Scottishe.



PUBLISHED FOR O.M.P.A

DEC-1 MAILING BY
ETHFL LINDSAY

WEST REGENT STGLASGOW
SCOTLAND

This kinistring angel Has A Kink.

According to Tony Thorne, being a fan meens having a kink. I must say it is a relief to know what is the matter with me after all those years. My diagnosic was split personality, now I know it is merely a kink. Up till now I have had little trouble keeping my two lives apart, but then I have had years of practise, it is something of a line art.

In my teens admittedly, I was the worlds best day-dreamer. At one time I worked in a bakers shop, I left one step where of dismissal. Giving 6 cream meringues when asked for 6 plain buns is rather frowned upon. The news that I was leaving to train as a nurse, was greeted by the manageress with relief, she probably said a prayer for the patients though.

So when I was I7 I started training, don't ask me why, I have often wongered. Hospital training is such like army training and I7 is still a fairly maileable age. Discipline is drilled into you, by the time I had finished, at anyrate I no longer dreamed on-duty...

Most nurses tend to form their close friendships within the hospital sphere. Early on I took a look at the result of this and a survey of the Sisters determined me to do the opposite Consequently I live two lives. Within the hospital, I work as a Sister, Weielding discipline, tut-tutting about "these young nurses". Not too strict to be unpopular, not too stack to be imposed upon, nicely balanced I flatter myself. I often have the sensation of " play-acting ". Gutside the nospital all this is sloughed like a skin, and as my friends in hospital and those outside rarely meet, I have little difficulty.

Of course there are occasions when they overlap, outside relations and friends who catch a glimpse of the hospital we are apt to eye me with an astonished giance. It is the air of efficiency that gets them, the life of my being efficient produces a stunned expression. In hospital on the other hand, it is becoming increasingly difficult to hide my fannish tendencies, and I am resigning myself to being labelled eccentric. Terry Jeeves does not help matters by sending me envelopes labelled. "Post Early for Eczena or four errors we described Only" Nost of my trouble stems from my outside friends inability to understand the desirability of ' keeping your place in the hospital world There are things that one just does not do, and getting letters from obviously demented people is one of them...

The point is, dear Tony, having a kink is all very well, but mine has been showing oversuch lately.

SCUTTII SHE VISITS THE BRUMS.

Through my correspondence with Paul Hammet, the Erums had been warned of my visit...so, they all went on holiday. The only ones to stay and face me up were besides Paul...Joy Barlow, Arthur Berwick, and Keith Johnston. The others, led by Dannis Engen had left the city en-masse. Cowardly I called it. The remainder however, entertained me right royally.

The Brums hold their meetings on a Priday in a pub known as "The Vaults", judge my surprise to find it quite presentable and rather disappointing, with a name like that I and expected an serie atmosphere at least. Faul had called for me in his car and whisked me off (at 70-30 m.p.h.) It seems, when driving, he is subconciously trying for the moon. At the rate he goes no may get there some day. Nothing was allowed to pass him on the road we did not talk much as I feit teht any guy driving at that rate should not be distracted by feminine, albeit enarming, chater. Paul is a doctor and admittedly was hurrying back to his evening surgery on arrival at his house I was regaled with tea and then left to my own devices, I explored his library, he had two or three books which are on the "restricted" list, that is not sold outside the medical profession. Vurra intresting....

Paul had just moved into the house, the flyptian doctor who had owned it having died recently. All the furniture had belonged to him, and was awaiting the settling of his estate belore being dismantled. Paul had told me that on his death 6 thousand in cash had been found in various parts around the house. I looked on the ricketty furniture with keen intrest but no hunt brought forth anything, and I was afraid to poke too hard in case they fell apart...or at anyrate thats my story. The fact that I have now bought a type writer has absolutely no bearing whatsoever upon the matter.

Surgery over I was whisked off again in the car, fortunately I have a cool head, travelling at f.T.L.does not ruffle me in the least. Arriving at the 'Vaults' we found arthur in possession I had just a little trouble acking out the Brummie accent. I may have fazed them a bit too though, because where I was spending my holiday were many anglish and French guests. As I am very susceptible to accents and mannexisims, I was talking Scots with an English accent and French gesticulations. Then in came Keith it was his first visit to the club. As with every neo-ian the first thing he learnt was the address of a suitable bookstore. Someone wise on the road to penury chaered me up no ena, I like capany. Last came Joy. One thing I noticed she dosent get the insults from the male fen I have to contend with, wonger if I should start mearing slocks too?

This visit to the pub was not my only call on the Bruss. I returned again on the Sunday, where I hat Frances and Cyril Evans who had cour through from M/C and we were then all three whisked off by Paul to his house. Frances is my l'avourite gal and rapturouse was our meeting. I like Cyril too in spite of his calling me Jock McHaggis. I think he has a fluction about haggis. One day I bust send him one to cure it.

We then had a minor convention complete with bottles. zep-guns, and future interlineations(abstly by Paul) such as "GIVING A LIGHT TO FRANCES IS LIKE A NIGHT WITH CLEOPATRA) EXHAUSTING son "WITH FOLDED KIND AND SEARCHING HARDS". Also his introduction of Keith as "The Burgess of Birmingham" Paul is downright inganious the way ne always wangles the conversation back to sex. Keith get among Pauls books (I noticed he fastened on all the erotic ones) and then was heard from no more. Though sometimes Paul sto pped the chatter with a raised hand and informed him it was his s turn to talk. At one point I got a ladder in my nylons. Bow? Ask Frances, she is sure to have a story cooked up. At another point we upped and visited a News Cincap, and at various points est a great deal, and scoked enough to provide an autoentic convention atmosphere. Heed I say we had a wonderful time? Then Prances and Cyril got on their train just as it was moving off so loathe were they to go, and we to part with them. The only thing that cheered me up was the news that they mould be up to visit me in Sept. A future article can be visulised.... On the Bonnie, Bonnie, banks of Loca Logand with Frances dan't worry about her safety, its Loca Ness that has the monster.

SEPTEMBER PAILING COMMENTS.

Zymic One: I suspect that Ving is a duplicator. He sits still and lets someone turn his arm and just churns 'en out--and all good too, that is what is so frustrating.

digrice: Thanks for the welcome to faz. Thought the poss very funny. I found only 12 places for 3.0. even blowing the dust off sy instany book could not reveal to emily critisism-too thin paper.

In: Sorry to hear about the difficulties encountered by the Surrey Group. Sounds as if they are all young lads and require a leavening of older members.

Itta: Likes the poem best.

Hi-Ds-Hi:TskiTskiYou should not correct your mistakes, or at least so I have been told--shows you are not blase or sumpn...
Burn:Best thing was the cover.

No. inc Then: I cant weit till we get the news on Scottish doncing. I'm love to see Variey do the Highland Fling.

In Tempo Mer Stullext time I am in London I'd love to see the kilted Paul, bring Constance if you like.

Needle: If this makes free sound very serious and constructive.. believe me-t'aint so he belong to the same club. All he talks about is women.

and 2. Butterscotch. All else is Scottise. I admired the colour of the paper, the perfect shade for a twin-set. Personally the phrase "Ommpan, compan, stick it up your jumpa"has been running thru my head for days ... Feathered Friends: Must be nice to this guy, same clan and all that, but I cannot really take an intrest in seaguils. Such peevish-looking birds. Galanty: Cant think of a thing to say about this ons. Archive: Bright boy to spot that remark of Peter Hamiltons Pete Is only a crazy though archie. Platform: On the Convacation: Only snag about Butlins is that it is pretty well organised already by the redcoats, fans may well get lost in the shuffle. I favor taking over a hotel. Steam: Brian Lewis told me in I want to be a Truefan I should really start with flects, but after your story of the trials and tribulations involved, I fear the price is too high for me. Golgotha: Err, Tom seems a little lost without Wal, still Morman is helping. Asah: Ken again! I dont see how Pamela stands it. Bysteleology: Very nice cover. That gets me about this pair is that apart from their ability to write what Ken terms 'frothy' theyean also produce stimulating stuff like this. Morph: I thought 'Home Thoughts' the best item. Ugh: Second best item in the mailing. Na for the femmes! Isnt it . just like a man? Pinching a poor womans quotes .. My First Real Convention: Though it almost kills me to say so-(this guy and I are not on speaking terms)-best in the mailing How can a guy who writes like this want to exite a poor defenc less femme-fan? A sad warp somewhere .. Launching Site: I woncer if this chap ever sleeps.. Vignette: Now this is a good idea. I liked John Brunners poem best.

POT-POURRIE. See what I found in a clipping sent by a pen-pal.... "I hate to look in the mirror, It makes me mutter 'Scram' for I never see in the mirror, The gal I real I am now true, how true.... The other exterp put me in wind of my stenciling It goes thus They told me it coulunt be done, That even a fort wouldn't do it, So I tackled the thing that souldn't be done, and coulant do it HOW true Bad news from the Newlands Club Cur Matt Elder has to go into a Sanatorium for at least a year We are going to miss him To you think anyone would object if I filled up the mailing with all those pretty little acts?. Have you noticed more men than women write to rez?.... I have a pen-pal who writes to tell me that the pappsies are very poppsivating in Sherfield ... Yes it is the three-armed fan him self ... I hope no-one believes wals reason for exiling me to Siberia.... He is obviously grabbing at any trifling excuse to banish the femmes from random Of course maybe we will never be missed.... rans are so untidy, they will probably think we