

ATTENTION PLEASE, EVERYBODY. Here is an important Announcement. Do you suffer from "hard pad" ? If so, it may be because you are a dog. Try taking ABSARKA nightly before retiring, and FEEL the difference in yourself overnight. Warning - never take ABSARKA between meals. You never know WHAT you may have eaten. If you MUST eat between meals, try

Archive
Between
Meals

A pre-supplement to ARCHIVE 11

Postmailing to OMPA 10

January 1957

THE GREAT IRISH RIFT VALLEY EXPEDITION

THE SEARCH FOR ENEY'S FAULT

by GRIDBAN MINOR

Part IV

(READ THIS FIRST. Mr Bennett, whilst lecturing to his pupils on the subject of birds and bees, is overheard by Cuchulinard, whom folks call the Hound. Trembling, Mr Bennett demands to know the worst - is he a BLOOD-HOUND ? Now read on:)

Cuchulinard, otherwise the Hound, threw back his shaggy head and roared with laughter. "A BLOOD'OUND?" he howled gleefully. A BLOOD'OUND - moi? Non, monsieur - I am just a - how you say, hein? - poodle. That ees all."

"Well," breathed Mr Bennett, visibly shaken - "thank all the ghods in the Fannish Calendar (no, not THAT one) for that then. Mr Cuchulinard, you gave me a very nasty moment there. But I should have recognised your haircut. Is it a Chris Barber or a George Shearing?"

"Non," replied Mr Cuchulinard. "Eet ees called the Champoudle-cut." He got no further, because the place was suddenly overrun by a horde of curiously-dressed youths all running around in a state of intense disexcitement muttering "Er -" and "Yes, but -" or simply making a noise like a calf. Mr Bennett - as wro we all - was momentarily disconcerted. "'Ave no fear, monsieur," the Hound reassured him. "Zey are only my pages."

"Yes, but" Mr Bennett protested, having come at once under the all-pervading atmosphere of the newcomers - "aren't there rather a lot of them?"

"An 'undred," said Mr Cuchulinard. "Yes, eet ees more zan I need, of zat I am well aware. But zey all want to serve under my banner, so who am I to turn zem away? I nevair wanted more zan fifty at ze outside, but still zey come - soon I 'ave two 'undred - sree 'undred - I am proud of zem nevairzeless, an' ze egoboo zat I accumulate ees tremendous."

"Er" said Mr Bennett - "you ought to join OMPA. We only need 16 there - and if (if you'll pardon the expression) Chuck Harris has his way, well soon need only 8."

At this moment Sid Crockett piped up - "Excuse me, sir, but this bird's

still waiting to have its message read." And he handed Mr Bennett a slip of paper.

Mr Bennett took it. "All right," he said. "But first - a word from our sponsor."

Mr Cecil promptly reached into one of his packs and pulled out a portable gramophone, dextrously wound it up, put a record on the turntable, and we all settled back to listen.

"This is Archie Mercer speaking," said the record. "As sponsor of this Expedition to search for Eney's Fault, I have something I'd like you to hear - listen." And from out of the background swelled a drunken chorus singing to what sounded like a wheezy concertina: "Eney for TAFF, Eney for TAFF, the Boy with the Benighted Bonnie for TAFF; Eney for TAFF, Eney for TAFF ---" dying away again in the distance. Mr Mercer's voice came in again: "Yes - Eney for TAFF. Why should the Japanese have it all their own way? Even the Californians have seen Eney - vote him over here and give the benighted European sector a break. If I may go all poetic for a moment - Bring Richard Eney

Over the sea

To meet Burgess and Reaney

And Wansborough and me. We Want Eney. Bring him to

Britain on the TAFF Ticket." The drunken chorus swelled out again, the record coming to an end with the announcement "The Liverpool Studio Choir appear by kind permission of the makers of BLOG."

"That," said Mr Bennett as Mr Cecil turned it off, "was the sponsor of the expedition - the well-known BNF, Archie Mercer."

"But sir," I protested. "Mr Mercer says he's NOT a BNF. He's said it LOTS of times."

"Come aside, boy," said Mr Bennett, and drew me out of earshot. "Never say anything like that again," he told me then.

"You care for the honour of the School don't you, boy?" he further said when I asked why. "Well, then, you must ALWAYS call Mr Mercer a BNF. Because if they recognise him as one, then they'll have to recognise ME as one, too. D'you see now? Also, of course, I want him to contribute to the next PLOY."

You know, Mr Bennett can be pretty clever sometimes.

Anyway, it was now time to read the message. Mr Cecil was shuffling his feet with impatience, and the pages of Mr Cuchulinard were all in attentive file around us. Mr Bennett opened the message, looked at it, gulped, then read out with a falter in his voice:

"It's from Mr Berry - text reads: PHENOTYPE message received from Eney as follows; TURN BACK, YOU MAD MAD FOOLS, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."

"Er - ?" said Filthy, who stood next to me. I didn't get it either. "Yes, but -" I asked - "if we now leave without finding Eney's Fault - will THAT be Eney's Fault, sir?"

BUT ENOUGH OF this unseemly frivolity for the present - let us turn to something serious and destructive and the principal justification for ABM withal - otherwise and to wit the Mailing Reviews, which as usual are called

OMPARADE

THE HARROGATE CRUDBIN QUARTERLY 2.

"Greg und Jim Benford," ich observe, "haben mich Seine Name gegeben" (capital S for the Second Person, surely.) But what ich want to know is, who gegeben Gebogen his OWN name?

BLUNT 1/2.

If I was to review this it'd make Omparade

a review-squared instead of just a review for squares. I will however acknowledge the competence of one S&y S&erson to review OMPazines in manner most skilful.

NOISE LEVEL 7.

A brilliant cover heralds the return of one of my half-dozen favourite OMPazines. The "Casey" article I regret is not as informative as was its John Henrian predecessor - too confusing. There are so many trains of thought running off the rails around here that they should have been presented in order to make any real sort of sense. Teddy Hart - hold on a mo, but surely to goodness a folk-song is handed down strictly ORALLY. A song that is initially composed on to paper, however many people may have a hand in it, surely doesn't qualify for the appalachian? And John - if you room next to Al Fairweather, I would name him on his Melody Maker showing as an artistic genius - I suggest you latch on to him and don't let him get away until he's illoed NOISE LEVEL the Eighth. The man's GOOD.

STYX 3.

The whole point about STYX, surely, is the continuity from editor to editor. I'm glad you've cooperated in following up MY issue, Jan, but I do think that running it in

ONE/FOURTEEN.

Fabulous and all that, and thoroughly enjoyable. There've been so many NYconreps recently that I tend to

disremember them one from the other - but this'n's certainly well worth the separate publication that's bin thrust upon it. (Footnote to Sandy: nowadays, please to remember, I LIKE conrep as a basic form of fanliterature. And as they go, this is certainly among the better ones.)

HOW UNNUMBERABLE.

Yes, isn't it. I like the way, Paul, you protest so vehemently that you haven't a thing to put in it - and then come up with something like this guaranteed to turn any subzine editor green with chlorophyll - if not verdigris.

LEER Dec '56.

A nice mixture about which I'm sure something more meaty could be said than the tired Mercatorial brain is able to think up at this time of a Thursday night than simply that it's a nice mixture. But it IS. By the way, the paper-stock used is surely, for thick paper, the LIGHTEST in weight I've ever come across. Might've been MADE for fen.

BURP! 12. I like SCOTTISHE Dec '56. And SCOT, too, is by now
it of course, an established Mercatorial
but seeing as how this favourite. Films? I seem to remember
publication is NOT the Rev- having nattered on this subject myself
iew of Reviews if somebody'll recently, as well as jazz, so I don't
get that elephant out of the way see why Small Sister Lindsay
I'll pass on to the next'un. (title copyright: E. Needham)
shouldn't if she wants to.

IMBROGLIO 1. All this chopping and Looks like we don't like
changing of titles I don't the same films, Ethel -
personally see any need for, this zine's your list of likes leaves
neither better nor worse than was FES, albeit me cold, whereas I tend
not reaching to the heights of that sensational to like Westerns (as
merGerzine BILFESCINING. films go), have no
objection to

MORPH 10. Still STEAM v3no2. Never
right up there having met up either Tony
among the top, I no- with the villain of this Curtis or
tice. Myself, I can piece to the Mercatorial know- Burt Lan-
never seem to rememb- ledge (that's the shelf on which caster,
er just who's who I keep my reference library) and am in-
among Beverley this fails to register as I'm trigued at
Nicholls, Beverley sure it should. the thought of
Daxter, Horatio your not caring
Nicholls, and for "beefcake" type
Horatio Bot- looks a girls. Lady wrest-
tomley. competent production, lers, maybe? My fav-
At one time it's rather a pity ourite film stars (female
I used to get that me and Dorothy variety) are Sally Ann Howes,
Ivor Novello Terry Moore, Maureen O'Hara
mixed up with don't seem to be and Jean Peters. My favourite
them too - though in the same male stars used to be Cornel
I cured myself of that continuum. Wilde and Dana Andrews, but I
by confusing him with haven't seen either of them lately.
Noël Coward instead. Oh - and Roy Rogers, of course. I've
the remarks on "noted" at now read "I, Libertine" and pronounce it
the foot of the POOKA- excellent reading - even if his local col-
review, which expres- our's sometimes a bit up the creek. Re the
ses a sentiment I bacover, the rejoin I'd soonest see is Tom
keep on noticing, White for quality output, the "Member" I WOULD
I venture to dis- love to see contribute an item is the Keeper of the
agree. "Noted" Printed Books.

"Seen" etc have their
points - in fact at times they can, if
used properly, have a terse eloquence
that expresses the situation to a pre-
ciseness not otherwise obtainable. I
mean, some things are so obviously
outstanding in one or more ways that
it's hard to visualise any other com-
ment BEING made. And that colour-
pic - yes, maybe she is - but what IS
it? Oh - you can keep the King In
Yellow, just give me the Rose of
Texas and I'll be content.

VERITAS 2. Again ATOM has
excelled himself on
the cover - on BOTH covers.
Tickle my musical sense of
humour no end. The contents
too are eminently satisfac-
tory, though the fanzine clas-
sification system comes some-
what unstuck - just what, IF
you please, is the point of
putting an unfolded ENVELOPE in
a fastened envelope? In case
the outer one gets lost in the?

YRAUTIBO.

FUNTUST (Mudway) Ltd.

INSCREW TIBOBBLE.

And yet

Here is clearly another case of creeping titlitis. Another Mailing, another title, seems to be the motto. This particular specimen's every whit as readable as its fannish county of origin would lead one to suppose - and to stick to one of Mal's earlier OMPazine titles would make it neither more nor less readable than it was, true enough. Nevertheless, Mal is definitely A shworth.

The Mercatorial experience of this type of item is that they're great fun to produce and equally rewarding to read. Even though the contents do not require any undue amount of sustained thought - which, I suspect, is largely WHY they're such fun to produce. But being also fun to read, they are to be encouraged. Good work, Ken.

MORE titlitis. BILCYN used to be the stock Slaterzine, and I was perfectly happy for such an arrangement to continue indefinitely. Still, this is unquestionably BILCYN under another name. Ken can be informative, entertaining and exasperating by turns, and the end product is eminently readable, and only occasionally tastes slightly sour. As for Marion Schulzinger, your query relating thereto, I know I dropped some lovely clangers on that page of OFF TRAILS 9 - but this is not one of them. Precedent has it that a Member is debited with the £ sign on the LAST Mailing of his or her year, and debited with the full activity-requirement (unless some has been worked off inbetween-times) on the FIRST Mailing of his or her NEXT year. I simply followed precedent. Incidentally, I must admit to having been under the impression that she was a he, name of Mark - but doubtless you, as a married man, can be expected to know far more about these matters than I do.

BRITISH S-F BOOK INDEX 1955.

VAGARY 2.

Good, solid, and sericon - and very probably saleable, too. Anybody know anybody who wants to buy one? (I hope I don't sound too cruel - I don't want to be - it's probably very useful for people who buy books.)

Re Mr Shakespeare, Bobbie, it occurs to me that the way you put it reads rather as if you're under the impression that I was accusing you of plagiarism. Such was not my intention, I hope you realise. Apologies if necessary. This is - mess though it still be - a tasty zine, giving one much meat to chew on - amongst other things, such as the unbelievably fannish lives of the Trescans. (More more more.) For instance, here's an angle such as I love to get the Mercatorial teeth into: the Worldcon Telegram. In an excess of zeal to make the perpetrators appear small (should they chance to read VAGARY, which I rather doubt), you go too far. Granted that the telegram may have given Daphne a few nasty moments such as should be given to absolutely nobody in a properly-run world - but how the merry hell was the sender to know? Extending your argument logically, it means that nobody should EVER send anybody telegrams, just on the off-chance that that person may possibly have a relation in a trouble-spot. I know what it feels like all right - for two years my brother was a prisoner in Korea,

For most of that time being simply posted as plain unvarnished "missing." When the lists were published, his name wasn't on them - he was in a hospital, had been ever since his capture, and the POW high-command didn't even know they had him. His name was later added to the official prisoner-list, but none of his letters ever reached us - the first definite news we had was when his name was mentioned on the wireless as being among the repatriated wounded. In all that time, I suppose, nobody should have sent my father or myself telegrams, however innocuous, for fear of either raising false hopes or giving us a nasty turn. Incidentally, during those two years I developed a violent dislike to Spike Jones's otherwise excellent record "Leave the Dishes in the Sink, Ma." A dislike which still persists. How many people must there be, I wonder, stemming from one war or another, who share my dislike - including some - to put the quantity mildly - where the soldier in question never came back at all, or was totally blinded, or lost both hands, or something. If we're going to take Bobbie's (yours, Bobbie - this WAS in the second person when I started) telegrammatic strictures at their face value, we should certainly see that that record is permanently banned from public performance forthwith. (I LIKE fanzines that spark me off like this.)

Supplement to
HARD LINES.

TAFF 1957
VOTING FORM.

Raeburn noted:
ENEY VOTED.

SCHNERDLITES HOLE-BORING SUPPLEMENT.

POOKA 4.

I never knew the day would come when Nigel The Impeccable started printing genuine ARCHIVE rejects. Still, the magnificent last sheet more than compensates.

PHENOTYPE. I don't KNOW, mind you, never having actually heard either number all the way through, but I am given to understand that "Dambusters March" and "I'll Never Stop Loving You" are entirely different numbers, having nothing in common barring a coincidental similarity of the opening bars of their main tunes. Why they came out apparently near enough simultaneously may or may not be a coincidence, though I think "I'll Never Stop" did receive an added boost because of the similarity.

would mean drastic censorship of much that is classic in literature and song. I understand that the "ten little n----- boys" of the nursery-rhyme are in some parts now transmuted to little Indians. This I find objectionable. I suppose they'll be re-jigging "Polly Wolly Doodle"

Whatever possessed the alertly consorial mind of the OE to pass this I'll NEVER know. But I'm glad he did. However, take warning all of yez. Next time I get something like this'n, I'm going to take a second opinion - and I DON'T mean Don Ford's. Where you review ARCHIVE 9, Don, and from previous experience, it would appear that you're rather fond of the word "n-----" - though here you do put it in inverted commas. I presume that you use it either deliberately, to show you're not afraid of it, or unconsciously, and are thus indubitably not afraid of it. Just what conclusions can be drawn therefrom, though, I wouldn't know. My own attitude to the word is confused. I know it gives offence to lots of people, black and white both, and don't normally use it - but it's a perfectly valid part of the language and to abolish it altogether

too. Again, if so, I object. Or - hold it. I'd object to merely bowdlerising the song's n----- (with or without quotes) into an Indian, or something. But if I was to hear a Negro singing "I jumped upon a white man 'cause I thought he was a hoss," I don't think I could help but feel that he was perfectly justified. As I say, I'm confused. As for the rest of the zine, apart from the excellently questionable material referred to overleaf it's mostly conrep. Verdict - read and enjoyed.

STYX IV. In which all pretence at my cherished continuity vanishes. Shame on you, Ellis. A nice pleasant little zine - but not what I was hoping STYX would develop into. (Calling Ron Bennett - you launched the swine, your comments on subsequent developments would not come amiss, I teenk. Over to you.)

and finally, SKERRY 1. This'n, a twenty-fifth-hour addition to the Mailing, started out in what I consider excellent style, but soon degenerated into what I don't. I see you don't like Rock-&-roll, Lars - nevertheless, both from your front cover and from the title itself it is apparent that you've got a rock. But what in the name of Septimus Octopus and all the little Trufins is the significance - if any - of your extraordinary title "prince of the boo boos" ? For all it conveys to me, you might just as well have said that you were King of the Zulus - or for that matter Queen of the Lulus. Your bacover is striking but obscure - so obscure in fact that I wondered whether it ought not to be censored on grounds of suspected ~~obscenity~~ obscenity. But my dictionary says it's OK, so I suppose it's OK. Some of those drawings are quite attractive in a repulsive sort of way (as the saying says) anyway.

GALLERY 4. What-ho - egoboo on the front cover, I perceive. So you don't like my letters, Ch*ck, I'm sorry to hear that - UNDERSTAND that I should say, since I misheard it last time - but the remedy would seem to be obvious, somehow. Or are you afraid I might print it? I didn't like the first Christmas-type story, but the second one was rather clever. And as usual, I see there's a gal in the gallery. Got plenty of sand, that one, anyway.

IF IT WASN'T FOR DON FORD, WHERE WOULD OUR WOODPILES BE ?

Leaving aside all the current crop of OMPazines then, we now turn to more general topics - arising from one of the previous crop - under the auspices of the column that does not mean the same thing (teong) in Spanish, to wit:

MERCEDES

I must confess to a certain disappointment at the reception so far accorded to that stirring publication hight WAPPPOTED. A number of Members have mentioned the matter in their publications, true, but not particularly energetically - the standard form of comment seems to be: "Oh, Goody-goody, a real fannish argument - carry on fellers, I'm all ears." Ken Slater seems to be the one to come forward with the most constructive comments on the original Willis/Bulmer arguments - present company excepted of course. But even then, he skates very delicately round the revolutionary proposals made by WAPPPOTED and the counter-revolutionary oppoals

made by myself. But Ken (Slater)'s main theme - "Doesn't anybody CARE?" - is a worthy one. In the mean time, what I would like to see are (a) constructive proposals alternative to any so far put forward, and (b) equally constructive syntheses of such points from said proposals as appeal to the synthesisor thereof. Wake up at the back there, or something.

Ken's (still Slater of course) other main proposal - about laying down the minimum amount of work that a Member has to put into his own product - is basically a good one I feel, though I'm glad that my term of office will have expired before there's a chance of it becoming law - I'd hate to have the job of assessing credits under Ken's suggested system. It's enough of a headache already as it is.

As regards the idea of having new members elected rather than letting them simply "grow up" into OMPA as now, this I still oppose. For one thing, in the present disparity of the sexes, it would lead to female waiting-listers being given more-or-less automatic preferment (other things being equal, I'd tend to "prefer" the woman applicant myself if it came to the point) over equally worthy male types who'd been Waiting perhaps twice as long or more.

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E&OE

NOW FOLLOWS HALF a page presented with the Mercatorial Compliments to the Association under the title of:

OFF-TRAILS Between meals

Enclosed herewith you should find a copy of SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY No 2, which is being distributed now at the request of Mr Lawrence T. Shaw, celebrated author of "Pygmalion", "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" etc. If you read your OFF TRAILS you will have ^{been} apprised that it was last heard of languishing in durance vile at the hands of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Customs & Excise. After a month I was able to persuade them that it was more use to me (us) than to themselves, so they obligingly disgorged it without further trouble.

There wasn't anything to pay, but it was a b. nuisance while it lasted. And it could happen again. Precisely how to prevent this I'm not sure, but in the mean time I suggest that declaring the contents to be of NO COMMERCIAL VALUE would help. Larry didn't - he said it was worth 10 dollars, and I had to swear in my own blood that it wasn't. OK, everyone?

Further consideration has it that what I said about Mark/Marion Schulzinger's sub under "INSCREWTRIBOBLE" reads as nonsense. But then what? At this late date I don't know WHY I did - or didn't - it. All I know is that I made one unholy clangersup of that furshlugginer page. Norman - please - do YOU know? DOES Member Schulzinger owe us money? If so, has anybody told him or her as the case may be? Because I don't think (I don't even know THAT) that I have.