

A M D L E Perpetrated from the lur at 70 Worrall Road Bristol 8 Great
Britain by ARCILLE MERCEUR for the 42nd OMPA Mailing (give or
2 0 take a few, otherwise known as E&OB) during the winter or so
of 1964/5. It is virtually impossible to prevent it from
being A MERCATORIAL PUBLICATION, just as it is for Yngvi to
be anything but a louse.

THE SHAMBLES

THE QS & WU SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT (RV4man)

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toJtM Red the on the cover s
the somewhat equatve-lookin' besstle
enough) pussycat story through
and . (tI I dug the colourful stc, oddly
versions first I t4tI have quite liked
Ive it its due, IF I d met with this
(though, I'dn't even like that one.
I and "Swordsmen of Vanadis" thing
into "western" terms of Clackson's
tion (not to apply a translation

For crying out loud - and long - what
an originally off-putting format!
Double columns, the inner one upside
down yet. Not to mention writing on
one side of the paper only, a typeface
moreover that's unnecessarily small -
though at least it is clear to read
once one has found one's way in. ≠
What you say about Christianity not
replacing the Norse religion, of course,
explains something that has long puzzled
me; namely, why there are no churches or
clergy in the Scandinavian countries.
≠ "Gunfight at Salt Springs" is (inten-

BRODDINGNAGS 4 etc (Dick Schultz)

These remain gloriously unread. I've given
up trying to dig. Sorry.

OFF TRAILS 41 (Her Ethelency)

The question of the constitutional legality of
President Parker's mooted suspension of the Waiting
List - as well as its advisability from the fannish-public-relations angle and even
its necessity - has/have been taken up with that worthy herself. From which one
may reasonably deduce that on due consideration I'm agin' it.

SAVOYARD 11 (Bruce Pelz)

My German is negligible, but I curled up at that near-
German verse. The plot of "One day upon the fannish
scene..." is oddly familiar methinks. Has this really stretched over four years,
or is your effusion genuine prophetic verse? If not, the tempus fugit's really
been flying. ≠ If nobody threw litter around, the municipal cleaning department
would be obliged to reduce its staff, and some more low-grade talent would find
itself ~~bht/bh/hh/btt/btt/b~~ out of a job.

HAGGIS 1 (Ian Peters)

This is something of an eye-opener. (No, not you, Ethel
- get back to yer optical ward.) Though my opinions and
yours, Ian, are known to differ in a number of particulars, they appear to stem
from very similar basic attitudes. And they march together considerably further
than I'd suspected, too. I'm absolutely with you on the (de)population question,
for instance. ≠ Another Oliver Anderson fan, I see. Discovered Julian Pine yet?

HEX 7 (Chas Wells)

This "Californian v. American" argument seems to be develop-
ing into something or other - it seems a shame to have to
call the participants to order on the grounds that I was talking about fans, spec-

ifically within the context of OMPA. I mean - surely it's obvious that someone like, say, (wait till I get me' deadpan expression on straight) Bruce Pelz has some innate Californity in himself that someone like - uh - Terry Carr, for instance - hasn't. ≠ "The Concept of Justice: Equality" seems to make very good sense. This from a thesis or something? ≠ Would a good slogan for Goldwart-types perhaps be: "Patria meus mundus" ?

POOKA 14 (Don Ford) It'll probably be easier to judge Duncan McFarland's writing possibilities when he's had a lesson or two in the gentle art of leaving out the uninteresting bits. I must confess, however, to a certain crogglement at the discovery that Moy Ping Pong doesn't like Chinese food.

BLEATHERINGS 37 (Ethel) According to the most recent copy of our current Constitution that I've been unable to unearth, the new officers take over with the September (rather than March as you state) Mailing - specifically, on July the first. Or has somebody slipped an amendment through while I wasn't looking? Oh, for the Good Old Daze when the Constitution was appended to every issue of OMP TRAILS. ≠ I'm somewhat bewildered by the statement that "we view death differently", Ethel. Apart from not being entirely sure to what you're referring, it seems pretty clear from what you say that we view it remarkably similarly. I wouldn't say I "grieve" at just anybody's death exactly - if I did, I'd never have a chance to stop grieving - but I entirely subscribe to Dome on Non-existent Islands, and generally speaking I'd wish some obnoxious person elsewhere rather than dead. The exception is that I'd sooner wish death than misery - to myself or to anybody else. I'm not exactly sold on the afterlife idea, either. But my attitudes on that are a bit too involved to go into here.

LEFNUI 4 (Fred Patten) Oh. So your title is officially a mystery now. Some day, when I've read the entire British Museum, I'll be able to tie it back to its source maybe. That'll still leave scope for speculation about where its originator got it from though... ≠ "Plague" could be taken as a satire on all amateur fiction, though I gather it isn't meant to be. ≠ The continued rash of Bjilloes is much-approved-of, of course.

ERG 21 (Terry Jeeves) Some day, Alans Burns and Dodd ought to meet. Take a combined holiday, perhaps. (Brian Burgess could then write it up for them...) ≠ But "Fredbare" has appeared in AMBLE. No. 16, to be precise. ≠ My objection to doing the bulk of one's OMPazine in advance leaving only the mailing comments till the last minute is that I consider the mailing comments to be the most important part. Get what one wants to say therein said, then see what room's left for other things - that's my general principle. If it wasn't for certain untowardly unavoidable matters such as a certain Mr. Gaudeamus Higginbotton, I'd stick to it, too. ≠ Re your asthma, Terry, embarrassment can be catching. Trouble is, inasmuch as people differ so, no hard-and-fast rule for dealing with them can conveniently be laid down.

TOMCHATS IN THE DARK (Tom Schlück) But name-changes breed more name-changes. I'd like to see suitable names immortalised by having something named after them - but at present there's no guarantee that this is so. The solution is to treat names, once bestowed, as sacred and immutable. Oh, folk-changes are OK - fun, even. Thus the Lindum Colonia of the Romans becomes Lincoln, and St. Leibowitz becomes Sanly Bowitts. But apart from that, names should be respected on a permanent basis. Contemporary proto-immort-

als should be honoured by having entirely new things named after them. There are plenty to choose from - new streets, buildings, towns, provinces, lakes, watercourses, dams, even islands - mankind is continually revising both the physical and political maps of his habitat, and new features come regularly into view. Use then as vehicles for the immortalisation of the recently-dead, and leave the good old names alone. / Who or what was the original Canaveral, anyway? Anybody know? / The Surgeonop brings back happy memories.

VAGARY 20 (Bobbie Gray) Two VAGARIES in succession is bonus indeed. And people suggest that there's something wrong with OMPA... / I dig the Strauss family more than a little, too. Way back in OMPA's youth, when the interest of several of the then members (myself included) in jazz did not meet with universal comprehension, Ken Bulmer announced plans - probably more exemplary than actual - for a new fanzine to be called WALTZ, and devoted to the appreciation of waltzes, marches and similar "square" musical forms. I promptly wrote a fairly long article tracing the development of the waltz as a recognisable musical entity, and sent it up to Ken. Needless to say, it was never printed - nor was it returned. / Bill's idea of laughter as "the highest form of worship" is a magnificent idea. I say that despite the fact that the concept of "worship" in itself is not one that has much appeal for me. But if worship we must have, there could hardly be a better way of indulging in it. / And full marks for your felicity with entomological puns, Bobbie! / Surely the term "aeroplane" should correctly be applied only to heavier-than-air flying-machines driven by power and kept aloft by suitable plane surfaces. "Aircraft" is a more general term applicable also to such entities as gliders, balloons, hovercraft, anti-gravity craft, etc.

CHECKLIST OF AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION (Brian Burgess) Well, the foreword's of interest, anyway.

ENVOY 14 (Ken Cheslin) Unusual - only one Cheslinzine this issue. / The front cover represents MiK at his best - which, I'm beginning to realise, is at present considerably more to my taste than is ATon at his present normal. Of course, by the time MiK's been in the game as long as ATon has, he too will probably have developed beyond my scope. The backcover isn't to be sneezed at, either, even though by subject-matter it seems to recall Lynette Vondruska's work. Did he get Cyntia to pose for it, d'you know, Ken? / Your comment on ERG; from talking about the C of E faith you switch to expressing your partisanship of the expression: "Save it for use in dire emergency". And that, it occurs to me, is precisely what the average nominal adherent of said C of E faith does. (I speak as one baptised, though never confirmed, in said faith.) / "...in this day and age, one does not expect a highly developed nation like the States to resort to violence to accomplish (political?) aims," you say. Ken: you can stand, sit, crouch or lie there and unblushingly make a remark like that, when said States has/have been involved this century in two major wars besides umpteen comparatively minor ones? Now, this very minute, even if Americans are not actually engaged in killing Vietnamese and their neighbours, they're certainly advising them on better ways to kill each other. (This is not offered as condemnation, mind - merely as comment.) Then within America itself, as within other places, people are being slaughtered every day for assorted motives such as revenge, greed, and sheer indifference. And you express surprise that advantage is taken of the most obvious, most prominently placed, potential victim of all.

paraFAlie 11 (Bruce Burn) I was interested to see your side of the "Landfall" episode after all this time, Bruce. You yourself showed up at Ella's just as I was about to start for home. I got away eventually, though. / "Whipping Boy" was oddly gripping throughout, but after it's all over it seems to lack any particular point. / The most interesting part of this zine is still the fascinating little glimpses into Fandon-as-a-way-of-social-life.

BINARY 110 (Joe Patrizio) The trouble about Pears' Cyclopeda is that one spends as much time and trouble locating the correct category as one does in reading the entry if and when one eventually runs it to earth. A simple alphabetical arrangement is so much more practical. / The report of "Sir Larry"'s statement that if it were proved that Bacon (or possibly Marlowe) had written Shakespeare's plays he'd never act in them again, brought me up short. At first blush, that looks to be about as fuggedead a statement as one can imagine. But on reflection, I should think it's intended simply to imply his entire confidence that whichever of the two gentlemen it was did not write the plays. / I like that Electricity Board notice! / Why can't Bennett wash himself, then? Aren't he put down his cards for an instant?

MORPH 36 (John Roles) It's not really so curious that we should both simultaneously bring up the same matters, when we're commenting on the same things, surely? / What is curious is that the extra spare time I created never in fact materialised. / "Trad jazz has now long been in the descendent, for mass appeal, and remains only with the Intellectuals and the over 30s whose musical tastes haven't moved with the times." (You re DOLPHIN 7.) Well now. That seems to assume that a person has an inherent capacity to appreciate any sort of music, and his order of preference for various styles is simply a matter of formative influences. I would dispute this, at any rate with relevance to myself. I never discovered trad jazz (or fandon, come to that) until I was about 25. Once I did, I took to the former (though not the latter - fandon grew on me slowly) right away. On the other hand, the pop music of my adolescence has never particularly appealed to me. My early life as a musical audience represents a sort of selective groping towards those forms which best suited my nature. Generally speaking, I tend to prefer the more primitive aspects of any major musical category. / Reincarnationists, it occurs to me, might dispute your contention that one cannot really identify with someone from earlier times. I mention this mainly because I had the idea that you yourself were, at the very least, sympathetically disposed towards reincarnationist beliefs. / The heading on P.13 I find uninterpretable. From what you say in the conrop though, I get the impression that my own go-it-alone journey there and back wasn't such a bad idea after all. If your party had decided to travel in two or three separate car-loads, I'm thinking, you might have seen a better side of the Continent. / Now that the Rollings are officially terminated, one is prompted to wonder why, after all, you decided to stay in England rather than returning east as a civilian. (Not that we're not very glad to have you among us, mind...)

BURP! 23 (Ron Bennett) I'm sorry, Ron, but I'm unable to agree that there is too much jazz on the B.B.C. these days. Having neither wireless nor telly, I haven't the remotest idea how much jazz (or anything else) is in fact dished up to us, nor yet as to its quality. Though it does occur to me that a call for more of the "Good old" jazzmen and less of their inferior successors could apply equally well to anything else - fanwriting, for instance. Give 'em all a chance. / So now I'm a holy prince as well as a valiant bowman, an I?

Let's think. The prefix "arch-" or "archi-" appears to derive from the Greek, and is commonly used to imply paramountcy - as in archbishop, archduke, archimandrite, etc. I don't know the significance of "bald" as a name-component, but it features in sundry names of Teutonic origin, also appearing in Italian as "baldi" and in French as "baud". Thus Willibald, Garibaldi, Baldwin (Baudouin), and so on. It occurs to me that the name "Archibald" folk-etymologises rather well into "hairless bottom". (Having written thus far, I looked in the German-English Dictionary to see if "bald" meant anything in German. It means "soon". So "One-who-is-on-his-way-up-in-the-world" might be a more legitimate translation, perhaps. Whoeeeee!) ~~^~~ The chart on the back cover is much appreciated, and provides much food for thought. Of course, hyperactivity in OMPA often marches hand-in-hand with minimal activity elsewhere, and vice versa.

COGNATE 5 (Rosemary Hickey) Aw, c'non, gal - speak to us. We like you.

And a word from BERYL MENLEY referring to a matter raised in a previous AMBLE, that may as well go in here. I had observed that although I could sing "I Belong to Glasgow" with the best, I could never bring myself to sing "Maybe It's Because I'm a Londoner" under any circumstances. Beryl says: "GLASGOW should be sung drunk, or on the way to being drunk. LONDON is sung sober, and by Billy Cotton, and is sloppy sentimentality. Three things against it before you even start!"

THE LAIR, or, more additions to the collection.

BEST, HERBERT

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR

I've had the FFM version of this story for donkey's years. Now I've managed to get hold of the book version. One of my absolute all-time favourite stories, and still holds up at every re-reading. To me, the catastrophe story.

McINTOSH, J.T.

THE NOMAN WAY

Way back in 1952, "New Worlds" ran in its 16th, 17th and 18th issues a serial by McIntosh entitled "The Esp Worlds". This consisted essentially of two consecutive novelettes linked mainly by having the same two principal characters. It occurred to me at the time that there ought to be a third episode to complete the story, and I said as much. Nothing ever happened though.

Now along comes "The Noman Way". This is an almost complete re-writing, at greatly increased wordage, of the second "novelette". The first episode, on the planet Noya, has been expunged from the record altogether, certain references being transferred to other planets and the odd detail borrowed to help fill out the planet Nome, location of the second "novelette" and of its rewrite. In addition, much of the incidental detail and action has been changed, although the overall plot remains. The result is two novel-length McIntosh stories, "The Esp Worlds" and "The Noman Way", both of which involve the same characters doing things on the same planet, but which are altogether mutually exclusive. Since both stories are well worth reading each in its own right, this^{is} "ridiculous, says I as I carefully file the new story under the "M" category.

CARROLL, LEWIS

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

and THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS (in one vol)

Oddly enough, it was not until I picked up this pb the other week that I'd ever read right through either of these stories as a continuous whole since I can remember. I found to my surprise that although I practically knew the first

story by heart from one direction or another, a lot of the second one was entirely new to me. The train journey and the insects, for instance.

The logic of both stories is very much dream-type, certainly, the way the scene abruptly changes from one episode to another with echoes of earlier episodes bobbing up here and there as they see fit. What really endears them to me, though, is the ^{constant succession of} individual episodes with all those weird and wonderful conversations.

BECHET, SIDNEY

TREAT IT GENTLE

Sidney Bechet's autobiography. Although it lacks something that some other jazz biographies have - the splendours of Lomax dealing with Jelly-Roll Morton, the willing emotion of Meszrow, the smooth polished humour of Condon, the utter kindness and love for humanity of Broonzy - it still contains plenty of what I read jazz biographies for. Sometimes Bechet seems to echo my own opinions, sometimes he doesn't seem to echo anybody but himself. I'd have to read it again to be more specific though. (Which is why I'm keeping it, of course - I only keep things I feel I'll want to read again some day.)

BARBER, C.L.

THE STORY OF LANGUAGE

This book gradually works down from the general to the specific. After dealing with what language is and how it may have originated, it deals in turn with the Indo-European group as a whole, the Teutonic (the author prefers the term "Germanic") sub-group, and then English itself from Anglo-Saxon to the present day.

ANDERSON, OLIVER

RANDOM RENDEZVOUS

A typical Oliver Anderson (or, as I keep thinking of him as, "Olly Verandason") book and therefore most certainly to be kept. My only particular comment this time, just in case any of you has read it, is that I'd be very interested to match my innate puranosmicity against "the Tears of Venus". ("Puranosmicity" is one of my own neologisms, Ethel - I can defend its construction though.)

AND ANOTHER BIT OF THE SHAMBLES

THE SCARR 5 (Geo. Cha.) Well, Geo. - if THE SCARR is now an OMPazine it'll get a mention here instead of a letter of comment. You can't have it both ways. ≠ McAulay amuses. ≠ I see that poor Wally Weber misses not only his surname, but his given name also. "Homoioteleuton" is, I strongly suspect, written more frequently than spoken. ≠ Thorne Smith's "Dream's End" has been published - in the States. I have actually seen and handled a copy - though not actually read it. ≠ Plenty of other words form their plural by bodily changes. I can think of "goose" offhand in English - but in some languages it's the normal way to form plurals. So what, anyway? ≠ And brother (?) Mike presents some particularly intriguing comparisons, apparently making the hundred-year syndrome a special case of the 20-year syndrome. Anybody know how far the Harrison and Roosevelt deaths can be similarly compared to each other?

 "Star-gazing is the only pursuit I know which can cut me down to my proper size in relation to the Universe and make me feel mightier than God - at the same time!"

- Beryl Henley

A LETTER-COLUMN BY JIM CAWTHORN:

"Is many years since I read LAND OF
TERROR, but I seem to recall it as rather
weak; the entire Pellucidar series (or those I've read) suffers from a peculiar
aimlessness, a lack of real purpose, rather as if E.R.B. had been strongly
affected by the timeless, trackless nature of the Inner World.

"The change in FANTASIA that almost convinced me that I'd seen it once too
often was the spectacle of an egg-shaped Earth rolling across a Cinemascope screen
in the RITE OF SPRING sequence. Although this flattening effect wasn't so
noticeable in other scenes, the Russian thistle dancers in NUTCRACKER were blown
up to such vast Cinemascope dimensions that their rapid movements looked complete-
ly chaotic; the eye just refused to take it in as a pattern.

"I agree - how about forming a Society for the Regularization of the Mississ-
ippi-Missouri System?"

NO. 7 in the series "FAMOUS FREDS"

drawn and (as here) captioned by Jim

Cawthorn. ...It seems that most of the works of "Karl Marx" are really combined
ops. of Marx and Engels. FRIEDRICH ENGELS, of course. They were an outstanding
double-act, touring Britain and Europe and drawing rave notices, not to mention
riots, revolutions and forcible deportation. Trouble is, these days most of their
gags sound rather esoteric (that's one of their snappier titles on the volume in
the illo).



THERE CANNOT BE many places where the complete words to the song "Where'er You Walk" are to be found, so may I present: "Where'er You Walk" ? If I knew who the author was, I'd present him too. "Where'er You Walk", then:

Where'er you walk...Cool gales shall fan the glade.
 Trees where you-co sit...Shall crowd into a shay-hay-hay-hay-hay-hade.
 Trees where you-hoo sit shall crowd in too-hoo a shade.
 Where'er you walk...Cool gales shall fan ther-her glay-hay-hay-hay-hay-hay-hay-hade
 hay-hade

Trees where you sit...Shall crowd in-too a-ha shay-hay-hay ---
 Hay-hay-hay-hay-hay-hay ---
 Hay-hay-hay-hay-hay-hade

Trees where-hare you-hoo sit

(Pause for brea-keh-heth - even the continuo stops)
 Shall crow-how-howd in-too-hoo a shade.

Where'er you-co tread...The blushing flowers shall rise,
 And all things flourish...And all things flourish
 Where'er you turn your eyes
 Where'er you turn your eyes
 Where'er you turn your
 Eyes where'er you
 Turn

Your

Eyes.

(Repeat first stanza exactly as before, only more so. Finis.)

WHY I DISLIKE RAY BRADBURY. After a somewhat reluctant reading of "Dandelion Wine" (which I read to see how the other half lives, more or less) I have come to the conclusion that I dislike Ray Bradbury because he wastes things.

He tries to make out that sad things are really happy. Which is a waste of time.

And he tries to make out that happy things are really sad. Which is a waste of happiness.

And I hate waste.

 "THE ART OF conversation," said Mr. Gaudeamus Higginbottom pontifically as he paced his luxurious penthouse apartment, "is not dead at all.

"It's merely been driven underground."