

IF RAY BRADBURY DID NOT EXIST, IT WOULD BE NECESSARY TO INVENT RON BENNETT

A M B L E Perpetrated from the lur at 70 Worrall Road Bristol 8 Great Britain
1 9 by ARCHIE MERCER for the 41st OMPA Mailing during the summer or so
 of 1964. It has therefore no choice but to be A MERCATORIAL PUB-
 LICATION. Nor has Yngvi any choice but to be a louse.

"RECENTLY A FRIEND of mine," so Mr. Gaudeamus Higginbottom informed me (and you are at liberty to believe him or not as you wish) "had occasion to make a rail journey to the north somewhere. He chanced to arrive at the London terminus - Paddington or Victoria or somewhere, I forget which - a couple of hours before his train was due to depart, and wandered out into the nearby vicinity to kill a bit of time.

"Finding himself standing outside a newsagent's or something with an advertisement board in its window, he idly scanned the cards. Accomodation to let or wanted, articles for sale or offered, all the usual. Inevitably his eye was attracted to a neatly typed card about half-way down one side of the board. It read somewhat as follows:

M A S S A G E

F O R

M E N

by experienced
lady practitioners
open every evening
only five minutes'
walk from here
appointments made
on the spot

Then followed an address in a nearby street. Now he came to think of it, my friend did feel a bit jaded, and as he was not at the time short of ready cash, it occurred to him that he could do worse than to avail himself of the facilities so conveniently offered. So along he duly went.

"His ring was answered by an elegant middle-aged woman wearing a long embroidered housecoat, who greeted him profusely, addressing him as "sir" - as of course was only his right - and informed him that the fee for an hour's while-you-wait treatment would be five guineas. This was more than my friend had expected to be asked to pay, but having got this far he didn't feel like backing out, so he handed over the requisite sum - forgetting as it happened to ask for a receipt - and was told to undress in a small room and then go through a door on the far side when he was ready.

"Stripped to the buff except for his money-belt, my friend passed in due course through the door indicated to find himself in a larger room containing not much more than a sort of waist-high couch affair and two attractively muscular young women clad alike in two-piece bathing costumes. This found him somewhat at a loss, inasmuch as he had been expecting only one - and he said so. One of the

women winked at him. 'You paid for the five-guinea treatment, sir, didn't you?' she asked. 'Then you're entitled to two of us.' So my friend shrugged and decided to let things be.

"One of the women asked him to lie down on the couch affair, so he clambered on to it and stretched himself at full length - whereupon the women went to work. One of them held his shoulders while the other started vigorously pummelling his abdomen. My friend promptly protested at this treatment, and when his protest seemed unavailing he followed it up with a brisk bit of leg-work. His torso's fair assailant just as promptly belted him hard in the solar plexus knocking all the wind out of him, and continued with her pummelling operations. After a few minutes of this, they heaved him over on his belly and started on his back. Feebly he waved his arms and legs about - but any sign of aggressiveness on his part only resulted in further solar-plexar treatment, and he soon discovered that it was easier to let the women have their will of him. He lost all count of time, though he afterwards discovered that they hadn't cheated him out of a minute of the hour he'd paid for - he only wished they had. For a full hour, then, my friend endured the tortures of the damned. Then suddenly a bucket of icy water was dashed over him - and his time was up. The women helped him to his feet and rubbed him down with a large bath-towel, leaving him in the changing-room to get dressed again.

"On the way out he was greeted by the housecoated woman again, who smiled at him politely and remarked that she hoped he'd come another time. Fuming but powerless, he walked out without a word. Recovering in the private bar of a nearby public house, he put the lid on everything by missing his train - and there wasn't another one till morning. He was most indignant. And I quite agree with him, too.

"I mean - that sort of thing's taking one's money under false pretences."

THE LAIR: ACQUISITIONS

BAKER, FRANK : THE BIRDS This is the story I mentioned in AMBLE 7. It has recently been issued as a paperback, inspired apparently by the success of the Hitchcock film of the du Maurier story of the same ornithological name - though it claims to have been written first. It is a "catastrophe" story, though fantasy rather than of inasmuch as the civilisation-destroying "birds" are not real birds at all but each bird bears a mystical relationship to a person, and will destroy him/her unless he/she accepts it - whereupon (in either case) the bird simply vanishes. Very few people indeed actually manage to survive - the narrator only does so because he is fortunate enough to fall in love at the right time with a young woman who digs this spiritual-type jazz.

At the same time (and this is the part that I didn't notice when I first read the book many years ago now) the book is a delightful satire on Britain as it was in the nineteen thirties. With one or two exceptions, the targets at which the author tilts were very much in need of such treatment then as now. I wish I could find one of the more quotable passages - they always get lost when wanted.

RENAULT, MARY: THE BULL FROM THE SEA This is of course the long-awaited (by me) sequel to "The King Must Die", tracing the career of Theseus from the time of his return to Athens after the Cretan episode. Compared to the earlier book, this one is a trifle downbeat in tone - no longer does everything without exception go Theseus's way. Nevertheless, he contrives to lead on the whole a good and constructive life, and the heart of the book tells of his years with Hippolyta the Amazon - which Miss Renault sees as an idyll between two perfectly-matched bodies and souls. The slightly downbeat air is, after all, inevitable if the legend is to be followed/reconstructed without extensive and dubious alteration. All in all, this book is an entirely fitting companion to its predecessor.

THE FEMALE RESPONSE

OWING TO CIRCUMSTANCES over which I am happy to have no control whatsoever, copies of AMBLE have recently found their way into the hands of some of the most fabulous females in fandom. For instance:

SIMONE WALSH writes: "I was once going to see a G & S thing but I got married and this girl I was going with went to America so we never got to see it. After reading your bits on it I'm glad I didn't. There is always someone who laughs, talks too loud. Like when Tony and I saw Billy Liar in Bradford, on stage. One scene Billy was discussing 'virgo intacta', and a little old spinster type lady said to her little type spinster friend (they were sitting a couple of rows in front of us) in rather a loud voice: "What's virgo intacta?" Everyone in about a 15ft radius of that woman had hysterics!"

Then BERYL HENLEY writes: "I went into a shoe-shop and said I wanted a pair of black shoes, nothing fancy, low-to-medium heel, broad-fitting, in the 35/- to 45/- price range, size 6. After waiting about 10 mins., the lass returned and said, "We haven't got exactly what you asked for, would these do?" Brazenly she showed me a pair of ornate court shoes, with 3½" spindly heels, narrow-fitting, priced at 3 gns., and tan in colour. The only thing she had right was the size. And she wasn't trying to be funny. The mind boggles."

MORE LAIR

BURROUGHS, EDGAR RICE LAND OF TERROR
SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR
ESCAPE ON VENUS

This completes my Pellucidar collection, and there's only one novelet/short novel in the Venus series outstanding. Generally speaking, these are damn good. "Escape" is a close sequel to its prece thredecessors, and not really to be judged independently - but all four (which I have just read and/or re-read in sequence) have much to commend them on several levels. "Terror" is so swift-moving that it reads in part almost like a synopsis. "Savage Pellucidar" - comprising four close-linked "novelettes" - (novelet? novelette?) - is probably the ultimate in something-or-other. The absolutely sole motivation for the happenings related consists of various characters wandering off and various other characters wandering off in turn looking for them/each other. But the story is told with such gusto, such a wealth of xenological detail, and such gently pointed

satire and general good humour that the absence of plot becomes almost irrelevant.

Oddly, none of the three covers (one Krenkel, two Frazetta) seem to depict precisely what Burroughs wrote. The cover for "Terror" in partic. seems to have no connection with the contents at all except that there is no horizon.

THERE IS SOMETHING subtly dif. about THE SHAMBLES this time. I have, for once, pre-drafted my comments. I wonder if it shows, and if so, to what extent?

THE SHAMBLES

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF OLAF
ELEFANTASIA

(Ken Cheslin and prob. Fred Hunter)

No doubt the vaguely shipsloddy air about the OLAF tome will keep it from getting full marks around the place. This is, I suppose, a pity - but I still found it hilarious, partic. the sillier cartoons such as the one on the title-page. The other thing, one supposes, is what is known as a trunken one-shot.

THE LOYAL OPPOSITION and riders thereto and therewith
(The Tribbles and others)

Having reached a tentative position with regard to these events, I was all set to share it with you. However, I have decided to follow Ethel's lead in this instance in the (prob. vain) hope that she in her turn will follow my lead in the matter of the spelling of Worrall Road.

CHATS IN THE DARK (Thomas Schlück)
PANTHEON I (Burkhard Blüm)

In the dusk all chats are grises or something. (Old Crepuscular saying.) And if one of the Chats happens to be a Panther - and here I am wandering about dressed in the wrong two languages anyway. Welcome to OMPA the pair of you, and make sure you get blümin' well schlück in and stay here this time. We could do with an enthusiastic Germember. Ä Me bare? Äch - you mean mein hair, mein Herr. I still encourage it, within reason. Though it's shorter than it was at Harrogate.

OFF TRAILS 40 (Ethel)

This is as good a place as any to mention that my copy of MORPH came wrapped up in a wad of newspaper clearly endorsed "B.M." Now I can think of any number of things for which this might conceivably stand (and so can you), but in this instance it's pretty obvious that I've got the copy intended for the British Museum. (And it's still easier to read than micro-elite.) Furthermore, my copy of WHATSIT is actually endorsed on the front cover "BRITISH MUSEUM COPY". And Ethel still gets my address spelled wrong. Now I don't think she dislikes me - in fact I have evidence that she's quite friendly-disposed towards me - and even if she did she wouldn't let it show in such petty ways. I can think of two possibilities for this untoward behaviour on her part, then:

- (1) That she's in the midst of an emotional upheaval - in love for instance;
- (2) More probably, that she's got far too much on her plate at present for her own or fandom's good.

(Come on, Ethel - explain to me where I'm wrong!)

DOLPHIN SEVEN (Elinor Busby)

Why are there fewer mocrages every year? Are the authorities trying to abolish them, or is more and more previously-eligible bank getting built-over, or what? Ä As I don't take CRY (despite which I'm still sorry to hear of its demise) I never saw/heard

of your mention of the 20-year syndrome. In fact, until seeing this Mailing I didn't know that anybody else was on to it. In fandon, anyway. When I traced the Ripley entry and saw how the latest item fitted I felt absolutely alone - and, honestly, terrified. Wish I could draw. The I'd perpetrate a cartoon on the subject of: "THE SEATLES - THE COMBO WITH THAT GENUINE PUGET SOUND". Harking back a few Mailings, Elinor - I certainly don't dislike you. Very much otherwise. Most of the time, I even approve of you.

COMPACT (Ella Parker) "Odd Notes on the Berry Seen" remind me of the time I tried to catch John at Ken Cheslin's a couple of years back. He never turned up though. Neither did Ken - who was, I subsequently learned, down at the Pen at the time anyway... (Honest!) Actually there's another side to this "not fitting into the world" biz. - it was just that I was feeling the negative aspect at the time I typed those downbeat stencils. For the other side, take the example of laundries. I always used to have my stuff collected and delivered by a visiting laundry-van. But there are no arrangements for such to call at 70 Worrall Road, so I had to make other arrangements. Most of the Bristol laundry-depots seem to close during the dinner-hour. The only chain that doesn't charges considerably more than I'd been used to paying. I went off muttering darkly - and promptly discovered launderettes. Far cheaper, no more time-consuming than the wrapping and checking of bundles was (I can read while I'm waiting) - and I keep all my own stuff and get landed with nobody else's. Yes, of course I liked Wally. In fact I wasn't prepared not to. And now I've met him, if he actually does materialise in OMPA despite his move to Alaban', I'm prepared to take a fresh look at his style of writing too.

COGNATE 3 & 4 (Rosemary Hickey) D'you mean there was a version of "Fantasia" where the music wasn't cut? I saw the thing once too often, and the poor Pastoral Symphony was lying dismembered there on the screen. Once I'd noticed that, I'd Had Enough. But films always shrink, for various reasons - ask Larry Shaw - which is one of the reasons I don't like them. You mean there really is a pic. called "The Unsinkable Mollie Brown"? Or is that just a sort of satirical article? Rosemary, that: "May be you shouldn't have gone alone" of yours is a perceptive statement. That's part of what I was trying to say, of course. However, I guess I'll have to wait now till the fans start moving to Bristol. As for the performers-needing-applause biz. - I've recently become involved in correspondence on this subject (among many others). One thing though - clapping is not my natural way of showing approval. If I partic. dig something, I feel like giving a brief shout and throwing my arms up in the air. Even elevating a notice saying YEAH! or YEAH³! perhaps. But banging the hands together over and over is not me.

ERG 20 (Terry Jeeves) An excellent issue I do declare, including the serious article. (Who wants to know about silly old space-ships, anyway?) Re the "parents" definition, I recently came across the following rhyme (ultimate source unknown): "The bee, he is a simple soul/He has no time for birth control/And that is why, in times like these,/One sees so many silly b..s."

BLEATHERINGS 36 (Ethel Lindsay) Why should I have started with "The Mikado"? I was (as it happens) trying to start with those to the words of which I had access. (Because I'm not awfully good at catching things in me' ear-'oles.)

HEIN OMPF 3 (Colin Freeman) It's no use my trying to store information in my head, mate - the old eidetic-sieve syndrome again.

✂ The disabled person I know best is my brother. He's short of an eye and the lower part of a leg. Doing pretty well out of it, too - he married one of the sisters from Roehampton Hospital. Except that he can't run, he manages to do just about everything - walks without a stick, can drive any car, climbs ladders, and so on. It's the blatantly mentally disabled (whether also physically or otherwise) that tend to be off-putting, I think, rather than the physically-disabled but mentally-alert.

MORPH XXXV (John Rolos) Re modern art, there is also a small class of people who don't understand it but wish they did. Not me, exactly, though - your "...and have concluded to my own satisfaction that it wasn't worth saying after all" is an excellent way of putting it. ✂ Re water fluoridation (your sundry ^{no}marks to John Baxter) - I have heard it said that the only mistake the authorities made was to talk about it instead of just doing it. Come to think of it, we have no partic. reason to suppose that they're not doing plenty of worse things that we don't know about. Myself, I don't quite understand how this partic. matter has succeeded in drawing the organised opposition that it has - both here and in the States. There are so many damn things that, I'd have thought, are so much more worth crusading about. (Fall-out being at the very head of the queue.) In this matter, as it happens, I support fluoridation. The possibility of unsuspected side-effects as with thalidonide is an argument I agree, but I think on balance fluoride's well worth the risk.

SIZAR 12 & 13 (Bruce Burn) This Burn-Parker-Lindsay-Moorcock thing's fascinating in a morbid sort of way - seeing as how I'm personally acquainted with the parties - but also a trifle frustrating. For instance - if four out of nine "illicit affairs" involved yourself, then presumably five didn't. I can only think of three... ✂ Congratulations on crossing the Jordan licitly, anyway. ✂ Anderson shelters (named after Sir John Anderson) were made of corrugated steel plates bolted together, sunk into a hole in the garden, covered (if pos.) with turf and/or earth. The indoor ones were called Morrison shelters, after the then Mr. Herbert Morrison (now Lord M. of Lambeth, life peer.)

LEFNUI 3 (Fred Patten) That convention whereby the narrator of a story is actually narrating somebody else's story I tend to find off-putting. Just about the ultimate in this, within my experience, is one you mention earlier in the issue - Mary Norton's "The Borrowers", where the narration is at least at third hand - pos. fourth. As a result, I found myself put off this right from the start. Which in turn is a pity, because anybody who's ever lived as a child in a house with bare floor-boards knows damn well that there are little people living underneath them who "borrow" things. ✂ The main reason I didn't enjoy "Typewriter in the Sky", if I recollect, was that the characters should have won rather than the author. ✂ Since the Cubans can neither shoot buses at the United States nor sail an expeditionary force across the Caribbean in them, I don't see what all the fuss is about. Is somebody worried in case they start dropping them over American cities or something?

KOBOLD vol 2 no 1 (Brian Jordan) Well if Bruce is crossing the Jordan, mate, I guess you must be crossing the Rubicon. Congratulations, whichever river it happens to be. ✂ I'm not supporting the small non-ring labels - or the other sort. Finding it impossible to tell in advance

which was which, I said the hell with the lot of 'em - and chucked the whole biz. up in disgust. If I find any other ways of saving money, I may even be able to afford to start smoking or surmat... Tower (likewise tower to somebody else) re the "The Gramophone" suggestion - but I'm too lazy - and too far behind with my collecting - to be really bothered now. The industry seemed to want to lose my custom, so who am I to object?

WHATSIT 8 (Ken Cheslin) The Japanese column suffers from under-editing. It was of considerable interest, but rambled on too long without delving very deeply into anything. I'm not sure about those re-transliterations of Occidental names from the Japanese into English/^{etc.} - it's fun trying to decipher them, but is it fair on the author? "Shagale" presumably means the artist Chagall for instance, "Hoenglin" is presumably Lohengrin (!), "the city of Casele" would be Kassel, "Tom Dowree" Tom Dooley and so on. "Weferrs" have me beat though. By the way, most of the illoes to this column seem to represent Chinese rather than Japanese scenes. ≠ On the second page of "Have At You", you say you "think the Tories are a right lot of rouges", I notice. Is your face red, by any chance?

SOUFFLE 8 (John Baxter) I think you're talking through the back of your neck, John. All I said about "The Million Cities" (I've checked) was that I didn't like the torture-scenes and had therefore rejected both versions (the shorter magazine-version having been originally in my collection). Having read the diatribe against censorship that this sparks in you, it occurs to me that I didn't even think of destroying the work in question. It went in the pile for action at the Con actually. McIntosh has long been one of my favourite authors, and it therefore particularly grieves me to find his stuff unpalatable at times. But if people want to read gruesome scenes, that's their right. I wish somebody'd put danger warnings on the covers or something for us squeamish ones, though.

PROCRASTINATOR 2 (Trimbles) All these names meaning "ruler", and I'm only a valiant bowman or surmat. What does it say about "Henry" (ne' middle nonniker), Bjo? Anyway, at least Fred upon whom these stencils are being typed is a peaceful ruler. I shoulda got a Quiet-Riter rather than a Travel-Riter I suppose, really - it would've been the same price, too...

BROBDINGMAG 1, 2 & 3 (Dick Schultz) I still don't dig. Surely one doesn't just say: "Bang - you're occupied" and so on? For the record, though, Vienna (Wien) is the capital and metropolis of Austria and was one of the supposedly twin capitals of Austria-Hungary. Venice (Venezia) is an Italian seaport on the Adriatic, somewhat waterlogged and bursting with nostalgia and not much else I gather. You seem to have got 'em reversed. And what "The Ionian" (Sea, Islands, coast?) has to do with Tunis I fail to dig.

FARRAGO 1½ (Larry Crilly) (I'd like to see "Larry Crilly" transliterated into Japanese and back again!) Good cover and passable fake-ad, and nothing else whatsoever.

VAGARY 19 (Bobbie Gray) The "talking point" article was so enthralling throughout that it wasn't till the next day that I realised that it hadn't actually been about anything, but had simply rambled every which way until the authoress paused for breath or something. ≠ I read the astro-

logical article, though (as the saying says) thousands wouldn't - or, more to the point perhaps, I wouldn't read such material from most people. This also was eminently readable, if less so - things to the order of: "...I have a triple conjunction of Sun-Mars-Pluto in my 10th house in Cancer, but all three are in trine with Uranus in Pisces. If Uranus had been squaring or opposing..." I find myself unable to work my way coherently through, even if all the clues are scattered around the article somewhere. ≠ I'd seen that book "Astrology and Common Sense" on sale, but naturally never gave it a second thought except to deplore the title. The only thing that common sense says to me about astrology is that it has no business to work whether it does or not - which I'm pretty damn sure is not how the book's author sees it. If it does work - and it must be borne in mind that an appearance of working may be misleading owing to the limited number of cases taken into consideration - then common sense would further suggest that in such a case it's working for reasons other than those assumed by the astrologers. One of my principles - I claim it as my own, though it's obvious enough to have been thought of by others as well - can be expressed as follows: if two things, A and B, regularly occur in association with each other, it does not necessarily follow that A is the cause of B. Discounting pure coincidence, there exist two more strong possibilities, viz. (1) that B is the cause of A, and (2) that both are in fact effects of some other cause altogether. Applied to astrology, I rather fancy the possibility numbered (1) myself - it's agreeable to postulate that human beings, by being born when they are and then by acting as they do, may be influencing the course of celestial mechanics. The possibility numbered (2), though, seems to be the more likely. This is partic. so when one remembers that, at least according to Asimov, astrology takes into account not where the planets are now but where they would have been in classical times. ≠ Which is not to say that I accept astrology as working in the first place, of course. I note that on P.38, Bobbie, you refer to yourself as a "confirmed sceptic". What the fred does that make no then?

PHENOTYPE CCLIII (Dick Eney)

I thought Gainesburgers were citizens of Bruce Pelz's Florida home-town.

VIPER 7 (Bill Donaho)

"...since the last VIPER went wending its way..." Bill, welcome to the Royal Tautological Society.

THE UL QUINTET (Norm Metcalf)

The supreme werewolf story doesn't appear in your list. I'm not mentioning it by name, because the eventual revelation that it is a werewolf story is important to the plot. But anybody who's read it should know the one I mean I think. ≠ "The Outlaw of Torn" presumably gets into the "Greystoke" series on the grounds that a mediaeval Lord G. occurs therein as a minor character. "The Eternal Lover" involves the Lord G. we all know and love as perhaps a slightly less minor character, which lets it, too, into the list. "The Mad King" does not involve any member of the Greystoke family that I can recognise. I'm given to understand that it involves some other characters from "The Eternal Lover" - I read the two with such a long interval between them that I haven't been able to check this for myself though. But surely it's a very tenuous reason for listing "The Mad King" as a "Greystoke" book? Why not, in that case, "Pirates of Venus" in which Tarzan gets a brief mention? ≠ Your 1862 puzzle seems to translate as: "Mr. Sherlock Holmes (in) A Study in Scarlet". ≠ "Beyond Thirty" I had never met before except in checklists. If the original edition was still in print, somebody shoulda said something. In spite of the manifest defects in the second half, I still think it's a masterpiece, either in or out of italics.

OR DIDN'T HE RAMBLE

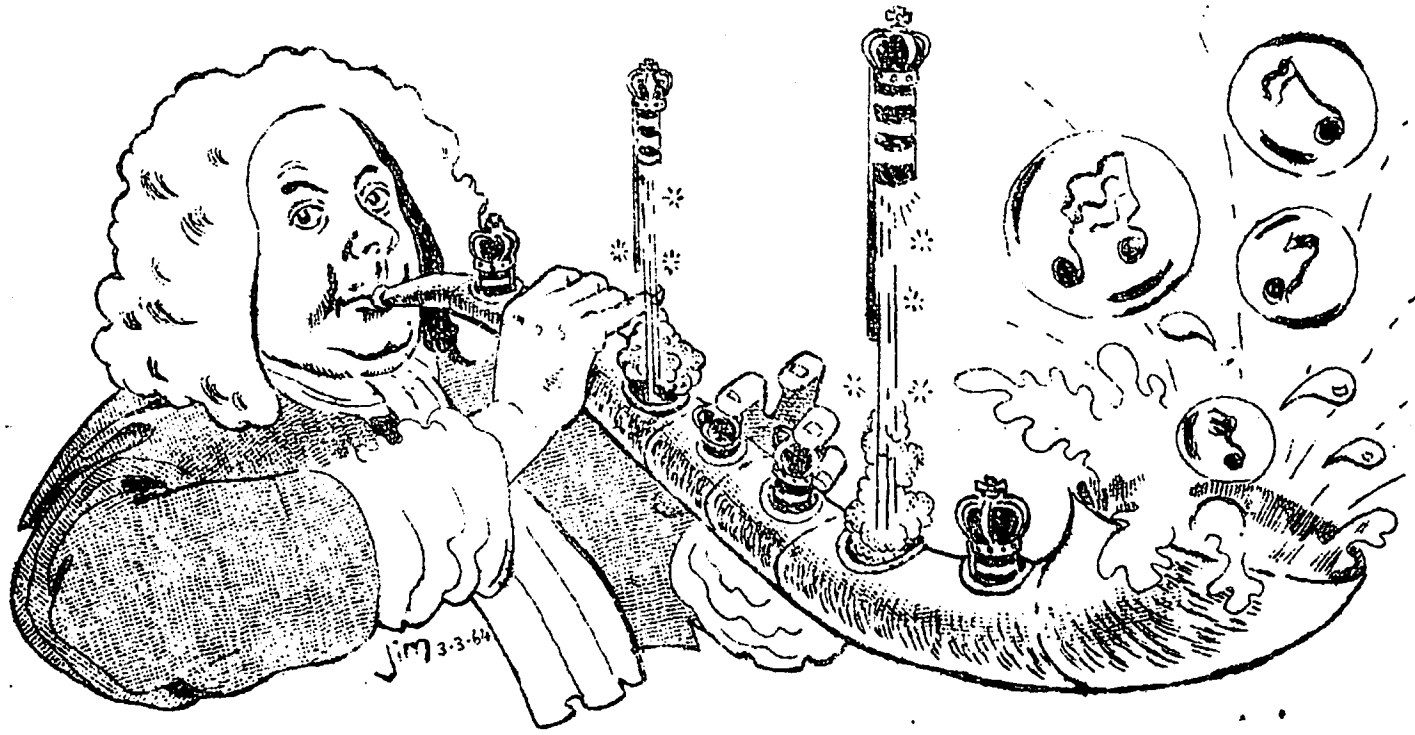
(The column where anything can happen, but seldom if ever does)

TROUBLE WITH THE MISSISSIPPI The longest river in the world, it is generally agreed, is the Mississippi with the Missouri.

It is also, I think, generally agreed that this state of affairs is somewhat ridiculous. Usually a longest river is a river, and that's that. The Nile in Africa, the Shannon in Ireland, the Trent (I think) in England, and so on. (That's a special case too, actually, being a tributary of the Humber, but at least it produces no paradoxes akin to that of the Mississippi and/or the Missouri.) But the longest river in the world leads a most confusing brand of double life.

Many years ago I came to the conclusion that somebody or other had made a botch-up in the original nomenclature of these rivers. Anybody with the least amount of sense, I'd have thought, would have attached one name to the major length of the waterway in question, letting all shorter tributary streams have separate names. The upper Mississippi, in fact, should be the real Missouri, and the Missouri should really be the upper Mississippi. (The change,

NUMBER SIX in the series of FAMOUS FREDS drawn specially for AMBLE by regular "New Worlds" cover-artist JIM CAVITHORN is GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL (1685-1759), seen here performing two of his most widely-known numbers simultaneously.



incidentally, could even now be effected with a minimum of inconvenience, because neither the State of Mississippi - on the lower course of that river - nor the State of Missouri - which is at the confluence of the two branches that are the cause of all the trouble - would need re-naming. Only the rivers, with such attendant bridges and things as might seem necessary.)

However, there are snags. It will doubtless be pointed out by those in the know that the upper Mississippi, albeit shorter than the Missouri, is both wider and more obviously a linear continuation of the lower combined stream. Seeing these two obvious matters, the original Amerindian who identified the confluence by name could hardly be expected to pace out both waterways to their source to determine whether or not the narrower stream was actually the longer of the two, particularly as each in turn splits into numerous sub-branches as it gets higher. The river that appeared to be continuous was dubbed Mississippi throughout its length, the apparently lesser inflow was dubbed Missouri, and who the f--- cares if the combined length is longer or shorter than various extra-Norteamericano rivers of which the namegiver had never heard?

Personally, I think that all the above is misguided. To make real geographical sense, it isn't rivers that should have primary names - it's river systems. Different lengths of waterway within a system could have names as was deemed appropriate, but the principal name should be that of the entire drainage-area of a river-basin. Then the question of "longests" could simply be attached to the system-names, and it would all come clear.

I think.

MORE LAIR

LEIBER, FRITZ

THE WANDERER

A real book-length novel for a change. The continual jumping from character-group to character-group tends to be frustrating at times, but there are so many interesting characters wandering around different parts of the world that it becomes tolerable. The whole is absorbing - hard to put down anywhere (and yet again, the jumping above referred to makes it, in a sense, easy to put down anywhere if necessary). I found the book well worth adding to the collection, anyway, and I strongly suspect that others will hang on to it for entirely different reasons.

WALLACE, EDGAR

SANDERS (MR. COMMISSIONER SANDERS)

And another gap in the "Sanders" collection is plugged.

 "I wouldn't attend his funeral. I'd cut him dead." - Bernice Black

AND SO WE observe what happened. AMBLE 19 has reverted to standard and checks out at ten pages. It would - damn it. I did so want to put out a four (or two) page AMBLE. However, succour is almost in sight. I estimate that I now have only enough Roneo stencils left for one more complete AMBLE. So any quarter now you may see things going slightly mad and Cheslin-sized issues rolling off the hypothetical Gestetner. If only I wasn't congenitally distrustful of unfamiliar machinery, I'd be quite looking forward to it.

AM 12 July 1964