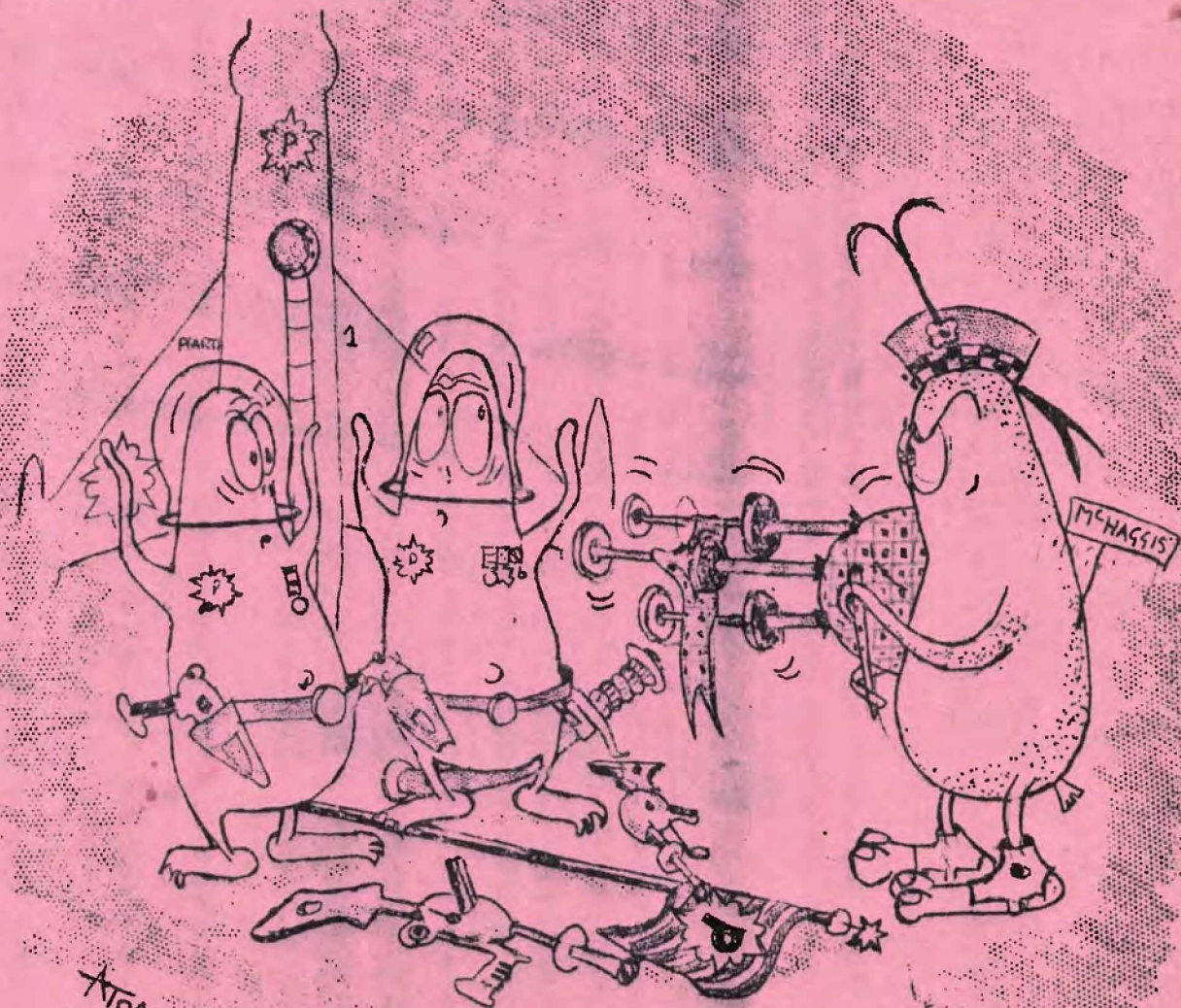


## SCOTTISHIE



Atom

"They'll never believe it, back on Pfarth"



# CONTENTS

Cover by Atom... a Good Friend.

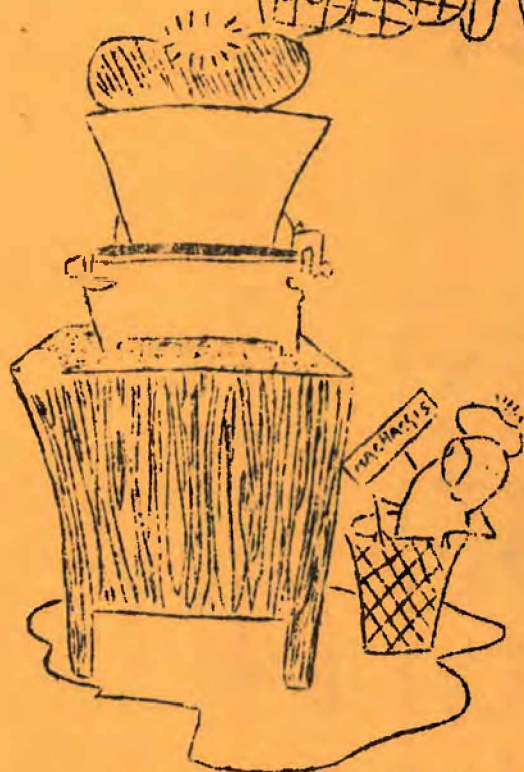
Blatherings are on Pages 1 to  
(so help me) 5...

Natterings are on Pages 6 to  
(if you will forgive me!) 12

This State of Affairs is due to  
the Base Desertion of the Editress  
by Frances, Helen, and Brian. Their  
Feeble Excuse is that they have  
a lot of Work to do.

Published for the  
March 1957  
mailing of O. M. P. A.  
by  
Ethel Lindsay

# LETTERS



OFF-TRAILS: Made interesting reading this time. Lots of proposals that I have duly voted upon. I do not think we should increase the membership any more at the moment, lets wait a little and see. Perhaps I am thinking of myself there, all those reviews!! and I would hate to descend to the noted variety.

BLUNT. No.1: Glad to see another added to the list of people who take reviewing seriously. Hope you mean to keep this up. One complaint, which I have mentioned to you often, but I feel I should point out to the rest of Ompa, lest they follow your example. Frances is Frances, not Frankie, which is the most horrible distortion of a lovely name possible. You cannot plead the cause of brevity, for then you would use Fran. It is also down-

right ridiculous to give a masculine nickname to the most feminine of women. I wish you would stop it, or at least stop using it in your writing, thereby spreading the use of it to the rest of fandom. Now with that pet peeve of mine off my mind, I can say that this is all great reading, and I repeat, please keep it up.

LEER: DEC. '56: Very neat format. Bloch's article really set me thinking furiously-for naturally his are views to be respected. He is quite right in saying it is much easier to sneer than to praise, and not an admirable trait. However, in the field of professional criticism, some of my most satisfying moments have been in reading the relish with which some critic has attacked a worthwhile subject. I am particularly endeared to one criticism of a recently released film called 'Zarak', which contains the sentence, "Anita Ekberg does an Eastern dance, in which she lies on the floor and wriggles"..Back to the subzines though. I do hesitate to disagree with Bloch, but surely there is a happy medium? No need to either be kind where possible and ignore the rest, or adopt a policy of blasting everywhere. Somewhere just between the two should hover the perfect reviewer that should be the aim. Kindness alone in reviews must surely be as destructive



I seem to have read a lot of Con reports lately, but I wish that at least one of them would, instead of trying to cram everything into 3 pages, describe fully one incident. Like quoting from the Asimov speech, which still has Lubin in spasms of laughter.

NOISE LEVEL. No7: Noticed in the papers that Nancy Whiskey has made a record. Do you think she got that name because of the quality of her voice? Enjoyed the story of Casey, you tell them very well.

BURP. No 12: Are you going to confine Burp to reviews alone? Mind you, as I think your reviews have improved a lot, don't think I am complaining. Who is Joan? Imaginary or real? Just like to know these things.

IMBROGLIO. No1: Your trip to visit Terry, reminds me, in every fan description of either a Con or a visit, they use up reams of space describing how they got there, what went wrong getting there, (something always does) and also the trip back with more details. Stuck in between these two huge chunks are usually a couple of paragraphs telling what it was like there! Why this fannish preoccupation with the details and hazards of travel? With coy reticence about the actual visited place? Sandy's column was good, so I hope you will persuade him to write more. Your cover came out very well, and how nice to see some colour.

STEAM, VOL. 3 NO 2 This isn't the Steam I wanted in my stocking! Even if it is good, and even if that is a cute little drawing in the corner, I still sniff at it. Where's my Big Steam???

MORPHH NO10. Congrats on the 10th issue, and 10 wonderful covers. The Rollings are away merrily again. One night Helen Winnick took me to visit a friend who collects folk-music. Among others he played some Indian ones, which were fascinating to hear. There was one in particular, that sounded a very high note on two occasions, and held it for a few seconds. Each time that happened I felt an acute wave of nausea, the note seemed to thrum through my head. Neither of the others felt this. Curious huh? Thanks for the Bonestell. I say hear! hear! to your comments on Sarah Russell. Just who is she, and do you think it would do any good for a crowd of us to write in and compalin?

SATAN'S CHILD. NO3: It is nice to see a well-thought out zine, and you certainly give us variety. You are rather fond of being as obscure as possible though. While it is refreshing to find someone who takes it for granted that we have brains, don't overtax us! The 'Fanny Hill' disappointed me, 'cos I expected something rather ruthless about Bridey Murphy.

VERITAS NO2: I chuckled happily, and a couple of times blushed guiltily at the Fanzine Classifications. Something that has needed to be written for a long time. All the Atom illos AL, and the

the covers too. Funny that jokes on Ompa's name are so few, when you consider how tempting it is. This is a bright issue, though I sadly must report that with the top and bottom staples loosening it could be termed a Slightly Diminishing Fanzine.

YRANTIBO: I looked at the first paragraph 'pityingly',--and after that with growing interest. My word! I liked that figment of your imagination. We could do with a few more like him touring round the members of Ompa. Could you arrange to lend him? I know just where to send him. Err, shake those icicles off and welcome back to the fold.

ARCHIVE, NO 10: Thanks for letting us know that Innes is to be published in Penguin. My favourite is 'The Journeying Boy'. You will notice I have dealt with Walsh in Natterings. I was lost in admiration of the 'Rearing Jelly Advice Bureau', they were all so apt, fiendishly so in at least one case. I am getting interested in 'The Search' now it is beginning to pick up pace. Come to think of it, did you have to use that word tripe? Wouldn't guts have been more genteel? Remember I am a nice girl.

FUNTUST (MEDWAY) LTD.: I bet you had a lot of fun with this. It is about the first time I have read one of your catalogues without mentally earmarking about a dozen books I am going to buy someday. Though I wouldn't mind a copy of the 'Fortress' at that. After being in the Army all those years, I find it hard to believe that you have to rack your brains for a tale to tell.

INSCREWTABLE: What is that peering out of your stockings? First I thought it was a cute lil' pup, but now I see my doots. Well, Ken, I agree with you that Ompa needs improving, and this mailing as a whole is better than the last. I maintain though that the reviews are the answer. Generalised criticism such as yours here is no good. Why hesitate to say out in the open what you like or dislike? Why take it for granted that adverse criticism will make the person involved mad? Just look at the difference between your opening remarks on Ompa in general, and then your individual 'reviews' or comments. I don't know how the others feel about this, but when I look opposite mine and see "I haven't a thing to say"...I find it heartbreaking. Well, I shan't do the same to you. This is the best you have turned out in Ompa yet, due to your account of Leaches Farm (too short tho) and the Tv2+1. I enjoyed it very much. I think you are shy about your writing, when you unbend and have fun your writing improves enormously.

BRITISH S.F. BOOK INDEX: I wonder just how many collectors will have them all. Who can afford either the money or the space nowadays? Anyway, of this I wouldn't bother keeping even if I could afford it. I guess it is inevitable that the more S.F. you read the more critical you become. I once collected everything



I could, but not any more. Now, crud, even if it is S F gets the old heave-ho. Apart from books, the only mags I now collect are Astounding, Galaxy, and F&S.F., and I have my eye on Galaxy. A few more serials like the last Bester one, and I will think again.

VAGARY, NO2: Your cover was amusing, though I think it would have been more effective on coloured paper. I prefer your articles I'm afraid to this issue. Uhh, poetry not so good either.

SHNERDLITES HOLEBORING SUPPLEMENT: How nice to see the sun shining again! I hope you paid due consideration to my Xmas wants? Melvin Mole is the cleverest bit of writing by Achee this past year, and considering his output that is saying sumpn. Here is another lesson in how to brighten Oma up, by Uncle Nigel. Though mind you femmes, he is not just exactly an uncle-type.... I recollect that Ompa is expected to be instructive as well as amusing and I must point out earnestly that this zine contains a lot of Useful information. Surely too, the most wickedly accurate sentence I have read is, "one of them spinster-type critturs with the desperations", though I must add gently, that I have seen a couple or three non-spinsters with them as well.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARD LINES: The last line of this was sheer inspiration!

PHENOTYPE: Blood is goofier than that. You ask me what MMSO means and I can't remember ever using it. I might guess Her Majesty's Stationary Office, but I am positive I never mentioned that. I have not seen much Eney stuff, so I will not commit myself on an opinion till I see more.

POOKA, 4: I do like to see a bit of colour on a cover. I know just what you mean by train fever, have had a bad attack of it for years. I am in the process of moving too. I brought ne books when I came here in Jan '56, but had them all stored. Now that a year later I am packing again in spite of a ruthless throwing out, I have accumulated 31 books, one year of three S.F. mags,

and about 40 pbs. I have got a tea box, but it sure is a big problem. Your reviews:- I liked your comment re Walt on Burp. I deplore your noteds, but like your constructive remarks on the rest. I found the article by Washinton intresting, and kept nodding my head in agreement with his views on S.F. Liked Lou's Con report, snappy and not filled with a lot of unessential detail. The thing I found most fascinating about CON-Flicks was the formal reportorial style, and the actual use of the word program-wise., a good issue.

STYX, NO4: Should your article stop endless discussion on the suitability of justified margins, then it might be justified, . Thank you for joining the happy band of R. Although the production is one I should criticise-apologising humbly for my own at the same

time-this is about the best issue of Styx so far. Even if I still don't approve of it.

GALLERY 4. A very clever cover. Enjoyed the start of the Goon yarn, and ~~glad~~ to see your good resolutions. Must confess the first story made me squirm, and liked the second better. I guess plenty others will take you up on your queries about Bre continuity characters. No doubt some of them will introduce you to Billy Bunter. Although I much preferred the boys mags and read more of them than my brother did, I also got a girls mag called 'The School Friend'. It featured a girls boarding school, similar to the boys of the Bunter stories. No coincidence as the same man wrote both. There was even a Bessie Bunter who was as fat as Billy, as fond of grub and who made the same 'aarooch' noises. There was pretty brown-haired Barbara, the straight heroine, also a Algy-type girl who wore a monocle, the French girl, the Eastern princess, and of course, the caddish girl who did not think the Head girl wonderful.. I collected copies for years, and then once bravely sent them all off to a pen-pal in the States. Lord only knows what she made of them all.

SKERRY.NOI: You sound energetic, and you write like the way I am supposed to talk, you know, taking a deep breath! I wonder where you got the title? The first poem I ever read in a fanzine was in the last issue of Slant. I have never read one up to its standard since. Mebbe Walt would reprint it in Ompa? Might be helpful. I hope you are merely in a spelling error with Daphne's name? I loathe people who are cute over names, and add an ie to everything. As you have already mangled a few others (that I can stand but magnif!) I am a mite suspicious. Too early to say what you will be like, but your reproduction is nice and clear and the illos excellent.

Archie-Between-Meals: Gridban got a lovely end-line there. Can this be the finish? Hope not. Most of your reviews are valuable and you have a nice habit of keeping folk's noses to the point. Above all though is the merit of your consistancy, I wish a few more Ompans would take a line and hew to it so well. I feel as if I knew you real well, even enough to exchange semi-insulting postcards with, which reminds me, I owe you one!

SCIENCE+FICTION FIVE YEARLY: While I giggled and chuckled and gleeded my way right through this, I have no hesitation in picking out what produced the belly laugh. The answers to the readers letters naturally. This is top of the mailing without any doubt. A beautiful job in every way. Must we wait another five years????

And so we come to the end of Bletherings. Seem to get longer all the time they do, I hope you all appreciate that I have practically no fingertips left!



# MATTERINGS



To my amusement I have discovered that there is one scene in the film 'The King and I', which produces the same reaction in all my female friends. Here I quote from one of them....."By the way, you were right, 'The King and I' is magnificent, great, superb, amazing, terrific, colossal, wonderful--hand me down the Thesaurus. There were a dozen points when I shivered with pleasure, but when they were dancing and the second time he halted and just looked at her and put out his hand, I practically had to be held down!"---

My own impression was that in the whole huge Cinemascope screen the only thing that my hypnotised eyes could watch was that man Brynner's slowly moving hand. Musing, I reflect that it is quite obvious that he has the same appeal to women, that Monroe has for men. Mind you, I have heard an occasional man declare she left him cold, but I usually noticed an incredulous look in the eyes of his audience. I think I am safe in saying, that any female who does not utter an internal wow! at this scene, ought to leave the cinema post-haste, and hurry round to the nearest psychiatrist.

I must explain to the American members of Ompa, that we too have our 'Soap Opera', even if it is on the B.B.C. and does not advertise soap. One serial is known as 'Mrs Dale's Diary'. All that I can tell you about this is that it contains a female, the sound of whose voice sends me flying across the room to turn the wireless off. It is, so help me, a genteel voice. I hear echos of it on Kensington High Street, where, not wishing to visit the Kensington Police Station, I have to sternly repress the desire to turn it off there too. The other serial is known as 'The Archers'. I have been avoiding listening to it for years. Mostly, because I was afraid to listen in case I got interested in the characters, having met some otherwise seemingly intelligent people, who kept talking about them as if they were old family friends. I remember how it upset a lady doctor I knew, when one of the characters was killed off. Dear me, I thought, she would not have been half so upset if it had been a patient. Most folks I know make a half-deprecating excuse for their listening, so I figure it probably has a drug-like effect. Still, I have been casting about wildly for something to natter about, and this might interest some of you. So now in a grim spirit of sacrifice towards my Ompa responsibilities, I will start to listen. Two weeks from now I shall report, if I am caught for life, I hope you will all appreciate it.



However I cannot let all that time go by without nattering about something, so I will haul out my file and see what we have. Hmm, here is a joke session I rounded up.....

A business magnate decided to pep up his staff by having signs reading 'THINK' put up all round his offices. One night someone went round and added to each notice 'OR THINK'.....

Dad was having an afternoon nap on the beach, when his four-year-old son woke him up by waving the top half of a bikini swim suit. "Now sonny," he said. "I want you to show Daddy EXACTLY where you found it".....

Just had to cut this one out. It is from the most fascinating part of any newspaper, the readers letter column. It is signed, if you will believe me, by H. E. Chappie, and goes thusly:-

"Hardly a day passes without being confronted with the fact that Mr and Mrs So-and-So propose to marry for the umpteenth time. With newsprint being so costly and space valuable, how about a monthly supplement with, say, a league table giving the latest records?"

Does anyone feel the urge to say..a cheekie chappie?

The next item on my file sure had me puzzled for a while, and then I remembered. One night a day sister paid us a visit, and mentioned that she had been talking to a Red Cross Worker. One of their chores is that of writing letters for the patients, who having their eyes bandaged cannot do it for themselves. Sister had passed the remark that they must sometimes have queer letters to write at which the Red Cross had nodded her head vigorously. "Only the other day" she said, "one old dear dictated to me a letter to her daughter in which I had to tell her.....'to be sure and water the Iris in the pot under the bed'"

During the week I had noticed a news item about the Windmill Theatre, renowned for it's lightly clad showgirls. It seems that during one performance a man had climbed onto the stage and was advancing his way to a petrified showgirl, before he was caught and hustled out. He had got so far because it is the custom that between the continuous shows, the customers clamber over the seats to nearer the front. The Manager was a mite peeved, it was the first time such a thing had happened in 25 years, he said. I had quite forgotten about all this, till I opened the Sunday Pictorial and discovered that some humorist had written the following poem..

"Twenty-five years in the business  
Upset by a short-sighted man!  
It's almost as bad as  
The time that we had as  
Our fan-dancer danced with no fan.  
He gave that 'short-sighted' excuse we all know,  
But if he mistook what the girl had to show  
For someone's bald head in the 'indmill's front row.  
He's REALLY a short-sighted man!"

A mailing back Archie mentioned the author Maurice Walsh, and I commented that he used to be a favourite of mine, but I seemed to have grown out of him. I decided to try and re-read some of his books to see if that still held good. So first of all I tried to get hold of a copy of 'While Rivers Run', and asked Brian to see if there was a copy in his library. It seemed that it was out of print. A couple of weeks later, I discovered that he had gone to an enormous amount of trouble to try and find it. He did come back though with a copy of 'The Key above the Door'. So last night I read it again, remembering that when I first did so, I had thought it wonderful. I am more puzzled than ever that Archie can say that he has liked all Walsh's books.

Walsh is an Irishman, his heroes are always Celtic, usually Scottish sometimes with an American Mother. In the background however, is the real hero, an Irishman. The usual adjectives to describe him are dark, sardonic, with a half-cynical grin, he has a nimble Irish tongue, and a typical extract is "Faith! 'tis doubtful, said the Irishman whimsically"...The villain is always a Sassenach. He is a big man, physically strong (so that in the end there can be a fight which the hero wins) he is, of course, intent on winning the heroine by fair means or foul, he is arrogant and bull-headed and, well, no match at all for the quick and subtle-minded Celts. I can be sorry for the poor guy.

The heroine is very pale, this seems to be a sign of aristocracy to Walsh, he has a taste for anaemic women. A typical description is...

"There was little or no colour in her face, which was of the type of beauty that in a travail of expression we call, proud, magnetic, electric, tragic, sombre, I think is the best word of all and the quality it attempts to describe is always in beauty of the highest quality: beauty of the calm, lean, kind, dark-eyed and serious, proud and self-willed and unafraid, and made for love and desolation since Troy fell: beauty that Fate plays with for its own ends; and that man has been thrall to since passions first stirred"

...that, sirs, is the heroine of the 'Key above the Door'. Quite a gal you will admit. Her name, wait for it, is Agnes de Burc.

Walsh is a great lad for 'blood', a man never just feels angry, his Celtic blood is stirred. The Sassenach has 'Eastern fibres', which is why he is weak underneath. Spanish blood is another



great asset to his characters, their nostrils can denote the Castilian fire. Naturally all the Highland men are 'canny', and if their wives do not have the 'second sight', it is an oversight, they are so wise, they just as well might. All crofters are natural philosophers.

However the dialogue is the cream of it all, I had forgotten just how delightful it was, come listen to this..

"I will take that fish and your names as well", he (the Sassenach) ordered, in a tone that brooked no refusal.

"The fish surely", said Quinn (the Irishman, natch) stepping out of the water and laying the fish on the gravel. "The fish surely, because it is yours"

"Your names too!"

"Our names are our own", said Quinn, and he straightened his lean, wiry length and looked the big man in the eye.

"Damn you sir" cried the other "I'll have your name"

"'Tis a great pity surely" said Quinn regretfully, "that a small lack of humour is for spoiling a fine day at the end of it".

Or take this exchange at the end of the book before the big fight

The Scotsman speaks first to the Sassenach...

"Why come meddling? Why not take defeat gallantly?"

"Because I am not sure, damn you"

"Why make things hard for her and for yourself? She is in my house, and you have lost!"

"Have I? What has been lost can be re-won. She is but a woman after all, and any man, if he be strong enough, can win any woman"

"You have found it so. I am glad to know your philosophy, you depraved dog!...the philosophy of the conquerer. You would be the master of the outraged. You will not see Agnes de Burc in that spirit, you unashamed libertine!"...

And before we say farewell, here is the hero to the heroine also before the big fight...they talk a lot!

"I will tell you that my dear, it is because we are men and you are only a woman. And we are men in the raw too, for things have come to pass where you are no longer to be wooed but only won. Edward Leng, the Oriental Barbarian will have it so, and I, the Celtic one am no better. You have proclaimed your very splendid ideas, and given us an unmistakable dismissal, but the ultimate and lustful savage in us has no use for these things. We are going to fight savagely for you, and notwithstanding ideals, you will be the chattel of the victor. Now, my pagan woman, if you will stand aside, we will settle this small matter of ownership"

The thing that puzzles me, is an Englishman liking this, now if it had been Walt or Peter Hamilton!

However there is usually something about the books we read and loved when we were young that prevents us from using our adult critical faculties upon them. I have never met a woman who did not say that she still loved to read 'Little Women'. I think I must know whole chunks of it by heart, and certainly the opening sentence. Discussing this with Frances one night, we wondered if there was a comparable book that had the same appeal to men. We asked Brian, but he did not seem to think so, and the best he came up with was one of the Just William stories.

Another passion that most women seem to share, is for the Heyer books on Regency days. Frances for one has quite a collection, and I have a few myself. We love the dialogue, and you have never really lived till you have heard Frances quoting some of it. Her favourite at the moment is "Permit me to inform you sir, that your manners are excerable"

Georgette Meyer's characters are just as 'stock' as are Walsh's. Here the hero is always an aristocrat, impeccable in his dress, which is described in loving detail. He would never demean himself by marrying out of the 'Quality'. He is mostly the dark, sardonic type too, with a blistering way with upstarts. A typical nickname is Devil's Cub...The heroines on the other hand, are very acceptable to women readers. They are never strictly beautiful, although a secondary heroine often is, but they are always witty, and very good at twisting the hero round their little finger. A typical heroine is Sophy, who in the book 'The Grand Sophy' leads the hero an awful dance. Now take a look at this dialogue.. Sophy is determined to teach Mr Rivenhall, the hero, a lesson for attempting to tell her what to do. She has driven off his cherished horses. She returns..

"Miss Stanton-Lacey pulling up exactly abreast of Mr Rivenhall, said cheerfully: 'I beg your pardon, I have kept you waiting? The thing is that I do not know my way about London, and became quite lost, and was obliged to enquire the direction no less than three times. But where is your groom?'"

"I have sent him home", replied Mr Rivenhall.

"How very right of you", she approved. "I like a man to think of everything. You could never have quarreled with me really well with that man standing up behind us, and overhearing every word you uttered"

One more exchange between them...

"I'll take care of that" he retorted, "Let me tell you my dear, that I should be better pleased if you would refrain from meddling in the affairs of my family"

"Now that" said Sophy, "I am very glad to know, because if ever I should desire to please you I shall know just how to set about it. I daresay I shan't, but one likes to be prepared for any event, however unlikely"



Yes, the use of stock characters is no bar to entertaining reading, in fact the use of them by a real craftsman is something to see. Take the difference between Heinleins 'Double Star', and the last Bester serial in Galaxy. The Bester story was very disappointing to me, I kept on reading, expecting it to improve. It had plenty ideas in it, too many in fact, he put in everything but the kitchen sink. Yet the characters never came alive, nor did you much care what happened to them. Whereas Heinlein took one of the oldest plots (used first surely in The Prisoner of Zenda) His characters were all quite obvious, there was little doubt how the story would go. Yet it was enthralling, and the best bit of S.F. I have read this past year. By sheer good story telling alone, he had got reader-identification with Lorenzo in almost the second paragraph. A real satisfying book to read.

Kindly remember that this is merely me nattering on, I am not laying down the law, and certainly Archie has a right to like Walsh if he has a mind to. No doubt he thinks with justice, that I am daft to still weep when Beth dies in 'Little Women', and can never but feel a pang of regret that Jo would not marry Laurie. People who do not read, and losh, there are a lot more of them than there are of us, probably think we are all daft!

Oh for a Booke, and a shady nooke  
Either in-a-door or out.  
With the green trees waving overhead,  
Or the street cries all about.  
Where I may read all at my ease,  
Both of the new and old:  
For a jolly good booke  
Wheron to looke  
Is better to me than gold.

It looks as if I will have to come back to The Anghers, loathe as I am do to so. I had hoped to be able to tell you all about it, but it seems that some other more knowledgable Ompan will have to do so. Frankly, I can hardly make head or tail of it. I have the greatest difficulty distinguishing one character from another, I guess it is a question of the accents. By dint of concentration I have identified Mr Archer the farmer and his wife. He because of his constant use of the 'hearty, kindly' laugh. He goes heuh, heuh, heuh, on the slightest provocation.

The countrey workers are more easily spotted by the fact that they all speak in 'broad' accents. We have been entertained by two of them, the brothers Bob and Ned Larkin. The first is good and the second bad. The bad one is now fleeing the police and the good one nobly going around paying off the money his brother stole. The topicality for which this serial is famous, lies in the fact that the method of theft was to siphon off that now scarce commodity--petrol.

There are a whole flock of characters, younger members, presumably the children and their friends of the Archers. They all talk B.B.C. English, and unless they are addressed by name, I haven't a clue which is talking. They have been joined this week by a State Registered Nurse called Elizabeth. You will pardon me, I hope, if I now leave the series hurriedly after her initial appearance. I can think of at least a dozen things she is well liable to say at any moment that will make me swear out loud. Hastily I hand this no doubt enthralling piece of research onto someone with less tender susceptibilities than I.

I must now apologise for this lean issue of S. All the folks in my stocking have let me down with an awful bump--no material at all! I shall send them all a copy of this, and I hope it makes them suitably ashamed. I point out to them severely, the next issue is due in June.

Till then,

*A s Aye,*

*Ethel*

SPECIAL NOTICE: ADDRESS CHANGE FROM THE FIRST MARCH 1957:-

TERRY HOUSE,

6 LANGLEY AVENUE,

SURBITON,

SURREY.

P.S. The margins are dedicated with love to Ken, and all the other organs he nattered at me for a change.