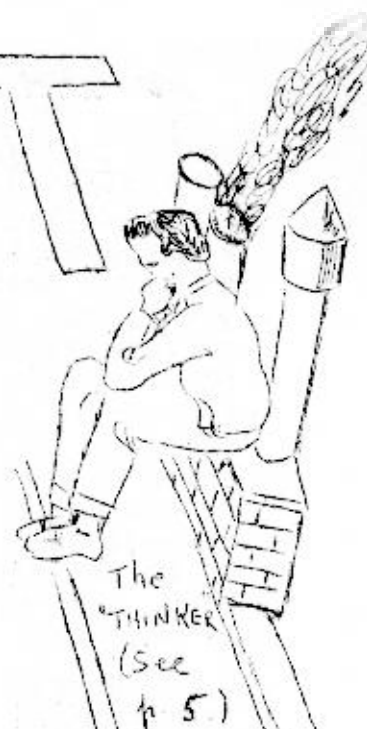


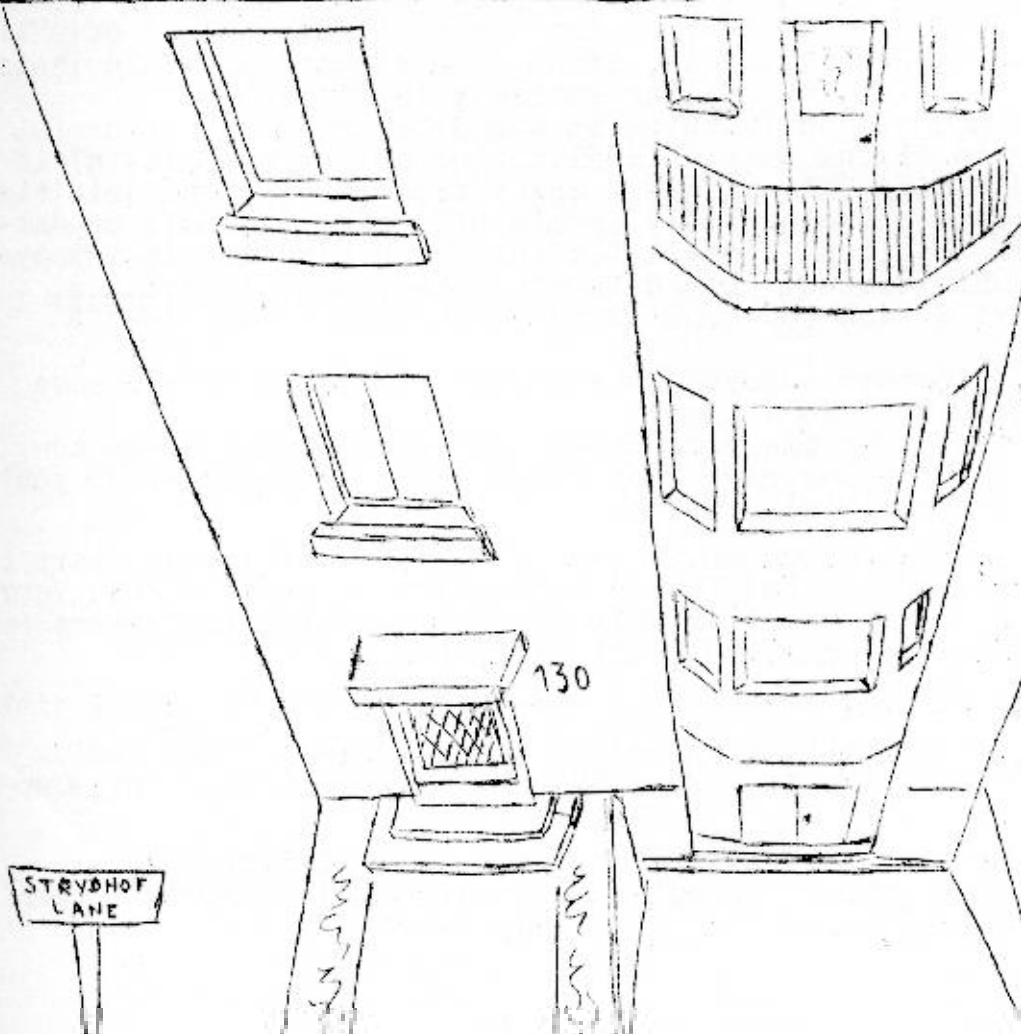
# TITOT

VOL I N° 4

OMPA N° 6



The THINKER  
(See p 5)



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# Summing up.

Well... I made it! At least I hope so. In any case, if you're reading this I will have! You know there are times when I say to myself "Gosh, only so many days to go and I haven't started on OMPA yet!", but somehow in the end everything manages to straighten itself out and TITOT makes another welcome appearance - together with a couple of other similar games - to gladden the hearts of the chosen few: that handful of exceptionally bright males and females whose destinies are so closely linked together and who have made the supreme sacrifice of devoting all their spare time and even their pocket money to the noble cause of egotism. Wow! I'm not supposed to say that am I? Besides, I'm sure it's not quite true. There must be at least two or three idealists amongst us who take their fandom seriously; but then, the question is "is one supposed to take it seriously?" and if so, in what way? and in what measure???

However, to come back to the last mailing:  
In my opinion, Archie's satire was one of (if not the) best items in the mailing. Off t' rails huh? Superb! I have only one criticism to offer: In the "constitution" on page 5 (no need to look for the number of the page, there ain't none; still you can count can't you? at the end of article 4 "Renewal of membership" I think the word: "etc." should have been added to clarify the position...

I see in your "Archive between meals" Archie that our friend Jan wants to become an officer of the "Board of Directors" of OMPA. Well, whaddya know? Presumably, if he were elected he would insist on us having at least one mailing entirely in flemish! Joking apart, though I don't think it would be practical or useful to have a person living outside England (or an "extra-Britain" if you prefer) managing OMPA affairs. Apart from wasting valuable time in communications between widely spread officers, it would be damned expensive. Besides, I'm all for the women handling it anyway. Let the poor uninitiated, pushed in the background, frustrated, weaker sex have a hash too huh? Ghod! what have I done now???

**SCOTTISHE 4:** I rather enjoyed "David". Of course he didn't come back. He would have been a clot!  
Thanks for translating the poem Ethel. It almost makes sense now. So you think that "t" on page 7 of TITOT 3 was intentional do you? You must have a low opinion of me.

**SATAN'S CHILL:** Ha! a newcomer to the fold! And a very good start if I may say so. I enjoyed Ted Tubb's evaluation of Nerte d'Art. Very well done, and, as far as I am able to judge - which isn't very far - a pretty accurate description. Full marks Ted.

The rest was good too. Nightmare I didn't quite dig tho'. Am I dim?

**ESCKENKINE 1:** A beautifully produced effort Mike. I like red! Contents rather amusing too. Poor Shamey! What will they "dig" up next I wonder?

**MORPH 5 :** Still enjoying the Lotus Fater. Very interesting. I'm afraid I can't truly appreciate the weird and wonderful cover though John. Still, maybe I'm not a true artist...

SNOOZE 4: I'm glad you were able to make up your mind about the title of your 'zine Geoff, but it still looks familiar to me... Re. the LONDON 0: I was down there in July '54, but I can't really complain about the lack of introductions. I was introduced to Pamela and Ken Bulmer, Vinç Clarke and Stu Mackenzie. Ren Hall introduced himself (I had talked to him already on the 'phone) and was mainly responsible for showing me around. I was forced to sign the visitors' book and was even given a sub by the Bulmers. I think maybe they couldn't resist my natural charm.....

As to them "swiping" a mag... well, I doubt it. It'll probably turn up one of these days. A fan never "steals" anything. Mind you, he may occasionally "harrow something indefinitely", but steal, no!

LOCO 1: Another nicely-produced 'zine with amusing illos. Nice work Geordie!

BILLY 3: Seems to lack ideas. In spite of this it manages to fill up quite a number of pages - 8 I believe - with various adds & ends. Rather disappointing I thought.

FANANIA: Best thing was undoubtedly the Astrology. Yes, I too am an aquarian. That looooooonnnnnnggggg article about Krauts (that's a new one on me) could have been summed up in a few well-chosen words. Of course, I'd rather not discuss politics, but I certainly agree with the last paragraph of said article...

NEEDLE 5: A good review. Thanks for the info re. your studies Fred. Very interesting. Wish I had time to do some real studying too... Ever tried modern jazz? There's lots of scope there.

NOISE LEVEL 4: Good cover John, but haven't you forgotten the thingamajig, dingbat, or whatever it's called, that's supposed to ring the bell? There's plenty to comment on here but I'm afraid time and space are lacking. Of course Gillespie doesn't "swing"! "Modern Jazz" doesn't usually lift you out of your seat; you're supposed to listen to it attentively and try to follow the various interweaving melodies and strange punctuations. However, they affect the senses even more forcibly; they give you a feeling of admiration mixed with what you might call "cerebral stimulation".

I agree with you on this New Orleans business. It can't reasonably be called "folk-music", but is more as you say a "variation"; whether this variation is "intellectual" or not is a matter worthy of considerable speculation.

Now those ballads of deep space I like. Yes indeed. The music wasn't too hot, but after all, it's only a ballad. what? Still, methinks it could be improved a little by substituting the chord of G? (6th.har) by Bb followed, after two beats, by C Major... (?)  
On the whole a jolly interesting 'zine. I'm looking forward to next.

ZYMIC 3: This shouldn't take long; only one page... and then all about figures, and the wrong ones at that! § I agree! § Now how did he get in here I wonder? Well Vinç, if you're interested in figures, I heard of a problem somewhat similar to the one you put in your 'zine. It may be a trifle less complicated of course. It goes like this:

BEDROL  
\* 6  
= ROLBED

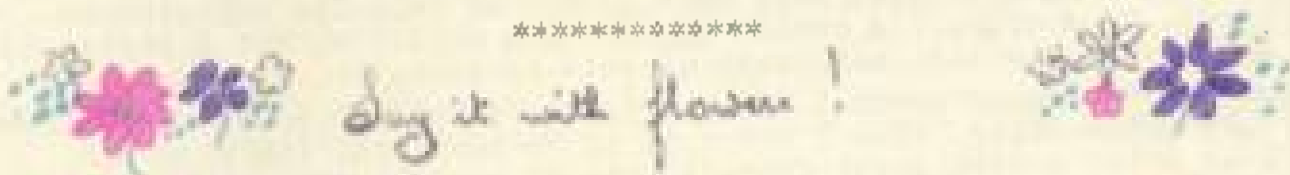
As you have no doubt guessed, each letter represents a digit and all you have to do is find the digits. You'll note some digits are double, i.e.: you find the same ones below as those that are above, for instance if R of Bedrol is 5, then R of Rolbed is equally 5, etc... Anyone interested?

LEER 1 : A very nicely-produced and interesting 'ziette (hal new word!) It's a nice change to be able to read an OMPA zine without suffering from eye-strain. Congrats lee!

T.T.C.T.2: Last but not least, my compatriot with his valiant efforts. Well... it's quite a 'zine that! There are some good items in it too especially "The Linguafans". The illos are good too, altho' the meaning of the last one escapes me. BUT, I don't consider it very 'personal': in other words it's composed mostly of stuff from other people. Now, in a sub zine, this is only natural; you can't be expected to write everything yourself, but I think that in OMPA we should try at least to produce - as far as possible - our own stuff. Does anybody agree with me? I admit that possibly the value of one's own 'zine may decrease thereby, but if we don't have to send stuff to other people then we can use the stuff ourself can't we? Of course, I know there are articles or columns we can't always print in our own 'zines, but at least we can keep it more "personal" and reflecting the character more faithfully than by using the "edited" 'zine idea... Any comments?

And that concludes my comments for this mailing. Be seain' you.

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I walked into the lilac room of the "Haughty Culture" Hotel and spotted Cynthia Rosenhoff reclining gracefully on a mauve divan.

"Hia Cynth!" I greeted her, "have you seen Margaret?"

She rose, looked at me with her tu lips parted and said, in her best teutonic accent: "I teenk she's in the garden ja!"

"Carnation!" I swore inelegantly, "she would be. I bet she's flirting with that silly weed with the bushy eyebrows. I'll have to tell her auntie Rinam about this."

"What did she say about goink to se convention mitt you?"

"I haven't aster yet."

"Vell, you better be quick about it, or she will be goink mitt dat Iris bloke."

"What? that pansy?"

"Vell, at least he has not got ze wife, ,orkids!"

I gave kar a 'nasty urchin' look, but she completely ignored it and inquired:

"Are you goink via St.Fangrass with ze London crowd?"

"Nar Sisi!" I replied vehemently, "this bud's going all a lawn!"

And with that cutting remark, I stamped out of the room, shook the dust of the hotel off my feet and made a bee-line for the nearest hot-house.

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# Much ado ...

I'm dashed if I know where these fancies get their inspiration from. I can never think of a fitting subject to talk about (the others come quite easy of course...) Maybe I haven't the ability to recognise inspiration when I see it, or maybe it's because I prefer actions to words. I don't know...

Anyway, after racking my brain for several days (it was quite a storm I can assure you; you could hear the racket miles away), I finally hit on something. Yes, I was knocking a nail in the wall at the time and the hammer slipped. From the resultant flow of highbrow literature, a familiar chord was struck...

"B sharp!" cried Yvonne, choosing this historic moment to enter, "or we'll be late for the pictures."

"Yes, but I'll B flat broke if we go to the pics!" I protested, in a semi-quavering voice, "and then I won't have anything left for stamps, staples, stencils or stationery..."

"Stop stuttering like a stupid stooge!", she stated sticically, "and start up the Standard."

Well, as you can imagine, this gentle interruption temporarily stemmed the beautiful and logical flow of my ~~an~~ well-balanced mind and forced me to abandon - at least for the time being - my original intention of trying to find a fitting subject to talk about.

\* \* \*

A few months later, the matter was once more clamouring for attention, and this time, choosing a suitable spot with infinite care (nobody would dream of looking for me between the chimney-pots) I settled down for a nice quiet spell of thinking...

I was just getting warmed up to my subject, when I became aware of a peculiar singeing smell, whilst simultaneously the temperature seemed to be increasing rapidly. At first I thought I had been driving the grey matter too hard and that I had blown a fuse or something (sorry), but then I discovered (I do in the end you know) that the heat was coming chiefly from my right-hand side. All of a sudden it dawned on me (it does eventually you know): some wise guy must have lit the fire and the chimney was becoming increasingly hotter...

In a moment of blind panic (now why must panic be blind?), I tried to get off the roof a trifle too hastily and succeeded only too well, because I slipped on one of the slipperier parts of the roof, lost my balance and plunged over the edge of the house into the street below... "And so", I thought, "a famous BNF becomes just another 'man in the street'". But I was wrong! Yes indeed, because just at that moment, a horse and cart, loaded with hay (well, the cart anyway), came by and I fell right bang in the middle of it! (of the cart I mean).



Talk about coincidences! When I think back, I often wonder what a horse and cart full of hay (the cart anyway) was doing in darkest Berchem at 5 a.m.? Although I've seen stranger sights than that in our street... after all, didn't Burgess come once? Of course that wasn't at 5 a.m., thank Ghod!

Talking of strange sights reminds me of a joke Jean Steer told me the other day... If you've heard it....

A lady had a parrot... Of course, lots of ladies have parrots but this was a special kind of parrot that could only say one particular sentence, to wit: "Who's that?"

Now, one day the lady went out to do some shopping, leaving the parrot alone home. A short while later, a painter called to do some job he was supposed to have done several days ago, and knocked on the door. The parrot, feeling kind of talkative, proudly quipped "Who's that?" whereupon the wielder of the brush replied: "The painter." Again the parrot queried: "Who's that?" and the man replied "The painter." Once again, the parrot asked "Who's that?" and the poor chap, still unsuspecting, said in a loud and clear voice: "THE PAINTER!". Not to be outdone, the parrot asked once more: "Who's that?". This time the man, becoming red in the face, yelled: "THE PAINTER!". Still unruffled, the parrot repeated, with monotonous persistence: "Who's that?"

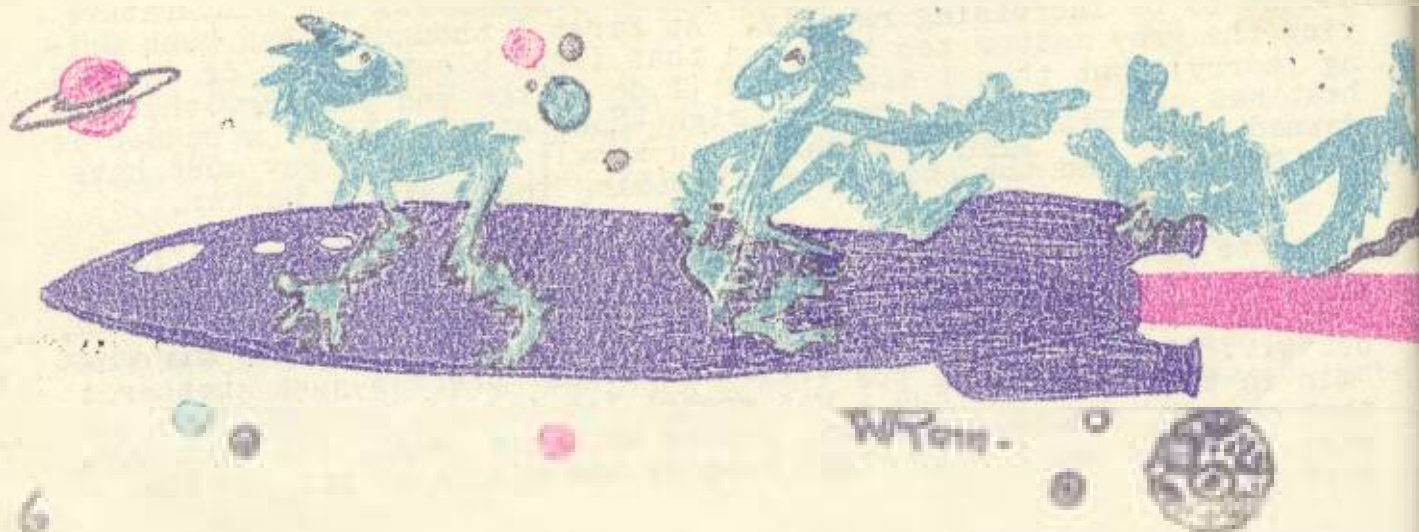
At that, the poor fellow started running around in circles, frothing at the mouth, passing only now and then to jump up and down, beating his chest, when finally, as was only to be expected, his already weak heart conked out and he fell lifeless to the floor...

Some time later, the lady returned. She pushed open the gate and walked up to the door and, suddenly perceiving two feet sticking out of one of her rhododendrons, put her hands to her mouth and exclaimed shakily: "Who's that???"

"The painter!", shouted the parrot triumphantly...

Oh well, I suppose you didn't think much of that did you? Never mind, I'll think of something to talk about presently.....

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Concluding:

## The Fantastic Experiences, etc. ---



Well, as you know, we collected J.S. Bach round about 1700. We had hoped he would be able to tell some interesting tales, and as a matter of fact, he did say quite a lot, but it wasn't quite what we expected. In the first place it was in German, and I'm not so hot on German. In the second place, I've a suspicion that a lot of it wasn't in German, not in the true sense of the word anyway, at least judging from the apoplectic look he suddenly developed, after we bundled him into the time-machine. Of course the fact that he had been taking a shower (or a bath) at the time and wasn't quite dry yet may have had something to do with it.... I don't know. Anyhow, he calmed down a bit after we had clothed him and handed him over to Lucy, who stroked his hair, kissed him once or twice, and made him generally uncomfortable.

There was an interesting episode when we collected Mozart; you know: 'Amadeus, the Wolf' or whatever his nickname used to be. That was a couple of minutes later (actually some 80 years). You should have seen Mozzie's face... haha! He didn't believe it of course. He thought he had been overdoing it and kept babbling something about "Nicht mehr, nicht mehr!..." and shaking his mane as though to shut out the nightmarish happenings. Johnny Sebastian of course didn't know who the young whipper-snapper was and cared even less. He was too busy loering at Lucy, who had chosen this historic moment to pull up her old-fashioned "stocking".... However, to get on with the show... the other one...

The years (or minutes) came and went and almost each decade yielded its treasure in the form of an eminent composer: Haydn, Beethoven - Chopin - Liszt - Mendelsahn - Wagner - Brahms - Tchaikowsky - Grieg - Rachmaninoff... all the boys were finally rounded up and brought, in small groups - chattering excitedly in their various Mother-tongues, and some in their Father-tongues - to the "neutral-zone" invented by professor Nuttercracker. Ever heard of the Tower of Babel? Well, that's nothing on this! What a convention!

Oh! what a con it was, it really was, such a con...

Well, after a lot of coaxing and explaining, respectively by Lucy and Joe Payne (pronounced Cho-pin), the colourful group finally calmed down and resigned itself to listen - to the best of its ability - to the professor's scientific ramblings.

He told them about his time-machine and Joe's idea of getting all these famous people together for a "Musicon", etc... Of course, as was only to be expected, his technical jargon was quite lost on them, but as soon as he broached the subject of music they all started jabbering and gesticulating at once and the whole scene reminded me forcibly of a crazy "mardi-gras". It was quite a sight seeing all those long-dead artists (well, most of them anyway) dressed in the colorful costumes of their respective period, talking each other's heads off and trying to convince their fellow-composers of their own particular merits.



Of course, as one might have foreseen, the conversation became more and more animated and several times Lucy and I had to separate some of the more sensitive types, who were trying to pull each other's hair out, or forcing some old manuscript down their throat...

"Is that Brahms there on the floor?" - "No, he's Haydn!"

In spite of all this however, tragedy might yet have been averted and something constructive might have come of it all, but... alas! an incident occurred which forced us to abandon the whole scheme there and then. Bear with me and you shall hear the whole sordid tale...

You see, just at the time when the "free discussion" was reaching its climax, Lucy asked Wagner whether he was thirsty, as he seemed to have a temperature. "Ja! ja!" he answered promptly, meaning he would. Whereupon glasses were handed round and bottles were produced. All at once a magic breeze seemed to disperse the slightly over-heated atmosphere and I can swear (you bet) I saw Bach rubbing his hands and licking his lips in anticipation.

Oh, what fools we were to overlook this simple fact, a fact which caused us to be precipitated into another world altogether, a co-existent universe, where drinking is the chief Art and music a lost one; no, not exactly lost, but seriously damaged. Yes, my friends, through a silly little mistake the world we knew and loved was deprived of composers, who all mysteriously vanished in the 'hey'day of their career, leaving the world "music-starved". Of course, the world still has music, but it will never know such famous works as "Beethoven's ninth", or Rachmaninoff's "second" concerto, or Mozart's 56th. symphony or Jan Jansson's "Last Page" (oh, sorry, that's not "art" is it), or is it?)

Why, oh why did we have to let them drink our national "conventional" mainstay?, that potent brew, that murderous of all drinks:

"BLOG ??????"

