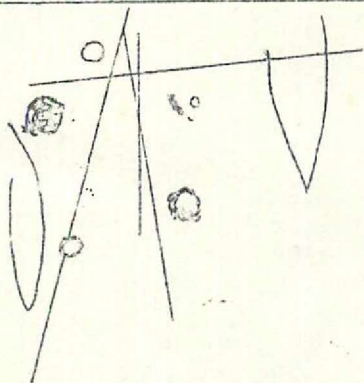


Scottishe



Scottishe

no 22



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Bletherings

on the 25th Mailing.....

Off-Trail: Only 15 members in this bundle, Bob won't grow gray-haired over this page count. A nice bunch of officers, and a nice bunch of rules, I am glad they are simple. But, please Daphne, leave your remarks to the end of the other officers reports, no matter how tempted you are. It's untidy.

A. A. Abandon: No 8: Caughren: Computing Astronomy, ah yes! When Andy Young was here he showed me the charts he had compiled, I tried to look intelligent. I approve of Bill Donahoe introducing himself in this way, and it will be very interesting to see the impact of this original mind on Ompa. I see that the latest rage is "comment-hook". Like, man, I can't wait until youall get over it. A lovely cover from Bjo. A rather thin amount of material from yourself.

Arble: No 3: Mercer: Enjoyed your article on Stonehenge. You are right in saying that fandom is big and trying to cope with it all a bit much. It is so easy to feel harassed at the thought of all those unanswered zines, yet it is either answer or do without, and they get to be a habit. I too, love "The Witches of Marres"

Arville: No 3: Thomson: Grinned at the cover, and thought you had caught Heather's likeness very well. Read with interest your description of how you drew the line. I would like some more hints on stencilling.

Burgess's Lights: No 1: Burgess: Welcome to Ompa. Yes, I have a question. What do you work at Brian? I at anyrate am glad they let you give us this, I found it very good reading, and giving a picture of the past is always valuable.

Cyrille: No 2: Wynn: I don't agree with your remarks on Lehrer, it seems to me that his message is constructive. He points out the evil, and in effect says, don't be like that. Isn't it odd the difference in your Red Cross and ours? The answer to your question is Scot-is-she. Enjoyed your reviews.

Cyrille: No 3: Evans: Very much engrossed by your words on education. Quickness in reading is an asset alright, I know it has helped me. I too had a class in which you read a book and reported on it, but you had no chance at another if you finished early. I always had the book read three times. I cannot really call these 'only reviews' as they are nice and chatty in between.

Ernie: No 5: Loosan: and how was Italy? My horoscope says beware of Eric, coo. But there isn't a c in Scottishe! Rather 'frothy' this Erg.

Gloom:No 1:Deckinger: We've met before, but hi anyhow. Yes, we all know that Americans are tall, but what I idly wonder is why so many also wear glasses? Glad to have someone else who likes to natter about films. I much prefer you wandering on over many topics in this way, than your attempts at fiction I have been seeing lately.

Griffin:No 4:Spencer: You had a right to be quietly proud of that cover. A lovely type too. I used to enjoy a series of detective stories featured in Now England, but now I cannot remember the author's name. The detective was called Asa. Anyone help here? Willis is going to love the golf bit. This was all fine reading, so I am sorry you think you might not be able to continue. Couldn't you take your mimeo to College with you?

Marsolo:No 7:Hayes: My electric Gestetner beautifully reconditioned, like new cost £50. I too was at the London Con and do not even remember seeing you! This is very depressing to me, you can't be invisible too for gosh sakes. I laughed heartily at the grave way Ken Hedberg was t'ked off for wanting "joy for joy's sake only".

Traney:Madle: Beautifully produced of course, but I don't quite see your reason for still hanging on to that "fakefan" title. It makes you sound so unforgiving.

Moebius Strip:Buckmaster: Aye, you are a clever lot right enough.

Parafanalia:No 6:Burn: I hope your duper inspires the Vodruskas. Yes, well, too many types, too hurried production, fiction not so hot, but lovely illos, and I liked what you did to "The Green Hills Of Earth".

Phenotype:No uh:Eney: I guess this is just about the best in the mailing. Yes indeed. Drag out that trip just as loong as you like. It is fascinating seeing it from your viewpoint now. The Laney article was superb, and as you say, should be required reading for faneds. Top of the mailing..take a bow!

Post-mailings:

Fix:No 3:Potter: I havn't anything unkind to say about "Genius", but nothing kind either I'm afraid. Give us some more of your poetry, I'm not going to stick my neck out on one poem alone. Let's hope Caughran tells us what Saroban means, if he got the wrong word he will probably be slaughtered. Tell us some moer about your theatre visits. It seems to me your style spruces up the minute you leave fiction for an Army tale.

Ice Age:Shaw: I wish the Warner article had been even longer. Bloch's was also interesting, but what about the young fan who got hold of Paul Anderson's speech for his fanzine? I do want to know more about the con programmes, for example that famous Fened Panel. How did Algis lose Arbie? I faunch to know more. I don't dig the Countess though.

and thats all.

WARBLINGS

WALT WILLIS

I REMEMBER ME

It's a terrible thing to have an orderly mind. You'd think that reading through old letters and reminiscing about them would be a pretty easy way to churn out prose, and so it was when I started these memoirs and they dealt with the period early in 1950 when I was just getting started in fandom. But then things began to proliferate...if that's the right word: it sounds OK and you don't often get a chance to throw one like that about....and lots of things were happening at the same time. My bureaucratic mind began to visualise dividing the great Work into sections, following each line for a time and then going back to another one, like a History of Europe or a Burroughs novel. The project got so ambitious that I shelved it, and then it fell down behind the shelf where it's just taken me half an hour to find it. I figured I've got to push on with it somehow or the tide of waste paper will sweep us all into the street. So to Oscar The Malevolent Muskrat with system and logic. I shall take up these old letters one by one and if I see anything of conceivable interest in any of them I'll give you a glimpse of it on it's way to the fireplace...

Dear Walter,

25.4.50

I was just getting around to answering your previous letter, but your second letter beat me to the post.

Your really startle me,---do you mean you'll consider publishing a story by me without paying me for it?

Seriously, I've never written anything other than the piece you saw,---this sad state of affairs will be rectified just as soon as I can get a reasonable plot worked out....

This pale blue backhand belongs to Chuck Harris...curious how mild he seems in longhand. I don't know if I said anything about this last time(I know I could go upstairs and check, but that would be the upstirring of organisation again. Down sir!) but I'd seen a story by him in a fanzine called The Explorer published by Ed Noble about a magician who said he would saw a woman in half and did and I thought it showed promise. The second story when it arrived turned out to be about a werewolf who picked up a girl in India who when confronted by a death worse than fate turned out to be a weretiger. James White saw the gimmick after the second paragraph and I told Chuck this when rejecting the story, which was the beginning of the great White/Harris 'Feud'. At about this time Chuck had a regular thing about

werewolves and produced the first line of a story about a whole group of them, which was really a classic among first lines: "The family were changing for dinner" But back in April 1950....

Thanx for the information about the SFS. I will write to Ken Bulmer (sometime) and become a member. I've heard of the London Circle, but have never attended any of their meetings.

We'll come back to Chuck and the London Circle later, no doubt. I've just destroyed a four page letter from somebody called John Edmiston Blyer or Butler, who published a little zine called Makhzan, and a ten-page reply from me. He seemed a pretty good prospect for a columnist but the correspondence lapsed and he was never heard of again that I know of. I'd like to destroy the next one too, but if this is to have any interest for you you'll have to have the uncensored truth. This is the sort of fugghead I was in 1950....What sort I am now I suppose I'll have to wait another ten years to find out.

Dear Bob,

1 May 1950

Thank you for your S-F Newsletter 15. Naturally I want to receive future issues. (Yes, it's me to Bob Tucker)

I hope you will not mind my making a few remarks about the review of Slant 3. This is, I suppose, the 'worst' review we have had yet, but please don't think I am bellyaching (haw!) about the position you gave us, or about your commendable refusal to deal out the indiscriminate flattery which is unfortunately so common. (Ecchh!) What I should like to point out is that this sickeningly familiar comment about the amount of work the magazine must involve carries an implication you might not have intended. It always reminds me of Johnston's remark about the woman preaching. "It is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to see it done at all" The implications are that we are mugs and that the reviewer cannot think of anything more creditable to say than that the magazine has freak value. As for the first, you are probably right, but I should have thought you were one of the last persons to say so. (An allusion to the fact that SFNL was expensively photo-offset and distributed free.) And since when has enthusiasm become a thing to be despised in fandom? As for the second if this is your opinion we would rather you would say so, and why. I expect you mean your reviews to be helpful rather than discouraging.

However I have probably got hypersensitive on this point. (You can say that again.) Probably the Scot in my subconscious does think I am wasting my time.

Bob did not, naturally, reply to this letter, and I can only hope he never got it. What a horrible mixture of pretentious pompousness and injured vanity it is. I hate me. This next one doesn't help much either.

Dear Mr Russell,

2nd May 1950

I have just read your story DEAR DEVIL in the May issue of OTHER WORLDS, and I felt I should like to write and tell you how much I enjoyed it. Although you have been one of my favourite authors for years---since METAMORPHOSITE anyway---I should never have thought of writing to you if I hadn't just been reading a book by Llewellyn Powys where he mentions that even famous authors like to receive letters from readers sometimes. If he

is right I should be very happy to think I had repaid some of the pleasure you have given me, and if not there is no harm done.

Apart from the fact that DEAR DEVIL is a fascinating story in itself, well and intelligently told, it is a most refreshing change from the vicious stuff we are getting so much of nowadays, like Heinlein's GULF and Hubbard's GREED. In the old days heroes certainly wiped out whole universes with gay abandon, but in the most honourable way and with the very best of intentions. Never were they guilty even under the most intolerable provocation of anything which could possibly be described as 'dirty', or indeed anything which one could remotely believe. Nowadays they go in for torture, murder, even genocide quite as enthusiastically as the villains. Indeed the only thing that distinguishes from their rivals in iniquity is that they are invariably victorious and of course American.

So it is a real pleasure to know that there is one author who can turn out stories which are a pleasure to read, in more ways than one. At least one of your readers is very grateful to you.

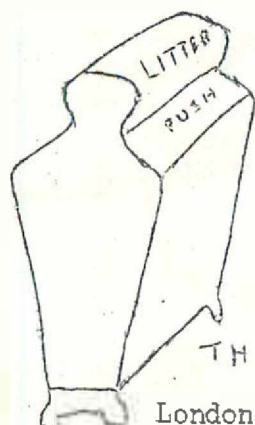
Yours sincerely,

Let's analyse this odious letter. It is true that I had liked DEAR DEVIL very much (and METAMORPHOSITE) and wanted to tell the author so, and I had been struck by that remark of Powys, and I was worked up about Hubbard and Heinlein. But what is sincerity? It was also true that I wanted to 'cultivate' Eric Frank Russell-----what a thing it would be to have something by him in Slant!-----but oh so subtly. Hence the deliberate avoidance of any mention of myself as a fanzine editor, the allusion to Powys to establish myself as another cultured intellect, and the tying-in of Heinlein and Hubbard. I..in a paragraph that I'd used practically word for word in two other letters and which eventually dragged its feeble corpse to a grave in some unfortunate fanzine. I wasn't going to make the tactical error of suggesting that he reply to my letter but I was going to give him something to reply to.

EFR replied by return of post far more courteously and cordially than I deserved. Even after all these years I'm not going to endanger a friendship I value by quoting him without permission, nor am I going to ask him to go to the trouble of reading through a batch of his old letters. It'll be enough to say that he thanked me for writing and told me something of the history of DEAR DEVIL, quoting from a letter of rejection by an editor whom I took to be John W. Campbell. This fascinating flash of life behind the zines was too much for me: Willis the Fanzine Editor sprang. Casting aside my sheep's clothing and revealing my feral faned's face I asked him for permission to quote his remarks. And although I'd delayed writing for ten days so he wouldn't feel himself rushed, I was still so megalomaniacal as to try to inveigle him into expanding them into an article, thus:

15. May 1950

"The part I would like to quote is of course that about the difficulty of pleasing editors. This is a most fascinating subject, and what it would be very nice to do would be to run a sort of symposium about other editors slants, or more generally, about how to write successful science fiction. However even if I had the nerve to ask you to amplify your remarks it is



MACHIAVARELEY

London is a regular hive of activity for exhibitions. Dozens of shows, both large and small, are taking place every day and a fair sample of the larger ones can be culled from any evening paper. Today, for instance, we have Salvador Dali's Art-in-Jewels exhibition, The Autumn Antiques Fair, The Business Efficiency Exhibition and (my own Ideal Homes) the Brewers Exhibition.

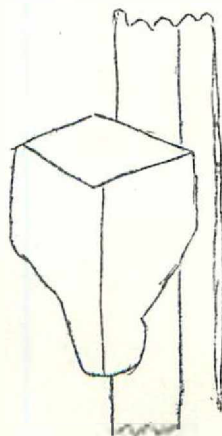
A further scrutiny of local papers will elicit some interesting shows such as the Rope and Twine Makers Fair and the Bathchair Tercentenary Exhibition (including the first self-propelling Sedan Chair). But of all current displays none pleases me so much as the one to be found today in the Embankment Gardens. This is the Litter-bin Exhibition.

The Exhibition was opened on the 6th October by Mr Henry Brooke the Minister of Housing. Whilst realising that Mr Brooke is well known for his unmatched ability to talk rubbish, I cannot for the life of me see what a Housing Minister has to do with public refuse containers. In his opening remarks the Minister said that Britons should be made litter-conscious and that these new-look contemporary bins were designed to attract and excite the attention of the would-be litter-lout. During the speech a small boy was observed peeling an orange at the back of the small crowd. Under the approving eyes of nearby adults he carefully placed the peel into his pocket. Everyone felt mystically uplifted until, having finished his orange, he took out the peel and started pelting another small boy. Despite this setback the Minister enunciated a few more well-chosen platitudes and departed and we felt free to study the exhibits.

There was something in the demeanor of the crowd which seemed terribly familiar, but which at first I couldn't place. After a while the thought struck me that they were behaving exactly as the crowd at the Picasso Exhibition had

done. Many were clutching catalogues, they approached the exhibit, looked at it for a second or two, studied the catalogue, looked again, head to one side, then the other. Obviously they have placed the litter-bin against some aesthetically pleasing mental background, and in this the catalogue helps by such comments as - "Elegant, restrained design suited to both parks and civic locations".

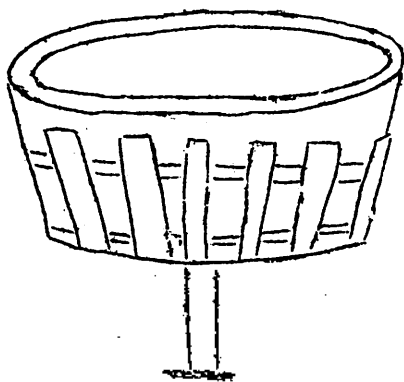
The next move is to get up close and study such intimate details as texture (if it is concrete) or paintwork, to lift out the wire mesh basket and test for strength, ease of



THE
IRONCLAD

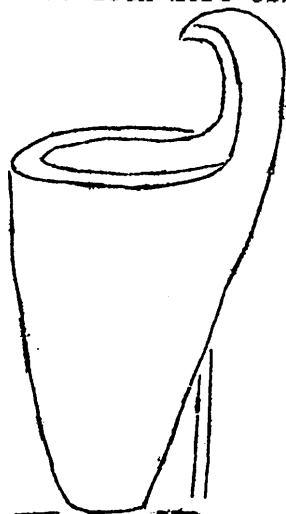
removal and replacement. In the more advanced designs it is obviously 'it' to try out a piece of litter, examples of which are to be found scattered in great profusion around the site.

Having studied the crowd I turned to the exhibits. One which attracted my attention was "Sir William" a concrete tub encased in a wooden corset and standing on one leg. This was plainly inspired by the sight of the company chairman caught in a state of acute distress having found all the cubicles in the executive toilets engaged.



THE SIR WILLIAM

is that wet rubbish should be hung out to dry before using some of the more delicate litter-bins, but then I should have thought that a spin-drier would have been more efficient.



THE HYBRID

Another was Ironclad, a biscuit tin in which some careless soul had dropped a cannon-ball. One of Hybrids (of which there are seven) had a curling back to stop the bad shots. The cute names that were attached deserve mention. An innocuously small one had the name of 'Dustman's Delight', whilst 'Meteor' and 'Satellite' were steel rims to which paper sacks were attached. Very utilitarian as the sack is easily removed when full and a new one installed. One thing I could not understand. How does a patent clothes drier fit in with all this, for there, dominating the site was one of those things which look something like an uncovered umbrella. My only suggestion

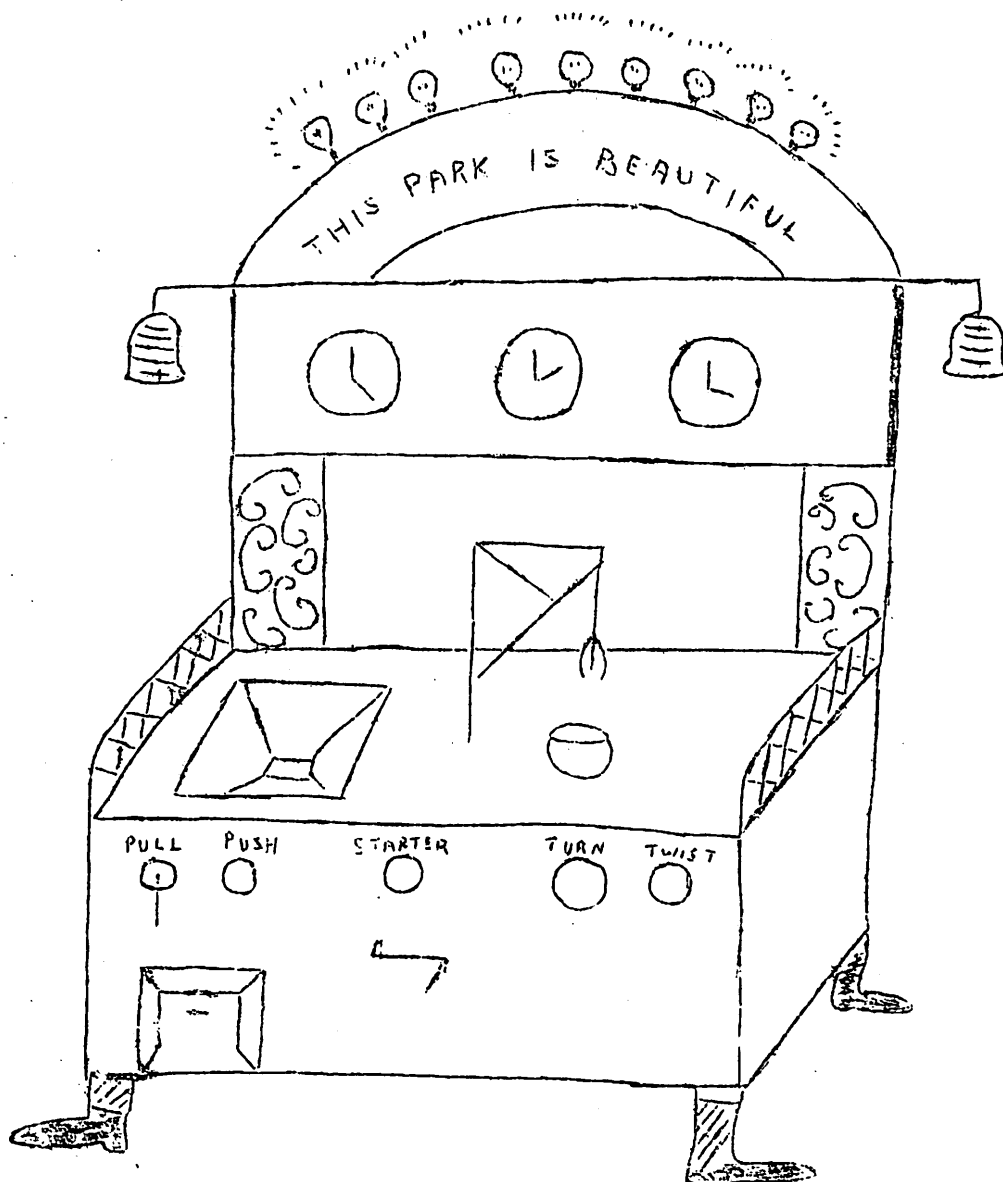
However there is one factor that is not catered for by any of these exhibits - the lazy, antisocial character who will not go five yards out of his way to deposit his litter (or in a word ME) How to persuade this guy that it's worth the time and effort to use the bin, there's the real point, and without undue modesty I think I have the solution. I have designed a bin which will not only persuade him to walk five extra yards, but will bring him miles in order to deposit his old fag-racket. If you will cast your eyes at the diagram at the end of this article I will elucidate.

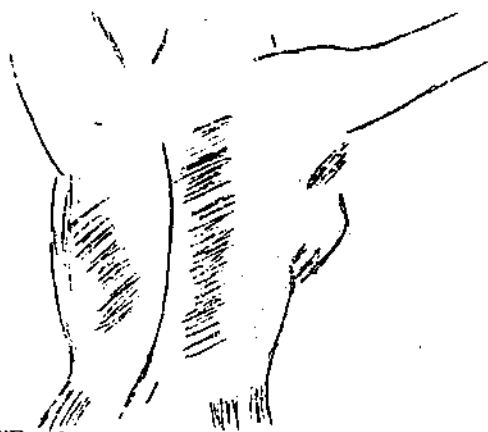
The whole idea revolves on the basic competitive nature of man, or in other words, his confidence that his skill is far superior to all other stupid fuggheads. Now to my "Rubbish Reflex Tester". On the sketch the instruction plate is screwed onto the side and not shown so I will detail it here. Thus:-

1. Place rubbish on raised platform
2. Press starter and wait for bell to ring
3. Turn centre crank until crane grab is centered over rubbish
4. Lower grab by the rotating small crank labelled 'Turn'
5. Use twist bar to close grab
6. Turn centre crank until grab is over waste hole
7. Pull string to open waste hole
8. Push button to release rubbish

As rubbish falls it passes a magic eye which stops left hand clock. This is your time. If you surpass the days best time (right hand clock) lights on top of board will flash green. If you beat best performance ever, lights flash, bells ring and the nearest Park Attendant will present you with an illuminated scroll certifying your accomplishment. Also in the box on the lower left-hand side you will find your rubbish has been returned to you.

Should anyone wish to develop this idea, it is not patented and you have my permission to use it. However a small honorarium would not be refused.





A Letter about Women

by

Bill Donahoe.

"Perhaps the trouble you had getting material for FEMIZINE may fit very well into a discussion currently going on in FAFA. It all started when Curt Janke said something about he liked Juanita Coulson even though she was a woman---that he hated women. In answering him Juanita said that while she had nothing against women that it was true that only three or four of her friends were women, by far the large majority of them were men, that she just couldn't understand women's thought processes, that trying to communicate with non-fannish women was like talking to someone of another race ((I don't quote her exactly, but that was the gist of it))

At this point I said that every woman I had gotten to know well said something like that, but usually much stronger. They would say, "I can't stand women at all except for..." or "I dislike women except for..." naming one or two or three exceptions. I then asked if anyone had any idea why women dislike other women.

The next mailing several people answered. No one disputed the fact that women do dislike women; they admitted that in general they did and went on to try to account for it. The most general answer given was the competition aspect. Women were always competing--even after they have been married 30 yrs with grandchildren--and never can relax in each other's presence.

A momentary digression that I think fits in here: in another discussion about women's clothes it was admitted that women don't dress for men and some said that women dress to please themselves. I then interjected something that one of my girlfriends had told me, that women dress for other women; that at any given social event a sort of pecking order was established based on the degree of being well-dressed, that even women who hated the idea were drawn into it; if they refused to compete, they were just placed at the bottom of the pecking order. The pecking order such that even an intelligent charming and witty woman would not be as much at ease nor give such a good account of herself if she were second-best dressed as she would if she were best-dressed and that being down near the bottom--even to some women refusing to compete--would be enough to make her a mass of shyness and drabness. Well back to the discussion. The second most generally given reason was along the lines that Juanita mentioned earlier--women found other women's thought processes incomprehensible. Trina gave the strongest expression to this. "There are individual exceptions but women as a species are dull bourgeois clods"

A few quotes: Juanita Coulson, "I suspect most of my trouble is that I just don't understand other women, save for the fannish types. I can understand the ways of thinking of non-fannish males much better than I can their spouses (although to tell the truth I don't dig much about the non-fannish mind at all) I can't understand women and their interests, although some of my own interests are supposedly typically feminine" I don't think I make

a big thing out of recipes or kids or cooking or sewing. It's just something that's there, and not nearly so satisfying emotionally as painting or mimeographing or folk singing"

Elinor Busby: "Why women don't like women? Mum! That's a topic for a full dress article. But I shan't. Will say this. There are innumerable reasons, and most of them contradict some other reason. A few points: (1) Women like other women better than they realize. This "I can't stand women" jazz is partly a form of showing off, indicating their complete eligibility for masculine society. (2) Do animal females like other females of their species. Lisa is much more nearly tolerant of strange male dogs than she is of strange bitches. I believe I have heard that a female dog or cat will permit her family to adopt a male dog or cat but will resist insofar as possible the adoption of a female dog or cat. (3) Men and women have a special liking for each other, that's not just based on sex as such. Men and women have different sorts of minds, experiences, reactions, tastes, ideas and find the difference refreshing. Since there are many more men in fandom than there are women, all the women in fandom get quite a lot of egoboo just by being women, and tend to regard the presence of other women in fandom as threatening to their special egoboo. Must say I like most of the women in fandom very much, and feel sure that they like me.

F.S. Busby: "I expect some cynic will reply to the effect that since women don't really like much of anybody, and since practically nobody really likes women, how can they be expected to like each other?"

Along the lines of nobody really liking women I just remember that some years ago one of my friends said, "I'm the only guy I know that likes women; all my friends like girls" I'm afraid that there is a great deal of truth in that.

And to round up a quote from my current FAPA mailing comments. "Probably one trouble with the non-feminist feminine mind is the conditioning females get to always let males take the lead and be the star. As one men's magazine said in describing the kind of material they wanted: Women should be seen and not heard. The results of this conditioning are typified to me in three ways. One account of an American high school said that in general girls made much higher grades than boys, but that was because excellence in academic work wasn't considered very important. Whenever anything practical came up the girls went all drey-eyed and helpless and the boys took over.

A girl friend of mine who went to Barnard had both all female classes and co-educational ones. She said that the performance of the same girls in the two different classes was astounding. Girls who were very intelligent and made worth-while contributions to all-girl discussions either kept quiet entirely or made stupid remarks in classes with boys. She went on to say that this behaviour seemed to take place at an unconscious level too, that when it was pointed out everyone recognized that the pattern existed, but no one had noticed it before. The situation did not change after it was pointed out either.

Shortly after one of my favourite cousins married I went over to see her and her husband. She was an intelligent girl whom I had known and talked to all my life. Naturally that evening the conversation was entirely between us males with wife interjecting an inane word now and then... so much the usual pattern that it didn't dawn on me how silly it was till some days afterwards. I didn't start this letter with that in mind, but why don't you print this in Scottishe with comments of your own? Even though discussion appeared in FAPA it will be new to Ompa and even in FAPA was never gathered together. Besides you British may have quite different reactions!"

Buel

hatterings

Of all the quotes and ideas in Bill's letter, the one which made me nod my head wisely is that of Elinor's, where she sums up the "I can't stand women" as just a lot of "jazz". There is nothing makes a man preen more than hearing this statement, unless it is your giving him evidence of how much cleverer he is than you. The same gal who says "I can't stand women" will probably have a bosom pal who hears her unvarnished criticism of the said man without blinking. If he heard it - he'd blench!

This was the way I started off my comments on Bill's letter, and then I went on to expound various thoughts of my own on women. When I had finished and re-read it, I was visited with a horrible doubt. I could not put my finger on what was wrong, but so strongly did I feel that something was wrong with what I had written, that I posted it off to my friend Frances for her opinion.

She said I sounded patronising to ordinary women, rather like an article in a woman's magazine, and not at all like myself. None of which, of course, had I intended to do. So here I start again, and this time try to say more plainly what I mean. I do not agree that women dislike women. It is silly in fact, how can you dislike a whole sex for goodness sake? You cannot generalise about a whole sex, any more than you can a whole race. When I tried it, I sounded patronising, you must qualify your statements. There are some women I dislike, and I have just included among them the type that write patronising articles about their own sex, and discuss them from a lofty plane.

The type that I had felt sorry for were the ones who had no outside interest beyond their husband, their children, and their home, but Frances maintained that this was a dying breed. She cited the large number of women who now attend evening classes, and how the numbers are doubling every year. On reflection I think she is right. My Mother's and my generation were like that, but the lot after mine are different.

At least I hope so, for there is nothing more pathetic than the Mother whose children have grown up and left her with half her life empty. It is even worse when she is left a widow for then her whole life is empty. In the Avenue where I live there are a great many Old Folk's Homes, for aged women who have nowhere else to go. Every day I pass some of them, they nod brightly and say "Good day", they are so glad to have someone to talk with. They are mostly widows and some of them have children who do not want them. Once I visited one of these Homes, there was a Fete being held in the garden, and I had to pass through the house to get there. In the sittingroom sat the women who will not even go out. They sat huddled in their chairs, they would not join the fun in the garden, they stared into space, they did not even lift their heads to watch the visitors go by.

Is this the type of woman that Juanita could not understand? Is this the type that Bill's girl friend said she disliked? And why is Bill so puzzled that women try to appear less smart than they are when men are present? How many men really like a woman who is as smart as they are? How many men like a woman who argues with them hotly? And, let's be honest, if my instinct is to pour oil on any troubled water around me, am I not liked better than the woman whose instinct is to lead, and to point it out vigorously when she thinks she is right and the men wrong? Sure, women get the kind of conditioning that Bill mentions, they get it from the minute they start to breathe. How can they be anything else than what they have been trained to be? No one ever gives them lectures in school on why they are feminine, or tells them that both sexes share many of the same traits.

Men too, receive the same conditioning, how often, compared to a woman, does a man cry? How often is he so sure of what is a perfect woman, and so swift to reject what is not "feminine enough for me". So to get back to where I started, unless there were men who liked to hear "I can't stand women", there would be no women to say so.

I will tell you about one woman I like. We have a voluntary sewing party of women who have come to the hospital ever since our main hospital was bombed during the war. She is the oldest, over 70, and every Tuesday when I join them at lunch, I sit beside her. She stands alert whilst I say the grace, sits down briskly, saying Amen and then, eyes snapping like two black buttons, tells me of the latest sayings of her grandchild Timothy, the latest doings of her daughter Joyce. She is one of the lucky ones, she lives with her daughter and obviously fits well into the household. She is very ordinary, she knows nothing of world events, her opinions are platitudes. Yet do I dislike or despise her? Of course not, I hope I may be so content in my old age, and be able to remain useful in the community as long.

Change of subject and about time too...

I have run off a 130 copies of this issue, it is mainly being sent out as a trade zine. I hope that fan-ed's who receive it will accept it as such. At irregular intervals I shall also be sending out HAVERINGS which will mostly consist of fanzine reviews. Non-faned's may receive copies in return for a letter of comment. No subscriptions will be accepted for Scottishe, as it is primarily a Ompazine.

Thanks to my new Gestetner I have been able to duplicate this in the space of one evening, I am filled with joyous jubilation....

Every now and then I try to think of a new way to say thank you to Atom for all the help he has given me with Scottishe. Apart from a handful of issues at the beginning (which do not bear thinking about) he has faithfully produced the most beautiful artwork. He deserves to win a football pool so he does.

The other faithful ~~retainer~~ friend, Brian, had at first to be coaxed, not to say nagged, bullied, and bullyragged, into writing. Now the dear boy brings along his contribution and even has started to illo them. He deserves to win a pool too, yes indeed he does.

Of course there is Frances..but the truth is I was so exhausted after getting Brian started to write, that I really havn't started on her yet.

I'll start next week..

Ethel

