

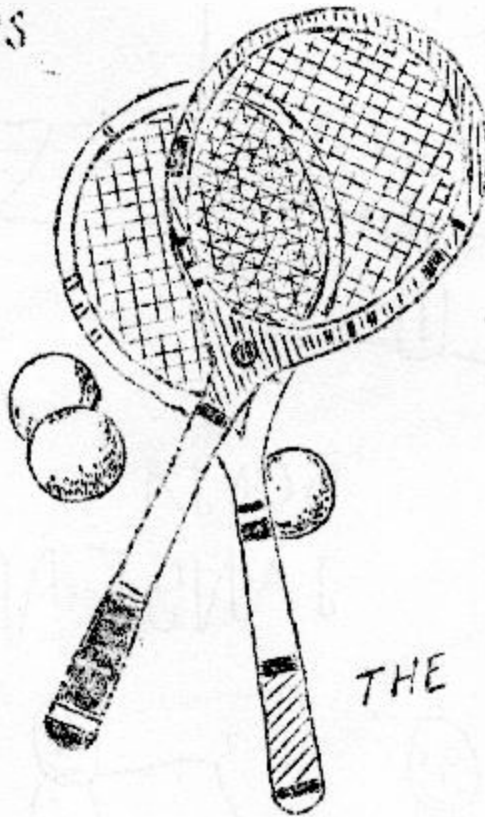
# TROT

On the loose again

VOLUME  
I  
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TWO

TWO IS TOO TOO TOO  
DIVINE

TENNIS



THE MENACE



W/ROM



TIJDSCHRIFT - verschijnt 4 maal per jaar ZOMER 1955

Verantw. Uitg. Jansen J. (zie page 2) 229 Berchemlei Borgerhout België

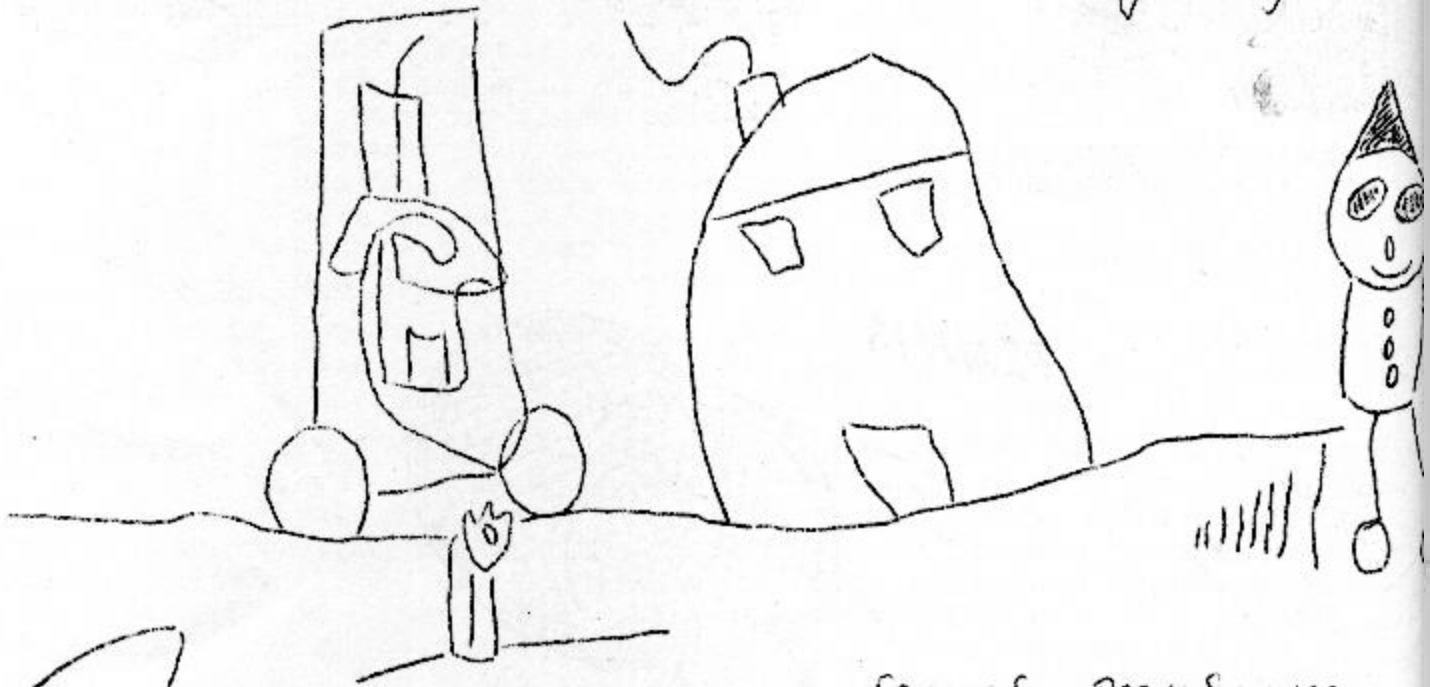
PRICES WITHIN REASON

FOR TRADE-VALUE \$

# T10T's

## Special Art Section

Introducing new fan-artists

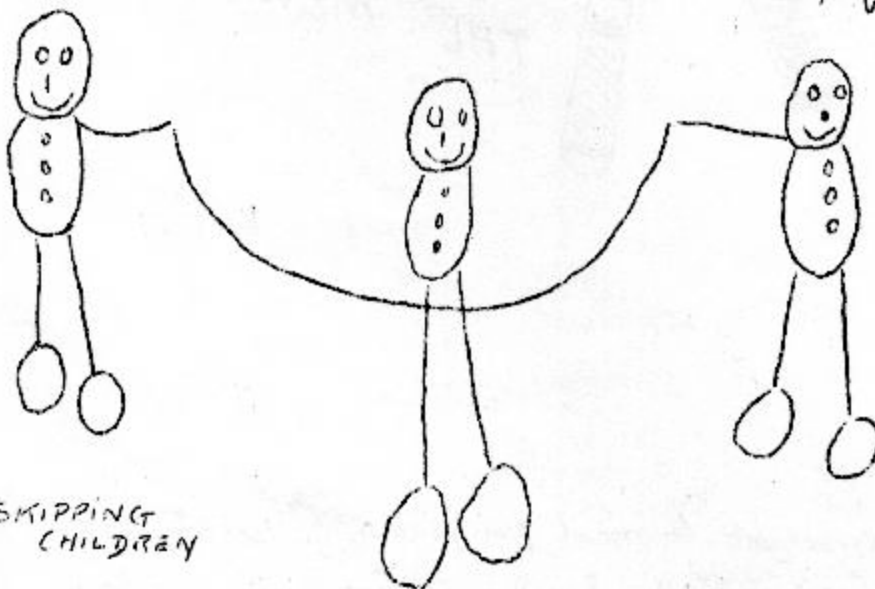


FAMOUS SAN PARKS SCOOTER  
(à la Picasso)

SONJA

JANSEN

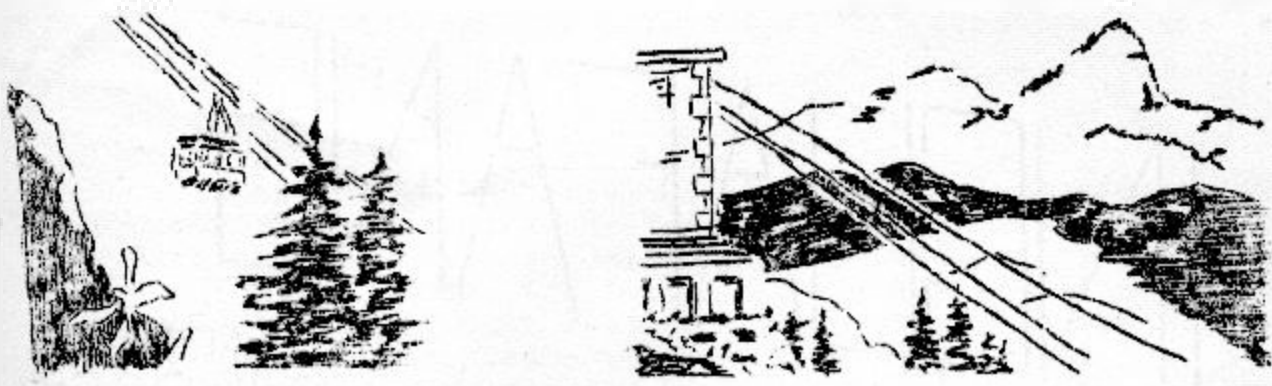
(MY PET ARTIST! J)



SKIPPING CHILDREN



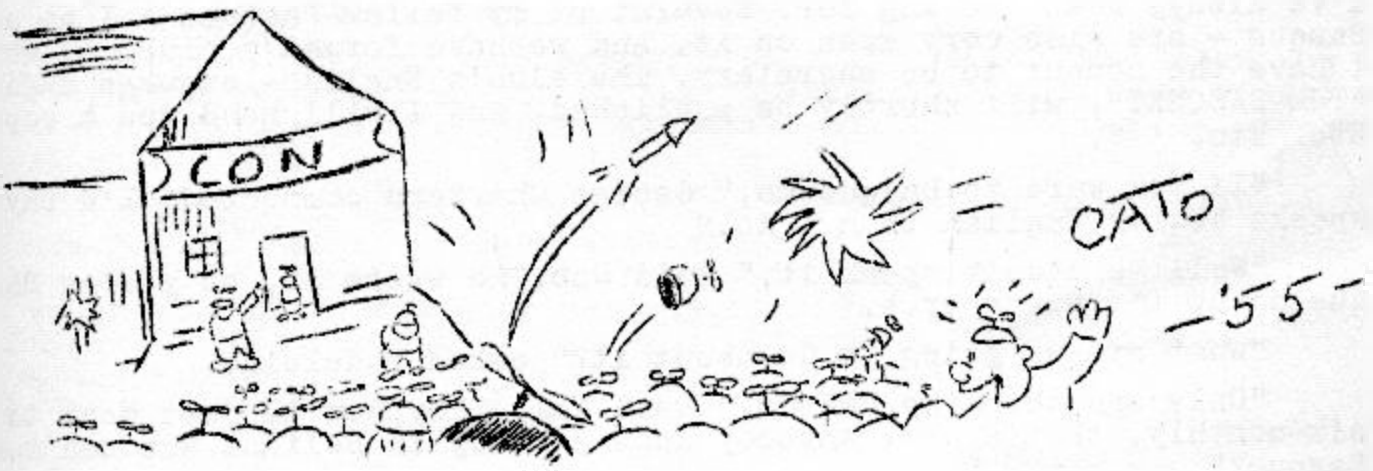
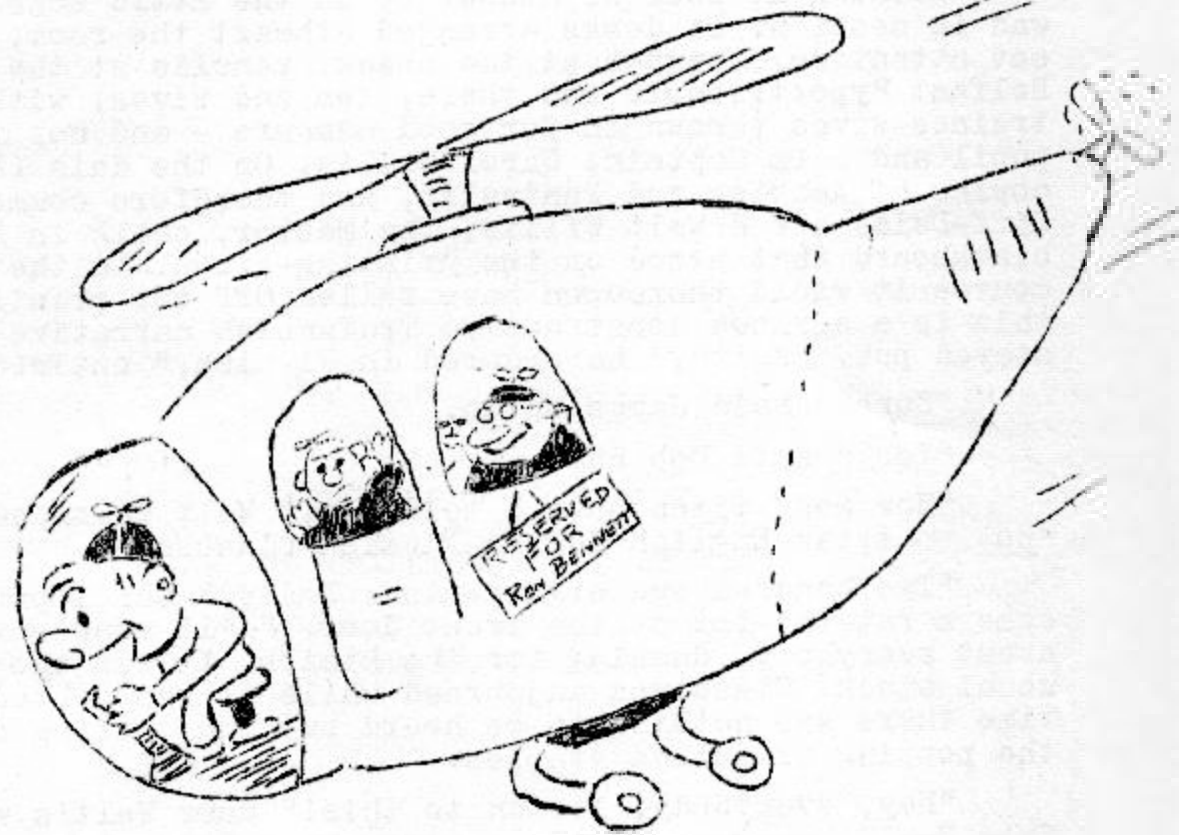
BEM!  
A real go



Pfänderbahn. Cable car

JTK '54

REMEMBER!  
30 JULY



# THE LINGUAFANS

by ARCHIE  
MERCER

1

Evening at Oblique House. Up in the attic schoolroom, the class was in session. In desks arranged athwart the room, Belfast Trufandos sat attentive, tongues at the cheek, pencils at the teeth. All of the Belfast Hypertriangle was there, fen and wives, with a couple of trainee-wives thrown in for good measure - and not forgetting the star pupil and Form Captain, Carol Willis. On the dais (built of unflegged copies of Amazing and Fantastic, and therefore commonly known as the Ziff-Dais) stood Walt Willis, the Master, chalk in hand. He tapped the blackboard that stood on the printing-press. In the ordinary way of course it would thereupon have fallen OFF the printing-press, but as this is a serious constructive Trufannish narrative it obligingly stayed put. "White," he ordered in Flemish, "ontleed deze zin."

"Sure," said James White.

"Yes?" said Bob Shaw.

"How many times have I told you," Walt demanded sternly in English, "not to speak English during Flemish-classes?"

"Two hundred and eighty-nine, Daddy," Carol put in. Just then there came a rat-tat-tat at the front door. "I'll answer it!" shrieked just about everybody, dashing for the stairs. It was the postman, with the usual stack. Class was adjourned while it was sorted and for a short time there was nothing to be heard but the tearing of envelopes and the popping of pulled staples.

"Hey, everybody, listen to this!" came Walt's voice suddenly. "I'm from San Sebastian, Spain. - 'Dear Mr. Willis. I have seen your name in several Science-Fiction magazines, and I think your Fandom is just what I've always been looking for. Several of my fellow-Basques - I am a Basque - are also very keen on it, and we have formed a club, of which I have the honour to be secretary. The club's English-language magazine, "THE BASQUET", will shortly be published, and I will send you a copy. Etc. Etc. ' "

"If you were to Basque me," George Charters commented, "I'd say he speaks better English than I do."

"Well he didn't speak it," said Bob, "he wrote it, so you're Basqueing up the wrong tree."

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Modelaine.

"Only one thing we CAN do," said Walt. "Hyphen'll just have to go six-monthly, that's all. Anybody know anybody in Belfast who can teach Basque?"

So Fandom, Twerps and all, set itself stoutly to the task of learning Pasque.

2.

Thursday night at the Globe. Fanzines and prozines alike were piled forgotten in the corners. Half-empty Beer-glasses stood neglected on the Bar and the mantelpiece. Under the tutelage of a London-domiciled native of those parts, the London Circle was at its fortnightly Pasque lesson (alternating with Flemish, which naturally was not being neglected). Suddenly there was a swing of the street-door, and a couple came tiptoeing up the long passage towards the class. It was the Chandlers - the ship must be in port again.

"Hang on," hissed Carnell in a stage-whisper. "We'll be with you in ten minutes."

'Jack' Chandler leaned across the Bar. "The usual please, Lou," he muttered.

"Quiet!" returned Lou. "Can't you see I'm busy?" And the lesson proceeded.

At nine o'clock it broke up, the instructor went home, and the Globe resumed its old familiar pattern. The Chandlers were soon seated round a drink-laden table in animated conversation with their cronies. "Here," said Jack, "I must tell you about this. On the way home we had to put in at Darwin for a few days, and I took a short trip into the Australian Bush. And d'you know what-I found an entire tribe of Aborigines that would make simply ideal material for Fandom. It was extraordinary - they'd never heard of Science-Fiction or anything, but they had some wonderful tribal legends about boomerangs big enough to hit the moon - a couple of them spoke pretty good English - but the weirdest thing of all, they'd picked up an old duper from some dump, and used to scrounge paper and stencils from God knows where, and circulate sort of pictographs amongst each other. Walt'd love 'em."

"You're telling me!" exclaimed Bert Campbell. "Is that straight, Jack?"

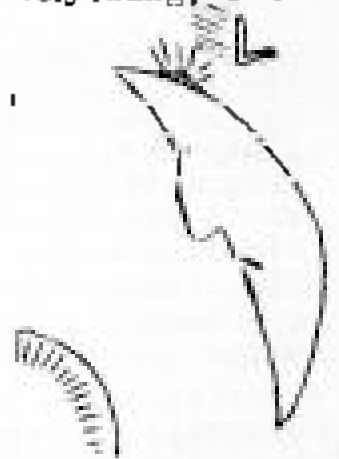
"Absolutely!"

"This," said H.J., "is Serious. Hey - Viné - Charlie - come over here! Conference!"

The ad-hoc committee promptly went into a huddle. There was much excited whispering, plenty of gesticulating. Then Lou was called in. Eventually Charlie Duncombe called for silence. Eventually, there WAS silence. Carnell rose to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen - fellow-fen," he announced. "Fandom has now reached the Australian Aborigines. Therefore, it is essential that we all learn to speak Aboriginal Australian. To cope with the emergency we have decided that from now on the London Circle will meet here TWC nights a week. Er - Stu - can you organise a ballot to decide the extra day? "

So Fandom - Twerps, Pasque, and all - set itself furiously to the tasque - sorry, task - of learning Aboriginal Australian.



### 3.

Any old time at the Wurrawoonga Billabong. Trubushfandom was in full swing. Dingo Denny and Konga Rupert were engaged in a furious rusher of Ghoodminton, with the aid of a feathered boomerang and a pair of wombats. Over to one side, Wallaby Willie was busily editing his zine, the Boomerang Circuit. A cloud of dust appeared over the horizon. It was the runner from town, back with the mail. Wallaby grabbed his from the pile, glanced at the postmark, and with a shout of glee ripped open the one from Belfast. From Walt, natch. Eagerly he scanned it - - - mmm - mmm - your article's much too good for Hyphen. I'm putting it in Woz, hope you don't mind - would like you to do a regular column for Hyphen - support the Fund - mmm - h'm - - -

A passage caught his eye, he re-read it, took a deep breath, and let out a shrill coo-coe. The fen came running. "Hey - fen - guess what he announced. "Fandom has now been discovered among the Hairy Ainu of Northern Japan!"

"Ainu it!" groaned Kanga Rupert. "As if it wasn't enough to have to study furslugginer (2) Flemisk and furslugginer Basque and deuti furslugginer (5) English, now this. What's the postage to Japan?"

So Fandom - Aborigines and all - set itself grimly to the task of learning Hairy Ainu.

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{2} this is an Aboriginal adjective that is strictly untranslatable.  
{5} this is another Aboriginal adjective that is doubly-untranslatable  
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### 4.

Somewhere in Leeds, of an evening. Yorkshire Fandom was assembled for language-classes and other approved forms of fannish good cheer. Malash was studying hard over a bottle of saki for his finals in Ainu (with Cral). Ron Pennett could be heard soundly berating Cecil for having forgotten the Basque for "please can I leave the room." Over in the corner, Mike Rosenblum was running off the "Nieuwe Toekomst" while counting under his breath in Ainu: "Ainu, Zweinu, Dreinu, Eheer, Jac, Chu, Oogo, Rosace, Wiloc, Out." Tom White and Derek Pickles were exchanging guaranteed Aboriginal puns, and George Gibson was asleep under the duplicator. Suddenly he woke up.

"Ghosh - I've had a simply HORRIBLE dream," he announced. "I dreamed that a branch of Fandom had been discovered in AMERICA!"

"In AMERICA, you say?" echoed everybody.

"Anybody here know any American?" asked Derek doubtfully.

"They always speak English," said Mike. "I've met some of them."

"Oogo be praised!" Malash exclaimed with a sigh of profound relief. "For a moment you had me scared stiff."

The scenes that ensued at their subsequent meeting, when the discovery of Lepland Fandom was announced, however, are safest left undescribed.

### 5.

Evening at Oblique House. Tired and weary fen-bodies were sprawled

apathetically in armchairs and on couches. Several were asleep, others were making half-hearted attempts to read books and mags in sundry highly un-English languages. Even the postman's rat-tat-tat raised no more reaction than a briefly lifted eyelid or two. Carol, who'd been preparing supper, recovered the mail and brought it in. One was for her, so she opened and read it.

"Hey - everybody!" she announced brightly in fluent Laplander. "They've got a chap from the Outer Hebrides in hospital in Glasgow. Can't speak a word of anything except the Gaelic, but he's a great admirer of Ethel Lindsay, and wants to be a fan. Goody-goody - we'll all be able to learn the Gaelic at last!"

At her words her father bestirred himself somewhat, and the Basque classic fell off his lap. "What?" he ejaculated, " - me learn my own native language. At my age? My Ghod! Talk sense, girl - you know not what you suggest."

And so saying he picked up his book and fell asleep.

But all over the world, in Leeds club-room and London bar-room, in houses Belgian and Basque, in Australian bush-camp and Lapland cabin and Ainu hovel, Fandom was even then setting itself frantically, desperately, to the task of learning the Gaelic. A.M.

C L S I S I S E D L A S D S M S S D C I A S D I S M I S E D C L S D I S I S E D I A S D I S M S S D  
- A S D I S M S S D C I A S D I S M I S E D C I A S D I S M I S E -

HCID IT §

Perhaps you were already rejoicing that Archie didn't go any further? Ha-ha! I have recently received letters from fans in Trammen, NORWAY and Wetzlar, GERMANY, from Bondy and Marseille and Nice, FRANCE. From Moscow, yes THE Moscow, only there it was a polite answer telling me to get in touch with a Brussels firm if I wanted Russian publications. Seems the USSR has so far made no distinction between fans and mags.

But why frighten you? Let's have Archie back!

....." Which brings us straight up against the question - Flemish for fans. An awkward situation, rather. It boils down, however, to this. These lessons - the Willis course - (a) how much time would it ~~take~~ be expected to take up (a) per week (that's a sub-"a"), (sub-b) until the student was better able to be understood in Belgium - no, Flandres you called the top half of it I believe - by speaking Flemish than by speaking English. (b) (the real b this time) Where would it get the said student if so? I'm not trying to be funny or anything though it may look it - I'm being perfectly serious, if a bit complicated. Can you make anything of the above paragraph? If not, I'd better have another shot:

- (a) How much studying-time per week would probably be involved? Also, how long would it be before the student, if in Flandres, was better able to get along by using Flemish than by using English?
- (b) In a nutshell - and then, so what?

Is that any clearer? Splendid! Nothing like making oneself understood, is there?"

Or maybe I detect a subtle scheme to Flemicise (to coin a word) Fan-  
zine. (No, not THAT word!) Or at any rate to sell more FETAS.

Thing is, purely as a matter of academic interest, I'll take you up  
on the offer provided the hours are reasonable. For instance, if one is  
expected "to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the specimen lesson in  
a week, I'd call that unreasonable. In a fortnight, a bit stiff. In a  
month, perhaps. Two months, PROBABLY fair enough. I say this now, because  
I know full well that however good my intentions were, if I was to take  
too much for me I just wouldn't keep it up. Which would be a waste of  
my time and your talent..... (A.M.)

§§ Well, I don't know exactly what I was going to follow this quote up  
with, seeing that it is now two months ago that I typed up page seven, and  
so many things have happened in between... However, the letter itself was  
still too good to cancel altogether, as I half intended to do now. Change  
my mind for no other reason than accepting a bit of egotism.

§ This though is as good a place as any to settle with Archie. Actual  
commenting has been done by letter, but seeing that Archie wants to go on  
record as being for an increase of quota. At the present moment I'm doing  
OK, and will be well over my sixteen pages - but having my share of ALPHA  
plus in the near future, presumably some publishing in FAPA to do, I'd fa-  
vor if I had to produce more than these 16. Whilst I'm willing, there is  
always the consideration of time and money, both of which are still going  
to Alpha in rather large quantities. I presume the same will apply to  
members who have also a 'regular' fanzine.

§ Monthly mailings, rather a bit too much to expect from the OK. Re  
John's 16 pages excluding mailing comments - I thought people wanted com-  
ments? And if they're not going to be counted, they're going to be awful  
short notices.

§ Of course, I shall also have to thank Archie for his compliment,  
phrased in no uncertain manner. And I have hopes that I'll be able to ra-  
good use of his phrasing, too.

§ Archie stated in the letter, part of which is quoted above, that he  
would also like to hear some more of Antwerp and thereabouts, as his at-  
tention is not too explicative. I'll be doing so later on, if I still have room,  
but in the meantime, let me give you someone else's description of how he  
imagines Belgium; namely Eric Needham: (pardon the egotism, which I just  
couldn't leave off!)

"...What I liked best was your article on Flemish, but if you intend  
to continue this would you consider giving the approximate pronunciation  
in English at the side, to save me puzzling out the sounds from compari-  
sons with my sketchy knowledge of German? The "Benen-poten" puzzle makes  
sense if I relate it to beinen - legs ... boden - feet - ground. And zif  
I must take to be sein ... to be or his. Sein I can say, but zif to me  
ziddern! Once I can pronounce the flaming words I can read the lot with  
no trouble. How bad this became you can guess by the fact that I now re-  
cognized unicellular. And the word fles...flask...fiasec...bottle, mi-  
nister ohne schiff. Yes please more of this. More encouragement coming up.  
Deze...diese. Gene...jene...etc/.

I just adore that caveman, I do.

Please tell us something of Belgium if possible. The women seem to  
be the same shape anywhere else, and serious and constructive fans have  
no time or use for women, so why not let us in on the secrets of the Mys



rious East? All the tourists I know who have been to Europe speak of Dolomites, but what they are is shrouded in secrecy...they are things you go through, like the Tunnel of Love or adolescence...but what use are they, and how much do they cost?

And in your own land you have a similar mystery. Give us all the information you can on walloons, which to me sounds something like our own Lesser Spotted Cuckoo, or Single Barrelled Headslammer. If I'm correct what mating season do they have? What breeding habits? What calls or cries do they have... is it "WAAAAAAAA-lcon" or "wall000000000000000" or have they a distinctive regional dialect like Torquay seagulls? You know... "Caaaake! Caaaake!" as distinct from Aberdeen seagulls which screech "Porritch!Porritch!" and the sooty fogbound seagulls on the Manchester Ship Canal which monotonously moan the single word "ECCOCOCOCOC" in imitation of the sirens of passing ships.

Reveal to us the unholy secret of Deutsche Dauerwurst, whoever he was. Forget the everyday things in your country...let us in on the unknown things of Holland, or is Antwerp in Denmark? No, Amsterdam is in Denmark! Try to find a reason why one particular people should be known as Germans, Jerries, Bosche, Krauts, Tedeschi and Herrenvolk, plus other things. We are waiting for stuff like this, as we are waiting for an article by Mrs Bloch about Bob Bloch. The inside story is the human story, and the behaviour of humans will always surpass the hidebound imagination of science-fiction writers. For instance, why do you live in Norway when you could live in Manchester? No-one ever dies of thirst here. Two hydrogen bombs on England and the Soviet Union will not even bother to send occupation troops. All the advantages we have over you Dirty Extracted Foreigners, and you stay there. Perhaps I'll hop over some time and see if it is the women after all..... (E.N.)

\$\$\$ Well!!! I have given some deep thought to the matters you referred to, and having come to the conclusion that after all, I do not know Belgium as I ought to, have given up the idea of visiting England this year, and shall instead concentrate (if it doesn't rain) on visiting the country I live in. And I'll keep you posted.

§ As you should know, I was in London during the last war, (at least let's hope it is the last), and therefore haven't much knowledge of the Germans. I have however passed your question to someone who ought to be able to clear that matter up.

§ Sorry to have to disappoint you and possibly many others in not having the caveman running throughout the issue, but Willy's been put on another job, and this plus holidays, is slowing him up temporarily. He'll be back though.

§ Should also explain about this issue, too. I started it off two months ago, but with bankruptcy imminent, held off. Now that I've got the stencils I find that a/ I've lost half my notes b/ some material is at Dave's place and he's on leave, yet c/ I've got to get this issue out in the next fortnight, 'cause the chap who runs it off is going on leave, and I'll miss out altogether if I don't rush now! So I'm making the best of a whole mess. Still, capable lad I am, (no remarks please) I know you'll like it.

§ Just as much as I liked the last Now and Then, (far last read latest) and simply adore the carrot. Or is it a Turn-up? Seeing how much success the femmes have in getting Harry to turn-up something for their covers, I think I'll let Rosa write him. Write?

§ Seeing that Ethel Lindsay also belongs to your eminent society, may I turn to her for inspiration? She has had to put up with so much comment on her duplicating that none else had space to discuss the contents. Well I did, didn't I, though per letter? But with the advent of such an enlarged issue of Scottish (in Flemish I'd write Schotse) more comment is due.

§ The material inside is quite good, and though you numbered Sandy's letter as page 1, not stapling it to the rest of the magazine may avoid the consequences he so gravely puts forward. Enjoyable writing. It was "Confidentially" by Joyce Roydon which ran away with the honours however. A delightful piece, and I wonder how it escaped the larger circulation of Pez. Even if it isn't anything to do with sf, that can be said of half the items in fancies nowadays.

§ Not a great admirer of poems, I did like the one by Eric Needham. True due to its appeal as 'square dance', as recently we have a Dutch orchestra playing this type of music regularly over the wireless, and I also often tune in to the BBC for Old Time Dancing.

§ The other features were enjoyable too, and I for one would like to have more of Michael Eagan's illos. What with women being 'deceivers of men' now have two worries. I would agree with your statement that men are self-deceivers, in the connection you bring it up, but what about all those women who will continuously parade before the weary doctors with their imagined ills? Not a word of them here? They're far worse you know.

§ Bletcherings was fair - interesting to each person, for his own magazine, I think. I wonder though whether I shouldn't be trying to learn more about the occult powers of man, as I seem to have been highly successful in projecting my astral self right across the Channel to Kettering. No mean feat either! Especially as this must have been the first time, where besides being seen, it was also heard to speak with an "accent". Hope that someone has put right by now. All in all, very enjoyable issue, Ethel, and congratulations.

§ Which makes it time for another letter, as I don't want a whole page prefaced with § signs. There's another letter from John Hitchcock, who, though not in OMPA was included with a copy of "N". I've had to cut this badly. I'd have the whole mag filled with John and nothing else...

"...Needless to say, I am enthusiastically interested in the Flemish course taught by Alpha College. The name -Alpha- induces me to reiterate myself thus: I'm poli enthusiastikós. (§ And for once, the saying 'It's a Greek to me' can be used truthfully.§) And seriously, (I'm serious that you are a good teacher --naturally good, (which is the only way they come

(§ follows a page discourse on comparisons of French and Spanish self-taught by pictures...§)

...Back to your --Tio--Omp-- well, tijdschrift, -- ah, linden: one of the most beautiful of all trees. We have but two on our acre of hillside (wooded hillside let me add, before you tag me a dirty capitalist). What suburban Baltimore, and the many little coves and gorges just west and north of it, is fragrant with at that time is usually honeysuckle. Talk about being sweet, when the rats of honeysuckle lying half a foot deep on the rich earth begin to shoot up their nectary yellow flowers -- then it's that people begin to drive out Johnycake Road to Daniels, or Dogwood Road to Granite and Woodstock (mill towns hidden in the Patapsco Valley), or from Thistle and Ilchester down to Avalon and Relay and Jessups and Elkridge then the swamps behind Lochearn and Landsdowne and Arbutus and Halethorpe and English Consul and Lakeland and Linthicum give their perfumes to the Southerly breeze to waft up into the metamorphosizing city...honeysuckle

quite often covers a foot of swampwater, you know, and ephemeral little amphibians twitter on the veteran vines. The air is deux even where there are no honeysuckle mats, - but that's a different story.

...Beaches? How about some of the beaches across the bay from Baltimore? That's the Eastern Shore; all of Maryland east of the Chesapeake. There the hot sand of a beach runs out beyond an old pier into perhaps a seawall, old and broken, protecting and concealing little pools of water. Just behind the seawall a bluff will rise, clothed in honeysuckle, topped by a chance fallen log. Behind the beach will be the lovely green Eastern Shore, and the smell of the bay carries inland over the neat farmhouses and fields of green and vine, over the shadylaned Eastern Shore towns, in unbroken verdure.

You can well imagine the scar it made when the munitions factory at Chesterton blew up.

The Plage/Strand: I know what you mean. I remember the Riviera Beach (pronounced Riviera) -- all private. That is one of the curses of Maryland: the countryside and the beaches are all private. I remember when Mulbog was at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, we (my folks and his) drove out to visit him. He had a pass, so we left to drive north and find a place to stop. We went from Aberdeen to Conowingo Dam (giant hydroelectrical plant on the Susquehanna) and back, through the loveliest backwoods of Harford County (one of Md's truly best -- everywhere fences guarded the glens, signs mented of the legal perils of stopping too long by the roadside. A crime!

I hope you can follow my perambulations -- i.e. I hope you're not like a Dagnet fan without a map of Los Angeles.... (J.H.)

\$\$\$ It is of course a bit difficult to understand just the expanse of country you are describing. It may have been a day's ride, or a few hours walk. However, I always have been a sucker for descriptions of foreign places and the people there - and enjoyed the description muchly, John. Knowing that some others are likewise interested, it's finding its way in this mag. Of course a map would help, but the thought of the pile that would accrue here if just everyone started sending maps of their localities in order that I could understand their ramblings about their home country, makes me refuse the offer. It's bad enough trying to find room for letters, fanzines and sf, as it is.

§ Though the way the letter is written shows a love for your home-places and I must wonder why UMBRA sees so little of John explaining about it. Your last issue had some - but I for one would like far more. How about it?

§ And though John publishes a fanzine, it's a subzine, and gets no review here. There are others which could be brought up, namely MORPH and WEDDIE, which I have been neglecting too long.

§ MORPH I should have given some mention before, as it has proven of greater interest with each succeeding issue. John 'Roless Rollings' as he entitles them, his wanderings in India, have proven of great interest to me. It is all narrated in an exceedingly pleasant fashion, never boring on things like this are apt to be when continued at this length. And I can say this even after a second perusal. In his latest issue there are also two letters pro- and con- preacher Billy Graham. I haven't seen or heard him in person, and haven't bothered to listen or read newspaper and vice-versa. Religion for the greater part nowadays is a business like ~~any other~~, out to make money and succeeding in doing quite well. The teachings of Jesus seem sorely neglected, where churches are places of wealth

priests well paid servants (they are paid by the State in Belgium) - have houses where there could easily be living two families - and sport cars, they want more money for their charities. If they themselves gave a better example and threw away all the gold and silver and costly draperies that fill their churches and homes, and distributed this amongst the poor, who could use it far better in species than in moral lectures, the world would have to worry so much about communism. For it is the poor who rally, as a general rule, to communism, the only political party which always takes up the ~~same~~ end, and communism will be pushed back further and further when the general standard of living improves. The church evidently agrees, but is not acting, they talk, and collect more and more money to fill their pockets.

§ And by the way John, when you ended your reviews, that was not all.

§ Needle on the other hand seems to have slackened with this issue. (More than a short apology it contained only mailing-reviews, some of which were quite good, the greater part of interest only to the editor. I feel that mailing comments are tops, but only when someone finds something to discuss a certain point in the mag, and expounds on that. Then of course it comes to being a short article, rather than merely general commenting, but I believe that Launching Site for instance has proven that point. Still, keep at it if you can, some of the comments were very interesting indeed. As for style - worry? You're not expecting to sell these comments in the professional market are you? I usually worry about style in articles, etc. or rather use it as a means of redrafting the thing usually brought about a complete 'correction' of language, and a resultant stiffness throughout, I gave it up. As far as interest to anyone, from page eight onward, I have just put a sheet in the machine, and started typing. An occasional pause to consider what to be tackled next, and what to say about it, yes, but for heaven's sake, no more rewriting. I'm through with it. If you don't like it, well, let's let it stand and I'll make up special copies, with blank places (what I mean are spaces of course) where Jan blethers. I use that word here, as it reminds me of Flemish 'bluten', the noise a goat makes, or is it sheep? And I can't use much Flemish!

§ But I'm overdoing Jan Jansen again - if that is possible - (that does sound conceited, doesn't it?) and let's have part of that "edited" mag for a change.

## *Alien Report*

by NORMAN WANSBOROUGH

The Sultan of Sirius VI sat in the vidar control room of his palace getting reports from his secret agents on various planets of the Solar system, and from the interstellar void beyond. Right now one of his agents on the planet of Sol III, more commonly known as Terra or Earth was on. The agent was getting very hot under the collar, as he knew from past experience that Planetary and Interstellar agents of his Master the Sultan did not like to make more than one mistake.

"But Sir," he was protesting, "how was I to know this 'fan' would come to Furness Street without first writing to 'Ken Fetter' to say that he was coming?"

"You undersized excuse for a Siran, you son of a Globberdruck..." (The agent pales at this. This was the supreme insult any redgreen-blooded man of Sirius, and not many Sirans used it, unless they were in an ungovernable

rage. Even the Sultan himself rarely used it). "...You son of a Martian Flybird - you - you - you xxxx,???

"It's your job to maintain the fiction that there is a Furness Street in Lancaster, and that a fan called Ken Potter lives there. Yet what do you do? May the great Bird damn you..." roared the Sultan, "xxxx???

"...You allow somebody to search for two Terran hours to find Furness Street. It's lucky for you he was another fan, who just had a bad opinion of the residents of Lancaster. I had to create Furness Street myself, personally. What do you think I pay you for? By the great Bird..." roared the Sultan again, "I should have you boiled in Bekha fat..." At this the agents face turned paler still. "...But this time I'll overlook it. We'll say no more about it. But if anything like this should happen again ----" The Sultan paused significantly.

"It won't Sir," the agent interposed hastily.

"See that it doesn't, then" replied the Sultan. "The reason I'm giving you this chance is because I want something investigated at this Convention at Kettering, in the Terran month of April. In one of these fanzines I read this: 'Many femfans are made at each convention' or words to that effect. As you know there are two sexes on III. This question of Female Androids being made on Terra or III (the Sultan could afford to make slips sometimes, as he was allpowerful, but woe betide any other Sirian citizen who used Terra instead of III; although III was known also as Terra or Earth, Sirians had by law to refer to it as III). As they are being made in the guise of femfans it looks like some other power has agents on Terra," the Sultan quickly corrected himself, and said "on III, and they may be planning an attack against us. That's all."

With that the Sultan cut the connection, and began to contact his other agents....

THE END

§§§ And since Ken Potter has been dragged into this mag anyway, I'll go and find Incentations. And having found it... how does one comment on this like this? Most interesting item was the research and secretarial division. Jeggnetics has been carried far and wide by now, of course, it has even penetrated to this outlying district of fandom, as has the news that a certain Wiltshire fan uses that method.

§ Well, I happened to have a contribution by that chap, so I tried to find out where he got his material from. The reverse practise that is. Of course, I started off with Hyphen, looking for the several keywords in his article, but drew a blank. Other fanzines then, followed by a host of science fiction mags and books. At the present moment, I doubt whether I shall ever find out where he gets the stuff from, but in a last valiant attempt to discover the source, I have asked for somebody, anybody, to scan me the latest SAPs mailing. You see, I know he knows I don't get those, as presumably thought to fool me that way!

§ But I'll find it yet, even if I have to join the SAPs just in order to do so. And I'll even send this to a few members of that organisation in the hope they'll help me find the way...

§ I'm still wondering how this issue is going to hit some of its recipients. Honestly, the poor guys will expect some nice formal zines like the first issue, and instead, excepting of course cover and pages 4 to 7 the whole show is one muddle. Well, think back to your childhood... didn't you like mud then? Perhaps it'll help you to enjoy this...

§ More wags from OMPA coming up... Seems a Dave Vendelmans also had a  
in the mailing. And he is fortunate in having mentioned Jansen in his mag  
(yes, right at the back page, the last word in the mag!) or I would obvi  
have treated his mag the same he treats others. I doubt whether I need a  
admiration of Jean, seems I've done so often enough already, and this co  
certainly is tops. And what a difference it makes... Your musical advent  
I still don't like - which has been reiterated after each instalment, bu  
well for your description of Antwerp. Quite well done, Dave, but I feel y  
shouldn't have gone over it so lightly. There's simply thousands of thi  
of a far more fannish nature, that deserve publication than just this bir  
view. And shouldn't you have told all these nice guys just what the dock  
should be known best for? Namely by giving employment to two fans, both  
whom can swindle sufficient time from both these jobs to get meddled in  
fandom? And how! Thanks to Daphne for her defence.

§ Then there's newcomer (to OMPA of course) Charles Wells. And in end  
to remind you I'm Flemish: Heks is Flemish for a witch, so you'll be qui  
correct to use a witch on broomstick as title-page should you feel like  
that last copy (general) of Piendetta obviously got lost in the mails, Ch  
got another to spare? Re your impertinent criticisms: I think we should  
"independant" to get by as a typo, shouldn't we? I often type the letter  
stead of e in words, though not because I don't know how to spell the wo  
Mention was made elsewhere of the 37 copies au lieu of 28 mentioned in t  
constitution, this being a case it seems, of saving cash. Though I wonder  
has since happened to those three copies they wanted extra. Ving asks fo  
45 copies, with 43 members, leaving only two extras instead of three. And  
the subject of re-election of officers, we should probably object to the  
that these officers have been in office for five mailings, whereas offic  
there are only four in a year. Still, all these little things will undou  
ly be avoided in the future, OMPA is only one year old, and so far, is do  
far better than I would have expected.

§ If there<sup>wag</sup> as many stencils and as much time devoted to actually work  
on that anthology, it'd be practically finished by now. If you do have a  
British reprint edition for US readers, and an American edition for Brit  
fans, which idea is quite good, I'll attend to a Belgian edition for cir  
ulation in Africa. OK? Willy will undoubtedly be doing illos for other w  
as soon as holidays are over, but I must tell you that we work the guy t  
death even as is. Having learned English, I found I had no difficulty at  
with those Flemish sentences. That Flemish is somewhere between English  
German is correct geographically speaking. As for language, well English  
cepted quite a few German words (and Dutch as well) in the course of its  
history - and that explains the fairly frequent occurrence of words that  
recognisable in both languages. Attention should be paid however to the  
that in the process, the meaning of the words have often been changed ent  
away from the original source. Keep that witch coming!

§ Steam, from the typer of Ken Bulmer, was easily digested as usual, I  
recently a bit on the short side. The only type of calendars I like are  
one-leaf-a-day ones, with a joke on the back. Some of them are of course  
but it's surprising the many new jokes that I've come across in these cale

§ I feel that I have done my duty for the moment, and I'll have a lo  
g files for someone else's work for a change. Too much of a good thing.  
For instance another non-OMPAN, George Whiting.

"...I'm glad you added a note about coffee and tea, otherwise a trag  
may have occurred. Just imagine what might have happened if I had not kno  
it might even make a subject for a future radio serial. Just imagine....

# SECRETS<sup>by</sup>

G E O R G E  
W H I T I N G

Opening music, Belgium national anthem fade in slowly.

Fade down music to background.

NARRATOR: Whiting, the most economical fan in fandom, has just been informed that Jansen the Handsome, Belgium's leading fan, is to visit the island of Cyprus this very afternoon aboard a cruise liner

Fade up music and out.

WHITING:(excitedly) Look honey, Jansen the Handsome Belgian fan will be visiting us today. This is a special occasion, order four large bottles of beer.

WHITING'S WIFE: Of course dear, only the best for Jan. I'll get some pint glasses as well, he won't like to drink out of jam jars you use.

WHITING: Well, alright, but borrow them.

Music fade up and out. Sounds of sea, shipping, cries of seagulls are heard in background.

WHITING:(heartily) Hello Jan. Welcome to Cyprus, meet my wife.

WHITING'S WIFE: Hello Jan. Why you're even handsomer than your photograph!

WHITING: Hmmm.

JANSEN:(grimly) Hello folks, glad to meet you. Now George, what about a contribution?

WHITING:(hastily) Alright Jan. Put that gun away, I can explain.

((aside): wait till he's had a beer to soften him up.)

Well, shall we adjourn to the flat for a drink?

Fade in sound of motor car starting and moving away into distance.

Background of martial music, fade down and out. Sound of door closing.

WHITING: Well Jan what do you think of the flat?

JANSEN: Very nice, but now about that con....

WHITING:(quickly) Yes, let's have a drink first shall we?

Sounds of glasses tinkling, gurgle of beer being poured into glasses.

WHITING:(heartily) Now here's your beer, Jan and the best of health!

JANSEN:(ominously) Sorry, I don't drink beer. Only tea and coffee.

A n AWFUL silence. Fade in background music funeral dirge.

WHITING:(screaming) YOU DON'T DRINK BEER ! GHOD ! I KNOW YOUR AWFUL

SECRET ! YOU'RE NOT A TRUE FAN !

JANSEN:(softly) Now about that contribution...

WHITING:(sobbing) I can explain. I won't tell. PUT THAT GUN DOWN !

Sound of shot, breaking glass and heavy thud.

Music fade in to crescendo and out.

WHITING'S WIFE: Oh dear Jan you've broken the glass. (pause) Still he won't worry where he is.

JANSEN:(sadly) No, nor contribute from there either.

Fade in anthem to maximum. Fade down to background.

NARRATOR: And so we leave this beautiful island as the sun sets in a glow of colour over the distant hills.

Fade in music end out.

ANNOUNCER: Tune in next week for a further thrilling installment. Will Jan Jansen's secret be discovered? Will fandom discover that he doesn't drink - beer? Tune in again next week, same time, same station and see.

THE END.

\$\$\$ He did manage to get one across, as you see. More evidence of my occult powers. Would someone please tell me where I can get more info?

# CON-VACATION BLUES

by DON ALIEN.

"Now, maybe they won't send for me till after July - 'smatter of fact I think it'll be August before they get me, so how about it huh, let me go if you do, then I promise never again to muck up the living room carpet with duplicating-ink, please, huh, just give me a few quid and let me go to Torquay for my holidays!"

"Ma! That's a good one, give you a few quid when you get hundreds of pos orders for that magazine of yours, the money you're making you could see me on a holiday."

"Yeh - and I know where it would be - aw c'mon dig deep into the old man's pocket tonight - anyway, I've got two pounds of my own so I won't need more. Dad can smuggle me onto his train, and all I'll need is the hotel and spending lolly...."

"And just what are you going to live on - fresh air?"

"Not if it's got myxomatosis. Look, everybody's going, I don't wanna be left out - I wanna be in on all the fun - it'll be wonderful, all I need is a few quid. C'mon Ma, you can afford it, after all don't you wanna see your son enjoy hisself before they get me?"

"Ho, you'll enjoy yourself then, by Jove you will, so just you forget an ideas of going away in July, because by then you'll be lugging a rifle and wearin' a new suit. A khaki one!"

"Aw - Ma!"

"And don't you aw - Ma me!"

"I'm not trying to put the tin suit over you Ma - I just don't think the Army will have me by the end of July and all I want is to have a holiday with friends in Torquay."

"Friends in Torquay! You! Who?"

"Well, there's the resident fan, Nigel Lindsay, he's a friend of the sea-gulls -"

"What?"

"Sea-gulls."

"Ho! I bet that's all you want to go for, to see girls!"

"Not see girls - sea-gulls - - Aw give over, look there'll be fen from all over the place there -"

"It'll be a bit of a marsh won't it?"

"I bog of you, listen, and stop marshing around like you had the Oxyfinkies. Fen from all over will swamp into Torquay, they'll burn the place up - and I want to go. Mire?"

"Sounds like a lot of clart to me - no, you may not go, you've got no money to go with."



'I don't want to go with money, I just wanna take it! Iock I could borrow the money from you, I've got a couple of stories to Authentic and such, and I've got some cartoons with Reveille - I'm expecting the money anyday now surely you could loan me a few quid?"

"Well, I don't know - if you're so sure you can pay them back in time for my holidays..."

"'course I can, you'll have it all back in next to no time - I'm so sure that I'll take a bet on it. Sixpence I do and sixpence I don't."

"Alright - how much will you need?"

"Ccccch - I don't know, er - it's ten quid for the digs, I must lodge a complaint there. Ho - tell you what, gimme twenty quid.... MA ! You fainted ! Waasa matter?"

"How much did you say?"

"Twenty quid...."

"Cccccccccc"

"MA!!!"

"Oooo-ugh-oh - is that all you need ?"

"I dough no - of course IF you wanta give me more...."

"Noooo, twenty pounds it is - and remember that bet!"

"I'll not forget - ch good ol goodie, I'm going to the ConVacation -Yippee"

"You'll have to...uh, there's the Post just...uh-oh-huh- you've got it."

"Yeh!"

"Don! What's the matter - you've gone all white - and where are you going with that bread-knife? DOWN ! CH ! Let me see that letter he dropped - - - ch dear, what's this say....

..Report for National Service to Middleton Barracks on July 16th! .....

#### THE END

§§§ Perhaps the above piece was rather a surprise, getting it shoved down your throats without fair warning. Still, I found it so nice typing someone else's material, I just couldn't bring myself to perpetrate more of my own stuff on you.

§ Unfortunately I haven't got loads of other people's stuff, hence I'm reappearing. Whilst I was typing the above story, I heard a sharp tick against the windows (I love hearing things at the window), and going there to find out what it was I saw a small bird sitting on the ledge. It looked at me rather blankly, and thinking it was hungry, collected some crumbs from the table, and opening the window ciffed it to the poor bird. Imagine my surprise when instead of opening its beak to pick the crumbs, it gave me another look, and shouted: "Hey, Jan, ain't this supposed to be science fiction fandom?" and promptly it flew away.

§ I've given the matter some thought, and still undecided, I have looked through an array of fanzines that are piled in the cupboard awaiting comment. I didn't find much about science fiction, but the references to fandom for the greater part were as 'sf fandom'. So in order to live up to that name....

§ I noticed that Gregg Calkins mentions seeing "This Island Earth" at a special 'preview'. As this was on the 18th of April, I guess local fans will have beaten most US fans in seeing this picture first. TIE was shown here - well I believe it was Friday, the 20th May. They must have rushed the picture over - just to please Alpha members, no doubt. Unknown to each other, three of us went to see the film the same day. I went Friday, straight from the office to the 6pm show, Dave turning up for the 8pm one, where Willy and wife also dropped in. Both Dave and Willy were of course certain they'd beaten me to it. Haha!

§ The picture itself was in some respects a disappointment, due to having read the novel only a couple of weeks previously. Whilst the scenes were certainly effective, one wonders just why the mutant was introduced, as the only thing he seemed to be interested in was chasing girls. I can't make out though what they're going to do for a serial. Will they find the TB at the bottom of the ocean, and through some new-fangled invention recreate the mutant from the nothing he turned into? We're so used to getting movie pictures of any particular monster they devise in Hollywood...

§ Some of the people at the office went to see the film of course, and knowing I'm slightly (?) whacky where it concerns sf, bothered to call me to tell me about it. Most of them found the mutant scene rather idiotic, though they congratulated the producers on making up such things.

§ One monster that came round again was the critter from the lagoon. The film was shown here half June, but I didn't manage to see it, as I couldn't get a free evening that week. Seems I didn't miss much.

§ One film I shall certainly see is The Conquest of Space, which will probably be shown next Friday (i.e. July 8) if they don't prolong the preview show Chief Crazy Horse. I have heard some reports about the CoS, and hope lives up to the highly complimentary reports. Due to the strange way I'm typing this up, you'll probably have read on page 2 or 3 whether I've seen the film or not.

§ Science fiction however seems for us to be more reading than anything else. Magazines and books... Two years ago the situation here was terrific for fans, but it has improved no end. At the present moment one can find Astounding, Galaxy, Fantastic Universe, Future and F&SF at various stores in the larger towns. In pocket books, we have the Original Pocket Books editions, Bantam, Signet and lately Ballantine. Some copies of Dell and Avon slip through, but so far I haven't noticed any science fiction titles amongst them.

§ Not all titles however are available, and it's usually a case of getting there first, or be without. However, the prices are rather high, ranging from 60¢ to 70¢ dollarscents for a 35¢ magazine, and 40¢ for a 25¢ pb, whilst the more common 35¢ pb now has a 50¢ price tag. Not exactly 'fair' is it? I now rely for the greater part on gift copies, in exchange for Alpha, or second hand copies from various penpals in the US, at most reasonable prices. Just as well, as I wouldn't be able to both sink money into this mag and Alpha, as well as buying sf at the local prices. And I am one of these sf geeks, and seemingly rare, fans that still manage to read science fiction. Oh, it is often outdated. Any offers to send me "I am Legend"? Gold Medal has quite an assortment here, but of course, not I am Legend!

§ Not that I want to be legend, or legendary. Perhaps there will come a time when I will wish so, but at the moment I love being in the mess as close as near to the centre as I can get. And becoming legendary means having participated first, doesn't it? Enough of me. Let's find another victim.

MAL ASHWORTH for instance: "I loved Tiot; everything about it I very much enjoyed. In fact I might go so far as to say that I enjoyed everything about it very much. was beautifully reproduced and wholly entertaining. People like yourself and Nigel Schnerdlites putting out that zine of his called LINDSAY seem determined to make OMEGA a stamping ground for really first class mags; are you trying to put us (us?) Crudsheet Writers out of business or something? Because if so I might warn you that you'll have the Crudsheet Writers Union down on your head. Is there room for all of them?

...But about this led Dave Wood and his so-called 'Revelation'. You know I've been trying to call to mind who this Wood is but I'm afraid up to now I've totally failed. As I remember it there was Ken Potter, Irene Gere and this goddess by the name of Brenda on that trip. But thinking back on it now I seem to recall some scruffy urchin trailing in behind Potter; at the time I dismissed his presence with the thought that he was probably some street shoe-cleaner whom Potter had cheated out of sixpence, but I noticed he seemed to follow us around for the rest of the day and to take a particular interest in Brenda and myself. And now he has the audacity to come along in open print and state that he is Brenda's boy-friend and to insinuate that I made lecherous glutton out of myself while Brenda was over here. Why the idea is laughably absurd; I certainly did not make a lecherous glutton of myself while Brenda was over here. I was already a lecherous glutton before Brenda came over here. Just to demonstrate how fantastic the whole thing was I let my girl-friend, Sheila, read it. "Of course," I told her, "It's all the wildest exaggeration." "Oh, yes of course," she said, "I believe you."

About five minutes later she decided to come to the convention with

§§§ As you will have undoubtedly by now realised, your talking about possible sanctions of the Crudsheet Writers Union has brought me to this. An unconnected whole - or perhaps this way it is more connected than anything else I could try - and both writing and paper for the issue slanted at the Union you mention. I certainly hope I have appeased them as I don't want troubles with anybody.

§ A puzzle has been brought back to rest. Commenting on a fanzine, I followed up my detailed notes with the following paragraph:

§ "....Perhaps it is the impression one gets that you do so mean to present us with concrete proposals on how sf and fandom could or should be. That you have a firm opinion on this and would keep it from changing. Playing conservative like. I don't know. In any case, NuFu is entirely devoted to serious discussions, and I haven't had that feeling. Or perhaps it's the case of people being in command who should run off a serious issue, and miserably try to follow the trend for humour and fannishness, and fail to meet the expected requirement. Perhaps that's the best definition!....."

§ That feeling...referred to in the extra was described earlier on as "...x" seems to suffer from a top-heavy seriousness which engulfs the humour pieces in the mag and fail to let these come out to their full effect..



Harbour  
Lindsay

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JFK

§ Seeing I have been having discussions on style of writing and heaven knows what else recently, I received a return answer from which... "and find parts of it very much at fault, instance the last paragraph, which is almost pure gibberish. I'd defy almost anyone to understand what point you are trying to make.....I don't intend to print your letter....."

§ The last sentence is the reason I'm publishing it. I have reread the 'last paragraph, and admittedly it could have been written in 'style' to go as far as to say that is almost 'pure gibberish' is a sore spot. Perhaps I am used to reading slower, and paying more attention to sentence construction than you people, I wonder. However, I maintain that it isn't gibberish, and am hoping that at least a few fans will agree with me, and scribble write me an affidavit (that is a sworn statement isn't it?) to the fact that it is NOT gibberish. Though perhaps it might look it to a non-discussing fan.... Please.....



Zürich

JTK

§ Some people in OMPA will undoubtedly wonder why they haven't seen their mag or contribution reviewed here. Well, either you had a letter, or there's one on the way. Now are you satisfied? And I do hope I didn't forget a CHO. However, it's time for another person to have a go, and why not pick on another non-CMPAn, they seem to write more frequently.

§ This letter is dated somewhat, was written right back in January if it interests you, hence the reference to snow... In any case it is Ann Sical who'll be tearing me apart

"...Nothing good to expect from a day like this, I told myself. Yes, I was right. Snow, snow, and still more snow. Flakes pushing each other, each one wants to be down first. Just what are they hoping to

down here? Cold too. Streets iced. Same old uneventful trip to town where nothing ever happens. Waded through heaps of dirty gossip, why are they always throwing it at me? Then I sat.

It was quite sudden. I usually take great care to make sure that there is enough comfort around to last, before I sit down. There wasn't this time. They bonked at me! I always suspected that the German gentleman died out. How right I was! The last of this kind must be hiding out in a cave of some obscure wilderness. Well, there I was, getting up all by myself. I always say when you need a friend there is nobody like yourself to get out of a jam in a sniffy. (Who gets you in these traps, I wonder?)

You don't have to be an angel to fall, so they tell me. Well, anyway I would not know about that. Meanwhile the cat stole the roast. Nothing ever happens over here, I always say. Now let me see, where was I? Ach ja, Me says: cat went out to catch mice. Where did the rabbit come from? Was a little tough if you ask me. How can a cat catch mice in the snow. Old dear cat. Mieke. Mieke.

Then I went to my room to hatch out a few thoughts of my own. Tried very hard for almost an hour. No results. Stared out of the window. Still more of that snow trying to find out what goes on around here. Must be pretty disappointed by now.

Something happened at the door. Should have been the postman, but I always rings. (No not twice, once is enough!) Made up my mind, got up and

went out to see what monkey business was going on. Now just look what the owl cragged in! (Must have been rabbit after all!) Letter from Belgium. Now who could that be? Pierre is still in Paris, John is somewhere in the States, all the bills are paid, and Ginette never wrote after she did catch that fellow from Brussels in the tender irons of matrimony. Roger? A bah! He wouldn't write. Oh, that's a fanclub. Well, what do you know. However did they get at me, and what do they want? Probably some scheme for easy money. Those pipples always think osser pipples are copey. Sometimes they are right. Ach, nuts, I'm opening it anyhow. Must find out. First time I hear about continental crackpots like me. Thought I was the only one around here. Well, you never can tell what will come up behind the next corner. Mebbe someone is just as nutty as the next fellow. That's a funny one: look at that crazy fellow, boy, must he be gone! Well, give it right back to him, ram it down his throat:

ANYTHING YOU BELIEVE OF THIS, (or take sericus), may be used as evidence against you! Wonder what penal code they took it from. Just making it up. You never know to what extremes some pipples go to catch other people's attention. But they get it. "Dear Anne..." Who does this guy think he is anyhow? I almost thought it was a former friend of mine. Heck, he must have wtwenty kids by now. (Not you, that friend!)

I know it, I know it. They are after my money again! Anytime I have enough for two pair of nylons, they come along and snatch it away ffrom me. And what for? Some crackpot magazine again. I really must be nuts to order it at all. Well, I don't know. Maybe I should not...but you never can tell.....

\$\$\$ And you people thought I went mad sometimes. TsssTsss....

§ For some peculiar reason this is also the last but one stencil. And I think it is enough too. I am holding the last page open, as I hope to get someone to send in a drawing sometime these next few days to fill that sub. If not, well, it's always useful to have an empty space to write down the address this mag is supposed to go to.

§ For information to busybody's who like to know: this issue is going to 43 members of the OFF-TRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, and is primarily intended for the nice people in that organisation. Any others are equally welcome to read it though.

§ It is also being sent to members of the INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION CORRESPONDANCE CLUB, in the hope it triggers the imagination of one or two dreamers there.

§ Besides which I'd like to have enough copies to mail round to all ZAPA members, which I shall however not get round to.

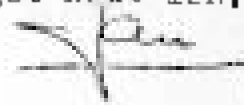
§ Other continental fools like me will also have this inflicted on them.

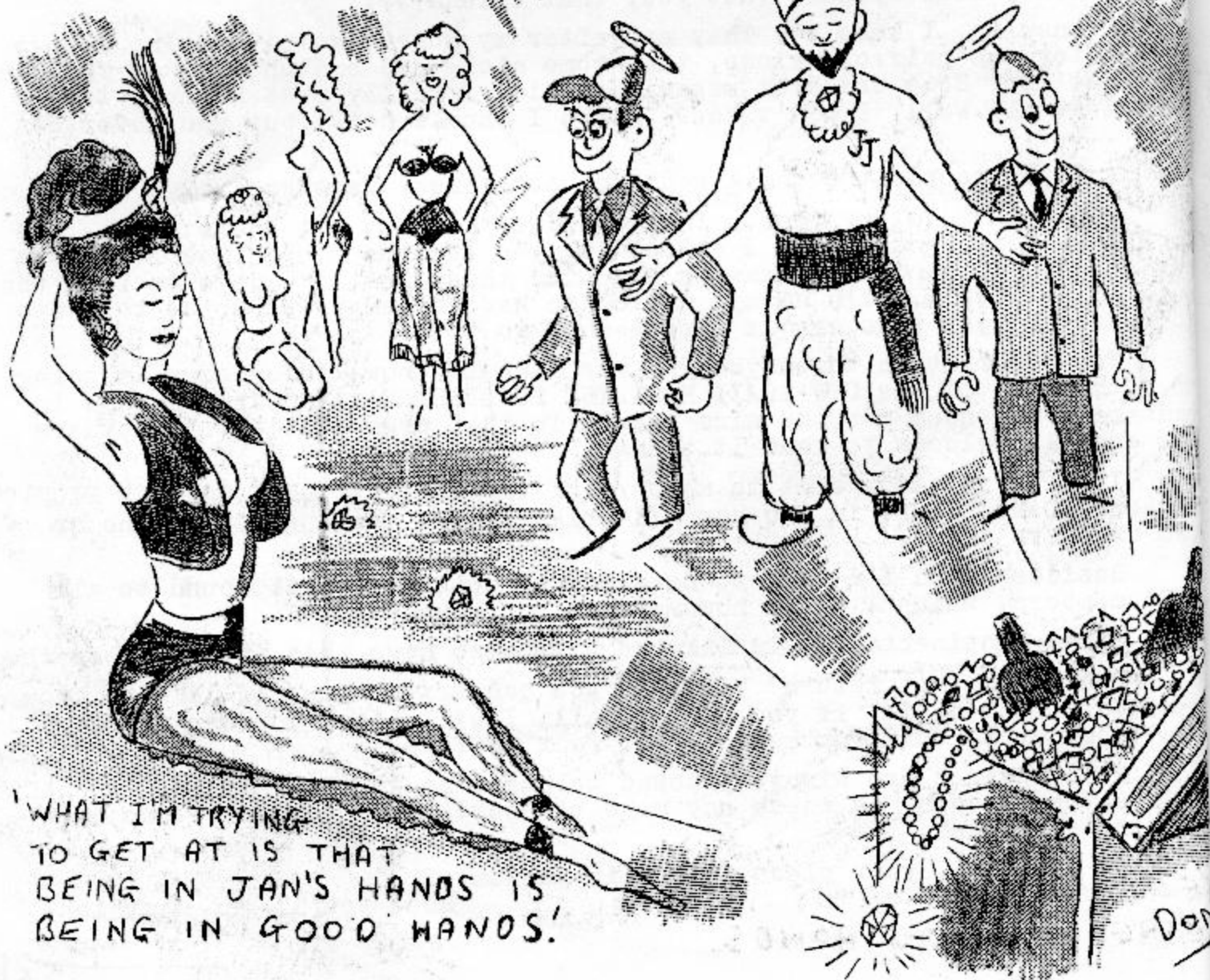
§ What I want in return? Well, if you can write, I would like to know what you think of it. If you can't, well, I will think you can't read and won't bother to send further copies. Fair is fair.

§ Millionaires are always allowed to quote me in their wills. Or donate before their death. Is there any more pleasure-giving charity than supporting fanzines?

§ If there is, your place is not in fandom.

Hope you'll get next ish.

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WHAT I'M TRYING  
TO GET AT IS THAT  
BEING IN JAN'S HANDS IS  
BEING IN GOOD HANDS!

Don

TJDSCHRIFT - PERIODICAL  
Vol. I No 2 ZOMER 1955

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