

it's not a hoax - - -

IT'S NOT A MIRAGE - - -

positively

IT'S NOT A SUPPLEMENT:

it's

ARCHIVE

N#°

(THE ORIGINAL
MERCATORIAL
OMPAZINE)

FOURTEEN

AND
LAST

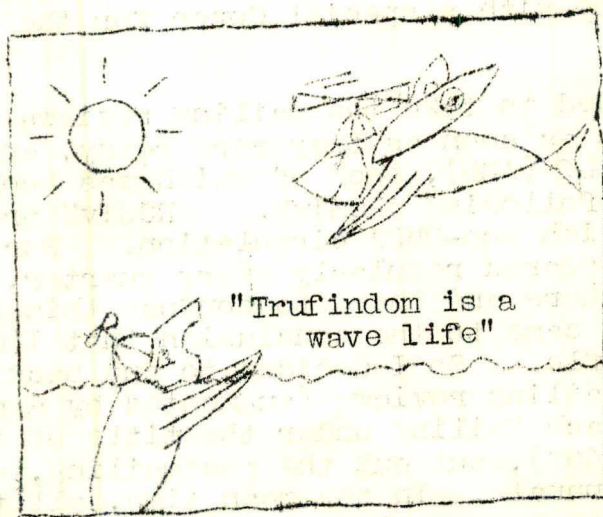
OMPA 22

Winter 1959

A
MERCATORIAL
PUBLICATION

Perpetrated
by ARCHIE
MERCER at
"Old Square-
Face", his
Caravan in
the Shadow
of the Mal-
leable Iron

Works, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, Eng. (E&OE)



CONTENTS include:

A serious article by
MIKE MOORCOCK illus-
trated by JIM CAWTHORN;

A thing by SID BIRCHBY
illustrated by
TERRY JEEVES;

Sensational MOORCOCK
illoes botched on to
stencil by Archie
Mercer;

Besides some original
Mercatorial contents.

MERGED

which stands for

MERCATORIAL
EDITORIAL

AND THEREFORE, AS I KEEP INSISTING, DOES NOT MEAN THE SAME THING IN Spanish:-

This is ARCHIVE 14. It is also planned as being the final publication ever to be Mercatorially perpetrated under the title ARCHIVE.

This, I hasten to add, does not signify the end of Mercatorial Publications, either in OMPA or in the wider fannish sphere (this issue is intended to cover both, by the way), merely the end of Mercatorial publications under the title of ARCHIVE, including (PARTICULARLY including) Supplements to ARCHIVE. Therefore I've got to get me another title in time for the March OMPA mailing, and yet another title if I ever put out another more general issue on the lines of this one.

The reason for the changeover is twofold. Firstly, that the name ARCHIVE ceased to appeal to me fairly early on in its career. This by itself is no justification for abandoning the use of a name, so I stuck with it. However, due to circumstances beyond my foresight, if not actually beyond my control, the numbering system got out of hand, providing a justifiable excuse for me to make a clean break and start again, this time (I hope) forewarned.

ARCHIVE No 1, dated Autumn 1954 and distributed with the first OMPA Mailing, comprised six purple pages that were run off on the Banda spirit machine at work. ARCHIVE No 2, in the following mailing, comprised eight similar pages and included reviews of the first mailing. No 3 went up to fourteen purple pages, after which I built myself a flatbed to Paul Enever's specifications and put out eighteen horrible-looking pages of No 4 with the traditional light grey ink, following it up with a special Cover for the first year's issues.

After No 5, I decided to take the mailing reviews out of ARCHIVE proper, postmailing them as soon as they were ready, and thus was born ARCHIVE BETWEEN MEALS (ABM), each of which was booked as being a pre-supplement to the following ARCHIVE. ARCHIVE proper could now justifiably grow a smallish non-OMPA circulation. For another year or two the two issues appeared regularly every quarter, with only an odd extra supplement here and there to confuse things. Then I missed the Worldcon, and came to the conclusion that I'd been overdoing the activity a trifle. So I decided to cut back sharply. To effect this, I put the mailing reviews (augmented by a modicum of general rambling) into each Mailing under the title of ARCHIVE QUARTERLY OMPA SUPPLEMENT (AQOS), cut out the postmailing, and planned to make ARCHIVE proper an annual. In the mean time, all the various Supplements were booked as pre-supplements to ARCHIVE 14. This went on for about two years without the materialisation of ARCHIVE 14, and when the supplements themselves started having supplements I

frankly lost count. (Everybody else had lost count years ago). (Incidentally, the proliferation of the Supplements was assisted by the firm's acquisition of an electric Roneo, without which I don't know what would have happened).

In order to bring the chaos to a fitting conclusion, therefore, here is ARCHIVE 14 - something of a special issue.

For instance, it has contents by people other than myself. In the past I have occasionally run such, but this is the first time I've deliberately gone out of my way to look for them. All the contributed items herein were produced at my specific request, with the exception of "Moorcock's Treasury of Animals" which on the contrary I begged to be allowed to run. When I approached Mike to write up his experiences editing TARZAN, he sat down and wrote them up for me there and then. (Thanks a dozen, Mike). Jim Cawthorn's illustrations for them are first-class examples of one of the few fannish artists whose work I really LIKE. Sid Birchby obligingly produced something light and frothy when asked (I haven't seen the illos that go with it yet, but they too ought to be appropriate to the occasion). And I've put a good deal of my own personal backlog into it that I was saving against precisely this occasion - to wit, ARCHIVE 14.

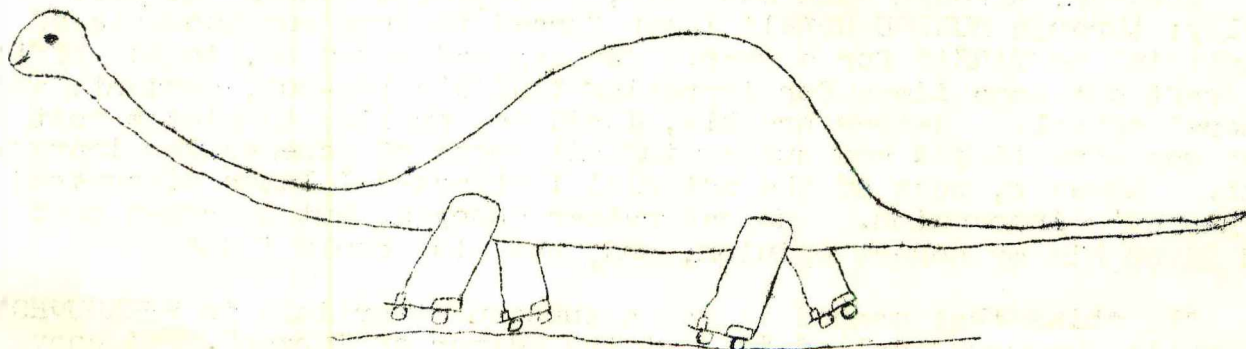
Talking about TARZAN ADVENTURES (BRE), the zine that Mike edited so capably for a while back there, he (Mike, not Tarzan) tells me that it is not after all due to have folded by the time you see this. The reason seems to be something in the contract with the American edition or somebody that FORBIDS the publishers of the BRE to fold it. Sounds good, anyway. Can't somebody try a bit of the same on Dean Grennell for instance?

Where was I? Oh - sort of Explaining myself. Well, so long as you consider me sufficiently Explained, I may as well stop nattering for now. I do plenty of it later on in the zine. Drawing, too.

See you.

AM

*** **



MONDAY THE ELEVENTH

(Well what else CAN one call a brontosaurus named Monday the Eleventh?)

SOME MARRY THEIR childhood sweethearts;
Some, girls they've hardly seen.
Mike Moorcock, (nonconformist), says:



It's been sheer luck all the way, really. My journalistic career, that is. And I've never had cause to regret the hours spent typing and duplicating amateur magazines - because both my first zines (produced well before I ever got into fandom) have helped me. BURROUGHSANIA was instrumental in getting me my first editorial job and its companion BOOK COLLECTOR'S NEWS helped, obliquely, to get me into Amalgamated Press.

Around 1955 or '56, I got in touch with TARZAN, then edited, rather apathetically, by one Bill Rapley - a good journalist, but his heart simply wasn't in the job.

Even in those days, Westworld Publications was a firm dreaming of the better times it had known when its circulations had been figured in hundreds-of-thousands and even millions. It had, for one thing, pioneered - it was almost a crusade in a way - a new style juvenile publication called JUNIOR NEWS which, unfortunately, came out too soon and took an awful lot of the company's money with it when it folded. Other larger firms have since taken the idea up and cashed in on it.

However, through BURROUGHSANIA, I contacted TARZAN and Bill Rapley; through BURROUGHSANIA I was forced to drop any thoughts of submitting to TARZAN for a year. Rapley had asked me, in his office, to draft out some ideas for improving TARZAN's lay-out, content, and general appeal. Rather brashly, I did so, pulling to pieces most of what was established and suggesting all sorts of schemes for improvement. However, most of the material I attacked I later discovered to be Rapley's innovation. He was rather annoyed, but I argued that I had given him my honest opinion, and what else could I do?

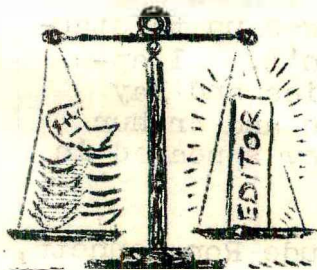
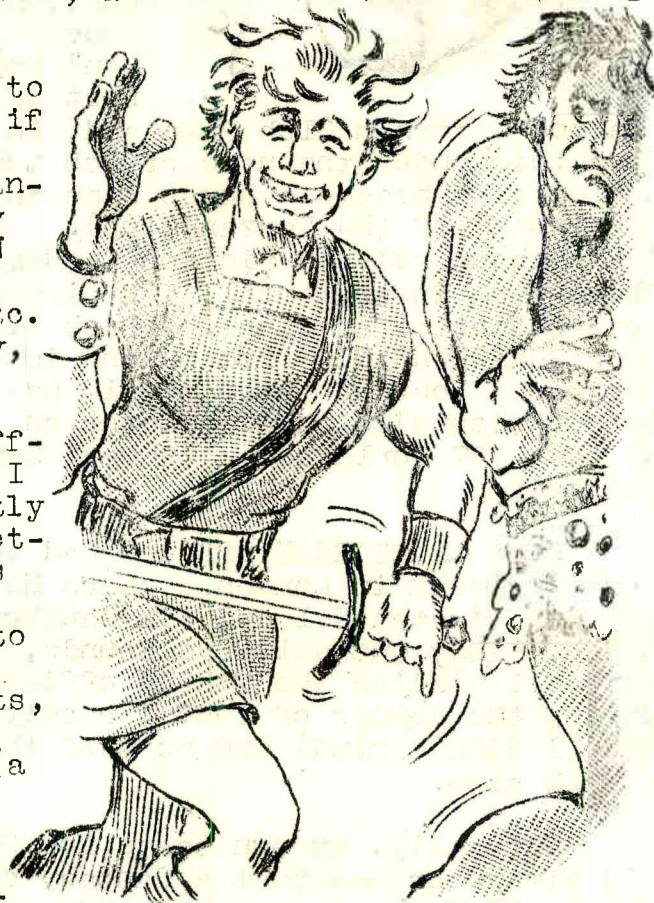
The thing that capped it was a subsequent article in BURROUGHSANIA, hopefully humorous, called "I Meet the Editor of Tarzan". A copy reached Rapley. Soon afterwards, several of my manuscripts were returned. I shrugged my shoulders; that was that. C'est la vie. I left it for a year.

Then, one day, I saw a new-style TARZAN cover, rather attractive. I bought the copy and was pleasantly surprised at the atmosphere therein. The magazine at last had personality and life. Naturally, I presumed there had been a change in editors or that Rapley had turned over a new leaf. Jim Cawthorn was, at this time, doing mainly for his own amusement a John Carter strip. I enthusiastically decided that such work was too good not to print and therefore sent a letter with some samples of Jim's work (addressing it for safety's sake to Rapley) to TARZAN.

A day or so later, I got a letter back signed "A. Graham", asking me to call some time. This I did. Alistair Graham turned out to be the assistant editor under Rapley at the time of our first meeting, who was now editor and was, what's more, a science-fiction fan (though at this stage not a faan).

We arranged for Jim to come up to London for an interview and I asked if Al needed any material, either fact (about ERB etc) or fiction (sf or fantasy natch). He wanted both and by Ghod he got 'em - my debut in TARZAN was a series on the ERB characters such as John Carter, David Innes, etc. Then fiction - the first Sojan story, "Sojan the Swordsman".

I began dropping into the WW office frequently now, and eventually (I guess because I was almost permanently there anyway) John Barnes, the secretary of the firm, offered me a job as assistant editor. Believe it or don't, but I was uncertain whether to take it. You see I had a nice job with a firm of Management Consultants, I was happy there and, mainly, they allowed me to use their duplicator (a wonderful Roneo 750) as much as I liked. Also, I reasoned, I could make more money freelancing for WW than working a staff job with them - you see they don't pay staff for contributions. However, Alistair later on tipped me off that he was leaving the job soon - if I joined as assistant editor, in a couple of weeks or less I'd be editor, like it or not.



I told John Barnes and Donald Peters (managing director of WW and several associate companies) that I'd take the assistant editorship, thanked them nicely, and was told a week later (I hadn't yet joined) that Alistair was leaving and did I think I was capable of editing TARZAN on my lonesome. I said (this isn't what I felt then) that I was sure I was. So I had one week



to learn the ropes from A to Z and then Alistair had gone and I was in full charge of TARZAN. Apart from the general office staff and art-people, there were two of us on TARZAN. Me as general editor, and the septuagenarian R.M. Samuel (a man who has been a fine journalist in his time, a good man on technical production but unfortunately not really in the know regarding juvenile publications) as features editor, sport and so on.

Jim Cawthorn was the first fan to be published in TARZAN (other than me of course), he illustrated "Sojan the Swordsman" and many future stories, including the rest of the Sojan series. Alistair had

started a Tarzan Club Page and, to give it more personality, I produced this under the name of Bob Lumley. (I can now say here that Bob Lumley soon became a house name and I am not Bob Lumley other than the "Chairman" of the Tarzan Club). Soon I began a short series of articles about science-fiction fandom, fanzines, conventions and so forth. These were instrumental, I'm pleased to say, in bringing forward several potential actifans. Dick Ellingsworth was one, who has now taken over BURROUGHSANIA from me and is duplicating my new fanzine EUSTACE for me. Most of these people have brought one or two of their friends into fandom with them. Later on, I did a double-page photo-spread of the 1957 Worldcon. "Sammy" Samuel took the pictures and I wrote the copy.

Soon the TARZAN offices had become almost a meeting place for fans arriving in London. Lars Helander, Archie Mercer, Jim Cawthorn, Ray and Kirsten Nelson, Jim Caughran, Ron Bennett, John MacDonald, Pete Ogden, Sandy Cutrell, Syd Bounds, Arthur Thomson and several others have all visited the TARZAN offices, most of them more than once. During the summer of 1957 I rarely had the office to myself (of course, this I didn't mind) and most of the above fans have contributed to TARZAN also.

Naturally, my own taste for SF and fantasy set the TARZAN policy. I'd always argued that a fantasy character like Tarzan should feature in an all-fantasy magazine and, although I could not, naturally, make TARZAN all-fantasy (except in isolated issues) because it had to cater for all tastes, the overriding element was fantasy. I might have been accused of bringing all my friends "into the act", but this is not strictly true. The fact that many fans contributed to TARZAN was because their work had a professional touch to it - it was up to standard, and I have rejected BNF-written material that wasn't. I approached Bobbie Wild for her very popular mythology series and Ray Nelson for his cartoons and artwork. Both Jim Cawthorn and Arthur Thomson had had work published professionally before they appeared in TARZAN.

Fans who have had stories published in TARZAN include Ron Bennett,

Syd Bounds, Sandy Sandfield, Witty Whitmarsh, Jim Cawthorn, Dick Ellingsworth (a Sojan collaboration with me), George Locke and, of course, Alistair Graham. Arthur Thomson, as well as having many cartoons published in TARZAN, also did an extremely well-received series of articles entitled "First Step to the Stars", which he wrote and illustrated. These were factual spaceflight articles, of course. Jim Cawthorn wrote several articles also, as well as doing the "Handar the Red" fantasy stories and a strip "Peril Planet" which was serialised in the end pages.

I need no more justification of my policy than to state that soon after it had been introduced, the circulation rose by more than five thousand (which was a big step upwards even though, at one time, TARZAN was selling a million. This was in the heyday of comics of this kind). Even up until its demise it was selling more than any other publication of its size and format on the market.*

Around about June of any year, I often get restless, feel like a change of scenery and occupation. I was having a lot of trouble with the publishers, too, at this period, due partly to my policy of printing as much typeset matter as possible (which put the production costs up) and one day I decided to take Ray Nelson up on his invitation and left TARZAN, heading for Paris. When I returned from France I went back to see TARZAN in order to clear up various matters, including the translating/rewriting of a Hal Foster Tarzan strip which the agents had only been able to give us in the Spanish edition. I had previously promised to do this for Westworlds, so I felt that I should keep to my word. However, as I wasn't working for them any longer, I decided to make the most of the strip. I turned it into a fan satire - using fan names and terminology. Great Apes had names like Vah Go, Ty Pur, Mi Meo and Du Pur ("Vah Go, leader of the tribe of Krud"), and one character was Ingvi ("This is your doing, Ingvi you louse!") Other people to feature prominently were Dick Ellington, Lee Hoffman, Alan Dodd, Jim Caughran etc etc. It was good fun and it gave fandom (or that part of fandom which read it) a belly-laugh (be it a mild one).



Trouble is, I can't get out of the habit. I'm still doing it in the scripts I write for Fleetway Publications (nee Amalgamated Press before the Daily Mirror take-over). Although, naturally, not on the same scale.

While at TARZAN I was very happy, and we had an awful lot of fun when fans turned up. One time which sticks strong in my mind is the Tuesday after the Worldcon. Lars Helander would soon be off to Sweden that day and Alistair had just returned from the continent with Sally Webb, another contributor to TARZAN. We were all hard-up, Lars and I due to the Con, Alistair and Sally due to their trip, and we were

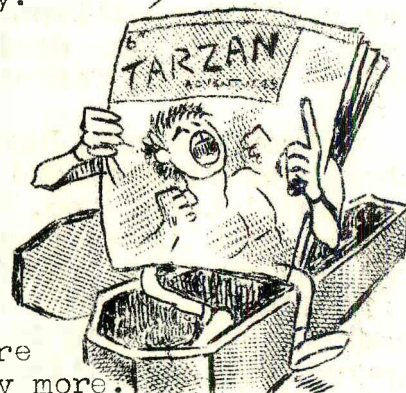
* At the time of writing TARZAN has a few more issues to go, but by the time ARCHIVE appears it will have folded. MJM

very hungry. So we pooled the little money we had and bought a tin of sardines, a tin of soft roes and a tin of baked beans and cooked 'em over the solitary gas ring in Sammy's office (he not being around at the time).

This was fine, until the boss walked in unexpectedly ... silence while he took in the situation. "Would you like a cup of tea, Mr Peters?" asked Sally lamely ...

The whole office stank of fish for weeks afterwards. "AS MARK TWAIN WOULD SAY —"

TARZAN, after I left, was taken over by Sammy. But it was never the same, lost all its personality. This I say with no jealousy intended. Sammy has a lot of technical know-how which I'd like myself, he knows the world of sport inside out. But his stuff is dated, necessarily, he just doesn't know how to write for kids. Pity. Anyway, while it lasted, editing TARZAN was great fun, and good experience, and I sincerely regret its passing.



These days I've a better job, better pay, more prestige, but the kicks don't seem to be there any more. Maybe, I can raise the money and make a take-over bid for TARZAN?

Well, I can dream, can't I ...

MIKE MOORCOCK

MERCATORIAL FOOTNOTE. Speaking as one of the few fans who apparently DIDN'T contribute to TARZAN during Mike's editorship, my impression of the zine during this period was that the fan-written and fan-illustrated portions of the zine were superior to the remainder - including the TARZAN strips themselves. And as for Sammy, with his "I want you all to think of me as your chum" attitude, I can only say that he'd NEVER make a faan. AM

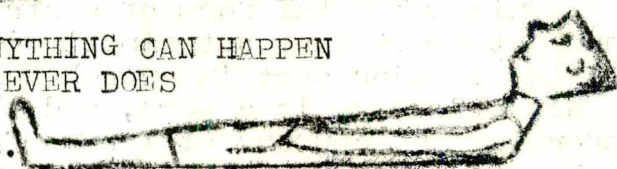


RELAXING ONE DAY at an old slave-trading fort in a little Spanish village amongst the muskeg-swamps of the north-eastern Dodecanese Alps, I came across what must have been the perfect title for a fanzine column:

OH DIDN'T HE RAMBLE

THE COLUMN IN WHICH ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
BUT SELDOM IF EVER DOES

Since then I have used several others.



DEPT OF THE
GREAT UNWRITTEN

Many years ago, when I was still at school I started to write a Great Novel, Fraught with Meaning.

I had a first-class theme for it - it started with a boy throwing a stone at a cat. Now the idea was that there were two stones, of virtually identical nature, lying side by side, and the novel would demonstrate, by tracing the ever-widening ripples from this basic event, the fact that by throwing one of these stones rather than its mate, the boy set in train a chain of events that would eventually affect the fate of nations. The title of this Great Novel was "The World Goes Round A Pebble".

I still hold that my thesis is entirely correct as it stands. The fact that I was never able to get beyond the first paragraph is due mainly to my inability to think of any good and convincing reason why the fact that the boy threw one stone rather than the other SHOULD affect the fate of nations.

In the mean time, I can console myself with the fact that I probably wouldn't like the book anyway.

The same thing applies to another Great Unwritten Novel I never wrote. This one, however, was not written fairly recently, and was plotted in somewhat greater detail than the above abortive work of genius. Just for the hell of it, here is the complete synopsis as I never wrote it. The title, for you completists, is "The Great Failure".

The story begins with a young man demobbed from the army and sort of dumped on civvy street to sink or swim. Not unlike my own situation when I was first demobbed, but even before the story actually began I had the plot in motion - this bloke, the hero (natch), has had one ambition during his military career - to become a lance-corporal, even just local-acting-unpaid, and in attaining that rank rising momentarily off the metaphorical floor - if only for a day. Which, for a start,

he never succeeds in doing - throughout his army service he never holds any rank but private.

In civvy street, he takes an uninteresting job and cheap digs. (So did I, but there the main resemblance to myself begins and ends, for the record). He's not much impressed with civil life, and in his spare time he sort of drifts round London, and meets a group of Marble Arch political freaks whose philosophies rather appeal to him. Apart from his contact with them, he more or less stagnates until Stark Drama stalks across the scene.

This takes the form of a street-shooting affair, in which he is an innocent spectator, but almost without realising it he finds himself playing a major part in apprehending the gunman at considerable risk to himself. He is a Hero, and the national press lose no time in informing the country at large of the fact. He rather likes the egoboo involved, but is greatly embarrassed when he learns that the victim died, and the gunman is to be charged with his murder - because capital punishment is one of his pet hates. (Yes, I know - mine, too). However, with the assistance of his Marble Arch friends, he launches a nation-wide petition to have the killer reprieved. His particular status in regard to the affair ensures him the widest publicity, and he has high hopes of bringing it off. In the course of his campaigning, too, he acquires a girl-friend - the girl of his dreams, no less, whose very presence turns life into glorious technicolor for him. With her at his side, he rises to undreamed-of heights.

The appeal is dismissed, and the killer is duly hanged.

But there's plenty more in him yet. A by-election happens to be pending in a constituency situated in the Marble Arch area - I thought of it as "Tyburn" - and his friends persuade him to trade on his nation-wide reputation by running as an independent. He does so, with them and his girl to help him, holding his main meetings at Speakers' Corner and once again being assured of automatic press-coverage. It is generally considered that he has an excellent chance of winning. What the actual result is, I'm not quite sure. Maybe he polls so few votes that he loses his deposit. Maybe he ties for first place with another candidate, and is defeated by the returning officer's casting vote. Certainly, though, he fails to win the election. At this point his girl leaves him, and he is plunged into the very depths of despair.

Round about now, the Korean War gets under way, and he feels that there's nothing left for him but to volunteer for same. He does so, is accepted, and eventually arrives in Korea. There, one day, he finds himself right in the front line (still a private of course), face to face with an enemy soldier. It's a clear-cut case of shoot first or be shot oneself.

He just can't bring himself to do it.

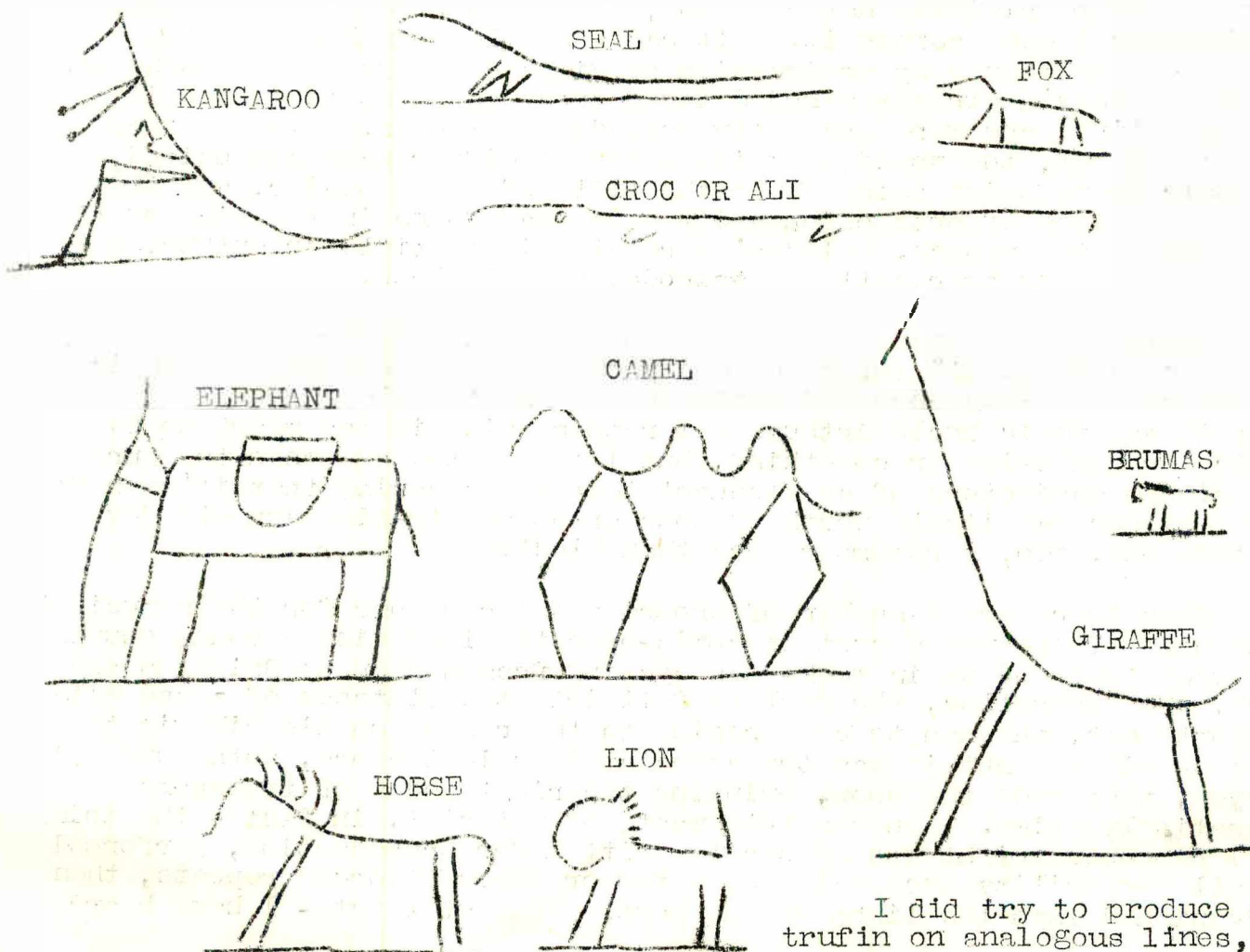
"We like being blackmailed - it makes us feel important" - Lynette Vondruska

MEET THE
TRUPINS

Every now and again, people still ask me just what it is about fishes that led me to adopt the trufin as my characteristic drawing. I answer that it's mainly because they're easy to draw. Also, of course, they're distinctive on the whole, and once I became lumbered with the things they've been hung round my neck for ever after.

They are not, of course, the easiest things to draw. Pin-men are. In my pre-fannish career I usually used to draw pin-men - if anything. When I started fan-pubbing, though, Derek Pickles had a sort of fannish copyright in pin-fen, so fishes it had to be. And fishes it has been ever since - again, if anything.

The only reason I mention this now is to give myself an excuse for exhibiting a number of experimental drawings I once did to determine just how far pin-man technique could be applied to the animal kingdom. Which turned out to be surprisingly far, all things considered. As witness the following:



I did try to produce a trufin on analogous lines, but came reluctantly to the conclusion that you can't do it with fish. Pity, really. Unless, of course, one is to try something after this fashion (see over):

which is also a pity, really.

No, Joy - I think you have the better technique, after all.

THOSE WERE THE
DAYS (IN THOSE
DAYS)

As I type this (it being the 2nd of September 1959 at the moment), tomorrow is the 20th anniversary of the outbreak of

World War 2. Now this is as it happens a pure coincidence, because I was about due to bring this subject up in any case, for what (if anything) it may be worth. The subject in question being to hearken back momentarily to one particular aspect of those days. Namely, certain items that I heard over the wireless that I remember with pleasure from the period shortly pre-war and early wartime.

In general, of course, I don't think those days were a patch on these - they're twenty years out of date, for one thing. But I still remember kindly the play about the giant crabs. Pure sf, this was, of a somewhat primitive nature maybe, but the sort of thing I lapped up whenever I came across it. It had a simple enough plot - the world was threatened by an invasion of giant crabs from the depths of the sea - they'd already denuded large areas adjacent to the Pacific of human life, and were gradually spreading all over. In the face of this threat, the world sank its national differences and united, the main protagonist being given the title of World Leader, and thanks to the combined efforts of humanity a way was found in the nick of time to overcome the menace. I don't recall either title or author, but I very much tend to recall the episode, nevertheless.

Another play I remember from around the same period was a fantasy, involving a "typical" suburban family who found an elephant in their garden shed. Every now and again the elephant would announce solemnly that it was their Uncle Arthur. I rather think it was meant to be satire or symbolism or something, but I was at the age when the pure and simple conjecture of an elephant that keeps saying that it's one's Uncle Arthur was itself worth an hour or so of air-time any old day. So that one, too, I remember more than kindly.

Then there are a number of programmes I remember for their musical content. There was a sort of comic-operetta involving a young couple who used to spend their week-ends cycling from London to Brighton and back, who quarrelled, the girl to fall into the clutches of a cad with a sports car, the man to come racing to the rescue on his bike in the nick of time. But it was the associated musical score, both sung and played, that made the show, bringing the rival modes of transport pulsatingly alive. An absolute waste of material, in fact - the thing if I remember aright was specially written for broadcasting, performed in all probability once with maybe two or three recorded repeats, then it vanished into the limbo of the past. But at least - I have heard it.

Also in the musically-memorable line are a couple of series - both, as it happens, built around female impersonators. One was the Irish

comic Jimmy O'Dea, the other George Lacey. Jimmy O'Dea's series, "Melody & Co", was about a touring company of that name, George Lacey's series was called "Drive In" (I haven't the proverbial clue why) and was set in a small town or village or something with George playing "Captain Chiseller". (One supporting character that comes to mind is the barmaid, "Lena Ponnet".) In each case, of course, the individual show would be a sort of loose sketch in the course of which the star would be called upon to impersonate some female or other as per his usual act.

Now comedy series-shows of this nature almost always contain musical interludes, apparently on the grounds that people who don't like comedy will still listen to catch the music or something. (Maybe even vice versa). It merely so happened that the musical interludes in these two particular series were actually worth listening to, which is more than I can say of any other series I've ever met, even the famous Itma arrangements. I don't know where they got their songs from, but either they were specially written for each show, or each show was carefully tailored to fit the songs that it was to contain (in which case I wonder where they DID come from originally). For instance, in the Jimmy O'Dea series the characters once found themselves saddled with a stray elephant. (No, Cecil - I don't THINK it's your Uncle Arthur). To match this situation was a song: "I've Got an Elephant", tuneful (if maybe in a corny fashion) and with well-handled scoring for the supporting band. More recently I remember hearing that song elsewhere - I rather think some comedian sang it simply as a song worth singing - which I thought it was, anyway. That's the exception - all the rest of that thoroughly tuneful and MEMORABLE music has been apparently sunk without trace.

One final reminiscence - a complete mystery item. One day in the early 1940s I was lying in bed at school, sort of half-asleep, and the secret wireless in the dormitory was on. Nothing unusual, but suddenly my attention was caught - a vigorous male voice chorus was singing a sort of barcarolle. A strong, slow tune somewhat reminiscent of "Shenandoah" (the awaaaay I'm bound to go part), across which fell the beat of the rowers, alternately a cry as of the hortator or whatever followed by a sharp unison grunt. Huh! sort of sound. For maybe a minute I listened enthralled, then it disappeared and something else took its place. That fragment still haunts me - and I still haven't the remotest clue as to what it was or is. (To forestall one fairly obvious suggestion - no, it's NOT the Canoe Song from "Sanders of the River". It's even better than that, and in more of a waltz-type rhythm (which is why I classify it as a barcarolle).)

In those days, of course, I hadn't the slightest notion that such a thing as what I now know as traditional jazz had ever existed. Why MUST music be kept secret like this?

DAVY CROCKETT AND
THE VOLGA BOATMEN

This is also a bit out of date now, but it remains in the ARCHIVE pending file, so I might as well throw it away now as later. A few years ago, a couple of us at work were discussing the new film (it was, in those days) "Davy Crockett and the River Pirates", and we decided that

such a high theme should be capable of adaptation to a Russian background.

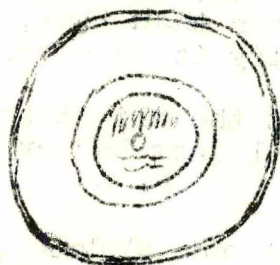
Naturally, the parts of Davy Crockett and his companion-biographer ~~James B. Russell~~ George E. Russel would have to be taken by the established team of Fess & Buddy. Jeff York was considered for the part of the Russian river-king, but rejected on the grounds that he bore too close a resemblance to the Mississippi version of himself, and would therefore tend to confuse the issue. However, to keep the thing within the Wars of the Roses, we gave the part to Burt Lancaster - a casting that had the additional merit of reuniting him with Nick Cravat.

Unfortunately we never got anywhere with the story, apart from deciding (myself opposing but overruled) that the theme music should be based on "Red Sails in the Sunset". What we did produce was as perfect a cast as we could devise, as follows:

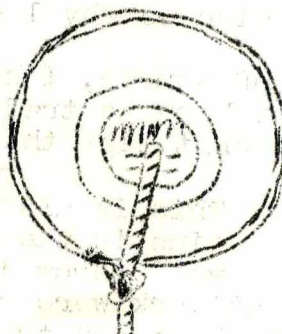
Davy Crockett	Fess Poole
George E. Russel	Buddy Absent
Big Mikhail Finkovski,	
King of the	
Volga Boatmen	Burt Lancaster
Fedor Chaliapin,	
the great bass	
solo	Nick Cravat
Igor Igorovitch Grigor,	
a Byelorussian	Paul Robeson
Volga Olga, the	
Bargee's Best	
Friend	Maureen Oharavitch
Even Ivan, the gentle	
Stroke	Primo Carnera
Igor Bivor, an impet-	
uous lumberjack ...	Stanley N. Kenton

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER

1. Take an
ordinary gram-
ophone record.



2. Thread a length
of string
through the
little round
hole in the
middle.



3. Hold it
by the string
and swing it
round your
head.



You are now a member of the Whirled Record Club. Congratulations.

NOW WHAT THE furshlugginer whasit did Birchby call this piece?
 "Riled Pink" ? "Filed Ink" ? "Child Think" ? "Mild Wink" ?
 Ah, that's it -

WILD MINK

a column of conspicuous consumption by S.L. BIRCHBY

though you can search me as to precisely WHY.

"Let's pretend," I told my wife, "that we are filthy rich, and want to show it."

Her memory stirred: "Oh, by the way," she replied, "you owe me half-a-crown for aspirin."

"Later. In any case, they are as much for your benefit as mine. Wait till you taste my delicious yard-long beans and giant tomatoes."

"What has that to do with aspirin?"

"Why, plants grow during the day and rest at night, so by feeding them with aspirin, I keep them awake and peppy, and they grow right on. You wait; you'll see."

Jay sighed. "I'm sorry I interrupted now. I should have known better. Let's imagine, as you say, that we're rich. What now, Onassis Junior?"

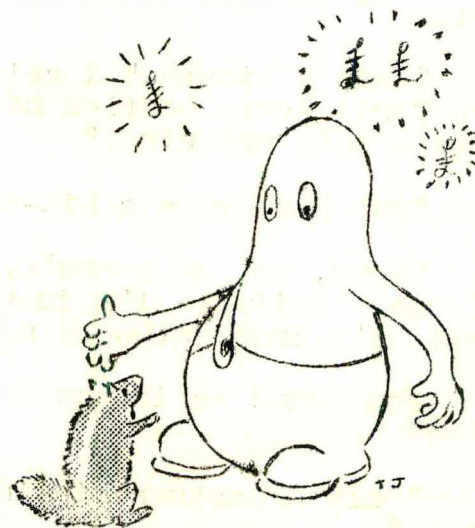
I spread out the small-ads column of "The Sunday Times".

"Why, there's so much we can do. A whole new world before our eyes. Just listen to this: 'Woman wishes to sell wild mink coat...£300...extremely reasonable'. Fancy spending that much on a second-hand coat. Why, I can get one down the road for ten quid."

"A stole?"

"No, ready cash, and no messing. Listen, here's a life-size bust of Lord Byron for sale. Picture that in the garden. I could train my king-size beans up it!"

"No, I want something we can both



enjoy. Do you have any pets?"

"What about a Tibetan spaniel, true to type, make lovely companion?"

"I'm suspicious. True to what type?"

"I dunno. Maybe it only eats yak meat."

"Or has own prayer-wheel, and answers to name of Lhasa. What's the address?"

"It's a box number."

"That settles it. No alien dogs for me, thank you. Try to find something really exclusive."

"Would you like a transistorised organ?"

"Would you?"

"I personally think a virginal might be fun."

"Not while I'm in this house, you beast."

I raised my eyebrows huffily: "It's an old musical instrument."

"I don't care what it is. Out it goes, or I shall."

"Now, now," I soothed. "Here's just the thing for us. A tiger-skin, with its head mounted as a rug; unused."

"Just what do you think we could do with that?"

"Oh, er, use it," I leered. A cushion flew through the air in reply.

"Wait a minute," I cried desperately, "here's a man who wants to swap forty dozen bottles of wine for a cabin-cruiser. I wonder what vintage he's offering?"

"But have we a cabin-cruiser to spare?"

"Mmmm, no, we haven't, have we? We need all ours for our friends. Pity. I'd just made up a telegraphic reply starting: 'Cruiser's crew enthuses news booze...'"

You sound as if you have a mouthful of acid drops. Anything else?"

"Only a partnership in a South American gold-mine, costing £1500."

"Alluvial?"

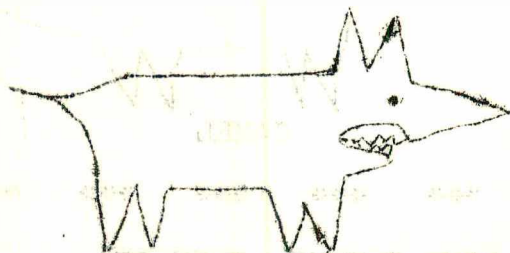
"Ah love y'all, too, honey. Let's you and me get outta this joint."

(Exit Left, pursued by flying vases)

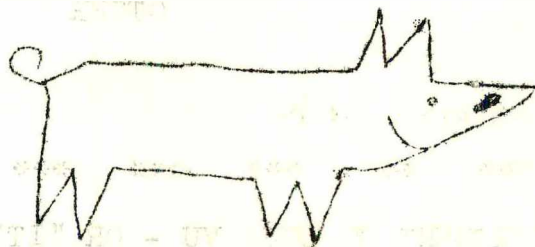
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THE NEXT ITEM, which has to be encountered to be believed, has absolutely no connection with anything else in this magazine (or out of it as like as not). The sheer enormity of the entire concept is breathtaking in its immensity - who, for instance, apart from Moorcock, would have for a moment contemplated keeping animals, rather than minerals, in a treasury? The mind, as the saying says, boggles. Here, then, I have both pride and pleasure in presenting to the world

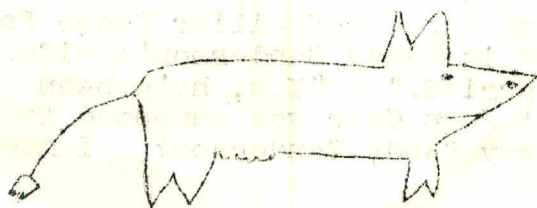
Moorcock's Treasury OF ANIMALS



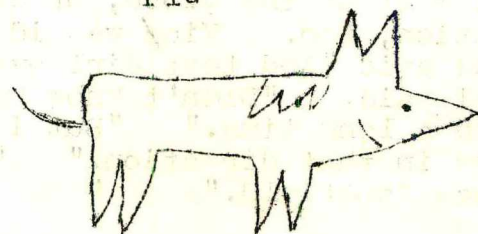
WOLF



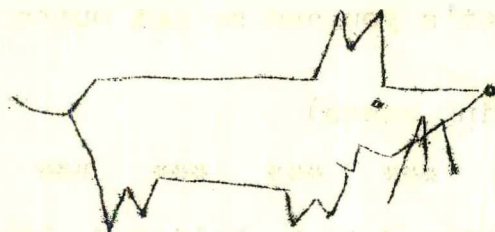
PIG



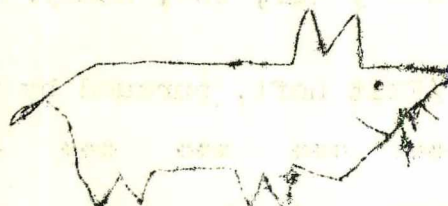
COW



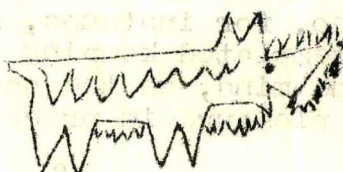
HORSE



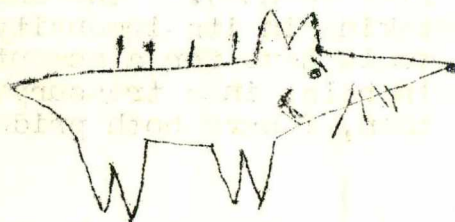
DOG



CAT



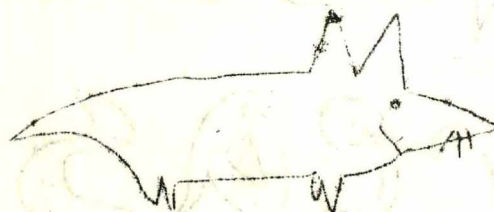
SHAGGY DOG



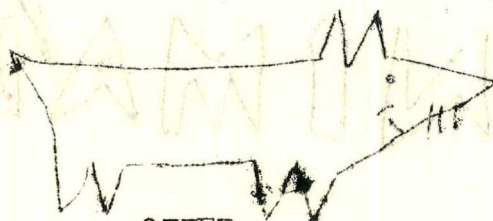
ANGRY DOG



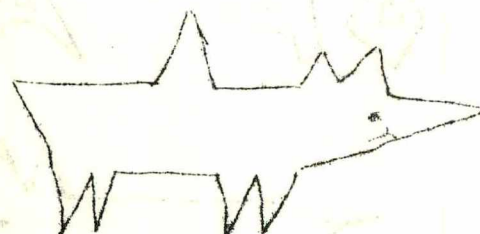
ELEPHANT



FOX



OTTER



CAMEL

MOORCOCK

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DEPARTMENT OF DEJA VU - OR "IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE, BENNETT"

" I went to the Globe, of course - twice. Nearly uncovered a Revelation, too. Vin~~g~~ was identifying a few unfamiliar faces for me, and said "And that girl over there is Sandy Sanderson's wife." "Oh?" I said. "Didn't know he was married." "Yes, he's been married a long time." "But I thought Joan Carr was supposed to have designs in that direction." "Did I say Sandy Sanderson? I meant Laurence Sandfield." "

----- AM, writing in ARCHIVE No 5 (Autumn 1955)