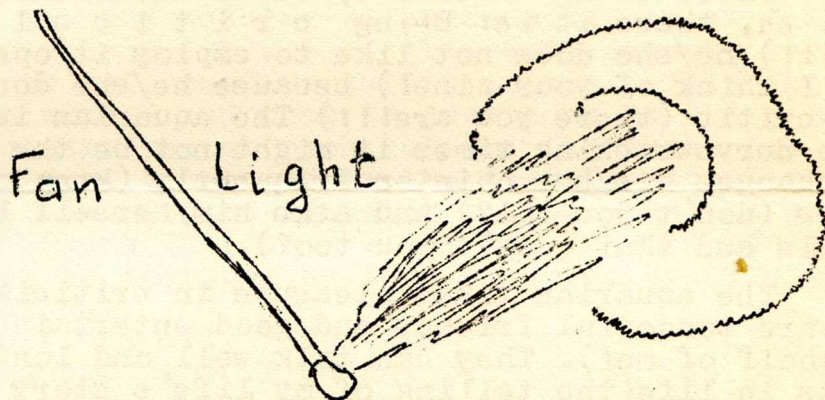


FANNIA

First german OMPA-
Zine ever!



FANNIA is produced as OMPazine in Germany.

Artwork in this ish by A/S & Jörg Teichmann who is welcome to do it again.

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Jan Jansen, one of the nicest guys ever - anywhere!

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FANANNIUM:

F A N a n n I U M :

I was born on the 24th of January - that means I am an aquarian. Let's find out what kind of animal I am!

=The aquarian has a natural tendency towards art and the finer things in life, it says here. He/she is possessed by an inner urge to be honorable and virtuous (alas, how often are we frustrated in our aim and higher ideals!) They do not quarrel (they don't?) and are clean in their habits (have you washed behind your ears this morning?) Aquarians have great need for sympathy and understanding (Who has'nt?)

The aquarian is easily frightened and annoyed (please be careful in what you say or write about me and my zine!) - Rough treatment leads to a breakdown and early death (there goes another fan - and you always complain about being short in femfan - just see what you did! treating them that rough!) By his/her sweetness of character, the aquarian gives joy and happiness to his/her surroundings (do they mean I am a clown?)

Usually the aquarian marries late in life (now they tell me . . .)
(and you know now, why I am a spinster, old maid, old girl aso.....)
(there is, however still time running short)

There being several types of aquarians, lets find out a little more. Ah, there it is: Being c r i t i c a l to the extreme (now get this!!!) he/she does not like to employ it openly (don't even ask me what I think of your zine!) because he/she does not want to become known as a critic (there you are!!!) The aquarian is haunted by unrest (in these nervewracking times it might not be the aquarians alone, I bet!) and changes his/her opinion frequently (keep asking dear!) acts on impulses (don't you all?) and asks him/herself later on why he/she did do this and that (don't you too?).

The aquarian finds pleasure in criticizing (secretly, of course!) They are wonderful friends and good entertainers (don't blame the zine on behalf of me!). They can talk well and long about the most interesting things in life (the telling of my life's story with the most interesting episodes takes as much times as the yakings of Scheherezade in the Arabian nights, but there the similarity ends!) and have a very excellent ability to built up stories (don't you ether people never lie?)

The aquarian enjoys life in a peculiar sort of way (it takes all kinds, you know!) and is often considered queer (no wonder, or did you?) but has a lot of friends (have I? Where are they?) and frequently they attract to themselves an excellent companion for life (yiiipee! They do? Where is he????) . . . and live happily ever after!!! =

This insight story on my character should give all fen, who have read this so far a very vivid impression of my interior. So if I keep my mouth shut about zines (I'd simply love to!!!) this is only because I do not like to be known as a critic - I ain't yellow!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!????? This being the case, can you imagine, what kind of shock it must have been, when the mailman brought me a large, large envelope and on it, big as an elephant just one awful word behind my address: C O M M E N T ?

I love to read fanzines, I most honestly do, I enjoy them more than eating (though I do lots and lots!), but those darned editors do go too far. Why can't they just drop around and then we'll have a very friendly conversation, while they sit on my knees. I'll ramble on (I am supposed to be a good entertainer, remember!) and finally he'll go away.

But no - they mail the thousands of zines to you and by common usage you are forced to commit yourself on black and white! But this one, with the big C O M M E N T on the envelope really takes the take!!!

If you want happiness and joy, you know where Wetzlar lies! Just drop around and marry me (to quote my own most famous quote: how about it?). I am not just crazy to, you know, but it would be a change - and change - as you already learned is something aquarians indulge in. I simply love to change. P L E A S E - refrain from offers with mentioning your own sweet attractions and qualities (pressure cookers and other similiarly frightening agdgets!!!) you might scare me out of my own poor wit and cause my leaving this world early. (What with ABC bombs, might not be such a bad idea after all. A planet in the vicinity of Vega would just be dandy and suit me fine!) I hope you do not condemn FANANIUM too much. To me it was the perfect editorial, since it was by the editor about the editor and how editorius can you get???

In this place there should have been the story of Minou, who is a tomcat, much beloved by the girl who thinks she owns him. - But, unfortunately, with Jan Jansen chasing me across the deadline, there was not time enough, to encourage Jörg to draw another picture and besides I ran out of stencils - so you do not find stories about Minou the cat in this place after all. If Jan does not cancel it out, you will however, find a lion somewhere, if you can recognize it as such. To quote with Milton or was it somebody else?"Go! Mark him well!!!"He was supposed to be a little ordinary housecat, who had nothing strange about him at all - until he was caught by the aliens The cat, however turned out to be a lion, and I might as well confess guilty, since I told the boy, to let his imagination run wild - and that is just what he did - so it happens that Minou, an ordinary tomcat much beloved though he is, turned out to be a lion and his story, consequently has to wait, until the next time, when I'll either tell the artist to paint a lion - in the hope that it then will be an ordinary cat, or I'll do the drawing myself, in which case the animal might be anything up to a steamwoller (you guess as good as that of the next guw.

While I am yakking off and off, I must not forget to apologize again and again for the language used. I do not mean to be too outspoken - I just mean because it might be considered anything but correct english. with my four years english in school, there were no laurels or honors to be won and the rest is due to doubtful literature (SF aso.) and AFN - not to forget the Overseas Weekly, where WW tries to get people off the straight trails. That is why so many things might sound strange and even painful to you. Sometimes (mostly I think) I violate your beautiful english lakwich on purpose, but when I have time and money enough to visit that country over the channel, I'll try my doggone best, to learn the died-in-the-wool OXFORD or CAMBRIDGE and whathaveyous - if you want me to - I try so hard to please my friends (as an aquarian I should at least have two or three - volunteers step forward, please!)

Originally there was a chronique scandaleuse in my mind, I mean I intended it for the zine - but why should I wantonly risk to loose what few friends I might have - just to please you? If you insist on gossip I can yakkitiyak any length of time, but I fear the thunder and lightnings of higher authorities - even Chuck could kill me off with one of his lovely yellow letters - so why should I risk his uppermost displeasure, when he is going to tear me to pieces anyway- just for your entertainment and pleasure? Should I? Do you? Well, you hate me anyway 'cause you are men and I am supposed to be not - in fact I am not. But now I see that I can stop yakking since this page is full and there is no turn over or look forwards, darling in this zine - unless Jan does on duplicating.

Bye...

ARE THOSE krauts SHOOTING IN S
KRAUT ?

A very complete and most scientifically treatise on the subject of why those darned Krauts should be painlessly but nevertheless eliminated by transplantation to a far, very far star

by Ann Krautkopf

A

I. 1. a. It has been a matter of deep meditation, just why one lousy people in the center of Europa has managed to attract such respectable namecalling as: (sale) boche, jerries, Heinis, Herrenvolk, Krauts aso. This being totally off trails, an offtrail publication should be the best place, where such a question can best be dealt with in an off-trailish manner. This then is a profound, serious and highly scientific elaboration on the mysterious subject first mentioned in T I O T.

I. 1. b. In the course of elaborating, the author has found it profitable, to consider comparisons with the present. No one should blame Miss Krautkopf, if american money stops coming to the ungrateful natives across the ocean. But, after all, the truth is the truth and nobody wants to hear it.

II. 2. a. Obligatory of this first part of treatise is to prove, that the nation in question should have been psychoanalysed long ago. The author, a firsthand specialist on psychiatry, has abundant material that the people as well as the individual of said nation suffer from a great minority complex (or is it inferior?).

II. 2. b. To get at the root of all evil, let us consider the histerical development of a few thousand years. Take the romans! It was during the europeonal (?) dark ages, when America had not yet been discovered and to keep order in this world was then the duty of the romans. Their lot it was, to keep a watchful eye on those untrustworthy eropians (british isles, natch, included), the savages living in deep, dark woods and being extraordinarily uncivilized (even then!). Little did they dream of such things as thermal baths, WC's and other boons of a rich variety of culrure.

II. 2. c. Therefore the honest romans must fulfill their duties, consisting in the investment of money and dispatch of troops into this uncivilized world. Especially the stupid Neandertalers had to be wisened up and taught the simlest things which other people around them were at least dimly aware of. They were so stupid, that the poor romans had, from time to time, to deal harshly with them. But fortiously or fortunately the germans profited by the superior ability of the romans in dealing with slave colonies and backward people.

III. 3. a. Handling foreign barbans was an every day life occurrence and was done in a most superior way. Those unenlightened people, naturally, were not allowed to sue a roman citizen in court, no matter what might be the reason - the roman was always right. There was no question of, for instance, getting alimony from an ~~american~~ roman father - no one could get an ~~american~~ roman before a judge, except another roman. The most perfect expression lay in the simple and very proud sentence: "Civis rom. sum!" And that was that.

III. 3. b. The highly civilized sons of Rome served their stretch in the sinister backwoods of Europa -, and what those dirty germans were like, can best be understood from the reports of Tacitus. Yeah, it is not even necessary to bother the gentleman himself, since, up to this very day there is a song sung in these parts, that tells us all about it:

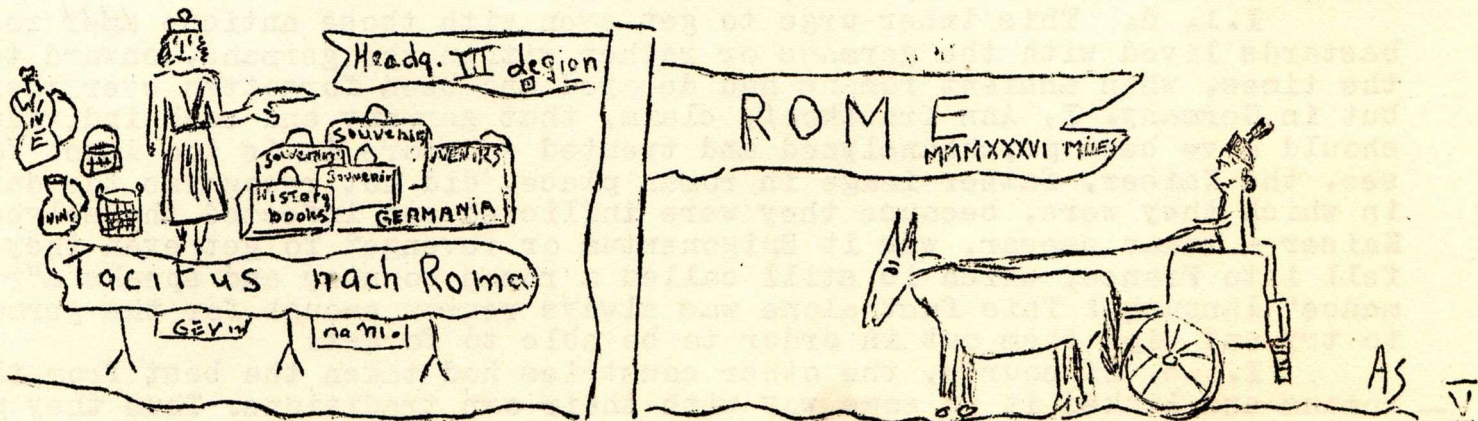
=Die alten Germanen die saßen
Zu beiden Seiten des Rheins.
Sie lagen auf Bärenhäuten
Und tranken immer noch eins."

The old germans were living
On both sides of the Rhine.
The lay on bearskins and rugs
And were always full of wine.

The old Germans
with bearskins
on both
sides of

RHINE the

Wine
of
were always full



and this alone proves beyond the shadow of doubt, what a demoralized lot they were (even then!).

III. 3. c. Of course the romans could not tolerate them to lead a lazy existence like this and thus they brought these dirty folks into their colonies and even to Rome, the capital and most civilized town in ancient times! What kindness indeed! There they showed them, under persuasion of a sound beating, how work should be done.

III. 3. d. Great was the kindness of the romans, but the natives of Germany showed no appreciation at all. They even revolted against the benevolent instructors. A fierce battle was fought in the Teutoburger Wald as can be read in history books even to this day about Arminius and the likes of him. No need to elaborate here, all that is very much beside the point. Let me emphasize however, that it was just the inborn lazyness of these german bums, which consequently caused all further catastrophies.

IV. 4. a. Being shown by the romans what we can expect a real Herrenvolk to be like, did not find the approval of those ignorant germans. Deprived of their socalled freedom, they consequently put down the base to a horrid minority (or is it inferiority?) complex - as has been stated already. It should be interesting, to follow the later lines of history and find out, what became of such a poor, pitiable lot of ignorants.

B

I. 1. a. When the germans came home from Rome, they had, at least learned about the danger of washing. The roman empire fell and this fall was only due to the fact, that the romans indulged in the dangerous habit of taking warm or hot baths. That much was obvious to all european folks too, and even Shakespeare, who is generally considered a bright native of England (even by americans, well, at least a few of them) does not say anything about taking hot baths.

I.1. b. The other countries had been playing the romans along. A fast wit and sly minds, they waited till their time came and freed themselves. Alas, the germans, used as they were to heavy drinking and shying hard labours, were not so lucky. During their stay in Rome or other colonies, their natural instincts and habits had been broken. Now they were ~~working and their own~~ leaders kept them at it, which proved dangerous a few centuries later.

I.1.c. Somehow they could not stand the other people around them and always tried to get even for the abominable treatment from the romans by conquering the neighbours in order to do unto them, as had been done unto them too. Any psychiatrist worth his couch can tell you, that the Oedipus-complex was at work here and that the germans hated the romans as you hate your father - no wonder, that when the romans disappeared, the neighbours became the proverbial father, so to speak. They, on the other hand had succeeded in shaking off the romans and their influence and continue the happy life just there, where the romans had interrupted, which the germans, dumb as they were, could'nt.

I.1. d. This inner urge to get even with those antique ~~ant~~ roman bastards lived with the germans or rather within the germans, onward to the times, when ancient romans had decayed and been forgotten everywhere but in Germany. I, Ann Krautkopf, claim, that germany and each individual should have been psychoanalyzed and treated - before it is too late! You see, the Kaiser, father image in roman place, did not recognize the danger in which they were, because they were inflicted and infected themselves! Kaiser - roman caesar, was it Epigonentum or revenge? To get even they fell into France, which is still called a roman country and speaks a "romance" language! This fact alone was always reason enough for the germans to try and wipe them out in order to be able to forget.

I.1.e. Of course, the other countries had taken the best from the romans and linked it in some way with their own traditions. Thus they pro-

fited while serving the roman empire. Not so the germans. They only kept the evil memories and there was nothing good in their minds, not even a bath. With those bearskins around, they might have needed it more than the french, who gladly had taken roman powder and perfumes instead of water and made the best of it.

II.2. a. After having been the underdog of the romans for ages, the germans tried, later on as has been stated, to work out their complex, but the other people, having taken all they could from the romans, did not want to see these sons of something or other taking the place, which Rome had vacated by its fall, which was perfectly natural. The germans, being crazed, did not comprehend and started war again and again. They could never be ~~any~~ roman citizens - so they tried to be Herren. Some of them, naturally succeeded to be Herren in their own country. This, and this alone is the reason, why later on, Germany had so many big and small monarchies and what have yous. There was the Kaiser, kings, dukes, princes, barons, knights and a lot of other potentates around, owning a piece of land with Untertanen at their very beck and call.

II.2.b. To get really even with the romans, they treated their Untertanen (subjects to you) in a most abominable way - but became a Herrenvolk - a Volk of many Herren. Taught by the wars the other people were weary, because those Herren up to the Kaiser could not be trusted at all. Just like the bad boy in your street, who is ever making a nuisance of himself by smashing windows, throwing stones, pulling girls tails and cat's - the germans as a nation became the bad boy in Europa. Their most innermost crave and craze was laid open to the irony and mocking calls of their neighbours. Calling them: "Herrenvolk!" and thinking "My foot" instead. "Herrenvolk indeed!" . . .

II.2. c. The Herren on the other hand, trying to take the roman's place, made their Untertanen work their fingers to their bones for wanton luxuries. If they tried to fall back to the lazy way of the ancestors they got the beatings of their lives - just as it had been in Rome. Finally the bitter lesson was learnt and they started working for good. In fact it became a habit with them and this should not be forgotten as it provides the only means to understand later phenomena like the "german economical wonder - Wirtschaftswunder aso.

II.2.d. Having complete power over their subjects (Untertanen to you), the Herren had a wonderful life on their Schloß, Burg, Kastell and others whathaveyous. Became spoilt too. Not so far spoilt as the romans, taking hot baths, mind you, but nevertheless they enjoyed life and drinks and good meals. Alas, the time of Liebig and other inventors had not yet come and thus they did not know much about fertilizing the fields. In such manner it came about, that the Untertanen starved, while the Herren feasted and wined and even foreed the female subjects to their beds. Said subjects had to fare on crude bread, millet and vegetables. And vegetables by their german name are: Kraut!

II.2.e. Other countries had Herren too, but they were not held in such awe as the german kind. The poor suckers slaved themselves to death instead of stealing off for a few minutes rest. For their pains they were mocked by other people in Europa again. So much in awe were they, they not even dared to snatch a piece of meat now or then! The other Europeans teased them with their main fare - being Kraut. Thus, ashas been proved beyond a shadow of doubt, it came to passe, that the germans became the Krauts. Habit is a strong thing! Therefore it does not surprise us, that, even to this day when there are a lot of folks around, who eat more vegetables than the germans, the latter are still called "Krauts".

I.1.a. Their habit of eating Kraut, enforced though it might have been at first, soon gave them reason to think. In the course of several

centuries, the germans managed to make a virtue out of a dire necessity. They experimented and, at last, found a way, to preserve their Kraut even in cold winters - Sauerkraut.

I.i.b. The french on the other hand had no love lost for the germans, who had wronged them any time they had seen a chance to do so. All this being the fault of the romans. Once rid of the romans, the french got ideas of their own - this being the reason why the french cuisine is still famous. With them eating was an art. How horrid the german manner and fare of eating was considered, can be easily deduced by the name =boche= which is used for the germans even in modern times.

I.l.c. I I remember correct, boche is just another was of saying cochon (swine to you). Now, however, when the french call the germans "boche" they rarely do it without adding =sale= (dirty for you) § It is not the purpose to argument in this treatise about dirty or clean people since such an argument would be offtrails, but as any honest Kraut, I must emphasize, that w~~w~~ germans are a clean people, believ it or not § =Sale boch= - that is the german only in so far as the french are concerned. But why?

I.l.d. The answer to this question is simple and proves, how Primitive the basic things in Europa are thought, how furthermore anything and everything leads, one way or another, back to the romans, who are behind all. The french cuisine with her artistic courses was, naturally looking down on the crude meals of the germans - then consisting mainly of Kraut. When the times changed, however and turned modern, the german Untertan too was allowed to eat meat.

I.l.e. When this meateating started no one knows today. Ther germans liked to stuff themselves, just to make up for the hungry times of the past, and they found out soon, that lots and lots of Sauerkraut, potatohash (or mash) and Schweinefleisch (pork to you) went very well over their palates. Though it is not at present, there were times, when Sauerkraut und Schweinefleisch was the most famous dish of the country. Now imagine the french- with their culinary art, hearing of such beastly a meal! Of course they had to do something about it. Those terrible Krauts stuffing themselves not only with Kraut but now with pork too! Thus it came to pass, that the french started calling the germans pigs, i.e. "boches" and to emphasize their own horror of such creatures, they just called them =sale boches= - the why of which has lead us again to the romans and their fault it is, as has been proved beyond shadows of doubt.

II.2.a. There are, however people around, who are not so violate and passionate in their emotional makeup as the french, and whose terms for the german people are consequently of a more harmless and innocent nature, thus showing, that in Europa, there are at least a few people left, who managed to shake off roman influence and thus need not cry for an immediate psychiatric treatment. It is these pepples, on whom our hope for survival must be fixed and rightly so. Their character is plain and even, the possess a calm temper and friendly disposition towards one and all, which can, you only have to ask the french, in no way be said about the sons of those nasty beastly Neandertalers.

II.2.b. My own archeological diggings, in the vicinity of Rome as good & well as in different roman outposts within the boundaries of my own country, german territory, prove beyond the doubt of a shadow, that there was, once upon a time, a very very sly and clever roman, who, in possession of plenty of ready cash, bought lots and lots of german barbarians fresh from the campains in those regions. Henricius Mullerius de Schultzei was his name, incredible though it might seem and - need I elaborate after this, why so many germans up to this day carry the name of Müller und Schutze as a dark inheritance from unknown sources? This now is the true and only reason why! . . .

II.2.c. In the middle ages, while roman tradition and impressions were fresh and still going strong, Heinrich (Henricius) was the name! Just think of kings and Kaisers Heinrich, of Heinrich von der Wogerweide, der arme Heinrich, der blaue Heinrich (thin barley-grouts) even Goethe, the native genius, calling the eternal Faust, the creative human being, "Heinrich" - the very symbol of the german people is a Heinrich! This unrest and inborn craving! Heinrich mir graut's for dir! If that is not further and final prove, that the romans are behind evrything, I really don't know, what kind of proof you expect from me. All my diggings led to those very conclusions - there is no other explanation possible!

II.2. d. By a stroke of fate, Mullerius Schutzei, came through only later on. How many Müllers und Schutzes in our modern world are the living proof, that german history leads back into the past. To solve any german question, you have to dig into the past like I did, for there and there alone will you find the keystone to the character and the various schizzophrenatic (!) treats of the germans. If there is one chosen in this world, to call the attention of the whole world to the german problem, it is me! Ann Krautkopf, who knows all ~~xx~~ about it! . . .

D

I.1.a. May I have proven myself an authority for international namecalling, in so far as it leads back to the romans, I consider it however no shame, to state, that I do know nothing about "jerries" - such obviously british origin. Not only off trails here, I am lost in a wild wilderness of britishisms. Thus I make no move to solve the jerrymystery. Some britisher will sooner or later enlighten you, if he feels up to it.

i.1.a. This highly scientificially treatise, would nevertheless, be incomplete, id est, if I did not call the attention of the worthy reader to most dangerous events in modern times. Outspoken though I might have been at times - as far as the roman vandals were concerned, it would not do, to call ~~any~~ modern people names. Finish the name callings! Childish it is and of no educatory value!

I.1.c. Yet it is the duty of us Krauts to warn the world, that we now have those amongst us, as would take the roman place! Again Europa is being invaded by civilization or should I say technology? Iceboxes, air-conditioners automatic (dish) washers and such threaten our peace! Is it not enough, that romans destroyed german nerves and reduced them to such a state as being a constant threat to their neighbours, I ask! What will happen after this highly destructive invasion, people of Europa?

i.1.d. Psychoanalysis (yi) is the last hope to cure the neurotic, decomposed minds of Krauts. When will the modern romans see things as they are? The germans worked like nuts when Rome fell - what will they do now? After the roman occupation, they became a danger - what now? Strong measures should be taken, so that the complete breakdown after roman captivity does not repeat itself and consequently work havoc among the folks here.

I.1.e. We had the times, when no native of a certain land could bring a suit against an ~~any~~ soldier into court. Has not the famous statement: ~~YY/da/da/da/da~~ "Civis rom. sum" found a modern counterpart? We cannot all cure ourselves by emigration and thus redeem the past. What will become of us?

I.1.f. Tempora mutantur - let's hope, that soon people change! Let there be a time, when no coupe-gorge or Schangel calls a Kraut "boche" any more. Until then we will always have the romans to blame! Thank heavens they are dead! So, since it is too much trouble to psychoanalyze a whole whacky nation, let's do away with the germans. Just as soon as Van Braun gets a satellite up and interplanetary travel is here, we'll look for a nice planet. There, all germans will be put and given all the time in the Universe, to work out their particular idiosyncrazy(!) O.K.? Das wär' was, nicht wahr? - O h n e U n s !

An A n n

Liebes Annchen,

now, that you have gone completely off the trails, I send you this letter - a nice start for your letter column. In the future you will receive letters en masse - and I would not know my dear Ann, if I could not guaranty each writer, that he will get an aswer, no matter how whacky it will prove to be.

Liebes Annchen, there is however one word of advice, that I would like to whisper into your left ear, while my finger pluggs the right ear - so as not to sneak out again. - Those boys will write nasty letters to you! They will tear your material to more pieces than it had in the first place! They will call you all sorts of names - never mind that, dear. And, last not least, they will flatter you, in the obvious hope, natch, that you will do the same. = Beware = !!! Never forget, that somewhere, far above the clouds, there is the mighty WAW! Don't forget that! - His thunder and lightnings will smash you down if you go too far off trails.

Liebes Annchen, there are, however, people around, who should be flattered in all respect, because there are reasons. The first reason and justification for flattering compliments on any pieces of written material is: = they deserve it = ! When your look gazes lazily around the realm of fandom, it will come to rest on a certain number of types, that fall into that category - and - mind you! - it will always be the same ones again and again! Thus it should prove easy enough, even for a dumb girl like you, to do homage where it is due. The second reason is not a reason of the mind - it is rather one of the heart. Kindness! - Those who are kind to you - out of their hearts and without speculation as to whether you will repay them or not - those are the ones deserving your attention - and they will not be so easily recognized as the others, whose brilliant or good stuff makes them pretty obvious. Therefore, in cases of doubt, I advise you, to keep that big trap of your'n shut, before you hurt someones feelings. A procedure of this kind should be in keeping with your innermost nature, which you violate from time to time by showing off and being fresh and forward. Advice: Don't!

My dear child, there are many more things I should like to say, but it would be a waste of words. I know you are eager to be off. Once on your way, you will learn a lot of things, that much is certain - and many things you won't like at all! However, have a good start and - off with you!

Your very best F.

(Thanx a lot F. which might stand for friend, does it? I'll try to remember all you said, but from times to times I might forget!)

"This is a dirty trick you play on me. A very dirty trick. A very very dirty trick. A very very dirty dirty Trick. A very very very dirty dirty trick ad infinitum. . . Taking suggestions from my fanzine and wanting to publish them in your own. Shame on you.....Shame on you" says Jan Jansen.

Dear Jan,

I confess that anybody except me would consider such behaviour as dirty trick indeed. But since I guess that you drown in an

abundance of material and ideas - I thought I might steal from that place, where not one poor in spirit would be hurt. Considering ethics I must however state, that you, dear master, are right, right, right. Before fandom in general and fandom in special as far as OMPA is concerned, I herewith apologise and promise that it won't ever happen again till next time. Please forgive me, master, but you should have known, that there are a lot of sinners around, even in Germany ((if this doesn't take the cake - nothing ever will))! Whatever you might have against me now or in the future, I still think, you are the nicest guy around!)

Dear Ann,

THE FOLLOWING IS A TRUE STORY AND NOT EVEN THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT US INNOCENT PEOPLE:

Jim and I were sitting on a couch reading the morning paper when the door bell rang. Being lazy bums, we waited till our dear mother answered it and closed the screen door. At once we sprang \$sprung? spring? sprunk?§ into the small room next to the door and snatched the letter from her hand. Jim and I looked at it at the same time. "Ooooooh, it's from Ann again", said Jim. - "Good lord, not her!!!!!!!", said yours truly. - "Ghod, another massive missive to answer", said me. "I suppose we'll have to read it." - "Yeah, go on and open it", said JB. - "All right, I will", me said. (Careful there, boy, it might explode in your face!) And did. And there you are. And here's the reply. Arggggggghhh. Shux., I thought you'd be dead by now. (Not yet, thank for the flowers!). You mean with all the free time you've got on your hands you can't produce a fanzine as good as TIOT? Jan only takes a short time on that, and you cain't even better a little 20 pages me-meographed thing that takes just a short time to turn out? Maybe a week or two? Whew!!!!!!!?!! (Slow down boy, with Jan's head on my shoulder I could. I mean, if I had his head I could - not what you thought just now.) - Gerfandom is going to overrun first Belgium, then Britain (England), then fortress Ireland \$we'll take Ghod captive and make him write propaganda\$, and of course we'll never try to get American fandom as it's the biggest in the world and besides they have got more fanzins. (What a campagne? So you boys got it all lined up? - How about marching into America first and laying our hands on all that money and then get Europa really organised? If you Americans are not the biggest suckers ever, who is? - Not even respecto in punto Ghod, have you? Shame on you! We germans are not overrunning anybody, we are legging behind - and there goes your champain(?)) - WHAT???!!!!!!! YOU don't like hillbilly music?? GHODDDD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Let the heads roll!! I'm going to report you to Jan or maybe even WAW! (So what, you little jerk, you! If you so much as disbehave yourself, I'm coming over to steal that duplicator of your'n!!!) - Hope you are out of the ~~institution~~ hospital soo, cause then you can get to work on your fanmag if it passes Chuck Harris and the rest of those scandal sheet writers. (You wait till the next con - then those scandal sheet writers will come down over your head - and I'am going to help them!, All 200 pounds of me!!!)

Ethel Lindsay gives regards to all german fen - which I pass on herewith to all german fen who may lay eyes on this. And that was all for this time. Hope to be around again soon.

Ann.

There are a lot of nice postcards around with pictures from smallfilms by Klaus Unbehaun - wish I could pass them on: "PLANET EMERGE" and =WELTRAUMBOTEN= as titles so far. Unfortunately this is completely off my line how far off trails I might be myself - this I know nothing at all about!

Why the n hate ANN!

a very regular column.

Men hate Ann! - This statement is something to be proved again and again on this special page, dedicated to slanderous columny. O course, there must be some truth about the above statement, otherwise I would not make it at all, and this being the case, it should prove very profitable, to find out, just why it is, that men hate Ann.

Lets go back far into childhood. This is always a good place to start the conversation, my psychoanalyst says, since everybody has had one. The first man to hate should be father - and so it is. Why? - Well, there might be reasons . . .

MY parents were busy people, and with mother helping in the office of our construction enterprise, they did not find much time for me. Thus they sent me off to kindergarden. Each morning mother would take and deliver me on the doorsteps and fetch me back at noon.

Easter was near. We were out in the hall playing - and while we did, the bunny came and laid a candy egg by every seat. When we returned, my neighbour saw, that her place empty - and being slim and fast - snatched my egg and popped it into her mouth. = Another child would have gone to the good sister and applied at the proper authority for its own egg - not me! The fact alone, that the easterbunny could make such a terrible mistake - the injustice of it all! It was just too much to bear for my my little fat four year old heart.

Next morning when we arrived again at the place of crime, I told mother, I would go to the rear entrance of the kindergarden. This I did, but I waited, until the other children were in and mother on her way home. Then I went off to the station. Grandmother should hear about this!

I came to the station, but I came to the wrong side of the building. I snooped around while freight train after freight train left for its destination. The men there had a heck of a time with me asking questions. Those interesting smells of fruit and flowers and strange goods! There even were cages with coloured birds! Lots of things to see and examine.

At dinnertime the men got out a pan and fried bacon and eggs, which they sharé with me. I unburdened my heart and told them all about the bunny making that awful mistake by laying one egg less than he should have. They were very sympathetic and told me, that soon, very soon, a train would go off to Heppenheim, where grandmother was living.

I waited and waited, but the evening came and no train yet for me. Then they closed and sent me home. I perceived the coming disaster. I begged and implored to no avail. On my way home, I was a very sorry and frightened child. - My father was not modern - he was the beating type.

Home I came, where the police had been notified about my disappearance. Well, that awful man! He gave me the beating of my life - poor little fat me and a blue and green and yellow and red behind! But this taught me my first lesson: Never trust men! - never mind their being friendly

and sympathetic! - They may share their bread and eggs with you, but you cannot trust them! - Since I learned this so early in my young life, I very often recalled the incident and - men don't like being reminded of their evil deeds! - Thus dad hated me 'cause he got so angry, he had to churn my hide - but mankind in general hates me, because I found them out so early, found out, what real sorry types they are - and that is one of the very deep reasons, why men hate Ann!

To be continued -

And now some poetry for a change:

There are dreams . . .

There are dreams you should not dream -
Sweet though they are, beware!
How innocent to you they seem
Yet still the danger's there.

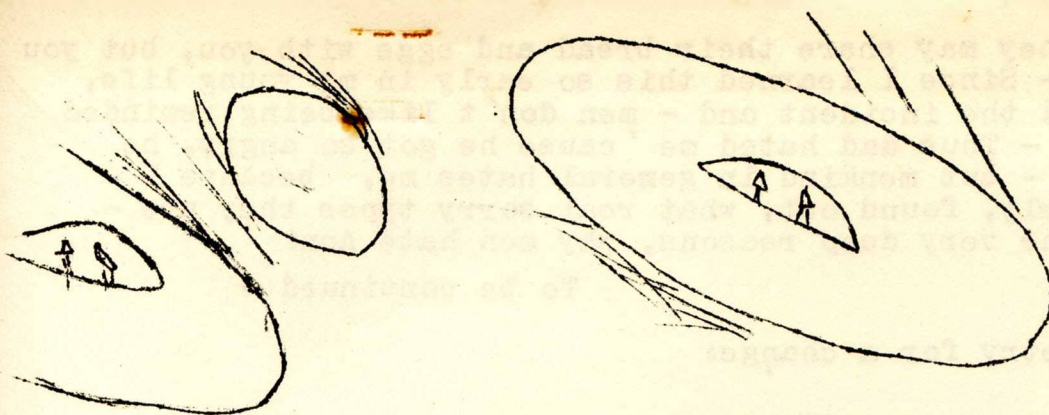
There are souls you should not touch -
Kind though they are, beware!
You never gain, yet loose so much
Why not avid with care?

There are things you should not say
True though they are, beware!
They were not made to see the day -
And pity is poor fare!

Beware of dreams you should not dream,
Of souls and things beware!
Come night comes time, when else but dream
Is all, that still is there.

("And if that tomfooling poetry sounds strange to you, why not keep in mind, that I is a darned furreiner and Kraut to boot, after all, not all are lucky enough to be born where you is been, there is other folks around, so as you cans look down on them. But I know you would not do that, being of noble character and all that - so forget any insinuations I made or might have made.)

There's nothing to put into this place -
Except a piece of empty space.
But stencils and paper are not for waste
So I must put a few lines in haste
To show, however etherial
I got for this place material.
Just think what use a brilliant mind
Other than mine for this may find,
Yet alas, just put me under your thumb
And crush this girl for being dumb.
Others might fill their left overs
With commercials for strange widowers
Getting produced this, that and those
And verses like: a rose is a rose is a rose.
Es war zum Jammern und Gott Erbarmen
Drum 'sag ich schnell nur noch eins: Amen.



The desert was like
every day -
Silently brooding
at noon,
And human beings were
far away
Only a lion sleepily
lay

In the burning sun
at noon.

Something strange was
high in the air
Shadowing the sun
of noon.

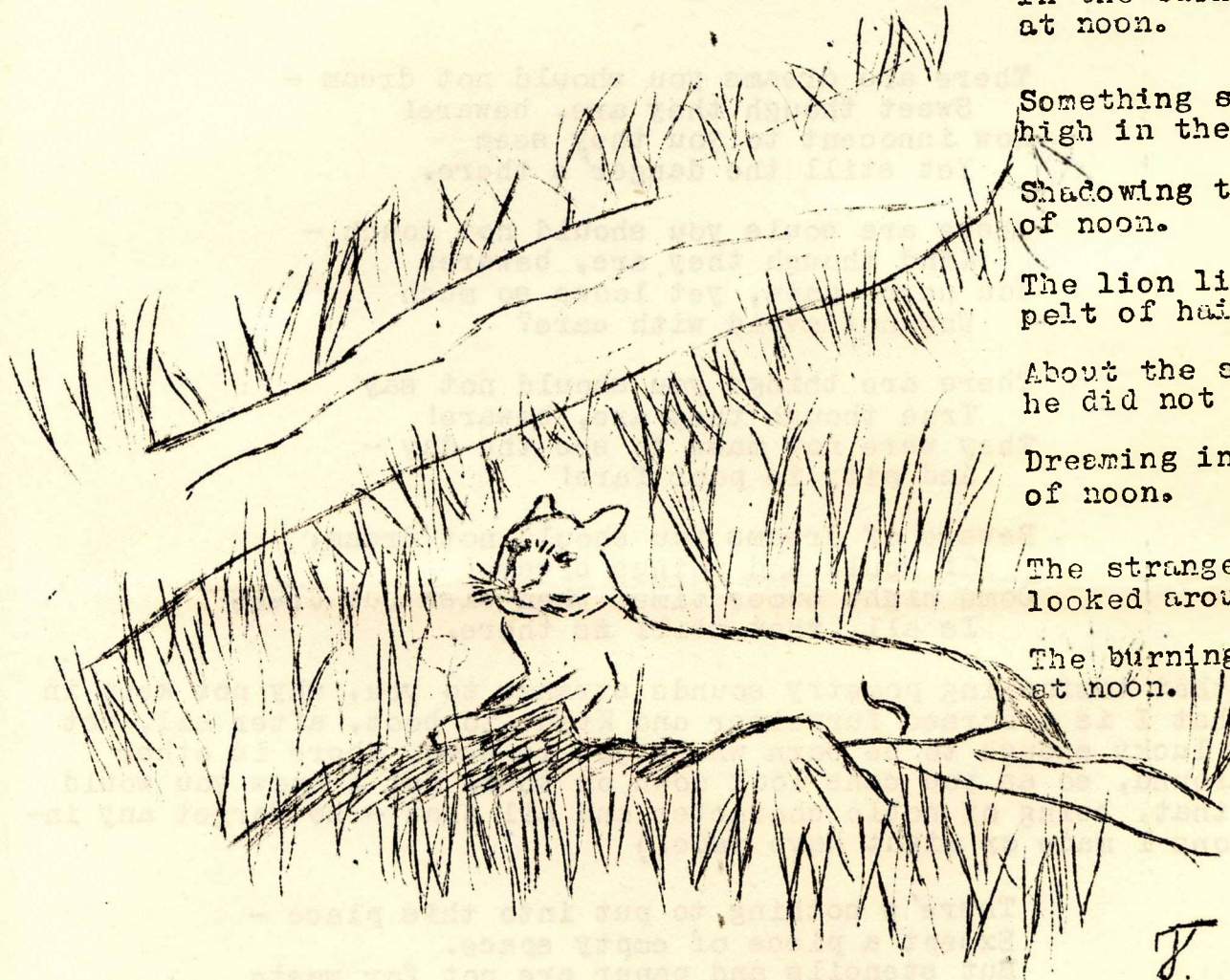
The lion licked his
pelt of hair

About the strangers
he did not care

Dreaming in the sun
of noon.

The strangers landed,
looked around

The burning desert
at noon.



A lonely lion was all they found - No human city rose from the
Where once they had crashed at noon. - ground

Elisabeth Telus