

Perpetrated ^{from Bristol} by ARCHIE MERCER of c/o B.S.F.A. Library, (Basement) 130 London Road Cheltenham, Glos. (Eng). Yngvi is a Louse. A MERCATORIAL PUBLICATION

THE FILLETED SHAMBLES again, this time for the 33rd Mailing and adjacent parts.

BIG DEAL 1 (Dave Hale) You had me worried in your BINARY review when you started saying "a cat - - - will usually turn right over". I knew they reckoned to land upright, but this was ridiculous. Then it sunk in that you'd suddenly stopped talking about pussies and started on catamarans. / I wonder how many overseas OMPans realise (re the filk song) that Ella does live in a condemned house? Over an abandoned "Continental Butchers" withal?

THE ICONOCLASTIC QUARTERLY 1 (Friendly Al Lewis) Even if Bloch's letter is second-hand by now, it makes a very good point and was well worth reprinting. It's one of the tragedies of this world that too many people have redeeming features. / I don't get the point of the "Who is Leslie Gerber?" thing, but Les's own article also says much sense - particularly re "spoken word" records. Personally, I tend to approach things in a slightly different way from Les - I never worry about the price of a record. If I want it, I want it, and that's that. Nearly everything I buy, incidentally, has to be specially ordered. And cannot, therefore, be bought otherwise than strictly on spec. On the whole, I'm satisfied with what I buy.

OFF TRAILS 33 (Cheslin the AE) No - on mature consideration I don't think Ken's going to make a good AE. You can tell that just by looking at the paragraph-heading there - "Cheslin the AE" isn't anywhere in the same class as "Burn the AE". (Sorry, Ken). (Actually, apart from the fact that OT 33 looks more like a Cheslinzine than like an OT, it's perfectly adequate).

ALCES-AMER (Don Anderson) Alces could be Alcester, a smallish town in Warwickshire, and Amer could be America, but I don't see the connection if any. I like the cover this time though. / Re "not that kind of gay" - it's beginning to sink in that "gay" is another of these words that are completely innocent to a Britisher but heavily loaded to an American. The reverse can also apply at times, though. I quote "Hear Me Talkin' To Ya", Penguin edition, P.307: "They got the same thrill out of this enthusiasm -" (this was a concert) " - that we did, up to the point where a couple of youngsters got up and started to shag in the aisles." On this side of the Atlantic, "to shag" means "to commit sexual intercourse". I realise that Americans are less inhibited than us over here - but not to that extent. / As to how the Home Guard was armed during the last war, they started with pikes. That is, long metal pipes with bayonets or something stuck in one end. This was on the grounds that any armament was better than nothing, though it was generally treated as a national joke. Then Sten carbines (the firearm reduced to its simplest form commensurate with 20th century usage, in which only the barrel was precision-made) were produced in large quantities mainly for Home Guard use. And there was always the WWI mark rifle, that was slightly heavier than its WWII descendant but supposed to be the better product for all that.

DOLPHIN THREE (Elinor B.) I know that rhymes, but don't blame me. / So minks breed in captivity. I'm sorry Elinor, but if ever a statement left itself wide open for jumping on, that's it. I can think of

two obvious retorts: (a) they've got nothing else to do, and (b) so do humans. Nobody (except the mink) needs a mink coat, and if they've been indoctrinated to think that they do, that's clearly not the mink's fault. It would probably be justice to try fulfilling the artificially-induced "need" with an advertising-copywriterskin coat. / In our other arguments, we seem to be getting cross-purposive with each other, so I think they'd better be left where they are. / In passing, Chuck Hansen may have left us, but quite innocently he seems to have started an argument that goes marching gaily on mailing after mailing. I wonder if he knew, he'd try to come back? Oh yes - I don't approve of eating animals - I'm a vegetarian at heart - but I realise that it's literally a case of them or us. If flesh was forbidden, mankind would starve.

ENVOY EIGHT (Wait for it) Uh - George Spencer. (Wrong). Kench Eslin. That's more like it. / Re the jury system, I hold two entirely contradictory opinions about it. In the first place, it strikes me as an outrageous imposition that the ordinary casual man (or woman) in the street can be peremptorily summoned, on pain of dire penalties, to forsake whatever plans he/she may have and attend at the local law courts to be at the disposal of The Machine for as long as said Machine may wish. On the other hand, it is also distinctly mortifying to know that I, not being a householder within the meaning of the act as the saying says, am not considered good enough to be compelled to waste my time in this way. / Re HMS Pinafore, my understanding of it is that not only are you correct in supposing that the captain's daughter is to wed a man as old as her father, but the captain himself finishes up with a woman older still, who was responsible for mixing the two men up when they were babies. (That Could Have Been Somewhat Better Expressed).

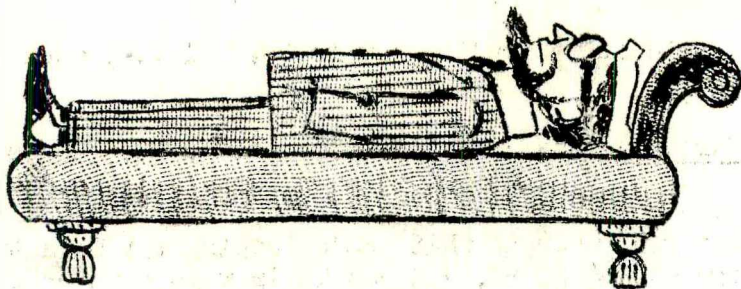
SALLY PORT 3 (Ken Cheslin) (Good guess). I see you've taken time to hand-colour the cover on my copy, Ken, anyway. It really is effective, too. Perhaps if you hand-colour all yours and Schultz doesn't, that way it'll be possible to tell which is which. / Actually, when one comes across strikingly similar legends in such widely disparate areas as Africa and South America, one begins to wonder if they're quite as old as they appear. / Re re-incarnation (you re VAGARY), has anybody thought to wonder whether, if there is indeed life on other worlds, we would or could inter-reincarnate with them?

CHICKEN-WAGON 2 (Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon) Apropos of nothing in particular, I keep wondering what would happen if other Calvins started adopting the same formula. Calvin T. "Biff" Beck for instance. / Now you're tending to lay off the gimmick, Biff, the humour is shining through much better. Your "'While there is certainly no inherent criticism of your back implied, Mr Demmon,' they said, 'we don't feel that we have a place for either of you with our organisation at this time.'" is superlative. (The ensuing paragraph, about the little old lady with her back in a sling, is only comparatively superlative). (Which reminds me - the expression "comparatively superlative" can be rendered down to "bester", though I don't quite see the relevance).

SHADOWFAX 1 (Gordon Eklund) "Bramble" ought to be a Berryzine, surely? You'll doubtless have observed with pleasure that Hel Klemm is on the way back.

ERG 13 (Terry Jeeves) But Fritz Leiber has no connection with Yngvi, surely? The original reference was in a story by de Camp & Pratt,

and for some reason de Camp seems to be the party held responsible. / I don't often find myself agreeing with Ted Tubb, but I do here. That poor famine article - everybody tends to approve of the Cause, but hardly anybody has a good word for the way it was expressed. / I wouldn't know of any private arrangements made with OMPA's original officers Terry, but according to the published records you were not a member in the old days. That's the best I can do, sorry. / Alan Burns's travelogue was interesting, and I was particularly interested in the part about the "good Germans" helping the Poles against the SS. This sort of thing, assuming it's true and not simply an attempt to justify the division of Germany after the fact, should be more widely publicised. And just in case that



FABULOUS FREUD
as perceived by JIM CAWTHORN

sentence looks slightly cynical, it isn't meant to be. I very much hope the story is true.

TO HEL AND BACK (Brian Burgess) This, too, is interesting, though not to the same extent as Alan Burns's piece. Your main trouble, Brian, is that you concentrate too much on how many cups of tea you had and how much each cost you, whereas what one's looking for in a travelogue is striking things you saw and/or heard, and how Their ways compare with Our ways. Still, as this is (I understand) the first time you've ever attempted any original writing, it's thoroughly commendable.

JETSTREAM 3 (Jhim Linwood) A bob and a ben and Ken our Confucian Ruleth all OMPA under the Constitution.

✱ Stonehenge isn't so far from Bristol, so when I get round to re-reading the Stonehenge Pelican again I'll have to pay the place another visit.

SCOTTISHE 29 (Ethel Lindsay) Ian Peters has set me off again - to my mind, the issue is perfectly simple. It's a valid step in the creation of a united world, therefore (this is the Common Market I'm talking about in case you haven't guessed) I'm utterly In Favour. As for the Commonwealth, I admit to being proud of it - particularly of those countries that voluntarily came in on our side at the very beginning of WWII (forget South Africa for the purposes of this, huh?) But, when one comes to consider it, pride in the Commonwealth is entirely negative in its nature. I'm proud of the fellow-feeling that exists between members of the Commonwealth. On the other hand, I'm ashamed that the same fellow-feeling doesn't exist between Commonwealth and non-Commonwealth countries in general. In the mean time, the Common Market is a substantial step in the right direction. ✱ And a word to Colin Freeman - by giving us Espresso Coffee, Italy (as an example) has surely done her worst to us - without our being in the Common Market. Now perhaps we can give Italy something just as bad in return - though I can't think what. ✱ I have sent Mal a copy of AMBLE 11.

UL 8 (Norm Metcalf) Books on Early Australia - one I remember not without a certain amount of affection is Henry Kingsley's "Some (or possibly The) Recollections of Geoffry (sic) Hamlyn". It dates from - oh, some time in the last century I imagine - and in consequence suffers from an overdose of English upper-class values plus quite a lot of melodrama (young woman runs away to marry a Cad and returns home amid the cold cold snow with an armful of baby (this was before they went to Australia), that sort of thing. Nevertheless, there's plenty of good stuff in it as I remember it. (I read it in my middle teens). And it's a l-o-n-g book. ✱ Re the Wallace checklist, I take it that the title you list as "Mr Commissioner Sanders" is the one that, according to the list Vin^{ce} Clarke once made out for me, is simply "Sanders". Otherwise the lists tally - and the consecutive order listing is something I didn't have before except from sometimes vague internal evidence. Tower. ✱ It'll never work, but he went to ground (Newman this is) at 1 Howard Rd, Bournemouth, Hants. (Eng)

MAINIAC 2 (Andy Main) Here - you should know, Andy. Is it true that Walter Breen is the only fan simultaneously inactive in New York, Barea and LA fandoms? ✱ Dogs pulling wagons is illegal over here, so I was wondering about chickens in the states, that's all. Or something.

MORPH 28 (John Roles) I seem to have misplaced a reference - I'm afraid I don't

quite dig why you're interested in my definition of "definitive". But in any case, I mean more or less "pure". If I say something's definitive, I mean it's what I consider to represent a pure specimen of its type, against which other specimens of the apparent type can be measured. If I knew what you were talking about I could be more specific. / Although any individual case can be made out to represent a great hardship to all concerned, I'm afraid I can't shed any tears at the passing of great hereditary fortunes. I think it's much healthier if people have to earn their own way. Even then, some slick types seem to find it a lot easier than others, but it's at least better than starting them off rich. In practice, the existence of great private fortunes probably had as much to be said for it as against, but in theory I can do without it any day. / The "Mars" song you quote reminds me of a snatch I once heard to approximately the following effect: "In Martian lands they don't have houses, men wear skirts and girls wear trousers". I don't think it's the same song, because I remember it as sort of 4:4 rhythm whilst the verses you quote appear to be in waltz time. / In two moves I've broken 7 of my low-fi (well, 78 rpm) records. This worries me. At that rate, I only have to move 135 more times and I won't have any left at all. The things are a real nightmare the space they take up and the weight they involve, but they're too irreplaceable to throw away.

HUNGRY 5 (Alan Rispin) Interesting to see your write-up of what's been happening to you recently. / Francis is a man's name, or a surname. Frances is a woman's name. Jim Cawthorn thus, without the terminal "e". And, while I'm at it, though you're not guilty in this matter, Arthur Thomson thus, without the "p".

ENVOY 9 (Dick Schultz) (Correet). "Hans" is far too long, and far too obscure - who was the woman supposed to be, and why should such play be made with her apparently irrelevant name? / Prophetically, like you say, you called me the Wanderer. Specifically, you made it "Die Wanderer". As I happen to be neither feminine nor plural, and furthermore I think I'm right in saying that "Wanderer" in that form is strictly masculine singular, I've been wondering (rather than wandering) ever since why you made it "die" rather than "der". Unless it's supposed to be in English - "Drop Dead, Wanderer" sort of?

HEX 3 (Charles Wells) Well, as the saying says, I never. / Sorry, Chuck, but the first American member was undoubtedly Marie-Louise Share, No. 20. And incidentally, although she was at first our only Amerifan, according to the AE (Vin's) Report in OFF TRAILS No. 1, her zine was the first zine received. You seem to have been our second Amerifan, though. I guess it'd probably be in order to welcome you back or something mate. Hope you like the place these days.

 Chuck Wells doll: you wind it up and it rejoins OMPA

PHENOTYPE OpCrif CCXIV (Dick Eney) What a repulsive cover, whatever it is. / I suppose they had these Primary Training Units scattered around the UK and come hell or high water every second week they had to fill ~~one~~ company of each. If they'd just taken all the available Scots the previous fortnight, the next batch'd have to be from England. Mainly from the north of England (remember my school was evacuated north), with a sprinkling from the south coast that presumably overflowed from some other operation elsewhere.

BIG DEAL 2 (Dave Hale) You re VAGARY - bottom of 2nd page of criticism - "when someone has criticised another magazine rather violently he usually compliments the recipient of the criticism at the end of his rave. This is a namby-pamby thing...." Mate, it's nothing of the sort. It's a very useful form of insurance. Not everybody can invariably distinguish between an attack on his principles and an attack on himself. (For "principles" read "opinions" rather). Some people seldom can, nobody can guarantee never to, particularly - as sometimes happens - he's rushed and gallops too fast through the mailing not taking everything in properly. Differences of opinion help to make an apa. Personal animosity hinders it. So in my view, the custom you pan is fully justified - in fact might if anything be extended.

You realise, of course, that my violent disagreement with your expressed opinion makes no you do? That's fine. Somebody else - or you under other circumstances - mightn't. Right, Hale - back to the pigeon-loft to test for fall-out

QUARTERING 2 (Don Fitch) McCombs's story has its point I suppose, but I don't dig the connection with the poem - nor, come to that, the poem itself. If I dug the latter, maybe the former'd fall into place. Personally, I could've done without either poem or story come to that, but still.

Don, you and Larry will realise, I hope, that my panning of his story in your zine doesn't alter in the least the high regard in which I hold the pair of you. (Stop sniggering, Hale).

Don, welcome to the ranks of diggers of jazz - even West Coast jazz.

(Naturally, the West Coast will realise that whatever my opinions about its jazz may be, I still love it for itself).

OUTPOST 3 (Fred Hunter) I don't like the cover this time - it's not Fred.

Could be almost anybody's cover (except mine of course).

✱ Mind you, I don't absolutely guarantee the accuracy of every particular of my memoirs. They're as I remember it - but I have one of the most eidetic sieves in the business. ✱ You re SCOTTISHE - and back to the Common Market. You object to it on the grounds that it would involve us with Adenauer and de Gaulle. I approve of it on the grounds that it would involve us with (for instance) Jean Linard and Hel Klemm. Of course, if (as I hope to hell we do) we go in, we inherit (so to speak) both the above pairs. And, in fact, our presence may well help to redress the balance (should it need it) between the Adenauers and de Gaulles on the one hand, and the Linards and Klemms on the other. ✱ Another argument in favour of the Common Market that I forgot to mention under my SCOTTISHE review this time is that it looks like being the only way in which the ridiculous partition of the British Isles will be ended.

BIXEL 1 (Alva Rogers) Now you've got Alva in, Bill, you'll have to put Al haLevy on the waiting list as the next step. ✱ From the drawing, 628 Bixel looks a not unattractive residence. I particularly like the turret room. ✱ I particularly enjoyed the conrep in thish, it (sorry, Terry Carr, I'll start again). I particularly enjoyed the conrep in thish - and the way it brings both Alva and Sid to life. ✱ I presume one gets a palfy of the yard in all three feet at once?

VIPER 6 (Bill Donaho) And why shouldn't Ernest Rayer James still be alive, pray? Er - (no pun intended) - you wouldn't happen to be thinking of Montague Rhodes James I suppose?

 Bill Donaho doll: you don't wind it up, you blow it up

OFF TRAILS vIX no.1 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Ken Cheslin) I've changed my mind, Ken - you're OK. Only one has to remember that under this regime, we don't BURN THE AE - instead, we simply burn the OO. Much less messy.

LUDICROUS PORTRAITS (Don Studebaker) But surely Roscoe isn't a muskrat? Musk-rats ramble. (Come to think of it, so do I. Now I'm worried. And it's all your fault.)

FOCUS 1 (Pat Kearney) One thing - Eddie's illustrating's getting better and better every time he does anything, 'twould seem. Δ If that's a typical Henry Miller passage, well, it was interesting to see what all the fuss is about, anyway. It's superb prose, I agree. However, it's the sort of superb prose I can easily do without - you've done me a favour indirectly, Pat - no longer need I be concerned about all I'm missing in that line. Seriously, thanks. Δ I can, by the looks of things, do without Senor Bunuel, too. (On the other hand, Messrs Bunuel and Miller are no doubt perfectly capable of doing without me if necessary, so it's quite fair really). Δ The "telephone" article was of interest, but too mysteriously technical for full comprehension. Just a s a point - do you fully understand it?

 Henry Miller doll: you wind the censors up and they ban it

ALL-IN SCRAMBLE

is the title of AMBLE's brand-new lettercol.

IAN PETERS (20 September 1962) writes: "From 1034 the northern part of Britain came to be known as "Scotland" due to the succession of Duncan to the kingship of the Scots & Picts. Duncan was the first king of all Scotland. He had a rough time fighting the Northumbrians & the Norsemen & was murdered by one of his generals who later suffered from insomnia. Name of Macbeth. Duncan was already by inheritance king of Strathclyde (British) & was grandson to the previous Scot/Pict king Malcolm II who had defeated the Northumbrians & extended his boundary southwards to the Tweed, thus including Angles in the kingdom. From that date therefore a socio-economic region constituting a (new if you like) ethnic area existed. The only subsequent racial stocks to enter this community were the Norse (the Hebrides were not recovered until the late 13th century) & the Danes (the Orkneys & Shetlands passing to Scotland in the 15th century).

"Scotland's identity was thus established prior to that of England which suffered subjugation by the Normans from 1066 onwards thus changing England's ethnic character. They were, of course, of Norse (Viking) descent. Note that Scotland defeated & incorporated its Norse foes while the English were defeated by theirs. However, don't take it too hard, it happened to the best of people (as well!) & Scotland's hero of heroes Robert the Bruce was of Norman descent, while the mighty Lordship of the Isles was founded by Somerled the Norseman."

+ But England was in existence under that name before 1066, well before. I
 + regard the Normans as no more than a red herring - they conquered us, true,
 + but they brought with them no racial strains that we didn't have already. And
 + again, it has to be born in mind that the Norman conquerors were absorbed by
 the conquered English, and not vice versa, just as their Norse forebears had been

absorbed by the conquered French - and thus came to England-speaking French and not Scandinavian. Which all seems to go to prove that, if anything, there's even less difference between the Scots and the English.

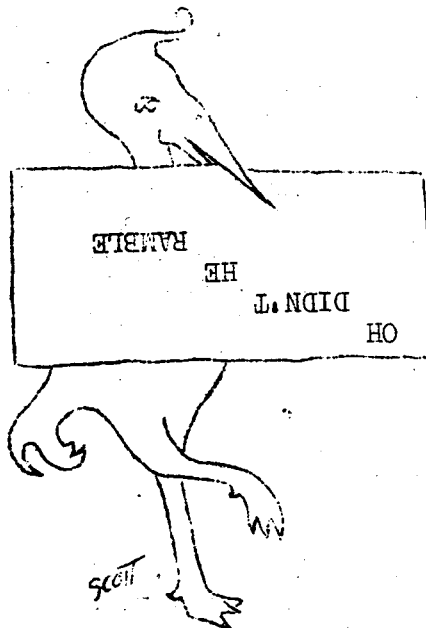
And the Gibson system of marking editorial comment by marginal plusses is harder to work than it looks. Never mind. This is still me (AM) speaking, onward to our other reader, who draws too, under various names such as

PAT SCOTT and PAT McLEAN, the latter being her married pseudonym, and who writes:

" 'Tis the small (but usually having some repercussions such as raises and promotions) incidents such as the brush with Official Mind over the church going or lack of same that keeps me happily waiting for more of such natterings and biography. 'Tis interesting how similar in many respects are the armed forces and nurses' training. The quashing of the Free Spirit seems to be the main drive of both groups. I had several similar sorties with dept. stores in my youth, where (usually) they did not like my Attitude. Finally became a fileclerk (never learned to type properly - nor do I specially want to for that matter) gen. stamp licker etc in offices where they found my attitude evidently somewhat more to their taste as I never had any trouble on that score again. In fact office workers tend to view my work habits as more than commonly deadly efficient and what not - this is because the less time I allow myself to dwell on the horridness of it all the better I can stand it - also I must admit that I have picked up a slight taste for the startled expression on an overling face when you ask for more work sooner than expected. This, by the way, is one of the things that will do one in (usually) in a retail store. Took me a long time to figure that one out - but I finally concluded that it was because they did not like to be 'second-guessed' in any fashion." (21 or so September 1962)

+ I think that's one for the anthropologists to take up! Many thanks, Pat - I'm
 + proud that AMBLE should be the vehicle wherein the theory of the Scott/McLean
 + Retail Syndrome is first put before a startled world.

THE COLUMN WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
 BUT SELDOM IF EVER DOES



MERCER
 GOES
 UNDER-
 GROUND

With no little regret, particularly as it keeps providing me with a steady supply of egoboo - as in Pat's letter above for instance - I have decided to suspend for the time being my "outline of autobiography". This is because my printer (me) has threatened to go on strike. His (my) exact words are (E&OE): "If you think I'm going to run off any more eighteen-page zines on the flatbed, you can go and jump off the Suspension Bridge. Ten pages is too many, let alone eighteen. Eighteen pages - Frediculous". And I'm forced to admit that he (me) is perfectly right. I don't mind jumping off a bridge so much - it's having to pay the toll first that's decided me. Sorry, but one must (as the saying says) be realistic.

MEET Seeing as I'm now inhabiting Bristol, I might as well say a bit about
 BRISTOL the place. It's a fairly sizeable place as places go, the population
 of the city proper alone approaching the half million mark. That
 places it in the same category as Nottingham and Sheffield - not quite up to
 "conurbation" level, but only the next rank down. It's a hilly place, a ridge
 of high land cutting right through the civic area (forming, with the aid of a
 river that just happens to run through it, the Avon Gorge). Right up on top
 of the high ground is a mess of downland - like Harrogate's Stray only wilder.
 (Right now I'm living right alongside said downland, in an underground room whose
 back entrance looks out over the city). As towns go, I definitely like it.
 It's big enough to have more general facilities than a place like Lincoln, and
 I find it surprisingly clean all over.

The name "Bristol", according to Dr Reaney, E.P.N.S. (standing in this in-
 stance for "English Place-name Society") is derived from "brycg-stow", meaning
 site of a bridge. He doesn't explain how the terminal "l" got into the word,
 but I suspect (without any authority whatsoever) that it might be a back-form-
 ation from the adjective "Bristolian". The city centre is some six or seven
 miles up the River Avon (specifically the Bristol Avon, to distinguish it from
 another river of the same name associated with some Midland literary figure of
 Tudor times). "Avon", by the way, according to the invaluable Dr Reaney, is
 merely a n adaptation of the Welsh word "afon" meaning "water", so it was orig-
 inally not so much a name as simply a description.

The Avon is a tributary of the lower Severn, and in these lower reaches is
 tidal. At low tide the river's reduced to a dirty trickle between high mud
 banks, but at high tide quite large ships can come up to the centre of Bristol
 - and although the main docks are downstream at Avonmouth (still within city
 limits, incidentally, as if it made any difference) a lot of them do. They are
 accommodated in what is officially termed the Floating Harbour, a wide canal sep-
 arated from the river by locks at either end, which winds for several miles through
 the heart of the city. Most of the way it runs more or less parallel to the river
 and close to it, but at one point they loop away from each other to leave a con-
 siderable district on the island between them, including Temple Meads, Bristol's
 main railway station.

Downstream from the harbour, the river is only bridged at one point - that's
 the famous Clifton Suspension Bridge, over the Avon Gorge. That means that any
 other route from one side of the city to the other involves crossing water twice.
 The ^{next} lowest (I mean downstreamest) crossing-place is a binary system comprising
 the Cumberland Basin Bridge over the harbour and the Ashton Avenue Bridge over the
 river. The Ashton Avenue Bridge is an extinct swing bridge, which I presume to
 be associated with a bricked-up lock to the harbour further upstream. Nowadays
 anything of any size wanting to get into the harbour has to use the Cumberland
 locks. The Cumberland Basin Bridge is anything but extinct (I could swear I saw
 Benny Goodman standing on the parapet the other day) and is liable to swing at any
 time to let ships pass between the Cumberland Basin itself (a sort of waiting-room)
 and the harbour proper. However, when the bridge swings, an auxiliary route across
 the locks themselves comes into operation, and it's easier to get across than it
 looks. Which is a good job, because that's the route I use going to and from
 work.

Further upriver, near the city centre, there's a traffic roundabout that
 straddles the river. It's a genuine artificially-constructed roundabout, not

just an arbitrary one-way system. It seems crazy to have to cross the river twice in order to be able to stay on the same side. And the birds round here (the feathered kind) give wolf-whistles. And generally speaking, if only it had a few fans (particularly fans with rotary duplicators) Bristol'd be a damn good place. I can recommend it.

THE LAIR must be kept up to date, come what may:

KIPLING, Rudyard

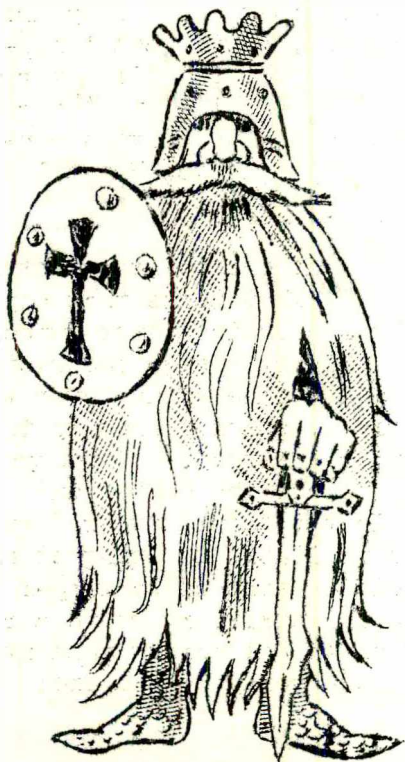
The Second Jungle Book
 Just So Stories

I just (unknowingly) picked these up second-hand and beat St Martin's Library (paperback) to the draw. They're hard-covered, but nevertheless slim pocket-size, and as the price was about the same and these are illustrated, I seem to have got the best of the bargain. Though as it happens, neither are in my opinion up to the standard of The Jungle Book proper. Talking of which, I now find that the St Martin's edition is complete. It's just that I could remember so many stories that came from one or other of the Jungle Books and weren't in it that I thought there were too many for the Second. If you see what I mean. But I can't spot any missing now.

FINE, Julian

Guilt-Edged

This is one of the two I've been looking for for years - not the really fabulous one, but the other. I'm not so sure now that he's a pseudonym (or vice versa) for Oliver Anderson, but it's still possible. No characters carry over from the Pine (pre-war) scheme of things to the Anderson (post-war) ditto, though one surname does, and at least one Anderson character could well be a Pine original under another name. The general atmosphere of the two continua is virtually identical. Now to track down "Rotten Borough".



GOODRICH, Norma Lorre The Medieval Myths
 According to the de Camp definition, these are not strictly myths; in fact they're not even strictly legends. "Romances" would be a better term, based partly on ^{and historical} legendary material. This fits, at any rate: Beowulf, Peredur, Roland, Berta of Hungary, and Prince Igor. The Cid's epic seems to be mainly fairly accurate history, leaving only what the book calls "Sifrit". This is a variant of the Siegfried story, the ~~man~~ resemblance to Wagner's version being that most of the characters have the same or similar names.

 OVER THERE ON the left may be perceived what is intended as No. 1 (drawn by Jim Cawthorn) in a series of Famous Freds. The Fred in question is he of the ruddy beard, Frederick Barbarossa. According to de Camp & Pratt, he dwelt/dwells in the veritable Wartburg. In this case, how-

ever, he looks more like a venerable warthog. Right, back to The Lair:

ASSA, Janine

The Great Roman Ladies

HUS, Alain

The Etruscans

These are two in a new series of paperbacks translated from the French and published simultaneously both sides of the Atlantic (Evergreen Profile Books). Among other good things, they are lavishly illustrated. Unfortunately, it doesn't always tell one what the illustrations are.

Ministry of Works Official Guide-books

Chepstow Castle

Castell Coch

Goodrich Castle

I've recently discovered castles.

CARRINGTON, Richard

Elephants

A Pelican Book. (To be fair, somebody should now issue an Elephant Book about pelicans). And a very interesting one too. It tells, generally speaking, just about all there is to know about elephants - with one exception; it makes no mention of the derivation of the word itself. It's one of those books that one can just read and read and read and not notice the page-count.

SHAPIRO, Nat, and HENTOFF, Nat (eds) Hear me talkin' to ya

This is about the most highly-spoken-of jazz book of all. What the editors have done is assembled all sorts of things that people have written or spoken about jazz - the performers themselves mainly, with an occasional impresario etc - and arranged them into coherent order so that the book takes on the appearance of a continuous conversation between these people. The fact that the various contributions were clearly committed at a wide range of dates detracts surprisingly little from the overall effect. The book's main fault is that it covers the modernists as well as the traditionalists and real old-timers. My heart just doesn't beat for modern, and most of the latter portions of the book are, to me, of academic interest only. There remains the first half of the book, which really does "talk to me" in a way that I dig.

----- OVERFLOW FROM THE SHAMBLES

It was all this common market talk that reminded me of this point. It originally occurred to me years and years ago now. But for a short period of time in 1945, General Eisenhower was literally master of western Europe. On the continent at any rate, he was - briefly - in a position to do absolutely anything. Now he didn't do this, and he's not the man to in any case. But supposing he'd thought as follows: American troops have come over here, been killed and maimed in their thousands, all because Europe was disunited. Therefore, while I'm running things here, I'm going to make damn sure that they unite right now. I refuse, therefore, to recognise the independence of any of these countries. And so on. Well, he might have failed. He'd certainly have raised a hornets' nest on both sides of the Atlantic.

But he might have succeeded. And succeed or fail, it would have been an utterly inspiring time to live through.

I wonder if MacArthur, in Ike's place, might have seized the opportunity? He came to heel tamely enough in Korea, but by then things in general had settled down, and were nothing like as fluid as they'd been in 1945.

And anyway, it'd still make a first-class story.

18 October 1962. AM