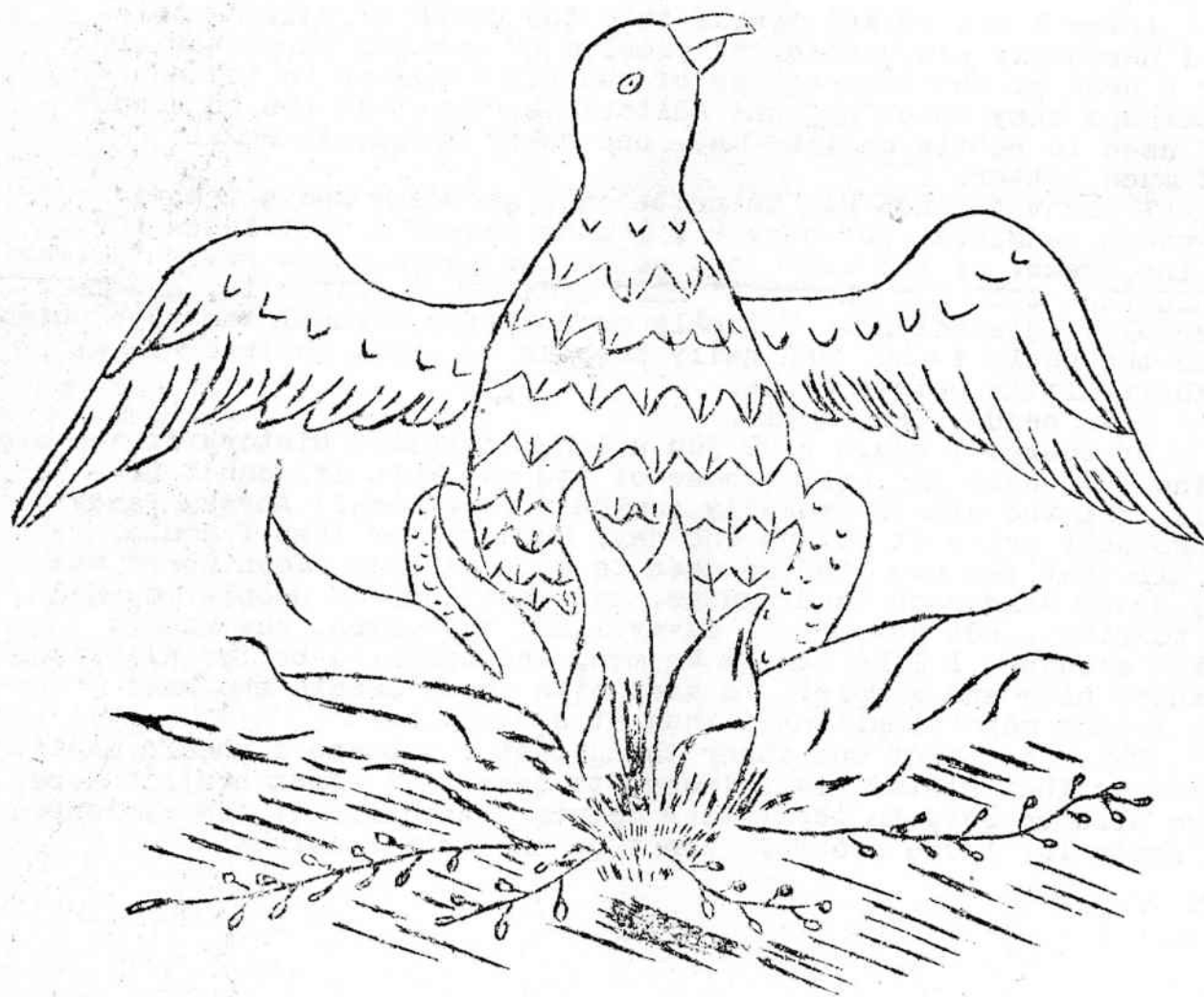


10
L.
Carr
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DISTAFF

The New 'Femizine'



This is Distaff No. 1 (the late Femizine) published by Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England. Price: 1 shilling per copy, or appropriate currency. Exchanges welcomed. Material and illos from femme-fans is earnestly solicited. Letters of comment from male-fans will be welcomed with open arms. Course we want the femmes to write too...

so now comes an

EDITORIAL,

or mebbe it should be an

EDITRESSIAL

is there such a word?

I wanted to call it an

E-DISTRESS-IAL,

but Joy frowned on that

so

take your pick...

After I had talked myself into the chore of editing this Bere, I nervously confronted the problem of writing an editorial. I took a peek at the back copies of the old Femizine in the hope that perhaps they never had any editorials, but that was no good. "Joan" used to rattle on like mad, and "her" successor Pamela wasn't much better.

I ought to know how to write one, goodness knows I have read enough fanzines...of course I loathe the type that lauds the following issue, or the ones that go on for three pages about 'policy'. The ones that tell you what a stinker some other writer is, are more (deplorably) interesting. I really much prefer though, the type which ignores the whole thing, and gaily burbles on about whatever comes into their little pointy heads.

Have head. Can burble.

Of course I could give you a long, detailed history of the old Femizine, but what's the use? Those of you who know it, don't need to be told, and the others probably couldn't care less. Anyway Sandy will probably write it all up one day, much better than I could. About all that the new readers need to know is that "Joan Carr" was really Sandy Sanderson in disguise, and that lots of people mourned "her" passing...but not me! I never liked the woman, she wasn't feminine enough. I like men to be men, and women to be feminine, and everything nice and simple! To heck with those people who keep making fandom more complicated than it already is.

There is about one other thing that I suppose I should mention and that is that Distaff is supposed to have only women contributors, and men allowed only in the letter column. Actually if the perishers don't write in, there probably won't be any letter column.

Seriously though, the purpose of Distaff, is to encourage the femme fans to write and become more active, and get to know one another better.

This issue is going out to as many females as I can afford, some wives will be receiving their first piece of fan mail. To those I would plead, don't reply I havn't time to write, please make a little time(it is as easy as making a pudding) and you may find yourself with a very satisfying hobby. I especially want to reach the wives who have always thought their husband's fanning just a lot of rubbish. I would never agree that a wife should completely subordinate her personality to her husband's, but surely it would be worth taking a look at what absorbs so much of his time. It is not in the same category as, say a football fan's. Listen to a football fan and an SF fan talking and you will soon notice the difference!

This issue has mostly been written by the femmefans that I could get my hands on off the circular material, it was long, blank just decided to throw off, when a from Madelaine new heart into me carry on. So take a this issue is now



When I first sent asking for some greeted with a silence. I had write the whole story arrived Willis. This put and I decided to bow, Madelaine, dedicated to you.

Now I will tell you all about as many femmefans as I can. Madelaine got the nickname of 'hostess with the mostest', because she went out and bought a teapot big enough to feed the hungry hordes that descend upon Oblique House. She has a lilting, Irish accent, and easily the most beautiful complexion among the femmefans, on this side at least. She knows as much about fans and fandom as her husband Malt, and as delightful a sense of humour. She is inured to puns.

Pamela Palmer edited one issue of the old Fez before giving up because of lack of time. She made a trip to the U.S. the year her husband Ken won Teff. She was supposed to teach the men there what the British word..snog..meant. I dunno if she did or not...

Daphne Buckmaster is the only femme fan I meet, who can draw. She produced the cover, invented the new name, and helped out with illos. When I first met her at the Manchester Con I had great difficulty believing that she was really married, she looked about 14 years old. She still looks very young and ingenious. I took a friend to the Globe one night, and when Daphne came in late, she said that she had been to her nightclasses. "Oh yes," said my friend, with a tolerant look, "and what are you studying?". "Statistics" said Daphne. I enjoyed the deflated air this answer produced.

Joy Clarke is a live wire, at least that's the best description I can think of. Her husband is Vinç Clarke, and her lodger is Sandy Sanderson, and they all live together in what Walt Willis has once jokingly called Tammany Hall. They all produce an amazing amount of fanning, as they all commute daily to their work in London, I don't quite know how they do it. They have been known to be responsible for duplicating two thirds of the Ompa mailing! They don't arrive home till at least 6 p.m. and then Joy has a meal to prepare. They go haring off at 7 a.m. to catch their train, and their breakfast consists of a cup of coffee! As I think the last bit quite Barbarous maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it. I once visited them to find Joy rapidly making a costume for the Loncon, Vinç running the duper Sandy cutting stencils, and was given the job of stapling. Frankly I was glad to get back to my work for a rest..

Bobbie Wild is a hard worker too. She put in a prodigious amount as secretary to the Loncon. She is an active member of Ompa and our History and Greek Mythology expert. She became an expert rifle shooter whilst in the Forces. So don't argue with her, this will be difficult as she argues all the time.

Dorothy Ratigan was very keen for this zine to start again, and has been very generous in her offers of help. Her visits to the Globe are rather infrequent, so I do not know her quite so well as the others. She is, I think, a person of decided opinions, and I am trying to coax an article out of her..

Frances Evans was one of the co-founders of Fez, and the one who thought up the idea in the first place. She gleefully aided and abetted "Joan". She has a good brain, an effervescent personality and is so inactive these days as to be practically moribund. It takes months of nagging from me to get an article out of her. Modestly I may say that I have, through practising upon her, developed a very formidable persuasive technique.

Ina Shorrock is the most active femme fan down Liverpool way. She is rather an incredible person. She has the build of a young girl, the legs of a chorus girl, a family of four, and a huge amount of energy for all-night parties, a houseful of visitors, hours of rehearsal for convention programmes, and inbetween whiles running a home. It is with surprise that I note there is something she doesn't do..and that's write! Perhaps she does not have time for it!

The other femme fan that I know from Liverpool is Pat Milnes. She is a gorgeous blonde with a quick and devastating repartee. When the Liverpool mob put out an alcoholic one-shot, Pat is the only one who ever produces a witty remark. Could we lure her into writing some of it down?

"Fransceska" was the most brilliant writer that the old Fez produced. She always sparked off lively comment in the letter column too. She is a fascinating conversationalist too, she has such a wide range of interests. She has had little contact with fandom for the last year now, and her writing has dropped to an occasional letter to me which shows she still retains the power to stimulate. She has, however, promised me that if she ever writes at all, I shall have it--and with that I must rest content for the moment.

These are the femme fans in Britain that I have met, and who have been more or less active at one time or another. There are lots more all round the world that I would like to introduce to one another. Next issue I will tell you about some more. Of course I have not told you anything about myself, beyond sending out an assurance that I am a female. I don't fancy writing about myself, but I'll tell you what, Frances is staying with me this weekend. I'll get her to write a paragraph describing me. It will be a lot of lies of course,....

I first made contact with Ethel about five years ago, via letter, I then lived at Manchester in the wild and barbarous north and she lived in the even wilder, more barbarous and northerly Scotland. We poured our hearts out on paper and finally saw each other in the flesh at the Supermancon. We became friends then and have remained so ever since, though Ethel often wonders why - Out loud. She became a member of Operation Fantast, bought a typer to deal with her rapidly growing mail, became a member of the Supermancon committee and eventually assistant editress of Femizine. Then she joined Ompa, in fact she has become so active in Fandom that personally I get tired just thinking about it.

She is a mixture of practical common sense and complete whackiness. She is a good friend, giggles a lot and talks even more but as I am very quiet, we complement each other. She is also always punctual, but this is a bit of a nuisance as I am always late and she tends to natter on about it. Anybody requiring any further references, just apply to me but remember that before I began this, Ethel said it would be all lies - Need I say more?

The above paragraph was composed and typed by Frances herself, and is . . . usual mixture of truth and lies with which she beguiles the populace. Actually her most frequent observation about me is... "She's my best friend, and I hate her"....

on an eastern drain
by

MADOLLAINE

James came in, white and shaking.

"What heppened?" I exclaimed, manipulating the crane to pour the first of his seven cups of tea from the massive Irish fandon teapot.

WILLIS

"I was walking up from the Arches," he said (Peggy had been saying he was putting on weight), "when I saw an anchor, of all things, lying in the gutter. Naturally I walked over to investigate, since it came, as George would say, within the category of inexplicable phenomena, when something caught my trouser leg and I felt myself being pulled towards an open manhole from which there protruded a fishing rod. I managed to disengage the hook from my thornproof pinstripe in time, and rushed up here to tell you about it. Eric Frank Russell should know about it."

"Gosh yes," said Walt. "Remember that Fort has already mentioned the Newtownwards Road in LO...there were newspaper reports of the disappearance of young girls. Ah, hello George. What do you think?"

"All I can say is that whoever's at the bottom of it, their standards have evidently sunk since then," said George. "Ghoodminton anyone?"

We tried to prolong the discussion, but George was keen to play ghoodminton and kept us as it all night. He was almost like John in his day when he used to bring the house down, or at least the ceiling; I wondered at his energy after the long journey from Bangor.

"Have you sold your bike and got a train ticket again?" I asked him, as he was leaving. I couldn't see his bike leaning against the wall. "Afraid of being fished for like I was?" grinned James. "Not me," said George, "I know all the anglers" He disappeared into the night, satisfied at having left one of his puns.

James's remark reminded us about the mystery of the anchor and the fishing rod, but we didn't come to any conclusion except that we had better keep a careful watch. Sure enough, next Thursday we heard the sound of a motor coming up the road, but there was nothing to be seen. It was uncanny. The sound stopped

beneath our feet and the manhole cover began to rise. We saw it was balanced on the end of a pole, from which it toppled and clanged to the road, we approached cautiously, and jumped back again as a large object was catapulted out of the hole. It was an anchor! Nervously we came nearer again. There was a grunting noise from beneath our feet and a hand emerged clutching the rope. Peggy's nerve broke. She screamed and kicked the anchor. It and the rope and the hand disappeared and there was an unearthly scream and an echoing splash from the subterranean depths. James had just soothed Peggy and explained about the scientific approach when we heard the motor starting up again. It began to fade away down the road.

"Where does this culvert lead?" I cried to Walter. He thought for a moment. "It must be the Connswater River," he replied, and we all began to run down the road. We arrived breathless at the bridge, just in time to see what seemed to be a tiny motor boat disappearing round the bend.

"Quick!" shouted Walt, "The Sydenham bus" There was one just leaving the bus stop. We piled aboard and a few minutes later got off at Victoria Park, where the Connswater enters the sea. In the gathering dusk we seized oars from the astonished boatman, and piled into a rowboat, throwing him half a crown. James and Walt pulled grimly to the bridge. As we emerged from beneath it we saw a tiny motor boat turning up the coast. James dropped his oar and drew his plonker gun. "Stop or I fire!" he shouted, firing a shot across the bows of the mysterious craft. Caught by the excitement of the situation he began pacing up and down the rowboat like Admiral Hornblower and nearly capsized us. In the commotion the motor boat began to draw away. James, sober now, took deadly aim with his weapon. A well directed plonker shot up the silencer of the engine and the motor faltered and ran with greatly reduced speed. Grimly Walt and James pulled at the oars and we kept our quarry in sight until just outside Bangor it got too dark to see, we had to give up.

"Ah well," panted Walt. "We may as well call on George now we're here and tell him what happened."

"Yes," said James, "A good idea. I'm sure he'll be thrilled. Nothing very exciting seems to happen to old George."

As we turned into Lancaster Avenue, we saw a dark sinister figure turning into No.3. There was a trail of slimy footsteps on the lighted front path. The Thing was after George!

We battered on the door and George opened it. "Thank Ghod you are all right," began James, and then we noticed that George's clothes were soaking.

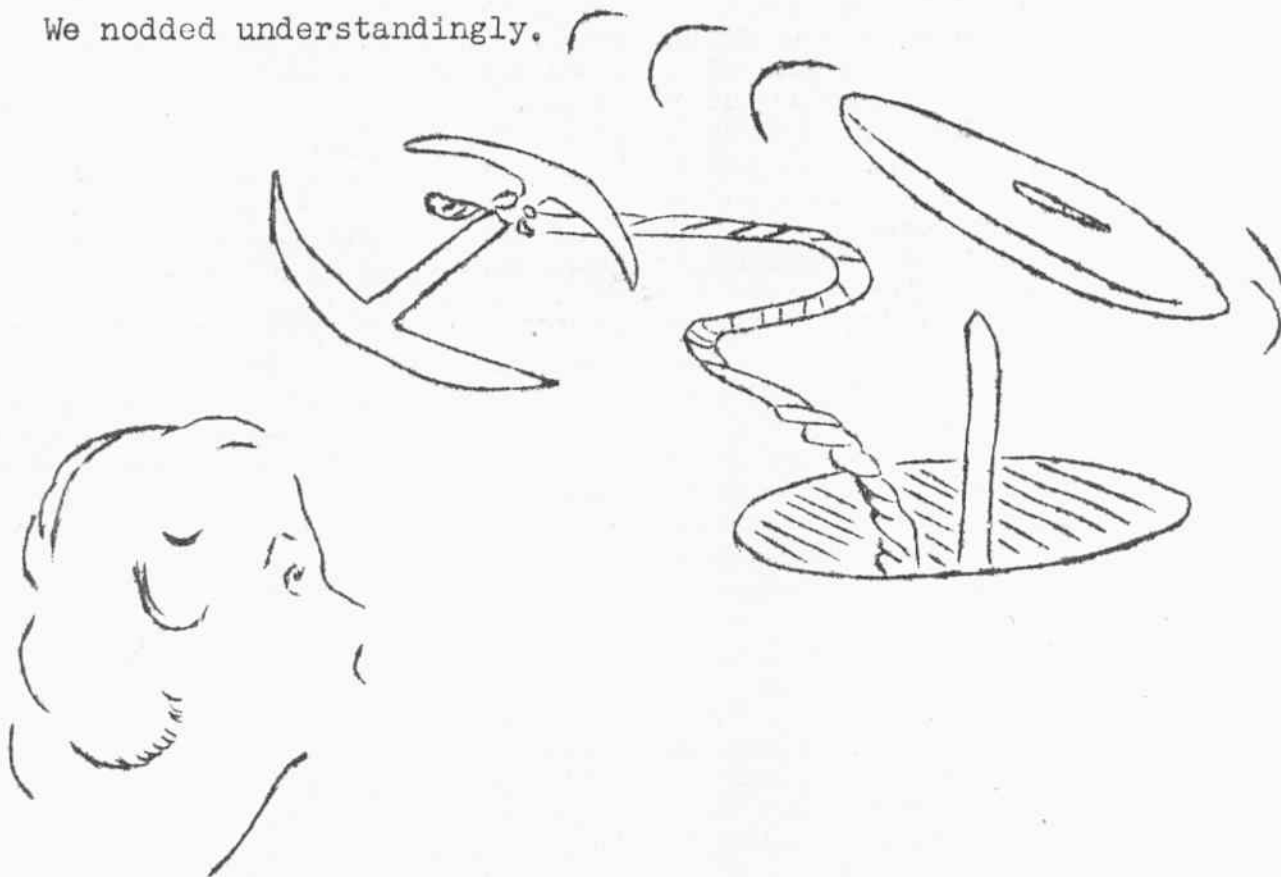
"You!" we exclaimed.

"Yes," said George. "Sorry about your pinstripe, James, but a blooming trolleybus cut the rope holding my anchor and I had to fish for it. I've been coming to Oblique House on my water scooter for weeks now and parking it under the road."

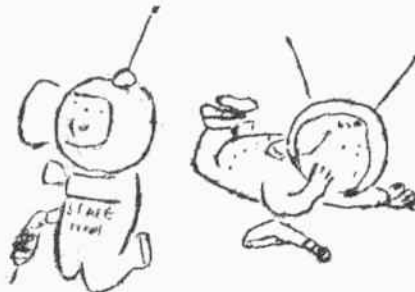
"But why the secrecy?" I asked.

"Well," said George, "I knew if John got to hear about it he'd make a Berry Factual Article out of it, and then when visitors found it was true they'd believe the other things he says about me."

We nodded understandingly.



CITRICON



IV REPORT



I know its usual for most fen to be exhausted at the end of a Con, but this year I reversed the process and was exhausted before I even arrived at Kettering. Ella (who has the makings of a Truefan except for one thing - you have to stand over her with a blunt instrument before she will put pen to paper) told me that she would be catching the 12.30 train from St. Pancras.

by
Roberta Wild

It was twenty to four when I left Tresco, and I honestly didn't expect to arrive at Kettering until some ungodly hour as with my usual foresight, I hadn't looked up the timetables. I was lucky as I didn't have to wait anywhere and much to my surprise (and Ellas) I walked into the George Hotel at six thirty. Ina Shorrocks saw me at the desk and immediately breezed over to bid me welcome. you know, if ever I throw a really big party, to ensure its success I shall ask Ina to be hostess. She has the most wonderful knack of putting the shyest persons at their ease and making them feel welcome and thoroughly at home, which must help to bring them out of their shells.

Friday night, of course, was the gathering of the fans, many of whom hadn't seen each other since the last Con. I was sorry to see that none of the Belfast contingent were present, and very, very few of the London Circle. Brian and Barry from Clacton were there and a couple of very pleasant and intelligent chaps they are, too! However the rest of British fandom was well-represented. For someone who was dog tired I managed fairly well as I seem to recall it was halfpast one in the morning when I suddenly realised that by some oversight I hadn't had a cup of tea since before I left Tresco. Ella hadn't had one either, and Bill, that wonderfully kind night porter, said he would bring some to my room. He did too, and after that it was easy to tumble into bed and drop straight off to sleep.

Saturday, after breakfast, Ella wanted to see the town and it wasn't until we were halfway up the street that I blithely informed her that this was only my second time in Kettering and that I hadn't the slightest idea of the geography of the place. After that, she looked round rather grimly for likely places for tea. So intent was she on this search that she absent-mindedly stepped in front of a vehicle that came out of a side road. Fortunately, I saw it and hauled her back to the kerb - she'd said that she'd pay for the tea and I wasn't going to let her take such drastic steps to get out of her promise. The vehicle turned out to be a hearse - of all things! - but although it was empty of cadavers, the driver looked so mournful you'd have thought there were half a dozen bodies in the back. Maybe he was just driving round practising or maybe some peace loving citizen had heard about the Con and had hired him to winnow the ranks of fandom.

On our return to the hotel who should be sitting on a chair outside the main lounge but Harris himself! He had already written to say that it was unlikely he would be at the Con, but when he found out that Vinç Clarke would not be there, he had come up so that he could write the Conrep for Hyphen himself.

"Come and eat" were his first words and Ella withdrew before I could tell her it was customary for fans to form up in crowds and take eateries by storm. A dozen of us set forth eventually including Paul Hammett and his wife - and I must say that Paul talked far more sensibly about the horrors of the H-bomb than did the pugnacious pacifists who marched to Aldermaston and tried to overturn a car (with the occupants inside) because the people in it disagreed with their views.

Back to the hotel and the peripatetic way that is so much a part of a Con. I recall being in some room for awhile - I think it was Ted Tubb's - with some fen. John Roles and I discussed OMPA while absent-mindedly drinking from the glasses that were thrust into our hands. Ted Tubb was trying to persuade Norman Wansborough that he had started a marriage bureau and was offering to find Norman a wife for a small fee. "You know the sort of thing Norman. Young country gentleman seeks wife with similar tastes." He also offered NGW a drink which he assured him was quite innocuous, but had all sorts of mysterious ingredients in it with the result that Norman, who doesn't drink anything stronger than cider, was quite ill later on.

Eventually most of the fans gathered in the main lounge, prior to adjourning to the Basket Lounge, where the party was to be held. Throughout the day John Roles and Ina Shorrock had been collecting money from the sale of raffle tickets for TAFF and I had brought with me and they were still doing a brisk sale with them. It was originally intended that the draw for the cover paintings should be held at the Saturday night party, but those

fans who were there will no doubt realise why it slipped my mind.

There were several tapes to be played - mainly jazz and much too much of Elvis Presley. I was sitting with Harris (he had a bottle of Scotch) as it was getting low, we were getting high. Paul offered his last cigar to Phil Rogers, who had already appropriated Joan Hammett. "You've taken my wife, you've taken my last cigar - there's a bottle of liquor in my room. Would you like that, too?" asked Paul. "What's the number of your room?" asked Phil, immediately losing interest in Joan and the cigar.

In the meantime Harris was pondering on the mating habits of snakes. I don't know what put the idea into his head unless it was the fact that I'd wrapped myself round him in a half-Nelson so he couldn't get away (there was still some Scotch in the bottle). "Perhaps they lay out fâât - or maybe they coil up together" Since I had never thought about it I couldn't tell him. Besides, I was too occupied in trying to tell him that blasted chairback was digging into me every time we went into a clinch. We solved that problem by only using one chair, though at one point I had to shove Ina off his other knee. Just as the last of the Scotch, which Chuck assured everyone was made out of old space socks, disappeared, Ina and Dave Newman appeared with the punch. It looked and tasted quite mild, but Ina told me that the base was 140 proof Polish white spirit. She forgot to tell me that the other ingredients included rocket fuel and a dash of Brasso. I came out of another clinch to find Ron Bennett regarding us in rather a bewildered way. "But, Bobbie, you're really puzzling the Ompan," he said bemusedly. For those who don't know, Chuck and I tore each other to pieces in the last Ompanailing and no doubt a few thought battle would be joined when we both turned up at the con. Well, you saw a wrestling match didn't you?

Suddenly all I wanted to do was go to sleep. Maybe it was the punch or maybe it was the fact that I'd felt tired even at the beginning of the con. Harris was bidding me farewell in the approved manner when his mind suddenly reverted to the problem of snakes. "Maybe they tie themselves in reef knots," he said into my ear. That did it! I suddenly had a mental picture of two unhappy and puzzled snakes trying to untangle themselves, and sitting on the ground, I burst into a fit of the giggles. "This isn't the sort of moment to get the giggles" he said indignantly. But I couldn't stop and it was his fault, anyway, for bringing the subject up again. In the end, he stalked away muttering "I'm going to get you some coffee." This was a mistake as by the time I got to bed after drinking it I couldn't sleep.

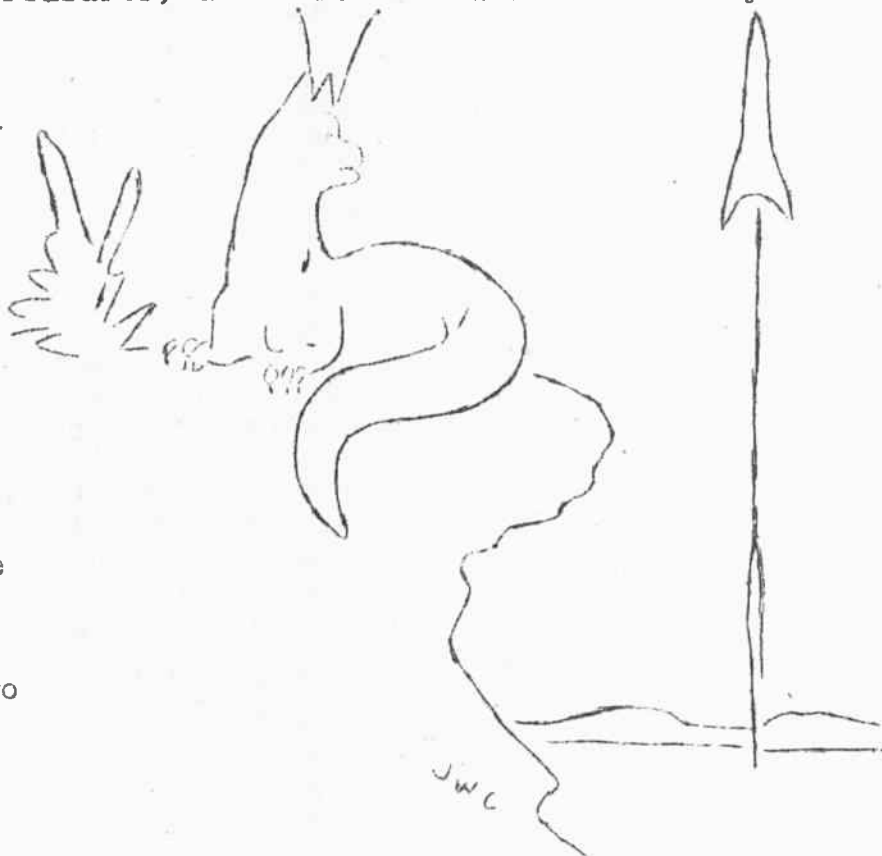
This year the fans had a new idea, not room parties, but

corridor parties and I lost count of the number of times they marched up and down. It sounded like the Afrika Korps and the Montgomery lot fighting to get the front row at the Folies Bergères. I recall that round about six o'clock I bellowed shut up to some fans near my room. Sorry, Archie, but I was so tired I was on the point of screaming with fatigue.

I could have sworn I hadn't been asleep for more than five minutes when I was awakened by a knock on the door - and there was Harris with a teatray in his hands. I dived back into bed, just as well I wasn't sleeping raw, he might have had some breakages to pay for. "What's the time?" I asked. "Half-past six" he grinned, then took a look at my face and said hastily, "To - half past eight - don't throw the tea at me." Then he poured his own, tossed me the uninteresting part of the Sunday Pictorial, and sat down with his feet on the windowsill. I wondered if this taking tea off the maids and bringing it in to other fans was an old Con Custom that I'd missed out on until now and since Harris was ignoring me I was also wondering if I should be relieved or insulted.

Later Sunday morning we held the traditional Ompa meeting and listened to a tape from Vin Clarke anent waking up British Fandom which was the subject of discussion later in the day. The meeting concerned the state of British Fandom, and it was finally decided that a ScienceFiction Association should be formed. Dave Newman was voted in as Chairman, two members of the Cheltenham group as librarians, Ted Tubb as editor of the OO, Archie Mercer as Treasurer, and Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves as joint secretaries. At the annual membership fee debate, Tubb surprised some of us by being against having the youngsters in at a reduced fee. If we don't encourage them who is going to take over when we are old and tired? Next came the discussion for the venue for the annual meetings and a seaside resort was voted for.

That evening we once again clustered into groups. Towards five in the morning, Barry decided he wanted to go



to bed, so we all decided to take him. He was sharing a room with Bryan Welham, but for some reason or other when Jill sang out that we wanted to put Barry to bed, Bryan wouldn't unlock the door. We all pretended to go away, but Bryan refused to be fooled. Five minutes later, when we were momentarily off our guard, the door was suddenly opened, Barry was yanked in, and the door locked again before we had a chance to get a foothold. Those boys have makings of true fans.

Monday of course, was farewell day and Ella, Jill, Ina and Norman, self, Jean and Peter piled onto the train, calling out to Archie on the platform and asking him to send on the various things we had left at the hotel. I hadn't made a really outrageous remark for the whole of the con so at the very last moment I bawled one to Archie, then turned round and found a parson staring at me in horror...Thank Ghod I'd had the sense to ask for Tuesday morning off from the office.



LUNACON

1958

--by Belle C. Dietz



The Lunarians held their second annual one day science fiction conference on Sunday, April 13, 1958. The affair was held in New York City, in midtown Manhattan from noon to 6 P.M. The program featured a panel on "Isaac Asimov The Man-The Writer", which started off with the playing of a 15 minute tape from Asimov himself. The tape greeted the panel and was done in Mr. Asimov's usual witty style. The panel, consisting of Sam Moskowitz, as moderator, Dr. Thomas S. Gardner, Robert Silverberg, Henry Moskowitz and Randall Garrett (who almost didn't make it, having lost the address), proceeded to dissect Isaac Asimov completely and put him back together again, concluding that he is quite a fascinating character as a man and has greatly enhanced sf as a writer.

The London convention films had their first public showing. There were two sets - the ones taken by the Dietzes and those taken by John Victor Petersen. A running commentary was supplied by Belle C. Dietz, who also moderated the editors' panel, titled "What Editors Think of Fans". This panel, comprised of Larry T. Shaw of Infinity, Hans Stefan Santesson of Fantastic Universe, and Algis Budrys of Venture, answered questions on their views as to fans and fanac directed at them by the moderator.

An unusual feature of the Lunacon was the serving of coffee and home-made muffins to all the attendees (who numbered about 75) without charge, at the 3 P.M. intermission, something which has never been done before at science fiction conferences, and which was enjoyed by all.

The program closed with an outstanding and excellent showing of science fiction cover art, done by Sam Moskowitz and Christine E. Haycock, M.D. Sam lectured on cover art, tracing its beginnings from early sf magazines and books and showing its evolution up to the present standards. Illustrating this lecture were the beautiful full color slides which had been photographed by Dr. Haycock from Sam's extensive sf collection. Over 100 slides were shown and an excellent intelligent commentary on each was very well done by fandom's inimitable Sam, making for one of the most interesting and fascinating discussions of sf cover art ever presented anywhere. Many artists and magazines were represented; this was the first time that a lecture-slide series of this magnitude and scope has ever been attempted. During the course of the cover art showing, Frank R. Paul, who has been deservedly called the "Dean of Science Fiction Artists", was presented with a scroll in appreciation of his immeasurable contributions to sf art.



The Lunacon was a decided success, the attendees as well as The Lunarians having enjoyed it thoroughly.

POT LUCK

by joy clarke



Yes, it's the old familiar title once again. FEZ may now be DISTAFF (& the editor has a certain amount of dissension amongst her staff with regard to renaming the zine), but we can still retain our old traditions - even if we have to bludgeon JoCa into permitting us to do so. With Sandy now (serve 'im right) forced into outer darkness (otherwise named the lettercol), I'm taking over Pot Luck. And, with several months.. ..oh all right then, a couple of years... to catch up on, I'm taking the most recent 'zines & last issues for this issue's column.

TO OTHER EDITORS: If you want your zine reviewed here, please send a copy to me at 7 Inchmery Rd, Catford, London S.E.6. G.B., or it won't get done.

STUPEFYING STORIES No.37. Dick Eney, 417 Ft.Hunt Road, Alexandria, Va. USA. No price stated. This is Dick's letter-substitute and has that fine purple fannish flavor that his hectoing always manages to give. This issue is devoted almost wholly to fmz reviews & a lettercol &, if you're interested in fandom generally, write to Dick for this.

VINEGAR WORM No.3 Bob Leman, 2701 So.Vine St., Denver 10.Colo.USA. This is published irregularly but is seeming to become a quarterly. It's free for the asking & tho' not yet established, shows considerable promise. It makes pleasant reading, the layout is clear, the duping - tho' not near Grue's standard, is improving each issue.

Bob natters on in a style reminiscent of DAG's Miscellania & his book review column is to my taste. (You'd better find the reviewer to your taste - I'll mention book columns as they occur so you can try 'em all.) He is ably supported by Bob Bloch on life as seen by the TV producers. This is the only poor duping in the issue, simply since the stencil was cut on a typer with Bodoni face - seldom successful in stencil work. VW's cover (Adkins) was cut by old friend Ellis Mills extremely well. This will be a zine you'll bring out to show the neos one day.

SPACE DIVERSIONS 10 John Roles, 26 Pine Grove, Waterloo. L'pool 22 This rarity will be edited next issue by Norman Shorrock but for No.10 write to John. It bears the usual impeccable Liverpool stamp (not to mention a Sputnik one for collectors), bright clean artwork by Eddie Jones (one of Britain's better fanartists), good layout, and interesting & amusing articles. Dave Newman continues his "Toper's Treasury" - a fan's "Esquire-Book-of-Drinks", but be warned, take these easily. Kittycon attendees attest to the potency of Dave's mixtures. Stan Nuttall has some excellent stuff on the real hi-fi. while the lettercol - typed in pica - is answered in elite, a simple, clear method of differentiation. The only fault I found with this issue was the page devoted to Ron Bennett - not that he doesn't deserve it - but did it HAVE to be superimposed on top of 3 of the letters? Admitted they're black & the RB appreciation red, but it was still a strain on the eyes. This is the LSFS OO. No sub is charged unless you can't supply a fanzine, prozine or letter of comment, when they'll

accept money - under protest.

PERIHELION 2 This zine tends to give the lie to the claim that fandom
Bryan Welham needs new blood. With the Clacton group, Britain is doing
179 Old Road fine. This issue was somewhat delayed owing to school
Clacton-on-Sea exams and PH is the only fanzine actually claiming to make
essex. England a profit! Barry Hall shows signs of developing into a
1/- or 3 for 2/6 good cartoonist, support comes from old faithful John Berry
 (on how not to submit to a prozine), Sid Birchby an o-o-old
fan now resuscitated, and Laurence Sandfield. Laurie's article on jazz irk-
ed me for, after complaining that non-jazzfen criticise jazz emotionally not
logically, he then proceeds to lose all sight of logic in his own emotional
outburst. Book, film reviews & a lettercol complete the issue. PH comes
into the same category as Vinegar Worm, a new one with a good chance of mak-
ing an excellent reputation.

OOPSLA 24 Oopsla has now been running 6 years. Duped by Greg on that
Greg Calkins wonderful US blotting paper, it has an international charac-
1714 S.15th East ter second to none. Contributors this issue are Tucker,
Salt Lake City 5. Berry & Willis - Walt with a looong edition of his regular
 column "The Harp that Once or Twice". Oopsla is the zine
in which Willis-addicts can find more of his writing than can be found even
in his own zine Hyphen. Along with the lettercol, Therbligs, Greg's own
chatter rounds out the issue. 15¢ a copy or 2/25¢, 4/50¢ or 8/\$1.

ORION 20 Once upon a time there was a regular fmz with a proper dead-
Paul Enever, line, but one day it missed the deadline & has never been
97 Pole Hill Rd the same zine since. In fact, it is a most irregular zine
Hillingdon. Mdx nowadays. That does not detract from its charm tho', which
 is if anything enhanced by the slightly hurried appearance
that is now its trademark. Paul & coed George Richards fill out the zine
with a rambling editorial, a mammoth 'Fanlights' (fanzine reviews), and a
long-but-not-long-enough lettercol. Berry adds one of his police stories
(he should really try these on the prozines, they're good) & Laurence Sand-
field reviews the Russian Space Travel Book, currently available at W.H.Smith.
If Paul has spares then get one - if not get your name on his list. No price
stated but trades & comments welcome.

F & S F Issued qtrly, France & Science Fiction is the only zine I
Pierre Versins know to use the fcp-folded-upright format and is a most
Primerose 38, attractive zine. Pierre is assisted by French & Swiss
Lausanne. Switzld. fen and, tho' I can't see a price anywhere, I suspect he
 is more interested in contacting fen than amassing pelf.

SATELLITE 7 Now Don is out of the Forces we welcome him back gleefully
Don Allen for Sally was the younger-fen's brightest zine before his
34a Cumberland St. callup. It is still one of our brghter zines and I hope
Gateshead 8. he can keep going fairly regularly. I have so far seen
Co.Durham. GB. 6 copies of this issue and each had a different inside
1/- or 3 for 2/6 front cover. How many altogether were different would be
 an interesting statistic. Besides Don, there are Terry
Carr, Alan Burns, Nigel Lindsay (another zombie), John Berry, Archie Mercer
& Ron Bennett making this more of a star than a satellite. Fmz reviews,
letters (my weakness!), a honey of a bacover & Archie's hysterically funny
piece about the Clarke/Sanderson menage (fictitious naturally!) complete the
issue. Well worth while.

BRENNNSCHLUSS 3 5th year of publication! Ken, like Don, has just ended his Ken & Irene Potter National Service and takes up the reins. This was a mere 72, Dallas Road, taster to remind you he is back again. Write to the Pot-Lancaster. Lancs. ters (& Dave Wood, coeditor) to welcome them back - all these oldtime youngsters should be gently encouraged (two years is a long time to lose from fandom). Nigel Lindsay & Mal Ashworth help.

QUIRK This zine published "when the fancy strikes" is in multicolour hecto. The illos are good examples of what can be done Larry Ginn our hecto. The illos are good examples of what can be done Route 2, Box 81 in this medium & my copy hasn't a poorly reproed page in it. Choudrant. La. Besides several (to me) unknown contributors, old ~~Nicks~~ hands Berry, Sanders & Dodd add their penn'orth. Fiction by Bob Shea & Joe Sanders, film reviews by Dodd, John Mussell on PR, Bill Pearson on...hmmm... writes about MM, various verse, a long lettercol & various odd items make up 39 pages of value for money. Thoroughly recommended.

GROUND ZERO Belle & Frank (helped by George Nims Raybin), after working Belle Dietz, like galley-slaves at the London Worldcon in '57, went back to Apt.4c the US fired with a fine fannish fervour, for which the Clarke/1721 Grand Av. Sanderson are probably to blame (if that's the word you want), N.Y.53, N.Y. to put out a fmz. Amid much taperesponding & letters, Ground Zero was launched as a publication due out 3 or more times a year with permission for anyone to reproduce IN FULL any article, without the need to ask permission. Later events proved how right this attitude was. In issue 1 SaMoskowitz helps. Format is octavo, and the intent is to use this as a club newszine covering clubs all over the world - so your club news is wanted. Issue 2 contains the 1st of a regular Inchmery column, a short 1958 Disclave conrep, an article on humour by Alan Howard, another of the bitingly satirical 'unpaid ads' & various items interesting to those who want to know more about WSFS. OMPA/FAPA members, privileged characters, traders & reviewers get this, & if you aren't one of these write to Belle or to us - we're the British agents. 15¢ or 1/- a copy. 10 for \$1 or 7/6.

While mentioning Belle, Frank & George, the following might help clear things up. As I'm one of the participants in the arguments tho', consider the possibility of bias. I'll try to be just, though. For those who want to know more about the anti-WSFS fuss run by the Falascs & the fantastic suit for \$25,000 damages filed by David Kyle against Frank & George the following zines should give both sides.

Kyle, Radio Station WPD, Potsdam, N.Y. issued "The Bell Tolls For Whom" & "Bell the Cat", an emotional mish-mash of self-contradictions. Nick & Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio, issued "Fandom's Burden" & "Son of FB" which, while not competently presenting the anti-WSFS case do not sink to the low level of the Kylezines. These four should give you the other side in each of these arguments. For the truth try:

W.R.Cole, 307 Newkirk Avenue, Brooklyn 30, N.Y. - "The Cole Fax", a zine containing photographic evidence which refutes completely the Kyle statements. Supplementing this is Sandy's APORRHETA 1 (now unfortunately out of print - try to borrow a copy from an OMPA/FAPA member) which carries the full story of the London case. These two zines contain fact not fiction.

APORRHETA 2 Obtainable from Inchmery (see beginning of these reviews), this H.P.Sanderson (which Sandy claims will be a monthly!), bears the stamp of the

Clarke duper, and proves the truth of the statement that, when men start nattering, women come a very poor second indeed. Of about 30 pages, he fills up well over half. "Penelope Fanderghaste" -- is this Helen Winnick back in her old role of incognita? -- has a pleasant column & I have my regular column "The Li'l Pitcher". This zine is recommended for Sandy's sometimes acrid comments which arouse controversy, and for those who simply can't bear to miss my columns (both of you). A new style lettercol, 'Inchmery Fan Diary', covers day by day receipts of letters & fmz & Sandy's comments on them. Fine for those, like us, who just can't keep their fingers off other people's mail, but revealing when it comes to comparing who gets most fanmail, Sandy or Walt. But that's life. Sandy will, provided he can't get a letter of comment or a trade, accept a 1/- per copy under duress. However, there are very few spares, so first come and all the rest of it.

We also received GRUE 29, the most impeccable, most-liked fmz in the world. Dean Grennell puts it out but, as I understand he has a limited production and a waiting list, I won't torment you by describing the goodies in this issue. If you want to try your luck, the address is 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, but it might be quicker to try getting into FAPA.

SHORT-SHORT reviews, just to catch up.

NEW FUTURIAN 8. 9d or trade, contribute (especially) or comment. Edited by J. Michael Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7, England. Obtainable Australia from G.B. Stone, Box 4440, GPO Sydney N.S.W. or USA from Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland. The best serconzine. *****

PLOY 13. 1/- or 15¢ or 4/50¢, 6 for 5/-, or exchange, comment or contribute. Edited Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, or USA from Bob Pavlat (as above). Lively controversial & irregular. Another *****

ABAS 10. 25¢. Edited Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada. Has to be mentioned for the brilliant Brandon parody "My Fair Femmefan", the Bloch article & Boyd's '57 Worldconrep. I hope he's got spares, otherwise visit your nearest fanfriend & steal his -- but don't come here! *****

PEREGRINATIONS IN EGOBOO - Toni Vondruska, P.O. Box 3161, Wellington N.Z. - KIWIFAN - Roger Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd, Auckland S.W.1, N.Z., must both be mentioned as the representative zines from Down Under. No prices stated. Stamped with the mark of early fandom's efforts at repro, but of interest even if only for the fact that they are from NZ. KIWIFAN sports a gold heat-embossed cover by Mikaere Inihi - is this a genuine Maori or is someone just using a native name?

TRIODE - Eric Bentcliffe & Terry Jeeves, 47 Alldis Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. 1/- an issue. Beautifully presented and with many items of interest, depending what issue you get. As I've been very guilty on my dues however, I can't tell about the current issue.

RETRIBUTION 1/- or 15¢ per copy from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belfast, N. Ireland. Atom does the illos and this is approximately quarterly. The infuriating thing is that it's so good there is very little constructive or desctructive comment one can make. Get it - it's good.

That the lot this time? Guess it will have to be... here's to the next time, and send along those zines. Pleasant reading, folks.

WIGWAM



Pamela Bulmer

Whenever I have to sit down and write a 'Wigwam' I always go through an agony of 'Where shall I start' Logically of course it should be at the beginning but then everyone does that so to be different I will start with the conventional ending. You know, the little bit that says "the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editor" In fact I will elucidate, and in the process be infuriatingly logical, and state that the opinions expressed herein are mine - all mine! As a member of the London Circle, I do not feel that this can be said often enough or loudly enough. No one who has not been a member of this circle for some time can be aware of how loosely knit an organisation it is - in fact at times the knitting is quite invisible (what else do you expect from a group of science fiction readers - materialisation?), and of how often the views of a single individual (or two headed ones for that matter) have been taken as those of anything from two to thirty people, some of whom are quite unaware that any discussion is taking place. I am saying all this because I want to be free to be controversial, if the mood takes me, and I don't want anyone else to be blamed for it. So to be perfectly plain, the London Circle has no single voice, but a mass of individual voices.

I feel a mingled regret and relief that I should be writing this column and not the editorial. When I took on the Editorship of 'Femizine' I had planned to work as a temporary on our return from the States. However, things turned out differently and I found myself working fulltime once more. Leaving home at 8.15 a.m. and returning at 6.45 a.m. and running a house and garden does not leave one much spare time. As an Editor of 'Femizine' I must confess that the sheer mechanics of duplicating a fanzine meant work to me. After all as a secretary, I had a large amount of typing to (although in my present job this is not so) and I began to feel that what little spare time I had could be more usefully employed in creative writing. This is not to say that I did not enjoy turning out 'Femizine' Nos. 8 and 9 in March and May 1956. No. 9 was of course the Hoax issue and some measure of my own eventual lack of enthusiasm for the zine was generated by the general feeling in fandom to the hoax in so far as a number of fans did not consider it funny. This reaction was not of course entirely responsible for the temporary suspension of 'Femizine' but added to my changed domestic circumstances - my desire to do more creative writing - both professional and fanish - and my feeling that I was publishing an existing fanzine representing a group of femmes instead of my own fanzine as an expression of my own individuality (such as it is), it was to my subconscious probably the last straw. So when Ethel offered to take over the Editorship I felt that this really was the best solution for myself and the zine. You will all have read the Editorial by now and I cannot do better than endorse Frances' sketch of Ethel with the warning that what she says is not a pack of lies!

From time to time I hope to be able to report to you some of the interesting events and people who are in the London Circle tonight.....

Paul Enever was a most welcome strange recently. Those of you who remember 'Orion' will know that Paul was well known for his regularity of publication. It is always sad to see a well-loved fanzine fall by the wayside but Paul has not been in good health recently and had in fact just come out of hospital and must go in again. He is by profession a nurseryman specialising in the growing of flowers, and some eighteen months ago took over new premises. He finds now that a growing family need and enjoy his company so doesn't anticipate doing a large amount of fanning for some time. Two more faces we were delighted to see last week were Bob Shaw and his wife, fresh from the wide open spaces of Canada and en route to dear 'ole Ireland. Whilst we never seemed to see enough of Bob in London it is nice to know that he will be around in Ireland once again. Ren Bennett did not manage a night at the Globe but he did call in at Tresco and told us what a wonderful time the U.S. fans gave him. I wandered around somewhere between here and California for the next few days - just think how dull life would be without nostalgia.

There has been a lot of talk recently about the lack of new blood coming into the London Circle. One of our brightest recent acquisitions has been Ella Parker who recently threw a small party which we are all hoping will prove to be the start to a revival of the old days of high social activity and we can all look forward to a round of all night parties new religions, sitting in the fireplace etc. Speaking of fireplaces and sitting therein brings Bert Campbell to mind. For those of you who do not know Bert is now Dr. Campbell (Ph.D.) and has a daughter in addition to his two sons. Two more recent visitors to the Globe were John Hynam (better known as John Kippax) and Dan Morgan who have succeeded in converting Ken to the delights of Chinese food (and about time too). Frances Evans also appeared recently and promised that she would be dropping in again before long. Unfortunately, Ken and I had left by the time Helen Winnick arrived but dare we hope that she will be appearing again and bringing with her some of the unusual and very interesting people she always seems to meet?

Last night John and Marjorie Brunner threw a very successful party. Since their marriage they have been busily redecorating their flat so we at least regarded it as a house warming.

Is a ll for now - but be prepared next issue for me to be more controversial - must leave a couple of lines for your Editor 'Bye.

..... Pamela
SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT: All postal costs
generously paid by Bobbie Wild.

E thel.

LETTER BOX

There were a few letters outstanding from the last issue of the old Fez, which Pamela passed onto me. Most of them, alas, are well out-dated, in fact only one remains which is quotable for current interest.....

Rose Ebert, Happengasse 8, Nuremberg, Germany.

"One question about Fez, where's the SF part in it?... "You did start Femizine as SF? Or should I be mistaken there?"..... You should decide whether you want to edit an SF or a highly controversial women's magazine.. I believe the first to be more difficult."

(I want to answer this question, and make it quite clear that this fanzine is not meant to be an amateur SF magazine, but if any femme has anything interesting to say about SF, she will be welcome to say it here.)

Now a few letters which came in answer to the leaflet I sent out

Juanita Coulson, 108 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, U S A.

"Thanks for the letter (form) on Fez. Pamela I have met at the Clevecon. Pamela was sitting on Bob Bloch's lap at the time, and I got the distinct impression that we were talking about two different things: I have this difficulty with the Canadians too, - something inherent in my teutonic background I suppose'.... "I was pretty closely connected with the American Femzine and the Fanettes from birth to death. Not knowing if you have the background on that sordid story, a synopsis of sort: Marion Cox started it off with masculine-feminine challenges in the letter columns of T S and Startling, and I being young and ardently feminist at the time, jumped noisily on the bandwagon. I wrote and illoed for Marion through the issues she put out, and helped yell questions when she quit. When Honey Wood and Mureen Falaska decided that perhaps it could be resurrected, we agreed to try to get something together, we being, Honey, Mureen, and Lee Anne Tremper, and myself. We struggled along for a few bi-monthly issues, had a luncheon for the Fanettes at the Clevention, which, as far as I know, was in effect, a wake. There it died. That was a bad stage of fandom anyway in which to start enthusiastic projects. Young femme fans came in with a wealth of enthusiasm, glowed briefly, and brilliantly, like roman candles, and then faded away as quickly. All power to you - and I hope you have plenty enthusiasm and heart."

(It would be nice to keep one femmezine going. I think the main thing is not to bite off more than we can chew. Certainly I would never try for a bi-monthly, a quarterly at the most)

Loubel Wood, 2005 NE 17th Court, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

"Thanks for including me as possible new blood for your zine. I have an idea in mind which you may or may not like. A Femzine representing women--not claiming to be better than men--but claiming eventual race inheritance. This idea can be substantiated by facts, such as the dread of scientists that nuclear fission can be detrimental to male spermatozoa. The efforts of science to produce life. The present vital statistics of

female over male survival.

Further: Referring to Biblical history, man was created first. How long he existed as a single entity we have no record, but we may presume it was an age(aeon). Therefore it is presumable that women will have her age following man. "Also Adam was told that he would 'eat of the dust of the earth all his life'. This prophecy was not given to women. So, in contemplation of space travel, we may presume that women only is emotionally and otherwise equipped to travel to the stars. Science has done so much for the release of women from drudgery. The world is being equipped for women: Beauty, efficiency, effortlessness. Brute strength is passing. A woman can push a button as well as a man.

So,

RESOLVED that this zine is dedicated to the coming GOLDEN AGE of Womankind. When man has destroyed his chief race purposes, and when he has fully created and equipped the Earth with such facilities as will satisfy, perpetuate, and enhance Womankind, she will continue to produce and regulate the premises under the authority of her more advanced emotional status and wing her way between the stars to the uncontaminated Eden for which she was designed.

Arn't we devils!

best wishes

Loubel Wood.

(I reckon that now is as good a time as any to say that the Editress does not necessarily agree or disagree with opinions quoted in the letter column. But she loves to see arguments in it!)

Christine E. Haycock, M.D., 1345 E.4th St., Brooklyn 30, N.Y.

"Prior to now I have been too busy getting married to Sam Moskowitz to have a chance to contact you re your request for material. Most of my writing has been confined to medical journals, but perhaps I can come up with something of interest..."(Meantime best wishes to you both from Distaff)

Martine Thomé Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland.

"It is a shame that I did not answer sooner your letter I think it is a very good idea to edit an all-femme zine and I want also to try to help you with more than only encouragements. But it is not easy for me, because I don't write an easy English, as you could see by this letter. However I will try to write something for your zine, but wait please a little more. And be very indulgent for my bad English"

Martine

Pierre Versins address as above.

"..Hm, Martine was scared by your letter (Dear Madam Versins etc) She read English, but she doesn't think she could write. Anyway I insisted, and that's why you have at least a letter. I'll insist more, till you have something more. Am I not a good chap? After all her English is not worse than mine. And above all she has a kind of signature (is this an English word?) ((Yes)) that I like particularly. If she doesn't write something for you, you could draw her signature alone on a page... Bye for now, be forever female (YOU solemnly swore you were!)" and go on with the zine"..

(Pierre is right, it is a pretty signature, hence the above..still I faunch for something more..insatiable that's me)

Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, S.W. 2

"..And talking of Fez-- that's all this about changing its name and calling it..Distaff---Pooh .I don't see why the name should be changed from Fez which is good and known As an old Fez reader I am registering my protest at the contemplated name change"

(Personally I don't mind what it's called, I will bow to the vote of the majority. So far I've got three for and three against the change....)

Frances Evans

What! we write for Femizine or Distaff or what ever you're going to call it? You've had that! Not on your Nellie! and other ladylike phrases of disdain. Honest, I'm amazed that you of all people, should even think of going through all that again. No, sorry, but an emphatic NO. Tell you what I will do though I'll give you your horoscope for the next twelve months.

If you treat all femme-fans as you do me, you will start off by entreating them to do something for the zine. When this produces only excuses, you will progress through gentle reminders to outright bullying, till you get some

result. This means that as you can't get your hands on all of them, you will have to spend lonely nights at home doing it by letter. Just as you are thinking (probably with relief) Oh! well, nobody's interested so I've no need to bother any more, the first responses will start to trickle in. - More lonely nights sweating over a hot dupe etc., consoling yourself with the thought that you couldn't go out anyway because you've spent all your money on duplicating paper, ink etc. and there's still the postage costs to find.

Then will come the search for a female that can draw. To digress for a moment, I wonder why it is that there have been no great female painters? Maybe it's because all of woman's creative urge is centred on producing children. Which reminds me of something else - When I went to the Victoria Embankment Art Show, I was intrigued to see that 95 percent of the stuff exhibited by women, was of flowers in one form or another, very feminine. Yet these same women all looked horribly masculine. Funny isn't it?

Where was I? Oh! yes, postulating your future. Well let me see now. I expect Pamela will re-erect her Wig-Wam for you, you can divert some of your natterings from Scottishe, Joy Clarke will almost certainly do you a column, though Ghu knows where she gets either the time or energy, (Do you think she is twins and just hasn't let on about it?) Bobbie Wild will give you a nice long history lesson and you'll get scads of stuff from people like Henrietta Turner, Charlotte Harris and of course Darling Joan Carr. Maybe you will achieve one good thing though, Madelaine Willis will be able to publish under her own name instead of Walt's.

Anyway you will probably put out quite a decent sized first issue, stretching to at least 28 pages or so and promise your readers that this time it really will be quarterly. In twelve months time, when you are thinking of putting out the next issue, it will have shrunk to one page of editorial bletherings and a couple of letters from the males, who will write and tell you that: - "It's all right but you should have had wider margins"

-or

"What the heck are all the blank spaces for?"

and

"You girls gossip on something shocking and never even mention S.F."

or

"Very nice but if I want S.F. I can read the good stuff

in the promags.

Some will even, practicing their greatest generosity, tell you that:-

"This is real good stuff, almost up to the standard of the male zines.

Another thing, you are almost certain to start at least three more feuds, eg. The old male versus female argument. The disagreement between contributors on exactly what the editorial policy should be and a super war between female supporters of anti British American fans and vice versa.

Well, dear friend, I dont suppose for one moment you will take any heed of my dire prognostications, still as you know, I believe in allowing my friends to go to Hell any way they wish, so, the best of luck but I'm sorry I dont want any part of it and anyway I can't think of a single thing to say.

DOESNT SHE TALK A LOTDOESNTSHE TALKALOTDOESNTSHE TALKALOTDOESNT

We come now to the end of this issue..phew! I have here a Department of Acknowledgements first though....

A thousand thanks go to...

Joy..for cutting and supplying the stencils for her column.

Belle..for cutting and supplying the stencil for hers too.

Pamela..for presenting a ream of paper, and stencil cutting.

Frances..for two reams of paper, and for stencil cutting.

Daphne for the cover and illos for the interior.

Juanita Coulson for the illo at the end of the Con report.

All the femme fans who helped and encouraged me, to say nothing of certain male fen who kindly cheered me on.

On their own heads be it..

Ethel

Sept 1958



You are receiving this copy because:-

~~You are a contributor - Three Cheers.~~
~~You subbed and are due more issues.~~
 We hope you will review, comment,
 contribute, subscribe and/or
 exchange.

Or just because
 of your bonny
 blue 'een.

