

# FANZINE

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Verantw. UITGEVER: Jansen Jan 229 Berchenlei, Borgerhout / Belgium

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"Y O U scandal-sheet writers!  
It has come to my attention that recently a most deplorable habit from overseas has hit this mediaeval part of the world.  
Not that I am an enemy of fandom, NO, but since I am the greatest fannish spirit around here, I'd better tell you once and for all that fanning should be taken very serious.  
I regret every use of the (sacred) word =fandom= delinquently being made in connection with the barbarous and abominable doings of so-called "publishers associations", which every real fan deeply bemoans and which cannot be larned hard enough.  
Each serious fan should be high above such horrible and utterly detestable activities and practices, since =SF= and =SF= alone is the only true spirit of fandom.

Let us therefore, oh my beloved german brethren and sisters rocket away from these nonsensical doings, which in all justification, we most deeply despise and abhor.

Let us, oh you my adoring ones, ignore those ghastly creatures, who constantly abuse the name =FAN= while they are editing shameful OMPAZines in which =SF= is not even mentioned once, which contain things no true FAN can be interested in. May we ourselves, adhering to the strong belief of our forefathers find the grace of GHU, whose almightiness will comfort and reenforce us in our struggle. Amen."

Thus spake "=FAN Nr. 1 in Germany!=" (No, you dope, it is not me, the editor!)

Meine deutschen Leser werden freundlichst gebeten, nach Empfang des gratis zur Verteilung kommenden zines möglichst schriftlich bald Mitteilung zu machen, was sie von dem zine halten und ob sie an weiterem Empfang interessiert sind, andernfalls werden sie vom Versand ausgeschlossen.

Mit freundlichem Gruß

Anne Steul

Credit to whom it is due:

A very grateful "merci" goes to Jan Jansen, whom I have been accused of =heroworshipping= - just why I still wonder? I did not know he was a hero - but if he is, I am willing to pin the golden order of the house Steul to his chest, he deserves it.

Another grateful "Dankeschön" goes to Jörg Teichmann, who is more interested in collecting stamps than in SF, but he does the drawings faster than I can ask for, with plenty of experience I think he will do in about ten years from now - till then I will just have to limp along.

The other contributors will be tickles pink in seeing their stuff printed - so I will dispense with doing kottaus their way.

Fannishly yours

Anne.

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to be found almost anywhere within fanANNIA, oh, sorry, I slipped, it is F A N a n n I A ! ( what's your excuse?)

Naturally I would like to go yapping off again, but on the other hand I find not much to give a wag of tongue. I did not do any recreations like reviewing since I only have one mailing so far, and, to tell the truth I was too lazy to get behind it, so I will either dribble you a line or two if I was very enthusiastic, if you don't receive a letter, it means I was not carried away (or it still means I was too lazy), but if I did not like it, I will tell you so in no uncertain terms.

Oh, you are lucky so far, I have not been in the mood for any poetry and I do not believe in forcing the stuff out of an unwilling brain. The only rosy thing around here is the dream of going to London next year - I am saving up and looking forward - ( yes, I pity you! ) I hope it is not too much of a chock for all of you.....

Oh, for those in doubt, no content of this zine is intended as insult to anyone, though they might take offense and thus proving a strong lack of humour - this being suspected of them.....No, I don't take offense, I know I am fatter than an elephant and you can see it, my hide being thinner than that of the tuskwearer - though I sometimes really envy him! Especially when speaking about certain german feu (nr 1) one likes to shut up, which I consequently will, leaving you with the famous quote of this issue:

"They stood before the altar and supplied

The fire themselves in which their fat was fried".

(Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary)

# THE SORRY STORY OF A FAT PET

W. REICHERT & H. KREIBER

She had considered going to the TWERPCON quite a long time. What fun it would be to meet people she only knew by their letters, but, on the other hand - what a disappointment it might be for these very people to meet her. Alas, she was too fat... What a pity, her best friends had told her again and again, that she could not carry her big heart pinned to her bosom.

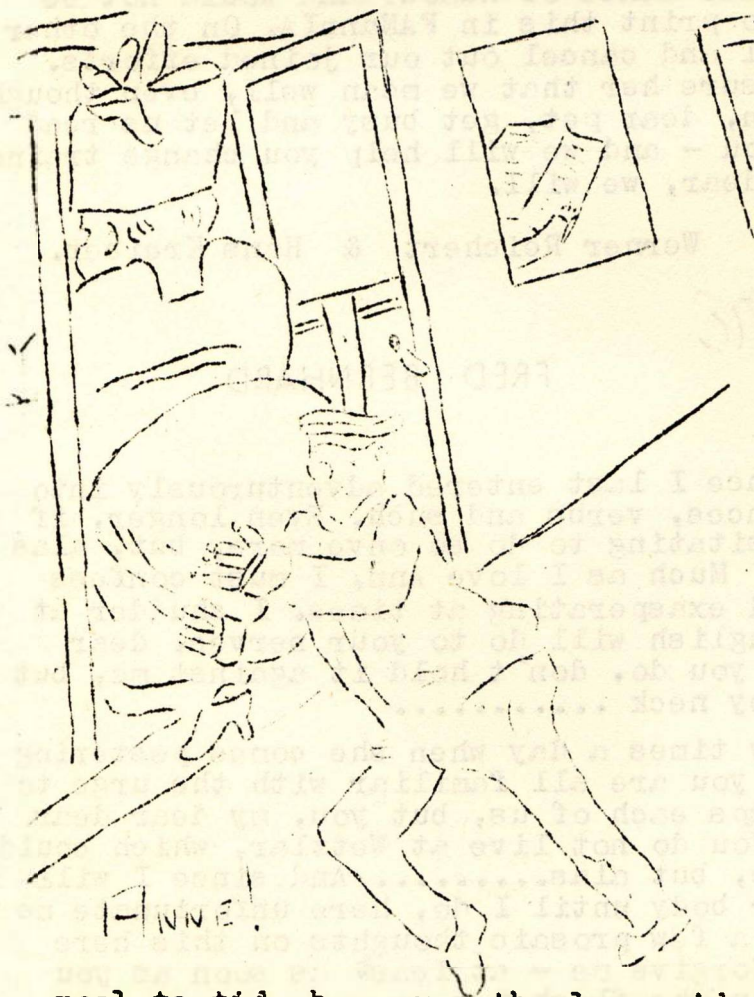
What was the use being friendly, liking people and trying to help them when all they saw of her was - fat? Lots of teas and pills had she used to no avail. Perhaps the fault was that she ate too much. - Her friends told her so ever so often, but there was nothing they could do. When they took her out, she noticed that every single one of them asked her only for a waltz once in a while, the rest of the evening they just sat talking with her. No matter how much she craved for a soft tango or a dreamy slow-fox - it was only waltzes for her. She had to know why. - When cornered,

Thomas confessed: "It is like this, Ann, once on has started you fat girls rolling, the inertia is conquered and you are off. That is why I only waltz with fat girls, it only takes the initial effort and then one is carried away by you. The lean girls one has to turn around all the time. In the long run a waltz with you fat girls is fun and saves a lot of sweat and effort."

She was a bit hurt by this brutal statement, but since Thomas was a true friend she soon forgave him - at least he was honest. But how would it be when she met those new friends? Well, she had to find out. Thus she went to the station and bought a ticket to Antwerp. The conductor, a very polite, handsome and strong man helped her into the train and off she went. At Frankfurt she would have to change trains, and, above all, take a nice meal.

After getting off the train she looked at the time-tables and found a train to Antwerp with no difficulty whatsoever. She had a full hour to spare and consequently waddled into the waiting-room and ordered a big meal to tide her over the long ride to Belgium. After a nice Eisbein mit Sauerkraut she consumed a wonderful Schnitzel à la Holstein followed by a dreamy Omelette mit Fleisch and Champignons, three pieces of cake with cream and several other items from the menu that were too inviting to resist.

At last it was time to go. The train was ready and Ann looked for a



pleasant compartment and finding it tried the door. The conductor was standing near the engine and refused to be moved by her obvious struggle to get aboard. The train started on his trip to Belgium while Ann still tried to get into the door. Alas, she did not make it. All this happened again and again, each train departing while Ann still struggled to get aboard. Finally she tired, gave up and another tall, strong conductor helped her into a train back to Wetzlar.

Ann, that nice fat pet of ours could not attend the TWERPCON for these obvious reasons, much to her and our regret. We now consider forming a welfare organisation at large stations, to take care of Ann and her sisters in sorrow. Wherever you happen to see one of them trying to get aboard, push brother! They may be on their way to a con! They may have a fannish spirit somewhere within their whalish bodies! And you, dear friends in Antwerp, go to the station with strong ropes when she announces her arrival next year. Otherwise she may be riding back and forth between Belgium and Germany, starving till she gets thinner and thinner and ultimately might succeed on her own to get on and off the train. Until such unimaginable prospect tends to become reality, we are afraid Ann will stay as she is now.

You know something? We admire her sense of humour and would not be surprised, if she had the nerve to print this in FANANNIA. On the other hand she might take her red pencil and cancel out our joined efforts. Whatever she chooses to do, we assure her that we mean well, even though we tease her most of the time. Ann, dear pet, get busy and let us read silly delightful nonsense about you - and we will help you change trains in Frankfurt next year, honestly dear, we will.

Werner Reichert & Hans Kreiber.

## A HORROR IN TIME

FRED BERNHARD

= It has been long ago indeed, since I last entered adventurously into the strange maze of english sentences, verbs and such. Even longer, if possible, would I have waited, hesitating to do so onve more, but, alas dear friends, it was not to be - ! Much as I love Ann, I must confess that she can be most obstinate and exasperating at times. I shudder at the thought of what my horrible english will do to your nerves, dear friends. Please, please, whatever you do, don't hold it against me, but you see, with Ann breathing down my neck .....

Rather than refusing her twenty times a day when she comes pestering me, I finally gave in. I am sure, you are all familiar with the urge to kill, that from time to time, grasps each of us, but you, my dear dear friends are very fortunate! Why? You do not live at Wetzlar, which could be a real peaceful and quiet place, but alas.....And since I will neither find peace for my mind nor body until I do, here unfortunate me is wetting the pen, trying to get a few prosaic thoughts on this here paper. But I still hope you will forgive me - at least as soon as you have met this female slavedriver in the flesh.=

Yours

Fred Bernhard.

A H O R R O R I N T I M E .....

Franz had been pondering on "time" again and again. There was no answer to his question: "What is time?" It was something different for every

one - and little did he gain by learning that Mr. Einstein had thought it to be relative. Nor was there any help in linking the obvious matter and space to time - there was no answer.

My birth is my start in time, matter and space, thought Franz, the end is death. These are two points on the line of time and between these two points stretches a chain of cause and effect that represents the course of my life. All seems to be uncertain, but is it? I have no choice in the matter of birth, do I have a choice at all? Is each link predestinated or can I change the course of events? Was there something else beyond the chain of causes and effects? No solution!

Was it not ridiculous to the extreme, that we humans "measured" time without knowing anything about its nature, its true meaning? From the very birth of our universe the =eternal= clock had started ticking the lifetime of the galaxies away. But each birth knows a stage - before, and with each death, for others at least there was an - after. There were the preconceived borders, beyond which only speculation, philosophy and religion choose to venture.

It worried Franz quite a bit to know that his time was clicking away and he neither knew the why nor the whence of his life. Yes, so deep was his puzzlement, that even his subconscious started to work on it, presenting the problem in many of his dreams - and then came the ultimate dream of the series that almost frightened him to death.

= Franz was no longer an inhabitant of Earth. From a strange galaxy at the "end" of our universe he was travelling faster, much faster than light. He travelled through space and he travelled through time. At what point on the chain of timely events he would arrive on Earth was only a matter of slowing down his speed. In the course of a few seconds he imagined himself to arrive in one culture of the past after the other. In mere seconds many wonders he saw. Long forgotten people rose and fell before his gaze. He saw an earth yet void of life, he saw earth young and plentiful. However beyond his time he could not go - there was no future. At least not for him to behold!

Back he seemed to go to his starting point millenias away and back he came along the same route, but now it was not earth itself that was his destination - it was the time of earth he was destined to see. When he neared the place where the sun and its planets had been on his former trip, there he found now a huge shaft with no beginning and no end, turning slowly around and around. Strange symbols seemed to cover the shaft and he was drawn nearer to it with irresistible force.

Among all those strange symbols there was one that attracted his attention most of all. When he went to look at it, he suddenly blacked out for a moment or two. When he came to, he seemed to lie in an utter blackness and above him a section of the faintly illuminated shaft was turning. To his horror he saw human figures cruzified to the shaft. Their faces were tortured and pained. And, among those millions and millions of bound bodies and tortured faces he found - his own.

Cruzified to the shaft of time was he. His burning eyes followed the winding line that was the symbol of his life. While the shaft was slowly turning around, he relived each day of his life. Each thought, each gesture, everything was on the shaft. Day and night, shame and pride, weakness and strength, love and hate, all he ever did, thought and wished he now observed with the eye of a casual looker-on, an observer from outside - it was his judgement day - the day, on which he was forced to pass judgement on himself by the standard of an universal spirit, in which there was nothing human whatsoever.

Back he was drawn to his far starting point, back he travelled ever so often, never to find Earth, always to find the shaft of time, his crucified body and distorted face. There he was unto eternity, bound to the shaft of time that was turning and turning unto the ultimate universal hour, that could not be measured by human standards, unto the ultimate universal hour yet so far away in the distant future, that it hurt him to imagine its final arrival. Back he was drawn till he once again beheld his own life. There was no way out! No excuse to be made, for all was written down impersonally, act for act - good and evil.

He was only a flick of dust in time, that much he knew. But even the smallest speck of dust was put in its proper place. Every event touching the flick of dust was noted down in proper place of space and time. No, there was no chance of escape, no means to throw off the responsibility for his every thought and action. Cause and event now presented themselves as of his own making, his was the guilt. He, the outsider now, looked in on himself, understood each motive and measured it against the rod of universal standard - and found himself wanting.

There was his life! Pitifully insignificant from birth to death - and yet it was engraved on the shaft down to the smallest detail and if one went back far enough in time, one arrived early enough to see it start all over to the bitter end. Was reliving this hell? He did not know. Was this a symbol of the real nature of time? He did not know. How could he bring about a change to conform his life with the universal principles? He did not know.

Carpe diem? Use the day? The day had to be used while it lasted - for what? What was good and what was evil on the universal rod? He did not know the answer. He only knew that sheer horror lay in time for him: Looking on himself, on each of his days buried in the shaft of time. It was the most frightening and horrible thing that time could be. There seemed no end to the turns of the shaft, for round and round would it go until, at last, the shaft would wearily grind to a stop at the end of time universal - may it be second, minute or hour. And then?

Nightmarishly he heard the grinding of the shaft now winding the other way. Spinning back from end to start. Was this to be? Franz cried out in despair. Cried, cried and cried and woke.=

Now he wonders again. Do we have an own will or are we destined? What ever the innermost nature of time might be, are we chained to the shaft of time by cause and effect, or lies it in our own hands to master our fate and future? Destination? - that would be a horrible joke - a torture for human beings. What incredible joker beyond the shaft, beyond the galaxies? Gruesome shaft of time, time bearing the crucified race of humans without escape, redemption or end. Horror and nightmare in time!

♀ "I am a louse".

"I don't see that it is any of your business!"

"You are?"

"Oh, dear how right you are."

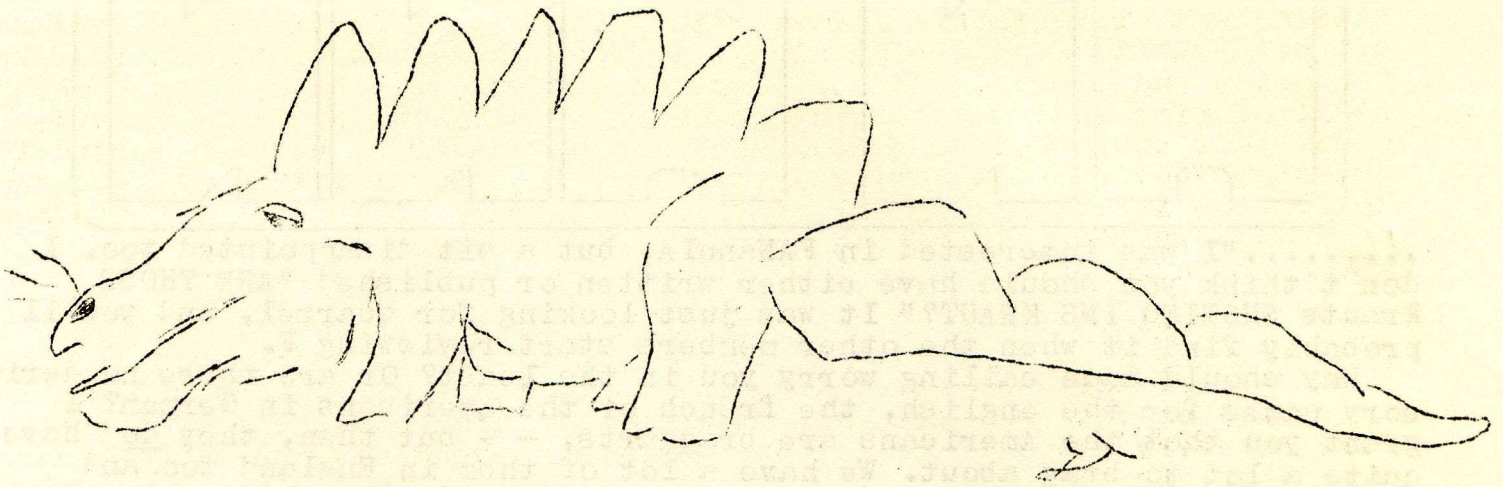
Soon after they started a little family, quite small:

♀ "Oh, I heard of you. Are'nt you Yngvi?"

"Oh, come on, dear, of course it is, I am a louse too!"

"Who else would be interested in you, Yngvi, if not a fellow-louse?"





I am a monster of my kind - no bug-eyed ben to you.  
 Humans ridiculous I find - they want to pet, they do!  
 It is not this that I would mind, - sometimes I like it too,  
 If I could only leave behind - the fence around this zoo!

Elisabeth Telus.

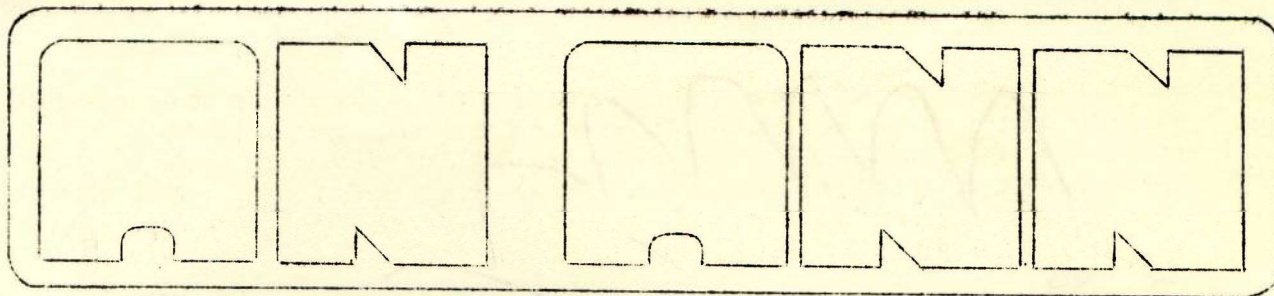


In this place there should have been the sad story of "Minou", the cat. A tomcat, by the way. But alas, Minou is no more. From his last venture into the strange and enchanting realms of the wide unknown - he did not return. Many tears have flown into the Lahn river since the beloved chap made his disappearance. My heart is broken and nearly bursting at the sorrowful meditation upon his unknown and untimely end.

However a foundling was encountered on one of Wetzlar's most busy streets. His coat is white and reddish-brown and since he is destined to follow the traditions of our erstwhile sweetheart, he inherited his name, cot and saucer.

Thus there is another tomcat called "minou" now living at Falkenstr. 17 and we love him even though we do not know where he came from - but who could have left the poor darling to himself, trying to cross a street where at least sixty cars cross each second. (What a perfect plan for an alien to enter a human home!) - But since the story about "Minou" the cat was all about his predecessor, we think it should have quite another frame and make-up. And, above all, Jörg, after many tries, gave up his most fruitful production of misformed cats and wellformed lions and consequently dedicated himself to the drawing of even more bizarre Gestalten, which I herewith pass on to you for pleasure and entertainment. I regret however, that once again in this place you will not find the promised story of "Minou" the cat. Perhaps the next issue will clear up this unsavory matter once and for all.

Even though I have promised you the story for this issue, I am real sorry it could not be included, but the disappearance of our beloved pet and the adoption of the stranger have taken up much of our time, yes even father, who does not believe in tenderness turns head over heels where the little redhead is concerned. And with that I leave you for now.



....."I was interested in FANannIA, but a bit disappointed too. I don't think you should have either written or published "ARE THOSE krauts SHOTING INS KRAUT?" It was just looking for quarrel, and you'll probably find it when the other members start reviewing F.

Why should name calling worry you in the least? Or are there no derisory names for the english, the french or the americans in German? I grant you that the Americans are braggarts, -- but then, they do have quite a lot to brag about. We have a lot of them in England too. and sometimes our people seem to be just as irritated with them as you do. They seldom stop to reflect that they would like the Russians a whole lot less and that is the only alternative. It never strikes them that the Americans would vastly prefer to be home in their own country than running around in Europa.

I don't have the vaguest idea about whether it's possible or not to get alimony from a US soldier in Germany, but that doesn't affect the argument: the money that the US have poured into Europa -- money taken directly from the US taxpayer, people like you and me, -- far outweighs these individual cases.

"Jerry" incidentally, is just a corruption of "Gerry", -- the first three letters of Germany with the "Y" ending that is a favourite for our slang terms: e.g. Frenchy, Dutchy, Darky, etc. "Boche" is also used here sometimes, but nobody could tell you where it came from, -- British soldiers picked it up in France and brought it home after the 1918 war.

I don't know anything about this time when Germany could not bring a suit against Americans in court, but, on the other hand, how many French people were able to sue Germans during the occupation of Paris?

And why be against technology? We have a washing machine and we'll have an icebox when we can afford to buy one. They are just added products of civilisation like water from taps and electric light. Should people go back to candles and washing in the river? . . . ."

and so on by Chuck Harris.

(Little did Ann Krautkopf suspect that her supposed bickering and teasing and yakking could be considered serious. She thought it was so obviously nonsense that nobody would stoop to make a case out of it. Just to defend myself I have to state: I have no own feelings against any name-callers -- and besides I thought that Krautkopf had made it clear that the French have much reason for wariness, what more could she say? I am not interested in suing Americans either, since I have and never had any quarrels with them -- to the contrary I have every reason to be grateful to them for being alive. And who said I am against technology? Heck, if I had no washing machine, I'd refuse to do the big washing for the whole family. Krautkopf is an idiot, her statements are absurd and utter idiocies, she only wanted to amuse you -- not argue with you. Dear Chuck, even though Ann Krautkopf is an idiot, I thought you, of all people, should be convinced that I am not.....)

....."and must I tell you, that your fanzine is one of the lousiest I ever saw. Of course you will be chicken and refuse to print this, but what else can one expect of women, budding in where they are not wanted. Why don't you catch yourself a fellow and start reproducing instead of producing an fanzine -- and a bad one to boot. Besides shame on you for

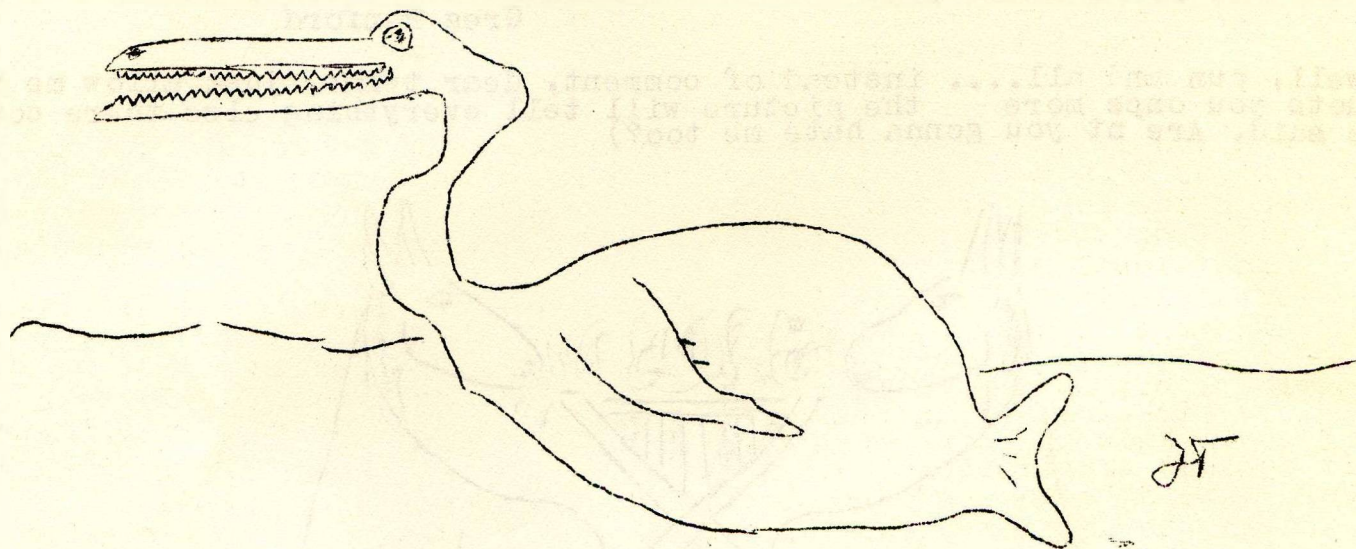


your lousy remarks about the male sex. I don't know what experiences you had, but you sure seem to have your mind in the gutter.

There are more females in SF etc. now than before, and if you ask me they ought to stay out. No good has ever come of them, as is once more proved by your "effort". I would say a lot more on this and other things, but I guess it is just a waste anyhow.....

S.T. (name withheld by request)

(Makes no bones about it, the heel, does he? And whiling away your time! I did not force you to read F. next time just throw it into the waste-basket before you read it, but I guess you are the type, that would fish it out again. And how would you know where to find my mind? Did we ever meet somewhere where you should not have been? How about a little more tolerance for us despised females? I think it would befit you.)



....."think your fanzine is lousy - a perfect example of how it should not be done. Besides I deeply despise poetry, especially yours. And if men hate you, I bet they know what they are up to. Serves you right. However it seems to me, that you started out by hating men first, ain't that true?

F.G. (name withheld by request)

(But daahling! how can you think such bad things about me??? I just love man, I adore them, in fact I even worship the very ground they should be buried under. The poor dear darlings! I have no love lost for...I mean, I really love them, honest I do! Even you, little teaser, are included in that all-embracing love of mine = heaven help you - no one else can= all the more for not loving my verses!)

....."I think you should close your printing shop! You can't do it all by yourself and my guess is, you won't have many contributors the way you keep running along. However that does not prevent me from extending my heartfelt sympathies and condolences - wishing you a better start next time, preferably in a hundred years....."

M. O. (name withheld by request)

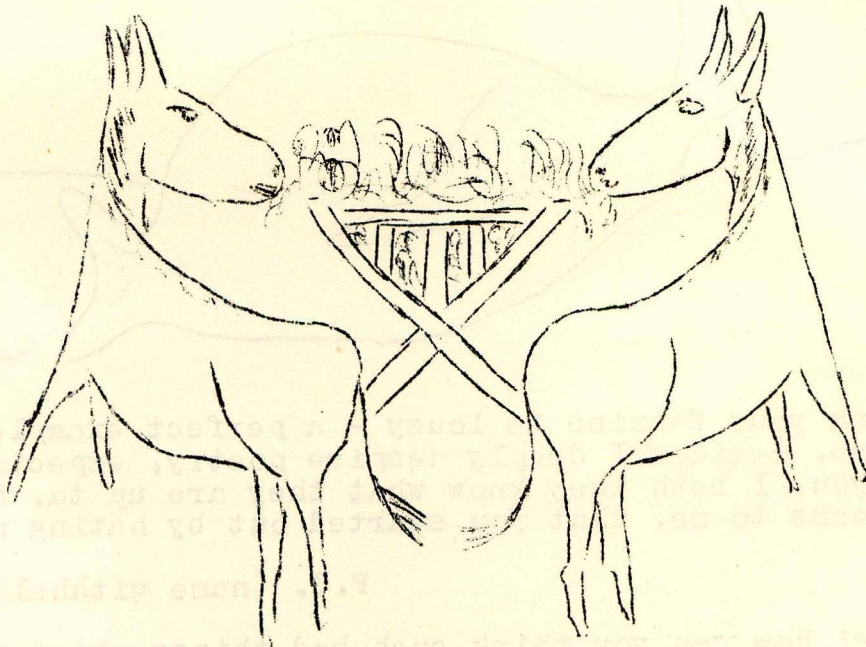
(Well, can you beat that? - all by myself? We'll see! I can get a lot of people to write a few lines for me voluntarily, even if I have to breathe down their necks, wringing them from time to time a little bit, don't worry, they'll come clean!)

....."look over the first issue of FANannIA! Does'nt something smack you in the eye as soon as you open the zine? Something besides a wet fish? (oh, but this is'nt Archies, have'nt you noticed?) Again the answer is yes! You will notice at once the repeated cries for friends: "I try so hard to please my friends, as an aquarian I should at least have two or three - volunteers step forward please!"

Let's face it, Ann needs friends. But it appears she will not have any man as companion, as she states: "...menkind in general hates me, because I found them out so early, found out, what real sorry types they are ...". This clearly denotes an inferiority complex. She probably has always hated men just because she could not catch a train. Small reason indeed! So I have come to the conclusion: Ann has a warped mind. A sort of fan-warp....I like to comment on zines, and I love to tear them apart in print. So this disproves everything Ann has said. Now what do you have to say for yourself, Ann? Are you a Steul piegon? ( how about pigeon?) With that pun I leave you.

Greg Benford

(well, pun and all.... instead of comment, dear twins, just allow me to quote you once more the picture will tell everything else there could be said. Are nt you gonna hate me too?)



HT

= "You might even count me and my brother as true GERFANS after a while, who knows? Anyway, I feel left out because I can't understand German! " =

.....I read your contribution to OMPA with real interest - its amazing that mere "foreigners" can manipulate (I nearly wrote "murder") our language so effectively! S all for now.

R. A. Hall

(thanx Ron, nicer compliment was never made, but after all, you are responsible too. I asked you a thousand times to correct my english, instead you told me - it was nice - now you see what you done?)



## WHY MEN HATE ANN

A sunny little courtyard and children at play. Lots of sand to build castles with, and rivers and bridges. Lots of sand for baking delicious cakes and mudpies.

"Get to the other side" says the little boy, "this part is mine, I am building a castle."

"And I want to make a town, so you get off!" cries the little girl.

"Careful you two, you are ruining my cakes" shouts Helen, the sister of the little boy.

"Fine lot I care for your town" replies the boy and crushes another of his sister's mudpies under his heel.

"And I care even less for your dirty castle" shouts Ann and rushes up the careful massed up heap of sand and stamps it under her feet, flattening it out unmercifully.

"Mama! Mama! they are ruining my cakes!" weeps little Helen.

"Oh, dear" says the mother from a window on the first floor, "you can bake new cakes, much nicer ones than you made before, don't cry, baby, or you must come upstairs."

"I will much nicer cakes than either of you" ventures Helen hopefully.

"Get into that corner over there for building your castle" orders

Ann. "I need lots and lots of sand for my rown and castle!"

"Oh no, you don't!" calls the boy. "And besides, I won't be ordered around by any girl. I spit on you, you with your town and castle!"

"This is my sand, my courtyard and here I will do just as I please" argues Ann.

"What you see when you close your eyes is yours and nothing else" teases the boy.

"Get the heck out of here, both of you!" yells Ann.

"Helen, you stay here. She cannot chase us away" says the boy to his frightened little sister.

"Oh, you will both go all by yourself" says Ann with an evil twinkle in her eyes.

"You'll be a hundred years old before that happens. I am a boy, and no girl chases me out anywhere!"

Ann says nothing, but she drags a big pot towards the sand and starts filling it up. Brother and sister mock her, but she pays them no attention. After a while the pot is full. She carries it over to where the boy stands and: "Get out of my way!" says she.

"Get out of the way yourself!" say he.

Ann say nothing, she just shoves the big pot a little further, steps back and lets it fall down, right where it must hit the naughty boys foot. It does and now he starts yelling and howling.

"Excuse me" flutes Ann ever so softly. "The pot was so heavy, I simply could'nt hold it any longer, and besides, I asked you to get out of the way. It is not my fault. Blame yourself!"

"You did it on purpose! You did it on purpose!" shouts Helen and tries to console her brother.

"You two come upstairs at once!" calls their mother from the window on the first floor.

As the boy painfully limps off Ann smiles, angel-like and says: "I told you, you'd go all by yourself. You boys with your superiority over girls - just goes to show!"

No boy likes to be told things like that. What a sneaky nasty critter that girl is. Another reason why men hate Ann!

### SPACE DREAMS...

Space dreams are future not alone -  
How many secrets hidden in a stone?  
How many worlds do open to the mind  
Which follows law to seek and find.  
And our world - so young and old  
Has many wonders to behold.  
A spark of time, we are so small  
Eternity engulfs us all.

Elisabeth Telus.

Sorry I goofed up the numbering of pages, but I guess rightfully this is page number 12, just in case you should have worried. All these poor friendly souls who complimented me on FANannIA are herewith most gratefully thanked and forgiven. But just for this number I thought it best, to print only either controversial or disagreeing voices. Not that I do not appreciate your letting me know you liked me, but since I have such a nasty streak in my nature, I just love to pick nasty commentary - of course I consume just as much flattery as you all do, but once in a while with a twinkling eye and cum grano di sale, I will pretend you just hate me - well, at that perhaps you do?