud published. When I get around to joining in the fray again I'm going to steel myself to comment only where I have something pertinent to say or where I particularly enjoyed an item. The rest will get a "noted". Of course Ompa is a relatively new apa and many of us are inexperienced ampubbers but we have seven mailings under our belts now and I feel it's time we all pushed our standards UP. Maybe the new system of awards will help in this direction.

Incidentally I suppose you noticed Ted White's small contribution to this mailing? This is a new guy and yet all by himself he contributes 74 pages to the bundle! Count 'em - 74. In fact take them away and see what's left. Pretty slim isn't it? And Null-F doesn't only excel in quantity either. Look at the layouts, the artwork, the colour, not to mention the material. Not all perfect admittedly but still eclipses most of the other stuff in this mailing. It's significant, however, that Null-F is also put out for Fapa. I somehow feel that Ted wouldn't make such an effort for Ompa alone. The latest Fapa mailing runs to 548 pages, by the way; more than double the current Ompa. Certainly they have 65 members but they only have an eight page a year activity requirement so the members aren't obliged to produce that quantity. They do it because they want to. Furthermore the material seems to be of a pretty high quantity too - better than we do on the average. It's not that we don't have good fan-writers in Ompa but they don't seem disposed to give of their best somehow, or so it seems to me. As for Ted Tubb, I get the feeling that he sat back and waited to see what the rest of the members would produce, decided it wasn't worthy of his talents, and let his membership lapse, instead of getting in there to set an example for the rest, or, at least help raise the standards" unquote

I do not think that was Ted's reason for not producing a mag. I guess he just did not have the time. Still we all know that he can write which surely gives him the right to criticise. It would be a different story if we knew he couldn't. Sadly I must admit I agree with a lot he says. This last mailing was a disappointment to me. Speaking for my own offering I do want to improve and I have tried hard this time. I do not agree with Ted's suggestion to do away with reviews. I shall be watching them closely, and if according to them I am not producing a good zine, I shall stop. The thing I dislike most is those two page efforts from people who can write entertainingly, and the absence I most deplore is Walt's. It is a pity Ted

did not name which zines he thought good and which bad. After all, again speaking personally, if I am turning out a lot of crud with very little hope of future improvement, I would rather know it now, leave Ompa and save myself a lot of wear and tear. The only way Ompa can keep itself clear of deadwood is by truthful and trenchant reviews from the members. We all may harbour the fond impression that we can write but if 49 other members tell us we can't---, Harking back to Fred's letter, I would add do not let us slavishly imitate Papa. I know, Fred, that you highly admire the American zines, but do remember that we cannot afford to spend money on the same scale, or with the same quality of materials. A word here to Joy--I heard Sandy admiring the Koestlar zines too!...Now to some T and T reviews:)

OFF TRAILS: Yes, lets have some prizes, I am good at getting the booby.

STEAM: I wish I had been there to hear your explanation of fandom..Now Ken, '56 has been a busy year for you, and your house has an ever open door to fans. Still and all we look to you for an example, and this itty bitty thing ain't it,

MORPH: This is one of the worthwhile ones, always interesting to read. I do not see why you were mildly surprised to find that other Occidental before you had changed thier religion. It is well known that since the Westerner came in contact with India that there have been many of them. Whenever I am asked to show an amateur mag to a non-fan, yours and Nigel are the ones I choose. See if your library has "Adventures of the Mind" by Dr Callogastri, which you will enjoy. I will add my snippet to your S.F. news. All those fascinated by the story "The Jet-Propelled Couch" by Robt. Lardner in 'F & S.F' should know that there is an American P.B. of further case histories of his called "The 50 Minute Hour". His cases are all worth studying and he can write. I got my copy from K.F.S. Now can anyone identify the hero of the S.F. series mentioned in "The Jet-Propelled Couch" to me?



LAUNCHING SITE: The nice cheery paper does not deceive me, this is far too thin. Although you are one of the best of the reviewers this should be tacked onto the end of a zine not substitute for one. As you can write the offense is double. Still your lay-out is a model to us all.

THE LESSER FLEA: The above remarks apply here also. A beautiful neat job, illos deserve special marks, but when are you going to produce a zine for the mailing?

RUNE: This was fun, and made a nice change.

BURP: Alright two TT's, and the sort of review you gave S was neither helpful nor anything else.

THEY'RE OFF: Well it is nice to know you are all enjoying yourselves, gosh! when do you work? I know from experience that your parties are great to be at. Still they never seem to produce any particularly witty one-shots. There is not any thing in this that you have not produced before. Looks as if Pat is the only one who ever comes out with an original or quotable remark, sad to say. The remedy is rather drastic I know, but perhaps you had better try bringing one out

before the champagne bubbles...

ESPRIT: The visit to the Art Exhibition was good, but it could have been longer. No complaint about the contents, just that there is too little of it

STYX: First an apology for using your title, a bad slip of the memory that, This had a poor cover, and a most unoriginal gag on it. Archie's description of "Pete Kelly's Blues" was excellent. I saw it too and agreed that the beginning was the best part. Still I enjoyed the rest of the film too. I don't see the point of having different editors though.

BILFESCYNING: A horrible name! I enjoyed this very much, it had a little of everything and some thoughtprovoking ideas. What I consider a worth-while addition to the mailing, in that it was planned and not just two or three items slung together.

GUF: Well you have explained about Guf, me I'm still as wise as ever. Don't just 'fill up space' Geoff, plan your zine and never mind about sections. Let us see something regular that we can connect with your name.

ARCHIVE: Let us hope that the Hotxcon put paid to all those kind of articles in the future. What I know about jazz is from nothing, but as long as you write about it so entertainingly I won't grumble. Apart from your prodigious output, you have always retained a standard in your zine. Never missed a mailing, sent out a scrappy substitute, or fallen below that standard, Quite something, in fact.

TIOT: The effort of saying something about this just utterly defeats me. I think I think it is a waste of paper.

GALLERY: Once we get over the shattering blow that you look like Ken, its nice to know you. Your two accounts of this fact were very amusing. This looks a promising zine, and if U S members are going to spur on the Bre ones, more power to them.

Annexe. Though why you did not just include this in the above, I dunno. Your reviews are short and snappy and to the point. I particularly liked the bacover.

A MOMENTS PAUSE: I am always glad to see poetry in Ompa, figuring that the more of it, the more likely the standard will rise. These I would say were fair, none bad, none particularly outstanding.

KA: My copy starts on page 2, wanders on until page 3 when I discover the editor. Now we have met--how do! I do not want to carp about it but I do like to see a beginning, an end, and a middle. I have a tidy mind.

Pooka: I had begun to think that collectors had vanished. I rarely come across one any more. Of course, the main trouble is space. When I think of my collection (now reposing in storage, costing 10/- a month) I go dizzy. I wonder if I will ever get them laid out as they should be.

NULL-F: Gasping slightly at your contribution and pausing to admire the paper (does it cost an awful lot?) I start...bits here and there caught my attention and I enjoyed reading them, but I did skip lots that were meaning-

less to me because I did not know the background involved .2 is more interesting as we start to read about yourself. I can sympathise with the way your hoax got out of hand. It seems they invariably do. I doubt most fannish hoaxes are just a wonderful idea at the time, that the creator looks back on dazedly, and a sadder wiser man. 3 starts me off wondering. Why do you use gotten instead of got? I always thought that the difference in our spelling was caused by the desire to simplify as in color - colour. I notice a few Bre fans using the word gotten too now. Your views on unions are refreshing, ours do not seem to use the rough-house tactics. I agree with you in condemning that at anyrate. Now we are into Papa reviews agin, and I am lost among all the strange references. Also lots of technical information, mostly over my head, alas, I have never been able to figube out what the difference is between ditto, and mimeo, if any. Honest, it dosen't help to explain it to me. I am one of those fuggheads whose minds go balnk as soon as you start. I'm always way behind you! Tut, tut, you are tearing into G.M. Carr, but not knowing the facts I can't tell if you are justified. It is rather frustrating in a way. I see you are rooting for London in '57 so my sympathies are with you. I would like to quibble a bit with you over 'Whats wrong with S.F.' While I agree with some of your remarks upon H.L. Gold's editorship, I do not see why you quote Palmer as being an editor who puts the science back into S.F. My latest copy of 'Other Worlds' has determiend me to cancel my order for it. The lead story starts off with a consultation by a witch by the sign of 'the three stars, one of which is dark and deadly...the yellow star is a woman, tall, stately, fair, a queen, . the red star is a girl, slender, sensitive, auburn of hair, blue of eyes.The dark star...the witch cackled.. .is the spirit of life and mystery in a dark and sultry girl, soon to become a woman of bewitching charm and power to move men.....' I dunno how it all turned out I read no more, but I guess the hero would be kept fairly busy.

tell that ends the official bletherings, no telling what is yet to come...

A SALTED BEEF SANDWICH

BY

MACHIVARLEY.

The little man lay very still, flat on his back, arms folded across his chest. His face was thin and pale, the skin stretched tightly over high cheek bones beneath which were dark, gaunt hollows. His lips were grey and bloodless, surrounded by deeply etched lines of bitterness. A thin, white sheet was draped over the prone body, it clung obscenely to every line of that pitisble carcass. The rib case, highly elevated from the wasted stomach was clearly outlined, each individual rib showed with a skeletal starkness. The sparrow-like thighs arrowed down to bony knees, the legs thin, muscless, like dry dead twigs with only the irregular shape or bloated varicose veins to break the rod like symmetry.

A faint noise broke the still silence, slowly getting louder, nearer, a heavy grunting inhuman sound, which relentlessly penetrated the little man's brain. His eyelids twitched spasmodically, until one glassy eye remained half open and slowly took in the scene. Realisation, comprehension dawned, and the other eye snapped open. Tired muscles came into play and the frail body hauled itself partially upright. The eyes now wide open with fearful anticipation watched the door. It began to swing inward, pushed by a heavy, irresistable force. The little mans gaunt

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features plainly registered terror, his mind seethed, a turmoil of apprehension, hate, violent distaste, half-wishes and half-promises.

His eyes took in the thing which wallowed in the doorway, his mind travelled forward in time, he envisioned the heaving amorphous mass of protoplasm hauling its bulk across the floor protestingly with slow, fatalistic certainty toward him. It would roll against him, sucking and absorbing him into its being. The warm and clammy flesh would spread slowly over his body, clinging damply where it touched.

The little man sweated freely as his excited imagination took hold, then with an effort he forced his mind back to the present. The huge undulating mass was very close, he eased his body slowly, carefully away, the heaving subsided toward him. Desperate thoughts echoed crazily around his skull.

One quick darting leap to the door and he would be free, but a part of his mind argued against this action, it would be that of a coward. He had chosen this fate of his own free will. Yes! he thought hopelessly. I must go on, there is no escape, no cheating of fate.

The little man sighed deeply... he should never have married a fat woman.
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It is with some trepidation that I typed out the above. After all quite a few of my friends are what is known as pleasingly plump, and quite a few of them harbour the illusion that they are too. Yet I dare not not publish it, 'cos it is the only result of months of pleading with Varley and if I did not use it for fear of offending, what a lovely excuse he would have had not to give me anything else. He can write, but it is sure hard work getting it out of him. On the other hand, with stoutness seems to go a most admirable sense of humour, an ability to laugh at themselves which many of we skinnier ones would do well to emulate. I used to be very touchy about being called wee, it was 'get little Nurse Lindsay' all the time. I well remember when Lord Nuffield presented all the hospitals with Artificial Lungs. With them came a man to demonstrate their use. He asked for volunteers, but before the words were well out of his mouth, Matron said 'Oh, little Nurse Lindsay, she will be sure to fit inside' I wasn't annoyed at a machine pumping breath into me, but I sure was miffed at being called little again. Dear me, I thought I would probably start to blear again, I hope Archie is satisfied.

See you all next mailing,

Handwritten signature

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AS GEORGE ISN'T HERE - - -

I have not seen George for weeks, anyway it was not his fault that he pinched Ron's title. He did not know it had been used before, and I forgot...pardon me while I pinch - hit. I have seen quite a lot of films since I came to London, but unlike George, I do not faithfully go to see all the S.F. ones. " " was playing in the West End recently, but apart from the outrageous prices that are charged there, the reviews had not made me feel much inclined to go. After all I prefer my science facts as part of a story, not the facts with a thin wisp of a story around it. Especially as it has all been done before, and I don't think I could bear to see another beautiful blonde scientist.

One film I saw last week does deserve mention. The Russian film of "Romeo and Juliet". This was exceptionally well done, the backgrounds and... were always vivid and an original change from the usual technicolour. The direction gave a feeling of space and the crowd scenes unusually well handled. I cannot remember seeing so many fascinating faces among film extras, or so many good - looking men' Here and there too, one could see a face with a definite Chinese slant, which reminded one of where the film originated. One scene in particular, danced in the square of Verona, which showed a carnival, emphasised very clearly how each individual dancer, danced away as if they held the stage alone.

"Romeo and Juliet" gives plenty scope for dueling and sword-play which was seized upon with gusto. At one point the whole screen was filled with the clash of swords, this showed the early fight between the two houses, and everywhere the eye looked were dancers giving wonderful performances. I was particularly impressed with Mercutio, who conveyed the quality of his gaiety ideally. Not since the late Leslie Howard, have I seen a finer profile on the screen than Romeo's. However the film ballet, as the play, must stand o fall by Juliet's performance, and here we come to Ulanova. Proclaimed as Russia's premier ballerina, I looked forward to seeing her with keen interest.

The first scene of Juliet as still a child, teasing her nurse, went very well, but she never showed the maturity that love brought to Juliet. While her dancing technique was always impeccable, the gawkiness of her body began to jar. Her costumes were a sad mistake. Flowing draperies tied in the middle by what looked mighty like a piece of rope, only accentuated her lack of a waistline, and she had obviously never heard of the word uplift. Her face remained ingenuous, despite all the emotions she had to depict. All Romeo has to do is avoid appearing ridiculous, look noble and sad in turns, and Romeo here did that very well. There are many long scenes between them, which are definitely too long. By a threequarters of the way through the film I found myself sadly bored by them.

Despite this it remains a film to see, as far as dancing is concerned the Russians can still show us perfection. The lifting of the Iron Curtain and the visit of Ponteyn to Moscow, ought to produce some quite interesting results. As it is, their dancers obviously suffer from the lack of contact with the rest of the world. Once this is overcome, they will, no doubt, be supreme again.

E103

Still treading earnestly in George's footsteps, I try to think of an interesting book I have read lately. The truth is however, that here I am kept too busy to do any except very light reading, which would interest no-one. So perhaps I could tell you about "Fruite of the Earth" by Andre Gide. Before I came to London I had talked for many years of my desire to do so. Still I had an imposing list of reasons and excuses as to why I could not. Then three things happened which changed all that. One, I now knew people in London through having attended the conventions. Two, I had a pair of friends who kept writing and pointing out how feeble my excuses were. Then thirdly, I read "Fruits of the Earth". At the time I did so it was July of last year. I lay in bed, a patient for a change, and read this book, while outside the sun was shining and we were having a real heatwave the first in what seemed like years. It made me be really honest with myself, for I had time to ponder over what I was reading. Everyone of my reasons for shifting from Glasgow were revealed as mere excuses to hide the fact that I shirked the idea of change. That I was afraid to get out of my nice comfortable rut. It also left me acutely frustrated that I could not get out of my bed right then and start to go. I could not wait to go, to meet new people, see new things, find new experiences. I became penetratingly aware of the quick passage of time, and to waste a minute of it seemed intolerable. As soon as I could I started to make the arrangements to leave for London. I can honestly say that if I had not read that book I would probably never have left Glasgow, but would still be talking of my desire to do so.

The friend who recommended Gide to me, said that his style was an acquired taste, like olives. This is true, and I guess I have acquired it, because I get a new perspective from all he writes, even though I do not agree with all his views. Any fan interested in an argument over religion would be well rewarded by reading "The correspondance between Andre Gide and Paul Claudel". The best study of his most individual character is by Klaus Mann, the son of Thomas Mann. Which brings me to a riddle which puzzles me. I have heard that Klaus Mann committed suicide some time before his father died. Can anyone give me any information about this? Or any clue as to why he did? Which brings me by logical stages to Thomas Mann himself. Have you seen the beautifully printed edition of his "Joseph and his Brethern" which has come out lately? I wish I could afford to buy it.

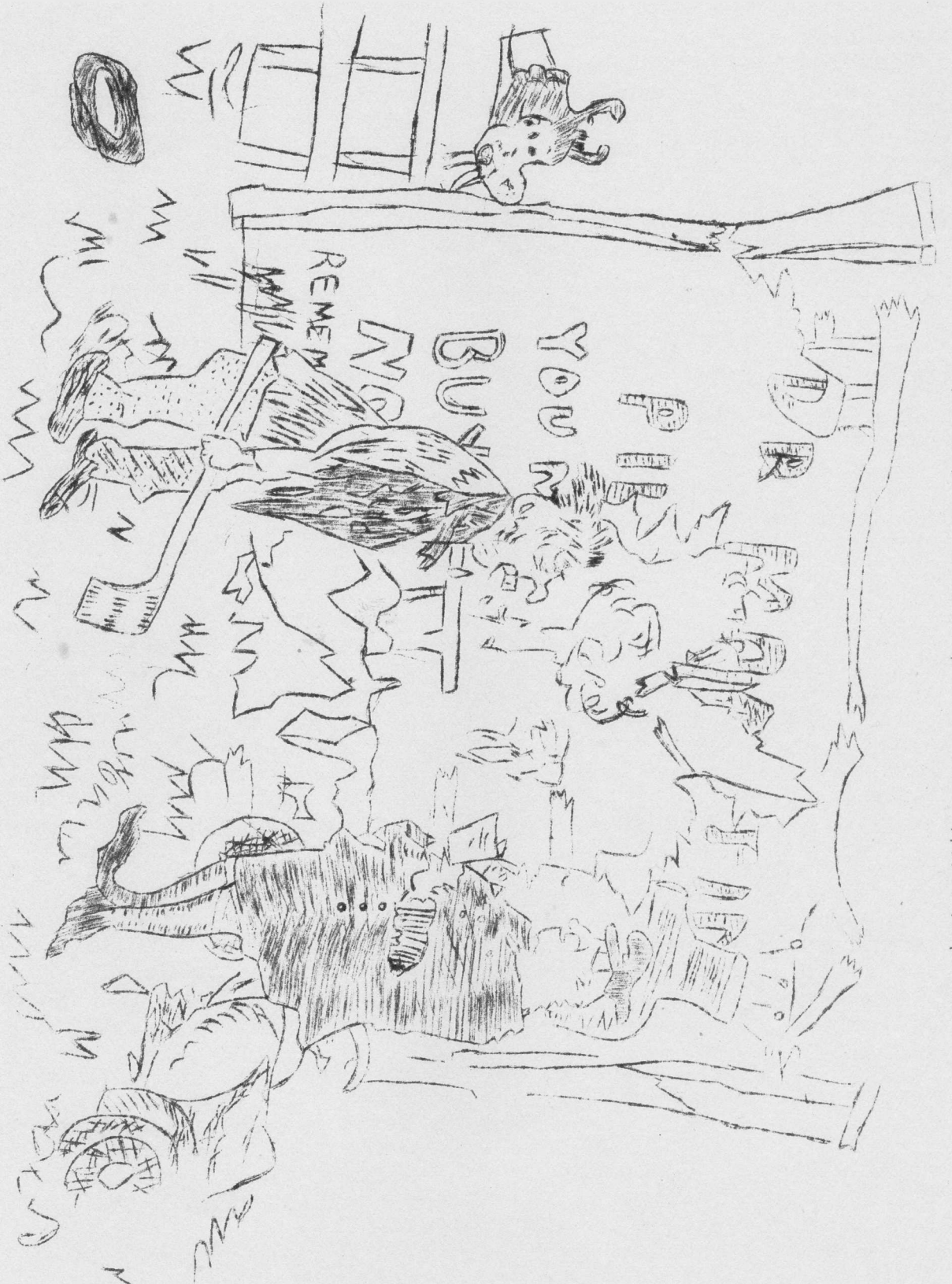
Someone is going to say, but you have not told us anything about the "Fruite of the Earth". True, true, but then it is undescrivable, and if I tried to I should probably give you a false picture. However if you have the slightest spark of rebellion in you anywhere, this is the book for you.

To go from the sublime to the ridiculous, have you seen the newest Sunday newspaper? The Woman's Weekly? Sandwiched between hints for housewives, and tips on how to win a man are a few book reviews. Let me quote you one, I don't see why I should have to bear these things alone.

"That old theme, a man's career versus his love, is the basis of 'All that Matters' by Denise Robins, a past mistress of the love story. Whether Steven a leading throat specialist, thinks more of his practise than his wife, more of his wealthy patients than of poorer ones, will keep you fascinated to the end of this book" Hutchinson IO/6.

Don't I find thrilling things to tell you all?

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