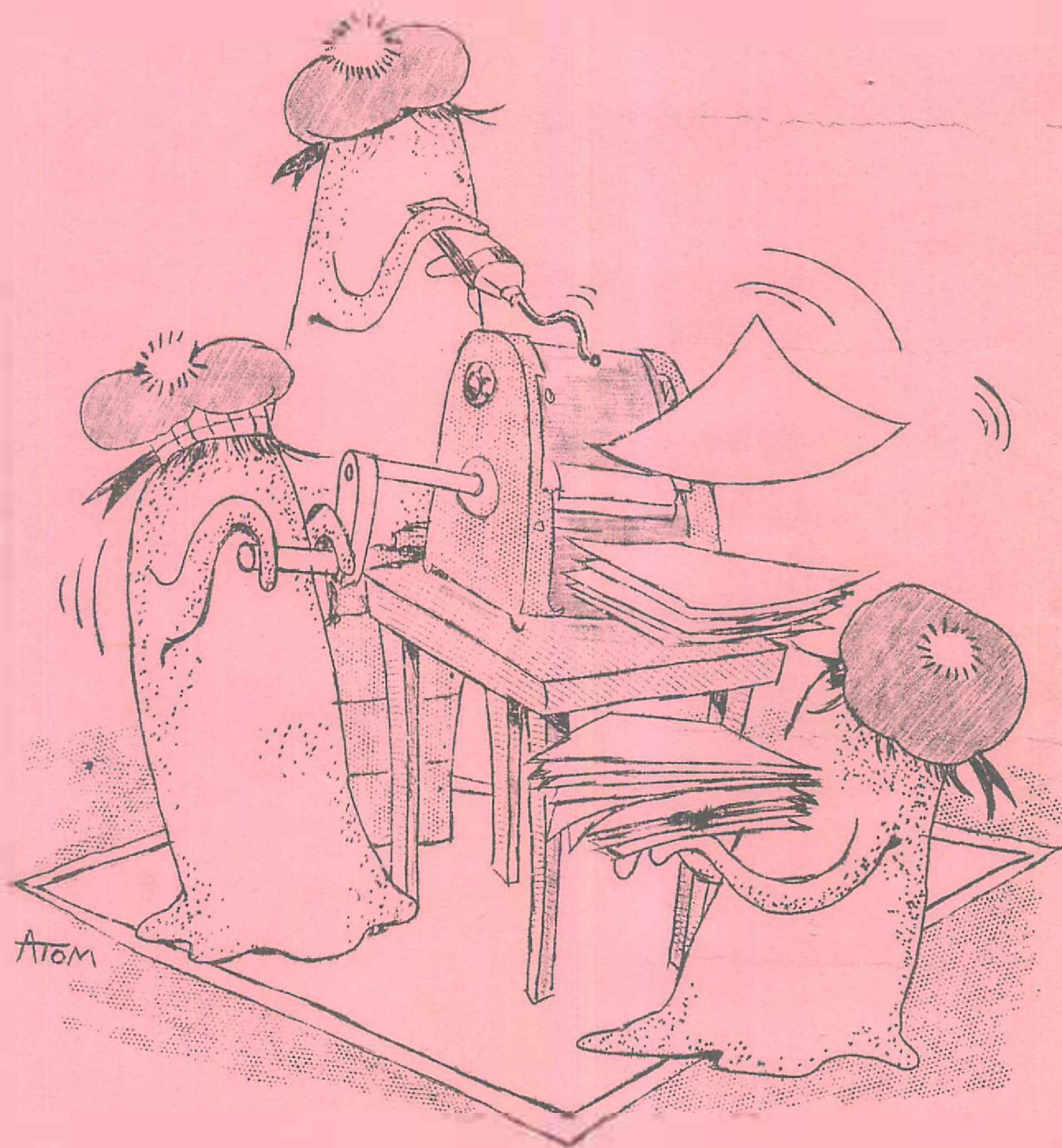
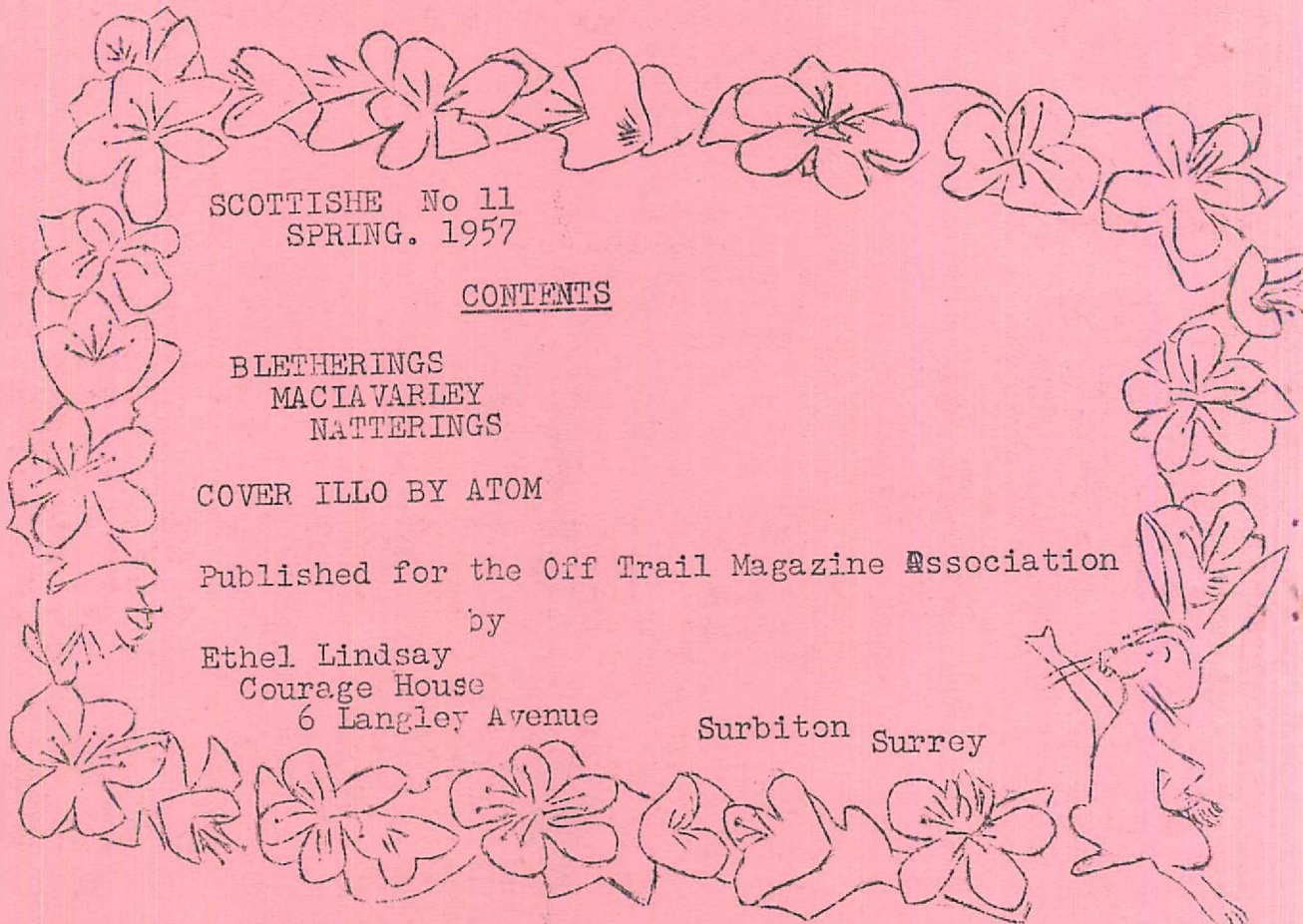


SCOTTISH





SCOTTISHE No 11
SPRING. 1957

CONTENTS

BLETHERINGS
MACIAVARLEY
NATTERINGS

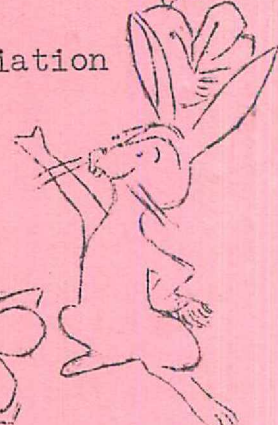
COVER ILLU BY ATOM

Published for the Off Trail Magazine Association

by

Ethel Lindsay
Courage House
6 Langley Avenue

Surbiton Surrey



BACKSTORY



Morpha, No. 11. The cover conjured up memories of Fantasia, very nice. Following along this line of thought, you might be intrested to know I found a complete set of the 'Pastoral' in the record cabinet here at Courage House. Ugh! I don't like this part of the Rollings, you describe those insects too lovingly well. I will probably dream tonight. The new column meets with my entire approval. I like the way Dean Martin sings, and I detest Jhonnie Ray, and think Crosby and Sinatra are wonderful. Pooh! I won't ever want to pinch from your record collection of singers. Also - you had better tell me why you list WIDMARK among the horrors, and make it good, or this will cause a severe strain upon our happy relationship... Missed Zedda, but saw 'Trapeze', and was very agreeably surprised to find Tony Curtis has improved a lot. Very like the early Cagney. I don not have any RQ. Does that mean I am a complete moron, or a super-genius? You will always make me a gab a lot.

Veritas. No number, my Boss had an offday. The story by George was very funny, dunno quite why though. What Willie will do for a pun, I think this is probably a true story! Now that we sadly mourn the passing of N&T, your zine seems to fill the gap admirably.

How. Incm-prehensible. All about marrows was beautifully done. How I envy your style of writing. You have quite a definite one, and to me it improves all the time. Do tell, do you compose straight onto stencil, or write and rewrite? It would be very intresting to compare your routine with Walt's.

Archive, No 11. I am beginning to wonder does the Expedition know what an Eney's Fault looks like? It obviously must be valuable, else Eney would not be so anxious to make them turn back. That sounded suspicious to me. I curtsied where you told me to, and I must say I was very glad to discover I am somebody. No more waking up in the middle of the night, wondering if I is or isn't, and having to look into the mirror to make sure. Your dissertation on pantomines was quite intresting, and one thing I like about you is, I know your facts will always be right. Which, considering the dream-like air that is gradually taking over Archive is reassuring. I would have said the surrealistic air instead of dream-like, only someone else got in before me.

Steam. Vol. 3 No3. Frankly this makes me very sad, frankly this makes me want to weep into my tea. What a waste of writing talent. That description of the visit to Ireland hurriid and jammed into a page

and a half. Full of the sort of faults which hurried writing brings, and the biggest one is the lack of interest. Oh, I could tear this into strips, and I am not hesitating because of my friendship for Ken, but because I know he does not need me to tell him what is wrong with it. I bet as you took it off the duper, and read it over you thought, 'next mailing I must take time to do it properly'. I wish you would, it is exasperating to know that you could write rings round nearly us all, if you have a mind to. Nigel apologised for not having anything to put in my stocking, but better that than something not worthy of you.

Burp. No 13. I could easily beat your list of films and books. The I never actually counted. You must be a slow reader hmm? The best book that I acquired last year, was a Xmas present. It was the Journals of Andre Gide. I still say 'two page efforts poohey'. Also I should like to know who in OMPA at the last mailing had less free time than I. I was on night duty, from eight at night to eight in the morning. Quite different from Glasgow too, I had to work hard all night. I had a journey to and from the hospital which ate into my free time, and I was so tired all I wanted to do was sleep. Now I wonder how I ever managed to get S out at all, so don't talk to me about lack of time! I tol' Varley. he gave a sneering laugh.

Directory Ish 2. You have done a jolly fine job here. congrats.

Vagaryko 3. Lets all tell stories about hospitals..I know lots! Still I must admit mine were a very low common kind, no werewolves. One thing I loathe, is reading a review of my own stuff, which refers to, i quote, my statement on the last page but one, unquote. Heck, woman, you don't really think I remember every deathless word I write do you? I will just have to let that reference go by, cos if I start to read what I wrote the last time, I will get so carried away (or something) with my own eloquence, that I will get nothing done this time. I like this ish better, more meat on it.

WOZ. No4. No one has ever paid me a nicer compliment, thank you. So it is English phlegm is it? I used to write enthusiastic letters you know, honest I did. Wrote one for every fanzine I got. I would send the letter winging off...and that would be the last I would hear of it. By and by I got tired of it, nowadays I reserve my enthusiasm for people who seem to appreciate it, or something really special that I must enthuse over. It is, as you say, a two way thing. As to Harry, I wrote those kind of letters to him too. I remember writing a long one full of comment on N&T. In reply, I got one back also full of N&T. That there was such a thing as S he never once mentioned, not even to say..it stinks. I would not bring this up without mentioning, that since then he has been very helpful to me in many ways. Still, I remember at the time, I was very downcast. Do go on giving us your thoughts on random, I always find them worth reading, as I am sure, the others do too. I do hope you are not going to be disappointed in me, if I hastily turn down the hammock suggestion. Truth to tell I'm skeered. I always love fannish memoirs, you are going to give us this in every mailing, I hope, I hope.

Antwerpe Letter. Apart from the Dea illo, I found this rather boring.

Pooka. No 5. Ordinarily I would say why didn't you write a bit more, but the Cinvention Memory Book is looming at the back, so I am quite silenced.

????? Mills. This could have been written by anyone, not a speck of personality shows through. Bitty is the best word I can think of to describe it.

The Lesse Plea. Spring. Nice to see the L F growing bigger, still only reviews the Joy, tch tch. Mebbe if you stopped the dressmaking, the repairing of tape recorders, helping install hi-fi, the cooking of huge meals, you might have more time hum? Any shouts at the last item, ignore them! As I am writing this at the last moment, it is consoling to know you three are frantically doing the same thing.

Blunt. No 5. I wonder if anyone else notices 'Joan' popping up all over the place. I don't mean that Blunt sounds feminine either, that she never was! But of all the sublimely cocksure dames.... Stop hinting about me, go ahead and write the article, no one will ever believe you anyway. I like Blunt, you understand.

Stopgap. I loved your denunciation of Lovecraft, agree with every word. Which reminds me that I was once lent 'The Night Lands' and adjured to take great care of it, as it was very special and hard to come by. It bored me stiff. No need to apologise for this, John, good reading.

Cinvention Memory Book. What a monumental piece of work. I stand before it in awe. Peeding through it carefully, I am struck by what a peaceful sounding con you had back there. Also with the fans generosity. The help given to Carnell, and the way the profits were used up. A few changes have taken place since then alright, but it is nice to know that the basic generosity still remains.

Archie-between-meals. I like getting ABM, it breaks that awful monotony between the mailings, and it is rewarding to get a review so soon after, while you still remember what you wrote. So reconsider your decision to reconsider, and keep it coming. Thanx for giving my address, I am a little bother amnt I? The serial, whatever next? Disobeying Willis! Unheard of...

Brillig. No 7. Good title, s'wonder no one snapped it up before. Can you tell us more about Jean Shepard? after all my night duty, I am intrested. This Brillig burbles on in a very friendly way, I like it.

On the whole a pretty good issue. I feel as if we are taking more pains all round. It is nice to get to know you all better, some of you I feel as if I have known for years already. However lets all take Walts words to heart, and gather up that enthusiasm, those that I have met are not at all phlegmatic, so lets fling all that phlegm out. horrible word anyway.

4 I got a Norse by maciavarley

ILLO by Frances Evans.

As I write this there is a scent of Spring in the air, March has entered bringing the sun and mild weather. Many signs of a reawakening of interest are to be found, delicate buds appear on trees, the grass is a more vibrant green and the birds test their vocal chords once more, old men resume their seats in the Park, their watery eyes evaluating the newest 'New Look'.

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what he's been fancying all Winter, but this one's particular fancy lightly turns to thoughts of making a fortune out of the bookmakers. The Spring Double (and I don't mean a creaking bed--) assumes a place of paramount importance in my affairs. Rock 'n Roll is relegated to its proper place, out goes Bill Haley and in comes Billy Hill. The Spring also produces several well-informed gentry who hope to amass a fortune by selling tips to mugs (like me)

The word 'tipster' is no longer acceptable language, Racing Service, or Turf Advisor, but 'tipster' never. These days my post-box bulges with extravagant promises to make my fortune for me, once they hooked me, but never again, (at least, I think not)

Let me try to classify the types of Turf Informants who court my measly wages. Firstly we have the 'Systemist', he who blithely guarantees a steady income of £50 per week. Ten years of mathematical research, he says, have gone into the production of this marvellous, foolproof, system. He has built around him a complex organisation of well-trained assistants who extract all information available and tabulate it. He courteously invites you to become a member of the select band of patrons who he trusts to kick back his share of the profits. "Please send \$10 to show good faith". The address given usually reads something like this "Dept. G 3, (Assistant Publicity Officer), William House, London, E-". If nothing else works the imposing address does, but how many people trouble to look at "William House"? Down a sleazy back street in the slums of London is a small tobacconist, with fly-blown windows, where a miserable existence is eked out by an accommodation address service. The name of the tobacconist? Wm House, naturally.

The second type is the flamboyant purveyor of 'Inside News'. He issues art-paper booklets containing testimonials, colour reproductions of horses and a complete list of last years successes. He exudes success and long words. "DO NOT PROCRASTINATE", he screams, "SEND ME SIX POUNDS!". He continues in this vein, "READ THE STARK TRUTH, PROFIT GUARANTEED UNIQUE!!! INVINCIBLE!!! SUCCESS!!! TRUTH". This is well illustrated by the literature of one gentleman I have by me now. His only failure of 1956 was in the 2,000 Guineas where an 50-1 outsider, Gilles de Retz, romped home. This was a great shock to everyone, including the horse, which wandered around the tracks for the rest of the season in a state of coma.

This character also uses racing jargon to impress the mug with his erudition. Phrases like "a rod in pickle" and "on the job" which I used to think vulgar, now suggest inside knowledge of fiddles

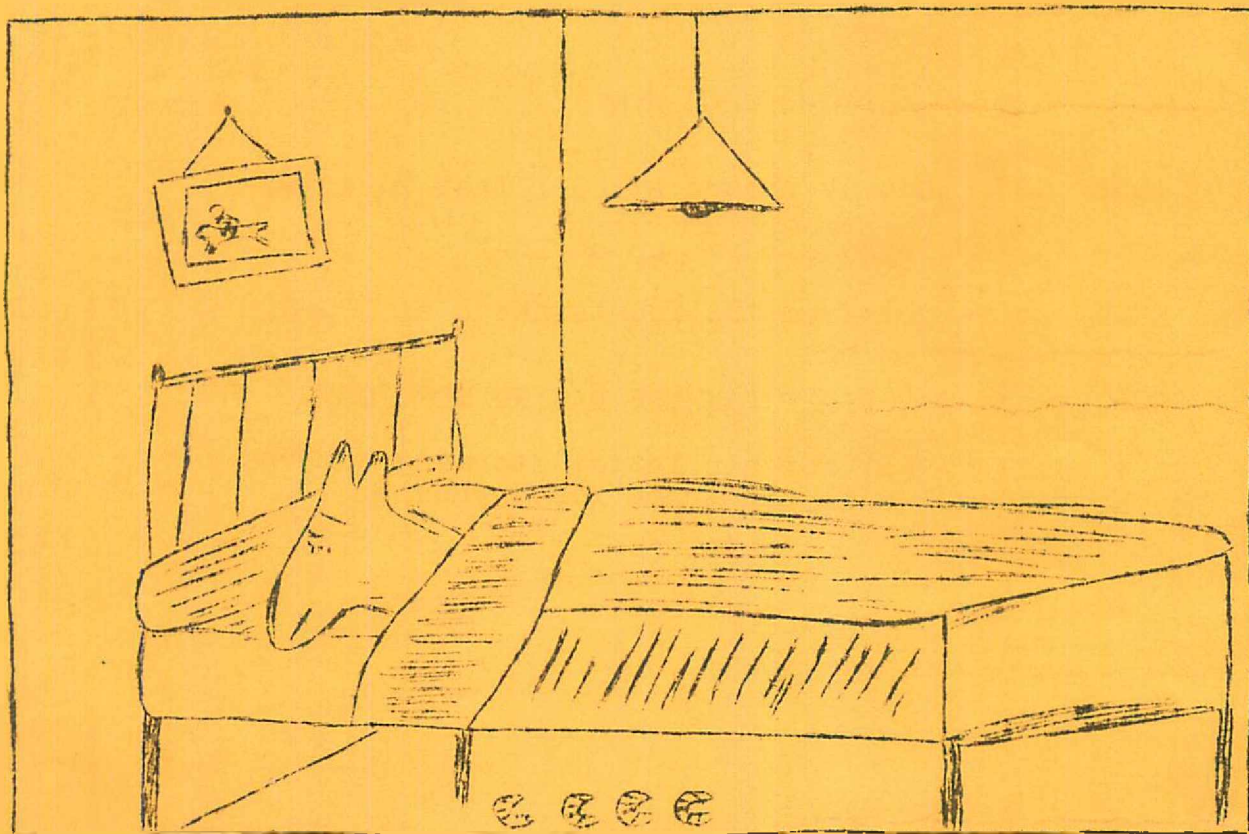
His adverts are sprinkled with secret time-trials and fixed races. He paints glorious pictures of secret conferences on the Newmarket gallops. You can smell the tang in the air on a dewey morning, and hear the crisp thud of the hooves on the turf. In actual fact, the writer is probably too lazy to get out of bed, and the only tang is one of body-odour.

The third and last type is the real smooth operator, he admits, even publishes, his failures (or at least some of them) He sends single sheet adverts which quietly whisper in your ear of the good things to be had. He never offers a fortune, just a steady income. This is the most insidious type, most punters are basically willing to be convinced, but they usually retain a modicum of common sense. They can better imagine the profits slowly building up, the bets slowly increasing to tremendous proportions. I have my little dream-moments, and whilst reading the letter can fondly see some future gossip columnist writing.. "Last nights at a private party in the exclusive ASCOT CLUB, Britain's biggest professional gambler, Brian (The Terror) Varley struck a bet for half a million-pounds with William Hill the big bookmaker. Mr Varley's fancy? Sicarelle for the Oaks"

Thus in a dreamlike trance Brian (The Mug) Varley drifts down to the Post Office, and bang goes another two quid.

"Lambs gambol, men gamble, and both look stupid when they get fleeced."

Baa? Baa. Baa. Baa.



maciavarley

CLIENTS SAY:- "The Prince of Turf Advisors."

Beware of Imitations

LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT RACING!

EVERYONE remembers the Spider saying to King Bruce (of Bonnie Scotland) before his battle with the English (God Bless Her Majesty), "Perseverance gains it's mead and patience wins the race" Believe me friends, that Spider, (Oh what a tangled web we weave) must have been a client of MACIAVARLEY.

CLIENTS SAY:- "Best Advisor bar none."

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

My advices ~~are~~ Truly Invincible!!!

"I'M ASBESTOS", went overboard at 33-1 last Tuesday!

"BUTCHERS KNIFE", what a carve up at 15-1!

"THE LEAK", straight from the fountainhead at 100-8!

REMEMBER THE FIRST FANNISH RACING SERVICE!

Send £5 to MACIAVARLEY for his latest storming success
No, Mr Willis I will not trade for Hyphen...

natterings

I sure complicated things with my new address. I obtained it by asking the night porter at Moorfields to ring up and ask. He then told me that it was Terry House, Langley Ave. I must admit I thought it was a queer name for a Nurses Home. I still don't know how he managed to mistake Terry for Courage. To make matters worse, I had given the address as Langley Ave to some people, and Langley Rd to others. As there is both a Rd and an Ave. this made for even more confusion. Poor postmen wandering up and down Langley Rd looking for a Terry House. The miracle is that some of them actually managed to find me, though not before Terry Jeeves had determinedly sent one letter back three times. He had thought up the low, cunning trick of posting a letter to be there ahead of me. He had the envelope so decorated as to make everyone who spotted it on the hall table, wonder just what kind of creature was arriving. So the mixup in addresses was a blessing to me where that fiendish scheme was concerned. A case of the devil looking after his own alright.

Archie, astute as ever, commented that Courage House sounded like a pub. In fact it was gifted to the hospital by Mr Courage of Courage Ales, he being a member of the board. Before you all rush down to visit me, he did not stock it with his own product. I did not quite know what my job here would entail. Administrative Sister being a title that covers a lot of things. The first thing I discovered was that Courage House was mine, all mine to play with. It is a large one, having fourteen bedrooms, two resident maids, and a huge garden. I started to explore it, and it was just like having a treasure chest, I never knew what I was going to find next. Books, were scattered all over the place, and there was one shelf full of them. I have now gathered them all together and turned them into a library for the staff. 6d for a week overdue, 3d for part of a week. I am quite confident of gathering many fines, and with this I will be able to enlarge the library. Then there were two record cabinets full. In that I found a set of 'The Pastoral', in lovely condition, also an record of 'September Son' sung by Walter Huston. Up in the boxroom were Xmas decorations, boxes of crackers, old halloween costumes, and a completely new tennis racket with boxes of new tennis balls. I am still finding things...

The nurses sittingroom looks out on to the garden, and has French windows. I am sitting outside there as I write this. It is a lovely day, and as the garden has lots of flowering bushes it is a very pretty sight. Asleep among the peony roses is Mr Merry the cat. I would not say that I have acquired a cat, but rather that he has acquired me. Does anyone ever own a cat? It seems that he was brought brought here by a sister who at one time lived in the room I have now. So I have to share the room with him. He is not a cat who expects much fussing. I occasionally say 'Pussy, pussy', and he looks up and replies 'Miaow'. The amenities thus having been observed, we then pay each other no mind.

Another of my jobs is to look after the maids. There are 8 of

8
Another of my jobs is to supervise the maids, there are 8 of them in all, who are resident, and they all come from Eire. They prefer this job to factory or shop-work, where they certainly would have more pay, but would all be swallowed up in the cost of living out. I am hoping that they never change their minds on that score, as they are great workers, and also are exceedingly polite compared with their British counterparts. Usually we only lose them to marriage. The last vacancy had me worried, but out of the blue appeared Sadie. She came straight off the boat from Eire to here. With her came her boy friend to see that she got settled in alright. I liked the look of her and she was taken on right away. I am now feeling very pleased with my judgement as she is one of the nicest we have. Apparently, she met the boy while he was on holiday, and decided to come over here and work to be near him. He brought her to the hospital which was nearest to his home.

Having a bit more free time now, I have been visiting at the Clarke's Lewisham way. They are the kind of hosts I like, as they always have lots of books and mags scattered around, and quite take it for granted when their guests sit down to have a good read. I had hear tell of one visitor who comes in, says hullo, sits down to read till it is time to say goodbye, but that might have been a slight exaggeration. There is always music too, for Sandy's record collection has pride of place. His hi-fi equipment has to be seen to be believed. As he has every record that I would like to hear, I can sit there contentedly for a long time. Last time I visited him, he presented me with three records (W. Atwell, The Goons, The Trouble with Harry) because he had put them onto a tape. This is a habit I shall endeavour to encourage.

One day they paid me a visit, it was Easter Sunday in fact, just as the Kettering Con was getting underway. I notice that there seems to be an air of disbelief about the reception of the London fans explanation for not being able to attend. We had one and all said that we could not afford it. Still we ought not to have been at all surprised by that, people who have money never do seem to comprehend the lack of it. The reaction always is....oh if they had wanted to come they could have, they live there because they like it, poor people usually have themselves to blame...etc.

Anyway that day, Joy, Vin, and Sandy trooped down. They inspected all the house, toured the garden while Joy picked a big bunch of flowers. These of course, she forgot to take away with her. We then adjourned to my room, which rapidly began to lose its well cared for look. I casually said to Sandy, "Why don't you write me one of your pseudo-Ogden Nash verses for S?". A sort of gleeful look appeared on all their faces, and in no time at all they were all hard at it. I was amazed at the rate Joy could rattle them off. I can get started alright, it is finishing a poem (lets not dignify them by calling them poems) that is my trouble. I started off with....

Joy came in, with a fabulous grin,

Waving her cigarette holder...

Then stuck. anyone who finishes this for me, will be awarded no prize

HERE BE YE POETRY SESSION:

No responsibility can be accepted by the management.,

We're going to start one of our poetry sessions,
Forgive us please, our indiscretions.

Sandy.

Comets come, and comets go
But we go on for aye.
Vine hangs out the window
And unseeing, heaves a sigh.

Joy.

Tho' the Globe is not very globular
I find visits to the place quite popular
All the fans that I know
Simply go there to show
How clever they are and how jocular.

Sandy.

The man who sits in the corner of the bar,
Is Sandy, not Winston, despite the cigar.

Joy.

My thought on skiffle?
A load of piffle
That's the feeling I've got
The other Sandy
Might sound quite dandy,
But I think he's far from hot.

Sandy.

Comment on a Poetry Session

(this one has a title!)

You can use this up as a small space filler,
Vine was ill but now feels iller.

Vine

(he had, poor boy, a cold)

Beards are most inscrutable things,
And the most inscrutable one's on Vine.

Joy.

Who cares about me re
Who cares about rhyme
We are having a simply wonderful time.

Sandy

More Puttery. .
well I can't waste it.,

While some say fen are intrested
In sex, sf, and theories contested
It seems the only theory that really hold good
Is--fans love drink and food.

Joy

Convention falls on Easter Day
And Kettering's George is going gay
And London fans, who re broke and poor
Go calling at Sister Lindsay's door
Who unabashed, produces Scotch
So their esteem goes up a notch
Who cares if provincials are having a spree
While there's Ethel, and Vincent, and Sandy and me?

Joy.

Ethel arrives and her rolling 'r'
Is heard by everyone round the bar
People who don't realise she is Scottish
Are really rather stupidly clottish.

Sandy

We have to be nice to little Sister Lindsay
Or else we'll be hounded by the GDA
We daren't let Atom loose around the toon
Or we'll all be in danger from the Goon.

Joy.

Seated around Ethel Lindsay's fire
To improper ~~xxxxx~~ metre we all aspire
Vacillating fans all making up verse
Nowhere else will you hear worse.

Joy

The Clarkes and Sandy visited me
One sunny Easter Sunday
My room was tidy and neat to see
It sure was a wreck on Monday.

Ethel

It was tidy when we came
When we left we'd wrecked the joint
But when it comes to keeping fan's homes tidy
I don't see the point.

Joy

If your reputation hasn't been bended
Breathe again, this session's ended.

Sandy.

11

In the last mailing I passed a comment to Eney that 'blood is gooier than that'. I shall now explain why he is the one who gets my Tair vote, as the following letter which came winging my way is typical of him...I quote--

PVT WILLIS. Well m'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself for a female in distress.

---Iolanthe.

15 drops of genuine blood

...nor the American soldier for that matter.

To use: remove blood from letter sheet, add to front cover of Phenotype. (Just the blood mind you)

Best and all,

Eney.

A thorough gentleman. and if it wasn't genuine blood, it sure looked a lot more like it.

Archie and I have been carrying on a correspondence anent the subject of Maurice Walsh. I shall pick out the bits that might interest you all a little. My sentence "The thing that puzzles me is an Englishman liking this", was what started him off...

"In other words, I suppose you expect me - as an Englishman - to 'identify' with an English villain than with an un-English hero? Surely to goodness we can account goodness or badness where we find it? After all, the authors writing the story - if he presents his readers with an Englishman and makes him an obvious bad 'un, who are we to contradict? ... His basic angle seems to be that people of Gaelic blood are kin wherever they be. I note your 'Sassenach with Eastern fibres' - odd to compare him with Angus McVicar's angle where many of his Scottish characters are actually supposed to be descended from Phoenicians.

I tried to explain exactly what I saw in Walsh in my original piece in Archive. that was largely about the 'Quiet Man' film. The thing is, I LIKE his characters - heroes, and sub-heroes and their women. As I said then, their way of life is NOT my ideal but the way he writes about it, almost (but not quite) makes me wish it was. They're such COMFORTABLE people to be with.

Walsh is a romantic in the true sense of the word. So am I. The world as a whole is very far from it. Romance isn't true to life, unfortunately. So much the worse for life. Anyway his characters, though they may be exaggerations, aren't so VERY far removed from the truth. Many Irish and Highland Scotch I've met ARE very like that - even if in a lot of cases it's 'put on', still it's there. He's got some background to build on. Certainly, I think the world'd be a better place if Walsh type characters were taken as the ideal, rather than tough-guy detectives and the like. So I'll continue to cherish Walsh, and wish perdition on his villains and all villains like him"

I wrote back to him in reply, and this is the main part of it of general interest:

"I suppose though the truth is that I am not, as you say you are, a romantic. People just don't talk like Walsh's characters, and



re-reading 'The Hill is Mine' makes me even more sure of this. To me that spoils his books. The plot in the 'Hill' is a very good one I think, and if the air of unreality which the dialogue gives were only cut out, it would be a very good book too. You say you have met some people who talk like that, well I never have. In fact in the whole book the only sentence that rang true to me, was when the ghillie called out... "You have lost it! you silly black pugger", "

Archie wrote me again, but did not take me up on the question of my anti-romantic views. His argument about whether there is any real anti-English prejudice, would only be settled by your all reading the books, and then putting it to the vote. Curiously enough I got a copy of Walsh's "Blackcock's Feather", at a bargain price in a sale, only the other week. This is set in the period of Elizabeth the 1st and deals with the fighting between the Irish and the English. As it is period, his dialogue does not strike so queerly on the ears, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Ho hum, well the deadline is breathing down my neck, guess I had better stop. Time to think about bed too, who said fandom was a hobby? At times like this it is jolly hard work!

See you all next mailing.

