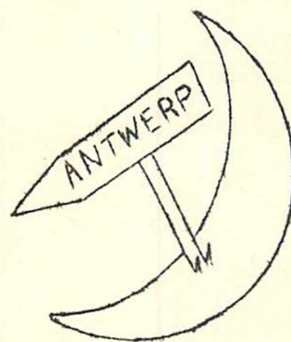
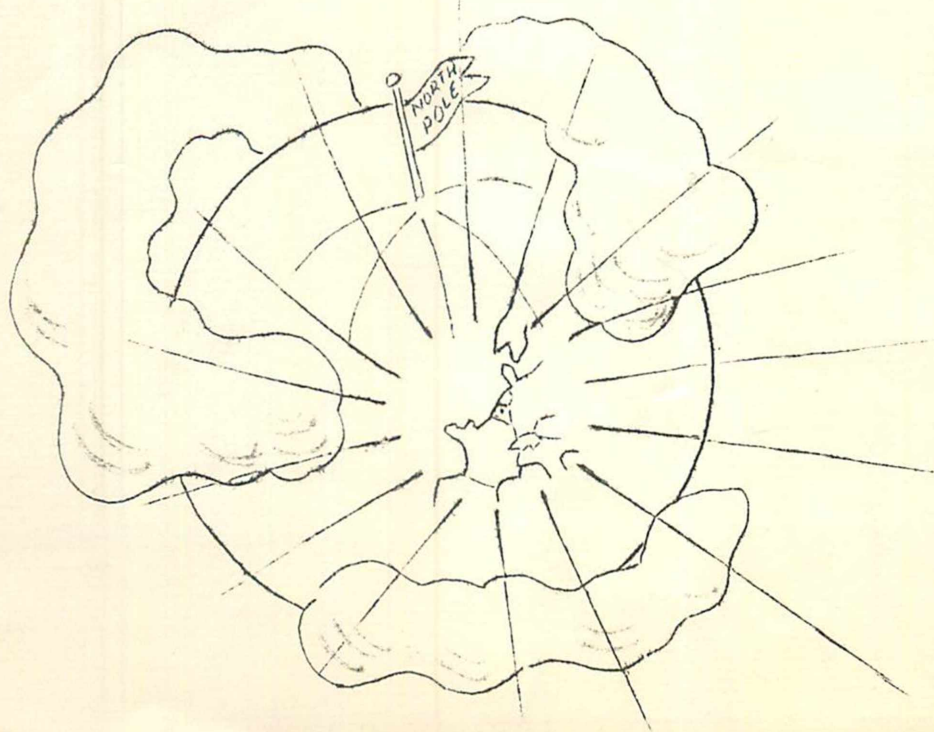
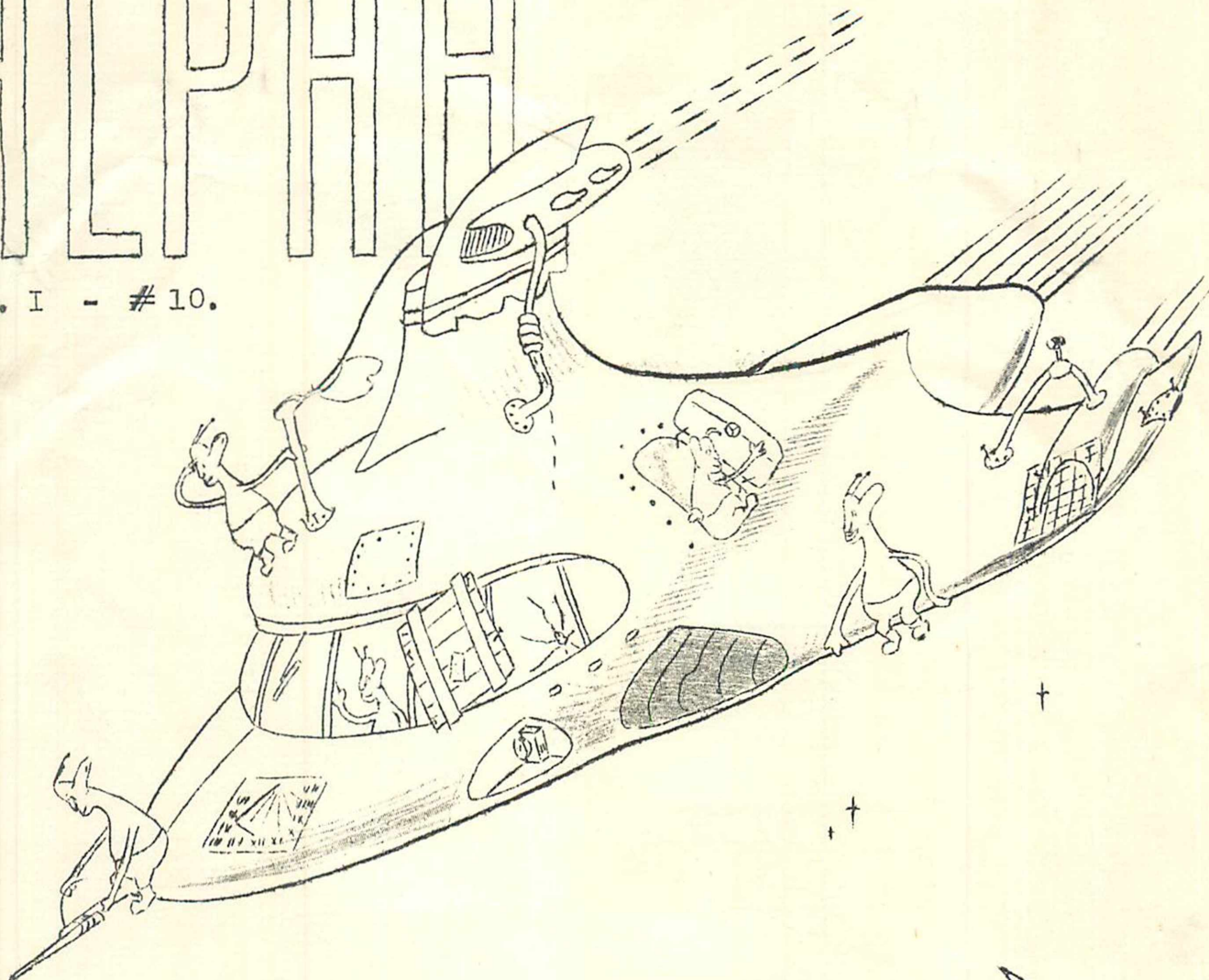
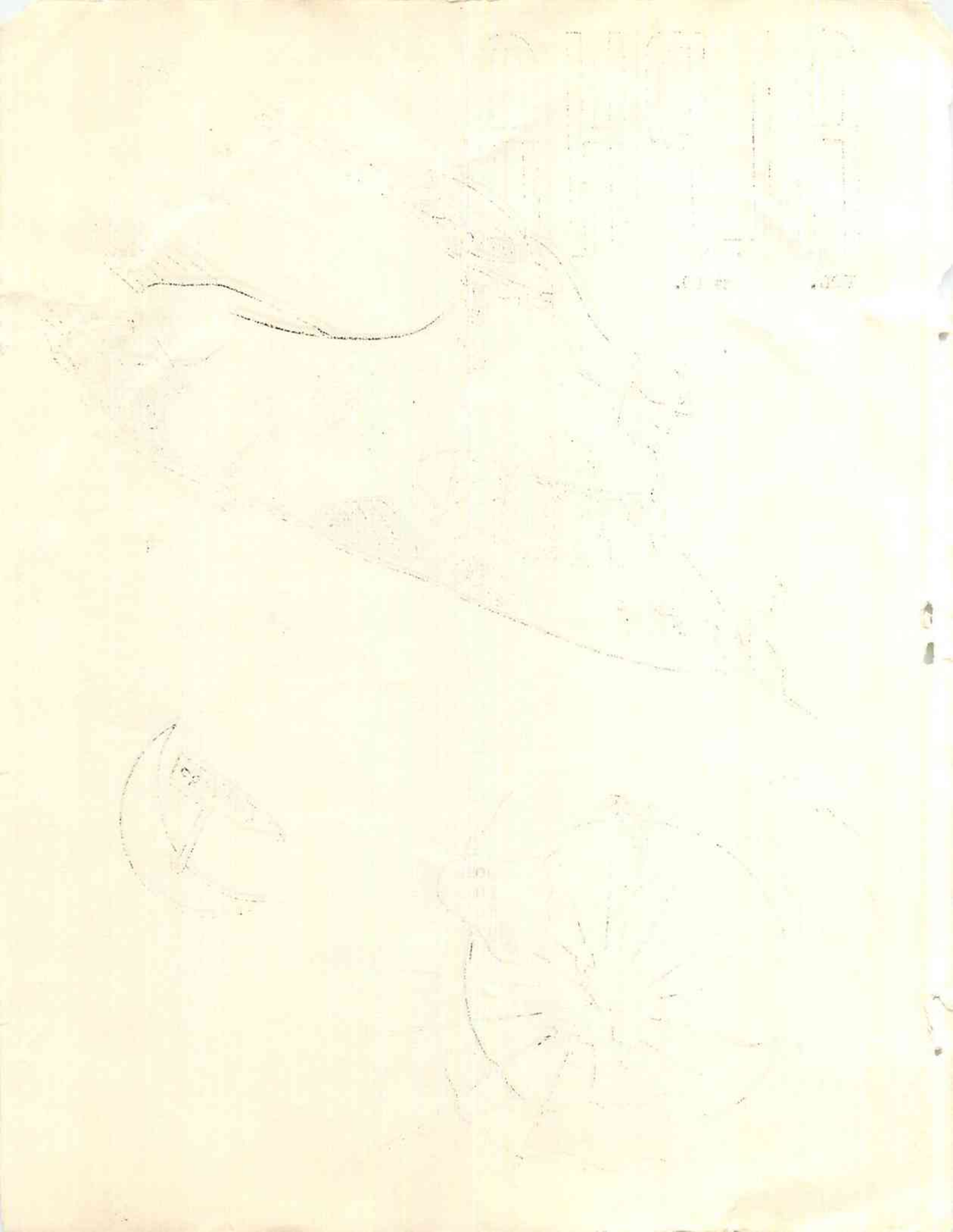


# ALPHA

VOL. I - # 10.







Here we go again. After an unsuccessful attempt at getting my editorial shifted a bit towards the front last issue, I decided not to muck about this time, and just ousted Dave's contribution. Told him to go and stick it.... he did, it's right at the end of the mag somewhere.

-----  
De schoonste naam op 't wereldrond,

De schoonste naam uit mensenmond:

Jan Jansen  
-----

In the past couple of issues we have featured mostly work from British and a few American fans, due first of all to the non-existence of 'fans' in the accepted meaning of the word, on the continent. Somehow or other, and despite the fact that English is only second or third language to most of us 'Continental', fandom has absorbed quite a few newcomers here. Some are represented here for the first time, others have been in Alpha's pages before. I only hope that in time more will follow.

-----  
Zot zijn doet niet zeer !      Wat 'n geluk !  
-----

Accusations have been slung at us, first for being too 'British', recently with the application of advice given by some US faneds we have been mentioned as having an 'American' appearance. Well, the appearance is still the same, only this time we have relied only on contributions and letters from continental authors and artists. If all the B.N.F.'s in fandom had decided to sent us articles for the next issue, they'd have had to wait. Such was the decision. Nearly every fan we appealed to has answered with some form of contribution. Most of them were in English (thank Alphater), others have had to be translated. One contribution has been kept in the original French, because it concerns French books, and because of the fun some of you seemto have had trying to figure out that last French article we carried. I could of course give you the real reason, that Dave was too damn lazy, but I don't think he'd like that.

-----  
Het geduld vangt men veel leden.  
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If someone had mentioned the possibility of having a complete issue of Alpha, with more than ten pages, and written by someone other than Dave or I, around this time last year, I would have laughed at them. It really was a proud and lonely feeling to be a fan in those early days. Two fans searching all over town to find a third. Now they're slinging them in every other week or so... All for the best. When New Year 1955 came and went, I had thought about the possibility of this issue, which marks the end of the first subscriptions, being written solely by local people. And with an absolute minimum of Dave or Jan in. It surprised me to find that I had only two pages to fill in the end, yet still have a 30 page mag.

-----  
Het is juist wanneer ideeën ontbreken, dat een tussenlijn welkom is.  
-----

I am getting terribly mixed up with this continual change-over from one language to another. The main reason for this is that we must remain good friends with our dear Wim, who would otherwise object

most strongly to the preference given French. However, I should be introducing, or at least try to, the issue before you. I can pass up the artists, which should by now be familiar to most of you, the same applying to Maurice Delplace and Teun van Ingen.

~~Fan - iemand die zijn gedacht niet kan, en het onderwerp niet wilt wijzigen.~~

Both Marc and Wim are only known as names on the contents list. Marc is the organiser of Flying Saucer researches on the continent, and 'directeur' of the OURANOS organisation for study of strange objects. Which you will perhaps bear in mind when reading his contribution. Wim introduces himself quite well in his own article, or rather, an attempt at a column. He may know what he's talking about when he mentioned music, being a pro-musician, but I'm not quite that sure about the rest of his effort.

Anne Steul lives at Wetzlar in Germany. Has done some translation from English into German, including science fiction. This is her first appearance in a fanzine. I could tell you all sorts of things about her resemblance to certain..... er....well, perhaps I'd better not. After all, she subbed for three years, solid!

Leopold Massiéra you might remember as having had a short article on French sf in Space Times, about a year and a half back. He has done several short stories and a few novels in this genre for professional magazines, as well as having written various essays and stories on widely different themes.

Belinda is a Belgian author, has quite a number of adventure/detective novels to his credit, and from what I hear has recently tried his hand at science fiction too. Unfortunately I have not yet seen any of the latter category, so must refrain from judgment.

~~Science fiction: soort literatuur waar geen behoorlijke afkorting voor kan gevonden worden in 't Vlaams.~~

What the actual contents are about, well why don't you read them. I am not going to call lots of praise for any of them here - in the first place, there are no Willis', Grennell's, Bloch's or others amongst them. I have been troubled over the fact that the English wasn't always 'correct'. What should I do? Correct it all, thereby often rearranging sentences and destroying the whole thing, making it into something I'd written? Or just leave it, and hope for the best? Unless there was hardly any sense to be made out of any sentence, I have left the original text fairly untouched. Some changes have been made, but I feel that the articles /stories won't be in the least bit less effective for this. Perhaps I've done wrong, and should have corrected. I don't think so myself.

Some of you will undoubtedly feel disappointed because the usual Alpha mixture has been sorely disregarded. Some of you may even feel cheated over this issue. My apologies to these persons. I don't think that any piece herein deserves immortalisation - I know that all of them can stand comparison with some of the stuff that I read in some fanzines. Whichever way it strikes you, do let us know, the comments will be passed on to the persons concerned. To them, and to all continental fans, this issue will prove of value, because it represents a milestone in fandom's history on the continent. After various attempts at club-organisation, we managed, two years ago to form the Antwerp (Alpha) club. Last year saw the growth of the magazine. This year we're proud to present an

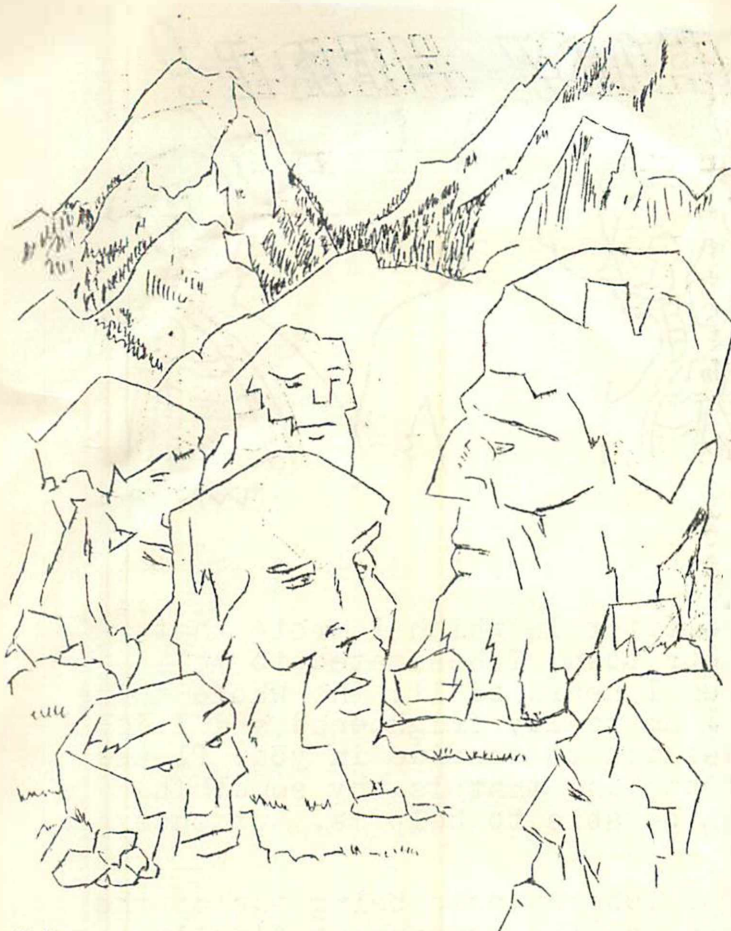
ALL CONTINENTAL - NO STAR ISSUE !

Next issue will be back to normal. And I'll try and forget I've been serco this long.



## THE BOULDER RACE.

Marc Thirouin.



WRom.

are beings that...."

"Where have you learned that?" interrupted the wise boulder sniggering. "I have observed the earth for 100.000 years, as long as I can remember, and I have never yet held one of these beings near my side."

"Some have seen them, though...."

"Hallucinations!" answered the wise boulder; "or a mirage! Didn't you know that the image of the boulders is sometimes reflected in the sky?"

"He has spoken wisely!" thundered the King of the boulder race; "and I wonder why I have delayed so long to bestow him the highest distinction of the Kingdom."

At these words the wise boulder encircled himself with a reddish glow, and even his face itself reddened.

"Well what do you know," murmured the smallest boulder, "fireworks!"

Some time later, a mountaineering party went in search of boulders to carry to the hilltop to make a shelter for themselves.

"But we're going up!" cried the youngest of the boulders.

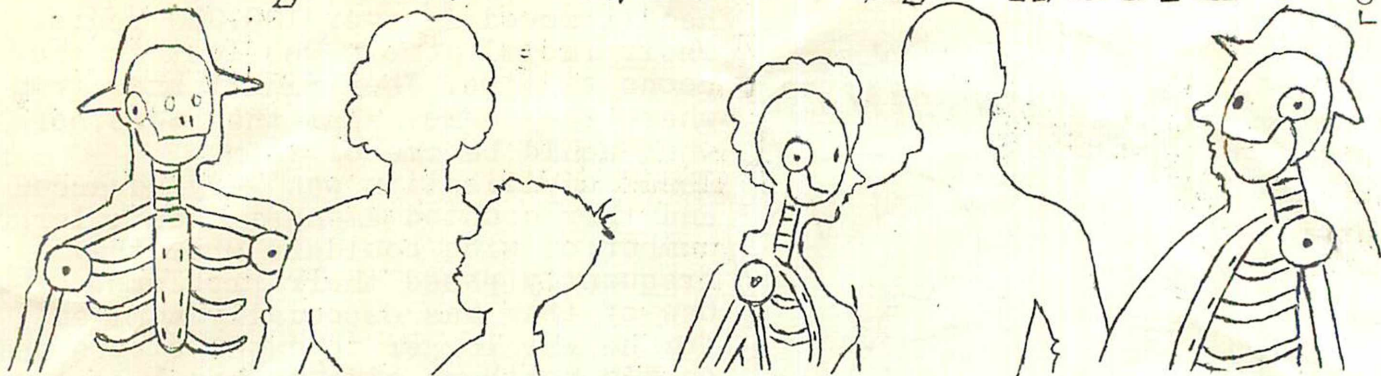
"That's an illusion!" howled the wise boulder. "Nothing can climb. It is the earth that falls!"

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o o o o o o

# THEY ARE ALREADY HERE!

Anne  
S  
H  
C  
F



WROM-

WETZLAR , 12-3-1955

Dear Jan,

You will perhaps remember the letter in which I wrote that some strange things were happening in our town. I hesitated to tell you what it was all about, because, when I heard of it, the whole thing seemed so utterly incredible. But now I am really frightened and I do have to trust somebody. So I finally decided to confide in you. Please do not think I made it up. It is the truth and that is why something must be done about it. Perhaps you will be able to help me. But once again I ask you to believe me.

It all started a few weeks ago. Tuberculosis being one of the most important problems in post-war Germany, the government finally decided to have free examinations for everybody. During one whole week schoolrooms were prepared and X-ray set-ups installed. I went to the school in my neighbourhood.

When I had filled out my card, I noticed Dr Wilhelm Schneider, who is a very good friend of mine. We talked a while and I asked him if it were possible to have a look at my X-ray. He agreed.

A week later, I had almost forgotten about the whole thing, Dr Ferdinand Meierlein, Dr Schneider's assistant, phoned me, to make an appointment with Dr Schneider for 3.00 PM. There was something strange in his voice, but he would not tell me if anything was wrong.

When I reached the lab, Dr Schneider was working on his bench. "Come in, Ann, and close the door. Have a seat and I will be with you in a minute." Somehow he was not quite himself. His usual calmness seemed to vanish with every moment. I had a suspicion, and when I could restrain myself no longer I asked: "Say, Doktorchen, is there anything wrong with my X-ray?"

He forced a laugh. "No, no, dear, not at all. Have a look, it is right here." He handed me the plate. "There is nothing wrong with your X-ray!"

"Oh, I see. Somebody from my family?" I wanted to know.

"Forget about it. It is something else. That is why I called you. Perhaps you will enjoy this!" He thrust another plate into my hand. I had secretly checked the number of my card against the number on the x-ray. My own plate had been alright. There was nothing wrong with me. And now I bent over the plate he had handed to me. A gasp. And then: "Oh, no, Doc, see here, what is this? Are you playing games



with me? "

"How could I ? Can you tell me how these could have been forged?" and he handed me two more plates. I did not dare believe my own eyes. On the x-ray plates there was a human chest, but the bones were somehow kept in place by a strange array of bolts and screws!!!

"And here are the cards that go with them" he said, and passed them over to me.

I read them carefully. They were normal enough. Ordinary profession, run-of-the-mill story and living here in town - but the plates! I took them up again. It was incredible!

"We will have to check on them tomorrow," I said. "We must know who they are and where they come from."

"They have been living among us for who knows how long. Ann, this thing has me badly frightened. Just imagine what they really must be like - being able to appear as perfectly normal human beings. I don't know what to do."

"But Doc, something has to be done! We cannot let ourselves be invaded like this!" I insisted.

"And where do you think you can go to? The police? That would be an easy way to the insane asylum. no, Ann, this has to be handled differently. Dr Meierlein and I will go to this address in the morning. We will tell them they have to be x-rayed again, and this time we will drive them to the hospital and have them under the Röntgen apparatus. Professor Waldschmidt is going to have the surprise of his life. And after that you will write to all your foreign correspondents and we will have copies made for them."

I thought this would be good. As far as I could see there was nothing else we could have done.

The next morning I was reading the newspaper and found an article on the examination and how the x-ray worked. That was then the first time that I was afraid something might go wrong. Just imagine the aliens reading that article too - then they would know that we had discovered them. I hurried to the phone and tried to call Dr Schneider. He was already gone.....

Each hour until noon I tried to call him. There was no answer. I called his wife and she told me: " He and his assistant went into town, Ann. He should have been back by now. Is there anything wrong?"

What could I tell her that she would believe me? I said "No, madam, I will call you back in the evening", and put the phone back on the hook. I threw on my coat and hastened to Dr Schneider's lab. I checked his files. He had taken the cards and plates with him. The fool ! He should have left them behind as evidence. I wrote down the address which I found on his desk and hurried into town.

The building was new. The name on the card was on the third floor.

While I was going up the stairs, I prayed. If I came too late.. I rang the bell. There was no answer. I kept on ringing, but nobody seemed to be home. In desperation I called: "Dr Schneider!" and pushed hard against the door. It opened...

The first thing I saw was the morning paper, its leaves strewn over the floor. Slowly I went from room to room, fear gripping at my heart. But the apartment was empty. The furniture was still standing

rooms. Perhaps it had been rented with the apartment. The whole floor was littered with papers, but they were only the daily news editions of our town. Nothing foreign, nothing strange in the whole place.

I left and closed the door behind me. Just as I was leaving a man came in with a milkbottle in his hand. I asked him for the address of the agents who rented the apartments. Need I tell you that I did not get any additional information about his strange clients?

Dear Jan, I am deeply worried. Dr Schneider and his assistant went there, that much is certain. But they have not yet come back! It is now already three weeks since they disappeared. What can I do? What if they ever should learn that I have seen those x-rays too? I am afraid.

Is there any way to escape? It is not funny to read about alien invasions, believe me. They do not have to invade us, they are already here.

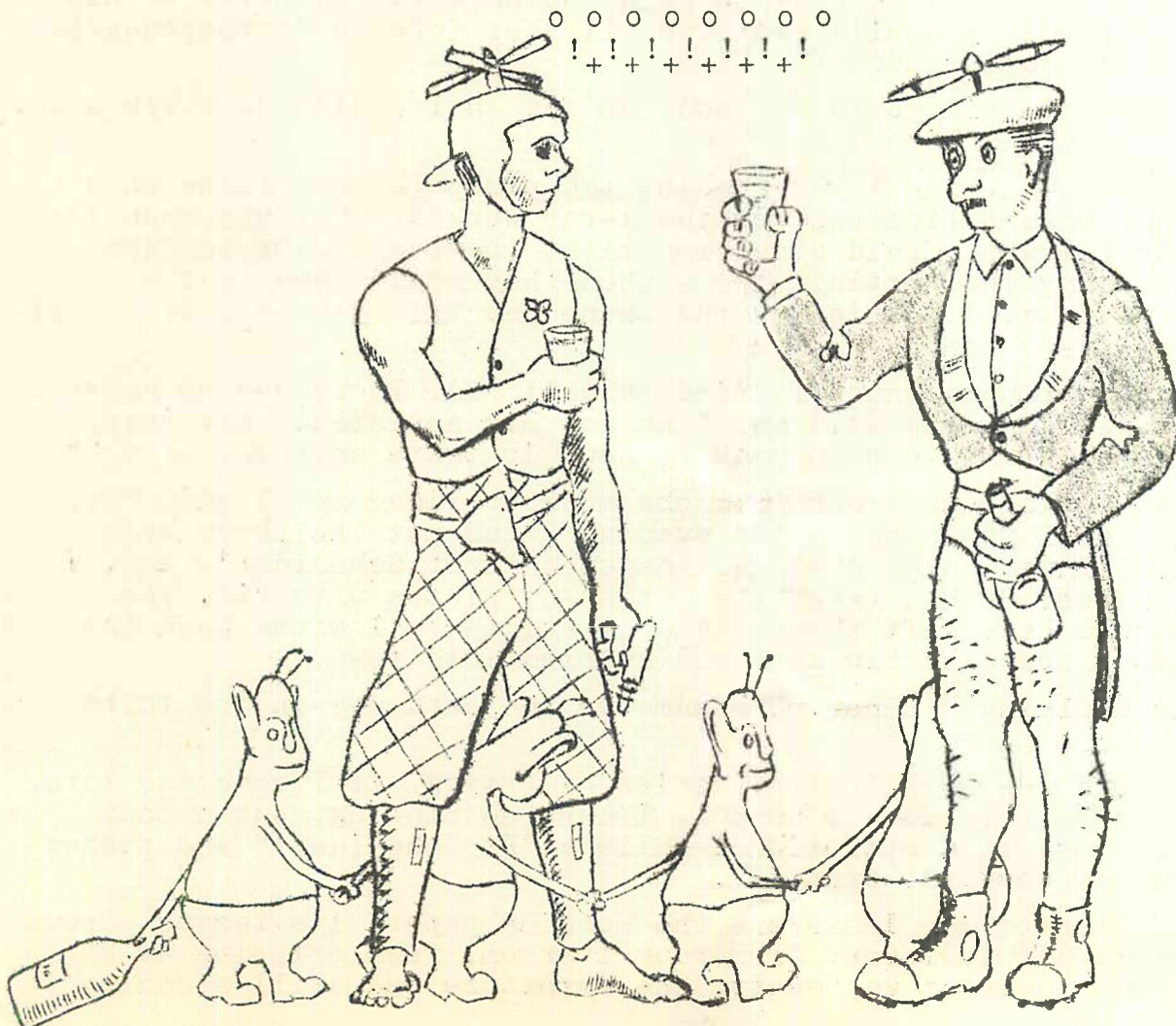
Please help me.

Ann.

Dear Ann;

Stop worrying. Didn't you know fans are all twisted up inside ?

Jan.





TWERPCON 1955

by Maurice Delplace



The air hissed around my saucer. Earth was drawing nearer. Suddenly the engine stops, without previous deceleration. I was on Earth. Satisfied, I put on my helmet, took my gun with its holster, and went out. The sun was shining above me, and I started walking along the street. Really strange that the earthmen, although very different from me, were not astonished to see me. I heard a woman say to her mate: 'Another of these crazy guys!' My three hearts beated faster and faster. A Martian here in the neighbourhood? I suddenly saw, near the window of an isolated house, the sinister crouching body of a man. I came near him and asked him: 'What are you doing here?'

'Sssshhh ! I'm watching my enemies. I must kill them today. My thugs, ten of them, are around here. But...aren't you one of them?'

'Me? Not at all ! I'm an innocent Martian! If you want I can perhaps help you?'

'O.K. You'll go in there to hold their attention. In two hours we'll attack. Get it?'

'Yes. You have weapons?'

'You bet! Look at that!' The man took a horrid thing out of his pocket. It was...a Vargo Statten mag. I gulped: 'Put that thing away!' The man sneered and said 'Each of us has a full bag of them! Now go!'

Almost hypnotised, I turned the corner and knocked at the door. This opened immediately, and before me: A Martian! "In my arms!" I yelled, "dear brother Martian! What's your name?"

"Jan Jansen. But come in." Jansen turned and howled "Hey, fellows, one of us!" "Hurrah!" thundered many voices. A blonde vamp jumped on me and smack, smack. Gosh, even through my helmet, it was so good I fainted.

When I wook up, I was on a sofa, surrounded by many men wearing the helmet of the M.N.F.S. A warm, soft, perfumed arm held my head. Some one said: "Sure it's one of us! Look, he's wearing a beanie!" "Lucky chap! Shamey kissed him!" Out of the corner of my fourth eye, I saw the charming face of the blonde. "O.K.fellas! He's in form again. Do you see how he's looking at Shamey? We can leave him now! Back to the Con, boys."

I sat alone, looking at the males and females playing there. Suddenly I saw a young man come near me. He said: "How are you?"

"Very well, thank you." - "Where do you come from?" he continued. "From Mars," I replied.

"Really? From Eden, Syrtis Major?"

"No! From Utopia," I corrected.

"How do you find the weather here, and the country?"

"Both fine and nice."

"The country is fine indeed," he replied. "But the weather..."

"But the sun was shining, and still is," I said.

"Sure! Jansen paid over \$ 500 to the Meteorogical Office just to have a day of fine weather."

"What a country!" I said. "It's dreadful."

"Sure," the young man went on, "Belgium enjoys six months of rain, and six months of bad weather."

"Well, we do have sandstorms on Mars, but never rain! What's the name of this meeting? And yours?"

"This is the Twerpcon, 1955. I'm called Quiquengrogne."

"What a funny name. Mine's 2985-A7. Who are all these people?"

"They're Trufans!" He showed me a strange looking man and said: "That's Bob Tucker - the man-wow! He'd sell his soul for artistic pics. He's come to collect some Rubens, so he'll have something to look at. Forry beat him last year. - There you have Dynamite Shamey, pretty and not dumb! Alas! She's too clever to be a good woman. - Ah Chee.."

"A vos souhaits!"

"Thank you, but it's not what you're thinking. That is Ah Chee Mercer, a good boy. Jazz has spoiled him though. Nigel Lindsay over there is a genius for writing stories. Well not him, he's dumb, but a little man always helps him! That one over there - that's Wim Struyck.."

"The one with the sandwich boards: Vlaams is de eerste taal der wereld?"

"Yes! He's full of illusions. But he's a good fellow. A bit childlike. The guy next to him, with the great gestures and high head is Charles Bar, our lawyer."

"Do you still have lawyers?" I interrupted.

"Why, yes. How should we laugh without them? When we meet an enemy of sf, Charles drowns him with a flood of words. Nothing more difficult."

"Say, do you have Jovians here?" I enquired.

"Jovians? No!"

"Then what's that with all those tentacles hanging from its chin?"

" Oh, he's Herbeard J.Campbell, the oldie of sf."



"And the fellow who came to open the door when I knocked?"

"Jan Jansen, our well-beloved secretary."

"Why well-beloved?"

"Because that gives him pleasure. And partly because he doesn't disturb us. The perfect secretary in short. He has great qualities, but alas, he likes too much jazz. Cleverness and jazz never go together!"

"This man with a bag - who's he?"

"Walt Willis, the man who spoils all the trousers. Now as long ago. This year he has two zap-guns in each pocket, so that all his suit will be ruined."

Suddenly my heart froze. A monster was creeping in the middle of the room, acclaimed by all the fans, excepting only my friend next to me.

"What's this Arcturian monster?"

"It's worse than an Arcturian monster. It's worse than all the horrors in the Universe! It's the head of the L! It's the perfect jazzfan! It's Dave Vendelmans!!!!"

The thing was wearing two drums, one on his belly and the other on his back. On one of its legs it had a guitar, on which it played with the opposite foot. On the head it had a triangle, between its teeth it clenched a trumpet, in one of its nostrils a saxophone. And whilst all those instruments were being played, it played piano by ear. Looking at it made me quiver with fear, and I was relieved when people moved in between us and the horror. And then, glancing through the window, I saw the snarling face of the fans' enemies. I froze again.

With a few well-chosen words I told the young man everything. He frowned, and mumbling something about staying put, and warning Jansen and the others, he vanished in the crowd. A few moments later he was back. "Jansen will be evacuating the women from the room, and then return," he said. "Shamey will remain as nurse. You know, the blonde!"

The fans were readiend themselves for the defence. All the faces were grim. Like good generals, Jansen and Vendelmans were safely hidden. My friend, Herbeard and myself were right in the middle, and I was full of fear, but I didn't dare show it. My friend however noticed my quivering, and asked: "Cold?", which I admitted. "Yes. It is rather cold!" My friend offered his vest, which I refused saying he rather looked cold too. "Oh, no," he answered - j'ai la trouille - scared stiff!" Shame on me, what I tried to hide he openly admitted.

Suddenly the attack started, with ferocious howls. Throwing Vargo Stat-ten mags the thugs tried to enter the room, but failed to break the barrier of water from the zap-guns. They lost one man, and ten fans were asleep, of no use. Ten times their attacks failed, but by the eleventh there were only six fans left: Jan Jansen, Herbeard, (who had seen too many horrors to be even worried,) Willis, who could resist indefinitely because of his multitudinous zapguns, Wim Struyck, he doesn't understand anything not in Flemish, Dave, who is 'blasé' to such horrors, after all being used to jazz.... and Quiquengrogne, due to his strong health, and even stronger mind. I still remained upstanding mainly through the fact that in my explorations I've seen so many things....

Despair was in our hearts while we listened to the heavy snoring of our fellows. Suddenly, Quiquengrogne said, or rather shouted "Eureka!" or something like that. Whispering ensued... bzzz.... bzzz... bzzz...

Tears filled our eyes, and we patted Quiquengrogne on the shoulder.

# PASSENGERS <sup>TO</sup> THE OTHER SIDE

L. Massiera

With his spade resting on his right shoulder and his lunch-basket in his left hand, Pierre Garraud walked along an infrequently used road in the district Isère, in France.

In spite of the early hour, the morning was fine and the farmer sniffed the air appreciatively. The dew-besprinkled grass smelt clean and fresh, and where the rising sun's rays caught the dew drops, they sparkled and shimmered like jewels. In a nearby copse the birds were singing merrily. Ah, yes, it was grand to be alive.

Coming finally to the cross-roads, the 'Contour' as it was often called by the local inhabitants, he crossed the road in order to attain the bit of land he was working on, when suddenly there was a deafening screech of brakes.

Alarmed, Pierre took a sudden leap forwards and exhaled a long breath of relief. "Oops", he reflected, "That was a close shave."

Resuming his way a bit shakily, whilst cursing the recklessness of automobilists, he approached the little winding path that led to his particular field. Suddenly, to his amazement, he noticed a peculiar disk-shaped object resting on the ground about ten yards away. He judged it to be about 15 yards in diameter and about 6 yards high.

Before he had time to recover from his surprise, a door in the side of this peculiar object opened and a tall man emerged. He wore a strange dark costume that covered him completely. Only part of his face was visible, his head being encased in a sort of helmet that seemed to be manufactured from black rubber.

Pierre Garraud - like most people - had read about those so-called 'flying' saucers' that had been sighted in various parts of the world, although he had never given much credence to these tales which he dismissed as so much fantasy.

Now, however, coming face to face with what certainly appeared to be a visitor from another world, he was, to put it mildly, definitely shaken.

With a whimsical smile the stranger approached and greeted him in excellent French.

"Who --- who are you?" faltered Pierre.

With a gentle laugh, the stranger replied: " Well, the ancients called me Caron. They argued - and rightly so - that I was sent to guide the souls of the dead on the Styx."

With a sweeping gesture he indicated the 'saucer' and explained: "This is my ship, with its load of passengers."

For the first time Pierre noticed there were men and women comfortably seated in the 'saucer'.

"I've come to collect those who have died here on earth," the stranger continued, "in order to conduct them to another planet where a new and better life awaits them!"

With a courteous smile he said, "Would you mind stepping inside, Mr Garraud?"



"But I'm not dead!" exclaimed the poor farmer, to whom the whole incident seemed like a horrible nightmare.

The stranger smiled sympathetically and pointed to a spot behind Pierre..."Look over there..."

Pierre Garraud turned round and froze - - his 'body' was lying sprawled at the side of the roadway, where the car had thrown it after striking it a violent - and fatal - blow.

It took a couple of minutes before he finally realised the truth, and then, still a bit dazed from the shock, but drawn by some irresistible force, he turned and slowly followed the tall stranger into the ship...

'!!!!'

(Translated from the original French by DV.)

- - - - -



Don't you dare talk about  
Flying Saucers to ME ...

BA

=====

T W E R P C O N      1 9 5 5 .

+++++

Yes femmes and fen... This time it's the real thing: an ANTWERP SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION will be held here on July 30th.

It won't be a large-scale affair; we haven't the means nor the members, but we will have fun...

Amongst those honouring us with their presence we might mention: Nic Oosterbaan, Wim Struyck and maybe Ben Abas from Holland; Anna Steul of Germany; Mr. & Mrs. Rombout (Willy to you) Mr. & Mrs. Roscoe (Harry to you; Mr. & Mrs. Jansen (Jan to you) and Mr. & Mrs. Vendelmans (NUTS to you). etc..etc...

# Lib's Corner ~ Maurice Delplace

M/D

## TWO STORIES BY JULES VERNE.

I hope that all you readers know just who Jules Verne is. Known for his various scientific novels, his 'TWO THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA' should by now be familiar to you, if only because of the film. A friend once told me: "Jules Verne is not a science fiction author. He never wrote about the future, but only about the past or about his own times, and the scientific wonders he described are merely a vulgarisation of science already known in his time. He did not invent anything truly original, as does Wells in his novels."

Reluctantly I agreed with my friend, and that after having thought of Jules Verne as the grandfather of science fiction. With Wells as father, and Uncle Hugo as nurse.

Some months ago I found an old book by Verne which I had not previously seen. It was an anthology entitled: "HIER ET DEMAIN". Interested I glanced through the book rather quickly. The first stories were a disappointment: two of them were fairy tales, both delightful, but I'm no longer young enough to appreciate that stuff. Alas. The third was a story in the manner of Victor Hugo's 'Les Misérables', whilst the fourth was a satire on the American way of making money, and their mania of "seeing big".

I was so utterly disgusted at the trend of the book that I would have put it away forever, if the title of the next story hadn't been so impressive: 'LA JOURNÉE D'UN JOURNALISTE AMÉRICAIN EN L'AN 2889'. At last! A novelette of the future, and by Jules Verne. That would teach my friend. The last story in the book also seemed promising with as title: 'L'ÉTERNEL ADAM'. I bought the book and went home, where I enjoyed both stories thoroughly. It took me two hours to notice something truly astonishing in these tales. The first, fiercely optimistic is in the usual Verne style. But the second was a revelation in that it was the first story of his I read that was so utterly pessimistic.

The plots are as follows: In the year 2889, on the 25th of July, Francis Bennett, owner and director of the great newspaper 'Earth Herald', visits, as is his custom, the different sections of the building. That is all. Nevertheless, on this simple basis Verne builds an enthralling novelette, and true science fiction. I insist, not a science but a science Fiction story. He describes amongst others some wonders that still await invention: the telephot, permitting people to speak and see each other across the Atlantic; he speaks of a sub-Atlantic tube (and we haven't even got around to the Channel Tunnel); he presents us with an Interstellar Communications Room, the telephonic newspaper, and how men have ~~changed~~ chained the tidal energy. These 'inventions' are still currently in use in science fiction, and the Verne novelette was written in 1889. Shame on our engineers and scientists. Of course, Verne mocks both American and English in this story. With him, Americans never doubt anything - Francis asks the director of the I.C.R. why there are no answers from the room. The scientist answers that there are no inhabitants on the face of the moon facing us, but that maybe there was life on the other side. "Alright," answers Bennett, "ask my staff to find a way of turning the moon about." So simple! In another sequence, Bennett receives members



of various delegations. The Ambassador of Great Britain whispers: "This is the end. UK and Canada are in the hands of the US, India in the hands of Russia, Australia and New Zealand are free! What remains of the British Empire? Nothing - less than nothing!" "Nothing, sir?" replies Bennett, "Nothing? And Gibraltar?" I hope you can catch the spirit of the story. This was first printed in English by 'THE FORUM' an American magazine in 1889. It was later translated by the author himself in French. Well, collectors of early sf, good hunting!

L'ETERNEL ADAM relates the discovery of an old manuscript by the Zartog Sofr-Aï-Sr, archeologist. The civilisation at the time of the story is situated on the only continent, called Mahart-Iten-Schu (Land of the four seas) united in one great empire. Science had made great progress in the time of Sofr. So, 'tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles'. Sofr thought: "Why should Man be stopped somewhere? It would be illogical!" And he thinks about the wonders accomplished by science, sure that man will have a glorious fate. Only one thing disturbs him: "Whence came Man?" The simple folk believe that the first humans were Hedom and Hiva. Yes, but the scientists were seeking for a scientific explanation which could not be found. The manuscript discovered by Zartog Sofr gives a simple and cruel answer. It tells of the disappearance of our civilisation in the twenty-second century. There are no earthquakes, no volcanic outbursts, no planets threatening Earth, the continents just disappear beneath the seas. Not a flood, more like a drowning. Thirty men and a few women escape on an old boat and luckily land on a great continent that has newly risen, and which they find to be ancient Atlantis, with ruins of huge cities.

As time goes on, they become more and more beastlike. The narrator, a Frenchman, had to make a great effort to write the manuscript and to note down an account of all the sciences of his civilisation. The manuscript stops there. Zartog Sofr is able to guess what happened afterwards; the regress, and the gradual return to civilisation. And he thought that ancient Atlantis must also once have been a great empire, then vanished. And before that, there may have been even others. Despair is in the heart of Sofr as he wonders whether human struggle is after all in vain. Jules Verne does not give an opinion.

Never has Verne written such a pessimistic story. The plot is used very often by science fiction authors, but they can't carry the shock Verne supplied, because of the contrast with his other work. Some people believe that this story has not been written entirely by Verne himself, but that another author completed it after Verne's death, or collaborated with him. It was first published after Verne's death now fifty years ago. Both stories are certainly true science fiction, which could have been written by the imaginative talents of a Sturgeon or Simak, and is well above many stories I've read.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH SCRIPT BY JJ.)

§ Editor's note: Maurice Delplace will handle Librarian's Corner reviews in our next issues. Various readers have expressed a desire to see more comparisons made between work by continental authors and translations from English or American writers. Maurice has been informed of this, and he'll try.

Do tell what you prefer in this respect - we'll gladly pass any comments to Maurice for consideration.

A guest review, or rather bird's eye view, of French science fiction by 'Belinda' following this, has not been translated, as some readers seemed to enjoy figuring out what all that foreign stuff was about...

C'est un grand honneur pour moi que d'avoir été choisi par la seule revue belge spécialisée en Science-Fiction pour parler à coeur ouvert, à ses lecteurs fidèles, des meilleurs livres de la saison littéraire. La revue littéraire de Science-Fiction chargée s'il en est. En effet, après de longs tâtonnements et une évolution lente, ce genre de littérature, attrayant entre tous, instructif aussi, qui a été lancé en France par les Editions du Fleuve Noir, c'est amplifié, gonflé, si je puis dire, de la meilleure sève, et connaît actuellement, grâce à l'injonction de deux nouvelles séries, un succès sans pareil... et sans précédent!

Mais nous devons nous empresser de dire que, seule, la maison Fleuve Noir est et restera sans doute la meilleure d'entre toutes. S'étant adjointe les services d'une magnifique phalange de jeunes auteurs talentueux, elle a conquis, haut la main, la première place.

Parmi ses jeunes auteurs méritants, très méritants, nous devons citer en premier lieu notre Confrère et Ami Jimmy Guieu, qui vient de se voir décerner le Grand Prix de Science-Fiction 1954 du Club des Intellectuels Français, dirigé par le grand poète et littérateur Jean Auvray. Son livre "L'HOMME DE L'ESPACE" est non seulement une étude poussée de la plus pure science, de la plus saine psychologie futuriste, mais encore un message, un puissant message de paix, de sérénité certaine, auxquelles nous accéderont tous après des années de sacrifice moral, physique, et peut-être corporel. Son oeuvre, d'une implacable lucidité, d'une netteté qui force l'admiration, je la recommande à tous les amateurs du genre.

Jimmy Guieu est la flèche de pointe, l'éclaireur de la Science-Fiction; une sorte de prophète moderne qui ne cherche pas à imposer ses idées, mais qui les impose quand même... Son art n'est ni unique, ni double, mais bien triple. Dans ma "REVUE DES DERNIERS LIVRES PARUS" qui passe régulièrement dans le quotidien "L'AVENIR DES TOURNAISIS", je lui prédisais déjà un bel avenir, de même qu'une oeuvre primée, lors de la parution de son livre "LES SOUCOUPES VOLANTES VIENNENT D'UN AUTRE MONDE" (Fleuve Noir Hors-Série), qui est un document exceptionnel, littéralement bouleversant et que je recommande également à tous les amateurs de vérités premières et indiscutables. Qu'il continue donc sur sa lancée, cet auteur d'une rare puissance d'évocation, traducteur de la Vérité, amoureux de la Vie, pour le plus grand bien de ses contemporains.

En seconde place, l'auteur anglais Vargo Statton se classe très justement avec son livre: "A TRAVERS LES AGES" (Across the Ages), devançant d'un rien l'étonnant "TERRITOIRE ROBOT", de Jean-Gaston Vandel.

"A TRAVERS LES AGES" est une vision effarante, un voyage dans l'avenir, traité avec une étonnante maestria. Mais la palme "dans le technico-fantastique", revient à Jean-Gaston Vandel. Les héros de son "Territoire Robot" sont des "Mogs", construits par les savants de l'an 2.000 et quelque... Un philanthrope désœuvré, en grand secret, frête un vaisseau intersidéral et, après un voyage sans histoire, dépose sur Mercure une colonie de robots fondateurs, avec du matériel de construction et, dans leurs cerveaux électroniques, toutes les connaissances humaines accumulées.



Le rythme haletant qui, dès ce moment-là, remplit le livre m'autorise à dire que " TERRITOIRE ROBOT" dépasse même les Wells, les Lovecraft, les French, de la meilleure veine.

Charles Henneberg a vu couronner son roman d'anticipation : " LA NAISSANCE DES DIEUX", bel ouvrage, instructif et humain, qui ne manque pas de profondeur ni de psychologie, par le Jury du Grand Prix du Roman d'Anticipation Scientifique (Prix Rosny André). Il est paru aux Editions Métal.

Citons encore, pour terminer, quelques titres intéressants :

- 1) Gabriel Véraldi - "LA MACHINE HUMAINE", roman de Science-Fiction paru chez Gallimard et ayant remporté le Prix Fémina.
- 2) Jimmy Guieu - " OPERATION APHRODITE", collection Anticipation du Fleuve Noir.
- 3) R. Teldy Naim - " CECI ARRIVERA HIER" , collection " Les Horizons Fantastiques"
- 4) Pour les spécialistes de la recherche, de l'étude poussée : de P. Cossa : " LA CYBERNETIQUE (DU CERVEAU HUMAIN AUX CERVEAUX ARTIFICIELS)" éditions Masson; et
- 5) "ERE ATOMIQUE, AN XII", de Gordon Dean, à la "Table Ronde".

Enfin, pour les amateurs du genre qui manquent de temps ou que la lecture d'un livre fatigue, je ne puis m'empêcher de signaler l'excellente revue mensuelle "FICTION", dirigée par l'éminent Maurice Renault, de "Mystère-Magazine" et de Radio-Paris. Chaque mois, sous une présentation identique à celle de "Constellation" , cette publication vous présente des nouvelles de Science-Fiction, de fiction pure, fantastiques et étranges, par les meilleurs nouvellistes du genre, où nous épinglerons Léopold Massiéra, Alain Dorémieux, Lord Dunsany, Jack Finney et Michel Carrouges.

L'ère de la Science-Fiction a débuté. Son coeur bat à un rythme étonnant.

Qu'elle vive! Qu'elle vive longtemps!

FRANK PETER BELINDA.

ooo0000000000000000000

Hi folks,

This is Dave again. It seems we have a space to fill in here, and neither Jan nor myself having any inspiration, I just thought I would include here some egoboo for my Jazzine, on which I have started, but which isn't yet finished by a long chalk...

I may tell you however, that it should be rather interesting, containing as it does several interesting and constructive (or maybe destructive) articles by such famous persons as : Daphne Buckmaster, Nigel Lindsay, John Hynam, Dick Ellington, Archie Mercer, etc...

It also contains a long "short" story by Henry Anton Seig, a famous "Jazzy" author, called "First love", which is all about a musician who plays the double bass, or bass viol as the author calls it. True jazz lovers will appreciate this story very much. I did, so that should be enough recommendation shouldn't it ?  
(Did I hear a fruity noise just now ?)

Date of publication : you kiddin' ?

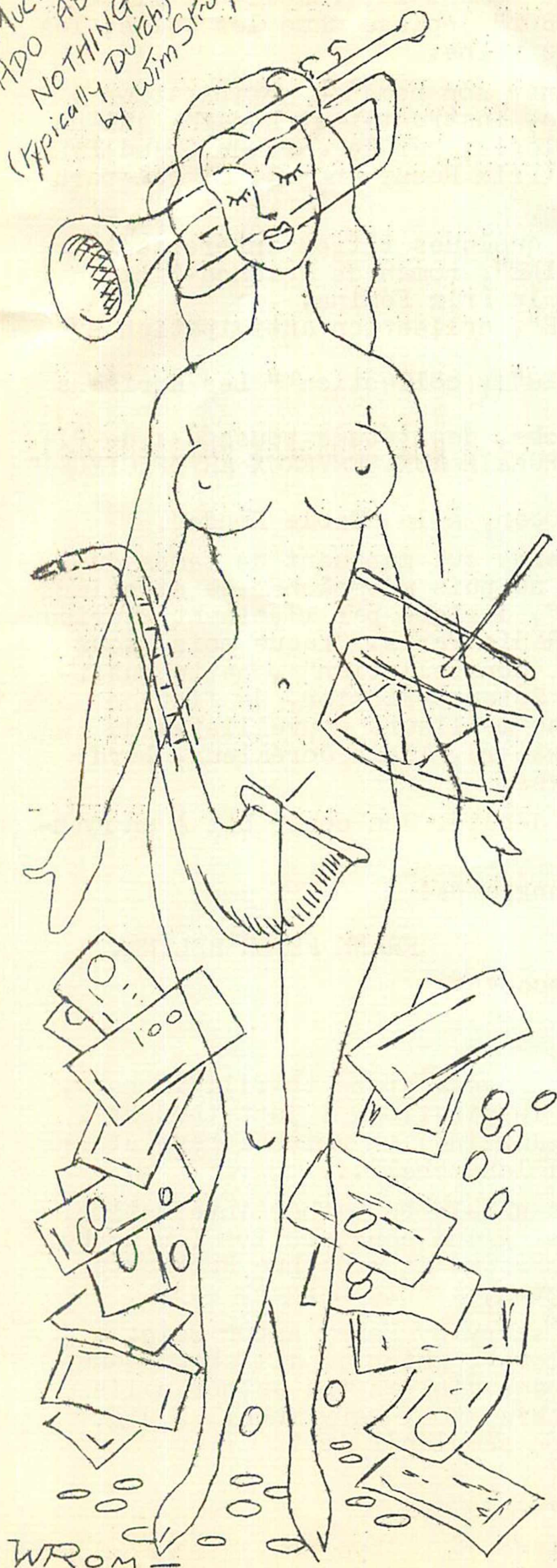
Frequency of publication: (-ditto-)

'bye now.

*Dave*



MUCH  
ADO ABOUT  
NOTHING  
(Typically Dutch)  
by Wim Struyck



There's been a lot of argument and shouting (either cool or hot) about Jazz. Now please don't think I'm complaining about Jazz in a sf fan-zine, though you might expect other subjects (says Jan). Personally I like every kind of Jazz, as long as it swings and is improvisable, which both cool and hot may do and be. I can't understand why Boplovers seem to hate Dixeyland so much, and vice versa. But being a professional musician myself, I've every reason to second this unreasonable attitude and to be mighty interested in the fact that arguments among our public still exist. We know of course that the greater part of all those Bop lovers, and all those orthodox Dixieland fans in reality have not the slightest understanding for music.

But who cares? Not the musicians. For us; music is music. Good or bad, just like that. But the more possibilities for our public, the more possible buyers. And to reveal, exclusively for Alphans, a centuries old secret: this means more money for musicians!

Now all this has very little to do with sf or fantasy. (says Jan). But here he might be wrong. (You do admit I'm usually right then, Wim?) Because some of you might ask: What do musicians want that money for? What do they do with it? And I might answer that it was none of your business. I don't ask you how you spend your dough. Do I? There seems to be a kind of civilised rule forbidding such questions. But suppose I did ask - and that you asked - and that we both replied honestly. Suppose we started a line of thought in that direction....

Try it out for yourself! Or better, don't! I did, and already regret it. I got some rather sinister notions. And it started so innocently. My money for instance, where does it go?

Some of it is spent on books, some goes to pay for Alpha, the rest (approx. 3/4) however, goes to my wife, and previously, when I was still a bachelor, to a lot of nice girls.

Now let's take Jan. When I'm finished with him, I'll return him. (+ Why? DV.=)



He gets a lot of money for Alpha, and makes enormous profits. That stands to reason. Sure, in return he has to spend some of it on the mag, and occasionally he even pays for a book to read. But the rest? Well, he's got a wife too. Not that it'd make any difference! May I ask the bachelors among us to supply proof to that statement? You needn't go into details, just figure it out concisely. It's always the same in the end. You'll find that three quarters of the francs, dollars, pounds or whatever currency you employ, and for which you have to slave all and every day, in the hands of your wife ~~or~~ and girlfriends. The one quarter you keep (if you're lucky!) is spent on books, liquor and Alpha. Just the things that keep a man quiet, satisfied and obedient.

Yes, obedient! We could have all the earth to enjoy, travel to Hawaii or Volendam if we had the money. We could have expeditions to the moon and the planets today, IF only we spent more money on research and construction. Instead we give it to women, and satisfy ourselves with imagination. With science fiction. Bah!

But for heaven's sake, WHY ? What do we get in return? No, no, don't tell me. The answers would be censored out anyway. But is it worth all those other things? Be your age. Why have women such a strange power over us? Why do we need them so much? Say, do we really need them? ((\$Don't you?\$\$)

Children, I hear you say. The continuance of our race! Now we're coming to the point. Sure we need women, that is: real women; not the kind of overpowerful creatures, angelic as they may seem, that populate our Earth now. Think about it objectively. No man understands a woman. Their hair is different, their skin is different, they are called the 'weaker' sex - but they do all the things we do and some even better. Their eyes look different, their legs are different, their taste in clothes, in pleasure is different - and did you ever notice those strange, alluring, but definitely 'alien' curves they possess? Ah, you did? I thought so!

And who denies their power over us? In your meetings with women - did you always feel real comfortable, really real, with them? never a bit lost for words? - did you never get the feeling you were being taken for a sucker? that there is some hidden intention behind their words, their gestures? Something that always seems to escape you for the moment -- but that nevertheless is there. Something out of this world?

Yesterday was my night off. Being a musician I work in the evening and early morning. The weather was rather bad, and we stayed at home, my wife and I, instead of going places, as we usually do. There's a lot to say for an evening at home when you're not accustomed to it. A nice warm room, an easy chair, strong coffee, etc. Everything as cosy as can be. I was reading, (yes, what else?), my wife was reading and knitting. (You try and do two things at the same time fellows!) And then, just when I looked up to my wife, and to those afore-mentioned curves I admit, I all at once felt a kind of chill. The feeling of something terrible, some hypercold intelligence, something far-away yet all around me in my own cosy room. And mind you, no nasty jokes about my wife. There's nothing terrible about her: she's nice, she loves me and all that... How can I describe the feeling? I'm not E. A. Poe!

Next day, this morning, papers reported another flying saucer sighting. Right in our neighbourhood. Now was there some link? I didn't see any

flying saucers. And my wife doesn't believe in them.

However there seem to be a lot of women who let their saucers, and cups, fly when they're mad at their husbands. They never throw chairs, or books, or clocks. Always saucers! They have a special love for saucers, it seems. When for instance, a woman presents you with a piece of cake or chocolate or something, small enough to put in your big mouth in one bite, most of them, even then, first lay the morsel on a saucer. They even put the flower-pots on saucers, and a cup without its saucer is something unimaginable to them. Is there some psychic relation between their love for saucers and these flying saucers?

My next free evening will be spent at home again. I planned a dance which she likes very much as a rule, but she'd planned another 'cosy' evening. So that's that. 'Woman is fickle' as an old Italian composer called one of his more popular tunes. (He's dead now). And it does save money, and it had been a nice evening on the whole that is. Nevertheless, it might be wise Jan, to send you the letter now, because there have been some developments which I hesitate to commit to paper along with this. She's not nousey, but who can tell what might happen? And I'll await that next evening 'at home'. So I'll tell you afterwards my fears .. sometime next week. Fade out for now....

Wim.

\$\$\$ Ed's note:

That promised letter didn't arrive that next week, and after some impatient waiting, I wrote Wim to demand the final part of this column. Don't know what got into him, but after a lot of meaningless chatter about books, mags and films, he wrote:

"Well, Jan, I don't quite understand what you mean by 'the column' I sent you and which I ought to complete. You must have mistaken me for someone else, possibly Teun? Or is this just a twist to your persistent hinting? Nothing doing. I'm no author, as I've told you many a time, and I don't want to be one. Best wishes....."

What with the above and with Ann's earlier complaints, I am beginning to get worried.

- T H E N D -

TWERPCON by Maurice Delplace - continued.

"You'll be the Saviour of Trufandom" they said.

Our friend took the Vargo Statten mag on the floor, and when the thugs came on again, opened it, and started reading., yelling really, the text of the latest Vargo story. Two enemies dropped instantly, and the rest fled with shrieks of pure terror. Full of hatred our friend went after them, howling out each line.

An hour later he returned, dead tired and hoarse, to find all the fans nursed back to health by Shamey. He said: "They'll never return!" and Shamey jumped him and..smack!smack!.. Jealously Dave whispered to the effect that if she wasn't so drunk, she wouldn't touch him at all. Ugh! The party ended gloriously in a riot of dance and song. I know Jan forced me to take a sub to Alpha, and I found myself in my saucer next morning, still trying to sing..horribly false! What my wife said about the red on my face? Oh well... but she didn't go back to her mother. I had a lovely time. I'll be back in fifty six, fans!

Translator's note: By some curious timecontraction, this story came to me before the date of the Twerpcon. Quiquengrogne: Sourpuss! Gosh! Then I'm the hero! Whow!

M.D. (sp)

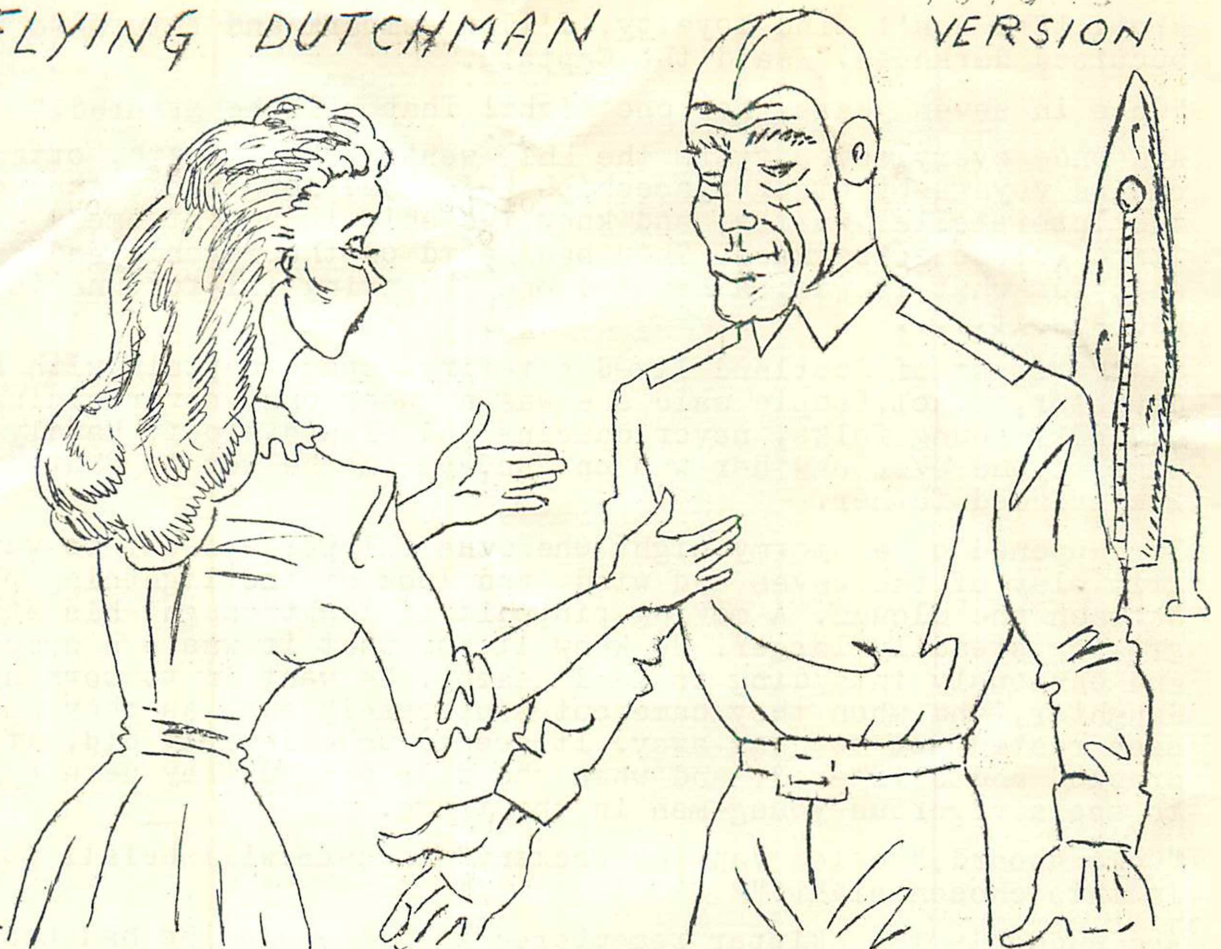


# THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

FUTURE  
VERSION

BY

TECH-NO-LOG-ICAL



WRom-

Captain Van der Decken desperately tried to keep his spaceship and demoralised crew together in an intense darkness such as he had never imagined possible. He only knew that he must be in a projecting darkness, in nature not unlike the Horsehead Nebula, for ages known to astronomers as a patch of interstellar matter in the constellation of Orion.

He was a well known solar explorer on the various planets, and he was chosen among many other competitors to make the first interstellar flight. But the transition to stellar drive had gone astray and they found themselves in a desperate situation, for fear of darkness is inherent on man and beast, and the crew was paralysed with fear, and in no condition to think or work coherently.

But Van der Decken, blue-eyed, tanned and handsome, was certainly not an ordinary man. He had fought with Martians and Venusians, pestered Mercurians, and attempting to get to Sirius, and he knew no fear! He was known for his temperament, and in this ugly situation, unable to move his crew, his fury rose to such extent, that he lifted his hands and swore a terrible oath.

"Nothing shall prevent me from reaching my goal, if it so be that I try till Judgment Day!" And the ship went on and on, darkness did not lift up its ugly head, and time could not touch ship or crew. The ship did not fall apart - the crew showed no sign of old age.

"Met me die," prayed the captain, but the only answer came from the devil who answered: "Until Judgment Day you will try - unless you are delivered by the love and loyalty of a girl. But loyalty does not exist in this part of the Universe!"

"Let me go back to Earth once in seven years and land on some remote

spot. If I don't find loyalty, I'll re-embark and return to this accursed darkness," said the Captain.

"Once in seven years, for one night! That will be granted."

And once every seven years the ship went back to Earth, often seen on its voyage by other spaceships which had long since conquered the interstellar wastes, and knew the ship to be extremely old by its obsolete appearance. They had heard of the legend, and knew the ship for what it was: a haunted one, bringing ill-fortune to those who saw it.....

On the coast of Scotland lived a retired space captain with his only daughter, Ethel. People said she was a queer one, never mixing with ordinary young folks, never dancing and always aloof. Hardly the only time anyone ever saw her was on Sundays on the way to church with her stern faced father.

It happened on a stormy night when the skipper was out to watch the grim play of the waves and wind, and look at the lightning playing between the clouds. A moving pinpoint of light caught his attention, growing steadily larger. He knew it for what it was - a spaceship - and obviously intending to land nearby. He went in to warn his daughter, and when they came out a spaceship such as they had never seen rested not too far away. It seemed unbelievably old, its hull cracked and blistered, and when the door opened they were not amazed to see a vigorous young man in the frame.

"Come aboard," cried Van der Decken, "no harm will befall you or me in this chosen night!"

And suddenly the skipper remembered the legend as he had heard it long ago and with sinking heart he realised that this was truly the Flying Dutchman. "Let me stay the night in your house," Van der Decken asked, "and all I have is yours."

"Come with me," said the Scot. "Yes, sir, that's my daughter," he answered a bit later to the Captain's question. "I would marry her," mused the Captain.

"You cannot mean it, sir. Such a rich and famous man as you.."

"Is she faithful? Honest?" parried Van der Decken.

"She is, sir," affirmed the Scot as they went their way to the house. The daughter received him as a long awaited guest, and without speaking she pointed to the ancient print, showing a blue-eyed, handsome man, with a remarkable likeness to the Dutchman. Then she spoke: "It is this man I love, not the people of his time!"

"Silent," said the Captain. "Is there no utter darkness outside? No calling from the crew?"

"No. The stars shine, and everything is silent," she replied.

"Do you love me? You know who I am," said the Captain. "Tell me your name," she said.

"If I told you, you wouldn't love me any longer," was the reply.

"It doesn't matter," she insisted.

"I'm the Flying Dutchman. I've tempted the devil and only through the loyalty and love of a person can I be delivered from the eternal darkness in outer space. When this happens, I can finally rest in peace. Your love is for a dying man."



"Still I love you."

A moment of silence. Then the Captain rose saying: "Darkness is falling again. I must go at once. I can hear the crew calling!"

"Wait! I'll go with you!"

"No, you mustn't. Stay here!"

"I'm coming," and picking up her coat she followed him out.

"I don't want you to go with me. It will be your death too. You're young, and fair. Your life is still before you and mine is nothing but sorrows and misery. Farewell."

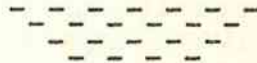
"I'm faithful. Your fate is that I'm faithful."

"I order you to stay," the captain spoke rather harshly.

"I go with you," replied the girl, and she went alongside him to the waiting ship. The door closed behind them, and they were seen no more by mortal man.

The retired Scot watched the ship hurl itself upwards, and saw the terrible explosion. Newspapers told of the tremor, and reported that the seismographs recorded the source as being alongside the Clyde, improbable though that would seem.

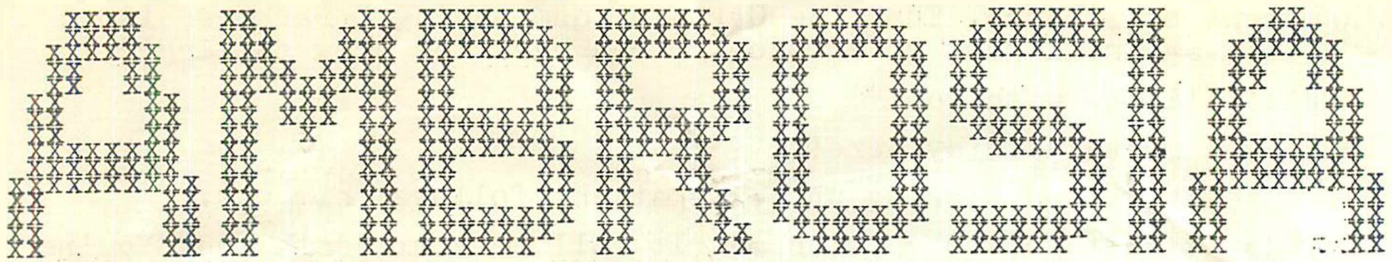
TvI.



#### ON THE SUBJECT OF MAILS .

=====

Of recent times more and more fanzine editors are using staples as the means for forwarding their fanzines. They staple it as would have to be done for normal reading, then just put another couple of staples on at the opposite side of the sheets, addressing the mag on either front or backover. I don't know how these mags arrive at destinations in their home country, but barring few exceptions the condition is deplorable when they finally land in the postbox here. Postal authorities here have shown their goodwill by occasionally wrapping up the parcel, and tying string around it. However, they have to receive the loose sheets together in order to be able to do that. One recent offender was UMBRA which arrived complete but partly in shreds as if it wasn't bad enough that this issue should have been one of the worst printed I've seen from John. The worst case, a good week ago, was The Cosmic Frontier. Of this I received the backover, where a sticker proclaimed its destination, plus one odd sheet not numbered, having a letter of Ted White. Where's the rest of the issue? I don't know, presumably at some PO. But would faneds please make sure the stapling is done only when the paper is strong enough to hold them on a three week's journey?



NIC OOSTERBAAN:

It seems as if the SUPERMANCON has set a pattern or rather a lack of pattern from which all subsequent cons will be unable to escape. Now this CYTRICON for instance did indeed have some sort of an official programme, but that was only good for laughs. So was the convention itself, but it had nothing in common with the programme. Nevertheless, what with beanies, zap-guns and other people's girlfriends we had a jolly good time, took most lunches in liquid form and went to bed tired and late, if at all...

I arrived at Kettering by such an improbable means of transport as a British train. People kept telling me that this actually was a fast one, being steam-driven and only stopping every now and then, but I sure would have loved to see the slow train. Well, I suppose that England is at the moment busy preparing matter transmission, so they don't spend much money on their railways anymore. If they ever did... In Kettering I was shown the right way by a nice young lady, who paid no attention whatsoever to my continental approach and flatly refused a cup of coffee. I was lucky, at that, for at the Royal Hotel I found a small crowd of assorted fans and one femme, so that I really needed no one to talk to. I could just sit down and listen after being introduced.

Among them was a girl who introduced herself as Shamey Marriot; but later on would prove to be neither of them. Neither ashamed, nor even married I mean.

Some of the fans still knew my face and name from the CORONCON, and I was surprised to note how many of them knew the name ALPHA. We sat around, wisecracking and egoboosting, for a while, until the climax of the British day came about. The bar opened up. Soon we all had lunch together and I was happy that there was some Dutch gin in the house. Eating crackers and drinking gin in the raw I noticed some icy stares from the natives, who after all must have been used to something. Being science-fiction fans, I mean. Well, I guess it just gave them the creeps.

To our Flemish and Dutch friends who ever plan to go to an English convention I give the advice to bring their own liquor along, as the way they serve a 'borrel' at the bars over there is entirely adapted to British alcoholic carrying capacity (low) and the income of a Wallstr. banker or a trade union boss (high prices). But it tastes just the same, anyhow.

In the afternoon the crowd began to arrive and soon the real convention spirits took over. I'm not quite sure when and where I saw my first beanie and zapgun, but in a few hours they were all over the place. My personal prize for the most luxurious beanie goes to Eric Jones, who had constructed some sort of head contraption incorporating all well-known scientific apparatus and several unknown ones as well.

The zapguns of that first day, however, were nothing compared with the secret weapons the Birmingham people (?) brought with them. Real zap-cannon they were. I am sorry to report that at least one of them -



a gun, I mean - did not return to Birmingham as it was wrung from the owner, Paul Hemmett's hand and ruined on the spot by the angry owner of a projection screen, that had been inundated by said zap cannon.

Except zapping, and drinking, the third pastime of the con-attendants seemed to be the collecting of quotes, and I'm really wondering if the freedom of the British Press goes so far as to see many of them published. I hope it does go so far, for the fanzines that publish them will undoubtedly get real value on the general readers' market.

Not being in the habit of editing a fanzine myself, I could not help laughing when I saw how these unlucky people tried to sell each other the products of their fanactivity. I only broke down for FEMIZINE, as my resistance against girls has always been low. Low necklines, low lights, low resistance. Low character too.

Too bad you and Dave were not along, for the three of us might have helped a lot to the improvement of mutual understanding between the English. You should have heard them speak. Well, after a few drinks the talk went almost basic. About the facts of life, I mean. One quote I Remember: "Girls are great!" from Anthony Klein. There also seem to have been a good many quotes from Norman Wansborough. Must have been good ones, too, the way he went around talking and talking and talking...

Frances Evans was there too. With her she had what she referred to as her husband. Well, I would not know, but being a husband myself I guess this boy really has a hell of a job. Working overtime to do away with the guys that keep crawling and bawling around. Anyhow he looks the steady sort to me, let's hope he'll pull through.

So far I haven't said a word about the famous drink of this convention BLOG. "Once you had a Blog, you won't try anything else." Brian Burgess told me he'd had her - once only - and had taken to strong lemon squash afterwards. At least Brian has one point in his favour. He doesn't drink, but I feel he really should. By the way I'm not sure that the 'her' he referred to was really Blog, it also might have been a female of his species. With Brian you can never tell...

Peter Hamilton produced the first bottle of Blog. Well, it looked as if he had boiled a few issues of Authentic Science Fiction and had carefully done away with the usable stuff in it. The rest was Blog. It's anybody's guess what percentage of waste there was in those Authentics.

Well, as I guess that Ron Bennett, Alpha's official United Kingdom representative will have a report of sorts in your next issue I'll stop rambling. Anyhow, it has been nice seeing so many English fans - again or for the first time - and I hope to see a bigger Continental delagation at the next Con.

\$\$\$ We received a Con report for possible publication, but with many that will be published in British fanzines, we feel it a bit out of place to have yet another. The above was used mainly in order that fans on the continent would get some idea of what went on at Kettering.

How about following Norman Wansborough precedents of earlier years, and organising a Continental invasion next year. Would anyone over here interested in going "en masse" please contact either of us?

If, as some British fans are trying to do, the next British con should be the Worldcon, we should at least try and get as many nationalities there as possible. Making it a real representative Worldcon, which the similar-named Convention in the US hasn't been able to manage too often.

ANNE STEUL:

Deep down on my knees, amid a stream of tears wept in most sincere sorrow and regret, front touching cold stones, I, the undersigned, make the following statement:

If ever a worthy course has deliberately been slandered, it was ALPHA such misdeed done in my letters. No apologies will ever repay this unforgivable crime. Down here in the dust and dirt I crawl on my stomach and hardly dare to raise mine eyes to the lofty glorious hills whence ALPHA sends its lifegiving rays in such splendour as to blind such pitiful creatures the like of me. How dare I? In shame and deepest sorrow I confess and repent. Hardly dare I hope to be receiving such bliss as forgiving would be. I am sorry for every single word I ever mentioned about ALPHA or even dare think the thoughts I might have had.

On my behalf there is only the faint excuse that I must have been in the weird and powerful nets of an alien web. Furthermore I plead ignorance. If ever it might be considered as an excuse, please, please do. I was stupid, I am Stupid, I will ever be STUPID, so put me either in an asylum or forgive me this once. I can't sleep any more, I can't eat anymore, I hardly dare breath anymore, before my account has been settled. Have pity on me, I won't ever do it again!!! Never will I yap off my big fat mouth again about ALPHA, its editors and you Jan, especially. So I am sorry. So I ask forgiveness. So what will you do? I enjoyed "Line of Descent", "The Murky Way", the info about other fanzines. (I didn't even know what they were before I saw last Authentic). "It didn't affect me!" Heck, the guy could use my triper almost any day in the week, the whole week long. Send him over here will you? Poor lazy little me does still kowtow and wait for the benediction and absolution. How about it fellers and gals? Won't you forgive this once?

.....Saviour of this poor girls life in your very first letter, you nearly killed me now. This is, I believe, the third time my poor old and starving mother had to pay 50 Pf or 1/2 DMark Strafpporto (Postage Due) on one of your letters. "Who is it from? That guy in Belgium again! Huh! He always does it, next time I just send it back!" she threatened. Whenever someone makes her part with her money, she struggles and struggles with the urge to kill. So, if you want to stay alive for a short while, make sure your letters heavy though they may be, don't weigh too much. In my next letter I will include an invisible ration ticket for 100 hrs of prolonged life from Gawd Ghu on your behalf, so I will be sending you time too. How's that?

§§§ We are deeply touched by the show of reverence you suddenly display, proving that at last we have been able to direct you onto the path to Trufandom. Should your intentions be honorable (which is doubtful being a woman) and your repentance be continuous, you will most certainly be forgiven your sins. Only time will tell in how far you will prove your Trufannish spirit. Your plea has been published for the fanworld to consider, and we can but hope that even Ghu himself will be suitably impressed.

After having slaved and threatened to bring the fact that Postage to Europe is 4d to the foreground where ye elde British fan is concerned, too often without any success, and consequently being deluged with mail marked "postage due", it is a relief to hear that someone else is now paying up. Though when I consider that I am enriching the Alte Deutsche Reichsposte, I feel horrid



shudders running up and down my little toe. The dirty so and so's! The one country in the world that charges even more than Belgium for its 'foreign letter mail'. Shame on them.

And sordid revulsion at my gloating earlier on, seeing that it is poor mother thine that has to pay up. My dearest Lady - wouldst please consider my apologies rendered of free will, and humblest sorrow registered in my heart (Röntgen photos at \$ 5.) tears stain the typer even as I write to express my heartfelt grief at the thought of TWO hungering females in the country due to the exorbitant practice of writing too long letters. Please accept these tearful apologies - and forgive me. Amen.

BEN ABAS:

I am indeed very busy of late, and this will unfortunately have its effect on my appearance in Alpha. It will however please you to hear that I have in the mean time entered the Belgian field with a comic strip 'Martin Evans', science fiction of course! The strip is in the hands of Martin Toonder Studios, as you may know, the Dutch Walt Disney, and creator of Tom Puss and Plucky Panda. He really came to me and asked me to design the strip for him, from which you can see that I am slowly beginning to be the science fiction artist over here. Enfin, herewith some gags, I really haven't the time to do more at the present moment.

Where it concerns the convention, we'll be there, obviously. (With we I mean my wife and yours rather truly) but if it happens to be the same kind of hoax you pulled last time, I'll be over just to kick you in the right spot. Just remember you're lucky in being larger and stronger than I am, or I would most certainly have done it last year.

Alpha enjoyed as usual. It is one of the best mags I've ever seen, but that isn't saying much, as I am not exactly active in fandom...

§§§ I still haven't been able to find out which newspaper runs the strip, Ben, so how about dropping me a note? Sorry to hear that Alpha has to suffer by your absence, but perhaps you'll manage now and again? Not everybody prefers fish!

TEUN VAN INGEN:

One comment or suggestion about Alpha's future issues: allow more space for Librarian's Corner, for book reviews about new pbs novels and so on. Personally book reviews are the first thing I read when I receive Astounding or Galaxy. They are very helpful in choosing your material, so as not to buy rubbish.

For possible interested people, a Flying Saucer club was started in Holland, under the name PLATI-VOLO, by Mr Vruwelder (§ sorry Teun I couldn't make out your writing there!§) author and journalist, who intends to publish a book on flying saucers (§another one?§) and has published many articles about the saucers. The club already has many members and intends to issue a monthly magazine....

§§§ You seem to forget Teun, that I'm not Groff Conklin, nor P. Schuyler Miller. However, if more people ask for them...

What concerns your strange attraction to flying saucers.. I wish they'd publish the same number of science fiction novels.

Latest sf translation by the way, is STEMMEN UIT HET HEELAL by Robert Crane, published in pocketbook format at 20 Bfrs. Originally Hero's Walk, from the Ballantine Books.

## MA URICE RENAULT :

I must reply to your reservation in writing me that our issues do not contain sufficient 'science-fiction' and too much 'fantasy'.

It was intended from No 1 onwards that "FICTION" has been placed under the heading of "strange" stories, because I thought that at the moment the public is not yet sufficiently oriented to science fiction to justify a magazine dedicated solely to this type of literature. Whilst the present formula permits me a bag of more varied stories, by consequence susceptible to please a greater number of readers... (\$ The above is a free translation from the French.\$)

§§§ Mr. Renault, editor of FICTION, wrote the above in reply to my statement that there was too much fantasy in FICTION to my liking, this of course being a personal opinion.

However, his answer seems to be justified by the continuance of his magazine, and by the success of its American original Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, from which it draws the greater part of its stories.

But I can't help preferring science fiction...

Yet another Club has arisen on the Continent, this time not connected with Flying Saucers. "CLUB MYSTERE-FICTION" will unite readers of mystery & detective, science fiction and fantasy. A club magazine is planned, also contests, and so on. All this as a sideline to Fiction and Mr Renault's other publication Mystère Magazine, better known to non-Frenchmen as Ellery Queens MM. Perhaps a new fandom will arise?

[illegible]

ALPHA - ALPHA - ALPHA - ALPHA - ALPHA - ALPHA

It is with great pleasure, in fact with a kind of devilish or is it fiendish?, enjoyment that we must remind you of the fact that the greater part of the subscriptions EXPIRE with this issue. I am sure that most of you know this all too well, and indeed, thanks here for the kind-hearted souls that already handed over that "filthy lucre". Just note though, that we no longer require payment in stamps as used to be in days gone by, but hard cash... Send a postal order to your country's representative, and be assured of another year's supply of ALPHA.

Belgium: Harry ROSCOE Lge Beeldekensstr 124 A ntwerpen  
though you can pay over to Dave or Jan if you meet them...

Holland: Wim Struyck Molenvijver 40c Rotterdam N. f 2.50

France: Marc Thirouin 27 rue Et.Dolet Bondy (Seine) Ffr 225

UK : Ron Bennett Hall Rd Little Preston Swillington (nr Leeds)

USA : Dick Ellington 113 W.84th str 51E New York 24 NY 60 ~~¢~~  
Fiendish, because it'd be nice to be able to publish a couple of  
issues with someone else's money-26-Our own is running short!



## FIRST PAGE

( reading from back to front )

High fen,  
Higher fams,

( sounds like a tall story... )



We have, in the past, (?) had various comments on our worthy 'zine; some were constructive, some were flattering and some were truthful. But the other day we had a different type of opinion from an American. I won't mention any names but the editor of "REVIEW", in his Vol.1 n°6 (vol.2 it says on the first page- which is probably right) seems rather disappointed about it. It wasn't the "unique, exciting mag he was led to expect". He thought it would be more "continental" or something I suppose? although I should like to know just what people expect from a continental 'zine, written in the English language, containing mostly contributions from people in England or America (our locals being either too shy or too lazy to produce anything) and with most of our subbers or traders being either Britains or Americans ???

Do people expect more "local colour"? or maybe French interlineations? Say, that's quite an idea. I think I'll work out something along those lines, or rather "in between" those lines. After all, the client is always right you know...

" Ce que fen veut, Dieu le veut... "

I know you can't please all of the people all of the time, and... neither do we try, but we do try to please some of the fen most of the time and this is the chief reason we decided (not because of REVIEW, for the idea of an all-continental ish has long been uppermost in our minds) to put the accent on local talent and see what would happen...

By the time you get here, you will have read the ~~not~~ rich collection of stories, articles, columns, art and letters we have assembled (or rather Jan has assembled) for your special benefit, from the darkest corners of Continental Europe, and which should give you - at least - a glimpse of the lavish "culture" of the birthplace (sorry) of civilisation... I hope you will enjoy them, but if you don't, just let us know and we'll try something else...

" Honi soit que Ashworth y pense "

We haven't run out of ideas yet you know. After all, we're still "neos", but we're quite bright young sparks nevertheless. If, during the course of the next few years, we should become any brighter, they may call us "neons". I could carry this thing a step further but it might develop into "novas" and that would be "the end" wouldn't it, you cats? Therefore, I'll be content to remain a little "nite-light" and try not to burn the candle at both ends whilst still remaining brilliant enough not to be completely "in the dark". (Oohhh... take him away somebody...).



I expect you have noticed the humbleness (new word) of the title this time, won't you? Well, I have every reason to be humble this month because my contribution to the editing/publishing of present ish is practically nil. All I have done, apart from my editorial (that's the thing you're reading now - maybe), is cut the stencils for the french portion of Lib's Corner, and translate into English Marc Thirouin's short story.

Yes, this is chiefly Jan's affair this time, so if you have any complaints, such as for instance: delay in publication... just send them to him. I will have no part in it, haha... As a matter of fact, our financial situation has deteriorated considerably these last few weeks and we have to practically "scrape" the money together from various corners of the globe (there I go again - A square peg in a round hole, that's me). That explains part of the delay. The other part I suspect is due to the fact that Jan has been trying to collect as much material as possible from our numerous (joke) subscribers in order to show me up when I have to do next ish... Not that I min in the least; On the contrary; having only our dear readers' interests at heart, I can only see good come out of it. You see, the greater the competition between us the better the issues will become until one day.... well, all I can say is "Mind your EYE!!!".

Whatever the argument may be, I suppose it is only fitting and proper that Jan should be responsible for this all-continental issue, because, after all, he is a genuine full-blooded continental.... whereas I am only a half-caste, half-baked illegitimate twerp (yes, I suppose the French have a word for it. They have one for almost anything).

As you will have no doubt guessed from the foregoing, I shall be mainly responsible for next ish. Don't expect too much though because we're approaching the summer holidays; also, I shall be commencing work on my jazzine affair shortly, besides which OMPA will be forcing its attention on me again... Still, "never despair" they tell me... Now who was it again?

I could use a few columns by famous people... Any famous people want to do some columns for me? Say, that's mighty decent of you.

You will be delighted to know that a date has finally been selected for the great event of the year, that miracle of miracles... yes, you've guessed it: The "TWERPCON". It will be held (no, not on June 31st.) on the 30th. day of ~~May~~, anno 1955, and no kidding...

The scene of the crime will be as explained in a previous statement: at Milly and Jean Steer's residence, 380, Prins Baudouin ave., Edegem, which incidentally is about 15 minutes walk from the Vendelmans residence... (as the crow walks of course).

Now about the program... well, there ain't none (excuse my gramma), because most conventions have programs and never carry them out, so we don't want to be caught napping. I may add however, that there will certainly be dancing and drinking and probably petting (did I say "probably"?), so what else does a fan/fam need ??? If anybody knows, for Ghu's sake SHUT UP! An official bulletin will be sent to all likely persons shortly. And that's it for this time. No more room. So long. See you next month.





BA

ALPHA

SCIENCE FICTION FANCLUB

c/o JANSEN Jan

229, Berchemlei

BORGERHOUT

Dr.