



HEY !!! just a minute
you tweeps! don't spoil it !!!

" WHAT A DIFFERENCE A "T" MADE"..... (famous song)



THE SUMMING UP :

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(Hey... I'm improving!)

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This is going to be short, and here is the reason why : Last mailing and the one before that, in fact in every one up to now, I gave a detailed comment on the various 'zines submitted, together with Jan Jansen, who usually did one half and I the other. However, and unfortunately (perhaps) our good example wasn't followed and some blokes didn't even bother to comment at all. Now I ask you ??? What do you suggest ? It's all the same to me of course, but I do like to think that at least somebody reads and (maybe) enjoys the silly stuff I churn out. However, if you think that commenting takes up too much room and should be left out in order to include other classical gems, it's C.K. by me. Let's hear from yez huh ?

In the meantime, I am only commenting on the 'zines that were good enough to mention TITOT in their worthy pages. I think this is fair enough don't you ?

OMNIBUS: (N°3) Now here is a person who takes her commenting seriously. 3 1/2 pages if you please... You were almost right with the titles Joan; all you have to do is to leave the "fen" out and you have it. I see you mention this fanthology business again in n°4. I suppose it would be a good idea, providing somebody has the time and the money to do it. I have neither... Staff, I'm all for it.

CAPRICE: I've already commented on most of the 'zine in a letter to M.I. so I'll just say here that I really enjoyed it all. Illos were excellent as usual and that bit of prose about friendship "just right".

ARCHIVE: You talk about us and our "reviews", and you use up six (repeat: SIX) pages of 'em... on 13 pages, that makes (I think) a percentage of 46.153846, whereas I only had three (3) pages of reviews on 10 pages, which makes (I think again) a percentage of : 33,3333333333; so there!

The remaining pages were very entertaining though, and I agree that jazz has come to stay. In fact it's been staying for quite a time now.

HOW : Apart from the flatbed article, which was very useful, this ish contained only reviews. HOWEVER, they were good reviews...

POGROM: A very entertaining review 'zine by a very bright young lad.

NOISE LEVEL: Another entertaining 'zine by the afore-mentioned young lad. Gosh, I just noticed I forgot to mention him... tut tut!

In my opinion one of the best items in the mailing. Atta boy John.

SCHWEDLER: No like. A real fannish 'zine. Enjoyed Telepussy and Editorial, (sorry Scher, Schder., Oh hell, you know what I mean,) best. Full marks Nigel. Keep it up.

WOZ : I laughed my head off at your description of your difficulties with the correcting fluid Walt. Also enjoyed the Ghoodminton survey. Your remarks on writing drafts were also very true. It is much better if you can compose directly on stencil (without making same lock

MAIL ROBBERY?

Antwerp, 23 Sept. ARRIVAL AND CHECKING OF THE 72nd FAPA MAILING BROUGHT TO NOTICE THAT A PUBLICATION FROM ZARA PRESS HAS FAILED INCLUSION in the fifth OMPA mailing. On itself, one could expect to believe the PO guilty of withholding the parcel, but a further absence has been noted, namely that of our dear confrator: De Antwerpse Letterkundige en Wetenschappelijke Gazet two issues of which were mailed out early August and have not seen what Welling looks like.

Though immediate checks have been made in the vicinity, no results have been obtained. Club officers have been warned about the privation hereby occasioned to some club-members, especially in Liverpool, where one member is thirsting for egghoo.

This matter however raises the question of whether we should hold the PO responsible, or (and we deem this a far more satisfactory solution) should an amendment be brought forward to bar alcoholic beverages within 50 miles of the OE of the club, the first fourteen days of each mailing month?

A parcel of tissue-paper, sent on to our honorable CE, on the off-chance... has brought no answer.

We trust we shall be able to bring you good news in the near future. In the meantime we are certain that our CE will keep us fully informed about the researches.

A temporary two-minute silence will be observed, both in Antwerp and in Savannah, Ga. to pray for the unfortunate publications.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

YOU HAVE THE ADVANTAGE
OVER ME YOU TEARNT
ENGLISH - I JUST
PICKED IT UP AS I WENT
ALONG !

Mike Wallace
(author of the famed
Four Just Fen, do)

M. MERCER Ctd.

By our own reviewer.

I am sure that all the members will have been puzzled for a few moments, when, upon opening their mailing envelopes, they came across the Off Trail magazine.

Suffice it to be said that your reviewer was himself temporarily deluded, and was wondering whether having voted a female officer into power had been such a good idea after all...

Besides the wonderful travesty, M. Mercer's contribution included also an unwanted list, which has enlarged the reviewers library already.

Yet not satisfied with these signs of activity, we find yet another manifestation of duty before dinner, with further Mercatorial fishes, and writings. Having already fully commented upon same by personal letter, I refrain from further comments here, but must urge greater attention paid to our one and only

Jan Jansen.

BEST OMPA POLL

for increased & improved activities !!

Lincoln 18 Sept.

Van onze korrespondent ter pleatse.

Earlier on I suggested in a letter to either Ving or Ken Bulmer that a vote should be held each mailing for the best item of the mailing (including postmailings to the previous one), the producer of the winning item to have his dues extended free for one mailing. He replied that he favoured the FAPA method - without demonstrating it though as you've done...

Est. 24 Sept (CAAP) In conjunction with the above, and for those who may not know, a short summary of the FAPA-poll.

Every year the vice-president of that organisation includes in the CO, a postpaid pad on which the following classifications have been stencilled: Best article writer; fiction writer; humorist; artist; editor. Further best publication and best mailing comments. All these categories have three blank lines, n'd 1, 2, 3 after which each member can put his/her favourite fans in their special departments. There is also a poet wanted, only the best, no seconds or thirds required. Polling is done by approx. a third of the members.

Members of OMPA don't seem to go for voting either, but if sufficient people are interested, how about it? Shall we too have a poll?

THE FANTASTIC EXPERIENCES OF A MUSICAL NUT
=====

(Part three of sixty-eight parts)
(I just thought of a good ending.)

BOOK I

Chapter VI. (I lost count) -o-o-o-o-o-o-

Eddie's note: Looking through some old Varga Stattens the other day, I came across some other unlikely-sounding literature, which, to my utter amazement and chagrin, turned out to be the missing manuscript of old Nutty and Joe Payne's adventures into the dim and musty past...

It is therefore with great pleasure (and no little apprehension) that I submit the further pranties (new word of the period) of that musical maniac, that artistic abortion, that demented diapaen, that rhythmic rascal... (ad infinitum), yes, that's the guy, Joe Payne (pronounced : Cho - rin).

November 31st. 1984

(so what ? they changed the calendar in 1980)

... There we stood, the three of us : Old Moonface, Lucy and Joe... Good Heavens... I almost forgot myself (I often forget myself, hehehehe...), in the strange cubicle that was supposed to whisk us away into the past.

Lucy was very nervous and kept pulling the zipper of her "old-fashioned-specially-put-on-fer-the-occasion-dress" up and down, causing some picturesque portions of her anatomy to become exposed and also causing the Professor's visual organs to pop in an alarming manner; In fact, for a moment I thought they would part entirely from their parent body... However, this touching scene was suddenly brought to a premature conclusion, accompanied by an anguished howl from Lucy... Apparently, a portion of her afore-mentioned anatomy had got caught in the zipper on one of its upward journeys...

After refusing several offers of first-aid, Lucy finally got things sorted out and peace descended once again on our cramped quarters.

The professor was seated at the controls of the space-time gadget and was anxiously watching the dials, the pointers of which were turning, -in an anti-clockwise direction- at various speeds, marking the passage of days, months and years. The "day" pointer was spinning around at a terrific pace and I noticed that the "year" dial already indicated 1901 and...

All of a sudden an idea struck me. "Say Joe" I exclaimed.

"Yes Dave"

"These cats, er... I mean these composers you're going to look up; they're spread all over the world aren't they ?"

"Naturally. Why ?"

"Well, I was just wondering whether we couldn't collect these long-hairs in their respective time-periods, when they were at the peak of their popularity, and get them all together....."

"Hey!" yelled Joe, giving me an affectionate pat on the back that landed me with a crash against the ear wall, "I think you've got something there, Dave. Say, maybe we could organise a MUSICON"

Just think of it - all the greatest composers that ever lived... "

"Come now" I interlined, "what about Vandelmans?"

"all reunited under one roof," he continued, giving me a searing glance, "discussing their various compositions and..."

"their numerous love-affairs" supplemented Lucy.

"Exactly", confirmed Joe, "these were the days"... Say professor, do you think you can fix it so that we can get all these famous people together?"

"Well" mused Moonface, adjusting his pince-nez and assuming an oratorical pose, "visiting these various time-periods offers no great difficulty. Er... the only complication I foresee is the actual removal of these persons from their normal time-stream into what you might call a "neutral zone", where their temporary absence couldn't affect the future course of events. You realize of course that any definite change we might make in the past, can have a disastrous effect on the future. Just imagine for a moment that we kidnap, say, Beethoven; and that during the process of transporting him to another time, he develops a heart-attack and dies much earlier than he actually did... Just think of the repercussions this would have in our present time. All those famous works he composed in later years would be unknown to us. His fifth symphony or sixth symphony might never have been written. There would have also been a large gap in Walt Disney's "Fantasia". There would have been an appreciable reduction in the sale of classical gramophone records. These are, if you wish, minor details, but I just wish to point out the delicacy of such an operation... and the repercussions it might entail..."

A "repercussion" is a special kind of "Pop" beat.

"You sure sllobbered a bibful, honey" commented Lucy.

"I admit", admitted Joe, "there are certain risks involved, but I think the end justifies the means. After all, think of the unique opportunity afforded us of personally interviewing these great men". "Besides, what could go wrong? All we have to do is to ask them to accompany us for a while and answer a few questions and then we can transport them back to their own time practically a few seconds after they left".

"Or before they left" suggested the Professor.

"What do you mean" asked Joe.

"Well, if we take them back to their normal time a few seconds or minutes before we collected them, they would naturally fall back into their daily routine without knowledge of what happened, because you see, their sojourn in this neutral zone of time, which I have personally discovered" (beaming visibly and causing another lunar landslide) will leave no definite imprint on their brain, and therefore they won't be able to remember anything of what occurred there".

"That's great" said Joe, "in that case, we can start right away. I suggest we take a trip to Germany first. That's where most of those chaps lived you know. I think the best plan is to go and collect the Daddy of them all, the greatest of all the old-type composers, my good friend Johan Sebastian Bach..."

"He lived between the 16th and 17th. centuries... er, I mean in the 17th. century; actually he was born, if I remember rightly, in the year 1642, and died 61 years later - a ripe old age for a musician- (musicians : beware...) in the year 1703.

I think 1690 or thereabouts will be a good time to catch him - he should be in his heyday then- and should also be able to tell us quite a lot..." (he did... but not what we expected.)

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW OF NEXT QUARTER'S FURTHER "MISADVENTURES OF A M.M."

Twerppland

(Being an unfannish article treated as fannishly as possible)



The origin of the name "Antwerp" seems to be, in itself, a subject worthy of discussion. There are two definite possibilities however, the first of which can be found on the Grand'Place, where stands a statue of a youth in the "altogether" throwing a severed hand from which gushes a stream of water. (which of course is supposed to be blood; but blood being thicker than water, it wouldn't gush so well; besides, having had no revolutions lately, the stuff is in short supply...) ~~tilt~~ on a sort of pedestal formed of rocks, lies, amongst monsters and mermaids and other misleading miscellany, the body of a giant, with... yep, you've guessed it, one hand missing.

This monument, (the work of an Antwerp sculptor named Jef Lambeaux), is supposed to depict the misadventure of the giant Druon Antigen, the supposed founder of Antwerp. From his castle, built on ye honny banks of the river Scheldt, this fearsome creature waylaid the passing travellers and deprived them of most of their belongings (the dirty dog). Those who attempted to elude his self-imposed law, had their right hand cut off and thrown into the river (their right hand, not the rest of them). This is, according to some bright lads, how Antwerp got her name: Answerpen, or Hand werpen (to throw the hand). Cute ain't it? Sounds a bit like poker...

Pale hands I love. a-flopping down the river....

However, every dog has its day, and old Druon's apparent "heyday" was noering its close, because a brave lad named Salvius Brabo, the naked provincial mentioned above, who, incidentally, was a nephew of Julius Caesar by marriage, decided to put an end to his playful pranks and killed the giant, afterwards treating him similarly as his victims (serve the dirty so & so right too, don't you think?)

The other version, which seems more likely, is that Antwerp derived her name from a promontory on the right bank of the river. This place, which was called "aan de werf" or "werp" (which, translated, means "on the wharf") became, in due course, "aan't werf" or Antwerp, and a bit later on, they added a couple of letters, so that it would not sound so English; after all, the British had enough colonies at that time...

Since more than four centuries, Antwerp is renowned as a City of Art and also a World Port. It has also become, amongst other things, a very interesting Touristic Centre and the seat of Continental science-fiction.

Including the subbubs, Antwerp has a population of 550.001 inhabitants (now don't tell me you don't know why I put that "1" there...)

The stirring history of Antwerp (sounds like a nation of porridge eaters) embraces three periods (...) of great prosperity, the height of which lay in the 13th., 16th., and 19th. centuries.

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Being further historical notes on Tworpland.

These prosperous periods brought about large extensions of the city, making the old often give way to the new. There are, however, still many interesting things to see - apart from the women - that date from the time when the city enjoyed a remarkable wealth. The principal monuments date from the 16th. and the first half of the 17th. centuries. That is why Antwerp is sometimes called the "City of Rubens and Plantin", in spite of Bob Bloch's earlier assertion that it forms part of the waste places surrounding British and American fandom... (That was before he read Alpha of course...)

The beautiful historic buildings, the opulent museums and magnificent churches, are wonderful masterpieces of gonital Phlegmish artists who once lived in the city,

The abolition of navigation tolls on the river Scheldt in the 19th. century brought forth an amazing extension of the town and since the enlarging of its territory, Antwerp covers an area of more than 33 square miles.



Commerce and Industry have expanded considerably in the last centuries. Especially the diamond trade and industry, the automobile workshops (European branches of several American plants), the petrol refineries, the electric and electronic machines and so on... and naturally, the ship-building and repairs workshops.

Now, you will be asking yourself: "What has all this to do with fandom?" Well, to be quite honest with you, I haven't the faintest idea... I just thought somebody might be interested, that's all. If somebody is, all the better; I shall then please the rest of you next time.

THE PORT : For the tourist, one of the most attractive parts of Antwerp is undoubtedly the Port (For the s.f. fan of course there are the "cafes").

The river is some 1600 ft. wide in front of the City, which lays at a distance of about 60 miles from the North Sea. (See ?) A tunnel for pedestrians and one for motor vehicles link up the two river banks. The large port area is located in the northern portion of Antwerp. It is connected with the river by means of 4 sea-locks (and one half-nelson). Antwerp is undoubtedly the most important distributing-centre of the European continent, and quite rightly claims the title of "World Port".

Please excuse me a moment, while I have a port.

Visitors are always drawn towards the river Scheldt - not because of suicidal tendencies, -but because there is always a hustling crowd of sightseers and passing travellers at the landin-bridge near

Being still further historical notes on Twerpland. (Where will it end?)

"STEEN". an old fortress destroyed by the "Normen" or Men of the North, or whatever they call themselves, in the beginning of the 9th. century and rebuilt in the 10th. century.

One can go for all kinds of trips on the river. You can visit the "St. Anne" beach on the left bank, where beautiful wimmin' lie exposed to the caressing rays of the sun (whose son?), sorry, I meant sun of course. I wish I could be a lucky old sun, grrrrr... One can also go to the "Noordkasteel" or North Citadel, where you can swim or sit or pet, or, if you're really stuck, you can go for an excursion in the docks...

A conducted tour of the port starts at the landing-stage near the "Steen". A comfortable "Flandria" vessel takes you (and maybe a few others, if they're lucky..) through the Royers' Lock, in the Albert Dock, the Leopold Dock and the Hanse Dock...

Don't talk to me Brother, you're all wet...

Sailing southwards you will remark, on the right bank: Blauwhoef, Fort St. Philip, "Boemke" and the North Citadel. On the left bank: Liefkenshoek, Fort "De Perel", the Meyntjens shipyards, St. Anne's beach with its pretty cottages, and.. I guess that's about all.

A bit further inland you will find, on the right bank, the dwellings of two famous personalities, whose names have become household words (like "bar & eggs") and who were fully responsible for the founding of the first science-fiction club on the continent of Europe. (I'll reserve my defence).

Yes, sightseers going for a trip on the Scheldt will certainly be impressed by the beautiful panoramic view of the City, with its majestic cathedral spire (you know the one) and "Boerentoren" skyscraper, towering above the other more conservative buildings. The impressions they gather will remain in their memories for evermore.

Well... for evermore !

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

FILLERIN DEPARTMENT.-

FANNY LIMERICKS - N°2/3

There was a young fellow named Dave Who forgot for a whole year to shave The beard on his face Became a disgrace So his wife made him sleep in a cave	There was a young fellow named Dave, Who, thinking some money to save, Printed ALPHA in blood But the readers said "CRUD!" And nearly drove Jan to his grave.
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(These two limericks were made up by Daphne Buckmaster, to whom (and for which) I am very grateful, but with whom (and which) I don't necessarily agree)

(I ask you....)

I also asked Daphne to send me some more limericks, this time on "DAPHNE"... I wonder.....

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DON'T FORGET THE TWERPOON : JULY 30th. 1955. - ALL-NIGHT DRINKING
SESSIONS - DANCING - LAUGHTER - FUN - GAMES - GIRLS - BEER - ETC...
LOTS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE - YES ME TOO - WE'RE EVEN TRYING TO GET JANSEN.