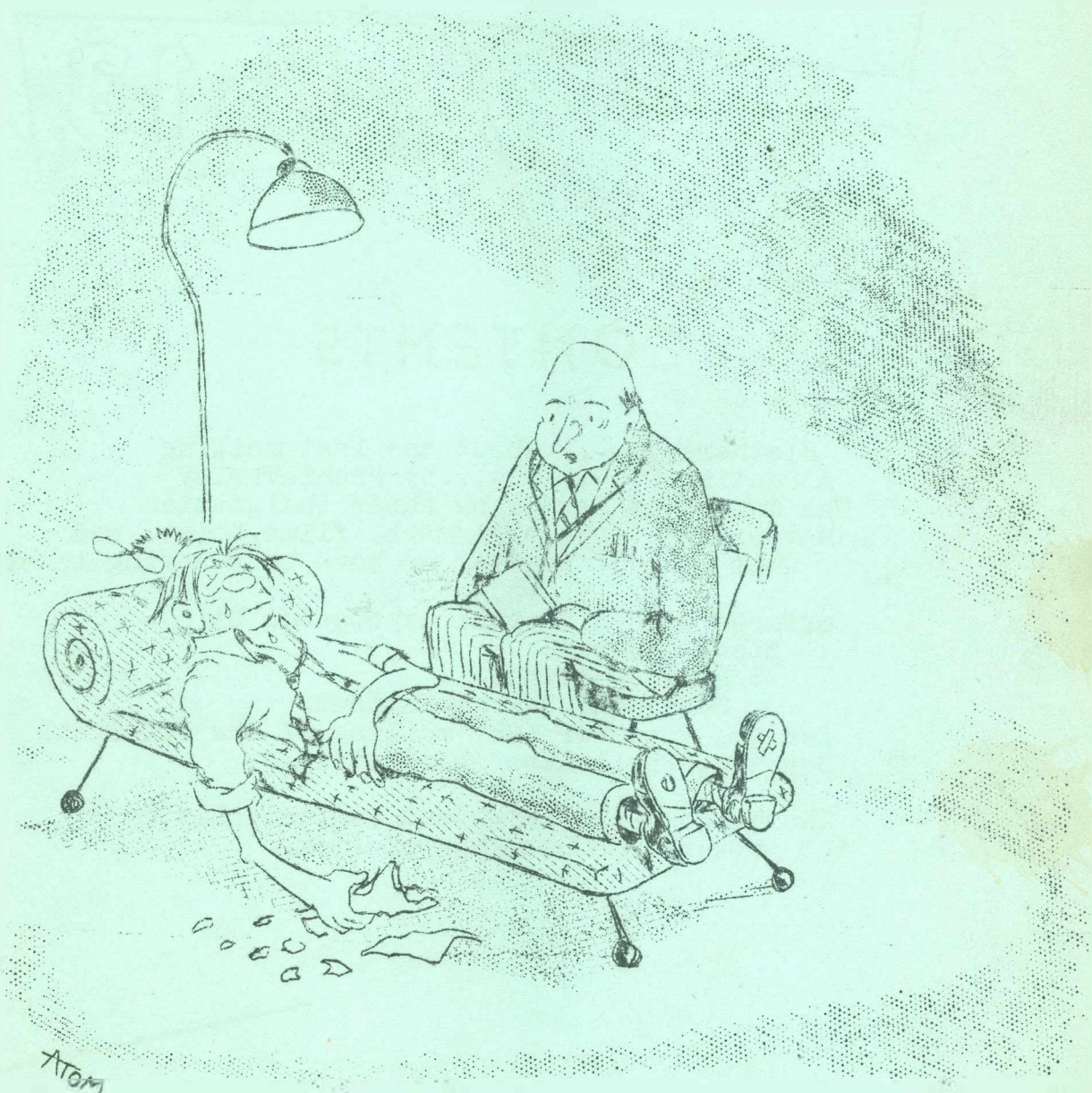
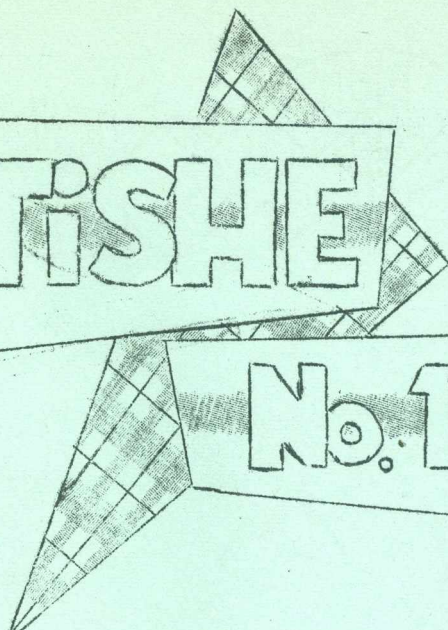


ScottisHE

13



"Frankly, I suggest a three months cruise, then retirement into Ompa."



SCOTTISH

No. 13.

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The Spirit of TAFF...by sheer indignation
Natterings...about Widmark, films, books, and
what kind of weather we have been having lately

offered with a hopeful expression by

Ethel Lindsay,

6 Langley Avenue,

Surbiton. Surrey, England,

for the December 1957 mailing of The Off-Trail
Magazine Publishers Association.

The whole thing brightned considerably by
the artwork and headings of Atom.

bletherings



being the bletherings that escape me at the sight of the Thirteenth Mailing.....

Archive. Page 6 I am at and dearie me, thats another pun at the head of the page! I have come to the end of Eney's Fault, cos I have skipped ahead to ABM. Imagine calling Mr Bennett fictitious! Imagine calling Bennett Mr! Whatever will you be up to next!!! Och, I am sorry this had finished so abruptly, yes do give us a sequel. I found your music talk much more intresting than I do usually, liked your version of the 12 days - you should have saved that for your fan Xmas card. Mebbe you have heard of Nancy Whisky? Brunner took me along to hear her one night. I thought she sang ballads very well. Nice clear diction, and no effort made to hide her Glasgow accent. Archive is stimulating as usual, but still hard on the eyes, can't you use more ink?

Appolo Play. Pardon me if I am faintly affronted at an Ompan telling me how to play golf! No, I have never played the game, I have the knowledge by a process of osmosis. One cannot have Carnoustie as a home town without knowing something about the game. Hope you do give a bigger Spizz next time, and comment on the zines.

Veritas. Superb cover, best in the mailing, except my own, of course What about the revoos you promised in the last issue? You certainly had a bumper letter col this time, Pierre's being the best I thought About budgies, the hospital was presented with a pair, one he, one she, natch, in a cage. During a weak moment I promised to look after them. Everyone tells me they never learn to speak unless they are on their own, so mine have a good alibi. They certainly arn't musical birds. In fact the truth is they make an infernal noise and I would gladly swop the pair for a canary...Lovely issue this, but I would like some revoos.

Steam. Please note my comments to Vagary and Blunt..Thanks for letting us see Harry's letter, he gave a very good picture of What It Was Like! I would guess that it was Lee or Larry who wrote the second letter. You are quite right about Ted. I took that flippant surface for granted for quite some time, before I realised, that beneath it, he is a very sensitive person. I think he has still to write his best work. The con is over now, and you promised me a big Steam.

Dupe: There is one thing you always do supremely well, and that is put in a nutshell just what it is about Walt! It is so long since we have heard from you, I had forgotten that my main impression of you at first was your sense of humour, but that later I was impressed by your wisdom. Its good to have you back with us again

Vagary: Now don't you go nagging at Ken, don't you know he has a lot of work to do? Still they were all interesting comments. I giggled at Vindictus, but not the Boat story. Written in too abbreviated a manner..A tale like this, to be funny, must be told in detail. Sorry to sound testy, but next comes the kind of poetry I shun. I thoroughly enjoyed your talking point column however, and hope you will make this a permanent feature. Enjoyed Don's report, it was nice to read one that didn't have a long involved journey tacked onto it. A very satisfying issue.

52nd Street: Well, even if you did pick Reaney to quote as an authority (I think Terry Jeeves would probably faint at this) at least you had the unerring instinct to choose Archive as the best you had seen. So there is probably hope for you yet! What you call Trad and Modern sound the same to me, don't sneer, but I prefer Sinatra to both. Although the record most played in my small collection is from Carmen Jones. Anyhoo, welcome to Ompa and tell us all about yo'self.

Morph: You arouse my curiosity, do you only collect books cos they are first editions? I mean, would you buy a book that was a first edition whether its contents intrested you or not? Am dying to hear what answer you get to your remarks on Pooka. I wonder how the fans sense of wonder stood up to the sattellite do you think? I wish I dare start a leisurly trot through my nursing days a la your Army ones. You tempt me y'know, cos I enjoy yours so much.

Burp in London. Poo! Cecil just looks like an ordinary elephant ...thoroughly enjoyed reading your appreciation of London, your enthusiasm became quite infectious. Funnily enough, I had been trying to like coffee for years, and the first I ever managed to drink with enjoyment--was made by Vinz! Now don't be mean--revoo us all..

Zymic: So you have lost count, to tell the truth I would have too long ago, if it wern't for Atom. Your Taff article was a wonderful piece of work, and very timely, and I vote you three cheers for it. Bless you Vinz, wish there were more like you. Also that was a very expressive 'Coo' after your comments on Bennetts visit, I guffawed. Bee-utiful work on the cover.

The Lesser Flea. Must express my admiration at your finding time to get this out. Enjoyable as usual

Blunt. And don't you start on Ken either! Leave him to me, I am coaxing him..see? My answer to your Awful Truth about me is - Ha! I knew you would have to say that. Don't think I am going to argue with you either, I have changed my mind. Attaboy Sandy, go at the Archers. I must say I agree with you that it takes a strong mind to break away from the Catholic faith. Particularly as it is

taught in a predominantly Catholic country such as Eire. I have come in contact with a lot of women from there recently, and I have been astounded at the results of this. Their whole religion is based on fear, and they think it is based on love. How can you say that you don't like TV? I mean, surely unless you own a set or have regular access to one it is impossible to judge? I am faintly surprised at the way everyone has jumped on Anne. It wasn't a very funny joke certainly, but there have been less funny ones in Ompa which did not reveal such abuse. I am going to stop now, or these comments will go on forever, zines like yours make me blather too much..

Noise Level: The high level of writing contained in this rather takes my breath away, I feel a bit uneasy as if we had no business keeping this to only Ompa. It seems a bit weak ~~xxx~~ also, to only reward all this research with only thanks.

How big a change this is - from the last mailing, this one so slender - when the last was so fat and chock full of goodies. There are some kiddies in our Ompa who ought to pull up their little socks.....

Some post-mailings came in to help out a bit though..

How: Ol' Dad Enever must pay quite a whack in mail as he is just always missing the deadline, me I can't afford it! Anyway three cheers for the rain which brought this one, and if a garden is to be keeping you out of Ompa I will consign them all to Limbo. I sure enjoyed your muddy story, and loved the footnotes even more. The Archers. Here you say that it is used to show that country life is as valid as the townsmen's. Seems to me that it is more needed the other way round, for more writers decry the town life than ever do the country. Indeed, in fiction there has always been a large school of thought, which automatically has made the 'townee' the villain. Have you ever read a story of a villainous countryman seducing the town lady??? But to move away from your argument back to the Archers, my dislike of them stems from a general dislike of wireless plays. They all sound corny to me. Sandy did probably turn green(pale) at the description of your radio. Tell us more about your brother-in-law, if that isn't the most classic remark about the comet! S'all good here.

Gallery: You are awarded the 1st prize for a cartoon because of your bacover. Is the front cover meant to look like Orsen Welles? Liked Pavlats column, enjoy any fan history, particularly anything that will clarify the American scene for me. Of course I could buy 'The Immortal Storm' from KFS, as I am always promising, but it is so dear! Agree with your remarks on Metzgers standard. You know you have got me wrong about serials - I am not a rabid fan - they make me feel rabid. I don't know why you cry 'help' for more material, all that is wrong with G is not enough of yourself in it.

Annexe: Nice meaty reviews and very welcome too.

Kleebird: Your hospital story - s' lovely. Your art folios also had my heartfelt respect. In fact I am highly delighted with the

whole thing. It has Zing! Hope its infectious..

Phenotype: Try Walsh's 'The Hill is Mine' and see if you still like him. Hope you got plenty results from your poll cards, and that mine was not too late in arriving. Like your revooing style.

Dogie: All those reviews in detail from overseas are going to make some mebers blush with shame - I hope! To you and all good reviewers I say thanx very muchly.

Null F 5: After reading of Ellik's hiking across country, I take back all I ever said about these travel-to-the-con accounts. This one stands by itself - whew! I was aslo thoroughly engrossed by the con report, which gave a very clear picture.

Noted: I guess the article on Monroe is aimed mostly at Fapa crotics, but must you lecture we Ompans too? 'Cos this is a sort of lecture, and I don't mind a lecture for something I have done but here I ain't done nuthin'.. I certainly don't agree that everyone still keeps the cliché of thought involved in 'All blondes are dumb' Ompans cliché-minded..tch! Incidentally, capital letters all the way through are very hard on the eyes.

and as the mailing quivers to rest under my eyes I reflect that there have been better mailings, but och, och, there have been waur!

XX

fillers to the end of the stencil like, -----

"One illoustration of this state of affairs is science fiction, which has been viewed as consisting of fantasies for the amusement of adolescents. We are gradually being compelled to view it, instead, as intelligent anticipation - much more intelligent, in fact, than the expectations of statesmen." Bernard Russell.

After the news of the 'go slow' in the Health Service, a cartoon appeared in our duty room. It depicted a doctor, stethoscope round neck, saying to a patient "Spell ninty-nine"...

and heres a song I used to sing....

Theres a home for little nurses, above the bright blue sky,
Where Matrons never enter, and Sisters never pry.
Where all the little nurses can have a cup of tea.
And all the little bedpans live eternally.

And last of all one that always makes me giggle....

Woman wants monopoly, Men delights in novelty
Love is Womans moon and sun, Man has other forms of fun
Woman lives but in her lord.
Count to ten and man is bored.
With this the gist and sum of it,
Whatever good can come of it?

A Punting We Will Go

by MALIAVARLEY

My first introduction to racing was unwittingly given to me by my father at the early age of thirteen. It was a rule in our house that I was not allowed to read at the table, partly because it was considered rude, but mainly because my mother maintained that reading at the table would give me indigestion. (Any queries as to whether my father wasn't being rude were usually answered by an ominous growl from the other side of the newspaper) It appeared that my father was not subject to this rule, presumably because he already had indigestion. The result of this was that

Each morning at breakfast I had nothing with which to occupy my mind, the only source of conversation being blotted out by a newspaper. Thus, for the want of anything better, I started to absorb the contents of the back page of the 'Daily Express' which was usually suspended only a couple of feet from the end of my nose. With the aid of 'The Scout' and Peter O'Sullivan I soon became quite knowledgeable, sufficient to impress my school-fellows, - and on one notable occasion my history master. (I had expressed within his hearing a definite opinion as to the chances of a certain horse, this horse had won whilst the one he backed lost. It turned out that, being a teacher, he felt it incumbent upon himself to take the 'Daily Telegraph' whose correspondent 'Hotspur' had tipped the wrong one.)

I learnt quite a lot from Peter O'Sullivan, and luckily I had struck on one of the wittiest as well as one of the best race-readers in the business. For a while I even kept some samples of his humour in a scrap-book and some of them might be worth retailing here.

'Cancelling the stamp on the envelope of a letter containing an account rendered from a bookmaker to an unsuccessful punter were the words, 'BLOOD DONORS ARE STILL URGENTLY NEEDED'

'Yesterdays racing was remarkable for the fact that I selected a couple of winners'

'Any bookmaker who lost at Lewes yesterday is advised to turn the game up and go to work for a living.'

'My harassed secretary suggests a competition to find a suitable name for those who write in suggesting a suitable name for a racehorse'

Still this kind of thing is not solely the property of Mr O'Sullivan. There was a time, early in the 1955 flat racing, when I was particularly broke and decided to make use of a peculiarity of credit bookmakers who will not pay out or collect amounts under £1. I was, therefore, able to invest up to 19/- without having to pay up if I lost. I could then straighten it out later when I had some money.

I decided to invest some money, five bob each way, on an outsider which was due to run at Stockton that afternoon. This horse

was called Volcano, and although it had no form at all, it was trained by Captain Elsey and ridden by Edgar Britt, who were respectively, the leading trainer and jockey at Stockton.

I placed the bet and spent a good deal of time afterwards wishing I hadn't, from the point of view of form it hadn't a chance. As soon as the race was over I rang up the bookie to get the result and found to my utter joy that the horse had won at the magnificent price of 20-1!

Absolutely bubbling over with a kind of asinine exuberance I leapt from my chair and grabbing hold of the chap who worked next to me, I started to execute a sort of primitive hoe-down, whilst chanting something like this

"Volcano won at twenty to one

Come on honey, lets have fun"

One minute everyone in the office was laughing, then an awful silence fell. I looked round and there was the Big Boss, a man who had detested me ever since I pinned a notice onto the bottom of his jacket at the Christmas Party which read "Gentlemen Please Lift The Seat."

My erstwhile dancing partner gently disengaged himself and, his voice cutting clearly through the tense silence, said "Excuse me, but I think your Volcano is about to erupt!"

There is a race run at Hurst Park in May called The Victoria Cup which usually attracts many good handicappers, and the winner usually comes in at a good price. With the thought of a minor fortune in mind I had been devoting a considerable amount of time to this race, and one evening I was strolling home from work reading the 'Sporting Life Guide' when for some reason I looked up straight into a shop window where ladies lingerie was on display. Right before my eyes was a display of several figures all wearing black brassieres with the name 'Caprice' emblazoned across them. With a sense of shock I peered at the list of runners in the paper, and as I knew, there was a horse running called 'Alf's Caprice'. I quickly slapped my money onto this horse and, furthermore, advised all my friends to get a piece of this certainty. If ever I had a better tip than this I was a Dutchman.

Such was the fervour of my conviction that I convinced many, and the night after the race was quite a hectic one, for, as the record books show, Alf's Caprice toddled home at 9-1. Many pints were sunk that night, but naturally they wanted to know what the source of my information was, and why couldn't I get more hot tips from it?

With several pints of bitter inside me I couldn't resist taking them down to introduce them to my source. We all then traipsed down to the shop and I pointed to the array. Like all true punters they liked to think that their information came from a good source, and most of them were slightly annoyed that I should put them onto a horse without a good reason. Only one bloke saw what I had seen, as he said, "Where could you get a better tip than that?".

THE SPIRIT OF TAFF.

Since the day that the idea of TAFF was first mooted, as a fan, I have felt very proud that fandom should have produced such a gesture. It was conceived with the loftiest of motives - to do honour to a well-deserving fan, and to promote friendship between the fans of various countries.

Up till now we have been lucky and the representatives chosen have deserved the welcome they received. Now, I think we all should take thought, not about the voting procedures, or about the desirability of the fan being 'active', but about the spirit of TAFF.

We should remember that it is an honour to be chosen for TAFF, an honour that is bestowed, and not won by the greatest endeavour. Let us think of what the ideal TAFF representative should be like - someone who gives of himself in some measure to fandom as a whole who is interested in fandom - as a whole.

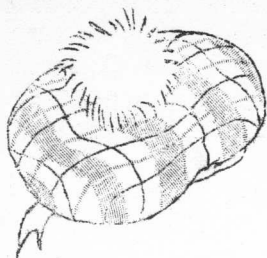
Someone who has no enemies in fandom, who is well-liked by all, who, most importantly, is modest about his achievements. Yes, well above all, I would have him modest. Because one invariably finds that the greater the person, the greater the modesty. Equally the lesser the light the lesser the modesty. One can be quietly confident about one's abilities and still be modest.

My ideal candidate would never be heard saying "I think I will stand for TAFF", would never plead for votes, would never quote his qualifications, would indeed, be incapable of doing any of these things.

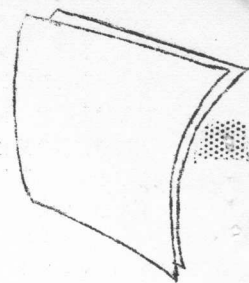
He would, on first hearing his name mentioned for nomination, be overwhelmed by the honour, would protest his unworthiness, would require convincing of his eligibility, and even when chosen, would remain humble.

That is an ideal, you say, there are no such persons in fandom? I beg to differ, there are a few. Even if there were none, surely we should aim at finding the person most near to that ideal?

My vote, at all events, I am grimly determined, shall never go to the type who declares, "I think I will stand for TAFF". I'd rather not vote. Out upon such fellows, I say!



mutterings



Morph's big statement last mailing, on Widmark, made me a lot happier, thanks John. It is of course, quite common for actors to identified with the roles they play. However if Widmark makes John think of him as he (mostly) appears on the screen, that is quite a feat. He was a college instructor before he became an actor, not a deadend kid! Widmark first made his impact on the screen because of his peculiar laugh. I did not see that film and paid little attention till I happened to see that immensely good semi-documentary "Panic in the Streets" I was impressed by his performance there and have faithfully seen all his films since. Widmark is often described as an 'actor's actor' - meaning of course, that it takes another actor to appreciate his performance. The majority of the films he made under contract were money-makers with no pretension to anything more. Now that his contract is finished and he is able to pick and choose for himself, I hope to see something better.

He has always been one of the few firm believers in rehearsals for filming. With the advent of the 'method school' it is becoming more popular, but it is amazing to think how many films have come to us with not a single rehearsal. Only the star waiting for the director to tell him what to do next!

Due to a thorough studying of the script before ever setting a foot on the set, Widmarks characters have always seemed to me to be rounded and breathing, and I have often been amazed at how much he can tell you of the characters thoughts by a simple gesture, such as the way he stubs out his cigarette. To see Widmark at his best is to see him listening. I am particularly thinking here of one scene in the film 'Broken Lance'. In this scene, Spencer Tracy, who was the star, is the Father of four sons, Widmark played the eldest. Tracey is talking to a crowd, there are quite a number around him. All the other actors are just standing listening, the eyes of the audience are upon Tracey too. Yet to shift the attention to the other side of the giant Cinemascope screen, is to see the eldest son, who hated feared and despised his Father, and whose face so clearly shows what he thinks of every word spoken. It reminded me of a review I read once of Olivier's acting as Hotspur. I kept it and have now disentangled it from a mass of miscellaneous cuttings.

it says: "Watch him as he listens. He has no lines to speak - no movements to make. The least selfish of actors, he in no way intrudes himself. But his listening is packed with significance - it is as though we could read every hurrying thought in that fiery brain"

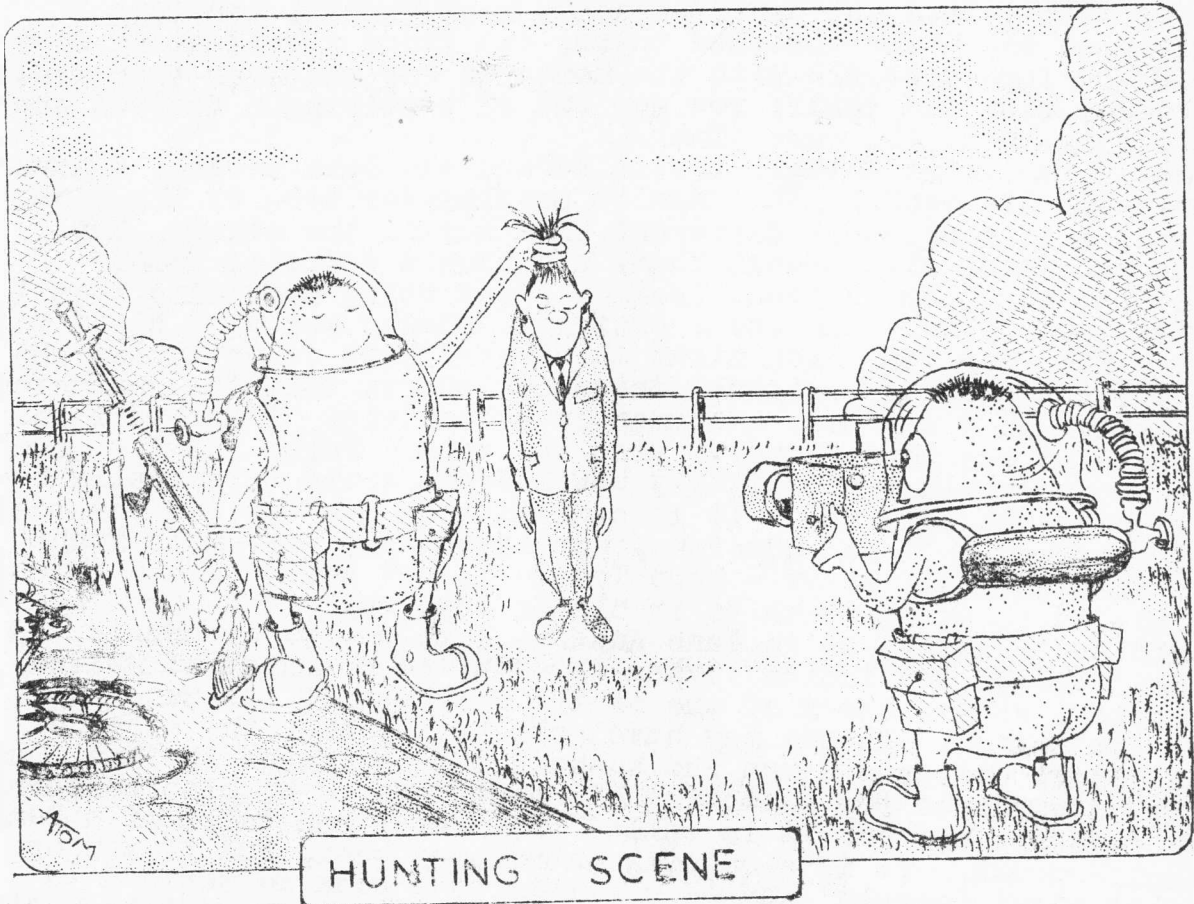
Because I have watched out for it, I have noticed time and again the word 'authority' used in reviews of Widmarks acting. A typical one is 'Widmarks acting gives the film authority'. It is

also a typical filmdom gesture to use that authority in military role after role. Well, do go and see his latest film 'Time Limit' and let me know if anyone else agrees with me.

In fact does anyone else share my enthusiasm for 'going to the pictures'? I enjoy the theatre too, of course, but I must admit prefer the cinema. Although I was thrilled to see Olivier as Anthony, there is no doubt that it is much more uncomfortable to peer at his face through opera glasses, than to see his every facial expression on the screen.

Before I finish nattering about the cinema, I must remember to be real handsome to Morph and admit that my dislike of Jerry Lewis stems from the fact, that where there is a 'partnership', I always favour the straight man. To my mind he gets the dirty end of the deal. I liked Martin and Lewis best in their first film 'At 'ar with the Army', where they really were a partnership. Their later films had little partnership about them, and were hogged by Lewis. Curiously enough the last film they made 'Partners' had almost the same spirit as their first, but I guess it was too late by then and they split up. I see Lewis has got good reviews on his first solo, whereas Martin got poor ones. Which being feminine, only makes me favour Martin more! His next film is to be 'The Young Lions', made in the company of Brando and Montgomery Clift. I await it with lively interest.

This time I really have something to natter about, my books have arrived. They have been in storage ever since I left Glasgow. I was so thrilled to see them all again, it was like suddenly acquiring a whole library at one fell swoop. I eagerly pulled them all out, the bookcase that I have ordered has not yet arrived, but I happily



piled them all on the floor, and sat back and blissfully surveyed them. They are a miscellaneous lot, and have only one thing in common, they are all books I like to reread at regular intervals.

Usually if I like an author, I try to collect all his books. Very few of them are newly bought, the majority being second hand. Not that I don't prefer new books, but I cannot afford them. My greatest finds came from the ex-library books of Boots Library. I used to haunt the branch in Glasgow and carefully watch for a book coming up that I wanted. With what triumph did I carry off 'Earth Abides' for a 1/-! When I had almost given up hope, I suddenly spotted the last T.H. White book to complete his trilogy on Arthur. Now I look at them fondly - The Sword in the Stone, The Witch in the Wood, and The Ill-Made Knight - and all for 1/- each!

So many books have a memory of a hunt to find it. When I wanted 'The Letters of T.E. Lawrence', I searched everywhere, even wrote to Foyles in London (though now that I have seen the shop, I know why it is the last place to try) but everywhere was told it was out of print. Then one day I passed a book barrow, and idly I glanced at the books sprawled there, and found a good clean copy for 2/-! Indeed people with the money to buy whatever they want in books, miss the thrill you get out of acquiring a desired one and a bargain at the same time..

One of the first authors that I reread was John Coates, I have nearly all his books. This man is amazing, for each of the books he writes is completely different from any of the others. One thing only runs all through them, a sardonic sense of humour allied to real common sense (common sense being something that I admire) but without the usual cynicism. Should you read his first book - Time for Tea - you might think that here is an author who had written a rather original detective story, that the characters were alive in a way most uncommon in that field. I doubt if you would think any more. However read the next - Poker and I - and like me you would feel slightly bewildered, could this really be written by the same man? It is a mixture of fantasy and the most solid reality. It is audacious, unedifying and extremely funny. From this the fantasy of - Here Today - is not quite such a shock, and his incisive approach to it blends very well. Yet where he should be touching, as in Jane Austen's love story, or tragic, as in the tale of the Indian living through the conquest of Mexico, or lyrical as the story of one of the Children of the Sun, he does not falter. As you may have gathered by now, the story of Here Today, concerns a man who keeps going backwards in time. One might be pardoned for expecting his next book to be also concerned with fantasy, but no! It is called 'Patience' and tells of a Roman Catholic woman. It is a quietly outrageous book, and if you are muddled about 'morals' and 'sin', this is a book guaranteed to muddle you even more. Chuck could have a fine time quoting whole chunks of it to G.M. Carr...oh, I did have fun reading these books!

It may be a bit banal to natter about the weather, but I am enjoying the long Autumn here. So unlike home where by now it is getting really bitter, and a fur coat is a necessity not a luxury. I have recaptured a forgotten delight of childhood, that of scuffling your feet through piles of leaves. I came out one morning and was drawn to do this almost without thinking, and then had a very vivid recollection of walking up the tree-lined road to school and kicking the leaves in showers before me. I walk over from Courage House to the hospital about half past seven each morning indulging in these antics. It is the only time I feel safe from observation, though when I hear a bus coming, I stop and look round guiltily. With my cloak flying, and my hat bobbing, I would be a funny sight to see.

When my books arrived from Glasgow, I also received a box of fanzines I had kept. Among them were the first few mailings. So I hauled out my own first copies of Scottishe. Time had mercifully dimmed the memory till now, and it was with real horror that I surveyed my first efforts. Did I really have the cheek, the gall, the nerve to send these out? It was with a mental stab of real pain that I remembered who the founder members had been. How

kind they had all been to me, not one of them had me flung out at the sight of the first issue. Of course half the trouble is that practically all machines are a complete mystery to me. I have never fathomed out what all the little knobs on the typer are, and when as now, it acts up, I have not a clue how to fix it. The duper is even worse. I obtained it through a mail order firm, and I shall never forget the day it arrived. There was a little booklet of instructions, which I carefully carried out. I turned the handle, and at the clanking sound that it made, was convinced I had broken something vital.

I carried it for what seemed like miles round Glasgow, till I found a firm that specialised in repairing dupers. A very kind man there showed me how it worked, and set my mind at rest. Still he could not explain all the snags that arise. Since then, my duper and I have got on as best as we might. When it goes well, I hum as I turn the handle, and pat it approvingly. But when things go wrong, all I can do is patiently wait till they come right again of themselves. Once I lent it to Ken Bulmer. I went down to his house to do some duping there. He carefully watched as I began and then came up with some helpful suggestions. However as soon as he started to explain things, my mind went into a whirl. I only emerged as he finished, so I don't know if they were really helpful or not. My! but it must be nice to have a mechanical mind or a mathematical one. I wish I had a bent, ho hum.

SCOTTISHE

