

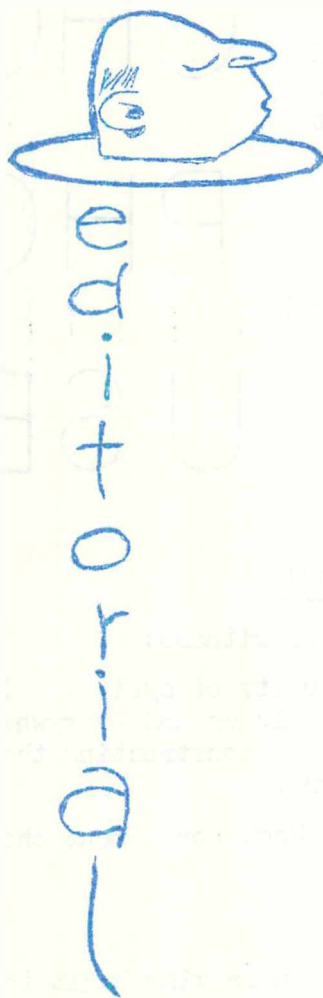
THE SCARR 200

THE SCARR

Number 200

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Like the best things in life The SCARR is free. But you should send a letter or your fanzine or stamps (mint or used) or an old PAGEANT or CORONET or articles or.....

It's wonderful how fast the Issue number goes up by using Scale 3 instead of mundane 10. Actually this is the 18th issue and it is a pot pourri (sorry, John) of bits and pieces, some of them perhaps with a more serious slant (sorry, Walt) than others. They come from all over: The Daily Mirror, The Vinegar Worm and other papers and people of note.

It's also being done in a hurry to meet a deadline, so there are errors. Like saying that Mickey Mouse was banned in Eire (it wasn't). But sure the man that never made a mistake never made anything as Brian Boru was fond of saying. I had intended to have two more pages of letters, too, but the tempus fugited.

Some delay was also caused by two visiting furriners. It was much, much pleasanter talking to Greg Benford and John D Berry than alaving over a recalcitrant Gestetner.

I have not said anything in this issue about the riots in Northern Ireland. All I will say here is that I am surprised so many Americans were deluded by the song of Bernadette.

Nor will I say anything about the moon-walk. When I was reading those lurid-backed Astoundings, Wonders and Amazings long ago I did not really think I would see the reality .

That heading (or siding) on the left is by Arthur Thomson.

Slainthe,

Geo.

OTHER FANDOMS

I am the lucky recipient of a number of catalogues and I wade through them with the same devotion which makes me read bad science fiction. The last one I got, for example, is for comic collectors, and though I have no interest in comics the prices fascinated me. Some cost as little as fifty cents but you could also spend, for example, \$3 for TARZAN #6 (with only a few pages missing). SPIDER MAN # 4 for \$5. THE FANTASTIC FOUR # 3 runs \$10, but #1 costs \$25. And if you want to spend a bit more you can have ALL STAR #4 for \$75.

Another catalogue has an article on THE SPIDER magazine. It breaks off after two lines with "to be continued next issue." The odd thing is that this break occurs in the middle of a sentence!

A catalogue that I always look forward to comes from the one and only Howard Devore, and in case you don't know he lives at 4705 Weddell, Dearborn, Mich 48125. He seems to have a good stock and his prices are reasonable.

THE
CHO-
PHO-
USE

"Am I a cowboy?" -- George Bernard Shaw ("St Joan")

In all the fandoms the language can be esoteric, as witness:

The French strategic school enjoys a splendid unity of system. In contrast to the Neo-German school, it demands, always and everywhere, absolute purity of aim. It knows only one way of constructing the thematic try: it omits the preparatory manoeuvre.

And if you know which fandom that comes from you know more about chess than I do.

Here is another example:

The plains whose submissive immensity I have been braving begin to contemplate revenge. Now that I have ceased to move, they fling themselves further and wider around me; the blue distance seems to recoil, the sky to recede. I am lost among the impassable corn-fields, whose myriad ears press forward, whispering eagerly, craning to see what my next step will be, while from amongst that undulating crowd the poppies nod their heads and burst into a thousand-fold laughter. But no matter. My recent science is sure of itself. The hippogriff revives, gives its first snort of life, and then departs, singing its song. I conquer the plains, which bow down before me. Slowly do I turn the mysterious "advance ignition" handle, and regulate as well as I can the admission of the petrol.

Yes, I suppose you could call that one aspect of Motoring's First Fandom. It was written by Maurice Maeterlinck (didn't he write The Blue Bird, or The Flight of the Bumblebee or something?). It appeared in Harper's Monthly Magazine #621, February 1902. Price One Shilling. I bought it

for sixpence last year: I couldn't resist a 66-year-old magazine in very good condition at that price.

Norah: Girl who doesn't like Heinlein

The following news item is taken in toto from the Bridgetown, B.W.I., "Barbados Advocate."

MULE TRAPPED IN CHIMNEY

An electrician who found a buzzard's egg in the ear of a sleeping elephant has opened a tobacconist's shop on the river bank at Marlow. "I hope to play some cricket in the summer," he told a coach-load of tourists from Guilford.

"Thing I like best on a camping trip is sleeping," he said intently.

It was one of those miserable days we dislike thinking of: blowing, raining and cold. I decided an afternoon at the movies might relieve the boredom, so shortly I was comfortably ensconced in a theater in Barracks Road. Even tho it was no particular afternoon the place was crowded. There was also a lot of people there. Every kind, I noted. There were fat people and thin people. Tall and short and big and small. Wide and narrow -- even round and square people. I heard myself muttering, "Thank goodness I'm not people." As I looked round I observed folk from every walk of life. I saw represented the cat-walk, the board-walk and even the widow's walk. Nor was the side-walk or the Lambeth walk excluded from this motley gathering. I reached for my glasses the better to observe this intriguing assortment of humanity, but was instantly aware that the gentleman sitting next to me had already anticipated me and was using them. I was quite put out and without ceremony reached over and relieved his face of them. In a quiet sort of way he seemed hurt and said, "You are obviously not a Southern Gentleman."

A short, preoccupied man in his sixties approached me to enquire whether I had liked the movie. "What movie?" I said. "Why, the one on TV last evening," he explained. "Oh, I thought you meant the one just ended here," I suggested. "Did one just end?" he asked; "I expect I must have dozed." I must admit the movie wasn't particularly designed to keep one awake, so I decided a cup of coffee at the adjoining drug-store might do wonders. A nice waitress with nice hands asked, "Would you like something?" I couldn't help saying, "That one," and pointing to her right hand. "No," she smiled, "I meant some lunch." "Never touch it," I told her. "Just a snack before lunch and another one after." "Then you must be hungry," she suggested. So I had to explain we followed the old English custom of High Tea in our house. "High Tea? What in the world is that?" So I had to explain that it was a special meal served in the attic. Even that a man in Wigan had once carried his 5 p.m. snack to the top of the flagpole on the pier. And that as a result his peers thought he was carrying things too far.

Leaving the drug store I headed out along route 25 for home. Here and there along the way students stood on the sidewalk thumbing lifts. They held cards saying "Harrisburg," "Tallahassee" and even "Valley Forge." One boy, a homely sort I told myself, held up a card with the word "Japan" on it. So, since I was going in the general direction of Japan I decided to pick him up, and so

reached over to undo the door-latch on that side. It was only then I realized to my horror that I had left the car still parked back at the movie theater. Observing my confused manner the boy said, "Why are you waving at me?" "I'm not," I said, thinking of something in a hurry, "I just thought I saw some lint on your sleeve!"

"That's a nice pair of gloves," he observed fittingly.

I have been reading Amanda McKittrick Ros's book, HELEN HUDDLESON. Nobody -- but nobody -- writes like our Amanda.

Most of this book is set in County Down, where Amanda was born.

Many of the characters have odd names: Madam Pear, the Earl of Grape, the Duke of Greengage, Mrs Strawberry, Peter Plum, Lily Lentil, etc. There are also a couple of Tuckerisms: Mercer and Carrothers, two close friends of hers.

She never finished the book, and the final chapter (and a preface) were written by her biographer, Jack Loudan.

The story is simple: Helen is a country girl, full of purity and the teaching of the Rev John Davis, D.D., of Third Ballynahinch Presbyterian Church. She loves and is loved by Jack Munro, a thin romantic gentleman who protects his "delicate features from the maddening rays of the summer sun with a large thin silk brown umbrella and a bowler hat." Sometimes he "sobs convulsively", at other times in "sickest fashion," and then at times he "roared with laughter until tears of joy rolled down in countless trickles" -- a pretty useless accomplishment in a country as damp as Ireland. "On the little finger of his left hand a huge diamond ring flashed forth fiercely flecks of flame."

He emigrated to Australia and Helen had started on the journey to join him when she was intercepted by Lord Rasbery ("a magnate of morbid morals") who had deplorable designs on her. He forced her to marry him and was taking her to his house in Dublin but in Belfast she was captured by Madame Pear, who ran a house of "dissipation, damnation, disorder and distrust," which was visited by all the "swanks of seekdom (sic) within comfortable range of her rifling rooms of ruse and robbery, degradation and dodgery." In this she was aided by "a swell staff of sweet-faced helpers swathed in stratagem, whose members and garments glowed with the lust of the loose, sparkled with the tears of the tortured, shone with the sunlight of bribery, dangled with the diamonds of distrust, slashed with sapphires of scandal and rubies wrested from the dainty persons of the poor."

Rasbery discovered where she was hiding, but Helen escaped again but only to fall into the clutches of a Roman Catholic priest. (Amanda does not like Roman Catholics or their leaders or indeed any religious preachers except John Davis, D.D., of Third Ballynahinch Presbyterian Church. They are just an "amalgamated body of holy stock-brokers.") She tried to get away again but was captured by Rasbery and was carried off to Dublin by rail, in a "richly-upholstered first-class carriage with gorgeous appointments." (I would like to add that the coaches on the G.N.R have changed a bit since then.) Luckily, on her arrival at Rasbery's residence his lordship had a heart-attack and in the confusion (you've guessed it?) Helen escaped, aided by the timely arrival of her cousin who immediately carried her off to America. Damned if I can figure out why -- unless it was to introduce her uncle, a sternly religious man and a great admirer of John Davis, D.D., of Third Ballynahinch Presby-

terian Church. From America she returned home to marry Maurice Munro. (I seem to be getting into the act of artful alliteration.)

Amanda had a very earthy streak which crops up sometimes: she calls the Atlantic a "useful pond which stimulates the backbone of commerce more than any other known element since Noah, captain of the flood, kicked the bucket." In her private life she could be even more Rabolaisian. Loudan mentions in the preface that in reply to a lawyer who had sent his account she wrote: "I have your bill before me. It will soon be behind me."

She didn't like lawyers. She considered them all liars. One in particular she describes: "Barney was a heavy-bodied bloater full of oil, for it was always bubbling and leaking out of him somewhere: his skin was smoked a bit and he sometimes smelted as if sucking scandal. His eyes were framed with fraud, dewy with distrust and rolled to and fro like a madman's, his brows always unbobbed and brusky, his forehead frayed with feline furrows, his nose wide cocked and warty, his jaws beggar-plaited and boraxed with flaxen fluffy hair-fringes crimped towards the south, his mouth an oleo of colour and Portland 'pegs' ditched round with a wall of red brick, his tongue a living tooth-brush, his chin a baggy sauce-boat."

Nor did she like critics: "...the novelist whose fat resources were diminished by the scurrilous, scandalising, spiteful critic scions of bastardom, found always trampling upon the heels of fame."

She loved alliteration: "What care I for all the world and its sections of shams? What care I for the halls of hilarity, its congested clubs of contamination, its showrooms of sacrilege, its morning-rooms of mistrust, its dining-rooms of danger, its tea-rooms of test, its lounges of lust, its suppers of slander, its inglenooks of ill, its forcing-beds of fornication and all other enticing otceteras?"

Often phrases are obscure, like "a delicate and highly-invaded artery." The phrase "signing dumb" appears several times.

"That's a lovely cake -- did you buy it yourself?"

In BANNED BOOKS Anne Haight tells us that at one time or another and one place or another bans have been imposed on Uncle Tom's Cabin, Alice in Wonderland Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Decline and Fall, Les Miserables, JSMill's System of logic, The Odyssey, From Here to Eternity, etc. Southern Ireland can boast of banning God's Little Acre, The Road Back (Remarque), Strange Fruit (Lilian Smith), Brave New World. Even Mickey Mouse has been banned.

There's nobody as funny as people.

There was a discussion/argument once about the expression, "It's the exception that proves the rule." It's obviously wrong if you take the word "prove" in its usual meaning, and even if you take it as meaning "test" (Dorndorf Yates loves using it this way) it doesn't make much sense. Anyway, there are often so many exceptions that the rule doesn't appear to be of much value.

Take, for example, the rule about ie and ei: "Always ie except after e." There are exceptions like beige/bier, ceiling/science, deign/diet, feign/field, geiger/foggiest, heir/shield, leisure/believe, neither/niece, peignoir/piece,

reign/friezo, seize/sieve, veil/serviette, weird/wield. I have cheated a bit here and there, maybe, but sure don't I cheat at patience, too....

Australians love Russian newspapers — it's a sort of Tasmania with them

To prevent factories closing while everybody goes on holiday, "staggered week-ends" and "staggered weeks" are proposed. Here is the simple government explanation of how to understand them:

"Where a week-end which previously did not occur now falls in the middle of the week, it shall be deemed to occur on any two days either preceding or following the days on which it previously occurred, provided they are not the same days on which it previously did not occur. A staggered week will be the period falling between any two alternate week-ends as already defined, less the duration of the intervening week-end which will be subtracted from whichever week-end is nearest the middle. Men working staggered weeks will be entitled to an allowance equal to one fifty-second of the derived hourly rate times the sum in the above, provided that the number of week-ends in the weeks preceding and following a staggered week added together do not exceed the number of staggered weeks divided by the number of staggered week-ends in a normal week. See?

Amen: Piously agreeing to a change of name.

Never attempt all you can do for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do. Never tell

Never tell all you may know for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never believe all you may hear for he who believes everything he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never spend all you can afford for he who spends everything he can afford often spends more than he can afford.

Never judge all you may see for he who judges everything he sees often judges more than he sees.

It's not as good as I expected, but then I never thought it would be.

More daffy definitions: Coppice -- A lady policewoman.
Ostend -- Town with its end in the right place.
Arctic -- Circle where one gets a cool reception.
Papa -- Man who starts painting and papering.
Political plum -- Result of careful grafting.
Jump -- The last word in aeroplanes.

And in case I forget to mention it elsewhere this thing comes from

Geo. L. Charters,
3, Lancaster Av.,
B A N G O R,
Northern Ireland.

PEEPS (1) I SANG IN THE CHOIR Being at one time a pupil of Ranelagh
INTO School, Athlone, I with all the other boys went to St Peter's Church
MY on Sundays. It was traditional for first-year boys to sing in the
DIARY choir, and although I did not know then that I was tone-deaf I sang
enthusiastically. Back at school I found out my mistake: the 4th and
fifth-year boys in the choir liked singing, good singing, and objected
to the noises I made. They made it painfully clear that they'd give me the
father and mother of a hammering if I didn't stop it. So the next Sunday I
didn't open my mouth once. Back at the school I found out my mistake. The
older boys in the body of the church (and by tradition they occupied the front
pews where they had a good view) objected to my not singing and promised me
the father and mother of a hammering if I didn't sing. So the following Sunday
I mouthed the words but didn't make a sound.

That is the true story of how miming was invented.

(2) I PLAYED FOOTBALL At Ranelagh it was traditional for all boys to play
Rugby football. Being extremely short-sighted and having no glasses I dreaded
taking part in this species of brutality. I know, for example, that if I tried
to carry the ball I was just as likely to run with it into the river Shannon
as into the opponents' goal. (I sometimes wondered if the school site was
chosen so as to be near the river, or if the river ran that way so as to be
near the school.) At first I made excuses (feeling sick, or a sore foot or
something) for not turning out, but at last I had to go through with the or-
deal. It was even worse than I had expected. I could only vaguely make out the
figures of the other players and I tried to run more or less in the general
direction they were running. I could only see the ball itself if it came very
close, which fortunately it seldom did.

A couple of times the players would form a scrum -- the ultimate in human
degradation. Each time they yelled at me to come on: I was the biggest and
got the place of honour (God forgive them!) in the front row. I put my arms
around two boys and they put theirs around me, and with five more imps of
Satan pushing us from behind we bent down and faced an equal number of the
other team and PUSHED. Into the little alley between us somebody (with enough
influence to stay out of it) then threw the ball and we were supposed to kick
it towards the rear so that some other eejit could pick it up and run. Me, I
couldn't kick. With that weight of flesh hanging on to me it was all I could
do to keep my feet and not fall flat on my face in the mud.

It ended at last. Somebody with a strong right leg kicked the ball as
hard as he could. I did not see it in time to dodge and it hit me on the
forehead and knocked me out. I was carried off the field and put to bed.

I was never asked to play again.

In subsequent issues of The SCARR I will try to give further exciting
episodes in my life where I played the parts of

Boxer	Musician	Businessman	Poet
Farmer	Actor	Comedian	Statesman
Matador	Schoolteacher	Cook	Fireman

You lucky people!

Harry Warner, Jr., Hagerstown, Maryland.

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It was fine to re-read the Bob Shaw essayettes. The one about the cosiness of the universe was particularly apropos at this particular time. In these last days before the first attempted landing on the moon I'm rendered asunder by all sorts of complicated emotions, and Bob's remarks on the general topic of increased knowledge about the solar system fit in quite well. (Sundering factor number one: should I schedule one week of my vacation for the week in July when the first landing is scheduled, and risk a postponement of the flight until the vacation is over? Second factor: should I wish for a postponement, not just of a few days, but of several months so that the first landing could occur in mid-October? That would be an ideal time for a new holiday giving everyone a day of freedom from work to commemorate the occasion in the future. If the flight occurs in July it'll be too soon after the Fourth of July, Independence Day, to become another full holiday. Third factor: should I dig out a lot of science fiction stories about the first trips to the moon, and re-read them all during the next few weeks, because there will be no possibility of re-reading them after that in the same ignorance in which I first grew to love them? I'll spare you many more mad decisions.)

But even if we are learning discouraging things about the inhospitality of planets where we once expected to find life, the situation isn't too bad. Isn't the general belief in numerous planetary systems around other stars much greater today than when we were youthful enthusiasts of science fiction? Then I think the million-in-one near-collision between two suns was thought to be the only valid explanation for this solar system. Real knowledge about all the other planets in the system where we live shouldn't be much harder on our sense of wonder than was the occasion a few decades ago when all the remote regions of Africa and Asia and the polar regions had been visited at least sketchily and there was no longer any hope of lost kingdoms or isolated dinosaur colonies on this planet, wiping out another sort of science fiction theme.

Your mimeograph gave better results than you predicted of it, but it did insist on omitting the identity of Still Life's author. Me. I assume that it's John Berry, although I don't recognise it as another reprint. I hope it's the start of a resumption of the legend-building that has been so sadly neglected since the Willises moved to Strathclyde. My goodness, when I typed that word I had to go slowly to remember the spelling, absolute proof that people haven't been writing about it nearly enough.

You discovered Ann Landers, I see. We not only run her column in one of the Hagerstown newspapers, but we were also honored by a visit from her a few years back. She gave a talk sponsored by some group or other that drew a pretty good-sized crowd. She's quite effective as a humorous speaker, and even has a series of brief radio spots, in case you didn't hear them while over here, just long enough to answer one or two questions at a time. People really do write and ask her for advice, because

mail is sent to the local newspaper for forwarding to her. The only time I tried to get a reply, she ignored me. I wanted to know what to do about plans for a new dual highway near my home, because my family had not been as prosperous in the past and all during the Great Depression we'd buried the relatives who didn't survive hard times in remote portions of the farm, to save undertaker bills, and now the road workers would be digging into those areas and would either cause the sheriff to ask us embarrassing questions or would bring an objectionable quantity of Indian relic hunters to our land.

You've done something I have never done to the Empire State Building -- go to its top. On the other hand, I've been taking a fair number of photographs of it on trips to New York that occur when the weather is good enough to make it visible above the fourth story. Some photographers have devoted their entire lives to picturing Mount Fujiyama or a glass of water, and I sometimes think that I could be happy just wandering around and finding new angles from which to photograph the Empire State. It meshes amazingly well photographically with all sorts of foreground and background objects, is easily recognizable even if you don't include its entire height in the picture, and gives you a secret sense of mastery to know that you're an old hand at this while all the native New Yorkers are nudging each other to look at the hick who is taking his first picture of a skyscraper.

My sympathies for the loss of your diary. I've never kept one of the scope that you manage, but my endeavour has been just big enough to provide the really important facts such as which day each September brought the first operation of the furnace since May and exactly what I gave my grandmother for Christmas last year. During both my long hospital stays, I thought I'd broken the continuity of the diary, but on each occasion, I managed to get my fuddled senses back into good enough shape in time to scribble the essentials onto scraps of paper, which I carted home and later transcribed more coherently into the diary. The most convenient time to keep it up to date in the hospital was while I was balancing myself on the bedpan, waiting for an orderly to arrive and get me off it, and my roommates somehow got the impression that I kept tally of my accomplishments with this device. Reputations can be smashed quite thoroughly by such innocent bad impressions.

ATOM never ceases to amaze for his inexhaustible store of ideas and his ability to modify his style as the years go by, after so many years of fanzine illustrating. I hope someone gets enough energy to put out a second ATOM anthology some day soon and I'd hate to be the one who had to make choices among so many eligible items for inclusion.

Julian Spint, Queen St., Belfast.

May I call you George? It is such a delightfully butch name, and I'm so much in a flutter after having read your little magazine that I could kiss you -- not that a well brought up boy like me would dream of doing such a thing. (Not until we had got to know each other, that is.)

I don't mind telling you, George (see, I did it -- aren't I bold?) I thought I would never find a soul-mate in strait-laced Presbyterian old Ulster. Then today I went into the Red Lion on the Ormeau Road to have a pink gin and to rest my poor feet (I'm breaking in a ducky pair of elastic-sided boots, but they're torture!) and I found your cheeky little underground magazine on a seat.

As soon as I saw the title, The SCARR, it made me think of whips and spurs, and I realised at once there are others like me in Belfast. What bliss! And the contents didn't puncture my hopes, either -- I was tickled to the core of my being by that piece about putting girls on cold marble blocks and painting them. Serves them right! What gave you the idea? Do you like a bit of statue every now and then, you naughty boy?

In the CHOPHOUSE column, cleverly disguised as a reference to marriage you mention people getting hitched up in double harness. Where can I get one of these things?

I must say bye for now, but I'll be in Bangor next week and I'll come to see you -- now that I've found someone with similar tastes to my own I would hate to let you slip through my fingers.

Grammar School, Dundalk

The Harvest Festival Service at Heynestown on Thursday last was an absolute scream. The Boss and Mrs took Myra and me in the car. It is a small church, and you'd die laughing at the organist. She had on a brown skirt and a flowered brown silk blouse nearly the length of the skirt. Added to this she played all hymns and psalms with a very staccato touch. Very funny. She provided the "choir" and sang, "O all ye mountains and hills,

Bless : ye - ee - ee : the Lord"

at the top of her voice, with great gusto. Naturally the recessional voluntary was her favourite: "Moonlight and Roses"!! Rather unsuitable for 4 o'clock on a sunny afternoon at a Harvest Service.

All the people at the Service were "County" folk, the Boss assured us, but, gosh, it wouldn't be hard to guess! Two old dames were definitely nobs: one of them peered through her pince-nez at her prayer-book, and demanded at the top of her voice (in the middle of the psalm) whether it was psalm 65 or 45. The other old girl sang gaily at the top of her voice "Come Thou Long-Expected Josus" -- an Advent hymn -- while everyone else was singing "We Plough the Fields and Scatter+! Dear help her: she was holding the hymn-book upside-down, too!

After the Service we had tea at the residence of Mrs Fortescue -- originally, the Boss tells us, Fortescutum...very nice! One of the eccentric gentlewomen appeared in corduroy bags and a sports jacket: she got away with it, too. There were lovely cakes but a rotten clergyman kept pressing awful pastries on us and we couldn't very well refuse. He had desperate bad taste in cakes. Poor Miss Douglas (a teacher here) got a piece of heavy cake, and after the first awful bite she edged over to the wall and dropped it behind a vase -- and nearly broke it! Our new teacher (Science and Irish) is a Roman Catholic and insists on crossing herself before and after meals, which is disconcerting to me as I am right beside her. It makes me feel like singing "The Sash" as a grace!

I hope the Boss doesn't expect to take "Caesar" tonight because I'm not "in the mood." One boy here used to cause a riot by insisting on calling Caesar's legionary forces "legendary forces," and made the Boss go into long tirades about hosts of phantoms winning battles against the Bellovaci and the Aduatuci. Another beto noir of his is when some poor unwitting gomeril calls Hannibal Hanniball. (I got "gomeril" out of "Lobster Salad." Are Lynn Doyle's other books as good as this? /Yos/

Murial