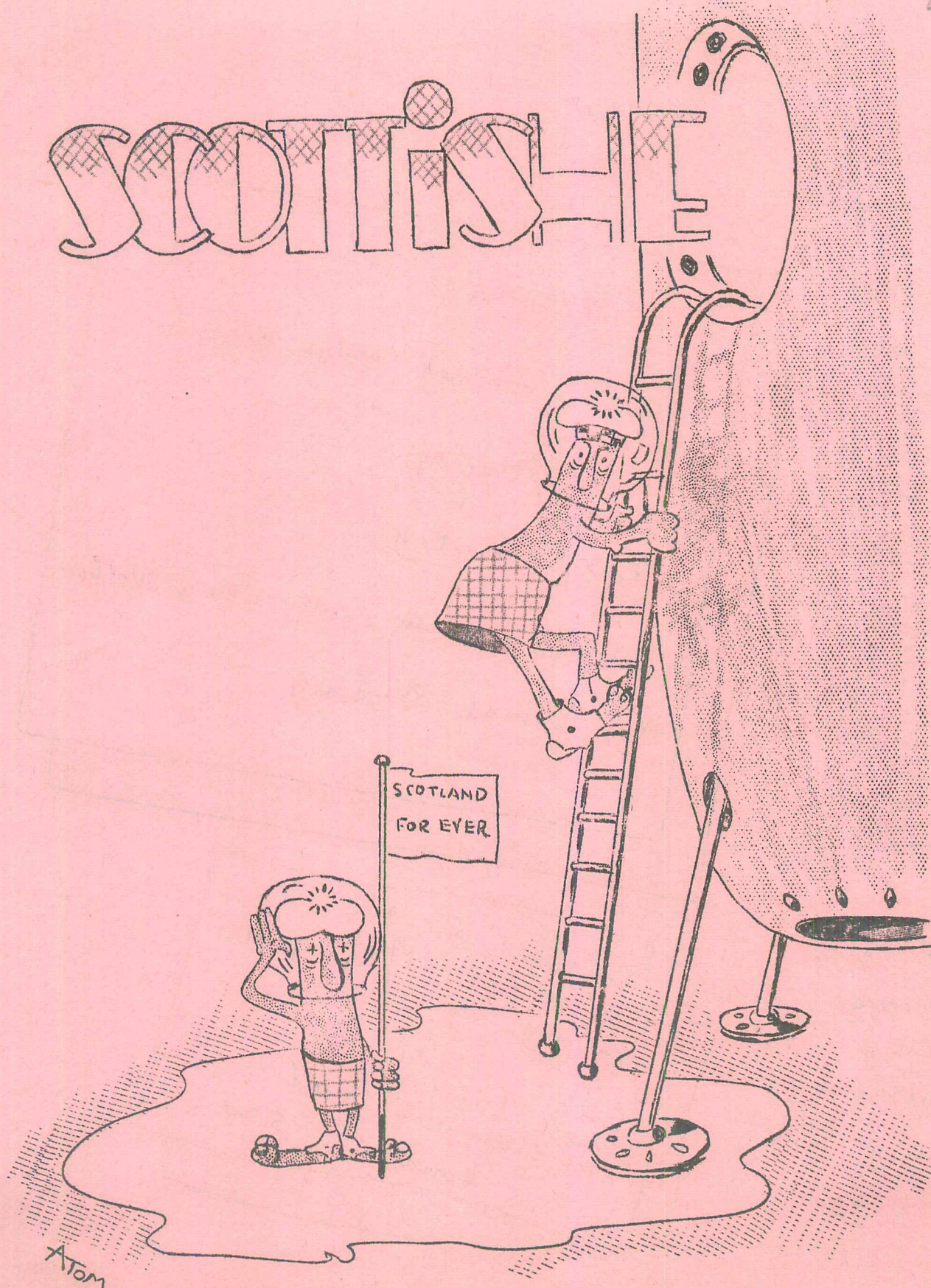


# SCOTTISH



Atom

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Front and  
Backcover and  
Heading to  
Bletherings  
Kindly done  
by  
Atom.

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by  
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S.W. 5.

# NATTERINGS



Write a column of your own, urges Achee, and he is not the only one. You would think there were enough columns in fanzines wouldn't you? Anyway my mind immediately goes blank at the thought of writing one. If I can disguise it under the heading of Bletherings or Natterings, I feel less self-conscious. According to one of my so-called friends I am quite good at nattering, so that's what I have called this Thing which is not a column. The difference between Bletherings and Natterings is that in one I blether about the mailing, and in the other I just do what comes naturally.

The West End of London has just been bombarded with large scale U.S. musicals. There was brisk competition between them all. According to the main reviews "The King and I" seems to be winning hands down. This is worth seeing alright if only for the shock of discovering that a completely bald-headed man can be attractive. This ought to give new heart to thousands of men, who waste a small fortune trying to keep back that receding hair-line. To say nothing of those supreme optimists who, like my Father, keep rubbing away with a vasaline hair tonic intending to grow new hairs. Dad has often demanded that I inspect the result and assured me that there really were new hairs growing in. I have surveyed the baby fuzz gravely. and agreed that it looked very like it. This seems to please him.

Anyway, to hark back to the musicals, the big drum has been banged so hard for them that a most exhilarating film has almost crept away without comment. It is called "The Solid Gold Cadillac" and features the inimitable Judy Holliday. The way she can deliver a line of dialogue must make her the script-writers dream. Whilst I was seeing it on more than one occasion the audience broke into applause, they were so carried away. Devastating is the word for the way she delivered lines like--"Where I come from, if a girl says she's in trouble, she's in trouble!"

Still on the subject of films, I went to see the Observer Film Exhibition. It ranged through seemingly endless rooms till my feet were 'gay sair' by the end of it. Two things interested me most, one was the dress worn by Marie Dressler in 'Min and Bill', which seemed to consist mostly of jute sacking, and an old torn cardigan. She had no vanity at anyrate. I can't really remember much about her films, yet I have a very clear picture of her warm personality. The other point of interest was a room devoted to George Melies. He was called the cinemas first artist. He was a magician first and so used many of the tricks he had learnt when he produced films. There was shown many of his original drawings for stage sets. One film showed a voyage to the moon. I wish we could get hold of that for showing at the Con next year. His drawings showed an amazing ingenuity, and love for fantasy. He would have been in his element with the S.F. know-how we have nowadays.

Ompa member Fred Smith paid us a visit this month. I had arranged to meet him at Trafalger Square, but he was not to be seen. So I wandered round to Whitehall to the Book House. Sure enough, there he was peering into the bargain stall in the doorway. He gave me an absent-minded smile when I poked him, and started pointing out the bargain of a 30/- Andre Gide Journal for 15/-. Firmly disentangling him, I introduced him to Helen Minnick and hauled them both off for lunch. Fred must have been on his best behaviour, because Helen came away with the idea that he was a very staunch, upright, albeit charming sort of guy.

After lunch we went off to see the latest programme of U.P.A. cartoons. The best in this was called 'The Compahs' about a family of musical instruments. Pappa Tuba Mamma and Sonny, a horn. To our delight Sonny was wearing a beanie! All the dialogue was admirably conveyed by the music and very little commentary was needed. Pappa wanted Sonny to learn his lessons sedately. Sonny preferred however, to go out and play ball with his pals, represented by a jumpin' jivin' jazz band. This cartoon had the freshness of ideas that one associates with U.P.A. The others were not so good though, and even in Cinemascope, Mr Magoo is still sadly repeating himself. It was Brian Varley who pointed out to me what is now wrong with Mr Magoo. At first just because of his poor vision he was the little man who sailed through a sea of troubles whilst normal people floundered, and the audience delighted. Now it is beginning to degenerate into poking fun at a disability, and that isn't funny.

I seem to have nattered on quite a bit about films, still Achee gets leave to go on about jazz.. I notice though, that films, unless they are cartoons or S.F. rarely are mentioned by fans. That some film-going takes place is evident, else Miss Monroe would not be so well known. One of London's private theatre clubs is extending and taking on new members. They announced they would put on Arthur Miller's banned play 'A view from the bridge' I hear that the applications for membership have been pouring in. I wonder if there is an association of ideas here? Go to see the play and you may see Marilyn...?

Apart from Miss Monroe though, am I the only avid film-goer among you? Do you ever sit through a terrible amount of crud to see a favourite actor? I say this with feeling having lately watched Richard Widmark in his latest 'Run For the Sun', a mellerdrammer. I am consoling myself with the thought that no doubt he consoles himself with the thought, that he got £75,000 for it. Would you like to know what type film fan I am? Well...

#### LIKES:-

Widmark  
Bette Davis  
Olivier  
Sinatra  
Films based on books  
Dean Martin.

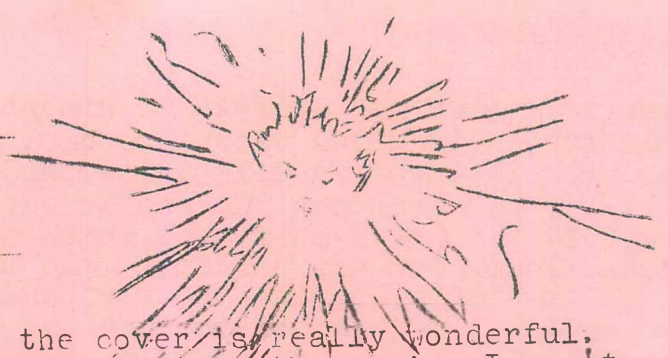
#### DISLIKES:->

Tony Curtis  
Burt Lancaster  
In fact, all the 'beefcake' boys  
and also the same type gals  
Westerns, and all bang bang dos  
Jerry Lewis.

And the scene that has most touched my heart this year, is the march on of the children of the King in 'The King and I'

# Helen

## writing



Dear Ethel,

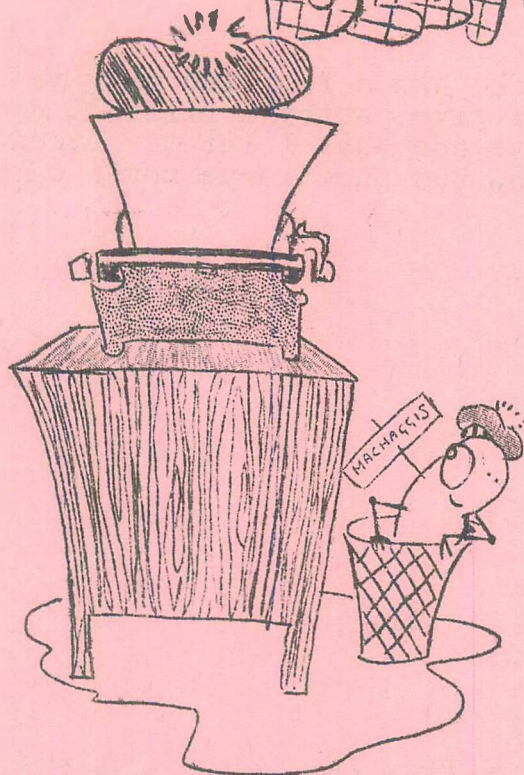
Thank you for Scottishe - the cover is really wonderful. How you ever had the patience to hand-colour all the copies I can't guess - talk about the survival of hand-craftsmanship amongst the flood of mechanical productions! I shan't be at all surprised to see you come up with a missal-like fan-mag complete with illuminated lettering if your duplicator becomes kaput. Thank heavens for the astringency of your reviews, too. Never seeing these I can't say how much is justified but the pre-digested mealie-mush which passes too often nowadays for criticism gets to be weak meat for a strong stomach. Professionally, I don't think the you-scratch-my-back-and I'll-scratch-yours brigade has ever been so well organised, so rigidly regimented, in the whole history of literature. You can tell to within an adjective what is going to be the reaction of any one of the big thirty critics to a given book or work of non-literary art. Moreover if you cut the by-lines off these reviews, it would be very difficult to tell one from the other. In this I make one radiant exception, Ken Tynan, about the only master of the English language writing for the press. Even if there weren't the strong personal associations which often exist, it stands to reason that once you join the Critic's Circle, frequent the same cocktail parties, or coffee bars, share the same nick-names, there's going to be a wearing-down of the rough edges of individuality. Perhaps critics should be kept in solitary confinement outside their trips to the cinema or theatre! Now I come to think of it I'll make another exception - Cassandra of the Daily Mirror, whose recent denunciation of Richard Dimbleby had an 18th century virility and passion, with touches of even the Norse berserker.

In fandom of course, the trouble is that we are all (mostly?, somewhat?) nice guys and gals with well-developed empathy and lots of friends. Just as you see the complete persons and not just their hare-lip or hunched back, so in fan writing you see what K was trying to say even when they don't put it across well - indeed sometimes the letters answer the implied rather than the expressed idea. This is O.K. for interest but hell on style or development. I can't see any real solution to this frankly. A pity, because I know how much I've profited from the slings and arrows which have been slung my way! Varley really can write, can't he, says she in tones of mild surprise! Most intrigued with the title of the s.f. film you didn't bother to see. Maybe I am sticking my neck out in saying how impressed I've been with 'On The Threshold Of Space' Although, of course, this rates as semi-documentary rather than s.f. I don't think any fan should miss it. Shot on actual location, in the most beautiful colour and meticulous detail, this is the first time I've ever seen the wide screen really justified. Rare in an American film, they have the courage of





# BLETHERINGS



CONTOUR:10: This made easy and smooth reading. Fapa members I notice do have a less self-conscious style than most of us do. As is they were primarily intrested in what they were writing rather than in how it would read. I am glad you did not just produce 'noted' reviews, better no review at all than that.

POOKA:9: While reading your Con report with intrest I come to this bit about Bre fans spending all year making a beanie for the Con. Sure Dave Kyle wasn't pulling your leg? It's the first I've heard of it. Still if our wearing beanies will lure U.S. fans to come in '57 we might think of it. Perhaps he meant the costumes that the Liverpool mob wear. They work so hard at it, they really put the rest of us to shame. I believe a great many more are planning costumes for the fancy dress 'do' this year tho.

FANG: What is a German major? I have started reading the mailing on-duty, and scribbling my comments down. Then I transfer them and tidy up at the same time, onto stencil. This way I get the reviews done at the first reading. I have just choked over Jan having his femur just in front of the shoulderblade. Sure would look funny! You seem to have a terrible passion for using ( ) makes for very disjointed reading.

ARCHIVE: Walsh now, -in my teens he was my favourite writer. I still have "While Rivers Run" at home, but somebody pinched my "Blackcoks Feather" which I thought was better. I think I grew out of him, his strain of mysticism became too obvious to me. I must re-read him the next time I go home to see if I still feel the same way. I did not see the Rock 'n Roll film, but visiting Joy and Vinç at Lewisham, saw crowds outside the cinema waiting for a riot to start. With such an audience, what self-respecting teen-ager wouldn't?

ARCHIVE WEEKLY: After the first startled glance, I saw with relief that it wasn't. Such activity would be too much., boy you put us all to shame with your activity as it is. This was funny.

STEAM:Vol3No1: I rather dote on that little picture of you with the steam coming out of your head. Don't be so parsimous, give us a real Steam. Show those Ompanas how it should be done!

VAGARY:No 1: Welcome to Ompa. Your first article has a familiar ring to me. Did I read it for Fez? You are going to give poetry a fillip I can see, which is a Good Thing. I only once wrote one that I faintly liked. Harry Turner was to use it in his next Zenith, but that issue never came out. I shall now inflict it upon you.

A wandering man has wandering ways  
He'll wander along till the end of his days.  
A woman can sit and ring her hands,  
Till he wanders back from the far off lands.

His son will wander the self ~~same~~ style  
But no longer he'll seek a tropic green isle.  
He'll wander past Pluto and Sirius bent,  
A woman ~~just~~ wastes her argument.

A wandering man has wandering ways  
He'll wander along till the end of his days.  
He has the universe spanned by his wandering trail,  
And the universe filled with his woman's wail.

See ~~wat~~ you did?

MORPH:9: The rollings were not quite so intresting this time, but the photograph was, how solemn you look sittng there. I do like your idea of telling us what you are reading. I have just finished a massive tome called "Black Metropolis". A study of the negro population of Chicago in particular, and incidentally of the effects of partial or whole segregation. One of the night-sisters here is from Trinidad and is coloured. Some of her tales to me show that it is true that one of the results is that they impose a colour bar of their own, which is, I think, the saddest thing about it I have heard. I see you are writing T & T reviews too, bully for you O.B.

THE LESSER FLEA: There is no doubt that you are a good reviewer. Sure I know you have had a busy time Joy, but if I had not critisised, it might have looked as if I were being kind to my friends! Also that is the only thing I can critisise about your Ompazine, the fact that there just isn't enough of it, that applies this time too.

BURP:10: Since you are intending to put out another Directory, I advise you to contact Sandy. His address book ia a hugh affair with an awe-inspiring list of fans.

BURP:11: I don't understand this, why not just make it all the one? Why call two pages an issue? You are not the only one who does this, but I feel it is daft. Why call ourselves magazine publishers? Two pages never made any kind of a magazine, and I think after 2 years (almost) it is time that a few more magazines were seen. It seems to me that this is far more important than worrying about who has filled their activity requirements.

GALLERY:3: The only thing wrong with 'Full Head Of Steam' was that it did not make me laugh, not even chuckle. This is chiefly memorable for ~~the~~ ~~light~~ ~~drawings~~ and a very good cover.

DIMENSIONS:16:No 1: What a wonderful cover, brilliantly done. I like the way you underlined "with the least amount of ballyhoo"...hoo! I am at Page 9 and havn't figured out if this belongs to Lee or Harlan yet, but I am enjoying Lee's style. Somehow I always pictured Lee as living in the country where horses figured in naturally. That she has to take the underground to get to a horse fascinates me somehow. I can remember seeing a few films about chain gangs, always made me shudder. Now to Larry, and your Walt Willis news-clipping was abeaut. And if your contribution dosen't finish off the Widowers, nothing will. I loved Lees fannish hymn at the end, and I have shared her feelings about noiseless typers. All I ever got out of mine was tears and vexation. How anyone can resist coming to London after that picture of Atom. I dunno.

LEER: FEB. '56: Beautiful layout and cover. What a wicked story to start off with! I was, of course, very intrested in your reaction to Sandy's hoax. Curious how the most enthusiastic ones have come from the States. Apart from the Bulmers I have not heard anyone go into raptures over here. Err, what does that prove?

VERITAS:1: A very fine tribute to Arthur, which I am sure he will treasure very much. We all heartily endorse the sentiments so well expressed. Thanx too, for the photographs wich with the lovely illos make this something worth keeping. We have a lift like that too, gruesome arn't they? I enjoyed your recital of the visit, which shows that you can do 'straight' stuff just as well as whacky.

STYX:3: I am afraid I cannot racket up much enthusiasm over a zine that changes editorship each issue. I enjoyed Ellis's contibution, though I am amazed at his comments on Shnerdlites. On the other hand perhaps he is pulling Nigel's leg?

HARROGATE CRUDBIN:2: I was just starting off to say- how intresting about Helmeth- when I thought, hmm, Ron Bennett- may not even exist! You see I never know when you are busy on a ploy or not. Anyway I nearly lost this dozens of times, as I keep on going to throw it away under the impression it is a loose bacovert.

WAPPOTED: It was with a sense of relief that I turned to this. No doubt about one thing, I have a pride in being a member of the same apa as this pair. They both bother about fandom for one thing. Also about the general level of Ompa, which is a Good Thing. This stimulating offeringsidetracked my thoughts into all sorts of issues. I started thinking about what makes a good zine. Came up with the conclusion that the editor must have a definite flair for the job, and a personality that dominates it, so that here is not just a collection of items thrown together. Even Hyphen suffers when Walt abtacts his mind and thinks of other things! We do not, on the other hand seem so clear about Ompazines. Are they to be as it says, a magazines publishers association, implying that the main thing is the editing or publishing? Or are they to be individualzines, containing what the author would not ordinarily publish in a subzine? There is a vast difference between the two aims, both good, I think. Now just which are we?

ESPRIT:6: One sees the lack of Ron, best get him doing some homework! Did you see what the critics had to say about Ulanova? You argued with me over this a couple of mailings back. Did you notice that Haskell called her costume "thoroughly unbecoming" the one I described as rather like a sack tied in the middle? Oh, I know that there was great praise, but mostly I think for her acting. Her technique got praise too I know. However I still maintain that the Bolshoi ballet suffers from seeing nothing new since Diaghileff left. Old-fashioned was the word most often used in critisism, which, dear Daphne, was just what I said. Me, I will take Markova, or Fonteyn anyday instead.

I don't wish to appear conceited, although I did win a competition once on who had the biggest 'ead from Frances, but I just naturally seem to be the type that folks either write pomes about or to. There just must be something in my magnetic personality, although I havn't figured out yet what it is, or by gosh, what to do about it. Being a genuine Scot, moreover I just can't repress my economical instinct and not use them. Which is why this Potted Poetry is now being inflicted upon you.

XX  
The FULL-F's stood by the LAUNCHING SITE, as the STEAM went POOKA

lightly,  
While the RUNE upon the GALLERY STYX cried; "KA, KA, KA." most ESPRITLY  
MORPH, THE LESSER FLEA upon the ARCHIVE cried; "THEY'RE OFF!" gripping  
the ANNEXE tightly.

Joined by a yelling crowd as the 'TIOT' rose like a giant baloon  
unsightly.

The ship BILFESCYNING wildly above the wailing SCOTTISHE pipes blown  
brightly.

A MOMENTS PAUSE. The RUNE spoke loudly. "I GUF you the ship" and  
BURPED politely.

by Dave Cohen

XX

Calling Sister Lindsay...

Let's call our Ethel something chronic;

Not little or even a dwarf...

She's a brachycephalous cerebrotonic

Hyperthyroid ectomorph!

by Eric Needham.

Ethel is a nice girl

The stoniest heart would soften,

She's not nice when we tell the truth

But thats not very often.

by Frances Evans.

XX

MUTTER OF A FRENZIED FAN

by HELEN WINICK.

If I had answered when you wrote

And answered straight away,

And heeded not the other one--

The other one, the other one

Who wrote the following day:

My Life would not be racked by doubts

To which were ins and which were outs

--But where's the use? I know quite plain,

You'd only write me back again!

XX

My friends write pomes, they send me rhymes,

They send them on politely,

They have the gall, they have the cheek,

To say its 'cos they like me!

by Ethel Herself, by Ghod.

What's The Word For Bridey?

by Jessie Walker.

Maybe you haven't felt any ripples on your side of the Pond, but there has been a lot of fooferaw and fulmination on our side over a book by Morey Bernstein called 'The Search for Bridey Murphy'. It has appeared as a serial in the daily papers, in pocket book form, in the Readers Digest, and lately the same idea has been rung in on one of our so-called comic strips.

Morey is a Pueblo, Colorado salesman, whose hobby is hypnotism. He found an 'ideal' subject in the person of 'Ruth Simmons', a housewife much more intrested in bridge games and cocktail parties than in the theory of reincarnation. 'Bridey' is a character who came to light when Morey tried to get Ruth to regress to pre-birth memories. She is first heard of as a child in Cork, Ireland, playing with her brother. Further recordings carry her through her married life to Brian MacCarthy, life in Belfast, and finally her death at an advanced age.

ed age.  
Bridey never comes through with any specific facts on either birth, death or rebirth, and much of the book is taken up with descriptions of Morey's intrest in hypnosis and his theories on reincarnation. As one critic describes it, he "had to search for the Search". Another calls it "The Search for Morey Bernstein". His theories overshadow any facts that Bridey offers. Most critics seem to think that Morey has still much to learn about the uses and misuses of hypnotism, that many of his statements are not verified by the data offered in his book. They seem to feel that there are many striking omissions if Bernstein wishes to give actual proof of reincarnation, that too little was done before the book went into print in proving beyond a doubt that there was a 'Bridey'. They also think that Bernstein should have known more than he did about the possible results of such 'regression'. Some effort should have been made to integrate Bridey with Ruth Simmon's concious life, so she would have the energy of both at her disposal.

What do you think?

I'm disappointed! I feel let down! Nobody--no not one--even so much as hinted that Morey and Ruth might have been contacted by the GHOST OF BRIDEY MURPHY!

[illegible]

I can't resist adding my theory to the matter, one of course already mentioned by other critics. That Morey found a latent multiple personality, that he has started one of the most potentially dangerous crazes to hit America.

which reminds me that I had a serious thought the other day. Yes I do have them occasionally,, I had to special a patient for an hour or two. At the end of it I had come up with this.,

The strongest weapon that has ever been invented is a weak heart.,  
 xxx  
Special Notice: The address of the Grace Club sponsored by Helen  
 is 69 Berwick Street, Not 67 as in the folder that was issued  
 Helen made a mistake, tsK, tsK!

Xmas is coming, soon, oh so soon. Have you been saving your bawbees up?? Then there is all the lists of presents to make up, and the mental vacuum that descends as you try to think what to give Annt Minnie this time.,  
Being a nice helpful gal, I shall provide you with a list of what as an Ompan I want,

Theres the little ole lot in the stocking, get cracking boys,

*Ethel*

Robert Bloch to join  
Ompa  
Schn in every mailing  
from Nigel

Ted Tubb to re-join  
Ompa

A zine chock-ful of  
reviews by Walt

Lots of material, in  
fact, a never-ending  
supply  
from

Frances,  
Helen,  
and Brian,

Pome A big Steam from Ken  
from  
Norman.

