

★ FIRST U.K. REPORT OF THE WETZCON! ★



★ IRISH FANDOM EXPOSED! SEE PAGE 19 ★

EDITORIAL

There seems to have been a great deal of confusion aroused as to who is editing Femizine. The last issue was edited and stencilled (38 stencils) by Joan Carr, who found it impossible to continue with future editions and therefore arranged to post the stencils on to me. They arrived a couple of days before Ken and I left for the States and rather than leave publication until our return, Joy Clarke agreed to see to the duplicating. Ron and Daphne and Vince and Joy spent a happy weekend collating and mailing the zine and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking those concerned and in particular Joan and Sandy and Joy Clarke for all the effort they expended in turning out the zine. Thanks are also due to Ethel Lindsay and Frances Evans for the work they have put in in establishing the magazine.

This issue has been duplicated on Ethel Lindsay's portable EMGEE duplicator, which she very kindly loaned me. She didn't tell me it had a will of its own! I borrowed Bobby Wild's typer and she lent a hand with the stencil cutting.

The Kettering con will have a strong International flavour this year. Expected attendees are Dick Wilson, Dave Kyle and Larry Shaw all of New York and Lee Hoffman, late of Savannah, as the TAFF delegate - for which much congrats! From the continent Jan Jansen and Anne Stoul will probably come over and Ellis Mills, stationed in Germany, just can't wait to get his teeth into a Britcon!

This issue of FEZ sees the introduction of a Guest Article which will be written each issue by special invitation. Brilliant Ken Bulmer contributes Fan-apple and Eve which will probably send Fan Historians livid. O.K., Ken, you can stop beating me now. It's in black and white.

Those of you who have eagerly scanned the opposite page for a further instalment of our adventures to the States will be disappointed. Unfortunately it has to be squeezed out. It has been written, however, and will appear next ish. The fact is I was determined to keep the size of the zine down to 40 pages. I don't think these big magazines are good either economically or aesthetically. Actually, you're lucky to see this at all, since we have four burst pipes during the recent bitter cold spell. We eventually had to have over 10 feet of lead piping renewed and what with being unable to get coal delivered I've been feeling thoroughly miserable. It's impossible to get washing dried and I'm now wishing I'd brought back a spin dryer from the States - I could have told the Customs man it was an unportable hair dryer for people with dislocated heads.

Observant critis will note a blank fanzine flying with the others on the cover. If your own zine isn't shown - kindly fill the title in, please. OK?

I think Joan's sand devil has followed FEZ to the UK. He's acquired warmer clothing and calls himself Frolick and he's almost been successful in messing the whole thing up. There's a rather disastrous typo on page 17. line 11, which should read: "...changing her nappie." What the -- has a nappie got to do with a fanzine? - unless Madeleine is using Walter's collection. The early Slants were noted for their absorbency, too. I dunno really but it kinda crep in. There are also two page 36's this. One's before page 37 and the other after. Don't forget to turn two pages after page 35 and then turn back to 37 and then forward to 39. Page 38 got trampled underfoot in the rush. FEZ, you see, is a real organised fmz. Well, what more do you want, Jam on it ??

Read this fanzine very carefully - there are clues scattered throughout

Pamela

LEE HOFFMAN WINS TAFF

TAFF election for 1956 goes by a handsome margin to Lee Hoffman, with Forry Ackerman running second and Dave Kyle third.

In the capable hands of Don Ford as administrator, the fund collected 182 dollars. There were 184 votes 4 of which were invalid. 29 votes came from Europe with Walter Willis acting as treasurer. A raffle of covers donated by Ted Carnell of New Worlds and Peter Hamilton of Nebula brought in 36 dollars to add to the 155 U.S. votes.

Final results were:

Lee Hoffman	362
Forry Ackerman	177
Dave Kyle	109
Icu Tabakow	61
G.M. Carr	50
Wally Weber	37
Hal Shapiro	10
Kent Corey	8

In addition to the regular candidates the following received 'write in' votes: Bob Tucker, Dale R. Smith, Don Ford, Bob Bloch, Bob Silverberg, Martin Jukovsky, Davy Crockett, John Foster Dulles and Kehli Hoffman. The voting on these was light: Tucker got 2, the rest 1 vote.



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Illustrations by Daphne Buckmaster, Roberta Wild, Henrietta Turner and Pamela Bulmer.

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LOWDOWN *on* the HIGHTOWN

by ETHEL LINDSAY

Now that I am domiciled in London, I have no doubt you will all be expecting palpitating exposés of the London O, or hair-raising tales of my adventures among the Sassenachs. Alas! I have to disappoint you all sadly. Hogmanay was spent in the company of Frances and Mac. E.A. Varley; he did not even make one improper suggestion to me (too busy making them to Frances) and my main memory of the evening was the glorious way I felt waltzing home a long Knightsbridge. I also remember vividly the aching head I nursed all New Year's Day.

Since then I have been resolutely working for my living, because this job entails very long hours and I am too tired when I get off-duty to properly explore Lunnon Town.

Last night I was feeling a little disgruntled. I still had three more nights on duty before I could get nights off. Hmph! I thought, come to London and see life indeed! With that there came from outside a sickening squeal of wheels skidding, and an enormous crrrash. I flew to the window and saw a huge lorry, which had been carrying planks of timber, completely over on its side, its wheels in the air, and timber scattered all over the road. I dashed down the stairs to the rescue, almost knocking over a Doctor bent on the same purpose. He was dressing as he went and I had an interesting vision of a shirt-tail flapping. Much to my relief the driver was shaken but unhurt; he really was a very lucky fellow.

As the timber was blocking the roadway, about eight policemen now appeared and started to heave it over to the pavement. Maliciously it started to snow. One dropped a plank on his toe and from my window three stories up I could almost hear what he was saying.

The rest of the night was enlivened by the efforts of the breakdown men's attempts to right the lorry. It looked so pathetic lying on its side, with men scrambling all over it, that it was with a sigh of relief that I watched it sway ponderously and then once more crash back onto its six wheels.

It was with a feeling of something accomplished that I turned away from the window. They were quite right after all, I thought - come to London and see life.

My nights off have been and gone as I write this. One of the highlights was lunch with Frances and Brian. Frances works in the London County Hall, and across Westminster Bridge, Brian toils lightly for the Government. Each argues the merits of their own, including the canteen.

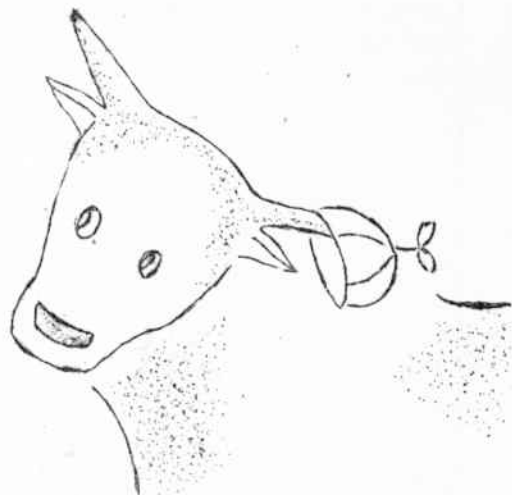
I had not much time to spare, but as I hurried across the bridge, I had to stop to watch the river. Frances tells me it is her favourite view in London and indeed it would be hard to beat.

The County Hall is a huge building and in the waiting room one watches a bewildering array of hurrying people. Frances is always late. But I am used to that now: so is Brian and he came sauntering along as she hurried out. "Let's go to the County Hall Luncheon Club," she said. "Why?" said Brian suspiciously. "Just because," she replied. I should call Frances the most illogical of females who goes entirely by instinct, if I didn't know that she did have brains. She takes a perverse delight in hiding them, though. Brian never ceases trying to make her sensible.

So we took the lift to the fourth floor and as we trooped off, Frances gaily in the lead, we gradually discovered there are a lot of corridors in the County Hall. They all looked alike too, but Frances was positive she knew the way. Each time we came to a new one, she said "Ah, I know where we are now," and halfway along would peer dazedly in all directions. "No, it's the other way," she would assert as confidently, and we would set out in the opposite direction. We traced our steps, and retraced them, and inevitably returned to where we had started. From behind us came an ominous rumbling from Brian. "We should have gone to my canteen," he growled, "at least we know where it is-----"

Undaunted, Frances set off again, (not a gal to turn back halfway up Mount Everest) and this time she found a smell of cook- After that, by using our noses we were well home. Still, we were past the soup stage before Brian returned to his usual laughing self.

This hospital in which I work is at the opposite end of London from the Nurses' Home in which I live. So each night a coach arrives to take us to work, and again in the morning takes us back. It is roughly a 20 minute journey which takes us through the heart of London. At first, all I remembered was careering madly round Hyde Park Corner and wondering how the heck everyone knows which way to drive, and the vivid neon lights flashing all through the West End. Now I am beginning to pick out a few sights to remember. One of the first to catch my eye and make me snort was a sign proclaiming the "Moo Cow Cafe and another that made me peer curiously was the "Psychic News Book Store."



6
Gradually I discover that there is always something new to see. A halt at the traffic lights enables me to look down on a small sports-car in which sit a fabulously handsome couple. I hear the nurses discuss why the woman is doing the driving and their conclusion that he is teaching her.

A further halt at Piccadilly Circus shows a group of football fans garbed in their team colours, who, spying us, wave and make thumbjerking signs our way. Huge queues at the cinema waiting to see "Rebel Without a Cause." The seething crowds of people and traffic lights and the exclamations of our driver when a car cuts in front of him help to enliven the journey. And everywhere are lights, lights, lights. For the first time in my life it is a pleasure to go to work.

Returning in the morning there is the fascinating sight to watch of the morning "rush hour." From every Tube station and corner pour hundreds of Londoners on their way to work. The paths across the parks are black with hurrying figures in a long line passing away in the distance. As we pass Nelson's Column, I see that Trafalgar is deserted: it is too early for the visitors. There is only one solitary old woman, with a shopping bag over her arm, throwing crumbs to the pigeons, who rise in crowds round her. Perhaps she comes there every day. I must watch out for her tomorrow. *

CONVENTION FOR CONVENTION'S SAKE



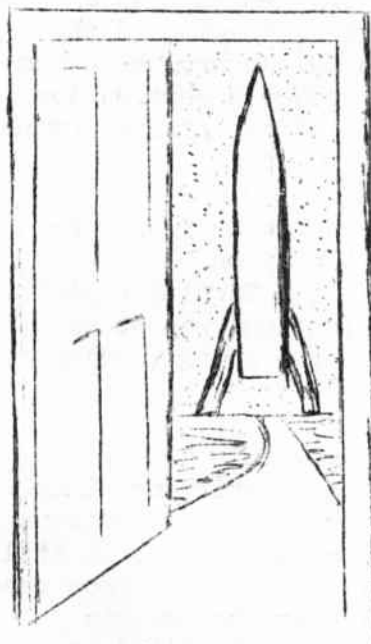
The 1956 Kettering Convention will soon be upon us. All enthusiasm here in London is however, indirect. The main concern of fandom here in Britain is for the 1957 International Convention which will be held from the 19th to 21st April inclusive. As I write negotiations are in hand for the booking of a suitable hotel. Very nearly the entire programme for the 1956 Con is being devoted to planning for the 1957 Convention - surely the most original programme yet!

The first Science Fiction Convention was held in Leeds in 1937 and it is only fitting that 20 years later Great Britain should be the venue for the 15th World Science Fiction Convention. Five years ago, in London, the First International Science Fiction Convention, the Festival Convention, was held and was an undisputed success. A large number of attendees at that convention came from Europe and since then interest in science fiction and fandom on the Continent has been greatly stimulated. Even for the 1956 convention - which has intentionally not been publicised - enthusiasts are coming from America and the Continent. British fandom will be extremely disappointed should the World Convention remain in the United States for yet another year. I hear that Los Angeles is intending to put in a bid for the 57 Convention at the 56 New York Con. Doubtless there will be a great deal of support from the West Coast fans and obviously British Fandom cannot come over personally to New York - much as we all would like to - to record their votes, so we will just have to keep our fingers crossed.

THE OLD COUNTRY IN 57

WHO WAS FIRST?

ROBERTA WILD



Glancing idly through the back pages of one of those excellent cheap editions, I noticed the publisher was advertising a two shilling reprint of H.G. Wells' "War of the Worlds." The accompanying blurb announced that it was one of the first science fiction stories ever written. Well, really! That statement, like the Sherlock Holmes cult, is going a little too far.

Let us suppose that H.G. Wells' Time Machine exists and that we have borrowed it to journey through Einstein's fourth dimension. We adjust the levers so that we arrive in 1400 B.C. or thereabouts. No, you haven't misread the previous sentence - I did say 1400 B.C.

Who hasn't heard the story of Daedalus and his son Icarus? Daedalus, a master smith, made wings of wax for himself and his son. Isn't this the first glimmering of a scientific mind? Admittedly, the story is myth and most myths (including Adam and Eve) of the Mediterranean

Basin are the results of misinterpreting ancient icons, but the unknown man - or woman - who first told the tale of Daedalus and Icarus was responsible for the first science fiction story. The myth was handed down orally for generations and then recorded by Hyginus (Fabula) and Ovid (Metamorphosis).

Robots? Robots of a kind are actually a fact now, but they were heard of long, long before Karel Capek wrote a play about them. Yes, we are back in Ancient Greece again, or rather, in Minoan Crete. One myth tells us that King Minos of Crete had a bull headed bronze servant given to him by Zeus to guard the island. This bronze man was called Talos and he was supposed to have been made by Hephaestus, the Smith God, in Sardinia. Hephaestus gave him a single vein running from neck to ankle, filled it with ichor, and plugged with a bronze pin near the ankle.

It was Talos' task to run round the island thrice daily and heave rocks at any foreign ship that ventured too close. Once, when the Sardinians had the temerity to invade Crete, Talos stepped into a fire, made himself redhot and destroyed the invaders by flinging them to his fiery body, smiling as he did so. This, the Ancient Greeks claimed, was the origin of the "Sardonic smile." Another myth relates that Medea eventually destroyed Talos by pull-

ing out the bronze pin and letting the ichor escape from his single vein. Today, of course, we would have merely switched him off. Incidentally, the Medea referred to is not Jason's wife, but the goddess Athene, who was known as Medea at Corinth.

Again, the first teller of the story of Talos of Crete is unknown, but the myth has been preserved in written form by Apollonius Rhodius (*Argonautica*) Apollodorus, and Plato (*Minos*).

1st digression. The destruction of Talos the Robot is, like many other myths, the misinterpretation of an icon. The robot's single vein is a recollection of the cire perdue method of bronze casting. The smith made a beeswax model, covered it with clay and baked it. After baking, he pierced the clay to allow the hot wax to run out, and then poured in molten bronze. When it had set, he broke the caly away. So the story of the robot's destruction was really the misconstruing of an icon which showed the goddess Athene demonstrating the cire perdue method of casting.

2nd digression. I have given the Greek theory of the origin of the expression "a sardonic smile." but the Romans had another theory on the origin of the expression. In one of his Eclogues, Virgil mentions a Sardinian plant, an equivalent of the English celery leaved crowfoot. This plant was so bitter that, when tasted, it caused a rictus of the mouth, hence the Roman version "a sardonic smile."

Still discussing robots, let us move forward to approximately 1000 B.C. Pause, and listen to a man from Samos (or Chios) who sings of stirring times and stirring deeds. The song he sang was recorded and passed from generation to generation, right down to our own. Translated into many languages, it still remains one of the most entertaining books in the world. Who, having once read The Iliad, does not return to it again and again? Can I hear the purists screaming: "Homer? Sciencefiction? You're crazy!" Maybe. The Iliad contains a little history, much fantasy and - well, I suggest that the purists re-read Book Eighteen. This is the book in which Thetis, mother of Achilles, visits Hephaestus, the Smith God. Homer states in this book that the divine smith had made servants of gold who could speak and use their limbs of precious metal. Surely these were the forerunners of the androids about whom so much is written these days?

We now enter the time machine and approach the Classical times, when science and philosophy were not yet separated. Pause in the 5th century B.C. Why, what's this? The Greeks are now making a magnificent attempt to separate fact from fiction and two of them, Democritus and Leucippus, have actually approached a reasonable atomic theory. Alas for Athens! What would our own history have been if that glorious city federation had won the Peloponnesian War? Alexander took care of the East. Perhaps Athens would have ruled the West with Rome subject to her. And the Parthenon might still have been standing today. Would Homer's Athene have wep, one wonders, if she could have seen the building, originally dedicated to her, suffer the ultimate ignominy of being used as an arsenal and finally blown up by a Venetian shell



Forward to 323 B.C. and the Greek city of Alexandria in Egypt. It was in this year that Hero invented the steam engine. When one knows that it was invented as long ago as this, one immediately thinks of Charles Fort's theory of "steam engine time." Yet, even in those days, there were Greeks who insisted the world was round. Eratosthenes (Director of the Museum at Alexandria from 240 to 200 B.C.) calculated the circumference of the earth as 24,332 miles - and he was 96 per cent correct! Unluckily, another Greek, Posidonius, calculated the earth's circumference as approximately 18,000

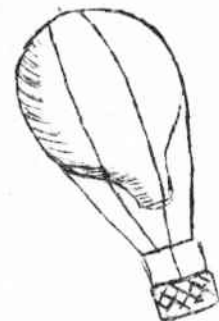
miles, a figure which was later accepted by the Arab mathematicians as the correct one. But it was the long dead Eratosthenes who inspired Columbus to sail west in search of the Indies.

So the Greeks had travelled the road from primitive science fiction to science - and then the Roman eagle swooped and Greece, gripped fast in its talons, lost her freedom for two thousand years. The whole of the Western world was the loser in this coup d'etat.

Yet not all the voices were stilled. Epicurus, the Greek, spoke up boldly and a Roman became his keenest disciple. This Roman, Lucretius, theorised more deeply than his master, and today we still read his "On the Nature of the Universe." Admittedly, some of his ideas now strike us as a little odd, but it cannot be denied that Democritus, Leucippus, Eratosthenes, Epicurus and Lucretius paved the way for Newton, Darwin, Einstein, and Rutherford. And, of course, for de Bergerac, Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, Hugo Gernsback, Forry Ackerman - but one could go on listing names for a long time.

Even at the time of Lucretius, the Mediterranean Basin was in a ferment. Many years later, the Huns and Goths came from the North, the Saracens came from the East, and Europe was plunged into a long, long darkness. The early priests must take their share of the blame, too, for the continent's ulcerated condition. Throughout the Dark Ages, only occasionally was a voice heard crying in the wilderness. Da Vinci, that great engineering genius and painter, cried the loudest but - it wasn't "steam engine" time. Our own Roger Bacon and Mother Shipton prophesied the time would come when men would swim under the sea, fly through the air, and ride in horseless carriages. Fiction then, but a scientific fact now.

Then, in the seventeenth century, came a man called Cyrano de Bergerac. Mainly remembered now for his long nose, duelling and love affairs. How many know that he studied philosophy and physics? He theorised about gravity, his explanation of Venus' phases was quite correct and, like Da Vinci, he was convinced that man would fly one day. Montgolfier later proved his theory with balloons.



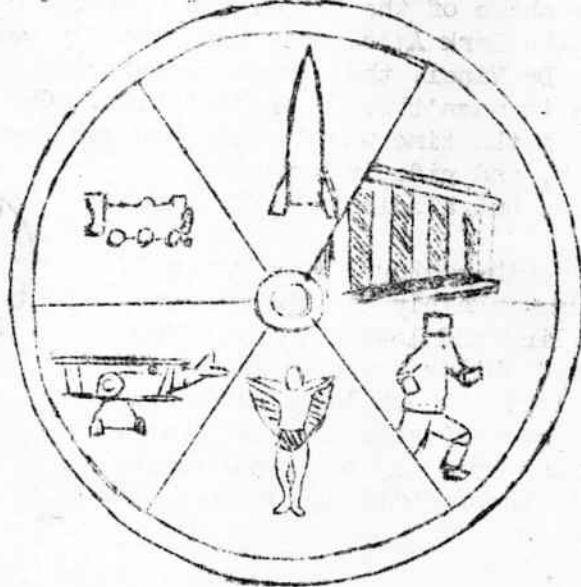
Cyrano de Bergerac also wrote a story of a trip to the moon with a rocket assisted take-off. His second machine, driven by jet impulsion from solar energy, visited the sun, taking four months for the journey - a surprisingly accurate guess. Once his machines had reached their destinations, science ceased and fantasy began. Nowadays, few people would swallow life on the moon and talking plants, men, birds, and rivers on the dark sunspots. But can we disagree that de Bergerac showed the shape of things to come?

For all those years, fantasy raised more interest than what we now call sciencefiction. There were the glorious whoppers told by Sir John Mandeville, and in the eighteenth century Walpole started a vogue with his book "The Castle of Otranto" and Sheridan Le Fanu with "Green Tea" and other stories, and R.L. Stevenson with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" kept up that vogue. Yet in the first half of the nineteenth century came a novel that could, at a pinch, be called science fiction. And it was written by a woman! I am, of course, referring to Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein."

Then, at last, it was "steam engine time" and a true sciencefiction writer made an appearance. No, not H.G. Wells, but Jules Verne. His "Five Weeks in a Balloon," "The Clipper of the Clouds," and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," must surely come under the heading of sciencefiction adventure. Then came H.G. Wells, and his stories were not called science fiction, but were miscalled romances. In 1911, Hugo Gernsback wrote "Ralph 124c42" as a serial and did a great service to all followers of this form of fiction when he started one of the first S.F. Magazines.

So who knows who told the first science fiction story? An unknown bard struck his lyre at the court of Myconae and sang of a man who made wings with which to fly. Today, a man who flies is an accepted fact. No, H.G. Wells was not the first sciencefiction writer, but he took up the torch and caused it to burn with a brighter flame, for which we should offer him eternal thanks.

The wheel of time spins, and spins again. So that today the world of science fiction can claim its own Honor. Yes, I am thinking of Ray Bradbury. If you have read his stories, can you deny that his words are music among the mechanistics and poetry on the pathway to the stars?



FANAPPLE AND EVE

The other day I came to a decision. At the same time a view I had held for some time crystallised, with much of the sweet savour of the fruits of the same name, into an indisputable fact. That fact is simply that Eighth Paradom is with us today, is well established and is composed of femmes.

Of the decision, more later.

Very many of the world's prominent men and women had difficult childhoods, in some of them extending to one particularly vivid experience which affected them, subconsciously if not consciously, for the rest of their lives. Sir Walter Scott, at the age of three, with a polio paralysed left leg, was threatened with murder by a distraught nursemaid. The girl may have been pregnant and in dire need of returning to her lover in Edinburgh. She laid the child down and tried to cut his throat with a pair of scissors. Fortunately for Hollywood's wide screen technicolour epics, the young Scott's winning smile made the girl incapable of doing the deed. To cure his useless leg he was forced to wrap the smoking hot fleeces of newly-killed sheep around him. He remembered the feel and smell of them to his dying day.

As I could not remember anything of a similar nature I assumed this horrific event lay in the future. Unlike the shock effect of Scott's experience the event grew slowly, stealthily, I suppose inevitably with the expansion of apperceptive functions. There was no scissors at the throat about this, just a swift tug out from under of my whole structure of life.

The day of decision at Tresco dawned like any other day, which in the Bulmer household was at that time around 9 o'clock when I heard the reverberating rumble of our daily avalanche below. I offered up a fervent prayer for the continued status quo of the hall floorboards - where the dry rot was held at arms' length by a lighthearted flick of Woolworth's paint - and turned over. Pamela nudged me. I snored. Pamela leaned out of bed, set the alarm for that very nodal point in time and thrust the infernal machine at my right ear. That's the ear that always fills up with muddy water when I swim and which disgorges it at inconvenient intervals for a fortnight thereafter. I remember it began to dribble down my neck at a bull parade - but enough. The result was a speedy victory for the mistress of the house. I arose, pulled my pyjama trousers tight with a haughty gesture, sighed when two other seams split, and stumbled down the stairs. (Cord didn't break, olâver - using old clothes line.) I know we don't have any carpet on our stairs, nor a light; but Pamela really should knock down the nails. By the time I reached the front door - which I was thankful to see was still there - I left a neat line of bloody footprints. I gazed blearily at the volcanic pile of mail on the rug. (Half a disused curtain.) As I stood there portions of ceiling plaster drifted gently down whitening my hair. I began to feel like GATWC - the Bangalore Torpedo. I'd just noticed that the front door - we have no letter

GUEST ARTICLE

by E. Ken Bulmer

box but I have cunningly arranged a piece of hardboard so that the postman has a struggle to get the mail through - had warped again leaving a three inch gap. It was draughty and snowy so I scooped some mail up and legged it upstairs. Pamela took the mail, ordered me to make the tea. This I did. Took some more mail up on the second journey. I didn't notice any fanmail for me, only bills and friendly little notes from OHMS. There was a fearful crash from the kitchen. That would be the piled washing-up at last falling into the sink. I shrugged. That was a mistake. I distinctly felt the plaster fall away from the ceiling of the room below. If we'd used the vacuum cleaner it would have left the plaster and taken the carpet. I moodily set about preparing breakfast and dinner and doing the housework - and I began to ponder.

Was this the sort of life most actifans led? I had a vague memory of a golden time when I, too, had received fanmail, revelling in the joyous quips of happy faneds. Far above the ordinary BNF though I am, and cognisant of their failings - yet, - Slowly, the grim resolve was forming.

In the frenetic microcosm of fandom there is a profitless but strangely absorbing pastime of numbering fandoms. When 6th died (or not, as you wish) and 7th tried to emulate its betters and failed lamentably, there was a gap, a vacuousness, a lack of personality in the world. 8th Fandom is composed of much new blood, old blood revived, and energy. 8th Fandom is the first all female fandom. 8th Fandom is femme-fandom.

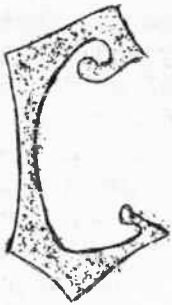
Just take a look at what's happened in the field. Malash is a perfect example of a late-flowering sixth. Most of the other male newcomers are not quite sixthish in character - and have not built up any strata upon which to build. Again, Atom and Berry, touched with the Irish magic, are 6th in spirit. All this proves merely that there are two ways of numbering fandoms; by the feeling and by the calendar. In both respects 8th Fandom is with us, alive.

The two Shares with HP created the female fanzine modus operandi. A few articles - and a pyrotechnic letter column. Joan Carr - than whom female fans there is no whomer - created FEZ. Ethel and Francis flowered. Joan is talking of leaving the fold; we have heard that before; she may be back. But, with FEZ she set herself - and handed it on to Pamela - a first magnitude problem. A fanzine to be written entirely by femmes! I hear that the U.S. venture 'FEMZINE' has folded - be it noted that FEMIZINE goes on. This is 8th Fandom oiling the wheels. Francezka has set a new high for any-sex columnist. (Harris - not that sort of sex columnist.) For a long period Daphne was the proud and lonely femme at the White Horse. Of those still with us in actifanning, Pamela came along. (For those girls reading with lights in their eyes - yes. Daphne and Pamela found two susceptibles) There are many actifan femmes in the UK outside London. Then, later at the Globe, other femmes arose. Joy threw a loop on Vinco. This was my personal glee-session to atone for un-Epicentric remarks. Gradually, the girls moved in.

As at Tresco, O'Block house possesses a femme as BNF. Madeleine is far more in the news these days. The two Ireces - one who had her name in print, the other who affects brass Bergey-plates, fill me with despair. What can we mere fen do? The stalwarts of the Belfast triangle have fallen - Peggy and Sadie have taken over. And poor old Bryan is years too late. As Carol is obviously the fan face number one from 1966 onwards, the fen have missed out

FRANCEZKA'S COLUMN

IOVE, ORGONE AND SPACESHIPS



HARLES FORT ONCE used a phrase which caught my fancy: 'steam-engine time,' to imply that a given thing can only come to pass in its own time, produced by an unrepeatable set of intellectual, social and emotional circumstances. For me at the moment, it's definitely 'flying saucer time!' A few weeks ago I wandered into a meeting at the Caxton Hall under the above title ... a seller if ever there was one! The two main speakers were Paul Ritter and David Boadella, two of the leading exponents of Reich's theories in this country. Ritter managed to compress 6000 pages of his books into an hour, and I feel it almost impossible to precis it into a paragraph with any hope of accuracy. Briefly, Reich was one of Freud's own students who carried on to form his own school, dealing with sex-economy. He did original and invaluable work in the now-accepted fields of psycho-somatic medicine and social bases for social and national disorders.

He gradually evolved and enlarged his theories as new data became available; but some years ago he went into his own private world of research, where I find it safer to report without commenting too far. I have a hyper-sensitive tendency to curl into a defensive porcupine bristle when brought into touch with anything savouring too much of eccentricity, but, on the other hand, many of his experiments have been repeated and confirmed by both men and machines.

He postulates 'orgone', an all-pervading cosmic force corresponding in many details to the discarded idea of ether, but surrounding the Earth and moving with it, like an air-bubble around a submerged seed. He claims to have produced physical manifestations of this orgone, radiation capable of trebling a Geiger count, curative of illnesses in many cases, seen as St.-Elmos'-Fire-type lights in the laboratory, and capable of causing intense depression, physical deterioration and actual rapid corrosion of materials when in its malevolent state, brought on by exposure to radioactive particles. ... Some time ago he realised the apparent correlation between this range of laboratory reactions and those demonstrated by the legitimate saucer reports. The colour range, intense vibration, sense of dizziness and sudden corrosion as evidenced by the famous crashed plane of Captain Donald Mantell. And, from what I can make out, he thinks that extra-terrestrials may use this orgone as an energy source for their observer craft, and become every day more concerned with our stimulus of its deadly qualities by atomic explosions, liable to be fatal to us in more than one way and to them...well, I guess it's the cosmic equivalent of sugar in the petrol tank! But mark you, from 6000 pages to one paragraph, and one is likely to miss a few points here and there!

Boadella took over and covered the technical and physical-science applications after Ritter's outline of the general theory, and then around 9.00 the questions started. At 10.15, when we were just warming up for the night, we were bounced from the hall! The audience was the most varied and fascinating that I have ever seen. I would have delighted to have gone round and met almost all of them if there had been time. The editor and staff of the Anarchist newspaper 'Freedom',

who've always been very interested in Reich's work on sex and sociology; some hostile and erudite as tronomers and physicists; a mixed crowd of spiritualists and healers; some incredibly witless students who made a continuous spectacle of themselves, and the varying types of the Flying Saucer Association. Heaven only knows who else! The hall was packed, controversial, and as stimulating as an electric shock! The questions ranged from the cosmic spirit to awkward ones about entropy and spectrum-shift, from Atlantis to the Avro 'saucer' being constructed in Canada, from sex in society to the healing record of orgone....

I came out with my mind spinning with questions and ideas, and was collected by a small group who wanted to follow up points with me. We went off to coffee, and flying saucers moved into my life in a big way! I'll say here and now that personal impressions, the sixth sense one has for a person's stability and verity, count more with me than any amount of carefully documented impersonal evidence. And in my opinion this group at least were sane, sensible, level-headed types, with high intelligence and sense of humour, not in the least hysterical. A housewife, a film worker, an engineer, a shy and charming school-teacher, and a company secretary who is one of the most interesting and widely-experienced men I've met in years - and the latter two said firmly and explicitly that they had personally seen 'saucers.' The secretary for the first time when he was a Radar operator in Iceland in 1941. They deluged me with facts and figures till even my scepticism took a beating.

Subsequently they've lent me books and newspaper clippings galore - my first contact with their duplicated bimonthly magazine 'Uranus', obtainable at 1/9d or 35 cents from the Markham House Press, 31 Kings Road, London, S.W.3., and I recommend anyone with an open mind and an imaginative eye for off-trail matters to try a copy. The June issue contains a very fair editorial on the authenticity, or otherwise, of the Leslie-A damski book - perhaps I call it 'fair' because it jibes with my own tendency to find a quiet corner and beat my head against the wall when they're mentioned! Adamski, by the way, is writing another book on his planetary visits in a 'saucer'. No comment!

More to the point is a massive forthcoming book by American astronomer M.K. Jessup, 'The Case for the U.F.O.'s', detailing the astronomical evidence, with photographs. Other articles include 'Humanity in the Interplanetary Age', a lively correspondence section, news items, science fiction reviews, and quotations from AUTHENTIC & Ken Slater's 'Operation Fantast' - these boys certainly get around!

THE WHITE SANDS INCIDENT

I've read quite a few of the 'saucer' books by now, and with the honourable exception of Keyhoe there's not much to choose between delusion and the desire to turn a quick buck. However, there's a relatively unknown booklet issued under the above title, with a sequel: 'Alan's Message', which I'm going to stick my neck out over. Here again it's only a question of that sixth sense one gets; but every time I've re-read it the conviction of complete sincerity has been renewed. The author lacks any of the missionary fanaticism or persecuted-minority air of so many in this field; what I can understand on the technical side seems reasonable, he has a calm, almost quizzical sense of humour which is not a

characteristic of neurotics - and the philosophy and sociology are advanced and accurate.

Dan Fry was a proving technician at White Sands when he encountered this grounded, remote controlled spaceship, took a trip in it, and had several long discussions with the e.t. in the orbiting parent craft. One of two things - either he has taken this down verbatim from an e.t. or he is himself of a remarkably high stage of development. I was very deeply moved in places by the sensitivity and appreciation of life and beauty shown by the writer(s).

B.I.S. v F.S.

Amongst some of these people I have found intense intolerance of statements by leading members of the B.I.S. who were sceptical of 'saucers'. There are several points here which I feel should be made. First, that individual members are completely free to express their belief or disbelief, so long as they do not claim to speak for the society as a whole. Secondly, those who have given their entire lives to bringing interplanetary travel nearer are not merely cold-blooded technicians, but men who have lived for a dream, an ideal. And small green apes, intelligent bees, long-haired Venusians with hieroglyph sandals, tend to make that dream rather shabby. Thirdly, it was realised some years ago that public assimilation of the idea, far from lagging behind, was actually overshooting - in however crude and immature a manner - and considering as a fait accompli matters which were still in the theoretical stages. To guard against excessive frustration in the masses, publicity has been throttled down to a very great extent - which may account for some, if not all, of the caginess of the authorities.

Have you ever been in a brawl between a bearded man and a 3000 year old Venusian? Unfortunately, like all beliefs, 'flying saucers' have their own lunatic fringe, and a subsequent Caxton Hall meeting of another association was strictly for nuts! Some few beautifully groomed women were lost in the jungle of earnest British hats, strings of beads and spirited feather boas! The 'medium' wore dark glasses, but the inscrutability aimed at was ruined by his voice, a compound of the most nasal preacher's whine and a poor imitation of Churchill. He talked for half an hour without saying anything, an accomplishment I had previously thought limited to politicians and press conferences! This character is supposed to be the Master Aetherius, 3456 year old Venusian, now on Saturn with the Interplanetary Government, 'projecting' to save 'poor little Terra' from the error of her ways. I may say that any Venusian who refers to me in such terms, justified though they may be, is going to get sorted out pretty rapidly! Both the legitimate 'flying saucer' part of the audience and the serious occultists there were doing a slow burn by the time he was through, and the questions were predominantly critical.



This was where I was sandwiched between the bearded man and the Venusian. The beard particularly ran to some awkward points, obviously knowing a lot about both logic and trance states! 'Aetherius' was as slippery as a greased oel in evading definite answers on his own ground, so yours truly decided to chuck a spanner into the works.

In my most polite and bland and crisp style I gave out to the effect that the chief difference between a man and the brute, as between good and evil, is not only the highly estimable qualities he had enumerated, but above all, the possession of a sense of humour, as contrasted with the glazed earnestness of the others! I knew at least two people whom I considered spiritually advanced, in his sense of the term, and they both possessed a keenly developed wit, instead of fighting evil in its own terms of grim sobriety. Did he not think he might get further through the sanity and releasing power of laughter? And that frankly, if he was Aetherius, the picture he had created in my mind was that of a rather pompous member of what the Americans term 'top brass'!

He said hurriedly that some of the most joyous people never smile and he would like to consider the very interesting point I had raised and the next Question was?

Altogether, I don't think I've been as displeased by something since the Shaver Mystery - with which this has much in common.

CODA

And my own beliefs? As always, I think that there are unidentified flying objects, that they contain telemetering equipment and are remote-controlled, and account for approximately 10 per cent of the sightings. About 5 per cent in Scandinavia and Germany result from the cruder, but effective, prototype 'saucers' being tested by the Russians. The remaining 85 per cent are partly for notoriety or cash, and partly - well, I have a theory, but it's only a theory. Mankind has progressed in a kind of frog-march, forced forward always between two opposing forces. First the enemy village, then the county, the country, the Allies - each group embraced a wider field. There was always Something alien, inexplicable, dangerous, beyond. Now, at last, with the world in two, moving towards the inevitable United Earth - is it that we are already creating out of our need the stranger we can no longer find on earth? The enemy, the unifying force, the challenge... no longer between Kentish Men, or Covenanters, or apartheidists - but between the planets?

And if so, what hope is there for a planet whose peoples need the big stick to enforce sanity, who lean on the crutch of fear and talk of winning the Olympic Games?

I hope I'm wrong.

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From LEEDS in 1937 to London in 1957 @ Your vote can turn the
SECOND INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION into the
FIFTEENTH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION.

LONDON IN 57!

DYIN' ETHICS

17

Once we weren't delinquents or social misfits driven to crime.
If anyone sinned the kids got whacked and the older ones were given time.
This brutal method was surprisingly effective in keeping children on

the straight and narrow way,
But educationalists, plus people who could never take their medicine,
now view this with dismay.

So Teddy boys and girls who beat up pensioners know they can't help
being bad.

They know from pre- and post-natal memories that it's the fault of
their Mum or Dad.

The thief in the dock who robbed an old woman of all she had saved
Couldn't help what he was doing. It's not that he's depraved
But deprived. When he was young his parents weren't loving and giving.
Besides, he has earnestly stated that he is too sensitive to work for
a living.

And one girl recalls when she was a babe Her Mum jabbed her with pins
while her nappie,

Which gave her a woman-hating complex, so she has to be with a man to
be happy.

And anyone who says she's immoral and likes it has a very nasty mind.
The men only give her money and mink because they enjoy being kind.
The long-haired intellectual who departs with Government secrets to a
Power in the East

Knows he can't help being a Red because he recalls that when she was
carrying him his Mater made an absolute beast
Of herself with tomatoes. He didn't run away because he hadn't
got the guts

To tell his adorable Marxist fanatics that the whole bunch of 'em
were nuts.

That woman is a masochistic pervert because she remembers her mother
had a perfectly frightful labour

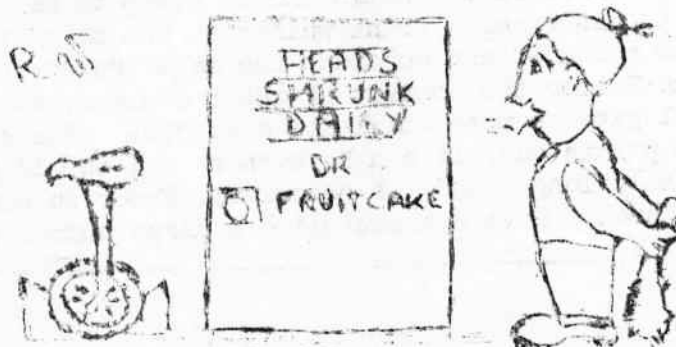
When she was born. She recalls it distinctly and has also heard her
mother often telling the next-door neighbour.

Here's my husband - my former probation officer - and now I realise I
erred when I married the clot

Because he's like my father, and I hate my father because once when I
was small he gave me a sore bot.

This brutal treatment made me sadistic, a trait which will help me out
of the impasse

Of having an unwanted husband. Where did I put that powdered glass?



Reviews

INFINITY Science Fiction. Editor: Larry T. Shaw. Bi-monthly. 35c. Digest.

I'm rather at a disadvantage here, since I can't comment on one of the two lead novelets. I can't even say I'd like to see more like 'em - I would - cos it's too near the truth. If you're looking for an sf magazine with a refreshing new tingle whilst retaining the slickness and competence of such American top-liners as Astounding and Galaxy, then Infinity is a must for you. Editor Larry Shaw has some pertinent remarks to make concerning the current pessimistic attitude to an intangible 'loss of wonder' wail from some old and very tired readers. The cover is a dramatic and unmistakable illustration from 'Quarry' and is high quality Emsh. I liked it immensely and trust this is a precedent for all Infinity covers to have something to do with the contents. A glance at the names on the contents page indicate a fair sprinkling of up and coming new writers taking their place amongst the old established favourites. Obviously, Larry Shaw - in his own words 'the astute fake-pro' - does not intend to publish stories for the sake of their name tag. The name of Damon Knight, however, as Book Reviewer, does assure readers of entertaining and readable matter in this section alone well worth the price of the mag. Damon manages to pack as much interest and compelling attention into his reviews as many authors do into their stories, so that he is a never-failing delight to read. "In each issue, Mr. Knight will review a new book which he considers unique enough for special consideration." With Damon in the chair, this department promises many educative fireworks in the future. Fanfare promises us a reprint article from a fanzine whenever something of particular merit appears in a fanzine. 'The Murky Way' by Dean Greenoll is an example of the professional polish and competence which can be and is achieved by many writers in fanzines. It's nice to know that when something of outstanding quality appears in a fanzine it will have a chance of reaching a larger audience albeit also a challenge to many fans to improve their work! Summing up: A must for your regular list. Editor Larry Shaw will quite probably be attending the Kettering Convention. ∞ ∞

AUTHENTIC SCIENCE fiction monthly. Editor: E.C.Tubb. Monthly. 2/- Pocket.

The first issue of Authentic under the leadership of Ted Tubb is now to hand. It's too early for any marked changes to be evident; but there are now fewer articles and the very small print has been cut out. Looking back, Bert Campbell has brought Authentic a surprisingly long way from the first nauseating plop that hit the news-stands. With Ted, I wish Bert all success and happiness in his new sphere of research. Obviously Authentic will be different now - already the first issue bears the unmistakable stamp of Mr. Tubb's personality. His editorial is disarmingly frank whilst at the same time delivering a smart left upper cut to readers who consider the magazine perfect - and who therefore do not give the Editor the benefit of their constructive criticism. Let us hope that Ted will give us more imaginative covers. The story content is good but, as Mr. Tubb points out, it can be higher. I should prefer the short stories to be slightly longer and, if necessary, fewer in number. This is a small personal grouse which I have against quite a large number of S.F. zines.

Is John Berry a fake-fan - a figment of the lush imagination of Irish Fandom? Certainly the Berry portrayed by Hyphen is a travesty of fans. Femzine's Unfannish Activities Committee has unearthed the real Berry. At great risk to her personal integrity and always under the handicap of being mistaken as a figment of someone's imagination, Diane Berry has succeeded in passing her story of the debonair man-about-fandom, John Berry, from secret agent to secret agent so that we are now able to reveal the real and horrific figure sheltering behind the phenomenon known as John Berry. How many more femme fans suffer the same fate as Diane? Madeleine too reveals her plight and under the auspices of Femzine disclosed that Walter is in reality - a Frustrated Hi-Fi Fan! Is Fandom to be merely a sublimation for baser instincts?

EXPOSE!

SECOND FIDDLE

by Diane Berry



I married a man of integrity, patience understanding and (I suppose I should be modest) an above average physical and mental specimen. A kind and considerate father..... house-proud fond of gardening..... just waiting for me to ask him to do odd jobs around the house and very, very careful about his appearance.

Then he met a man known as Walter Willis.

He became a fan.

You wouldn't believe the change possible.

No matter what arrangements I arrange for us beforehand ... a supper with the curate ... an evening at the Group Theatre.

... a visit to my mother ... he has just to go to the Newtownards Road.

That isn't so bad. Wait until you read this.

After a few weeks, he came home one night with his left thumb out of joint. "Goodminton," he said. A week later, as I was washing his clothes, I found a patch of blood on his vest. "Goodminton," he said.

I don't mind so much about moderate physical injury, his wounds have healed remarkably well. But his clothes.

John purchased a pair of Gabardine Lovat Green trousers in April, and I was darning the knees in May. The local cobbler, delighted with my twice weekly visits with the remains of John's shoes, asked me to take a long term partnership. I have worked my fingers to the bone to try and keep his dark brown shirts clean.... they were originally light blue.

I have tried to be considerate about his clothes and injuries. But a young wife expects some attention from her husband.

Let me recount a typical evening with John since he became a member of Irish Fandom.

He rushes home. "Any letters?" he gasps.

"One from Eric Bentcliffe," I answer.

"Good - o," he grins, and reads it avidly over his tea. He doesn't look at our baby daughter. He ignores our five year old son.

Tea finished, he curls up in a chair, and, surrounded by Hyphens and Orions

Continued on page 24

HI-FAN... FI-FAN...

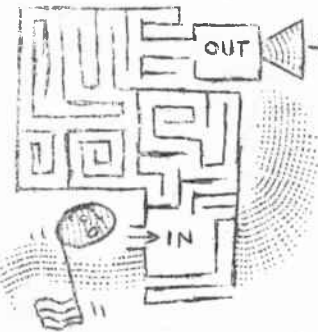
by MADELEINE WILLIS

Walter Willis is a fan of fandom. But it was not always so. When we met first he was one of a small group of left-wing intellectuals, to coin a phrase. They discussed, instead of "rain on Venus", trends in painting, the merits of various recordings by differing symphony orchestras, and the newer authors. They read, among other things, the magazines Horizon and the Penguin New Writing. But it was their musical interests which were to have the greatest effect on my life.

When we bought Oblique House the first thing Walter thought of was that he could now knock holes in the walls. Not that he had any destructive tendencies, he only wanted to install a loudspeaker. This was the starting point in his search for high fidelity. He had already arranged for the ordinary kind.

The next step was to start building an amplifier. For months I only saw Walter across mounds of flex, valves, resistances, condensers and a home-made testing meter. It was my job to hold the crocodile clips in position till he got a reading, then drop the components into the proper labelled boxes. (He was using unlabelled government surplus equipment).

A couple of years later the amplifier was finished. I was almost finished too. I wondered if Walter would now take more interest in decorating the house and in the garden, but no, we needed loud-speakers in the kitchen, the bedroom, and the study. The dining-room was okay. It was already served by the one in the wall. This job didn't take so long as I had feared. There were telephone lines along the outside wall of the house and he made use of these. Years later the Post Office at last got a round to salvaging the (so far as they knew) disused wires, but they were very nice about leaving the ones which now formed part of our loud-speaker system.



Walter still looked dissatisfied, however, and one day when he was reading the latest copy of Wireless World he saw a blue-print for an acoustic labyrinth. This contraption is supposed to give perfect reproduction of the bass notes and Walter immediately realised that this was what he was waiting for. He got a carpenter to construct it for him.

It was a horrible great monstrosity five feet high by two feet wide and one and a half feet deep. He wanted to keep it in the sitting room. A few days later, after we had calmly agreed to place it on its side across the bay windows, we got the bill. It cost as much as the easy chair I had been hoping to get. However, Walter pointed out that at least three people could sit side by side on the box.

Soon after this a Mr. Arnold advertised that he was interested in starting a Gramophone Society. We went along to the meeting and eventually joined the group. That Society gave me some of the most uncomfortable evenings of my life. The idea was that the members would sit and listen while other members played selections from their record collections. Some were enthusiastic enough to give a talk on the interpretation of the music selected. We all sat on hard chairs and looked intelligent (at least, I tried very hard.) One evening the chairman asked me

what kind of music I was interested in and I replied the songs of Tino Rossi and Jean Sablon. I stayed home after that.

Some months later the group got into financial difficulties. Like the Liverpool S.F. Society, the cost of renting a room became too much for them. So Walter returned to listening to records in privacy.

It was about this time that we met James White, and it turned out that not only was he a science fiction fan, he was also interested in music. Very often when he and Walter were engaged in setting up Slant I would put on a selection of records for them. Early in the evening the most popular records were jazz ones. As they became tired and felt like slowing down I would put on symphonies and sentimental songs, always including at least one of Doris Day's. Although James had no gramophone of his own, he admired Doris Day so much that he had actually bought several of her records and left them at our house.

When the corporation decided to change our electricity supply from D.C. to A.C. we were without the gramophone for a while. But we had more time for fanning. At last the new motor was installed and we had several musical sessions until the motor broke down after only about three months' use. We sent it back to the manufacturer, we thought, through the retailer and the wholesaler. We waited and waited and waited. After about a year we wrote an indignant letter (we had called at the retailers several times) to the manufacturer and the letter was returned marked 'gone away.' We rushed down to the wholesalers, who said that they had been waiting for further instructions! The motor had been lying on a shelf gathering dust the whole time!

We decided to save up for a new motor and continue without the gramophone for another while. We had forgotten our enthusiasm for music and we now preferred to talk fannishly and play ghoddminton.

I sometimes wonder how different our life would have been if we had continued to listen to music regularly and spend money on records instead of on paper stencils, ink, postage, and fanzines. How many more walls would have holes in them by now? But I am almost beginning to think that it is inevitable for the walls in our house to have holes in them, for one of the attic walls is well on the way to having an extra window in it. The fans have kicked away the plaster while playing Ghoddminton a little too vigorously.

SECOND FIDDLE continued from page nineteen
he starts writing. "What are you doing?" I ask.

"Article for Walt," he answers, without as much as lifting his head. And there he sits all evening.

Now even that I could forgive.

But the crowning insult was to come.

He staggered home one night with a rusted chunk of metal that I thought at the time (and still do) was a cross between a TV Inventors' Club reject, and a scrap-metal merchant's nightmare.

"Just bought Bob Shaw's typer," he said proudly. "Only three pounds."

Femmes, I cried.

Oh, he can do what he likes with his own money; but fancy expecting me to keep that monstrosity in my house. The brute.

One consolation. I've met all his friends. John has brought them to my house on several occasions, and I have found them all to be very charming. But what I cannot understand is that Madeleine, Peggy and Sadie seem to thrive on their husbands' fan activities.

Just one more thing mystifies me.

Why won't John let me meet Chuck Harris ?

FANZINE FEZTIVAL

There seems to have been a dearth of fanzines during the past few months although when it comes to reviewing there are plenty. Perhaps it's because there hasn't been much of very exceptional merit - or then again maybe we are feeling the absence of Hyphen. If your fanzine is not either mentioned or reviewed below it means that we didn't receive it.

ABAS 7 Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada. 25c per ish but distributed on the Now & Then system.

If you expect the interior art work to come up to the standard of the cover, by Pat Patterson, you will be disappointed. For me the zine was worth getting if only for the pleasure I've had in looking at that cover and it's a great pity the Editor didn't use more imagination when laying out and producing what follows. Seasoned with some very amusing poems and interlineations, in particular reference to buses and opossums, the material is highly entertaining. Tucker will giggle you a cross a few pages, when you've stopped chuckling over Derelict's Derogation. The odd thing is that very often conversations can be as funny as this, though at the time one seldom preserves them. I personally found parts of 'How the Other Half' distasteful, largely because I feel one should live and let live - there but for the grace of God go I. I'm not narrow-minded by any means, but I'm wondering just how much truth there is in the saying that Americans must be the most sex-starved nation judging by their preoccupation with the subject. Has the same preoccupation crept across the 49th parallel? If you don't get ABAS, you should.

RETRIBUTION 1 John Berry, 1 Knockeden Crs., Flush Park, Belfast, N.I. and Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham Hse, Brockham Drive, S.W.2.

I haven't a clue how you go about getting it - it just arrives! There are lots of wonderful Atom illos and cartoons. Production is good but those six blank sides in the art section are an awful pity. If you appreciate the typical Irish type humour of John Berry and Atom this is a must - future editions are eagerly awaited here at any rate.

VOID 7 Benford twins - a dress outside the U.S. (those in Canada too) is C/O Lt. Col. James A. Benford H.Q. 594th F.A. Bn., APO 169, New York, N.Y. All others (England, Ireland, etc.) 5D Chapel Road, Giessen/Lahn, Germany.

Well...so we ain't outside the U.S.? Ahem... On the back he says I got it cos I'm a member of Ompa, I might care to trade, and would I please review and will I please comment and I am a wrong doer but he likes me and I too am star begotten and give me money or a good review....thusly he gets a review of sorts. Since he didn't send it cos I'm a genuine S.C. I don't know that he really deserves a review of any sort. Nice and friendly, lots of letters, a Con Report. All in all very nice. Wish there were more interior illos tho. Good to see a fanzine coming from Germany, nursing all the talent there on to greater things.

CONFA B 11 Bob Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska.

This is a letterzine, reappearing after a n absence. It's well produced and contains letters from Ed Cox, Steve Schultheis, Dick Lupoff and Stan Woolston. Lots of other folk obviously write and there's a nice air almost of affection running through it.

POT LUCK



There can be no one better suited to open the lid and dish out the first helping from Pot Luck, than the founder of Femizine. Without further ado then:

SGT. J.W. CARR, Clearing Wing, Regimental Pay Office (ME), British Forces Post Office, 53.

FEZ, of course, fits the bill perfectly. So far I've only had two letters about it, one from Harry Turner and one from Ethel. There is no point in me commenting on the material in this issue, but I would like to say that I liked Daphne's cover very much indeed.

I don't quite know what Pamela's ideas will be regarding exchanges but I'd like to make certain that Dean Grennell continues to receive copies of the thing. Even if it means me -ulp- paying for him. ((I'll list you a special price 10/- a copy. Grrrr. I'd rather get GRUB.P.B.)). Another thing (I can see this is going to be a real itty-bitty letter before I've finished) reading through the issue again I note with dismay my promise to continue writing a column. The fact of the matter is, it just can't be done! This is no great loss for FEZ ((Oh no? You kid me not)) but I hate to think what some fanzine editors are going to say about my receiving fanzines for review, under false pretences. After cutting the 58 stencils for FEZ 7 I found that even the sight of a Typewriter was slightly sickening, while to sit down at one was sheer agony. (Mental, of course).

As a result of this I took a holiday from fanac which has only just come to an end. Bit by bit I've been catching up on my correspondence and now I have the next issue of OMNIBUS on stencil. I will miss the next mailing I'm afraid -- that is one of the disadvantages connected with being overseas -- not only do I receive the mailing late, the deadline for me is also a month early. Can't be helped of course, and it's no excuse for missing two mailings, but -- Anyway, there's just a chance that when the 'BUS does put in an appearance there might be some readers who will consider it worth waiting for. The reviews of previous mailings will now go in another zine and the 'BUS will feature more general-humour-type material. Because of time, the situation out here, and a general lassitude on my part, I've decided to "retire" into OMFA for a short while. Don't know how long this 'short time' will be but I won't be throwing myself back into general fandom before I get home. That much is certain. I'll have to start thinking of subbing to FEZ myself!



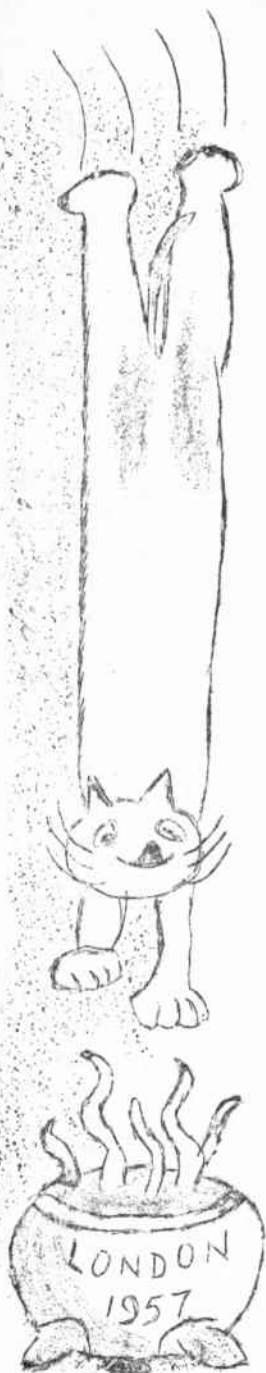
Frolick seems to have been at work again. No sooner have I cut the first stencil for Pot Luck than its cut of date. News has been received from Sandy Sanderson that Joan Carr has retired from fandom altogether. Sandy will continue OMNIBUS in Ompa, and would like to receive any fanzines which would normally be going to Joan. It's a shame to see another worthy femmefan fall by the wayside but there we are...

PAUL ENEVER, 9 Churchill Ave, Hillingdon, Middx.

Since when has a fancolumnist been allowed to make one think? Particularly anyone so allergic to thinking as myself. I don't know who Franceszka is but she manages to pack more into her cols than most fans of either sex. It struck me that her tirade against censorship was rather like cursing the one pebble on a stony beach that gets in one's shoe. The fault lies not in censorship nor any other of the wobbly buttresses with which we try to shore up 'law and order', but in the whole concept of civilisation as a desirable end. The first monkey which climbed down out of his tree assured mankind of an eternity of ever increasing neuroses. Before it made the descent it was one of several thousand species which had achieved a natural balance and the prime mover of which was, simply, to survive. Surviving meant multiplying fast enough to make good losses to predators, disease and accident but not fast enough to starve itself out.

After the descent the accent was placed on multiplying at all costs rather than merely surviving, and because multiplying requires stricter organisation than surviving civilisation was born. Ever since there has been a conflict between Survival and Civilisation. Every moral code invented has as its basic the desire that the race or tribe or nation shall multiply and be fruitful. Every primeval instinct left in us from tree top days shrieks out that this headlong multiplication is dangerous; Malthus merely put it into words.

Civilisation demands that every child survive and be carefully reared to the stage where it in turn can beget children. Survival would turn them out of the nest the moment they are old enough to pick their own berries, to ensure that only the fittest and hardiest survive to procreate even fitter and harder children. Civilisation calls for wisdom and intelligence where Survival is satisfied with instinct and good reflexes. Unfortunately while most animals are born with the qualities that ensure their survival too few humans are born with the qualities that fit them for civilisation. Our asylums and hospitals are full of people who were particularly short-supplied. To offset this lack it was found necessary to draw up rules and regulations for the continuance of civilisation to assist, guide and compel those who couldn't



see the way for themselves. None of these rules have ever worked for long or the Egyptians would still be building Pyramids. Sometimes they have worked so well that the tribe outgrew itself and either split up or starved to death. Sometimes they worked long enough to smother the Survival drive and the tribe died out of sheer infertility. Inevitably the rules and regulations varied according to local conditions - rearing a large family in Iceland obviously requires a different technique to doing it on the shores of the Mediterranean - and consequently transplanted civilisations always died out (if they successfully adapted they weren't, ipso facto, that same civilisation).

Inevitably, too, they conflicted with one another and were eliminated in the process. The Jews would never have survived as a people if they had been as highly civilised as the Egyptians; fortunately for them Survival still had a higher value and they were able to retreat - something civilisation dare not do.

Finally they suffer internal conflict. Since civilisation insists that every individual ought to live and procreate rather than letting the weak go to the wall all its rules and regulations are concerned with repressing the strong and upholding the weak. This sounds laughworthy if one considers, say, a civilisation that condones and encourages slavery. Nevertheless it is perfectly true. The laws which encourage slavery are designed to protect the masters, true; but they are the biologically weaker; They have a lower survival urge, they are the ones who breed less freely and it is the slaves who are the stronger, who 'breed like rabbits' and are hardier and have quicker reflexes. Just as the poor downtrodden workers of today are the stronger and their cruel, oppressive aristocracy the weaker. In fact we may take it as axiomatic that any law is designed to protect the weak: Unless the 'wrongdoer' were strong enough to be potentially dangerous there would be no need for a law against him. ((A thought - how come the biologically weaker are in a position to make and enforce laws over their biological superiors in the first place? Is it not a case of the biologically stronger maintaining their position against numerical superiority whilst they consolidate quality versus quantity?))

In a civilisation as complex as our own there must obviously be a multiplicity of rules. Generations of shuffling have given rise to a ridiculous number of degrees of 'strength'. The labourer is stronger than the clerk is stronger than the physician is stronger than the tenth generation earl - both in actual numbers and in breeding potential. Each class must be protected from the one immediately above it and since the classes are impure this frequently means from itself as well. Is it any wonder, then, that a simple thing like censorship should cause so much trouble? Can one be surprised that a class which feels itself threatened should seek safety in another rule or regulation? Is it any use arguing that the 'system is wrong' or that we need a new moral sense when the whole fabric of human existence is woven to the wrong pattern with too weak a thread; 'Civilisation' where we are yet only fitted to survive?

A pretty hopeless outlook? Not exactly. There is one loophole. Every so often a man is born with just those qualities that civilisation demands, usually to be crucified by shortsighted 'survivalists'. One day, though, it is mathematically certain that a large number of such people will all be born into

the same generation whereupon utopia will be founded. The beauty of this is that it need only happen once. The ~~moment~~ there is enough wisdom and intelligence about to found a utopia its first move will be to ensure the impossibility of any regression. Phooey to stasis!

So, as Francezka herself said we've come a long way from objectionable matter in s-f, but one of the worst points about civilisation is that its rules and regulations have to be all-embracing; that is to say any blanket which is big enough to cover the weakest must also smother the strong in its folds. Francezka, in common with numerous otherfans (and right non-fans) has more of civilisation's required qualities than, say, the teddy-boy who spends his time spitting into the stream and running to the other side to watch it float through. Unfortunately the teddy-boy is 'survivally' stronger and F. must be protected against him. Censorship of pornography, violence, sadism etc. is intended to this end and in concept is wholly admirable. Where it falls down is in the fact that its appliers are no more wise or intelligent than the average.

HARRY TURNER, 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire.

I was uncertain whether I ought really to write to Francezka - after all, 14 out of 62 pages is no mean output .. so many words! I find my sympathies in the matter are with the Varley man - there is a bright superficiality about it all that irks me. I suppose the only way out is for F. to have a large family and cut her spare time down. Yet I must admit to reluctant admiration for her steady output, and editorialwise you must be thankful that she sparks so many people into writing. Like me. This censorship business, for example. Fear and uncertainty undoubtedly give rise to intolerance and censorship as she says; but does certainty of belief lead to tolerance? I doubt it. Tolerance, it seems to me, is the result of realising that there is no certain answer to life's problems, that there are no absolute standards of conduct and behaviour, that right and wrong are relative terms. It is disbelief, doubt, a healthy scepticism, that is likely to lead to tolerance. The knowledge of the rightness of one's beliefs is more likely to lead to the fanaticism F. deplors earlier in her comments. As for her comments on changing society so that the moral code approaches closer to life as it is lived (whatever that means), I would merely say that to bring about any changes needs conviction, evangelistic fervour and intolerance. And fighting intolerance with intolerance seems a bewildering process...

But I can only stand this chatter in small doses; especially do I shudder at the militant feminism so self-consciously dragged in at every excuse. And F. is not the only one. Who don't you gals wise up and tone down the sex-war! most of your male readers are probably quite pleased to be on friendly terms with you all... ((Yes, Mr. Turner, they are very pleased.. judging from their re-actions! So far as I'm concerned there's never been any war - quite the reverse as anyone who knows me too well can testify - I'm all for sex! Yes... you merit an Order of the Wooden Spoon, congratulations...)) Is it another symptom of the sex war that Dotty Ratigan floats around fandom's fringes with a single 't' while her husband boldly signs his correspondence and Nebula covers 'Ja mes Rattigan'? Or is it me that's confused?((Lack of liaison?))...

Joan, there's a point you casually let slide in your blurb to the Graham symposium which I cannot let pass without comment. I know you are broadly, speaking generally (whatever that means/this is becoming my favourite phrase when writing about Fog contributors, possibly an indication of the gap between the male and female mental processes/), but have any of your beliefs, religious or otherwise, been changed by a well-thought-out argument? Few people live on so intellectual a plane. Most of our beliefs are a strange compound of emotion and reason and not very susceptible to logical argument. Me, I'm suspicious of logic anyway. You can prove anything by logic. Just think where the logical Nee dham reasoning lands you. Words are the curse of mankind as well as a blessing. At which point I should like to thank F. for drawing the analogy between Graham and Hitler. You can do anything with words and a little knowledge of the techniques of persuasion. Actually, the symposium was more interesting for the light it threw on the three contributors than on the phenomenon of Billy Graham...

What low type put Helen's surname in quotes? Shame. May the wrath of the Torbay Happy Fans & Lampshade Makers Society descend upon you! Altho the title distinctly says Life with the Lindsays, all we hear about is Nigel. No gen on "Spider" Lindsay?

Letters enjoyable as usual - especially the Bloch family exchange. I find myself agreeing largely with Francezka on the subject of horror-comics; though how far they are the cause of the effect of the wave of violence is debatable. However, they are likely to spread the infection, and a little can be done by disposing of them. The essential problem is that of draining the swamp; how to relieve the frustrations. Which seems to make me an advocate of partial-censorship; there are several comics, including some issues of Mad, which I would not like to get into the hands of my children. Which seems to indicate that my tolerance has limits...fortunate ly.

IRINE CORE, 45 Worcester Avenue, Bowerham, Lancaster.

Please thank Robert Bloch for his kind words, 'Anyone who can survive association with Mal, Dave and Ken is a rare and noble spirit - and probably carries brass knuckles, too.' I can't help thinking that I qualify to be a Rare and Noble Spirit. Maybe I'm even more noble than even he imagines - my knuckles are not false. I found the article on the Billy Graham Campaign most absorbing - so absorbing in fact that I struggled thro' page 26. This is a great feat as it was a most unreadable (in my copy anyway). It was a wonderful idea! In the October ish of Readers Digest there is an article by Stanley High entitled 'Do Billy Graham's Conversions last?' you may have read it. He writes that 64pc of the converts at Harringay were still attending church regularly over a year afterwards. But what of the other 36 pc? Why did they go forward. I have not heard Billy Graham myself, but he must have some terrific power of convincing people against their will. Or did these 36 pc. go forward with the rest because they thought it was The Thing To Do?

DOROTHY RATIGAN (MRS) 6 Thorpe Close, Silverdale, Sydenham, S.E.26.

The arrival of the bumper fun book 'Femazine' was received and, most certainly, avidly read from beginning to end and am still of the opinion that without Francezka there would be little to argue about. Despite the volubility of her pen she has a wit which is admirable to say the least.

Another piece I admired was 'Pot Luck' - most amusing. Unfortunately 'Femizine' seems to be falling into the same pit as other fanzines with a vast collection of letters, whether or not these are reprinted 'in toto' is not the point, but they do take up a lot of room and valuable reading time. In fact 16 pages of them is just too much for my appetite... but then I feel that a few terse lines is all that is required to get the general feel of a lengthy letter.

New Zealand.

CARROLL H. HERN C/O L.V.Jessett Products, 158A Lienster Road, Christchurch, N.W.1.

I have just read 'Nebulas' comment on your fan magazine 'Femizine' with interest because I have always wanted to start an exclusive girls science fiction fan magazine here in New Zealand. My hobbies are Photography and Music and home recording. I own my own 'Grundig' tape recorder Model Reporter 700L. I wonder if any of your readers have any old copies of Femizine they could let me have - also I would like to find a pen friend in England of my age and sex...

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 (sic!) Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln.

Censorship - hey wasn't Francezka in favour of it last time?

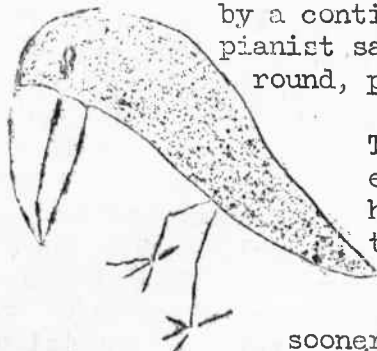
Yes - she was - for comics. What does she say this time? "They want Censorship to eliminate ideas and emotions which they consider wrong. 'Wrong' means, in 99% of cases, different from those held by the censor. Difference means danger - So who will be the censors? Those who fear --- that they will not survive in a changed world --- strike out wildly at any distracting influence from outside --- the minute a society begins to use the weapon of censorship and prescription, that society brands itself as corrupt and fearful. The cure lies not in a proliferation of laws --- Would it not be more sensible, more creative to change our society so that the moral code approached rather closer to life as it is lived ---" etc. I smell a rat - I think. Admittedly, I'm not quite clear how the "changing our society" angle fits into the Comics business (unless we all go MAD!) - but surely, F's above-quoted arguments should apply equally to ALL types of censorship. While I myself detest horrors of all sorts, whether in pictorial or any other form, and tend to favour the "freer and fuller" life that F. now advocates if I read her aright, I see no essential difference in KIND between ideas that I like and those that I don't. It's a matter of personal taste. To carry the present argument of F's a stage further, people who want to suppress anything consider their own ideals to be inherently inferior to those they wish to suppress. (Whether they recognise it or no). Therefore, people who want to suppress horror comics see in the way of life depicted therein something inherently superior to what THEY want - therefore, they cry, suppress it! Well, it's logical, isn't it?

...If I come across an all-cartoon show at one of the London news-cinemas, I'll usually go and see it, unless it's all late-Disney or Tom-and-Jerry or something. But even with a mixed bag, if there's more than ONE cartoon in the whole programme worth seeing, it's a blooming miracle. And that odd one usually seems to bear the Paul Terry "Terry-Toon" trademark. (Not his Mighty Mouses - the miscellaneous others he puts out.) I think the Dog That Chases Squirrels

(and does nothing else but) is one of his. I'm not sure about the Bird (as per illo a longside) - but that's about the biggest score of the lot, I find. ((Me too, I can see the Bird films time and again and still curl up)) Anyway, this UPA business - if somebody'll arrange an all-UPA show over the August Holiday period next year, I'll make a point of going - I'd be interested to see exactly what all this fuss is about

From what I can see, the early pre-talk cartoons, where everything's accompanied by a sparkling musical score to which the actions are exactly fitted - they seem to be far funnier than the present Disney - Warner - MGM - crud-type cartoon that is the mainstay of the business. Also, I remember kindly a French cartoon I once saw (quite by accident), twice in quick succession, called "Rapsodie de Saturne", where the planet was represented by a piano surrounded

by a continuous keyboard, and the pianist sat on the rings and revolved round and round and round, playing as he went.



Then F. pops up again. And with particular reference to little innocent me. So it's back to the horror-comics and censorship for a spell. Take this malaria-swamp business. In the ordinary way, I agree - even though I sympathise with the mosquitoes, who have their lives to live after all - but sooner than than us. However, this particular malarial swamp happens to be called the Human Race. And short of eliminating said human race, I don't see how sadism etc. can be abolished. Thing to do is to **SUBLIMATE** it. Chess may be all right for some, but not for everybody. For some not even sex is enough. And I still maintain that vicarious sadism, though deplorable, is still better than the real thing - **WHICH WE HAVE WITH US ANYWAY, WHETHER IT'S THE SUBJECT OF SERIOUS ATTEMPTS AT DIVERSION OR NOT.** I am under the impression that the majority of people - not fans, just ordinary people - **LIKE** these things, anyway. Horror-comics, Hank Jansen, torture-chamber stuff in films, boxing matches and the rest of it. And they will never be content to sit down and play chess. It could be argued on these lines, that horror-comics etc, far from being a social menace, are a social **NECESSITY**.

Oh- how very touching. Well, you can tell F. that there are two perfectly simple ways of meeting Archie Mercer. One is to attend the Globe on the Thursday before or after August Bank Holiday in any year. The other is to attend a Con. If she plys me with drink until I'm far enough gone, I'll give all the biographical details known to me, and more beside. I don't think we'd prove soul-mates though - her range of interests seems infinitely wider than my own. Chess, for example.

Joy Clarke - if I may be personal for a moment((?)), where you mention my name I think we're actually at cross-purposes somewhat. I was perhaps using unorthodox definitions, but I tried to make myself clear. What I meant by 'sex'

was purely the functional division of the human race (not to mention most others) into two distinct categories-one category that is able to conceive, bear and feed young, and the other category that, whilst able itself to do none of these things, justifies its existence by the possession of the happy knack of being the cause of their utilisation by the first category. These I maintain, are absolute, or as near as makes no difference for all practical purposes. The amount of overlap here is negligible. The SECONDARY characteristics, non-functional, both mental and physical, I consider as being a matter of GENDER rather than sex - and I said if you'll look that they DO overlap, and very much so. With me now?

The spectacle presented by Dick Ellington, to wit a group of sober(?) American men dancing round a drunken colleague chanting "ungh, ungh" fills me with howls of glee. Can't something like that be staged for the next Con? ((A nyone for the S.E.London New Religion?))

SID BIRCHBY, 1 Gloucester Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester, 19.

I wonder, in passing, if the army still uses that long list of cryptic initials on its orders as they flutter down from echelon to echelon? Or was it all a play developed by a former C.O. of mine, who had brought to a fine art the ability to breeze into the office after a hard morning's golf and with a few deft strokes of the pen completely clear his bulging IN tray within five minutes? The runes I chiefly remember are FNA "for necessary action" and FAN "no further action necessary". The latter, as we underlings developed it, became the counter-plot to the first, and could be used to keep the paper snow-storm nicely packed down under foot. Anything that couldn't be disposed of was usually endorsed FAP "further action pending". With luck, this was sufficient to keep the ball in play (to vary the metaphor)until an amendment came along, which it always did, or until one went on leave.

There is so much good stuff in the issue that I can only pick out for mention one or two pieces. In particular, Francezka's column. In further particular, I must take up her remarks about obscenity and censorship, since she refers to my article on the subject in "EYE 3". When I wrote the article, it was with no particular end in view, except that the general topic seemed about to become topical, and to have some bearing upon the fantasy field. Well, of course, since then, the Obscene Publications Act has been rushed through Parliament, and I get no satisfaction from seeing that it is as thoroughly unsatisfactory as I said it would probably be.

Not only he who publishes, but he who buys is guilty of an indictable offence. As to the impossibility of original comment on obscenity, she has perhaps read Geoffrey Gorer's article on the "Pornography of Death" in the current "Encounter" and may wish to modify the statements.

She concludes with the ironic remark that there's always "Mrs.Dale's Diary". Don't count on it. Under the new B.B.C. policy of injecting realism into its serials, even Archers can perish. We may yet hear Mrs. Dale's real diary ((Mystified American readers will hear more of this subject in the next issue)).

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ROSE EBERT, Kappengasse 8, Nuremberg, Germany.

As far as I know, Femizine introduced poetry into SF, and I'm glad to see, that you still seem to bring some poems in every issue. ((I don't know who did introduce it, but it wasn't us)).

Naturally, references to people I don't know cannot be very interesting to me, but quite a lot of general remarks in this section even I enjoyed thoroughly. Furthermore, the opinions about Billy Graham and Anne Steul's story were very good indeed. The only complaint I have, is where is the sf part? Most of the things said by way of relating experiences and adding remarks could have been told in short sf-stories, dreams or nightmares it doesn't matter which, but if a completely feminine sf-fanzine has any justification in calling itself sf, it should treat the "combat of the sexes" (from the female viewpoint) in sf-shorts. ((So far as I am aware, there is no 'combat of the sexes')) You did start Femizine as an sf mag? Or am I mistaken and did you only want to have a woman's magazine which is different from the run-of-the-mill, those really terrible "Women's mags"? ((Fez was and is published for fun, as a hobby. Its published by femmes, but is not intended to convey a feminine viewpoint. When it was started the idea was original and the result has been that a lot of latent talent has brought out of hiding. At present it is not editorial policy to publish science fiction stories - if they are good their place is in a prozine, if not a fanzine is not the place for an author's rejects. It is not the intention that Fez should compete - it obviously couldn't - or be compared with any professional magazine. It is published as a hobby, for fun, and not as a business, for money.)) Incidentally, I most vehemently protest the right of any woman to use strong language, but if women use it so much more frequently than any normal man does, it surely hints at a latent state of rebellion. Now, I don't believe that whatever wrongs women still may suffer from the mores of our civilisation can be cured by revolt, for revolt means sedition and nothing on earth can be mended by both halves of humanity, men and women that is, drawing apart. But then, you probably, don't want to mend anything, you just enjoy bucking mores, which intelligent women recognise as silly - and quite a lot of intelligent men too. That's fun - for awhile - but it is not very constructive and above all, has nothing to do with sf. I repeat, I did chuckle delightedly at "You shameless hussies!" and "Subject: Discipline" is really good, but it is not sf and you should decide, whether you want to edit an sf or a highly controversial women's magazine. ((O.K. see above. If you have anything worth saying about sf, how about saying it? If I think the readers would be interested I'll publish it. But talking or writing about something, just for the sake of talking or writing is idiotic. I'd rather keep quiet - so I will!)) I believe the first to be more difficult. One can't say just what one means then, but has to consider sensible probabilities and has to have a smattering of technical knowledge and perhaps even one has to refrain from some nasty remarks, as it seems to me rather difficult to hit the nail on the head if one criticises people, who are not yet born, but then, this latter you could indulge in when cutting the personal and letter section, which does belong to every fanzine ((I don't understand what you mean by this, so I'll let the readers sort it out for me)) As far as editing a fanzine as a sublimation for sex, clinically there's no difference between sub-

"It turned out to be quite an ordinary epic"

-- London Circular.

mination and perversity. Both mean to do something else instead of what one wants to do, the channeling of energy to some goal nature did not intend it for. The only touchstone is the acceptance or reaction of society. It is not ever whether it is harmful to the person themselves or someone else, but simply what the majority of people in our country and in our time think about it....Tolerance, religious beliefs and so forth cannot be thrashed out in a fanzine - will not be cleared up ever, I daresay, so why try in this way, what the greatest brains of humanity didn't solve in big volumes? .

But leave the wise to wrangle and with me
the quarrel of the universe let be
and in some corner of the hubbub couched
make game of that, which makes as much of me.

PETE RIGBY, 131 Kensington Road, Southport, Lancs.

Femazine is at present suffering from an overdose of columnists; particularly Francezka. Their articles are all fairly interesting to read, but I would like to see a little more variety in future((!!!)) Francezka's ten pages of solid print was far too much; I got the feeling that it was padded in certain places to make it fill space. Some of it was interesting and some of it wasn't.

Quite the best piece in the issue was the "Billy Graham" article. Undoubtedly Billy Graham is sincere, though I dislike his methods. His doctrine is "If it is in the Bible, it is the truth"; well that's just rubbish as any thinking Christian will tell you.

TONY KLEIN 62 Cazenove Road, Stoke-Newington, London, N.16.

All round most of your articles are just ginger peachy except for one little thing, hardly any of them seem to have any connection with SF or Fandom. I don't know whether you girls have decided to model Fem on the "Woman's Sunday Mirror" or whether you're all fed up with science fiction or what, but I must admit that I am sorely disappointed in you all. Looking round though you don't seem to be the only folk that have fallen into this heretic state. I fear that some fanzines published by men (who really should know better), seem to be doing the very same. After perusing a few present day fannags I thought perhaps I am losing interest in fanzines, maybe they have always been like this, maybe it was just that I was getting nostalgic. After reading through some of the old zines and comparing them though I could not help noticing something enjoyably different about them. Perhaps it's the fact that they contain practically nothing but fannish ravings and SF or perhaps it's the feeling of intense and joyful enthusiasm that seems to permeate all the stories and articles in them, sometimes saving what would otherwise have been the corniest of writing. Really though I think it is the fact that the boys who wrote for those old zines in the days when fans and S.F. were few and far between and both exposed to much ridicule, were writing to express their feelings and at the same time make themselves one with the feelings and enthusiasm of their fellow fen. Although this small and vigorous fellowship has increased enormously it doesn't seem to have the same hopes and aims. Today all we seem to do is to improve our writing styles in fanzines at the ex-

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pense of our fellow fans, who are either too nice to say that our stuff is crud or uninteresting or can't because they are doing exactly the same. If fanzines are going to turn into training grounds for amateur writers wanting to practise their style in order to turn Pro, and producing articles and stories which could just as well be printed in a Digest magazine, well I would rather read a Digest. ((Thanks for your letter Tony. Much of your trouble is that you are no longer in the very heart of things - its rather unfair to compare things in your own life with the nostalgic era of the Epicentre. You are, I think, also associating much of your pleasure with excitement of discarding adolescence - which was what was happening in "the good old days". But more of this in the Editorial. See the few latest Orions; the controversy which has been raging there should interest you - particularly Daphne Buckmaster's excellent letter in the last ish. Tony did mention to me that he thought I might have been offended at his letter. I'll never take personal offence at a n honest letter of criticism - and if it isn't honest I'll let the readers do the ansering for me)).

DICK ELLINGTON 299 Riverside Dive, Apt.11A, New York 25, NY.

I bemoan the fact that we are so sadly lacking in adequate talent (writing) over here. Of course I except Lee Hoffman and to a certain extent the Sha res and of late Georgina Ellis shows a fine turn of mind but you seem to have it in great gobs over there.

Irene Gore hasn't much to say but says it most interestingly. The Blog-poetry (there ought to be a word for this) is hilarious. Do you actually have a recipe for this? If so send it and we'll ~~try~~ try it out on the Amerifen. LOWDOWN: Remember that bit on the moving man and even the pic. Must have been in one of our papers here. Ethel is good if not stupendous. There is most definitely not too much Francezka in FEZ! I should put that in caps. This stuff is tremendous. Haven't found a thing yet by her I didn't enjoy reading. Woids fail me. If she/he/them isn't a professional he/she/they ought to be. Or maybe it's just that it expresses some ideas I've always had but am too inarticulate with a typer to express. And more so for the Fortean thing. It's about what I'd expect from Thayer's toadies tho/ Maybe Dorothy Ratigan is what you need in FEZ. I notice you don't have too much vitriol and it might prove a useful balance.

The Billy Graham article was fine. Nice to see three viewpoints from over there but I still agree with F. He's a phony. Age of Reason refers to him as Billy Goat Graham. Will have to go catch him sometime when I'm free and give you my ~~my~~ impressions of him./...Please do not inflict us too often with these prozine rejects...From You & I is a cool idea and I hope either you or JoCa continue it. That A rmy order is funny even to me and I can imagine what it must be to some of your people with service time./The Granny bit is a kick but nothing could surpass that Sally Ann bit/Joy hits the nail about rosebuddy writing. Don't notice any huge faults in that line in FEZ tho and if I do I shall let you know loudly and determinedly. Big fault with me is not knowing when to keep my mouth shut.

All in all it's a good ish, nice and thick with lots of yummies inside but one of course cannot expect this all the time so I suppose we'll be content with somewhat slimmer ones in the future.

RON BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks.

I consider it a good ish. The best in the mag comes from the men, particularly Mal, in the form of letters and next to Orion and Bem, I consider this to be about the best letter-column I've seen. The best item by a woman (I think) is Helen's exposee on that Torquasian Rockery Creeper, Spider Lindsay. The cover was good symbolism, but the map was terrible. And no Scotland, either. Ethel will be pleased.

Francezka's description of the G Gambit reads much like that of Barlow's in Liverpool where the Liverpool Chess Club meets. I hope to squeeze into one of the representative teams this season and I can see I'll have to play F. for TAFF. I've seen Magoo of course but can't get enthusiastic about him. Perhaps it's with being so short-sighted myself. I rather feel that it's only the myopic themselves who should be allowed to laugh: comedy depending upon deformity or infirmity is unhealthy. As for the time-capsule. Merely from Fandom's point of view of course, I think ten things I'd stow away for 2055 (we'll let Paul Enever have the honour of opening the thing - it'll go down well in Orion 612) are: The Immortal Storm, Bem 5, Eye 2, Eric Jones' beanie, the Blog bottle, Willis Discovers America, Stan Nuttall's Satanic Con Dress, Mike Rosenblum's 'Astron', Ploy 1 and Norman Wansborough ((Wot no FEZ!)). Dorothy's page is very interesting as regards being an attitude I held when I first entered Fandom - see Orbit 1. Of course, if she brands every piece of fanwriting to be as bad as the ones which are terrible, then she deserves to suffer with Dickens, Carlyle, Trollope, Cowper et al.

London, S.W.2.

ARTHUR THOMSON 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive,

My first view of Ken was "Jesus Christ" but I saw my mistake immediately and recognised Ken beneath the hairy horror fungus. I conceive the brilliance of Ken in growing such a thing in the States. They will now assume that all English fan wear beards, e.g. the visit of Campbell, and will now realise that the fan that did visit the states in '52 was Walter A. Willis because he was clean-shaven.

Cover, - Daphne is good. I consider her to be the best 'original' femme artist in Britain at the moment. She shows she is not frightened of cutting the stencil, and her illos have a definite line about them. Get her a couple of shading plates and give



"MIGHOD
BULMER,
HOW YOU'VE
CHANGED"

her some more inside illos and covers to do. Loved Ethels column. The picture of the Glaswegian pushing the suite of furniture across the busy streets was so typically 'Glasgow'. It is the only place I have ever seen Yankee tourists

"MIGHOD
BULMER
HOW YOU'VE
CHANGED"



being stared at by kilted Scotsmen./ BLOCH IS SUPERB./ Horrors. A n attack on poor kindly ol' George Charters and by Francezka no less. Shame, F. that you should launch such a wicked blow on so old and infirm a fan. George ALL THE WAY Charters is not the Irish orgre he is painted. (Tho' of course when done with a really good enamel he does tend to frighten poor old gels on the Bangor promenade) I have it on good authority that George has never struck anybody with his ear trumpet or run down innocent children with his wheel chair.

Satisfy your ID, Get hep with Retribution kid.

BOB BLOCH, Box 362, Weyauweyauweyauwega, Wis.

Reason you've not heard from Sally Ann or Grandma is that they're too damned busy writing advertising copy trying to scratch a living, and battling the rigours of our arctic climate./ I'm sorry about not being able to stand for TAFF, too. Very, very sorry. Next year, perhaps. Particularly if the Con goes to England. I do so want to come, before I ge t too old to stand the gaff. As you could easily see in Cleveland, I'm on my last legs.((You had a regular supply then?))/But blast it to bloody blue blazes, I have not seen any photos from Steve Schulteiss..or anybody else. That's my longstanding gripe about these Cons: people are forever dragging you out of a group and insisting that you pose for them..you ask them politely to send you a print, you give them your a ddress, you tell them you'll pay for the picture, and then - nothing happens. (I take it back.I have one, just one - photo from the Con. It shows the poker ta ble, and Ken is standing talking to me. Gerry de la Ree se nt it to me, and bless his black little heart) But that's absolutely all. I know we had pics taken together, some of them right out of the Kama Sutra, but I shall probably never see them. Alas.

GREGG CA LKINS Salt Lake City, Utah.

I confess I have a slight weakness for Miss Irene Gore, so I think that almost anything she writes is wonderful./Francezka's comments on the time capsule are interesting. As for what I should pick to put in one, I suppose that would depend laregly upon my attitude towards the survival of our culture as we know it. Certainly if things were to go on without any major setbacks or dark ages for the next 1,000 years, there would be little need for Bibles and dictiona ries and such works, for all would still be preserved in libraries and museums and their like. A selection would be hard to make. Stamps, perhaps, which would be collectors items and worth thousands that far in the future..photographs of little known but important things that might not be reproduced too much and not available in the future .. cultural artifacts, such as paintings a nd sculpture, of present day artists..predictions of the You think Page 36 should follow this? It would have but it ran away and when we caught it it was skulking behind Page 37. So turn TWO pages here, and then turn back one for Page 37. Well Variety is the Spice of Life, ain't it?

FIRST PAGE THIRTY SIX

Now, now! We warned you! This isn't a conventional fanzine by any manner of means. The page 36 you want - if you're not reading the Guest article, that is, is a coupla pages further on. Just keep turning, you'll get there. If you're reading the letters, and are in the middle of Gregg Jenkins' - why hang around here? Move on. If you're in the middle of the article, though, please accept various apologies for holding you up - and carry on!

yet again. With various people clamouring for a return to the mythical 'good old days' and others pointing out that 'times have changed', I see a synthesis of both points of view in 8th Fandom. Examining this business of the days of yore, it is seen that once you have talked about sf for fifteen years or so you feel the urge to discuss other things in fmz, surely a laudable desire. The younger entrants in the field have the natural wish to discuss sf and the newly discovered horizons of fandom should, they think, be explored and used to that end. A perfectly normal beginning attitude for most - and a lifelong pursuit of many fen, who regard with horror the fmz field because of the disfiguring type of fmz they see unhappily to the exclusion of the better, in their viewpoints. These two opposed points of view flare into strife when they meet publicly - and yet since both are germane and perfectly natural, there should be no conflict at all; merely understanding and comradeship.

When I was in Savannah I borrowed a copy of Quandry No. 25 from Lee in order to read the article by Bob Silverberg which dealt with numbering fandoms. Bearing in mind that it was written in 1952, in the midst of an unprecedented publishing boom and the dust and clangour of Sixth Fandom, there are very many conclusions drawn with which I disagree. I think it is because Bob gave no space to British Fandom, which developed on different and more mature lines than American. He says, for instance, that Second Fandom was even more remote (than 1st) from 6th Fandom, whereas in Britain 2nd Fandom has been the most intelligent, witty, vitally alive and world-conscious of all, owing nothing to sf except the grateful acknowledgement of its conception. 6th Fandom, which would have been the finest of all, was marred by a lack of responsibility exemplified by certain juvenilia and a complete retreat from the real world. Second fandom, with a war going on, was always conscious of outside events and their impact on society - it was really a true symbiosis of science-fiction fandom and fan fandom. We could discuss in the span of one concept, scientific possibilitis after the war and what you read in the bath.

The trouble with modern fandom is that they only discuss what you read in the bath.

Oh, yes, and I'm not blaming fandom for all this. The reasons are simple. Whenever sf is in a minority and fen must either fight for it or be ashamed, then you have strongly marked sf-fandoms, with only a few able to see both sides. Where sf becomes a boom, there you have a retreat from it, a shocked realisation that Frankenstein is on the loose - and esoteric fandoms arise with involved constipated rules and catchwords and societies. I love it. I think it's fun. Just so we know where we stand.

Granting all this, then, it is obvious why the Femmes have taken over. 7th Fandom (talking to Harlan at one point, he said to me: 'Wait a minute while I rush out and knee a mad dog in the groin'. He's obviously no longer a 7th fannomer.) in its still-birth, created, rather than left, a gap. Into this step the girls. They combine old and new points of view, they can talk about sf freshly, without already knowing the answers, and they can also talk animatedly of esoterica. that delight the fmz fan to the exclusion - perhaps constipatedly so - of the outside world. Truly the femmes of today are the giants in the field. HKB

funny, exorcisingly so...the second, we laughed because it reminded us of how funny it was the first time...the third, we smiled indulgently, but after that - still I suppose there are people who haven't met this sort of thing before, and it is probably worth printing for their benefit alone./Mike Wallace...doesn't see what we can do to affect the ultimate outcome. No? Probably it can't be affected by those who already realise the possibilities, but what is necessary and possible is to train those who won't see, to give them the ability necessary to see. The vast majority are interested only in Jane, Garth and Princess Margaret. Beyond that they worry about nothing except how to win the football pool. There is the thing that sf readers can do. Are we going to do it?/ Now look at Fred Smith...because people aren't interested in a jazz player he gets cut up about it. If he was cut up about people like, as Pamela said, Matt Henson's dying unhonoured, unwept and unsung it might be more useful. Jazz to me doesn't seem to add to the beauty of the world which is little enough as it is. It seems to me a cacophony of instrumentalists each fighting the rest to be heard. Give me Rite of Spring any day.

Irene's first piece struck me as rather unusual, and the most unusual thing about it was that the choir she heard appears to have been singing the Hallelujah chorus from the Messiah. The fact that it wasn't on her radio doesn't mean it couldn't have been on the radio. Did it not occur to her that it might have been carried on a breeze from a neighbour's set? The fact that it eventually faded out could mean that someone realised the set was turned up too high and reduced the volume. She says it was not the radio.. does that mean she looked up the programmes and checked on ALL stations? Could have been on a gramophone too, and the volume on those can now be controlled. So there could be quite a logical answer to her episode./Helen of course has won for herself a most successful position in the Globe by that one remark on the females of London O. Each of us of course realise that Helen meant ourselves and will therefore be extremely nice to her for her penetration at recognising our genius. Let me tell you folks..Daphne, Pamela, Doris, Cathy and so forth, you ne edn't kid yourselves. Helen meant ME!/ And Helen it isn't agone-in-bread they suffered from..it was ergot, the mould that grows on Rye and is highly poisonous in effect. Of course, I'm told ergot has other uses but at the price of my highly-questionable sanity, I don't think I'll bother to use it.((Ergot is the basis of the Psychoses producing drug L.S.D.))/DAG - a beautiful line...all the married fem-fans seem to have husbands./ As for Dick Ellington, has he never heard of rolling the magazine the opposite way to the curl, thereby making it flat? For pity's sake...

There is so much more I could add and argue about but look at this - two pages already, I must stop. However, what about asking whether the readers would prefer my doing this type of thing as an article? It gives one a chance to really expand on certain items, as did Francezka and letters somehow don't give the stamp to opinions as an article does.((This letter was cut, as were the rest of those in Pot Luck. I'd like your opinions on the last para. My own view is that as a letter of comment it's good but it isn't an article, nor is there room for this type of thing as a column, since it is covered adequately in Pot Luck. An article should have a beginning, middle and end, giving all views around one subject))



future, which would no doubt prove of great amusement to the future's actual residents..and the gravestone of a n unknown soldier, to remind them of the freedom for which we fought in their past that they might have.

I was absolutely prostrated by Helen Highwater's LIFE WITH THE LINDSAYS Oh, Lord, she had me rolling in helpless laughter..you should warn people when you are going to print something this funny....wha t if I had had a we ak heart?

NORMA V.WILLIAMS, 248 Liverpool St., Darlinghurst, Sydney, N.S.W. Australia.

...Why I mention literacy is that I get so fed up to the teeth with the gay disregard for the English language to be found in 999 out of 1000 fanzines (and, unfortunately, in English prozines too); the most enraging habit of all is the splitting of a word just anywhere at all to carry over to the next line. The general impression is that 'zines are edited by people who never learned to read anything but comics. Yes, Australian fanzines do it too. It's enough to make one take to burning them in the market place.

If anyone is feeling strong enough, I'd welcome a letter or two from English or otherwise fans; either sex, especially those struggling to write science fiction themselves (I've had one publication so far, apart from amateur - in 'Authentic' and am madly hoping for more).

JOY CLARKE 7 Inchmery Road, Catford, London, S.E 6

For a personal capsule, so much from which to choose, maybe I'd better limit it to ten things. I think a complete projection unit together with a reel of "The Living Desert" and the Hachette book which is full of colour shots from the film. Then a book of Shakespeare in the finest modern re-production, with a film of "Henry V". A gramophone and some long playing records and, if possible, a dynamo fuelled, arranged with power points off which these items could be run, and a pictorial diagram to show how to work it. If possible, some method by which future people could learn the language from diagrams and pictures. One other thing only.. what to choose would be the problem. I think maybe, as a warning, a copy of the film showing what happened at Eniwetok and the results afterwards.. or else the film showing the wave of heat that results from an atomic explosion, when they built a dummy village. If an atomic war had struck before their time, it would give them a chance to puzzle out what had happened./Dorothy...oh dear, dear, dear. Oh dear. (As Helen would say.) Expel, not expound? Just what does she mean by "to re-enact editorialisms"? It seemed to me a whole page that said nothing, and I still consider a fanzine is a form of letter between one person and her readers, therefore the humour being exclusive to the participants is a rightful concomitant. A fter all, would Dorothy complain because my letters to Vinç were full of private jokes? So, I feel, should outsiders consider the jokes in fanzines. If they are not interested in what is being said in the zines, then they cannot complain that the material is unintelligible. Join a bird-raising club and what happens? The language is way over your head for the first few months, so with stamps, music, anything you like to name. To somebody who has never looked a t a score, what would counterpoint mean? Probably the elbow the grocer leans on as he serves you!

Pot Luck, the usual wonderful collection. But Joan ought not to have perpetrated the old take-off on orders. The first time something like this was

Femizine is happy to present the first reportin a British fanzine of the successful first German Science Fiction Convention held in Wetzlar over the weekend of 14th and 15th January, 1956. Sponsored by Anne Steul and Jim and Greg Benford, the Wetzcon had many similarities to early British Conventions.

WETZCON 1956

ANNE STEUL

5555555

We called it 'Wetzcon 1956' but we did not get away with it. Not by a far shot! Right from the start there seemed to be certain dissenters who tried to publicise our brainchild as 'Witzcon'. Witz = joke. Though we did not object, it proves what jokers they are, doesn't it? Others, fully convinced that a German nuthouse was on the loose, told Ellis T. Mills he was going to attend a German "Spinnertreffen." But since he is a trufan he bore it in good spirits.

One Saturday afternoon the twins and I got together to type and print the programmes. After addressing them to all the goons who were supposed to get one, we stuck the stamps on, stapled them and I mailed them at the station in Giessen and was glad to be rid of that job.

The next Monday I returned from town, thinking no evil, when my mother, full of pity, led me to my room. I damn near fainted! There, in the centre of my desk, was every single letter I had mailed. Mailed without my name! Mailed without my address! German detectives must be good! After dinner I took my large bag, with the letters, all spare cash available and grabbed my club. On the way I met an old friend to whom I told the dreary story and he, as a man of the world, decided to protect poor ignorant me. We discovered that it was not easy to see the manager of the local post office but at last the big boss came. My friend offered him a cigarette and pleaded my case. Some time later, like two wet poodles, we left the post office and bought a pair of scissors, rolls of string, glue and so forth. In a quiet wine restaurant we began to: Unstaple over 200 copies 'printed matter.' Get the stamps off 200 copies 'PM'. Refold over 200 copies 'PM'. Cut well-sized pieces of string for over 200 copies 'PM'. Wrap said pieces around over 200 copies 'PM'. Stick glue on stamps and put over 200 back on over 200 copies 'PM'.

So the two of us sat drinking coffee and slaving. My friend was soon glued to his own fingers. The glue had laid several layers of artificial skin which soap and hot water would not remove. Poor fellow! Five minutes to 2000 we hurried back to the post office and unloaded more than 200 copies of stringed and printed matter. The clerk swallowed, sighed and looked weak on his legs. All consideration for others had left me. My hand kept diving into the bag and drawing out bundles of 'PM'. I heard my friend fell sick after this. I saw him after the con and he crossed hurriedly to the other side. Perhaps he had seen my bag with a few old envelopes sticking out? Another suffering had been going on from November. What a difficult thing to convince a German movie-owner he

should bring a SFfilm for a matinée! Weeks and weeks I ran to his office. So far SFfilms had audiences of no more than 15 people the German public being conservative and staying away in Throves. He tried to argue me into 'Rififi' since he did not know what SF was all about - when I explained he said I was crazy, the house would be empty. Since I persisted in a trial he said he would see what 'crazy' films were available. That was Christmas. The argument continued. At last I went to the "Wetzlarer Neue Zeitung" our local paper. Here we discussed SF and they promised me full support on anything they could provide. So I asked why not print an article on SF? They said: "You write it, we print it." So, I wrote it. And they printed a special paragraph on the movie and everything was running smooth. "War of the Worlds" was the best he could get and I thought it was better than nothing at all. When the article came out I was promised space for another one after the con. Information would be passed to the radio and so forth. Well, so far the deal was shaping up nicely.

Since I had already provided quarters in November: oh, yes, in Germany this has to be done early because on 11. 11 at 11:11 each year starts the Fasching-season and all the nuts have their meetings. But all this had been taken care of. The programme itself was supposed to be the sole responsibility of the other half of the committee. They procured a speaker all right. For a time I was afraid there would be none and I most certainly was not willing to take any part in this. However, I learned a lot from all the things that had to be done and I came to one conclusion: if I ever do this again I ought to be hanged, quartered, burned at the stake, shot, knifed and drowned afterwards.

One of our local bookdealers had agreed to order books and hold a sale connected with an exhibition of SF books and magazines from anywhere. In fact there must have been over 300 books on exhibit (Mags. included.) Three large tables were flowing over and a good part was arranged on the carpet. Hardly a mag worth mentioning that was not there. Friday afternoon I got a telegram from Ellis T. Mills, now stationed at Rhein-Main in Frankfurt, and I hurried down to the station. Ellis had promised taperecordings from USConventions and especially a recording of Willi Ley. This had to be translated for those who did not understand enough english, so I was anxious to lay hands on him. The more so since I had learned the hotel was not available till next day and the poor guy had to sleep somewhere.

I was early, so sat in the waiting room solving crossword puzzles, a favourite occupation. At last I was able to check the passengers on the train Ellis was supposed to be on. One after another they went away, none burdened enough to be him - you cannot hide a taperecorder in your pocket. I hurried outside and checked the taxistand. No heavily burdened American. By now I was desperate. Half of my programme was highly endangered! I went back to the station. Finally I saw someone leaning placidly in a corner. On the ground his two legs nearly covered a blue bag. A BLUE BAG! That was it! These guys at Rhein-Main ought to have blue bags! "Pardon, did you come on the train from Giessen?" I enquired in my sundaybest german. He looked stupidly at me - probably thought I was nuts, and made an enquiring noise. I looked him up and down and noticed a copy of the latest GALAXY sticking out of his pocket. It had to be him! It was. So we hastened outside and drove home. I paid the cab and in we went. The only thing I distinctly remember from this evening, eve of big events, is Ellis sitting doctored before a taperecorder and stopping Willi Ley every so often in

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order to let me take down what he said. Since I am no shorthand expert, it took quite a while and the heel was reading while I slaved! Then he went to bed and I sat till 3 o'clock in the night and translated the darned thing. Worse, since I had to get up early in order to get Jan Jansen from the train.

Jan was the next to arrive and Ellis was up early for once to come along to the station. We decided to wait for breakfast until Jan was there and my brother drove us down. Jan was supposed to be heavily burdened too, since he would be bringing 170 copies of FANTUM. He only brought 100, the Schlauberger! I checked up on the train schedule and was amazed to see the train Jan was arriving on was a very slow one. Was it slow! And did Jan have a lot to say about it? You should have heard him! We recognized immediately and grouped around his luggage while he got rid of his tickets.

Most of the time Jan and Ellis were busy discussing things and ordering me to go on with my work. I was still slaving at my typewriter while they were taking it easy, drinking wine, smoking, laughing and generally making themselves at home. Whenever I wanted to know what they were talking about, Jan chased me back to the grindstone. At that same spot I was still typing my fingers down to the very bone when the Benford twins came in. We had supper and a coke and then settled the books for the exhibition. My brother had a greed to drive us to the Convention hotel. In the afternoon Julian Parr 'phone and notified us of his arrival.

A lot of the German fan had arrived too and so we made ourselves ready. I will never understand how two bags, one large valise, a taperecorder, and several other pieces of luggage went into that Volkswagen and less will I ever understand where Ellis, Jan, the two Benfords, me and my brother ever managed to get into that fourseater. Fog was settling on the town as we drove to the hotel and - what luck! - there were no police about.

At the hotel we met all the bigshots of German fandom, who are herewith introduced to you:

Walter Ernsting, founder and president of the SFCD - Science Fiction Club Deutschlands. He is co-editor of UTOPIA, one of the only two prozines on the German market. The smaller volume is exclusively kids' stuff, the larger one translations mostly of American and British authors, but there, too, the space opera is overwhelming. The Sonderband is new and prints a few articles, short stories, mostly on space-travel and similar subjects.

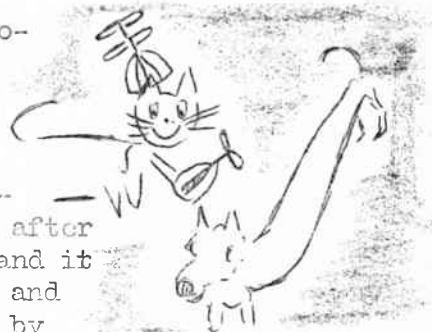
Hein Bingenheimer, second chairman of the SFCD, but not professionally interested in UTOPIA or fandom as far as I know.

Ernst H. Richter, author who writes under a pseudonym. A very nice and friendly fellow.

Wolf Detlev Rohr, also an author.

Walter Spiegel, editor and young enthusiast for SF.

Many others too were present and attending the Convention. Alas, we were not able to hold out very long after midnight, since the movie was important for all of us and it was scheduled for 11 00 in the morning. So Jan, Ellis and I went home for a bite to eat before retiring, watched by the cat, a nice red and white fellow.



Poor me! If I had known the kind of guests I had, I would have started waking them an hour earlier! At my first hesitant and polite knock at the door, there was no answer. On the second try, a dull grunt was all I received. I was getting breakfast ready and thought the boys were up! How mistaken one can be. When I went to check up, there was no one up and about. I stormed into the room, pulled up the shades and wished the gentlemen a very loud "good morning" and how about getting up?.

Ellis looked at me as if he had never seen me before and Jan lazily remarked that I should shake Ellis out of his feathers and let him sleep on. I told them what I thought of them and they should get the heck up and shave themselves. Back I went to the kitchen, where meanwhile the rolls were a little burned - not much, just a little. When I went to my room I noticed that the bathroom was still empty. Now I got hot up, looked for my whistle and found it, stormed into the room once more and blew that whistle - and can that whistle blow! It makes a sound to raise the dead and it was successful, I should have thought of it in the first place. Perhaps it might be a good idea to take it along on further Conventions. How about Kettering and "Anne, blow your whistle!" What a slogan to keep people away!

Well, the lazy dogs finally appeared and I rammed the breakfast down their throats and hurried them out. Jörg Teichmann, "painter" for FANannIA was already waiting for us. With all the trouble I had with those guys, I forgot my glasses and without them I am nearly as blind as a bat. Well, we were, of course, very late. When we rounded the last corner, the other part of the convention was coming to us and together we entered the place. Here I and we all got the surprise of our lives! There was a long line waiting in front of the paybox and the owner was all polite smiles.

I collected the money for the entrance and the members of the conventions were shown into the booths by courtesy of the house. While they lounged comfortably behind all the people present, 277 of them, I sat in the fourth row - due to the glasses left at home. The theatre was packed and never before was an SF film attended by so many people! With a full house behind me, I regretted that this was not just a game of poker.

Afterwards, we had much fun in the discussion. There was a guy from Berlin. The Berliners are famous for their "Schnauze" and whenever a guy from Berlin discusses anything, you bet that most of the laughs are on his side. I enjoyed this fight of words mainly, since I was sitting in a back row now and the bigshots from the SFCD were facing the music. But also true to Berliner custom, his bark was worse than his bite. I deeply regretted my ignorance of shorthand, because this guy was tremendously delicious in his arguments. By the way, this winds up my Conrep nicely and if there should be any "funny" interlacements appearing, especially in VOID, better ask Mills or Jansen for the details, the twins were the only ones who took notes.

Females at the Con were a crushing minority of 4. It was very interesting to meet the German promoters of SF, how nice it will be, when, in a few years from now, we will somewhere meet the German fans! Right now fannish spirit and fandom is sorely missing, and until something better comes along SF will have to do at present. So I am still looking forward to Kettering, the place where I will meet F.A.N.S.

EYE 5 Joy Clarke, 7 Inchmery Road, Catford, S.E.6.1. 1/- or 15c.
There's a delightful Clarkian touch about the illos and the layout is good throughout. Several good tips from Ned Brown concerning Fantasy Collecting, plus a list of fantasy classics. There's the first part of a serial by Julian Parr - let's hope Part II keeps up the fun. Several pages of Convention suggestions started off by Peter Hamilton, Editor of Nebula. Food for thought here. The cover definitely catches one's 'i' and the whole mag has a friendly air. Special mentions for Ron Buckmaster, Frank Arnold, John Brunner and Lee Hoffman for that wonderful letter. More issues like this, please Joy - and keep Ving at the illos! R.W.

OPION 14 Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Ave, Hillingdon, Middx. 3/6d. or 50c p.a. Bi-monthly.

Colour this ish - very nice. Illos by Atom. A tongue in cheek review of "Time Slip" by John Ashcroft and another gay article by John Berry. The editorial on Free Speech is one of the best things in a very good mag, and will probably prove provocative. No backcover quotes, Paul? R.W.

A LFHA 13 Jan Jansen and Dave Vendelmans.

You stand on your head to read parts of this zine. Of course if you want to be difficult - turn it upside down. John Berry pops up with another humorous article, as does Bob Shaw, a welcome leavening of the controversy around Anton Ragoza's article. Charles Atley supplied the best answer - wonder why Sid Birchby goes to so much trouble to prove Anton's existence? Dave's remarks about Germans sparked off by a question from Eric Bonteliffe - he should have kept them to himself - it's comments like these that sow the seeds of hatred. Hostilities ceased 11 years ago (?) SF fandom is a common bond of friendship for all races and creeds so let us not use the fanzines as a platform for international acrimony, huh? R.W.

SCINTILLATION 5 10c or letter from over the pond. Mack Schulzinger, 6791 Meadow Ridge Ln, Amberley Village, Ohio.

Nicely produced with a smart Stenofax cover of Cincinnatti, which brings back many happy memories to Ken and I. There's some very interesting material - a Con report by Don Ford, making me wish I'd been there, a Fannish Interlude, reminding me of a similar one, and a provocative article by Dale Tarr on the Retreat of Religion and one on Parapsychology by David M. Shafer, which would have been improved vastly if it had been shorter. Nice personality - one you should meet, is this zine.

UMGRA 11 John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus Ave, Baltimore 28, Maryland. 10c a copy.

This issue has a remarkable cover - far too esoteric for me to understand! The editorial is a review of three borderline sf films and was both well written and interesting. There isn't one single illo in 24 pages - the whole zine is extremely neatly laid out but would be vastly improved by more imaginative headings. I assume John feels he can't draw well enough and that no illos are better than bad ones agreed - but surely someone can illustrate in the Baltimore area? The reviews are excellent and John obviously enjoys putting out the zine.

NOW & THEN 6 Harry Turner, 10 Carlton Avenue, Romiley, Cheshire.

A small circulation zine, published for the hell of it. There's a girl on the cover, looking right at you, leading you into the zine - it breaks all the rules about taking your eye off the page but it's lovely. The

Page 44 - Last Page - Bacover - Toodleoo!
same girl is inside, and again you feel
you can reach out and touch her. The
layout and artwork throughout are superb-
but then, Harry Turner is a real artist.
Eric Needham and Nigel Lindsay add their
own brand of humour and then of course
there are a few Widdower's Adds.- I don't
think they are overdone yet, anyway. If
you can get it, this is one of the most
spritely zines in the field today -
thoroughly enjoyable.

FAPA BOOZE 1. Tucker and Hoffman -
need I say more ?

OOPSIA 20 Gregg Calkins. Up to its usual
high standard - one of the top zines. One
of Berry's best IF fanecdotes to date.

HI 9 Eva Firestone - really a letter-
zine - from the more organised section
of fandom - ISFCC folk chat happily.

EISFA Vol.iii No.11. 34th monthly issue!
Robert and Juanita Coulson. Illos good.
Some critical but just reviewing.

BRILLIG 2 L.S.Bourne. Parts of my copy
unreadable and the yellow print is not
as clear as it should be. Pages 5&6
missing - the Guest Editorial was de-
bagged. For a 2nd ish shows promise.

ORBIT 7 George Gibson. Thish put out by
Ron Bennett - and the reproduction is
remarkably good! Ahchee is punnish-D
enough for his article. Chas Wells'
foofs find their way here which is good.
There is an astronomy piece which tries
hard to be funny but isn't. As for the
cover - John Hitchcock's sensible ex-
ample should have been followed.

FEMIZINE,
Pamela Bulmer,
Tresco,
204, Wellmeadow Road,
Catford,
London,
S.E.6.
England.

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☐

Sample - you will sub,
won't you ? _____

☐