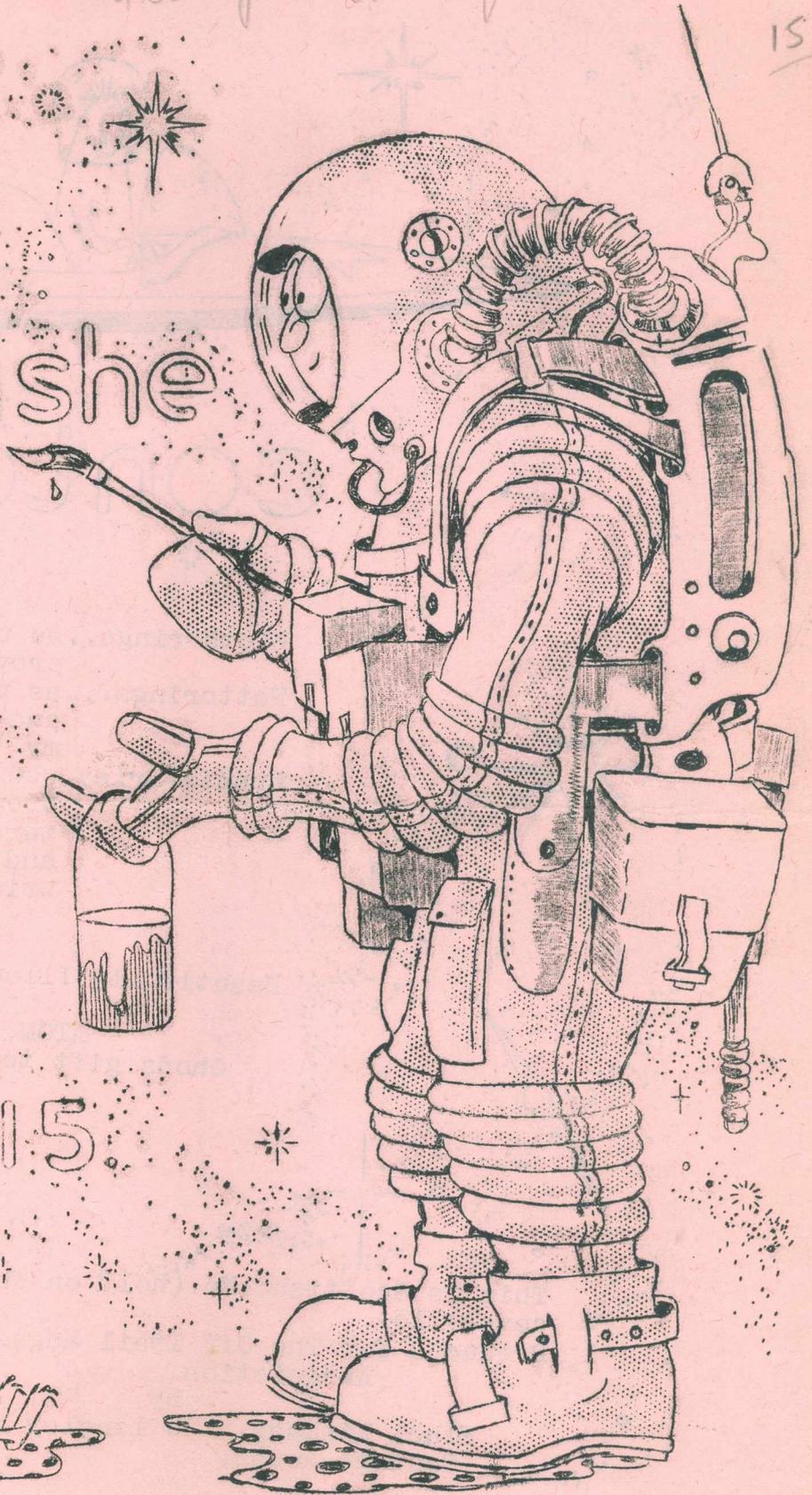


Ted T. Doodles of love from Ethel

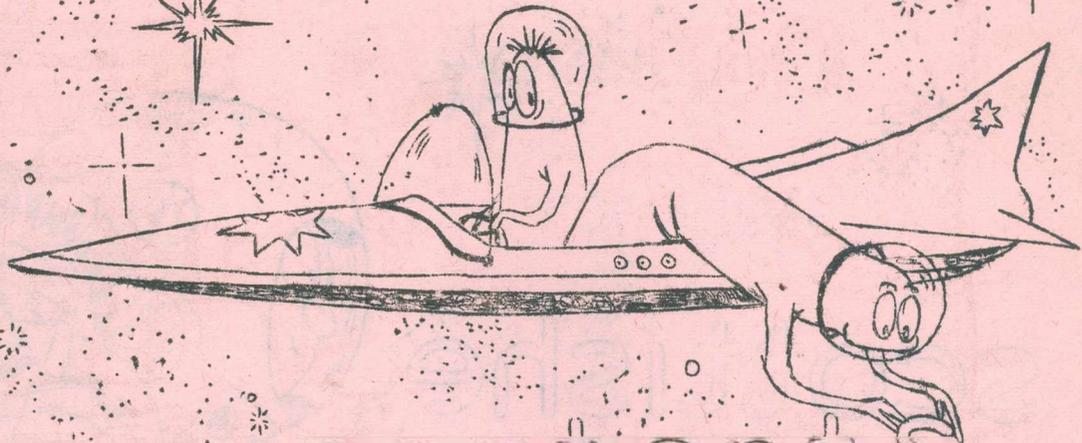
15

scottishe



no. 15.





contents

Bletherings,, as usual,, about the
previous mailing.

Matterings,, as usual,, about all
and everything that
my 'mind' wanders to

MachiaVarley, who has once again,
been cajoled, blugeoned,
threatened, pleaded with,
and generally lured into
writing for your
edification.

Beautifully Illoustrated
by

ATOM.

Ghods gift to fanzine editors.

This is Scottishe No (hold on while I look at the
cover) 15.

Produced for The Off Trail Magazine Publishers
Association

by
Ethel Lindsay, 6 langley Ave, Surbiton,
Courage House, Surrey.

BLEATHERINGS

Fanannia, A. Steul. The article on Heim was very newsworthy, particularly as I doubt if many of us will have heard of him before. Perhaps some of the other Ompanns will say if his theory is plausible. As to the article on London--well perhaps it is intresting to some of the non-London fans.

Archive, A. Mercer. I have difficulty beleiving that you do not understand the meanings of 'numbers game' or 'racket', still I will leave it to the Americans to explain - Curious thing there, I always hesitate to use the less informal 'yanks' in case I will offend, would I? I will volunteer the information that we have kewpie dolls (celluloid) here too! Have you never heard the word live used except in connection with life? As slang or loosely I mean, such as - "Where does this (article) live?" Apropos of nothing much, my brother once informed me that it is a peculiarly Scottish way of mangling the language, to pick up an article and ask, "Who does this belong to?" I like your scalpel-like touch with the revos. I have just determidly collected up all the quote cards littering up my writing case and posted 'em to you, plus the one and only one I have ever started. Does anyone else suffer from remembering the quote cards after sealing their letters? And of course, I loved Archive and heaved a sigh of relief that the revos are not to cease.

Parafanalia, B. Burn, Lizzen! I have a Mother who sends me the Church envelopes & thats enuf! I can't say a beautiful cover - for an uglier pair I've never seen - but I like it., MY! MY! that story of yours Bruce, do you really think it safe to show to fans? They are all amateur pyschoanaysts you know. That GBS letter was made entertaining by the illos, I hope you are not going to try to explain why you publish to him, it sure would be wasted effort. The funniest letter was Rick Sneary's, mind it could almost happen like that. How I do admire Lynnette, that heading to the Berry article was perfect!

Phenotype, R. Eney. Would you explain the National Guard? Is it voluntary? I enjoyed all this, and hooted at the end. It was a very pretty cover.

Dogie, R. Pavlat. You may not have given a solution to the Bre-fandom problem, but you sure stated it concisely. Anyway thanx for saying you would be sorry to see us go.

Fanzine Index, R. Pavlat. This index awes me, as they all do, I have a vision of the work entailed. I just wouldn't have the patience, I have never got around to making an index of my own collection, small as it is.

Vagary, R. Wild. This one hefts in the hand with a healthy chunk. I gleeed at your quote from Tey - very apt! You ask me what kind of poetry I like, so I have included a sample, on your own head be it. Robert Louis is my favourite Scots poet, and 'Vailima' my favourite poem. I disapprove of your diatribe about the Globe attendees. Being one myself, I know who you are hitting at, but obviously the majority of Ompan's will be doubtful. Accusations of any kind which cannot be specific (due to the laws of libel?) should not be aired. It does no good and leaves an unpleasant atmosphere. Why not just say these things to the persons concerned if you are so het up about it? Or on the other hand reflect that none of us are perfect and 'ush up. After all the research you must have done on Arthur you deserve to borrow my Arthur books, and so you shall.

Sulfuryc, R. Wild. This isn't an awfully good reply to Chuck, he made some points which you ignored. I also think that the way you have written this implies that because of his article you have given up your candidature. I am sure, however that you don't mean to imply such a thing, so I hope you will clarify it all by saying so.

Sizar, B. Burn. Don't worry about your puns - any fan who winced at a pun could never last in fandom any time. A punnier lot I've yet to meet, I liked the pome on the backpage, and surely that's a Lynnette illo? s'lovely.

Tales from the Oubliette, A. Mereer. Where did you resurrect it from though? I read this with very mixed feelings, most of it I didn't like and some of it I admired. I think the heavy melodrama and the comedy were ill-mixed.

Morph, J. Roles. You never seem to run out of original ideas for covers. The film synopsis was amusing, and made as much sense as many a film I have seen. Sorry you won't go to see the new 'St Joan'. I was anxious to know what you would make of 'Widmark's Dauphin. That was the only reason I went to see the film, and I felt amply repaid by his scene of the first meeting with Joan. It was Widmark at his best as he came up to the camera and whispered "If I only dared!" The new Joan was hopeless though, far too young and inexperienced, and no more like Shaw's peasant girl than fly in the air. I bet Shaw would have been sardonically pleased to see all his dire predictions in the preface come true. He said that they would ruthlessly blue-pencil all the references to "the Church, the feudal system, the Inquisition, the theory of heresy, and so forth" but would probably "Joan would be burnt on the stage, on the principal that it does not matter in the least why a woman is burnt provided she is burnt, and people can pay to see it done." So that is what they did.

Ron Bennett Appreciation Issue, Berry/Atom. Schure, an' I am a gullible one too, and I don't know how often Ron has diddled me. Its Alan Dodd that bothers me now, is he is or is he ain't? I don't care really, only I would like to know. Personally I get a tired feeling everytime Ron invents someone else, I have enuf trouble remembering all the real fans, and I know it is just going to mean more brainwork for me. S'not as if I am very good at that.

Veritas, Berry/Atom. Those wonderful covers! I say it with reverence, I dunno about controversy being essential, but now you have started writing so, it is essential that you continue, for my enjoyment, I mean. I really have been hesitating to plump either way for this budgie feud. Trouble is I have heard them talk (sqwak really!) and I know well what Bosh means. I'm sorry if you are fond of them, but me, I'd rather have my cat. He does not talk, but he has a most clear way of letting me know what he wants! All in wrestling, whatever next! I should scathingly say 'men!', but the last time I did that, Paul Enever retorted scathingly 'women!'. Very pleased to see the revcos, rounds the zine off nicely, and makes it seem more Ompaish. The cartoon of a ward caused large amusement in the Sisters Sittingroom., where I showed it off.

How, P. Enever. I liked your description of Vinç, and your thoughts on fandom. You have a way of marshalling your facts and presenting them clearly, which is much to be admired. No, I havn't read Lady Chatterly, or any Lawrence for that matter, just missed it is all. I liked your fable too, in fact I like all you write..monotonous ain't it?

Satan's Child, D. Ratigan. I hope you won't take it amiss, if I say that Ted's piece is the most interesting and that you are to be congratulated on getting him writing again. I had a whole two paragraphs written on his subject, which is now useless in the light of the news from Kettering that a committee has been formed. Lets hope it is successful, and I am sure we will all wish the organisers the best of luck, and offer to help.

Chux Own, C. Harris. I thoroughly enjoyed this, and I said 'hear, hear' at least six times, to your remarks on Taff. I hope everyone gives their lists of reading matter, I'm interested heres mine..papers..Daily Telegraph..tho the hospital supplies that..Sunday Times, The Observer, The People, Sunday Pictorial, I make a pig of myself on Sundays. Picturegoer weekly..has good revcos..The Hospital monthly, and also Films and Filming. I used to take lots more,..New Statesman, Ballet, and Books and Bookman,..but I had to give these up..too expensive. You ought to get a medal for 'hat You Do For Fandom..

The Directory of SF Fandom. D. Newman. I was very glad to see this as my last copy had been used so often it was falling to bits. One of the most useful things ever put out in Ompa.

The Lesser Flea. J. Clarke. I choose regular revos on one-sided paper.,hurridly! Don't you listen to those moaners, and I apologise for my TV mistake.

Blunt. S. Sanderson. I do admire the people with patience to note books read, and films seen - but average no of letters! That sure requires a meticulous mind, and lets be honest, that not just exactly the word to describe mine..hmm? I got a lecture on how to spell MachiaVarley which left me sadly repentant. I think the cause was that I was eqating it with Scottishe, and thinking MaciaVarley. Re my Taff article, isn't it funny when you think you have made your meaning quite clear, for someone to take the opposite meaning? Makes you want to bite your nails and tear your hair. The point is, if a meaning is doubtful, why do people always choose the worst interpretation?..Human nature? Well, mebbe your document did go on a bit long, but it was fun..cool! are we really all that? What I wonder is, have the majority of fans really stopped reading SF? I havn't, though I no longer keep everything. I get all the SF mags from Ken Slater, then I keep Astounding, Galaxy, and F & SF. The others I return to him, and he credits them to my account. This costs me only a little over a £1 per month, and when I come across a good story I still get the same old thrill. As to the Bank..... rather you than me, boy. Now to the bacover. You make me ~~talk~~ write too much.

Launching Site. AV Clarke. AW..don't be mean, lets hear what you are saying to Ken.. I can tell you about Bob Linden. He wrote to me regularly way back when I lived in Glasgow, long letters arguing about religion. He was an atheist and had it firmly in his noggin that I required rescuing from the Clutches of the Church. I met him when I came down to London, he works at the County Hall, and took me to lunch there. He apparently sized me up swiftly as a 'nice girl', for I had a farewell letter from him, telling me firmly that "he had a woman" and that he felt there was nothing to be gained by a further meeting. I never met a man so firmly sure that the female sex was inferior. He used to occasionally got to the Globe - but said he did not like 'huckstering' with his SF. Now that you have linked them in my mind with Fred Smith. I wonder if that is what I feel about Fred --that he shares the same basic attitude to women! Hmm thats a thot.,

Man in Space. J. Roles. I filled 'em up

Casting an eye over the mailing as a whole...all I have to say is
WOT! NO WOZ! WOT A WHIZZ.

AFTER A S

All over the London area there has been appearing posters advertising the film "A Farewell to Arms". This showed the hero face down on a bed, the heroine attired as a nurse, leaning over him, with her hands apparently massaging his back. So I take it that once again Hollywood is using the scene of a nurse giving what they sometimes call a 'spirit-rub' or 'backrub'. Why they use it so frequently is obvious, very useful as a preliminary to love scenes but I sometimes ponder if anyone is disappointed when they get into hospital and discover that strictly speaking such a scene never occurs! At least not in any British hospital I have seen. In this country you get your bottom rubbed - an undignified procedure for the patient, and a boring one for the nurse. Still, they are always very grateful - one can get very sore sitting all day in bed. Perhaps though, the anatomy is different in America, maybe these scenes really do take place, I'm highly sceptical but can some American member put me wise?

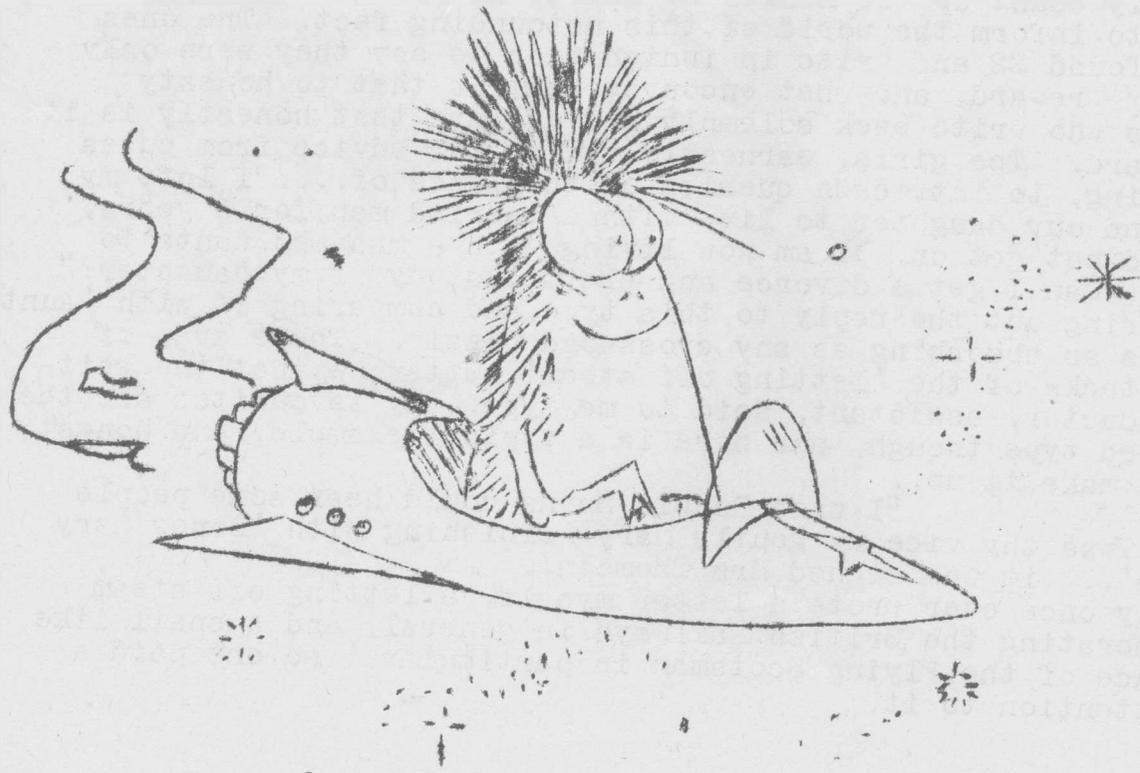
In all the newspapers I read, I carefully scan the Readers Letter columns, a constant source of amusement. I am amazed at the things people bother to sit down and write about - the ones who gravely count up the number of thirteens in the family, and write in to inform the world of this astounding fact. The ones who have found £2 and write in indignation to say they were only given a 1/- reward, and what encouragement is that to honesty? The others who write back solemnly and declare that honestly is its own reward. The girls, earnestly asking for advice from cures for blushing, to intricate queries on the lines of... "I left my husband and our daughter to live with a married man for 3 years, but we did not get on. I am now living with a man who wants to marry me. Can I get a divorce and claim custody of my daughter?" Figuring out the reply to this type and comparing it with 'Aunt Mary's' is as absorbing as any crossword puzzle. There are, of course, stacks of the 'letting off steam' letters - what the waitress, conductor, assistant, said to me type. My favourites are the exasperated type though, and here is a typical example, and honest I did not make it up.

"I wish Rabbie Burns could hear some people singing 'Twas thy vice my gentle Mary' finishing with 'Boney Mary o' Argyle'.. it was signed Mrs Thomson.,

I only once ever wrote a letter myself, a letting off steam type adumbrating the British Railways in general, and a snail-like performance of the Flying Scotsman in particular. No one paid a bit of attention to it.

I have a little pile of clippings here, and I am quite vexed to see that the next should have been quoted alongside my remarks on Widmarks acting in St Joan. It is taken from "By Way of Sainte Beuve" by Marcel Proust, which has recently been published, and goes...." A great actor's playing is barer than a clever ones, and thus affords less scope for the crowd's admiration; for the way he speaks and moves is so scrupulously decanted from any sediment, be it gold dust or dross, that it seems clear as water like a windowpane which shows one nothing but the natural objects beyond it".....This book is a collection of essays and criticisms that I have put firmly at the top of my reading list. I wish I could get some of you interested in discussing acting with me, I wonder why all fans seem more keen on the art of music than the art of dramatics? Or at least in the discussion of it.

Actors fascinate me - what is it I wonder that gives them that capacity to merely walk on the stage, and jerk the audience to attention. To sit in the 'gods' is to see this best, for there the audience is less inhibited. In Glasgow, I frequently visited a Repetory company, in which I observed this many times. One particular actor was a genuine dyed in the wool mattinee idol. As soon as he set foot on the stage, one heard the sibilant whisper.. "Theres Richard, Thats Richard, Theres Richard", through out the gallery. Admittedly it was mostly packed with women! He was quite a competent actor, but his acting ability was far outweighed by his 'stage personality'. Yet this same personality combined with real acting ability produces an Olivier. One young actor who has Olivier's potentialities - and I cannot think



of another - is Lawrence Harvey. I have seen him twist an audience in his hands more than once. The first time was at Stratford-on-Avon, where, as Romeo, he lay on the stage beating it with his hands and crying loudly. Looked at coldly, it is a sight more likely to move an audience to titters than tears - but no one there felt like daring to laugh!

I hope many of you saw the film "Three Faces of Eve" for which the actress Joan Woodward won this years Oscar. It was richly deserved. I do not think that women have as much capacity for great acting as men, with a few notable, wonderful eceptions. This girl is certainly one, and this week I watched a small cameo from Flora Robeson in "Innocent Sinners", who is definetly another. Just as the young actress, by the change of expression in her eyes, showed the change of character taking place, so did Flora Robeson by the slump of her shoulders, show the dreary negative of a life drawing to a close.

I weep in the cinema, its an awful nuisance, and a perfect ruination to the makeup. No matter how banal the appeal to the sentiments, I weep every time. I can remember as a child, being taken by two Aunts to see a film called "Magnificent Obsession", (taken from the book by L.C.Douglas). They brought me home to my Mother who asked, had I enjoyed it. "Oh, yes" said one Aunt, "she wept all the way through".. I still do it alas, it is silly and sentimental, and I would wish that I could stop, if I didn't enjoy it so much. Its only last month that I saw "The Young at Heart" for the third time. (I am a Sinatra addict remember) and wept all over again at his dying scene, relax! he got better! That wasn't too bad though, there was a 'happy' scene afterwards which gave time for the 'mopping up operations' before the lights went up. They should always provide this, I think I will write a 'letting off steam' letter to Hollywood about it.

Two interesting zines popped into my letterbox this week. The first was from Belle and Frank Dietz, and called 'Ground Zero'. Co-editing is George Nims Raybin. The other zine was Eney's Stupying Stories. Both touch on what seems to be a very hot subject at the moment in the States., the W.S.F Society, and its constitution. According to Dick, the Palaskas are wanting to have things changed, but I do wish he had given some of their reasons, as so far I cannot think up any. Unless it is a case of the personalities involved. Ground Zero is mostly concerned with reasoning why the Society should stay as it is, and they all make good sense to me. I hope the trouble isn't because Belle was elected a Director of the Society, and that she is a 'new' fan. That would seem to me a churlish attitude. She is good at organising, which is a thankless chore. It is one I do not hanker after, and I always breath a sigh of relief when someone comes along who does like it. In any society it must be frustrating, if you are good at organising, to have to stand and watch, merely because you are a newcomer. I hope I have not jumped to the wrong conclusion here, and if I have - loud apologies all round. Which brings us to the end of the page, and the end of Natterings.

bye now,

E+kel

Faced with a whole blank stencil, my imagination falters, and I turn hastily to my scrap book. Now here is a poem that was not written for fans, but describes them very well, I think...

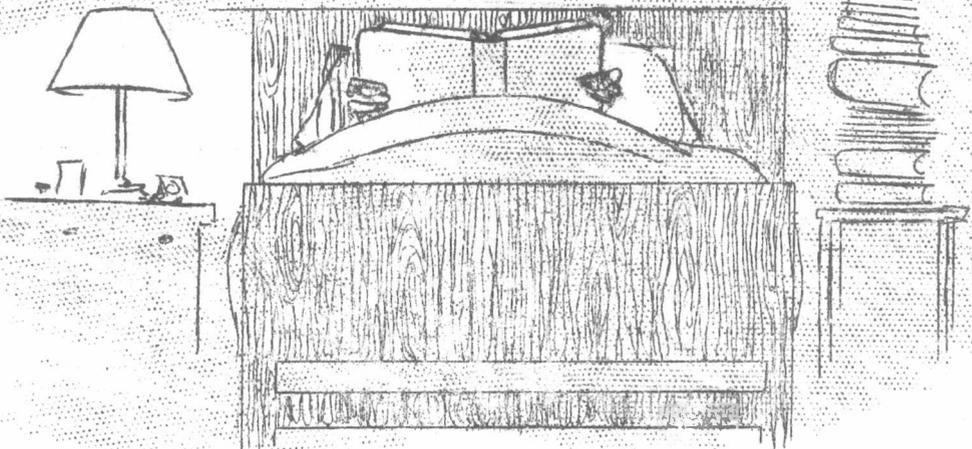
Those who read in bed. by Persis Greely Anderson.

There are no late night devotees
As irreproachable as these
Who sink to rest in pillowed nooks
And stick their ostrich heads in books.

Dim astigmatic votaries
Care not for crackers spread with cheese
They read, while duller folk explore
Within the open ice-box door.

All wordly pleasures call in vain,
They lead the night-life of the brain
And take their festive midnight snack
From volumes bound in red or black

There are no late night devotees
As calmly ravenous as these
Who dine, like predatory birds
On little dark exciting words.



WHAT PRICE THE G.D.A.

BY

MACHIAVARLEY

Some little while ago I read a book called, 'The Narrow Search' by Andrew Garve, in which a large part was played by a dirty ugly canal-barge which, unfortunately, went under the name of "Varley". It was apparently named after an engineer who had envisaged that vast network of scummy, slime-encrusted waterways which now mar the surface of this green and pleasant land.

It is an accepted principal that in a light novel the reader tends to identify himself with one of the characters, and in this case I found it very hard not to identify myself with this scruffy little barge. I finished this book with an unquiet mind.

It was an appreciated coincidence then which prompted me some days later to glance through a thriller. The blurb on the inside cover indicated that this was a rip-roaring, tense, chiller-diller concerning the adventures of a private eye who had the very prepossessing name of Cosmo Varley!!! I was thrilled by my discovery, with bated breath I read, "Varley fought the enemy with fists, guns and brains, and destroyed them, exposing the secret they had so tenaciously guarded"

I took the book home and immediately sat down to read. The first chapter fulfilled my expectations completely. This Varley character had the Saint and his many contemporaries knocked into a cocked hat. Helen Winick in 'Femizine' once referred to my "cornflower blue eyes and curly blonde hair", but this was even better. "His lean face and clear blue eyes expressed nothing but polite intrest, but something of the cut of his stubborn jaw and alert, forceful poise seemed to impress her." Fingering my forceful jaw, I glanced alertly around the room before continuing my reading.

More coincidence was to come, Cosmo followed a hot-trail to Brighton where he caught up with the arch-villain---"The casual, assured manner and the public-school accent convinced Varley that this was Harry's undesirable friend Needham." I mentally resolved to pack my gat next time I went near Romily.

During the next few chapters Cosmo proceeds to chop Needham and his cohorts down to size, whilst working off excess energy on a choice selection of dames who all fall for the rugged hunk of manhood in the best Cheyney manner.

Wanting a few minor chores taken care of, Cosmo pauses for thought, then Eureka!!! "Denise, (a reserve girl-friend in London) of course, would have her old-fashioned maid, Frances who would see to all that." I giggled joyously at the thought of a certain old-fashioned maid of my acquaintance.

As the book progresses and the number of corpses littering the beach at Brighton mounts up, the police start to get slightly suspicious that all is not well. I gathered the impression that the reason for their suspicion was a member of the sanitation department who protested that people were not using the wire receptacles provided for used corpses. Anyway a sort of sixth sense makes the police uneasily aware of something wrong and so, ignoring all the offending motorists doing 32 mph in a built-up area, they lumber clumsily onto the stage. Cosmo, who by this time has it all sewn up, in his goodhearted way, agrees to give the local headman the benefit of his superior knowledge. The headman enters, "Detective - Inspector Burgess was a solid, beefy, intimidating sort of man with a blunt chin and steely-blue eyes."

With the police, represented by Burgess, on the scene, it became necessary to speed up the action before their elephantine feet destroy all the clues. (Knowing Burgess I can understand that). Thus in a final blood bath, Varley wrests from them the "secret they had so tenaciously guarded" and destroys it.

Now this part just doesn't ring true, you see this secret is the formula for a perfume which has the added virtue of arousing certain desires in people, and making old men and women capable of things they long since ceased to have any active interest in.. Believe me, no genuine Varley would ever destroy a thing like that, he'd save it up for his own old age.

If it should happen that someone decides to read either of these books, let me hasten to implore them not to bother and let me offer an alternative of a much more interesting character. An autobiography has recently been published called "In Time of Trouble", the story of Claud Cockburn, a journalist, who has written for both The Times and the Daily Worker. Soon after the war he was accused almost simultaneously of being the Chief of British Intelligence, at the Communist purge trials in Prague, and of being a dangerous communist agent by Senator McCarthy. Prior to the war (this has a fanciful ring) being unable to print what he wanted, he started his own newspaper, "The WEEK", with only £40 and an ancient duplicator.

To further whet your appetite, let me quote from the book. Referring to David Scott, a journalist, who resigned from the BBC he quotes Scott's letter of resignation...

"To work for the BBC is like having sexual relations with an elephant for three reasons. First because there was no possible pleasure involved, secondly because of the grave danger of being overlaid and thirdly because there was no possibility of seeing any results for twenty-one months.



I turn up at the Globe
and you're not there.

I'm heartbroken

Fran Evans

X X X