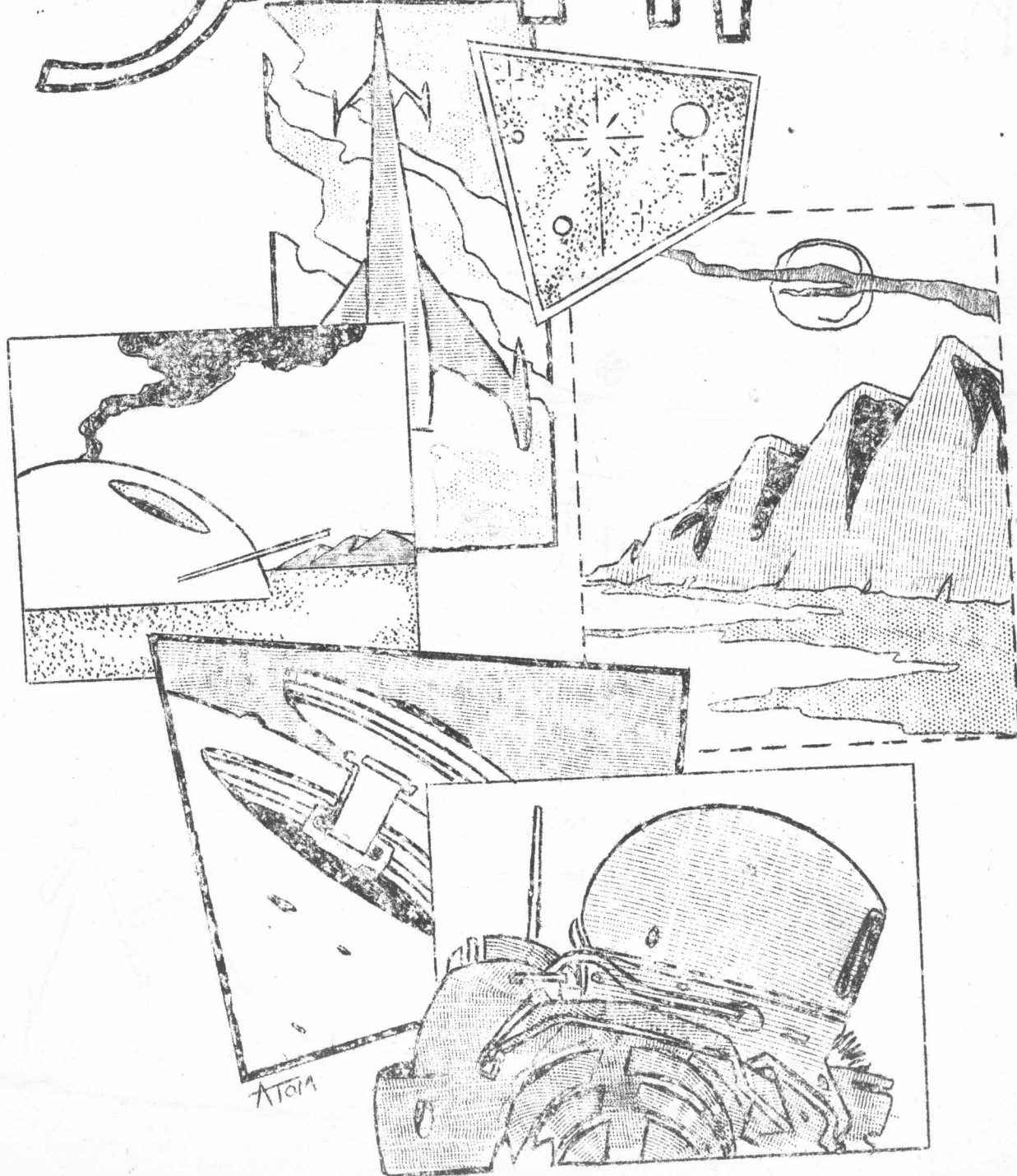
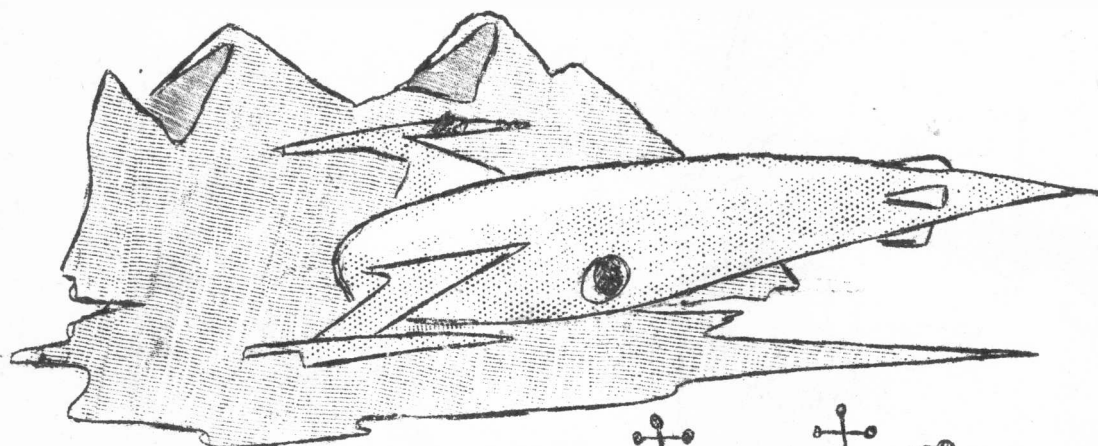


SCOTTSHE



Scottishe No 20

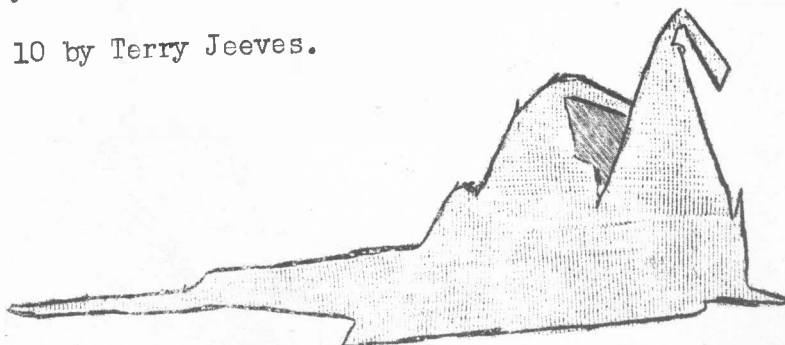
Produced by
Ethel Lindsay,
Courage House,
6, Langley Avenue,
Surbiton. Surrey. England.
for the 23rd Mailing of The
Off Trail Magazine Publishers
Association.
March 1960

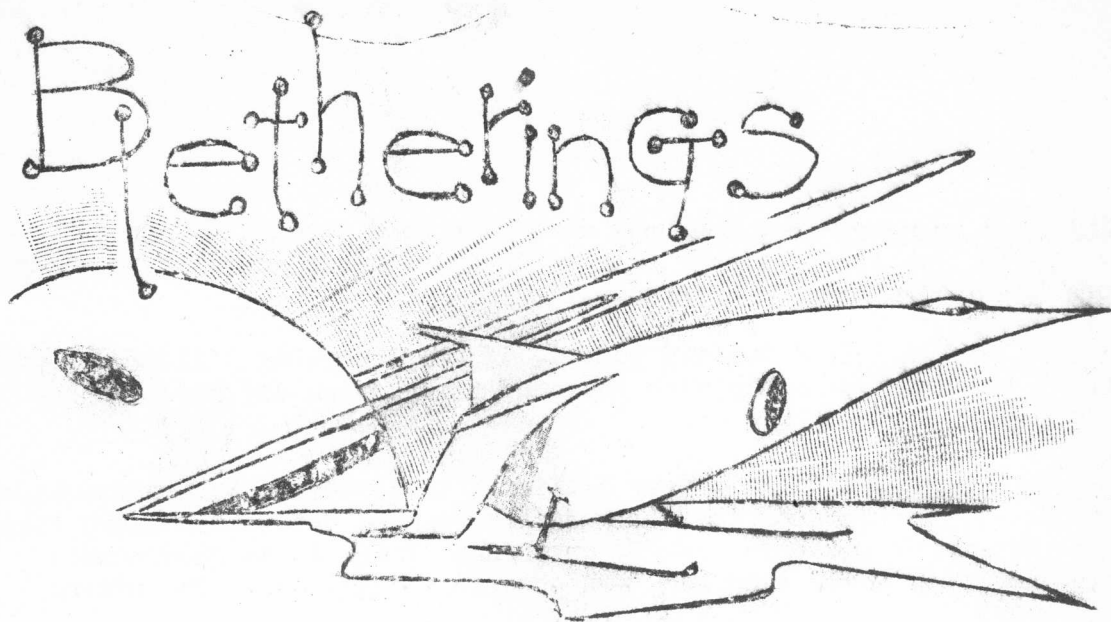


Contents

Page 1.....	Bletherings..Mailing Comments.....	by Ethel
" 4.....	The Savage Eye...Film Review.....	by Brian Varley
" 6.....	Warblings, Son of Woz...column.....	by Walt Willis
" 9.....	Natterings.....column.....	by Ethel

Cover and Contents page by Atom
Headings by Atom
Interior illos from Page 10 by Terry Jeeves.





A L'Abandon: No 5 Caughron: Lucky you- having Bjo illoing .

Archive: No 1. Mercer: That second story that you havn't written yet, sure sounds gloomy. Liked Mike's tale of his Tarzan days, he makes a better 'straight' writer than humorous one.

Blunt: No 14 Sanderson: I agree with you that Brian's portrayals in "The Flame" are not too clear in places, doubt if he meant the minor characters for anyone. He did complain to me that he could not think of enough identifying marks, but then he has been non-active for so long. I havn't renewed my sub to the BSFA but for only one reason, I havn't had a pound to spare lately. Got no other complaint, if they would only halve that sub I would re-join.

Dupe: No 5 Ashworth: Very clearly written thoughts on Mescaline, and you are to be congratulated upon the restrained manner in which it was written.. In other words you did not react to Sandy's criticism with screams of outrage -as some have - but contented yourself with the normal give and take of argument. Like Chris my training automatically makes me utter warning sounds at any type of drug taking, but I agree that there are some people whose intelligence is sufficient to enable them to judge the dangers for themselves.

Erg: No 3 Jeeves: A British two colour job! Hurrah! We once received a reference for a young girl which said "Like all the young folks today, she has still to learn that she will have to work for a living". I think it does come as more of a shock to them than it did to us. Your article on Space Travel bids me reflect that there is something very unaesthetic about male knees.

P. 2

Griffin: No 3 Spencer: That doughnut story was good even if I didn't believe it. Do you find Salinger easy to imitate? This is all very witty, you sure brighten up the Ompa scene.

Grist: No 1 Mills: I feel tempted to say, if you ignore me I'll ignore you, but then I remember you are a nice guy, and perhaps you did not have any Scots to revoo.

Marsolo: No 5 Hayes: I find it very difficult to comment. Why do you hide all details of yourself so, it is impossible to make out what you are like, what type of humour you have - god!, anything! There is an anonymous feeling about your whole zine..why not come in and join us? The waters fine.

Parafanalia: No 4 Burn: Nice to hear from you again. You do sound an energetic lot over there, and the way you whizz in and out of jobs makes me feel like real old hermit. Why I stayed in Glasgow eight years, and never did like it very much. Interested to see your photo, is that a syringe you are holding?

Phenotype: No 600 Eney: Admired the Tucker hotel, are there showers in all the bedrooms? Err, where are the bedrooms? A question for you now..... If you are old and ill in America and cannot afford to pay for treatment what happens?

Pooka: Ford: You are missing a real thrill, that of giving, there is nothing nicer than giving. Many thanks for the excellent Xmas card.

Satans Child: No 7 Ratigan: Your gardner Sf was amusing. I do admire your efforts to lessen fannish acrimony. I would not vote for your clause because I felt that the difficulty of deciding just what was defamatory and libellous was rather too tricky a question for any Ompa official to be able to decide. Especially with such a severe penalty. For your intentions though I have sincere respect. The deep freeze method is not new. I can remember seeing it used years ago on an old man, he had been a tramp, who had gangrene of the leg. His general condition would not stand a general anaesthetic. So we started feeding him whiskey and piling ice around his leg. He thought it was a great idea, and by the time his leg was frozen enough to take him to theatre he was as merry as merry could be.

Steam: No 1 Bulmer: Another Bulmer will be very welcome, put her/him down on the Ompa waiting list.

Straight Talk: Mills: Enjoyed this, and chuckled over the quiz.

Wild Pumbles: Young: The con report fills me with a lot of questions I'd like to ask, like explain "Campbell ganging up on those five panellists" and your reference to John Berry's speech. I wish you had been more explicit. This would have been a fine report for anyone who had attended.

You will gather that I am an avid reader of con reports and like them to be lengthy and detailed.

Off Trails: I have just figured out that I am the tenth oldest member in Ompa-gosh-. I have also just realised that I didn't send off my vote as I was fondly imagining I had. Well I certainly seem to be filling out plenty polls and quizzes lately, dunno how I missed that one.

Post-mailings:

Waldo: Bentcliffe: S'lovely cover. Well now, and I thought that English girls in droves went to Italy in the fond hope of meeting a Rossana Brazzi of their own! A very-well merited tribute to the Liverpooldians. I enjoyed your writing of their history too. You also made a good job of the pen portraits.

JD Argassy 48: Hickman: A truly magnificent cover. This account of Bob's on Liverpool was very well done, and all the nicer because, till now, accounts of their fabulous doings have been few and far between.

JD Argassy 49: Hickman: I enjoy all your letters, and am real envious of your professional-looking photographs.

Morph: No 22 Roles: Why John, and I always thought you were the peacable type! Ah well, about Sandy, that wasn't his fault you know at Kettering. He had travelled for hours without sleep and when he arrived late he had a grand welcome, and I saw all sorts of drinks being pushed into his hand. I doubt if he had time to buy one. He looked as if he could hardly believe that he had really made it after all. Then he went very quietly to sleep. You tell Sandy to laugh, but you sound real put out yourself. I always think of you as an urbane sort of person, in fact I am sure you are really.

The Fanmark Greetings card were received by me lovingly, thank you Bjo, and the two Johns. Of course I will never be able to use them as I could never bear to part with them.



The Savage Eye

FILM REVIEW

BY BRIAN VARLEY

I am a frequent cinema-goer who feeds regularly on Hollywood pap, but one evening I felt the need to see something better, something different. I went to the "Curzon" to see "The Savage Eye".

The story centres around a bitter and cynical woman who has recently divorced her husband for adultery. With her she carries a mental picture of her husband's betrayal. She torments herself with lewd images, lip to lip, breast to breast, thigh to thigh.

Through her eyes we see a big city revealing all the brutality, lust, avarice and hate that humans are capable of. This is the battle-ground on which her inner self - call it conscience, guardian angel, mentor or what you will - fights to reinstate her lost love of mankind.

The only player in the film is this woman, the only voices hers and the mental voice. All others who appear on the screen are the unwitting stars, photographed with hidden cameras, culled from unsaleable newsreels, and each and every one of them would earn an Oscar had they been professional players.

We see the useless, vapid lives of women living on alimony. The empty husks of aging females, sitting under rows of driers. A dying man is pulled from behind the wheel of a wrecked automobile, pain shrouded eyes staring from a bloody mask. Then to a wrestling match where a man, his face contorted into a sadistic mask screams with hate at the fighters and two girls giggle moronically as one of the fighters drums his heels on the canvas in agony.

The film continues, sweeping mercilessly from one degradation to the next. Each scene seemingly the nadir, the bottom, each scene worse than the one before. Your flesh crawls with loathing and in front of me a pair of lovers untwine their arms by mutual consent and sit rigidly separate.

A sleazy nightclub where a striptease dancer bumps and grinds her way out of her clothes as the hot, libidinous eyes of the men at the tables shine with feverish anticipation. The air seems filled with the stink of lust as she bares her freakishly enlarged breasts.

A quick switch to the cold canyon of the street. On the pavement a dirty useless, old man stirs restlessly on the hard stone. He slowly sits up and his blank lustreless eyes gaze hopelessly out at an unfeeling world.

The camera flashes to a nearby shop wherein stand gleaming ranks of washing machines, refrigerators and TV sets. Above, a harsh neon sign shouts it's message. "Live better", it says, "with electricity".

The next, and most terrible scene is in a faith-healer's church. Here the business-suited healer and his aides receive the aged and infirm, the weak and the lonely, offering Jesus Christ as a panacea for all ills. Dozens of poor souls come under his hands. An old woman comes forward, twisted with arthritis. "Oh Jesus, remove the arthritis from this woman's limbs. Hear me Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Hallelujah!!" then "Sit down over there and pray awhile sister".

Another one explains in a drained voice that her son has run away from home. "I know just how you feel" says the healer, "My mother had the same experience." He places his hands on her forehead. "Oh Lord help this woman in her distress. Go over there and pray for ten minutes mother".

In the background the wailing and moaning pound incessantly on the ear, a woman trembling in a fanatical trance screams her message to God. Only the most barren of hearts could refrain from weeping for these human tormented and deluded creatures.

Judith, the divorcee, runs from the place, as I wanted to run. She jumps into her car and drives madly away to escape the cacophony of hysteria ringing in her ears, just as I wanted to.

The car crashes and she hopes to die, not to feel any more, not to be kin to humanity. Had the film ended there I truly believe I would have quit the cinema hating my fellow men, seeing depravity in every face, and obscenity in every gesture.

Fortunately the film does not end there. It goes on and through the help of the hospital staff who save her when she wishes to die she begins to see people in a different light. She sees the aging woman in the bar, swilling gin and talking affectionately to the man with her, not as a creature of lustful appetites, but just an ordinary woman seeking companionship, wanting to assuage the loneliness that grips us all.

The picture ends with this message. People everywhere are lonely, each waking hour they carry with them the fear of being alone. Their actions are dictated by the need for contact, the exhibitionist does not feel so isolated when people watch. Whether they find it through priest or through prostitute, they all yearn for the touch which recognises them as fellow beings. The emotions evoked by this film are expressed far better than I could ever hope to do by Tennessee Williams in the preface to "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof"..... "It is a lonely idea, a lonely condition, so terrifying to think of we usually don't. And so we talk to each other, write and wire each other, call each other short and long distance across land and sea, clasp hands with each other at meeting and at parting. Fight each other and even destroy each other because of this always somewhat thwarted effort to break through walls to each other. As a character in a play once said "We're all of us sentenced to solitary confinement inside our own skins".

This picture is not entertainment, but it is a great experience.

Warblings

Son of Woz

BY WALT WILLIS

Er.....hello again. Maybe I'd better explain what I'm doing here as a stowaway in Ethel's Ompazine. You see, when the door pf Ompa closed behind me last year I wandered disconsolately down the draughty corridors of general fandom asking myself just why I'd left. I'd liked the people. I'd always been interested enough in what they had to say to join in....no, it was just that I didn't want to have to cut any more of those damned stencils. I hate cutting stencils. I'm an inveterate reviser and I keep changing things as I write them, quite apart from typos, and by the time I've finished with a stencil hours have elapsed and it's hard to know whether it was a white stencil with pink correcting fluid or a pink stencil with white correcting fluid. So it occurred to me maybe I could do a column in someone elde's Ompazine and I asked Ethel and here I am.

She sent me the mailing and I read through it and prepared to make with the comments just like old times. I would enthuse over Spencer's lovely little pieces about feuds and fencing and his pseudo-Salinger, Terry Jeeve's brilliant space travel article especially the stuff about trousers, Caughran and Bjo's greeting cards and so on. I would express incredulous delight at the bedroom farce-type involvements behind the election of WFS Directors at the London Worldcon and amusement at the Mack Sennett-like spectacle of Sandy hitting Dick Ellington and his mescaline-heightened taste with that home truth about cockroaches, while simultaneously John Roles was clobbering him with that custard pie about his Cytricon lost weekend. (Is there anyone creeping up behind John?) Which in turn would lead me on to an expression of insincere admiration for Dorothy Ratigan's proposed convention amendment and a suggestion that she be awarded a government grant for her laudable endeavour to solve a problem which has baffled the finest legal minds for generations. I was even thinking of starting a campaign to have the Lord Chief Justice elected as Ompa President. Then I caught myself on. This was a matter for the pukka members, not for me. For the time being at least maybe it would be healthier to stick to non-controversial topics, what could be a healthier and more uncontroversial subject (and less likely to be rejected by the editor of this magazine) than hygiene?

The young Queen Victoria, it was reported at the time in awed whispers, had a bath once a year, "whether she needed it or not". But only a few decades later Rupert Brooke was listing among the admirable attributes of the inhabitants of Grantchester that "their skins are white, They bathe by day, they bathe by night". Obviously

there had been quite a change in the personal habits of the English upper classes.

This is the sort of semi-secret social change that can be a lot more important than it looks. For one thing, it could be argued that it solidified the class structure. The well-bathed bourgeois, fresh from their new and expensive bathrooms, were now in a position to convert their guilt for the plight of the poor into hatred. It hadn't been so easy when they were all equally filthy, but now the lower classes smelled different. And smell is the most primitive and emotionally charged of all the senses. The honest and deserving poor were replaced by "The Great Unwashed", a different and sub-human species. The English upper classes acquired the averted gaze, up-turned nose and clipped speech (all symptoms of the avoidance of BO) which characterises their attitude to the lower classes and foreigners to this day. Of course as a sub-human species the poor were not entitled to ape their betters. "Why give them baths, they'd only keep coal in them", a process of circular reasoning identical with that used to justify racial discrimination in South Africa and the Deep South.

I was reminded of all this by the recurrent references to baths and bathrooms in the reports by Bob Madle and others of their visit here. Let's face it, in the eyes of some Americans we are a dirty lot. The difference between the Americans and us may not be as great as those between the aristocracy and the proletariat in the 19th century, but they're deeper than they look. It's not just that the average American has a bath or shower once a day while the average lower middle class Englishman has one once a week. At one end of the scale we have William Rotsler of Los Angeles, who actually thinks that baths are dirty. "Sitting in your own mud", he called it once in Kteic. For him, you can't be clean without a shower. At the other end of the scale I know an English fan family where all the members use the same bath water one after another, a custom which would probably shock Rotsler more than if they practised cannibalism.

That remark of Rotsler's, incidentally has always fascinated me. Partly because it's obviously the harbinger of a new social convention and it's interesting to get a glimpse of the future like that, but mainly because it seems to me a symptom of the strange tendency for the USA to get more and more like Soviet Russia. Russians have always been accustomed to wash in running water, which is the real reason the washbasins in Russian trains never have plugs. The absence of these damned plugs was reported over and over again with monotonous regularity by visiting journalists all through the Thirties as a typical example of Russian inefficiency, which may in its own little way have contributed to the deaths of millions of people. Who can say that if our image of Russia had been less one of a country so inefficient they couldn't even have plugs in the washbasins, we might not have taken them up on their offer to help us defend Czechoslovakia in 1938? The Russo-German Pact would then never have been signed and Hitler would have been committed on two frontiers from

the start, with the Czech fortifications and armament works still to be fought for.

The moral is, I suppose, never criticise the shortcomings of another country without finding out the reasons for them. Americans for instance should realise that if we don't wash as often as they do it's not because we like being dirtier, but because we haven't got central heating. This means we don't sweat as much and don't need to wash so often, but the main reason is that the British home and bathroom are so cold for all but a few days a year that taking a bath is an operation calling for the utmost determination and hardihood. In American homes the air is so warm and dry you can take a shower in comfort and be dry again in a few minutes. In Britain showers are virtually unknown and a bath is a frantic shivering affair preceded by several hours organisation of the hot water and followed by more hours huddled over a fire trying to dry your hair. Sometimes I wonder why we don't run amok through the streets brandishing the severed heads of our architects and housbuilders.

You may be wondering what this has to do with fandom, those of you that is who are not still muttering about how fantastic that suggestion was about World War II. Well all right, maybe it was, but plumbing can be important, and in fandom. It was the primitive plumbing of the Kings Court hotel that led so many Americans to cancel their reservations at the Worldcon in 1957. It was the cancellation of those reservations that led to the London Worldcon losing money. It was the loss of the money on the Worldcon that led to (1) the Kyle lawsuit and the downfall of the WSFS and (2) the gift from the Cinwinnati group which precipitated the break-up of the London Circle. It just shows that plumbing can produce a chain reaction, leading to a lot of flushed faces.

Dean Grennell was happily listening to the radio in his car one afternoon when he heard a remark that nearly sent him round the bend. It was a sport commentator discussing the coming baseball games and the shattering remark was: "No upsets are expected". A similar thing happened to me while reading the latest Erg. This time the remark was "Nearly 50 per cent of the population of Britain is sub-normal in intelligence." I hesitate to say this of anyone I respect as much as Terry Jeeves, but after several hours in a catatonic trance I'm almost sure this statement is completely meaningless. Normal presumably means average, and in any group half are bound to be below average, aren't they. Unless of course Terry is thinking of some United Kingdom norm and this is an admission that the people of England and Wales are stupider than in Scotland and Northern Ireland, in which case I leave you and him to fight it out. Ethel and I are too intelligent to commit ourselves.



The pages of Scottishe have been well honoured by fine contributors this issue. As usual I am deeply grateful to Arthur and Brian for their help, but I certainly never dreamed I would one day have Walt's name on my contents page. I also had a delightful surprise in a page of illos from Terry Jeeves. Charming fellows..every one of them.

I have been pondering these last six months on such abstract subjects as friendship, the gentle art of getting on with people, is it worth being 'right', and the pitiful mess that so many of us make of just being able to live with our fellow humans.

A great part of my work consists of dealing with people, of making them work in harmony and scotching quarrels before they get started. Well, I get paid for that, but off duty lately I have had some experience along the same lines, and the crowning blow was when I went home on a holiday and found a family row blazing which I had to quell.

The main thing that has struck me about all these quarrels is this - what on earth is the good of being 'right' - if it loses you a friend? Are friends so easily found? Are they lying about like pebbles on the beach? Are they heck.. The people with whom you can have a close friendship and a real meeting of interests are few and far between. Some folks never have any friends, and I regard them with more pitiful horror than I would a seriously ill man. He after all will probably recover.

In all the quarrels that I have observed I have noticed one thing - both sides had faults, both sides were 'right', both had a complete inability to look at the situation through the others eyes, and both were miserably unhappy and blamed the other for it. In my experience

they all go about it in the wrong way, if you want someone to admit they are at fault, you must first confess your own fault to them. This isn't difficult to do, we all have so many faults.

Surely too, we love our friends because of, not in spite of their faults? A friend who is faultless-to make my own look blacker- I would find rather intolerable. I am not a very clever person, I am hopeless at maths, rotten in memory, helpless in the face of super-efficiency, and tend to lose the place at involved explanations, I can't even sing. One thing I am proud of though, I have lost friends through time and distance, and through the growing apart that the years bring, but I have never lost a friend through a quarrel. I would gladly say "I'm sorry" ad infinitum than lose one of my friends. I have such good friends, there is nothing I would be too proud to do rather than lose one of them.

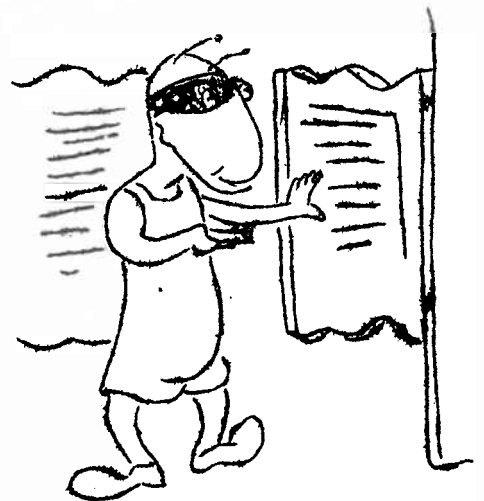
Well well, you may say, perhaps all that you observed came about because they were not really friends, they merely had a surface amiability which masked a deep antagonism. And you may well be right. In which case, why should this be so - why should we always react violently to those who differ from ourselves? True, it is a basic reaction, but surely civilisation means the ability to control it. Can you say - so and so does not like me, does not agree with me, is all that I am not, but I can see his point of view, or I believe he has a right to his point of view? Then you are civilised.

What a glorious day it would be if we could all attain this ideal 100 per cent. For no more individual quarrels would mean no more quarrels between nations, and that would mean no more war.

Dear me, I hope this does not read all too too priggish for words.

The next item is from my "Letters to the Editor" collection...from the Scottish Sunday Post..

"A St Andrews man, now an American banker, once said that as a youth in St Andrews, his father rose around 5am., did the farm chores, ate his breakfast (oatmeal, bread and tea), dressed, walked four miles to church, sat on a hard seat, then sang the opening hymn, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow". But in Chicago he rose at 9am., had a choice of four breakfasts, dressed, drove four blocks to church, and then listened to a 10,000 dollar choir sing "Art thou weary, Art thou languid"....



I'M COLLECTING
FOR TAFF

Some film matter...I went to see the UPA production of 1001 Arabian Nights, featuring Mr Magoo. The human figures were no better than Disneys, but Magoo ambles on as good as ever. The wicked villain is quite well done, and easily the bst scenes are of him and his gruesomely lovable pets. I would give a much higher rating to "Expresso Bongo" which should be a 'must' on your list. Lawrence Harvey gives a grand performance, even though there is an occasional Shakespearean overtone to his Yiddish (I think) accent.

I got browbeaten into going to see "The Stranglers of Bombay", and enjoyed it whenever I was able to keep my eyes open. I shut them resolutely on all the torture scenes. There is one very good shot of a fight between a mongoose and a snake. This film was taken from a book by John Masters, an author whom Frances has been urging me to read. To please her, I read "Bhowani Junction" and I liked it very much. So I trotted up to the library to get some more and found they had none..Lifes like that!

Another film that I must recommend to you is "Libel". This kept me perched on the edge of my seat, the suspense was cleverly kept up. Dirk Bogarde plays three parts, and gives a good performance in them all. As the opposing solicitors, Wilfrid Hyde White, and Francis Sullivan are a joy to watch.

Today, enclosed in myMother's weekly letter was a cutting from the local paper showing a group of six middleaged women who were having a reunion after 25 yrs. They had all worked together in a bakers shop in Carnoustie as young women, and they had formed a concert party which toured all round the county of Angus. Then boy friends came along to take up their time, and with the marriage of the first of them, they disbanded. I had gone to work at this shop in my early teens just at that time and had heard them vow to meet again on Burn's night in 25yrs time. They must have all just been young women in their twenties but to me they were 'grown-ups' - and the eldest one appeared an old woman. It is with mixed feelings now that I look on their photographs and see that she looks very much the same-it is only I who has grown older! There they sit, Mabel, Alice, Ella, Annie, Phyllis and Miss Neilson, the prettiest one of them all, Winnie, had daed.

How clearly I remember that shop..in the front the girls chatting to the customers, all known by name, next the girls who made up the orders, plenty message boys to run in those days, next past the office where I would see Winnie's blonde head bent over the books You then left behind the sound of the many women's voices and heard the rough ones of the bread bakers. They woul' be standing before the rows of deep ovens hauling out the bread with their wooden peals, and there was the most delicious smell. Beyond this the next grade of bakers who made the cakes and pies, bridies, cookies, and twirled a doughnut nonchalantly as you passed,.and right at the top, the 'top' bakers, the 'fancy' men at work upon a wedding cake. Among them was a handsome one called George, and oh, how Winnie loved him.



The owner died, and the shop was bought by another firm, the old manager of the bakehouse was surprised to find George suddenly promoted to General Manager over his head. Apparently George's friendship with Winnie was useful in that he had learnt all about the business running of the shop. When I retailed this to my Mother with bated breath, she sniffed and said "What goes up, comes down".

We all expected a wedding after George's promotion, and so there was - but not to Winnie. He married a very plain-looking girl from a nearby town whose family was fairly wealthy, as wealth went these days. There was a little party given for this occasion, and there I drank my first glass of sherry. Now, it is Winnie's face that I most clearly recall from that scene. After the wedding there was a little gossip about Winnie and George being seen together, but Carnoustie always gossips.

I had left to go a-nursing when I heard that Winnie had died. My Mother could give me a very clear picture of how it had happened. Her Mother and sister were surprised when the Dr called saying that Winnie had sent for him. When he came down he told them that she was expecting a baby. Foolishly they did not go to her at once, but sat discussing it in distress. When they did go they found Winnie dead, she had drunk a bottle of Lysol, the most painful form of suicide there is.

The next step of the drama unfolds with the auditors whose work disclosed George's embezzlement carried out with Winnie's help. George was instantly dismissed but not prosecuted. I last heard of him five years later. He had won a medal for diving into Arbroath harbour to rescue a drowning child.

Sounds like something from "True Life Stories" doesn't it?

As I look at the cutting showing those six homely faces I remember the fun I had among them in my adolescence, but the seventh who is missing taught me a great deal.

She taught me that life is real, life is earnest, that a happy ever after does not automatically ring out. She taught me that it is foolish to waste your life yearning for what you cannot have. She taught me about love, what a dangerous and tricky emotion it is, she taught me to treat it with respect, to know its power, and to see in it more than the usual adolescent daydreams.

I also gradually came to see that a man is not either all bad or all good. That he may be a worthless villain and weak, and yet still have courage. That he may even, who knows? end his days in peace.