



Ack Ack !!

WHICH ISN'T THE SAME IN
FLEMISH!

An editorial of sorts.....

Today is Saturday, the twelfth. Most of the magazine has been finished with, and even the things that should have been said here have been tentatively mentioned on page 1C. But I should at least express my thanks to Don Allen for his cover (the lettering can be blamed on me, though!) and the illustrations on this page and the back cover.

To Willy Rombouts for his illos for the Great Malash and The Revelation.

To Eshm for the first art of his to appear in OMPA and presumably in any non-American fanzine.

I've tried to make a go of the lettering, and in some cases have met with a small amount of success. Up to now everything that has been run off is at least readable.

For those interested in technical details: this mag has been run off on a Ronco 500. Stencils used are Ronco 30X and Ronco Klartype R 430X. Wonder if there is any difference in the duplication!

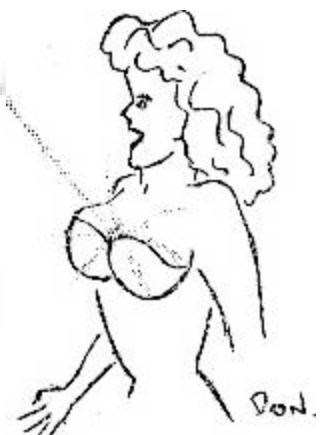
Most of all though, thanks should go to Reza, my darling wife, who insists on working several evenings a week, just so that I can be free to continue my fanac. That should be a lesson to some of you fans who always grumble about not having time for writing or publishing.

Besides all this ack ack I should also sort of introduce this magazine to you. However, by the time you've read through it you'll either be bored stiff, nonchalant or enthusiastic. That ought to cover the range of possible emotions well enough. I wonder whether anyone will let me know sometime. I don't fancy waiting until the fourth mailing before reading how good or bad it was.

It will also be noted that besides the forty copies going to OMPA, some fifteen to twenty will go to friends of mine not in the organisation, which will obviously enough include any contributor not in OMPA for this mailing. I do not expect to receive payment for this mag, nor do I expect these overburdened blighters to comment. They even haven't to send anything in exchange, as I get their mags anyway. Free with absolutely no strings attached. Ain't I generous?

Whether any more issues of this will see print though will depend on the reception it gets in OMPA. It will also depend largely on whether or not contributions will arrive, sufficient in quality and quantity to put together another issue. THAT is up to my fellow members. How about it?

And how about beating Dave Vendelmans by writing a letter of comment? If he doesn't I refuse to publish any more of his stuff! Yours,



The Great MalAsh

as revealed in his letters to JJ, by whom this eulogy was compiled.
Respectfully dedicated to the High Prophet of the Lhord Oogo!

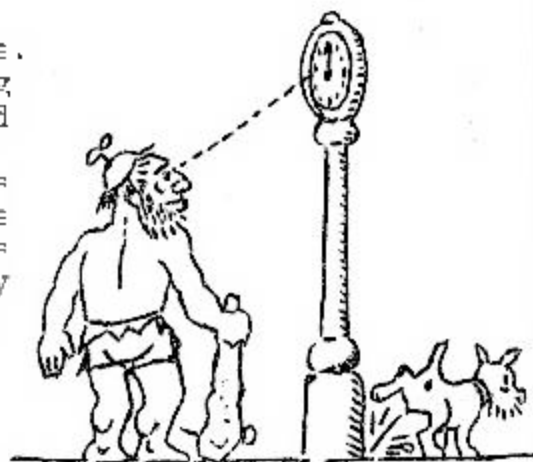
A POLOGETIC: Isn't a sense of achievement a wonderful thing? Success is ----- mine; at long last I have managed to sit down at the typewriter, to clear the room of almost all disturbing influences, to address an envelope to "Jan Janson" and to sit down and start a letter to him. I am so pleased with myself that I am tempted to go right now and have a night out to celebrate - but perhaps that would hardly be the best way to actually finish writing a letter and post it!

Alpha 4 arrived Monday June 7th; I was still in bed at the time as I was on holiday (fortunately) and more particularly because the night before I had arrived home from the Supermancor. The convention had been just great, but oh that grey Monday! I still shudder at the memory! I propped one eye open during breakfast to read some of Alpha and after that I had to forego that pleasure for the rest of the day to cut the stencils for my Supermancor report for BEM, which we duplicated and posted the following day in order to scoop the convention. Apparently we did, but it's not the sort of activity which I would recommend for anyone who wants to live to a ripe old age like 35. However, gradually I managed to get back to Alpha and of course with the best of intentions I determined to write you within a day or two thanking you for it, and complimenting you on a very nice little magazine (Belgium best in my opinion!) and commenting generally, etc. but you know what happens to even the very best quality intentions and it did. There were a couple of bits of writing to do and a whole pile of mail to answer, which had a peculiar habit of growing larger instead of smaller as I replied to it, and one or two other odds and ends, all of which conspired to keep my nose to the typewriter almost every evening from the Con up to now (24/6). So it was always somewhere in the future, but with classical heroism I staunchly refused to yield to temptation, and would not file Alpha away until I had at least written you a couple of lines about it (I still don't seem to have got to the couple of lines about Alpha, do I? It looks as if I shall be discussing Mrs Higgenbotham's pet tortoise and Uncle Tom's rheumatics before I actually arrive at the subject of Alpha, doesn't it?).....



...With bad grace I have to admit that I owe you a letter; it is always with bad grace nowadays that I admit I owe anyone a letter. Still, you wrote us a letter about BEM and now I have this superlative Alpha 5 beside me, besides which Tom tells me that he said I would write to you, (remind me to do the same for him someday, huh?) and I have to let you know that I do not contemplate challenging you on the duelling ground at dawn for losing my letter about your last ish. Well, I assure you that I

don't intend to fight you to death on the duelling ground at dawn over it - make it dinner time. I knew you were losing a lot of sleep over having mislaid that letter. Actually after having visited Tom's house so often, I think you're a marvel to only mislay one incoming letter. Tom usually loses outgoing letters as well as incoming ones and the only reason he doesn't make copies of the letters he writes is that he knows he'd lose those too. By the time he finds the letters again I think he's generally forgotten who they were intended to go to (oops); one has to admit it's quite an effective method of dealing with correspondence.....



Sorry not being able to accommodate your duelling instincts, but since the success of Alpha, starting as from n3, I have given up dining. My wife always insists it takes too long to peel potatoes anyway..... I don't know how you guys manage without copies. I tell so many lies I have to keep track of them, to avoid contradiction. Or don't you people ever feel inclined to change the truth? Like this for instance.....

COMPLIMENTARY:...OK. I'll forget about the duel; Trufans are scarce anyway----- I can't see that Ghod would ever forgive me if I made the scarcity any worse by bumping some off. Might even be that he'd never send me another postcard- and that is too awful to contemplate.

I don't manage without carbon copies - I, like you, tell so many lies and utter so many slanders that I couldn't do without them as I would never know from whom to expect a law-suit next. And I like to know where my new suits come from. Tom on the other hand is slapdash about it - he couldn't care less where his next suit comes from... Tho' he tells me that when he gets a bigger house and more room to keep all his stuff in, he may start keeping copies. Somehow I doubt it - he would waste too much time looking for his carbon paper.

I shouldn't think there was any doubt about whether or not you are Trufans - you are such doggone successful Trufans that you amaze me with being so. It would ease my mind if sometime you could explain to me how that phenomenon came about. What I mean to say is, there are you two virtually isolated as fans over there in consequence of which one could reasonably expect you to be as serious and constructive as the dickens (Dickens????), go around muttering about being 'mature' and 'spreading the word' and have never uttered a Trufannish syllable in their lives; and being of an enquiring curious or just plain downright 'ncey' turn of mind I want to know "Why is this?". You showed it again in the natural way you stepped into OMPA and came out with such flying colours: there are several British zines in that mailing which don't seem to be half as much at home with the whole affair as you fellows do - sure, they'll develop, and probably quite fast in those surroundings, but the initial fact remains.....

You must be suffering from delusions of grandeur, my dear boy. Should that duel take place, there's be no further need for Ghod to send you postcards, unless they happened to turn you into a Zombie. And even they haven't enough cells in their braincase to be worrying about reading postcards. Not that there would be much difference in your case of course. But perhaps we'd better leave the subject, lest we start feuding again....

INDEPENDENT: Many thanks for your kind comments. As
----- for being able to recognise the mind
of a six year old child? Well of course you can,
how old do you think I am ?

As a matter of fact my postal system is in utter
chaos at the moment (and Tom's is probably at
least as bad) as I'm not having time to get my
post done at home and I'm having to answer it
from the office. I don't believe that my employers
are tremendously enamoured of this solution but
they have put up with it so far; they know I
have the whiphand over them - after all I could
always go and be a tramp. No, Sir, I'm not dependent
upon them!



...Your article has been temporarily filed on the grounds that if we
dare mention the word convention in our next issue we'll probably be
hung from the cathedral tower (see A3 -or OMPA). I found it good
enough to ask permission to hold it till issue 8 or 9. We hope to
have 7 out by the first of November, though we do not have the mate-
rial we should have. However having found the money...and feeling we
shouldn't disappoint such nice people as the rest of the fans in
Bradford, we'll try....So I won't send it back, which ought to give
you another couple of days to reconsider your medieval duelling
ideas, and at least another week of (theoretically) intensive studies.
Better get your invitations for the funeral printed. You can still
hangle about the price - now!

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN: Well since we have a duel coming up any day now,
----- what does it matter if you put the article in 8
instead of 7 ? I mean, you won't be around to publish it anyway, will you?
So you can tell Dave that when he's got over the ceremony of giving you
a decent fannish funeral he may publish that article in A8. It is to be
hoped he doesn't want to hold it any longer than that or else Alpha won't
have an editor at all, and will have to advertise for a couple of new
editors. Which reminds me I must advertise for some seconds in this
forthcoming duel in my next OMPAZine.

Ha! this is a laugh! "If we mention the word convention we'll probably
be hung from the cathedral tower"... You know, that cathedral tower sounds
to me like a good idea. would save the expense of us meeting in the middle
of the English Channel to have our duel wouldn't it? Then again I have
second thoughts and I think now that you should
die like a gentleman (even if you haven't lived
like one) in a duel, because of the rating you give
BHM. That deserves some consideration... Your sar-
casm did not go unnoticed. Believe me I shall re-
member this as we stand back to back with our
pistols ready - or whatever else we use. I was just
meditating how awkward it's going to be having a
pistol duel in the middle of the Channel. Perhaps
we'd better make them water pistols. And even so I
can't swim.... One fine day (you'd better make it
a fine day, because on a wet day I shall be depre-
ssed to start with and not just afterwards) you
right send me a photo to peer at might you not?



Please? If you look too ferocious then I'll get someone to duel in my place although I don't like bodies lying around in my place. They clutter it up.. I must warn you that should you misrepresent the origins of our duel in your publication, thereby doing harm to the good standing and excellent reputation I enjoy (?) among our fellow members, I shall promptly embark upon the Alpha when it returns to Antwerp, and ask the crew to put out for the Sole Fit, where I propose to turn you inside out, and to feed your soles to a shoal of soles. And the rest...

PRINCE STUDENT: I'm afraid you'll have to forgive me for any letters that remain unanswered for a long time nowadays, or for any which are very short, from this end. The truth of the matter is that I am supposed to be studying like blazes right now (and should have been for about a month and a half) and I have hardly started yet. I'm going to have to do it, there's no way out, and I'll just have to take it out of my correspondence. I can't take it out of anything else because I still have to sleep occasionally. So until next April I'm afraid that my comings and goings may be very erratic indeed - please excuse. Tom of course will be plugging things out as usual; he's the man who's having to do all the work around here at present. A very good arrangement!

I've asked for the seconds for our duel in OMPA, but I couldn't misrepresent the origins of the thing because I'd forgotten them. Never mind, we know that for some reason we have to have a duel. Don't we? Have your family gone into mourning for me yet?

I could send you a photo with this letter except that I'm doing it from the office. However I shall have to do that sometime as I may manage to frighten you to death that way, and thus avoid the mess and fuss attached to a duel. I must think about that!



...You know, you've done me a lousy service. Now I have always been thinking this Mal is such a nice chappie, everything he's meddled with has been very nice, very tasty like... So when I go in a shop and see my pal advertising cigarettes, I buy... and were they horrible!

SUGGESTIVE: Ha, ha. I see you were had by Pal Mal cigarettes, eh? Well, I'm most grateful to you for having such faith in me that you actually went and bought some just because they had my name, but what the name really means is "Pall Mal", you see. In other words, they pall me - I get fed up of them (not surprising this, I don't smoke) so that instead of my name being an advertisement it's a sort of condemnation. Sooooooorry! You just get me into the way of adopting this non-stop paragraphing that you were using and then you go, and leave me on my own and find another paragraphing have a fatal fascination for you. It wouldn't surprise me at all if you sit up into the small hours of the morning (one time I actually thought they were all the same size-sixty minutes; I suppose these small hours have just developed since various workmen started going on strike for shorter hours?) meditating over a guttering candle on new and various ways of paragraphing. You might send one or two of them to Ken Almer! He hasn't even got one of his own!

the REVELATION of David of the Wood!

.....by the by, Jan, remember telling me how Mal Ashworth was always saying he was so damn busy studying that he didn't seem to be able to find time to reply promptly to your letters? Well, I had the same excuse offered. "Studies! Studies! Studies!!!" I bet he can even spell the word by now!

You must have seen his OMPA mag 'Dupe'. One section, if you remember or will bother to check, is titled: "We too had visitors..." being an account of a visit by Lancaster fans to his hovel. Actually, it gives but a glimmer, a skeleton idea of what did happen. Notice he mentioned his studies again?

Let ME tell you about them!

It started when we reached his house. As you know there were Ken and I, accompanied by our two she-males, Irene and Brenda respectively. Ashworth did go as far as to speak of Brenda in Dupe.

I could see as soon as we arrived just what his studies were. Biology. And his biological interests were built up (obviously) round the study of the human body. (I believe you actually call this physiology!) (\$ I believe anatomy is closer! \$) And the body must be female.

He placed Ken and I in the background, Irene next, and right in front of him - Brenda. I suppose this was mainly because, well, he's met Irene before, and Brenda was something entirely new... Then he proceeded to study. Just sat and looked. Up and down, round and across, round, round, ummm, those eyes, up again, such hair, down these legs, and ... abhh!

I could almost hear the clicking of his warped brain. But it got worse! We set out on a trip to Mike Rosenblum, and did Ashworth study! Man, he really puts his soul into his work.

First he walked in front, staring over his shoulder at Brenda. Then he walked on our right, staring at Brenda. Then he walked on our left, staring at Brenda. Finally he walked behind, still staring at Brenda. (\$ Here, there and everywhere? Like the Scarlet Pimpernel? \$)

About halfway through the afternoon he cracked a weak pun, but he was so engrossed in his studies he never noticed. If he continues like this, I pity his wife on their honeymoon.

A day or two after we arrived back, I received a letter from Ashworth. The heading read Dear Brenda: (who must have inspired Shakespeare's sonnets and Rosetti's paintings. Now I knew why Dave Wood isn't as active as might be in fandom.

And I, even I, at the pinnacle of the Tower of Trufandom don't blame him!) Maybe Brenda had the last word when she said "Honest Dave, I didn't really notice him!"





December 1954

Dear Eric,

.....Would discuss and comment on Platform, but as one of the main participators it seems I'd better keep quiet, and let others have their say....

But damn it man, you owe me a public apology, and I will sue you if you do not put the following statement in your next issue of Platform:

"I, Eric Bentcliffe of Stockport, do hereby declare that Jan Jansen is entirely innocent of abusing the English language. That I take the sole responsibility of the new spelling adopted for the word BELIEVE in an article by said Jan Jansen, published in the second issue of Platform, on the second page, line thirteen, in the second mailing of the Off Trail Magazine Publisher's Association for December 1954.

Signed at Stockport,.....

Do I have to go through that ai=egg routine again?

Yours,

12 December 1954

Dear Jan,

.....I am not going to apologize for my spelling errors either. I am not so pinheaded that I can type with my bonce. I use my fingers, where my brain aint. So...I can murder English too. Fact is, as regards fanning, I have two courses open to me, I can type slowly and accurately with a minimum of errors (§ 10 words a minute?§), or I can type quickly and at the same time murmur varied prayers under my breath. I'd like to follow the first course (§ in English language?§) and be an immaculate fan, but if I did I should not be able to do half the things I want to, or answer letters as quickly as this one of yours is being answered. Fact is, you will find errors of English, and spelling mistakes in letters from most fan and in most fanzines, if you look for them. Yes, even in Alpha. ...But I am sure it is not because the folk who make them are illiterate it's because so much fanning has to be done hastily. Have you a spelling bee in your bonnet? (§ No, I keep it under my beanies!§)

.....as you seem to want more material from illiterate Bentcliffe...you will find a column enclosed. I hope you can use it, Jan. It was composed and typed in about forty five minutes, so you will no doubt find a few errors if you look for them. I hope you do...for don't forget it is part of an editor's job to correct msa.

.....this letter only took ten minutes to type! And I only use four fingers...Understand why I make errors?

Yours..

11 January 1955

Dear Eric,

Re the spelling errors, how come you spell believe a couple of times in the article as well? Oh blow, one has to fill one's letters somehow, and some well-meant criticism on the spelling of fans, especially in INT, won't do any harm.....

Yours,

+++++=====+++++

BIRTH OF A FAN

by **Tom
bennett**



It all began in 1933, way back when Uncle Hugo was putting out magazines with the monotonous regularity of Gernsback magazines. I had originally intended to listen to a programme of Jelly Morton's broadcast from Chicago. He'd just signed up Ory again for these recording sessions which never came off due to the Tin Pan Alley growth and the hour-long programme looked very promising.

Now there are many ways, I'm sure, of becoming a fan. The easiest, it appears, is to marry one, on the Bulmer-Willis-White-MacKenzie lines; another equally pleasant way seems to be being paid to become a fan on the lines of Barry or Paterson. My own experience in joining this degrading and misguided body of people (?) came about through the carelessness of my granddaughter who was using the wireless set as the "alley" in an inter-arms house marbles competition with the result that she snapped the whisker.

The shops had closed by this time (1934) and I was home only through having rushed my bus back into the depot and fed the horse. There were no stray cats about and it looked as though my evening was ruined. Then there was a knock on the door, which turned out to be someone knocking at the door. It was a neighbour who offered me the loan of his set if I'd care to go round and listen to it. This I thought was very nice of him and I told him it was very nice of him. "It's very nice of you," I said. I went round later on and enjoyed a really good programme of jazz, distorted only by occasional atmospherics. Still what are a few atmospherics when one is listening to Jelly Morton? All the old rambling favourites, Dr Jazz, The Chant, Steamheat, Blackbottom Stomp, Bolden Blues, oh terrific!

The only thing was all the time I was revelling in this feast of jazz, my host for the evening - his name I forget - was sitting silently in a corner reading a paper-backed magazine (quiet, you're ahead of me).

What could be this reading matter which could hold entranced a human being even through such a marvellous hour of musical greatness? I looked closer. He didn't even notice my presence. I rang the morgue and later took home the magazine he had been reading.

It was, I remember clearly, a copy of Amazing or Astounding or something containing an outstanding story, the name of which I've forgotten. But I enjoyed it. There was a cereal tin, which it fell in at breakfast and got ruined. I had to finish the story; I had to have replacement. I put on my pyjamas and ran down to my newsagent's. "Hmm," he told me, "Hmm. Hmm." It transpired that the squasy pulp I held in my hand was an

P R E T E N D I N G

Comments
(so-called)
on

MAILING 2!

Happy days are near again - for it's only another month before our dear Association Editor sends out his 37 identical bundles. I hope that by that time those promised post-mailings have shown up, and will be included. The only ones I've seen so far are those NOT mentioned in his report. Oh, well, that's life... How right he was.

As was to be expected, you people reading our comments can feel cheated again. We divided the lot between us, leaving us with only half the pleasure (and expense) of commenting. I feel however, that it might be better in future, to just comment shortly here - for though a letter does the job far better, it also costs more and the response in far too many quarters is exactly the same - nil!

In the meantime I seem to have learned a bit about how to use a stylus on a stencil, judging from the letter- or rather chapter headings in this slightly bigger mag. If you should think to criticise, pray take up last issue, look again at the cover, and admit that now at least one can see the lines.

ARCHIE MERCER is in the same boat. In my copy at least everything is quite distinct, far better than last time. Perhaps those typing pool gals have learned to pay proper respects to fan material. And the material is quite good, inclusive the jibe on our first cover. Due to personal attachments, best poem in the mailing (which isn't much of a compliment coming from me). Those covers seem to have something against me. Mention of supposedly Dutch words in this issue have so far cost me several hours of research, discussion amongst office staff, and a couple of sleepless nights. And I still don't know whether it exists.

Nor do we know much about Cecil. RON BENNETT keeps bringing him up as an excuse for bad duplicating. In one of his letters Ron makes mention of Cecil as an elephant. Pink too, I suppose? Anyway, there seems to be less smudges than last time, and I could read all of it, though with difficulty. But it was worth it, especially the Miss Muffet tale.

MARIE LOUISE did even better than last mailing. In Memoriam is really alive with feeling. How much I appreciated it? Suffice that I read it about five times so far, and still enjoy every reading. Wonderful writing.

Women are certainly going all out to beat us poor male members in every respect - following UGH and CAPRICE we now have BRAN TUB, ESPRIT OMNIBUS and SCOTTISHE in addition, three of which evidently intend to grow cut into real fanzines. DAPHNE would you either deny or confirm my suspicion that the cover illustrates your lessons in swimming the Channel just to meet me? I'd like to be rid of this suspense that has held me these past two months. Liked most of the material, though I have hardly more comment than just that.

One fault with GOLGOTHA is that it is so desperately short on inter-lineations. Regarding illustrations however, it is very well off, especially that front cover. Don Allen who seems to be popping into OMPA

as regularly as some members, did well on the "fan" drawing. Though the Keeper of the Book item makes me wonder whether there is some similar institution in our beloved home country that has a similar regulation.

IE TDNEBO struck me as rather dull... I preferred the Chelsea item in the previous mailing, Stu. But then, that recalled those war years...

LAUNCHING SITE with nothing but mailing comments was still interesting, and the commenting was exceedingly well carried out. More rambling about various odd mentions in the mags really... but well done.

Quite different in aspect, Tony Thorne amused me with his delightful fantasy, and more so with scridid saga. But this continued mention of duplication by Stuart makes me wonder how many of these creatures there are in London. Or hasn't Stu anything else to do?

NEEDLE, other than the comments, was the same size as last time, but switched from film reviews to news items and cons. I presume you've heard the latest Flying Saucer tale, Fred? PS are now supposed to originate from the plateau in the Amazon region, Brazil. These ancient leddies there, possibly helped by Fawcett & Co, seem to be the origin. Yet another explanation offered was that Hitler and his henchmen hiding out somewhere in that area were responsible.

And whilst we are in Brazil, a report I read in the papers recently mentioned that Hyatt Verill translated some of the ancient inscribed stones found in that region. This one day after Dick Ellington of Brooklyn wrote me of the demise of Hyatt Verill, one time sf author. Is this the same bloke?

I'm stuck commenting on Supplement to Rune One, and XIZ.

Whilst Scottishe can hardly receive much but complimenting on an interesting "life-story" and fannish visiting tale.

And if none of you have guessed it by now, I'm just not in the mood for decent commenting tonight. Possibly the fact that I've had two nights out celebrating has something to do with it. Certainly the fact that in most cases I have commented by letter has.

As most of you will have commented on ITTA - a short explanation may be accepted as to the futility of futile. I originally had a column ready spread over four pages, which might or might not have appealed to you. However, due to lack of cash and time (mostly cash) I had to cut it in half, and rewrite on two pages. Then found that the cover hadn't been allowed for, resulting in a further cut. I did even intend just to leave that page blank as well, but then thought that I might as well give Ken a chance to agree with me. Possibly he's still dumbfounded by this, and may explain the non-appearance of Incantations as a post-mailing

Oh, yes, those post-mailings. Whatever else has been said about Ken Slater's "IN RE: YOURS" it certainly made me wonder whether Ken actually read any of the 'zines. You see I received the OMPA mailing one morning, and found the reviews from Ken in the letter box the following day. That's hurrying things isn't it? In time, Brother, I'll get fed-up. Perhaps I should take you up on that affidavit - perhaps that would be an excuse for you to enclose a letter as well. And as for Susan - how does she manage to get her fingers marked with Jan - when I'm this far away?

Apologies et cetera to all those nice people who had hoped to read endless praise on their contributions, and had to be satisfied with a short word. These things do happen.....

JAN.

VAGUE... FUTILE...?

PERHAPS - TRY!

JJ

You have managed to raise in my comparatively philological (that is not the way it should sound, but an adjective can be modified by only an adverb, you know) (§Do I?§) mind the desire to learn Flemish. I found NAUGHT at the Pratt Library, the Peabody Library, and the Hopkins Library. So I turn once again in desperation to You (§His capital, not mine§) and I would appreciate it greatly if you might direct me to some sort of information on the subject....

That is an extract from a letter from John Hitchcock, Baltimore, Md. As interest in Flemish has also been shown by other fans, such as Archie Mercer and Dean Grennell, whilst Walt has already been taking some lessons, I thought it might interest more of you in OMPA. So directly below you will find Walt's fifth lesson. If sufficient of you are interested I'll gladly stencil the material for distribution to them, against a small fee to cover costs. The lessons are based on English through pictures, the Pocket Book. This lesson starts off at page 21.

De vrouw zal de hoed op de tafel leggen. Note: 1/ The actual translation should be: De vrouw zal leggen de hoed op de tafel. That is not correct Flemish though, as we prefer split infinitives, split futures, and even dual personalities. So we say: The woman will the hat on the table lie. We Flemish "lie" about things on the table, rather we lay about things or we lay them.... Well, you've had the translation. Next sentence.

Zij is hem op de tafel aan het leggen. That is the incorrect translation. It's correct word for word, but it sounds horrible. We use the simple present tense: She puts it... Zij legt hem op de tafel. Note well that a hat is masculine (hem) even if it is a woman's hat!

Zij legde hem daar. Luckily no alterations this time.

Hij was in haar hand. Hij is op de tafel. You will note the subtle change from hem to hij! Now the translation would be: He was in her hand. More than likely under the thumb. He is on the table. From this one should not assume that we have no such things as hatracks in Belgium. We have, but neither Roza nor I wear hats anyway.

Page 22: Dit is een schip. Dit zijn schepen. Actually the latter can also be translated as: Deze zijn schepen, but then only if some previous mention has been made: Gene zijn (Those are...)!

Dit schip is in de fles. I don't know how it ever got in the bottle, but it isn't fashion nowadays, and you're unlikely to run across that sentence any more. Deze schepen zijn op het water - which is the most logical place for them. Dit is water. That is obvious. Don't get it wrong, obvious isn't water!

Dit is water. On page 23 now. It's a different sort of water though. Not as salty as the previous lot, now that it comes from the tap. - Dit is een fles (zonder schip) (without ship)! De fles is in een manshand. Stick the two words (three actually) together to make one. Saves time.

Dit is een glas. Het is op de tafel. Nu is het glas van de tafel af. (What

a shame!) Het glas en het water zijn op de vloer. The glass and the water are on the floor. (It wasn't as bad after all.)

Page 24. Dit is een fles en dit is een fles. Dit en dit zijn flessen. All various shapes, but unless you're in the glass manufacturing business the term flessen will do. Dit is een glas en dit is een glas. Dit zijn glazen. Again it could also be translated as Deze zijn glazen. Dat is een vogel en dat is een vogel. Deze zijn vogels. Zij zijn vogels. They are birds. Feathered friends is best translated by vogels. The full translation is Gevederde vrienden. Very careful with birds though: the plural of vogel is vogels. Addition of the letter s. With the ending en it becomes an entirely different word. More about this when we get to the memoires of our friend.

Hier man en die vrouw zijn daar. Also: Gene man enz. now a bit outdated. Deze man en deze vrouw zijn hier. Note the use of deze in this particular sentence. After we had first said that others were elsewhere. Reference should be made to the difference between this and the sentence on the previous page. Now we're getting intimate:

Page 25: Dit is een man. Dit zijn zijn armen. Dit zijn zijn benen. Dit zijn zijn voeten. Zijn, the first time means: are. In the second word the meaning is his. His arms, his legs, his feet. Dit is een arm. Dit is een been. Dit is een voet. All very easy and straightforward.

Dit is een tafel. (That table is back again!) Dit zijn haar poten. This is a very difficult point in our language. The legs of a table are "poten" as are the legs of chairs, dogs, and other animals. A man's legs however are "benen". A woman's legs may be wonderful, or perfectly shaped but they're still "benen" or bones as the English will have it. Don't dare suggest a man wipes his "poten" on the mat, he might land you a well placed kick with 'em. But to continue: Its feet are on the floor: Haar voeten zijn op de vloer. Another tricky point. Our Belgian tables have no feet, just poten or legs. They're supposed to stay in one place anyway. A leo note that table is feminine. Now do you know why we don't lay a hat on it?

Dit is een zetel. Dit zijn zijn (masculine again!) armen. We usually have the word "leuningen", which word is also used for the back of the chair. Zetel is masculine from the fact that most males provide seats for the opposite sex more often than otherwise. Extrapolating on that fact you're liable to go wrong. Bed, which remains bed, is neuter.

Dit zijn zijn poten. (We're talking about the seat now, not the man, which you should have noted by the subtle change from legs (benen) to legs (poten). Zijn voeten zijn op de vloer. This is but a translation. A seat stays put along with the rest of the chairs and tables.

And that concludes the fifth lesson. Next time we shall work through pages 26 to 30. It is essential that students obtain a copy of the pocket book referred to. Also that they buy an explanatory leaflet on the pronunciation of various vowels, and the use of the three genders in Flenish: Hij, Zij, en het onnozel enkelvoud. (He, she and the simple singular.) this leaflet may be obtained very moderately priced from the Alpha S.F.F. College. Proceeds of this, and the receipts for lessons will all be diverted from its treasury.

This is your one and only chance to jump on the wagon.... total students (males not accepted) should be known before the next lesson is being sent out.

But I have strayed from the path of my good intentions. This was after all supposed to be a column. So I have to talk on other subjects. So let us continue to help poor John out of his troubles:

"Are there really 229 residences on Berchemlei, or do you number houses by hundred-blocks?" No, John. The system used here is the same as that which I have met in England. Houses are numbered pair on one side of the road, unpair on the other. Numbers are consecutive, but lots of about six or seven yards are counted as one house where no building has yet been placed. This occasionally gives rise to number changes, but I think is preferable to the Dutch system of keeping the numbers but making A, B, C and more sometimes, after each number where necessary. Bergerhout is a separate town in everything. However, post is distributed together with that of the City of Antwerp and Berchem, direct from the central PO. There are however separate PC's (three I believe) in Bergerhout itself. Just to make it complicated, I receive any recommended letters (registered from the Berchem PO which is nearest my home.

Berchemlei is three cars (Cadillacs) or three Volkswagens, one scooter and a bicycle wide. In which case they certainly are "crammed abreast". Beside the central thoroughfare though, there are on either side of this four yards: two sand with trees the other two paved. The trees are spaced about five to ten yards, variety of linden. One right in front of the window, which is very pleasant in spring and summer. During the flowering time, the whole road is filled with the fragency of these blossoms, and there are always several birds flying about and singing outside the window. Last year one started to build a nest just in front of the house but it never got finished.

"Linker Oever" - the left bank (of the river) right on the other side of town was once known as St Anneke. Until some years before the war it was a well-known refuge for the city people, who went over to the quiet left bank village for an enjoyable 'country' trip, with the inevitable pints of beer and mussels. At the time St Anneke was connected with the city only by a regular ferry, which has been losing customers regularly since the tunnels under the Scheldt were finished. These constructions also doomed St Anneke as an excursion resort. The growth of the city which had spread ever more inwards on the right bank, now planned to use the left bank as well. The inconvenience of the ferry having been done away with, building started in earnest. The war put a stop to it, which has now been resumed. Last year the last houses and the school of St Anneke were torn down. Only the church will remain, a memory to the lusty days of the earlier years of the century.

Slightly more seawards the "beach" or Plago/Strand as it will be marked on the map, draws hundreds, even thousands of citizens every weekend or holiday. It has however become a bit more fashionable, and I for one do not like the place. Several people have put up bungalows, and it is now almost a small town. The beach can hardly be seen under the crowds on a sunny day.

That's all on local variety. I'll try and be a bit more explanatory in a letter later on - this because I thought maybe some members of OMPA would be interested.

One question that should interest fans and fandom was slung to and fro between Ron Bennett and myself. Re the writing of letters for publication rather than for personal interest. However he managed to switch this to a :Where would we be if we really cared about the rest of Fandom

NOT A TITLE!

(the last stencil - ergo - the last page!)

and didn't put out these fanzine things for our own personal selfish amusement?



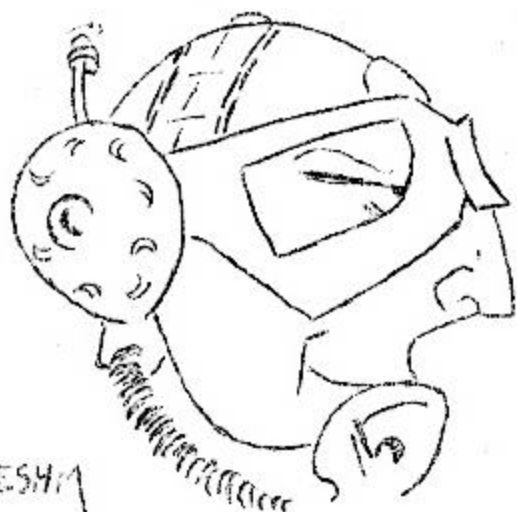
DISCHARGED

Admitted first of all - I put this mag out for my own amusement, and very much so. I've had more fun getting all this in shape than you will most likely have reading it. Though I earnestly hope you do enjoy it. But again, I also admit, no blushing about it, that this is being put out in order to please the members of OMPA and some other friends outside the organisation, and in the hope that they will find it so wonderful that they just HAVE to pick up their pen and write me all about it. WHY? I could pick up a very logical explanation: for example wanting to have proof that that inferiority complex of a couple of Hyphens ago was a figment of my imagination - and that it certainly doesn't exist. Or rather that there is no need for it to exist.

Another could be the "egoboo" factor. Lack at all the egoboo this issue will bring if it goes over as well as it should (in one fan's opinion!). That I presume is the main factor behind most of them.

And if so, why not? I can find nothing wrong with it. Though the insistence of some fans to put out ever increasing amounts of real trash (in more than one fan's opinion) is something of a surprise. Why do they do it? Wherewith I'll mention immediately that should I receive no compliments whatsoever, this will be the one and only issue. I'll just assume it is not good enough and depart from the scene. Even with the compliments, non-appearance is quite possible: those letter files do not contain enough worthwhile material for publication in article/story form every three months. So contributions would also be welcomed. Although I shall be inviting some of you personally - please let it not be thought that I won't be thankful for your contribution if I haven't asked. It is rather tough on the pocket money to work over all 37 members. I've tried last time, and found out!

But let us not worry too much about that as yet! Let's see what odds and ends can be used to fill up the rest of the page (excepting the illo) after I have put down my scrawl below this.



THERE ARE THREE KINDS OF WOMEN : THE BEAUTIES, THE INTELLECTUAL, AND THE MAJORITY. NOW IF I RUN OFF TO YOUR MOTHER - I'D GET SOME DECENT FOOD AT LAST!

A WOMAN DOESN'T OBJECT IF HER HUSBAND SMOKES - AS LONG AS IT'S HER FAVORITE BRAND! I WISH ADAM HAD DIED WITH A COMPLETE SET OF RIBS!

Second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience.

Don't talk about yourself - they'll take care of that when you've left.

Teaching a woman to love is just as useless as giving a fish a bath.

My wife has an inferiority complex. How can I be sure she stays that way?