

ANTWERPSE LETTERKUNDIGE & WETENSCHAPPELIJKE GAZETTE

Antwerpish Literary & Scientific Gazette VI n^o 1.

Every so often

§Sitting right opposite me on the other side of the table....I'm wrong, fellows, somehow I think the guy has telepathic powers, as he's just moved next to me. Yes, it's some darn fool I once in the rush of the moment appointed as representative of Alpha. Little did I know then that instead of collecting cash, he comes over to my place, and manages ((It's a lie!)) to eat the cupboards bare, forces my daughter to spend a weekend at my mother-in-law's, and all sorts of costly similarities. And it isn't a lie this time. Nor is the fact that he can type better than I can the reason that from his one short note the typing gets clearer just happened I cleaned the letters...((Aromatisch en zacht mengsel!))

Don't take any notice of the above paragraph, folks; this is obviously a fiendish Belgian conspiracy to conspire conspiratorially. And just because I mistook The Houses of Parliament for Westminster Abbey!

§§ Obviously it takes Ron too long to get anywhere, so I've shoved him off and taken charge again. In case you are wondering that Aromatic isn't a misspelling for Atomic, just a thing Ron found on a packet of cigarettes. He nearly choked on it too, but unfortunately there was too much fresh air about to finish off the job. So we'll be stuck with further Ploys.

See what I mean, giving secrets away again? What does he want me to do, write the blarsted packets myself? Sticks me ere wiv a typer wot as on it funny signs and mixed up lettering and then expects me to spell Vin5 Clqrke Vin6 Clarke§...See what I mean!!! Even when I try I get § for ! It's a prper shame. O! Well I've got to put the O in somewhere.

Tell me have you ever typed a oneshot after ' BLARST!!!...after 48 hours without sleep??? No? Well neither have I, but I'm well on the way with catching the nightboat over here from Dover. I'm thinking of settling over here permanently in order to show the local neo-fen how to run that rag of theirs. What's it called now??? er erer ererer erererer erer

§§ What the cheeky blighter means by all that I wouldn't know, but he has been shown what is going to happen to him shortly, and I don't think he'll laugh after that... However, while he's worrying about spelling correctly, I could pose you guys a question: Have you ever been dragged from the dinner table by a fan that hadn't slept in 48 hours? I can tell you that such a situation is to be avoided at all cost. Not content with ruining the digestive system, he's even now worrying about the various methods of ruining this typewriter and bringing about the downfall of that most wonderful of all fanmags: er erer ererer ererereree ererererere

This is the fanzine that comes in in the middle of the picture for the benefit of (§ he calls himself a fan, and can't even spell pitcuer§) ...Crawls dejectedly back into kennel. Actually folks I want to tell you of the wonderful time I'm having here in Antwerp-Antwerpen-Anvers. I want to tell you but I can't as this Jansen character of a fakefan keeps me chained to his typewriter in order that he can fulfil his OMPA requirements. Subscribe now to free me.

§§ My wife has just returned home, and the ring of the bell had so frightened the dear boy that he hid in the corner, thinking that another monster had arrived. I doh"t think I need name that particular possibility.

Yeh, I see what you jazzine. Yes I know it's a bit doubtful but use yer loaf. We can fill in another couple of lines explaining what we are on about---loaf for example. I just loaf Marilyn Monroe (§Well as long as it isn't Rosa...§);;;The last Rosa summer;;;The falling loafs...

Masterpiece P2/Meesterwerk Blz2.

The first thing that struck me about London when I arrived there after my trek from the north of England en route to Antwerp was the brick thrown by the Publicity Committee - or was it the sub-committee? - of the London O. However just because I mistook the Houses of Parli....; Take my advice, girls. Never try hitch-hiking from Ostend to Antwerp at 5 in the morning. You'll end up in Brussels. I did. I went past a gateway that was so wide it had been bought by CinemaScope. The sentries used radar to change guard. The Palace of course. In Brussels? Yes, yes, I'm not talking about Hammersmith now. And girls don't forget, Sundays members only. And now over to the one and only, the boy himself...

§§ Don't ever think that he gave that typer to me without a struggle. Oh, no! But the poor lad had been sweating away for ages, whilst I drew the heading, and still hadn't been able to come any further than the above. Don't know just where the trouble lies, but I expect he'll try and blame it on the Belgian climate, evil Belgian influences, and things like that. Pray remember that when he does so it's his base English character unable to take the idea that he's gone senile, and should be applying for one or more rooms in Nigel's Old Fan's Rest Home...

And isn't Georgina Ellis Dutch??

Anyway Jan has just gone off to play at falling down the steps (3 flights) or some other nice fannish game, so while he's away I'll just fill up the rest of the stencil. Have you noticed the way he hogs that §? He won't let either Cecil or I go anywhere near the thing. He says he's saving it as a key of honour for next year's TwerpCon when the OMPA officials come up this way.

§§ OMPA officials coming over to the next Twerpcon? Good heavens.... haven't you realised yet that there is a definite move going on to make OMPA into a continental society, with officers residing on the continent, whatever Archie Mercer has said, or will say, on the subject in the near of far ~~past~~ future. Long live the continent, except in be....oops, our poor association editor.....!

And lil innocent Ron here has to follow that up. Let's get back to cleanliness. Girls, have you ever fallen in the Thames? Me? Well there are thames when I have and....

§§ Come to think of it...have you ever swam in the TIMES? Not at Oxford, you know, but right in the middle of London? I have, when I lived at Hammersmith. And I can assure you that if ((Palais-vous Hammersmith?)) Ron had been hiking there, he wouldn't even have seen the submarine pass at a distance of six feet. I once even came up after a dive, and found a dead rat floating right in front of me face...now what could that mean?

It meant, naturally, that the poor thing had been swimming and had come face to face with a Thing called a jansen. It died of fright. With which profundity the editors and contributors, Jan Jansen and Ron Bennett (forget about Don, huh?) wish you well ... or something. / Ron Bennett c/o As. Keeper, Jansen Jan, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout. Cheerio!

